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J. L. Lincoln.

In Memoriam

JOHN LARKIN LINCOLN

1817 — 1891

Requisitus in Academiam Caelestem



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1894

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THIS volume is published as a memorial of my father, but it is not a memoir, for this I did not dare attempt. I have endeavored only to select and edit such of his writings, public and private, as seemed most characteristic and appropriate. The manuscripts were intended solely for his own eye, and were written hastily at night after hard days' work, and with many alterations and interlineations. The proofreading demanded what I do not possess, — a fund of learning, full and accurate, and akin to his own. This has compelled very slow progress for almost two full years, and an amount of hard work and study which I had not imagined, and which found me "not prepared." Many times on many pages have I wished that even for a moment I might turn to him for the clear explanation I well knew he could give of some place that seemed extremely hard to me. In the printing of Latin words, following some of the earlier of his published papers, diphthongs have been printed with the ligature, and some other old-fashioned methods have been used, which now I could not alter even if I would. The detection and correction of a number of errors in the stereotyped proofs is due to assistance kindly rendered by my friend and classmate Professor William Carey Poland, and which I gratefully acknowledge. I wish also to thank the many friends to whom I am indebted for information, and especially to thank Professor George P. Fisher, D. D., for his appreciative and scholarly Memorial Address.

The number and variety of persons with whom my father was personally or intellectually acquainted may be seen to some extent in the Index of this volume, — names of contemporaries mentioned by him being given, as far as possible, in full. I have

often felt in the moments — all too few — which I have been permitted to pass with him in his old age, that during a life spent in teaching the lore of the ancients to the young, he himself had been learning constantly by mental companionship with his pupils the secret of youth. This characteristic seems to me to be discernible in the masterly likeness of my father which the alumni of Brown presented to the University. It is my hope that in the pages of this Memorial Volume also may be seen not alone his accurate scholarship and wide culture, but his genial nature and devout spirit, and, drawn by his own pen, his portrait of himself.

Inasmuch as the greater part of my father's life was dedicated to Brown University, I feel that I cannot do otherwise than dedicate to the alumni of Brown, who in more than a half century of classes have been his pupils, this memorial of his life. This volume is the most enduring monument within my ability to erect to his memory, and I believe it is also the most useful one to the college which he loved so well. Upon the front of Sayles Memorial Hall are engraved the simple and fitting words, written by my father, "FILIO PATER POSVIT." I had never suspected the "*limae labor*" which he had given to this short sentence until after his death, when I found among his papers a half sheet covered with other mottoes and beginnings of mottoes which he had written and erased and emended and rejected. I therefore feel that it will be a quite excusable plagiarism if, in imitation of his words, I inscribe upon this page this sentence, so expressive of my feelings, PATRI FILIVS POSVIT.

WILLIAM ENSIGN LINCOLN.

PITTSBURGH, PA., *January 1, 1894.*

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MEMORIAL ADDRESS ON THE CHARACTER AND SERVICES OF JOHN LARKIN LINCOLN.

DELIVERED TUESDAY, JUNE 21, 1892, IN THE FIRST BAPTIST MEETING-HOUSE, PROVIDENCE, BY PROFESSOR GEORGE P. FISHER, LL. D., OF YALE UNIVERSITY.

ONCE more we have entered this ancient sanctuary, to many of us full of the memories of by-gone days. We have come back to the scenes of our youth; but where are the men to whom we looked up as our teachers and guides, who followed our departing steps with their blessing, and honored us with their lasting friendship? Vanished are the faces that once, when we returned to these college anniversaries, looked on us with an almost paternal kindness! Silent are the voices whose familiar tones haunt the memory as echoes from afar! We rejoice in the growth and prosperity of the institution where our youth was nurtured. Yet there recur to us, unbidden, the poet's words:—

“It is not now as it hath been of yore:—

Turn whereso'er I may,

By night or day,

The things that I have seen I now can see no more.”

We feel the truth of the saying that even the objects of nature about us

“Do take a sober coloring from an eye

That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality.”

It is true that when we meet our college classmates, we fall under a strange and pleasing illusion. Holmes illustrates in one of his humorous poems how the intervening years disappear. All titles of honor are forgotten, all acquired gravity dispelled. Again we are boys, transported back to the moods of feeling that were ours when we recited and played together, and life had the brightness of a holiday. But even in a gathering of classmates, more sombre thoughts arise when the roll is called, and they close their ranks to fill up the gaps made by those who have fallen by the way. When we have occasion to look on our fellow graduates in

a body, in their long gradation from the youngest to the oldest, we behold as in a picture the changes wrought in the progress of the years. We see how the stages of human life follow one another in their order of succession, — each imprinting its characteristic stamp upon form and feature, and equally upon the cast of thought. At one end of the procession are the youngest, with their diplomas in their hands, light-hearted, peering into the future, eager for the race. At the other end are the oldest, with no surplus vivacity to expend, halting, perhaps, under the burden of years. It is the contrast so vividly pictured in the lines of Schiller : —

“ Youth with thousand-masted vessel
 Ploughs the sea at morning light ;
 Age, in shattered skiff escaping,
 Calmly drifts to port at night.”

I have been led into this vein of remark by the circumstance that Professor Lincoln, the eminent scholar whose merits and whose long service to the University we are met to commemorate, is the last of the company of teachers who constituted the Faculty when the class to which I belong was in college. Only one of them is now living, and many years have passed since he left the institution. The last link that connected myself and my contemporaries with the corps of instructors here has now been removed. When I was honored by the invitation of the Faculty to deliver the address to-day, my first impulse was to decline the request, partly, I confess, from an instinctive desire to avoid a feeling of sadness which the associations of the time and place, and the thronging recollections of the past, could not fail to awaken ; but, mainly, for the reason that, as it seemed to me, one of the younger pupils of Professor Lincoln, who had been more conversant with him in the later years, might be better qualified to do justice to some aspects of his character and work. But I was moved by a sense of loyalty to the University to comply with the call of the Faculty ; and I was influenced in so doing by a fact which may have had something to do in prompting their choice, — the fact, namely, that I was a pupil of Professor Lincoln at the very beginning of his academic career. This fact must be my apology if personal reminiscences should mingle at the outset in the remarks which I have to make respecting him and his work.

Professor Lincoln commenced his duties as Professor of Latin in the autumn of 1844, when my class was just entering upon the

Sophomore year. Let us pause for a moment to glance at the Faculty, as the Faculty was then composed. At the head of the company of teachers was Dr. Wayland, then but forty-eight years of age, although he was thus early referred to in the talk of students as "the old Doctor." Unaffected in manner, there was yet that in his looks and bearing which bespoke a kingly man. His strong personality cast a spell upon all who approached him. His love of truth, his deep sense of right, and his independence of the bonds of party, were a lifelong inspiration to his pupils. How easily do we recall his portly figure, as he walked to or from his college room, his head bent forward, with a slow gait, as of one absorbed in thought! Next in age to the President — being about three years younger — was the beloved Caswell, grave and genial, — genial and grave in an equal proportion, — whose benignant spirit was never ruffled by a gust of passion. Then followed Professor Chace, keen in perception, strict in the discharge of official duty, never holding a loose rein, equally expert in the analysis of a chemical compound and in decomposing a state of consciousness into its elements of thought; and Professor Gammell, the polished critic, the sworn foe of vulgarity in character and manners, as well as in style, devoted in his service to all who could be drawn into sympathy with his ideals of culture. With these was associated a much younger man, our faithful teacher of Greek, Professor Boise, the only one of the number who survives. Into this group of men — we can see them now as they sat together on the platform of the old chapel — Professor Lincoln was introduced as a colleague.

How well he was equipped for the place will appear if we consider his course of preparation for it. He was born in Boston on the 23d of February, 1817, and was consequently at that time in his twenty-eighth year. The occupation of his father, Mr. Ensign Lincoln, was that of a printer and publisher. He was a man of more than ordinary intelligence, of perfect uprightness, and of earnest piety. Although a layman and in business, he was licensed to preach in the Baptist communion, to which he belonged. Professor Lincoln in brief "Notes" of his own life, which I have had the privilege of reading, recalls with tender feeling the death of his mother, which occurred when he was only four years old. This bereavement brought him into closer intimacy with his father, of whom he says: "My dear father was one of the best of men, always cheerful and kind, with a wonderful equableness of

temper. I never heard him speak petulantly or angrily; but his grave and troubled look, if I did wrong, was enough to break me into penitence. . . . How loving he was at home, and how I loved to be in his lap in the evening and hear him talk! . . . His example and life have gone with me through all years as a constant guide and helper in all temptation and trouble. . . . I used to go with my father out of town when he went to preach for different churches. How many miles I have driven him out of Boston and back again, and how good and thoughtful he was in talking to me!" Mr. Lincoln was fitted for college mainly at the Boston Latin School, under masters, famous in their day, among whom were Gould, Dillaway, Leverett, and Dixwell. On the list of his schoolfellows are the names of Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. George E. Ellis, Judge Devens, and Dr. Edward Everett Hale. He entered the school when he was between eight and nine years old. The course ran through five years, but he completed it in four. At the anniversary, he had assigned to him the delivery of a Latin poem of his own composition. To quote his own account of it, — "I remember Mr. Leverett said some very encouraging words to me about the poem. I have often recalled the working over that poem in my room at home. And yet it was not work exactly; it came to me quite beyond all my expectations. I had had good teaching, and had the quantities of words and syllables quite accurate, and words and phrases came to me pretty easily, and I made out thirty-eight lines, I remember, and got through the delivery pretty well." Surely here is an augury of future proficiency in Latin. It would almost seem, from his simple account, that he

"Lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

Being only thirteen years old, he was too young to be sent to college. Then followed a year in the High School, and then a fifth year in the Latin School, at the end of which, as being at the head of the class, the valedictory, and the Franklin medal with it, were awarded to him. His teachers besought his father to send him to Harvard, whither they said all the valedictorians before him had gone. But his father's religious affiliations were with Brown. He was a friend of Dr. Wayland, whose fame was extending, and with it the reputation of the college. So to Brown he was sent, entering the Freshman class in the autumn of 1832. A sore grief to him was the death of his father, at the end of the

first term. He makes grateful mention of the comfort and sympathy that he received from Dr. Caswell on his return from the sad funeral rites. Of his college days he writes: "I was a boy and full of vivacity, and found many companions and friends." In his Junior year, he tells us, he was not so diligent in his studies, but rallied and did good work in his Senior year. He graduated with honors in 1836. He kept, through all his college temptations, the purity of his earlier years, always avoiding the society of the vicious. After graduation Mr. Lincoln spent one year at Washington, where he held the post of tutor in Columbian College. The work there was in some respects trying, but it initiated him in the practice of teaching. Then came two years — years, he informs us, of "good wholesome study and progress" — in Newton Theological School. During the second year at Newton, he came into close relations with Dr. Sears, afterwards President of this college, a scholar of remarkable abilities and acquirements, who had made himself familiar with the modern German learning in theology, especially in the department of church history, in which he was a proficient. Of Dr. Sears, Mr. Lincoln says: he "was a very stimulating teacher, and kindled in me a zeal for learning and scholarship and progress in everything." No doubt this year was an epoch in Mr. Lincoln's intellectual development, opening before him new ranges of thought and investigation. From Newton he was called to Brown, in 1839, and here as tutor, during the next two years, in association with his former instructors, his habits of teaching were formed. This period was followed by his residence abroad for three years, a most important era in his experience, for which the preceding years, including his time of study at Newton, had well prepared him, and to which he always looked back with the utmost thankfulness and pleasure. Two years he spent as a student in Germany, the first at Halle, and the second at Berlin. The third year was mostly devoted to travel, the winter being passed at Rome.

In Germany, while his attention was given to philology, he did not drop his theological studies. At Halle, there was at that period a cluster of eminent teachers. There Mr. Lincoln was brought into contact, in the lecture-rooms and in social life, with Tholuck, Gesenius, Julius Müller, Leo, Erdmann, Rödiger, Bernhardy, — most of them men of world-wide distinction in their several branches of learning. These men, Mr. Lincoln says, "were great for me, giving me broader, larger views than I had ever

had of study and attainments, and showing me what and how to study." The second year was spent in Berlin, where he studied philology with Boeckh and Zumpt, and church history with the illustrious Neander, and where he profited by the presence of Ranke, Schelling, and many other inspiring teachers. His instructors include names that are identified with the progress of modern learning. In the list of his foreign teachers it was Tholuck, I think, with whom he was best acquainted. After his year at Halle, where he saw much of this distinguished theologian, he traveled with him in the summer, for two months, in Switzerland and northern Italy. Tholuck was then a foremost leader of the evangelical reaction against the Rationalism of that time. His mind was brilliant, remarkably versatile, unceasingly active, stored with vast and various acquisitions. Seldom is a theologian so gifted with imagination and eloquence. His lectures and discourses in the pulpit, open as they are in some respects to criticism, were always irradiated with flashes of genius. His conversation was full of spirit. He loved the society of students, and made them his companions. Few men have excelled him in the power of kindling the minds of the young. Ten years later than the date of which I am speaking, I knew him well; and even then, although prematurely old from excess of labor, his attractive power was very remarkable. Apart from Mr. Lincoln's testimony on the subject, we might be sure that a close intimacy of such a teacher with such a pupil, including months of travel, could not fail to be in the highest degree awakening and instructive. The mention of the teachers of Mr. Lincoln in that land of scholars, and of the particular branches that he studied, conveys no adequate idea of the atmosphere that he breathed, — the collective influences of literature and art that left on him an impress never to be effaced. In one of his published essays he refers to the representation of the play of *Antigone* that he witnessed at Berlin, on the occasion when, under the auspices of that patron of letters, Frederick William IV., this tragedy, translated into German, was reproduced on the stage, with the aid of "all the resources of his capital in learning and scholarship and musical genius." Looking back to that scene, after a long interval, Mr. Lincoln writes: "It was an imposing spectacle to behold; there was a wealth of Mendelssohn music to delight the ear, and yet those sights and sounds have long since faded from the mind." . . . But "even now there seems to be seen that stately figure of *Antigone*, and her voice

seems to be heard, pronouncing her faith 'in the unwritten and unchanging laws of God,' and her purpose to abide by that faith even unto death."

In the autumn of 1843 Mr. Lincoln spent some time at Geneva, engaged in the study of French. Then he repaired to Rome, where he remained for the winter and a part of the ensuing spring, studying the classical authors in the midst of the scenes and relics that breathe new life upon their pages. He attended weekly the meeting of the Archæological Society on the Capitoline Hill, meeting there a gathering of students that included Grote, Preller, William M. Hunt, our distinguished historian Mr. Parkman, and many other kindred spirits. Leaving Rome, he tarried for brief intervals in Paris and London, reaching home in the autumn, in time to commence his work as assistant professor of Latin, — his promotion to the full professorship taking place at the end of one year's service.

Three years he had spent under circumstances in the highest degree propitious for his intellectual development, gathering up all the while stores of knowledge. The things of the spirit are more precious than material treasures. I count it no extravagance to say of this young American scholar that, like the Roman conquerors of old, with whose achievements he was so familiar, he had come back with the spoils of kingdoms, and ascended the hill sacred to learning, to bring them to the door of his Alma Mater.

The class of which I was a member had been instructed in Latin, in the Freshman year, by a refined gentleman and very competent teacher, Mr. Henry S. Frieze, who died in 1889, after a long and honorable service in the University of Michigan. During the year the news had reached us that a new professor in this department was to be installed in office in the next autumn. No small curiosity existed as to what manner of man he would prove to be. Our first impressions were favorable. The professor, when he appeared in the class-room, had the air and manner of one who was not a stranger to the world of men beyond the college walls. There was missing a certain constraint that college officers in those days naturally wore in contact with their pupils. For the intercourse between professor and pupil was less frank and more conventional than at present. There was much more surveillance over the students. The exercise of authority was more visible and continuous. Mr. Lincoln's manner was not wanting in self-respect, but was unconstrained. Then he early

showed, on a certain occasion, an openness and a disposition to put faith in the class. We represented to him, and with truth, that he was giving out too long lessons. He, at once, with the utmost grace and good-nature, said that he would shorten them, and kept his word. It was evident that he did not think of a college as a prison where the greatest possible amount of work was to be exacted from reluctant inmates, and where any remonstrance deserved a rebuff. Then there was an occasional flash of humor to enliven the hour. For example, when we were on the opening passage of the "Ars Poetica," where Horace protests against incongruous descriptions and imagery, illustrating his point by like absurdities in painting, and apostrophizes an artist who plumed himself on his skill in depicting a cypress, and hence brought that tree into the picture of a shipwrecked sailor striking for the land, — our teacher looked up, and remarked with a smile: "He was great on cypresses!" But what struck us from the first, and impressed us always, was the fact that, although an accurate linguist, and never careless of the niceties of the language, he was vastly more. He was the interpreter of his author in a far deeper way. The words were dealt with as the windows through which to discern his thoughts and sentiments, and to gain access to his inmost life and spirit. Moreover, under this inspiring guide, we were brought into a living relation to the conditions under which the author wrote, and to the whole life of antiquity. Here, to use one of Carlyle's phrases, was no mere gerund-grinder. There was genuine historical feeling and literary taste and insight. To some at least, it was a discovery that Roman men and women had any other occupation than to furnish the raw material of Latin grammars and dictionaries. Classical instruction in this country has passed through a number of phases. There was a time when there was a certain relish for the Latin authors, especially, — for the Greek authors were little read. It was common to garnish public addresses by quotations — a little hackneyed, it might be — from Virgil and Horace and the orations of Cicero. But in the instruction given in school and college, the grammatical groundwork was for the most part sadly defective. At length there sprung up a reform in this particular, owing in a considerable measure to the influence of German scholarship. One result of this reaction against the loose methods that had prevailed was an absorbing devotion to grammar and lexicon. Classical instruction was resolved into a linguistic drill. The slovenly teaching in nearly all

the preparatory schools might have been alleged as an apology for this grammatical fanaticism. College professors have been handicapped by being compelled to travel over the ground which had been negligently traversed before. In truth, a minor part of the blame is to be laid at the door of the colleges. The great defects of education in this country have been in the first sixteen or seventeen years of the boy's training. Nevertheless, I believe that the opposition to classical studies is due about as much to the spiritless way in which they have been taught as to the urgent demands made by the modern languages and the new sciences. As if the poets, orators, and philosophers of antiquity simply wrote exercises in parsing! How could a scholar care anything for the contents of a literature when he was forced to spend all his time in breaking through the shell? It is a case where "the letter killeth." The distinction of Professor Lincoln lies in the enthusiasm which he himself felt, and, as far as possible, imparted, for the authors whom he interpreted, and his living interest in the many-sided intellectual and social life of which the ancient literature is the expression. In a word, Mr. Lincoln was, in the best sense of the word, a man of letters. Even when he journeyed, he was apt to take a Greek or Latin writer with him, for his familiarity with Greek as well as Latin authors was constantly growing.

My impressions of Professor Lincoln at the beginning of his work in college are confirmed in letters written to me by several of my college friends and contemporaries, graduates in later classes. President Angell writes: "He was brimful of scholarly enthusiasm. He was at work on his edition of Livy, and we who were at once set to reading that author soon caught something of the zest of the editor. His ardent interest in whatever author the class was reading was contagious. There was something wonderfully vital and inspiring in his teaching. . . . I remember that I used to think that the Latin poet (Horace) could have had no more genial or appreciative companion in his Sabine house. Professor Lincoln had a nice literary sense, which especially fitted him to guide us young pupils in the study of the odes of Horace. I am sure some of us first awoke to the real perception of poetic beauty." In the same vein, Dr. Murray, the Dean of the Faculty at Princeton, writes: "He loved the authors he taught, and he sought earnestly and successfully to be an interpreter of them to us. . . . The brilliant passages from Livy, the graceful odes from

Horace, the weighty sentences of Tacitus, were sure to elicit from him striking comment. I do not think any of his classes could ever forget with what interest he would dwell on the closing passages of the *Agricola*." The Hon. Edward L. Pierce, after remarks equivalent to the foregoing, adds: "His voice was most attractive. In our Freshman year (1846-47) he read to the class Macaulay's *Lays*. His reading inspired me, and I then made my first acquaintance with Macaulay. . . . He [Professor Lincoln] fully enjoyed his work, altogether content with it, — never indifferent or perfunctory."

As Professor Lincoln was, at the beginning, in the presence of his classes, so he continued to be to the end, but with increasing attractiveness and power. In his earlier years, it is said — for I never observed it — he was sometimes caustic in dealing with the dull and careless. But college teachers, as they grow older, especially if they come to have children of their own, are wont to grow more lenient, and gentle in their rebukes. One of his later pupils and a colleague remarks respecting him: "He became more patient and enduring as the years went on, and though he could let no error pass uncorrected, he was content with rebuking carelessness with some dry, humorous criticism, the sting of which did not rankle in the mind." Professor Poland proceeds to speak of his assiduity in the correction of all the exercises in Latin composition, which were often piled upon his table, and his quickness to recognize and appreciate whatever merit he discerned in them, or in any of the work done by his pupils. When there was a moral lesson to be drawn from the author, he never failed to point it out. "To him," says Professor Poland, "the classics were the 'Humanities,' and he taught them in that spirit, and used them as means to develop in his students a noble and refined ideal of manhood."

I wish now to speak of Mr. Lincoln as a man of letters, independently of his relation as an academic teacher. Fortunately he has left behind him ample proofs of his capacity as a writer. His editions of *Livy*, *Horace*, and *Ovid*, from a linguistic point of view, were, as I am assured, fully abreast, and even in advance of, the standard of scholarship at the time when they were issued. But their characteristic merit is on the æsthetic side. His literary perception and his felicity of style are conspicuous in the preliminary lives of *Horace* and *Ovid*, and in the quality of the notes appended. But the power of Mr. Lincoln in the department

of authorship is seen especially in a number of essays which he contributed to periodicals. The subjects on which he wrote indicate the bent of his thought and the direction of his studies. Several of these essays were first read at meetings of the Friday Club, a society of cultivated gentlemen which, for many years, met frequently for literary converse and social enjoyment. I will not stop to dwell on an early article of Mr. Lincoln in the "Bibliotheca Sacra," which is purely of an historical character. It presents an elaborate picture of ancient Roman life. The Papers which I should single out as of cardinal value are the Review of Mr. Gladstone's *Juventus Mundi*, and the essays on the relation of Plato's Philosophy to Christian Truth, on the Life and Teachings of Sophocles, and on Goethe's Faust. The four themes — Homer, Sophocles, Plato, Goethe — are adapted to serve as a test of his ability to appreciate the highest productions of human genius and to unfold the secret of their power. I am confident that these essays must elicit, both as to matter and form, the cordial admiration of all discerning critics. They are not simply rich in thought and beautiful in diction. They are pervaded by a spontaneous enthusiasm. There runs through them a flow of eloquence, never transcending the bounds of good taste, which bears the reader along, as on the crest of a wave, from beginning to end. Let me briefly touch upon certain literary characteristics of the author as they are disclosed in these essays.

One is struck with his broad conception of the end and aim of classical studies. They are prized, not merely because they bring us face to face with the ancient peoples providentially chosen to be the founders of European civilization. Their use is made to extend much farther. It is evident, to quote Mr. Lincoln's own language, in "those tastes for all that is beautiful and ennobling in ancient letters, which grew up insensibly in the season of youth, under the propitious influences of place and books, and teachers and companions; the lingering witchery of eloquence and song, which first caught the ear and led captive the soul; the enthusiastic admiration and love for the great writers of antiquity, which with so many scholars was first awakened in that spring-time of intellectual life, and cherished in its subsequent periods, the grace of manhood and the solace of age." But this is not all. Far from it. Classical studies, it is affirmed, may do far more than quicken the mind and discipline the taste. Speaking of "the comparative method" that is winning so large results in

every branch of study, our author predicts even grander discoveries to be achieved by it. "As we think of its onward career," he says, "we seem to see its studious followers, in brilliant succession, even as the runners in the ancient torch-race, handing along the lights of science by the successive stages of their course of research, the eyes and energies of all bent upon the ultimate goal, — the knowledge of one united race, of the vast and varied interests of one common humanity. It is indeed the unusual human interest inspired by this method of study that makes at once its worth and its charm, and gives it a hold upon all thoughtful minds, like the spell of a fascination." Under this head, he claims for philological studies, in which the method was first exemplified, that they "are the true *Humaniora*, truly humane and humanizing studies." In another place he distinctly sets forth what he considers "the ultimate end" of classical studies. "Not alone," he says, "to form a basis for mental discipline and culture, by furnishing models of consummate excellence in thought and expression, are these studies designed. The true and ultimate end is a moral and religious one, — the knowledge, gained by a deeper and maturer study of classical antiquity, of the place and function of all ancient philosophy, letters, art, life, in the providential order of the world in preparing the way for the entrance of Christianity into human life and history." Holding this comprehensive view, he felt earnestly that culture and religion must be united in the objects of study and investigation. "We are craving," he says, "in these modern Christian days the fusion and union of religion and culture; and how we miss it often in the best teaching of the pen and the voice, culture lacking the inspiration of religion, and religion failing to take up and master the resources of culture." It was natural that he should direct his attention with a fervent interest to comparative religion, and to the relation of the other religions of mankind to Christianity. While insisting firmly that Christianity is the supreme, absolute religion, he is a champion of broad and liberal views concerning the origin of religion, and as to the defective systems that have sprung up beyond the pale of the Christian Revelation. In the review of Gladstone, Mr. Lincoln, carrying his agreement with him on what is called "the Homeric question" farther than most scholars at present would sanction, dissents from his author's opinion that the Olympian religion, and the other Gentile religions with it, are the remains of a primitive divine revelation. He

advocates what he pronounces "a more excellent way" of accounting for the phenomena. He finds the solution, not in a supposed primitive revelation or tradition, but in "a primitive faith," — a faith implanted in the very constitution of the human soul, and so not only anterior to all religious instruction but essential to the reception of it, whether it come from a natural or a supernatural source. Elsewhere, as we might expect, he repudiates the old, crude way of thinking, which consigned the Greek and Roman religions, without discrimination, to the realm of superstition and falsehood. "We might as well," he exclaims, "go back to the notion that Greek and Latin were somewhere developed out of Hebrew." Cherishing these catholic ideas, it is no wonder that, with so many kindred souls, he is attracted to Plato, the philosopher whom he designates as one who stands, on the broad page of history, — even as he is depicted in Raphael's picture of the School of Athens, — with uplifted hand, "pointing, not Grecian sages alone, but all thoughtful minds, above the world of matter and sense, to a world of spirit, to a world of ideas as divine and eternal things, and the true home of the soul as a spiritual being." Nowhere are the affinities of Platonism with the Christian faith, together with the regulative supreme place that belongs to the religion of Christ, set forth in a more interesting style than in this Essay of Professor Lincoln, the ripe fruit of a generously cultivated, sympathetic, and religious mind.

The articles on Sophocles and the Greek drama and on Faust, taken together, are fine illustrations of Mr. Lincoln's literary ability and of the variety of his accomplishments. The one takes us back into the atmosphere of Athenian life; the other leads us into the midst of the intellectual ferment of the present day. In dealing with Faust, the masterpiece of modern tragedy, he presents us with a lucid and glowing exposition of the argument of the play, and with a penetrating inquiry into its motive and underlying ideas. A sentence or two upon the opening "Prologue in Heaven" will indicate the elevated and spirited tone of the entire essay. "We are lifted," says the author, "in imagination to the courts of heaven, to the very presence-chamber of the Lord. In those heavenly hosts that throng around in shining ranks, and in Mephistopheles, who comes also to present himself before the Lord, we seem to touch at their very springs, in the invisible world, the powers of good and evil, which are to invest with their mysterious conflict of agency the life of a human being on earth.

The voices of archangels utter forth in adoring, jubilant song the high praises of God; the sun rounding his appointed course, and ringing out his rival accord in the music of the spheres; the pomp of the swift-revolving earth, its brightness of day alternating with awful night; the foaming ocean heaving up its broad floods,— these, and all His sublime works, past comprehending, are glorious as in time's first day."

Professor Lincoln read, at different times, before the Rhode Island Historical Society, papers on Tacitus, Marcus Aurelius, and the historian Ranke. Among his papers read to the Friday Club were essays on Rome and the Romans in the time of Horace, Travel and Travelers among the Ancient Romans, Lucretius, Galileo and the Inquisition, Froude's Life of Cæsar, the Roman Religion and its Relations to Philosophy, Old Age, as described in Cicero's treatise, Plato's Republic. These titles illustrate the nature of the topics to which his mind naturally turned.

A man like Mr. Lincoln would not be likely to take a narrow view of the scope of college education. In these latter days there have been those who have been disposed to act upon the theory, even if they have not openly espoused it, that the design of a public institution of this nature is simply to furnish to applicants the different sorts of knowledge at a stipulated price. The responsibility of the college teacher, it is implied, ends at this point. A somewhat larger view is taken when it is admitted that to stimulate the intellect, to spur the mind to reflect and to undertake independent researches, is embraced in the function of an academic professor. Very different is the old conception, still cherished in this place, that in the critical period of youth, when the nature is plastic, the forming of character should be included as a distinct object in college education. "The attainment of knowledge," says Daniel Webster, "does not comprise all that is contained in the larger term of education. The feelings are to be disciplined, the passions are to be restrained, true and worthy motives are to be inspired; a profound religious feeling to be instilled, and pure morality to be inculcated, under all circumstances." Long ago Plato wrote in the same strain. Besides the education that fits one for a particular occupation, there is that education, he says, "which makes a man eagerly pursue the ideal perfection of citizenship, and teaches him how rightly to rule and how to obey. This is the only training which, upon our view, would be characterized as education; that other sort of training,

which aims at the acquisition of wealth or bodily strength, or mere cleverness apart from intelligence and justice, is mean and illiberal, and is not worthy to be called education at all." No one who knew Mr. Lincoln was left in doubt as to his convictions on this subject. There is another truth relative to the *method* of education which, owing to the growth of colleges and the multiplying of the number of students, is in danger of being disregarded. The ancient teachers, Socrates and the other masters of Greek philosophy, set a great value upon the personal converse of the teacher with the disciple, and upon the educating influence dependent on this personal tie. The Great Teacher of mankind exemplified this principle. Whatever advantages may arise, a serious loss is incurred from bringing together a great concourse of pupils without a proportionate increase in the number of teachers. The students are known as a body, but not as individuals. The inestimable benefit of a direct interchange of thought and feeling with the instructor is lost. I am sure that the graduates of Brown with whom I was acquainted in my college days appreciate this benefit to the fullest extent. The classes taught by Professor Lincoln then, and in later times, will gratefully testify that he was not unmindful of the opportunities for doing good through the channel referred to. His personal influence did not limit itself to intellectual guidance in friendly conversation. The student who stood in need of religious counsel, especially after the college was deprived of the pastoral counsels of Dr. Wayland and Dr. Caswell, felt free to resort to him. For a considerable time, the annual receptions of the College Christian Association were held at his house.

During Professor Lincoln's long term of service as professor, extending over a period of forty-seven years, he visited Europe three times; first in 1857, for the sake of his health, when he was absent for six months, again in the summer of 1878, and finally ten years later, when he was absent for a year. From 1859 to 1867 he was released from a portion of his work on account of the insufficiency of the stipend paid him by the college; and during this interval superintended, with gratifying success, a school of young women in Providence. The ladies who were taught by him are warm in their appreciation of the manner in which he incited them to study from the love of knowledge, and of his readiness to solve all difficulties clearly, while he showed them also how to solve them for themselves. While he

carried forward the school, he still instructed the Senior class in college, and furnished a substitute for the other classes.

This chronological statement, and what has been said before of his work as an instructor, are quite inadequate as a record of the extent of his labors in behalf of the college. For thirty-six years he was a member of the Library Committee, and for twenty-six years wrote its annual reports. He edited the annual catalogues, first in conjunction with Dr. Wayland, and afterwards alone for about thirty years (1855-1884); and in connection with Mr. Guild he prepared the Alumni Catalogues, with one exception, from 1846 to 1886. He loved the college, and because he loved it he never ceased to plan for its advancement. When tempted by enticing offers to go elsewhere, he refused them. Our older colleges, let me add, have been built up by means of a like spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice on the part of their professors. They have not been willing to sink to the rank of mere hirelings, ready to obey the call of the highest bidder. They have considered their calling to involve something more than to meet their classes with due punctuality, and to draw their salaries with a punctuality even more strict. They have given themselves to the institution which they have served. They have engaged heart and soul in unceasing endeavors to promote its honor and welfare. Whatever tended to strengthen it, they have rejoiced in, as if it were a personal gain; every misfortune that befell it, they have deplored, as if it were a personal loss. If, in the changes of the time, a new order of things is to arise, let us at any rate do honor to the men who have been examples of so noble, unselfish a spirit.

It would be strange if, possessing the admirable qualities to which I have been led to refer, Professor Lincoln had not combined with them a singular charm in the intercourse of friendship and social life, — a charm that was never lost. In reference to this winning side of his character, I shall content myself with citing the words of President Angell, who in this relation knew him so well: "Only a short time before his decease, he sent for me to come to his room, and received me with his old cheerfulness and brightness, though he was very weak. That youthful and companionable spirit which never deserted him was still there. How all his life he cheered and irradiated every company into which he came! What a host, what a guest he was! How welcome he was at every dinner table! No one in these last years who witnessed his exuberant flow of spirits and looked upon that face

could have guessed that he was reaching the term allotted by the Psalmist to man."

I may not omit a reference to Professor Lincoln's interest in the cause of religion, in connection with the communion to which he belonged, and to his exertions in this cause. For twenty-five years, beginning in 1855, he performed the duties of superintendent of the Sunday-school in the First Baptist Church in this city. For many years he was president of the ecclesiastical society worshipping in the First Church. From 1869 to his death he held the office of deacon. He attended with great regularity the meetings of the church, and one who knew him well in this relation informs me that "if anything special was to be done, — if, for example, money was to be raised, — Professor Lincoln was the man to do it." His religious activity was not confined within the borders of the city of his residence. He acted as president, for a number of years, of the Rhode Island Sunday-school Union, and delivered an address to that body. Without aspiring to prominence, his willingness and his capacity made him a leader in Christian work of this nature.

During his long connection with the university, Professor Lincoln enjoyed the respect and esteem of his colleagues in the Faculty. He was for many years the senior professor. Whenever a special committee was appointed to consider a matter of importance, he was pretty sure to be a member of it. There were times when his influence in the management of affairs, although never obtrusive, was of necessity predominant. At other times, when a degree of self-assertion might have been deemed excusable, he averted discord by contenting himself with the quiet expression of his opinions and the quiet performance of his duties. A factious temper was foreign to his nature. Thoroughly familiar with the traditions and precedents of the institution, he was frequently able to speak the decisive word on controverted questions of policy. I am informed that, although he uniformly leaned to the conservative side, he was always ready to listen and to yield to good reasons. In his later years there was a perceptible increase of his appreciation of the physical sciences as a means of intellectual development. I am assured, on the best authority, that in the deliberations of the Faculty "he never became excited nor lost his temper in argument, but was always considerate and courteous, however strongly he urged his views." One who has had much experience in Faculty meetings can easily imagine how those

assemblies might be brightened by the presence of one whose conversational gifts, in which a genial humor played so prominent a part, never failed to give pleasure.

Professor Lincoln was in sympathy with the undergraduate life of the university. No man is really fit to deal with college boys who has not something of the boy left in him. Emerson, referring to advantages and titles to respect that belong to men who are no longer young, quotes an observation of Red Cloud, that "sixty has in it forty and twenty." Happy are those in whom these components that go to make up the full sum have not lost their vitality! I believe it is Coleridge who defines genius as a union of the feelings of childhood with the powers of manhood. A very inadequate account of genius; but surely he is to be pitied in whom the feelings of childhood and youth are smothered by the weight of advancing years. Professor Lincoln, had he lived in old times, when students were governed overmuch and trusted too little, would never have become one of that class of obtuse or morose college officers who confound exuberant spirits with moral depravity. The modern zeal for athletic sports did not spring up until the later period of his life. He was far from looking on this new development with antipathy or lukewarmness. He believed in the wholesome influence of these out-of-door contests. He took pleasure in watching the ball-games, sharing in the *gaudium certaminis*, and rejoicing when victory perched on the college banner. In his honor, the field where the games are played received the name of Lincoln Field. His interest in undergraduate life was manifested in other ways. For example, the performances of the musical societies had in him a delighted listener. He was not one whom prolonged study could metamorphose into a book-worm. He was not one whom the hearing of recitations shrivels to the dimensions of a mere pedagogue. His spirit grew, not less, but more buoyant with the lapse of time. He preserved the ardor of youth to the end of his days.

It is not strange that as he grew old tokens of honor and love from students and graduates were poured in upon him. On repeated occasions his appearance at annual gatherings of the alumni was the signal for a well-nigh unexampled outburst of enthusiasm. In connection with the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation, a full-length portrait of their teacher, by an artist of extraordinary merit, was given by the graduates to the college. In honor of him, for the benefit of the university, a fund of \$100,000 was pre-

sented to the institution by the alumni, — an almost unique proof of esteem to be conferred during the lifetime of a person thus distinguished.

I have no need to dwell on the religious character of Professor Lincoln. He held fast to the essential doctrines of the Christian system which have been the faith of the Church in all ages; but he was no polemic. He was not one of those in whom religion assumes the appearance of an excrescence upon character. With him religion was a pervading sentiment, leavening the spirit and manifesting itself in a daily course of duty and self-sacrifice. He spoke from the heart in the sentences that close the essay on Faust: "The cry of the soul for light has nowhere found a clearer utterance in modern literature than in the Faust of Goethe. . . . But only from the experiences of those who have learned in the school of Christ, and have been enlightened and renewed by divine grace, do we reach, in its positive form, the great truth that man was made for God, and only in Him can find fullness of blessing and peace. How does this truth shine out in the writings of Augustine, who, after having traversed the whole world, and consulted all its oracles, and found them dumb to his anxious question, 'Who will show us any good,' heard at last a voice as from heaven, speaking out of 'the lively oracles' to his stricken and contrite spirit, 'Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness; but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ,' and in that voice found entire response to the cravings of his soul, and by its guidance reached the crowning experience of perfect and enduring peace, in the knowledge of God as revealed in Christ and by Christ, and in his love and service." Familiar with the ancient authors, Mr. Lincoln loved to recall passages in them that illustrate or corroborate Christian truth. I may be pardoned for referring to a letter which he kindly wrote to me, occasioned by something I had published on the subject of faith and revelation. The letter is under the date of March 22, 1890; "the Lord's day," he says, "on which my ill health keeps me in doors." He speaks — I quote his language — of "the difficulty which Christian people have sometimes in clinging to a believing trust in God's love, and in the Saviour's love as revealed in the gospel. It is so true that one's sense of unworthiness often hides in dimness or even in darkness the precious truth of the divine mercy and love in Christ." Then he alludes to the need of increasing one's faith by the habitual contemplation of Christ's life and character,

and by prayer. I had made use of the maxim, "It is hard to forgive those whom we have injured." This brings to his mind at once a series of parallel sayings from Latin writers; one from the Agricola of Tacitus, one from the Annals by the same author, with an analogous statement from Seneca's treatise on anger; to which he adds a reference to Lucretius, where a superficial modern notion as to the origin of the belief in a world of spirits is anticipated. In this way did the unsought recollections of the scholar mingle with devout reflections.

Our assembling to-day testifies to the loss which this academic community has suffered in the death of Professor Lincoln. It is not for me to enter within the circle of domestic grief. I speak now of the public loss that ensues when such a man grows old and departs from the earth. How much enters into the making of such a man! Propitious circumstances connected with birth and ancestry; streams of influence from so many different sources, in their combined effect; care expended by relatives and teachers; years spent in assiduous efforts to prepare for usefulness; intercourse with many men in different lands; the reflex action of long communion with books; accumulated results of observation and experience, of culture, of inward conflict and self-discipline — how much is required to make such a man what he is! Thoughts like these help us to estimate aright the loss that is suffered when his activity among men comes to an end.

It is well, however, at the same time, to bear in mind how much goes forth from such a man during the period allotted to him by divine Providence. Who shall measure the total effect of his presence and example, of the instruction that he has imparted, of the impulses that he has communicated, to successive generations of young men at times when mind was growing and character was forming? The good accomplished by a Christian scholar in the course of a long career is to a large extent intangible. From its amount, as well as from its nature, it passes the limit of possible calculation.

Our departed friend takes his place on the roll of the honored sons and servants of this university who have finished their work. The memory of them is the priceless heritage of the college. The great money-makers of the land may found their universities. They may be doing well; even though it were sometimes wiser to build on good foundations laid of old by the fathers. But there is one thing their millions cannot buy. *Age* it is impossible to

purchase. The store of recollections that gather about an ancient seat of learning, money avails not to procure. Brown University antedates the national government under which we live, and the war of revolution that paved the way for it. The mention of the name of the university calls to mind a long array of noble men who have gone forth from her walls to win distinction for themselves and to confer blessings on the land and on the world. And to-day, while we miss from the ranks of her teachers a leader revered and beloved, we do it in the consciousness that one more jewel has been set in her crown.

NOTES OF MY LIFE.

WRITTEN BY PROFESSOR LINCOLN, FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 28, 1886, 8 TO 11, IN A FEELING OF PRESENTIMENT.

I WAS born February 23, 1817, in Boston, No. 9 Myrtle Street. Of this house my earliest remembrance is of the death of my mother, when I was four years old. In that back parlor they took me to her bedside, many people standing around, and I remember that pale, heavenly face (as if I saw her now) as I looked at her, and heard her feeble voice amid the hush of the whole room of people. Ah, if I had only had the nurture of that saintly woman during my boyhood and youth!

I went to school to Mrs. Jacobs, on Myrtle Street, — a worthy woman and kind, good teacher. I remember the room, her table, and the little desks around. She was George Sumner's aunt, and George was a schoolmate with me. But I used to go home every afternoon with a sick-headache, and they gave me what they called *picra*; it was *πικρά* indeed. My father had my aunt Becky, as we called her, to keep house, whom I remember with affection; and my aunt Betsey (afterwards Mrs. Childs) I remember, too, who used to be often at our house, and who was very good to me. My dear father was one of the best of men, always cheerful and kind, with a wonderful equableness of temper. I never heard him speak petulantly or angrily; but his grave and troubled look, if I did wrong, was enough to break me into penitence. He was for all my childhood and youth the model of a Christian man, and to my maturest thought he is so now in memory. Ah, how loving he was at home, and how I loved to be in his lap in the evening, and hear him talk! Ah, it was a treasure of good to us all to have such a father. Thank God, above all else, for him. His example and life have gone with me through all years, as a constant guide and helper in all temptation and trouble. We were, on the whole, a happy family, and our one sister Sophia was the pride and love of us all; and when she became a Christian girl, what a Christian she was, though I always thought her faultless before. My brothers I loved very much, though we younger ones had our little

quarrels, some of which I keenly remember to this day with shame. William and Joshua I was with more than the others, — William so thoughtfully kind to me, and Joshua so generous and affectionate. Henry and Heman were younger, and I used to try to help them in little ways. Oliver was away a good deal, at college, and elsewhere. I used to go with father out of town when he went to preach for different churches. How many miles I have driven him out of Boston and back again, and how good and thoughtful he was in talking to me !

I went to school from Mrs. Jacobs to Israel Alger, the man who made the grammar, — Alger's Murray; a good teacher, intelligent and kind; then to Nathaniel Magoun, also one whom I remember with respect. I remember I got a silver medal there at the end of my school period, when I was between eight and nine years old. But my best school-days were at the Latin School, where I went in 1826, when I was nine years old. Joshua went with me, but he did n't like it very well, and so he induced father to let him go to the High School, and so I went to the Latin School alone. I loved Latin and Greek, even the grammars. My first lesson in Latin I recited alone to Mr. B. A. Gould, dear, good man as he was, and so kind to a little shaver like me. He patted me on the head and said, "A good lesson, my boy, very good. Go on so and you will do as well as your brothers" (Oliver and William, who had been there before me). Mr. F. P. Leverett, too, I remember, who taught me Greek, and in the last part of the course, Latin, too, — a classical man in scholarship, and manner, and tone, and style every way. I got on very well in my studies, though I do not remember feeling my lessons as tasks, except writing compositions. These I wrote slowly and carefully, but rather prosily, I think. I went through the usual five years' course in four years, as a little division of us were promoted, and got through early. I was thirteen when I was ready for college, and at the anniversary day had a Latin poem, in 1830. I remember Mr. Leverett said some very encouraging words to me about the poem, and pleased me very much with his praise about the rhythm and diction of the poem. I have often recalled my working over that poem in my room at home. And yet it was not work exactly; it came to me quite beyond all my expectations. I had had good teaching, and had the quantities of vowels and syllables quite accurate, and words and phrases came to me pretty easily, and I made out thirty-eight lines, I remember, and got through with the delivery pretty well.

Then for a year I went to the High School, as my father thought me too young to go to college. There I had Mr. S. P. Miles and Thomas Sherwin. The former, especially, I remember as a very gentlemanly, and at the same time a strict and earnest man. But I had some faults of character that year which, by God's blessing, I was cured of when I began seriously to think of religious things, and to try to practice what my dear father was always teaching me, and yet teaching more by his life and example than by words. Then I went back to the Latin School, and stayed a fifth year. I remember that I was that year at the head of the class, and the monitor up in that upper room in the schoolhouse on School Street. Mr. Dillaway was the principal, and Mr. Dixwell sub-master. I had the valedictory at the end of the year, and enjoyed writing my farewell, though I was grievously disappointed by being sick in bed when the great day came round. They brought me up my Franklin medal, and hung it up before me, where I seem to see it now. How Mr. Dillaway and the school committee importuned my father to have me go to Harvard! So father used to tell us, when he would come home to dinner, how they came to the store, and said it was never the case before that the valedictorian went anywhere but to Harvard. But Dr. Wayland was at Brown, and rising to fame, and raising the college; and Dr. Wayland and father had become well acquainted in Boston; and then it was a Baptist college, and so to Brown I went. I remember that I was baptized by dear Howard Malcom, in Federal Street Church, on a Sunday, October 7, 1832, and then went to Providence, and was examined for admission, on Monday. At that time we traveled by stage-coach, leaving Boston at five A. M., and arriving at noon. I was examined by Professor Elton and Tutor Gammell, in Professor Elton's room, and I thought it was a very easy examination. A Latin School every-day lesson had much more in it. I roomed the first year with my cousin, Henry Wiley, in No. 20, University Hall, but at the end of the term I lost my dear father. I got the news of his illness too late to see him alive and have his parting blessing. Ah, what a grief that was to me when I reached the door of my father's house, — that dear home which had been such a blessing to me, — and found the carriages just going to the church for his funeral! Ah, that day of my boyhood's deep grief I never can forget. But he left good words for me, which I have always carried in memory. "Tell him to do well; the Church expects much of him." When I got back to

college, how good Dr. Caswell was to me, who had his room next to mine. I have alluded to this in my discourse upon Dr. Caswell. About my college life: I found the studies very easy through the first two years, though I did not neglect them. But I was a boy, and full of vivacity, and found many pleasant companions and friends, and in Junior year did not study hard to keep up in scholarship. But I never had any vicious habits in college. I never drank wine the whole four years, and indeed for many years after, and never went with vicious men in college. But I did not give myself with full vigor to work, and I had *nobody like my dear father* to say a word either of warning or encouragement to me, though I never really neglected my lessons, and in Senior year studied with much interest and with progress. I might have done much better. But they were days of young joy and delight. Steph Shepard was my dear good friend. How attached I was to him, and am still; and what good times we had over in that W. H. Smith house on Angell Street (next to Dr. Caswell) in our Senior year!

After college, one year at Washington in Columbian College as teacher, first in the preparatory school, then tutor in the college, which, though trying, was useful to me; then two years at Newton of good, wholesome study and progress. The second year, with Dr. Sears, in theology, was very improving. Dr. Sears was a very stimulating teacher and kindled in me a zeal for learning and scholarship and progress in everything. Then, in September, 1839, I went back to Providence to be college tutor for two years, in which my habits in teaching became firmer. From there, in September, 1841, to Europe, where I studied in Germany two years, and then spent one year in travel, studying, however, all the while. My German studies at Halle with Tholuck, Gesenius, Julius Müller, Leo, Erdmann, and Bernhardt, and Rödiger, were great for me, giving me broader, larger views than I had ever had of study and attainments, and showing me what and how to study. Then the winter in Italy, especially at Rome, was of immense service. (In Berlin, Neander, Hengstenberg, Ranke, Boeckh, Zumpt, Schelling, and many others, were full of inspiration for use in their several studies.)

Tholuck I not only respected and admired, but loved,—a learned man, a most inspiring teacher, full of *Geist*, but of *Gemüth*, too, and a truly Christian man. My journeying with him in southern

Germany, Switzerland, and upper Italy, as far as Milan and the lakes, was of immense service to me, as I have shown in my journal and note-book.¹

¹ The journal or note-book containing the account of this journey has been lost.

DIARY OF STUDENT LIFE AT BROWN UNIVERSITY, 1833-1834.

ON January 21, 1833, just before the beginning of his second Freshman term at Brown, Professor Lincoln, then in his sixteenth year, began to keep a diary. This, as he states upon its first page, he undertook with the hope "that I may be enabled by the blessing of God to record the feelings which I may have from time to time." The last entry is dated July, 1839, when he was a student in Newton Theological Seminary. This diary throws light upon the early development of his character, and is full of encouragement to any one who may be striving now, as he was in his boyhood, to live a Christian life in college. Therefore, although upon the inner cover is written, in his youthful and as yet but partly-formed handwriting, the inscription, "*Privatæ res et propriæ*," it seems appropriate, and in accord with what his own wishes would be, to present some extracts.

This boy, who on October 8, 1832, entered Brown, brought fresh from the baptismal font into his college life all the joy of a newly converted and sincerely consecrated heart. But on the first page of his diary is this record of a great sorrow:—

"I cannot help thinking of the difference between my present situation and that in which I was placed at the commencement of the last term. Then I was beginning my college course with gladness of heart, blessed with an inestimable parent, who was ever bestowing upon me his affectionate and wholesome counsels; one to whom I could always apply for instruction and advice; who had ever endeavored to impress upon my mind the importance of the possession of 'fixed religious principles,' of a love to God, and an interest in the Redeemer. But now it is entirely different. I come back to college mourning the loss of this dear parent, and feeling bitterly my need of his paternal advice. Oh, how precious is that promise, 'When father and mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up.'"

At an age when few boys now have progressed farther in education than the high school or preparatory academy, this boy has entered college life, and, looking beyond college life, longs for "more zeal for God and decision in his cause;" for growth in "character," and for "holiness

of heart, purity of motive, and fixedness of purpose in the service of my Lord and Saviour." He early records the prayer, afterwards so wonderfully fulfilled, "If it never should be my happy lot to preach the gospel, may I be enabled in the capacity of a private Christian to win souls to Christ by my life and conversation."

The following very brief entry occurs Saturday, February 2, 1833:—

"Joined the Philermenian Society connected with the college."

Through all his life he loved this grand old debating society. While he never depreciated its more youthful rival, The United Brothers, the Philermenian Society had the warmer place in his heart. It was here that he essayed to speak and to debate before his fellow-students. The manuscript he prepared for one of these debates is still in existence. In it he maintains that "Manufactures are advantageous to our community," and enforces his arguments under all possible heads and subdivisions. In such discussions he doubtless found healthful interruption to those too rigid and introspective moods of mind which appear in his diary, as when on many pages he laments his "besetting sin of levity" and his "light-mindedness." Doubtless what he was led to distrust as evils were almost entirely the proper social cravings and happy overflowings of a vigorous young nature. There are in these portions of the diary clear intimations that his sound judgment discerns that the sin to be avoided is not "frivolous conversation with some classmate, or doing something wholly useless," but neglect of opportunity to do good to some one, or by seeming indifference to fail in duty. We may feel sure that "levity" and "light-mindedness" and such like *atræ curæ* lost their power to vex when he crossed the Philermenian threshold. Some time in the sixties, after these two venerable societies had been continued in existence for some years for the sole purpose of the hauling upstairs unlucky Freshmen at the annual "rushes," and after their hallowed homes had been invaded by the "Hammer and Tongs," Professor Lincoln gave his approval to their disbanding. But it gave him more of a heartache than people knew, and he always treasured his Philermenian badge.

The following appears in the diary, Wednesday, May 15, 1833:—

"Joined the Society of Inquiry to-night by a relation of my experience, and have certainly reason to bless God that I have at length been enabled to come out and join this society. The thoughts of joining have troubled me somewhat ever since I entered college. I dreaded to get up in the chapel and relate to the students of the upper classes the exercises of my mind."

This quaintly phrased record is suggestive of decided changes in the religious life and language of undergraduates. Is there any real gain in the loss of such old-fashioned sturdiness?

Sunday, May 26, 1833, he writes : —

“Took a class in a Sunday-school. ’T is quite an interesting class and I think that I shall keep it, and if I do, I hope that I may commence in the true spirit of a Sunday-school teacher, anxiously desirous to be useful.”

In his after life he could look back upon the fulfillment of this prayer in connection with his long service in the Sunday-school of the First Baptist Church of Providence.

Thursday, June 20, 1833, the diary contains this passage : —

“Providence has to-day been honored with a visit from President Jackson, or rather with a call. He arrived in the morning and was welcomed cordially by the citizens, and was brought into the city in a barouche amidst the shouts of the spectators. In the afternoon he came up to college attended by his suite, one of whom, Governor Cass, made an extemporaneous address to the students, which was received with great *éclat*. In allusion to the President, he remarked that ‘his whole visit has been but one procession.’ I suspect that this is not far from the reality, and although proper respect ought by all means to be paid to the Chief Magistrate of our Republic, yet I fear that many things have been done with this object in view which in the estimation of an holy and righteous God are highly criminal. I fear that many expenses have been incurred in order to render his visit pleasant, whose direct tendency is to inflate the heart of man with pride, and lead him to forget that he is but man. I should earnestly hope that this might not be their effect in the present case, but still I think that that man must have a spirit of fervent piety and the deepest sense of his own nothingness in the sight of his Creator, who can receive without injury such distinguished marks of honor as have been paid to General Jackson. Oh, that it may have a good effect upon his mind, and lead him to see the emptiness of the applause of men when compared with the approbation of God and one’s own conscience.”

Words like these from a boy of sixteen would sound very odd in these days, yet if Jackson’s mind had been tempered with somewhat of this strict loyalty to God, and more given to measuring self by the divine pattern, who can say what might have been the gain to our country.

In October, 1833, he writes thus : —

“A year ago this month I made a public profession of my faith in Christ, and first sat down with the children of God to

commemorate the dying love of the Lord Jesus. Then, how transporting were my feelings, how ardent my professions of attachment to the Saviour and his cause."

A marginal note appears upon this page written in his mature and more familiar hand.

"October 7, 1832 (Sunday), I was baptized by my pastor, Howard Malcom, in the Federal Street Church, Boston, and the next day went to Providence and was entered as a Freshman. — October 8, 1882, — 50 years!"

An entry January 10, 1834, reads as follows: —

"Started from Boston at twelve o'clock, after having enjoyed a very pleasant vacation, and arrived at Providence in safety at six P. M. Found my room in rather a cold and desolate condition, but soon contrived to make it comfortable. I think that I have returned to college with new resolutions concerning my future religious course. . . . I am convinced that, with the assistance of God, it is possible for a student to enjoy religion while in college, and I am resolved hereafter to strive constantly for the attainment of this object. Indeed, I think that I should feel unwilling any longer to remain in college, to make so slow advances in religion and to exert so feeble a religious influence as I did during the last year. . . . Had a conversation this evening with three of my classmates who are pious, on that subject which relates to our best interests. Was gratified to find that their feelings with relation to the future were similar to my own. We unitedly resolved to be circumspect in our ways this term, and to strive daily to live near to the Saviour. Oh, may the resolutions which we made be strictly performed! Retired at ten o'clock."

How strange it sounds to-day for any one to speak of himself as "pious." Yet the first disciples seem to have felt no mock modesty in calling themselves "saints." Will it come to pass as modern culture advances that Christians will feel it over-boastful to call themselves "converted," and even perhaps be chary of calling themselves "Christians" at all? However this may be, the resolutions of these four young men were kept, and the diary throughout this year is rich in the records of a great revival.

January 14, 1834. "Commenced a practice of meeting with three of my classmates who are pious (A. N. A., W. L. B., and S. B. R.), three times a week for religious conversation and prayer."

January 18, 1834. "Had a religious class-meeting in my room this evening, which was exceedingly interesting. Two or three of my irreligious classmates were present. Felt more anxiety for their conversion than I ever before felt, and was enabled to pour out my soul in supplications for this object with greater earnestness than I ever before exercised. Oh, may the Spirit of God 'convince them of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come,' and sweetly force them into submission to the Redeemer. Oh, how little interest have I manifested hitherto for them! May my conduct and influence henceforth be entirely different."

January 20. "Had a conversation with my friend and classmate X—— to-day about his eternal interests. Oh, what a happy thing it would be if he should become pious! What an extensive religious influence he might exert!"

Saturday, February 1. "The religious class-meeting was filled with interest. Five or six irreligious members of the class were present, among whom were my friends Z—— and X——. Oh, I do think I long for their conversion, and I am determined to labor for the accomplishment of this object."

Wednesday, February 19. "An excellent meeting in the chapel; quite full; interesting remarks from Dr. Wayland; my friend Z—— present. After meeting went with him to his room and had a conversation upon the great subject of religion. Rejoiced to hear him acknowledge that he had thought much more upon the subject this term than he had ever done before, and to hear him express his determination to seek religion with his whole heart. He told me, too, which should certainly encourage me much, that his impressions were owing in a great measure to an apparent increase of religious feeling in me, and to my conversation and company. Oh, I shall never forget my feelings when he told me this. I cannot describe them."

Thursday, February 20. "Had a walk to-day with my friend Y——, who has within a few days met with a change. He is a member of the Senior class and rooms very near me. He told me, much to my joy (although I would at the same time desire to be humbled on account of it), that he was first led to think seriously of religion by observing my religious appearance this term."

Friday, February 21. "Had a conversation to-day with my friend V—— on the great subject of religion; found him very anxious indeed. How gloriously has the Holy Spirit already begun to work!"

Saturday, February 22. "Very interesting and solemn day, the beginning of good days for Brown University. A meeting was held in the chapel in the afternoon for the special purpose of giving an opportunity to the religious students to relate their exercises of mind, that it might be found out what was the general state of feeling and what was the prospect concerning a revival.

"In the evening a religious class-meeting at my room. Several present who are unconverted. One of my class (U——) arose, and declared his determination to seek religion."

Monday, February 24. "Heard with great joy that my friend and classmate X——, with whom I have so often conversed, and for whom I have this term felt much anxiety, last night came to the serious and solemn determination to seek religion."

Wednesday, February 26. "A very interesting meeting in the chapel. One student, Q——, a member of the Senior class, who was recently brought into the fold of Christ, arose and addressed the meeting, and with great earnestness entreated his fellow-students to attend to the subject immediately. My friend Z—— this evening indulged for the first time a hope in the mercy of God."

Thursday, February 27. "Day of Prayer for Colleges. Has been as happy a day as I have spent in college. Meeting in the chapel at ten o'clock, and ten of the students successively arose and related the recent gracious dealings of God with their souls. Also a class-meeting at one o'clock, and also at six o'clock. My friends Z—— and X—— were among those who spoke in the chapel. Oh, how much need have I for gratitude that they have been converted."

Saturday, March 1. "Rather unwell to-day, very violent headache which completely unfitted me for my studies. Attended a very full and interesting class-meeting in the evening. Tutor Gammell came in and made some very pertinent and profitable remarks. Had a conversation this forenoon with my classmate O——. He seems to be 'almost a Christian.' He sees the way and knows clearly his duty, but will not come up to its performance."

Monday, March 3. "Am confined to my room by a slight illness. Awoke yesterday morning with a very oppressive headache and something of a fever. Called in a doctor at noon, and this morning feel much relieved. During the day and especially just before the time of my evening devotions, had some distressing

doubts and fears relative to my adoption into the family of Christ. The thought that I had been deceiving myself and others was for a few moments indescribably painful. But after coming to God, and telling my feelings, and earnestly entreating Him to lift upon me the light of his reconciled countenance, I felt much relieved. My fears were dissipated, and the Saviour appeared precious to me. Here let me erect my Ebenezer and say, 'Hitherto has the Lord helped me.' But still I have not that full assurance that my heart is renewed, and that I am indeed a child of God, which I desire to possess. When I look forward, and imagine myself in the last agonies of death, I cannot but indulge in some anxiety lest I may not be prepared for the society of heaven."

March 14. "To-day heard the joyful news that my friend and classmate T—— was under conviction for sin. In the evening he sent for me, and I found him humbled in the dust on account of his sins. Oh, I bless the Lord for this fresh token of his goodness! I had long been laboring and praying for this."

March 16. "Had a conversation with S——. He appears entirely careless."

March 19. "Class-meeting at noon to pray for the recovery of S——, who is lying upon a bed of sickness, perhaps of death."

March 27. "Met this evening with those few of my friends with whom I have been accustomed to meet for prayer and mutual disclosure of religious feelings. Was obliged to acknowledge that for myself I had been less circumspect and more inclined to levity for two days past than for a long time."

Monday, March 31. "The meeting in the chapel this evening was very solemn and interesting, as might well be expected from the circumstance of its being the last of the term. This has been a happy term in all respects."

However strange some of these old-fashioned religious phrases may sound to modern ears, they are evidently the expression of one who, with a heart thoroughly in earnest, gave himself to God in his youth, and having kept the faith steadfastly through manhood and old age, is now "enjoying the society of heaven."

EXTRACTS FROM PROFESSOR LINCOLN'S DIARY

WHILE INSTRUCTOR AT COLUMBIAN COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
1836-1837.

DURING Professor Lincoln's Junior and Senior years at Brown his diary fell into disuse. Some pages are missing, as if he had become dissatisfied with what he had written. The next entry in the diary is dated Columbian College, Washington, D. C., November 29, 1836, when he begins "once more to keep a journal that I may keep a sort of watch over my mind and heart." His entrance upon his life's work of teaching was anything but encouraging.

"I ascended this College Hill on the night of the 25th of October, in accordance with an engagement made two or three weeks ago to take charge of the Preparatory Department connected with the Columbian College. Drove immediately to Dr. Chapin's, and was received with kindness by himself and family. After a night's rest, at nine o'clock, was shown to the scene of my pedagogical labors. *Ma conscience!* what a place did I find it! Wonder, amazement, and a frightful host of the 'blues' fell upon me the moment my foot crossed the threshold, and my eye fell upon the *place*. I shall never forget my posture and look of survey at that queer moment. It was the upper story of a two-story brick building. Its exterior might, with some latitude of language, be pronounced decent. But what can be said of the 'inner man' of this peculiar *locus*. No one would have mistaken it for a school-room. The dimensions of the room were about 30 × 25 feet. The first thing that caught the eye on opening the door, and within three feet of it, was a little, dirty box-stove, placed on a slight elevation of brick-work, which from old age and hard wear had become inclined to the ground at an angle of about 45°. From this ran up a funnel in real zigzag fashion, and terminated in a hole in the wall, which, being too large for its reception, was ingeniously and neatly filled up in part by bricks, stones, etc. The room had five glass windows and one wooden window. This last was a large, square hole filled up by nailing up pieces of plank on the outside. How much of a window such an invention

was, any one might easily determine. On the hypothesis of the building having been intended for a stable, it would have made an excellent place for the pitching in of hay, etc.; and this hypothesis, I now remember, is not imaginary, for such was in fact the original design of this classical building. The furniture was very concise. One chair for the pedagogue; several long, huge forms, evincing by their looks that they had long been a surface upon which the 'luckless wights' might try the temper of their knives, hacked up so horribly, fit only for fuel. The walls in the infancy of time had been whitewashed, but now were anything but white, — they were 'many colored,' like Joseph's coat, and then a great smooch, telling plainly that the room had been the arena of apple-fights and other schoolboy *rencontres*. On the whole, then, this place had a touch of originality about it. So much for the mere physical objects in this attic. Here I found also fourteen or fifteen young chaps, awaiting the approach of their new teacher. I looked over their faces with considerable interest, but saw nothing particularly striking about any of them. By a paper left me by the former teacher, I found out their names and the 'Order of Exercises.' I went to work, and in the course of the day dispatched about twenty recitations or more, besides being bothered to death by continual questions in arithmetic, Latin, Greek, etc. After giving them a *very* short lecture I set the urchins free, and by the act freed myself from what seemed to a novice like myself a worse than Egyptian slavery. However, though most perplexing, it was a good mental and moral exercise. My patience, judgment, self-confidence, and confidence in the general sense of the word, were all tried in this one day. To take the lead in such a way, even in so small a school, really tried me pretty severely, and though by a sort of dissembling I might have appeared to feel at home, yet I was conscious of feeling very diffident. Shame on this diffidence! it must be overcome. Every moment seemed to bring in some new trial of judgment, and though the occasions of the trials might have been trivial, yet the exercise was salutary. So much for the school. My condition in other things I find not very comfortable; things wear an uninviting aspect in general. Dr. Chapin's family are agreeable and very kind, and I am acquainted with one student to whom I am indebted for efforts to make my new conditions agreeable; but all else — Oh, dear!"

The journal now indicates that he found need of keeping "a sort of

watch" not only over his heart and his mind, but over his temper, and records other "exercises" in addition to "exercises of mind,"—of a new sort.

"I have had squally times in my little school. The little scamps imagined, I suppose, that they could handle me and behave themselves as they pleased. At any rate, some have tried it, but have found, I hope, by this time that, though they have a *little fellow* over them, they must sail according to his directions. I have passed through scenes wholly new and vexatious, but on the whole, I think, very profitable. It is strange how little I have known about matters and things; how little about human nature; how long have some of my faculties been unemployed. I have waked them up of late and made them do some good service. Among the few in my school I have found some of the *hardest characters* I have ever had to deal with. For so young persons they combine more bad traits than any perhaps I ever met with in my school-days in the same number. Their moral character is very bad. They will lie and swear just as they will drink water. Their disposition is bad,—great lovers of low mischief and of making trouble. As for study, it is a thing among the things unknown to them; they have no conception of its nature, nor any desire for such knowledge. I soon picked out two or three of them, and had my eyes upon them. In one forenoon I had to *whip pretty considerably* one of them, and break a ruler over a second. In the afternoon of the next day, the third met with his fate, which he had been long courting. Indeed, I have been told since that he wanted me to call him out, for he wanted a chance to try his powers with me. If it was so, his courage evaporated when the time came. He came out, mad as a piper and with his fists doubled. *Not seeing this*, however, I just took a pretty whalebone stick I had with me and laid it over his back with considerable activity, until he began to beg, and promised me that he would behave himself. This mortified him exceedingly and at the same time enraged him. He did not dare do anything, but kept still. After school, when outdoors, surrounded by the school, he insulted me, and actually walked behind me, and muttered something about fighting me."

These incidents led to the expulsion of the two worst boys, and their mother then paid a visit to the school to express her disapprobation. The result is thus recorded:—

"She then made a low and unladylike expression, which dis-

gusted me and the school. I could n't stand this, and, turning round, told her that neither she nor any one else should talk so in that school; that she was no lady, and had no business to disturb me and my school. This brought the matter to a crisis; she muttered something and retreated, and thus the curtain dropped. I could not have desired a better termination of the affair for my own sake, as it was plain to the whole school that she had only disgraced herself, and by the subsequent looks and whispers of the boys, I saw that the thing had come out just right. By this time my school became quiet, numerically inferior, but only so. I plucked up courage and went ahead."

But the school did not go ahead; and before long came to wreck on financial breakers. In order to secure scholars, inducements were held out of such a nature that "those who attend are of no pecuniary advantage." As the inevitable result of this "strange and foolish plan adopted some time ago, which I have n't the patience to put down here," the school came to a sudden end. The president and the professors now offered him "their influence" to get him another school, or an office in one of the government departments. This last suggestion had no attractions.

"I told him I should n't like it as well as teaching; indeed I should n't at all; 't would be dangerous, I fear, in many respects. Perhaps I ought to return to New England and enter Newton Institute. How near I came to entering it at the regular time! I did not dare, and yet wanted to. I was on the brink of going when the offer of this Preparatory Department came. I must say, I reluctantly consented, as some of my best friends advised it strenuously. After all, would it not have been rash to have gone to Newton? It is a mighty undertaking; a mistake would be dreadful. Oh, for wisdom and divine light! Oh, for more active and deeper piety, and love to God and men!"

The way, however, unexpectedly was opened for him to remain, and, as he says, "by a master-stroke I am *elevated* to the rank of tutor." This proved to be a much more congenial position.

"I like my present much better than my last employment. It is altogether more pleasant and more useful. I am obliged to revive old studies and acquire a more intimate familiarity with them than while in college. The exercise of teaching is also an excellent discipline. Of course I must form a habit of exact thinking and speaking, else I could not make myself intelligible nor throw light upon the subject. The very nature of my situation imposes a degree of self-confidence and decision, so that my char-

acter may in this way acquire strength. Besides, a thousand things compel me to the formation of many good habits. I really hope, with the assistance of God, I may be able to conduct myself aright and to the satisfaction of all parties concerned."

Pending his "elevation" from principal to tutor, he found opportunity to see something of the political world.

"Have been to the Capitol to witness the opening of Congress. My impatience to see the senate chamber filled with senators was extreme. I had been into the chamber two or three weeks before, but though everything was splendid and gorgeous, yet the scene wanted life; it wanted spirit, that which makes it the Senate, the presence of the members. It is but a tasteless, vapid affair, to see the senate chamber when empty; as dreary and desolate as a banquet hall after the joyous revelry has ceased and the company departed. But now I was to see the thing itself, of which the former had been a dim shadow. What strange and varied feelings ran over me as I entered the gallery and looked down upon the senators exchanging their glad salutations with each other after their separation. I soon found out their names, and then watched them with eager interest. I looked in vain for Webster. Calhoun and Preston were also absent. I saw Van Buren, the president-elect. From his dress and bearing no one would ever suppose him to be fifty-four years old. His dress and manners in general are rather finical. I was rather surprised at his reception. He came in, and for a time 'stood alone;' afterwards went round and saluted the senators, friends and foes, with like cordiality. I watched in particular his meeting with Judge White. 'T was amusing to see these rival presidential candidates and antipodes in politics embrace *externally*, like bosom friends. I wonder how the stern old judge looked and felt *within*, to see the lady-president slide up to him 'and greet him with the phrase of fashion' with all the grace and refinement of a Brummell. By the way, White is the queerest-looking figure I saw there. His form is not tall, and very slender, even to fragility, and his head fairly triangular, his hair gray with age, and flowing down his neck in ocean profusion. Compared with Van in appearance, he would remind you of a stern old Roman in the days of Rome's primitive simplicity. 'T was good to see Henry Clay enter the hall, and to witness the reception he met with. The moment he entered he was fairly surrounded by senators. His tall, erect

figure towered above them all, reminding one of ‘*Aeneas, os humerosque deo similis.*’ How instinctive and fervent the homage to lofty talents! What spectator in the gallery did not rather envy Henry Clay, though unsuccessful in the race for the presidency, than Martin Van Buren, even at that moment in the meridian of political success, the president-elect of the United States?

“Saw also the famous Benton, the ‘*Jupiter Tonans*’ of the Senate. He has a huge, mammoth figure, and rolls it about as though he were ‘monarch of all.’ He seemed to be well received, and to exhibit in his movements more of the gentleman than I expected to see in him. I had been told he was always writing something or other, and, sure enough, he went at it forthwith, as though it was the middle of the session, before the senators generally began to think of such a thing. — ‘Laborious idleness!’

“Was disappointed in not seeing Calhoun and Preston. Rives of Virginia was present, who succeeded John Tyler, and was ‘instructed’ into his seat to vote for Benton’s Expunging Resolution, while Tyler resigned, from unwillingness to obey such instructions. He is a man of middling stature, and has rather a youthful appearance; nothing striking in his countenance; said to be a man of fine talents, and already talked of as the leader of the Van Buren party in the Senate, if he remains, and also as a member of the next Cabinet, and even as the successor of Van Buren!

“Saw Van Buren take the chair and call the House to order; no important business.

“Passed from the Senate into the House. What a change! ’Tis like passing from the stillness of the lake to the roar of the ocean. I have been into the Massachusetts House, and thought that had a look of disorder about it, but this is certainly worse. Members with their hats on, talking, walking about, etc. The speaker and the gentleman upon the floor alone reminded you that the body was in session. These seemed to be the only persons interested. I found there was no such thing as distinguishing members in such a dense mass. Saw old John Q. Adams. It seemed odd to see an ex-president jostled about down there among the ‘*vulgus.*’ The old man looks bright and keen as ever. He is certainly an extraordinary man; probably a man of more learning than any other in the United States, — certainly in political learning, for he has been in politics from his cradle upwards. It has been the element in which he has lived and moved. His face is certainly intellectual. There is a darting, acute look about it, which indi-

ates intellect. Yet this does not seem to proceed wholly from the eye; the countenance as a whole is certainly intellectual. Strange that an ex-president should become a member of the House! It is republican perhaps, but yet there is an incongruity about it. He is a man of such surprising activity of mind, and so deeply interested in politics, that it is probably a great relief to him to be in his present place. If he would stay at home and write a history of the times or something of that nature, would he not be doing equal service to his country and to the world?

"I wanted to see Wise of Virginia, who made such a figure last winter. He was pointed out to me, but was so far off that I could n't distinctly see him. Peyton of Tennessee, his staunch friend, was by his side. Was n't much pleased, on the whole, with the House. 'T is too noisy, — nothing but confusion. 'T is a real relief to get out of such a stormy place."

What a vivid description this is of old-time giants! And what maturity of mind does it show in this ex-principal of the Preparatory Department, and as yet unknowingly the tutor that is to be! It is, therefore, something of a surprise to turn the page and read the record, —

"Thursday, February 23, 1837. This day I am *twenty years old!* What an appropriate point to make a full and solemn pause, and to indulge in sober, rational, religious reflection! What a time to review the past and thoroughly to inspect my mind and heart, my whole character! Such varied and numberless thoughts and emotions rush in upon me that I know not where to bestow my attention."

At this mature age of twenty he examines his intellectual life, going back to his youthful days in college, and passing upon himself judgment which, if impartiality consisted of severity, might be considered impartial in the extreme. His reflections have some bearing upon the matter of elective studies.

"How has it been with my mind the past year? In this respect it has been to me an interesting period of life. As the time of graduating drew near, I became sensible of a gradual change in my views and feelings. I began to think of the past and of the future, to examine how I had been preparing my mind for some active profession. Many of my studies were more interesting and occupied more of my time and thoughts. I began to see the folly of some of my former habits of study, and to form others. My college life hitherto had been but frivolous and vain, — anything

but the life of a student. I did n't think enough of the objects of study. Things which I liked I attended to, and those which I disliked I neglected, except so far as was actually necessary. What notions had I been cherishing! About writing I had tolerably correct ideas, and paid some attention to it, but if I had done ten times as much 't would have been better. I almost wish I had entered college two years later. I should not have been such a fool. As it is I have lost about two thirds of a college life. I attended to so many ten thousand things having nothing to do with college, merely because I *wanted to*, that I neglected studies of great importance. When it was too late, *i. e.*, just at the wrong time, I began to wake up. The time came on, and I graduated. It is strange, passing strange, what new notions all at once seem to come in upon me about myself, about others, about knowledge, a profession, life, — everything. Whatever acquisitions I had made seemed to be a mere cipher. So much — everything — seemed to be done, and so little time to do it in, that I was lost. My reading and reflection began to be new employments. My former purposes were all trifling, and I almost despised them. Specially about history I felt ignorant, about the characters of other times, the minds and habits of great men. A thousand histories and objects of study occurred to me, and I wanted to devour them at once. Oh, we cannot well conceive till we feel it ourselves, what a sensation of freshness, of life, comes over a young mind when it really begins to look forth and survey its rich and widespread inheritance. Hitherto it has lain in a sort of dreamy, chrysalis state, conscious of the surrounding light only by fitful gleams; but now it seems to spring forth at once into an enlarged, active being, and to range abroad uncontrolled, and with glad delight over its boundless and glorious world. At such a time one begins to get sound, elevated views. Many of his former notions and habits sink to very nothingness. Those ideas which were formerly but dimly and partially correct now begin to expand, and at once he becomes sensible of a burning thirst for knowledge. Most of all, at such a time, does one feel his consummate ignorance. He is impatient of acquisition, — to be put in immediate possession. He would know more, and more, and more; he would know all. I have felt much like this. I have much to do, and would be about it. If God sees fit to spare my life, I would endeavor to use aright whatever faculties He has given me, — *to push them up to their highest point.* And yet there is so

much to do, and I have done so little, and have so abused my mind thus far, that I am almost discouraged. Still, I take delight in reading, writing, and study; and in such employments my life will probably be spent. I hope my desires are pure, my motives right in the sight of God. I know that in such things I do not enough consult his glory. But for the future how am I to live? I hope and pray, better in every way. I would live more like a sober, rational, responsible being, — a Christian. In God alone I would trust for strength. In myself I have no confidence. Oh, may the next year, if I live, testify to some advancement!”

Upon this, his twentieth birthday, he also reviews his religious experiences, and writes: —

“The past year has been to me in many respects one of the most important of my whole life. Changes have been wrought in my condition, and also seemed to be working in my character, of an interesting nature. In the course of it I have passed the most important and pleasant of my college life, have graduated, and since been engaged in the business of instruction, — all important points in a young man’s life. How has it been with my heart the past year? Have I made sensible, delightful progress? On this subject I am certainly obliged to confess to myself and to my Heavenly Parent that I have been fearfully remiss. I look back, as I ever have done, with regret and shame. It is true I have sometimes sought the mercy-seat, and there found peace and joy in communion with God. I have sometimes taken great delight in religious exercises. But then when I remember how foolish and unfaithful I have been, and deficient in love to God and active, self-denying piety, I feel ashamed and sad. . . . In everything I have come short and been an unprofitable servant. The great secret of my miserable piety in college is, that my devotional habits were not sufficiently fixed; my religious character was not firm enough. I feel sure it was my desire to be a growing Christian, but I did not pursue the object with those regular, prayerful, repeated efforts which its greatness demands, and must have. During the interval between graduating and coming on here, I think I had more enjoyment in religion. My situation made me thoughtful and solemn. The question, Am I to preach? then came up with full force. This question has engaged my thoughts at intervals all through college, and indeed before the period of entering college. But it was always to me such a tre-

mendous subject that I could never think of it with a view to immediate decision. The time for decision seemed far in the prospect and I delayed. But there was no escape after leaving college, — it must come up. I felt I could decide it only by getting nearer to God. Earthly aid was pleasant and in a degree useful, but altogether insufficient. A thousand difficulties seemed in the way. I tried to get near to God in prayer, and to some degree succeeded. I enjoyed prayer very much and loved to throw myself before God and beseech his wisdom to instruct and guide me. I became quite satisfied it was my duty to prepare for the ministry. Then came up the question, When? Though it seemed premature, yet I was nearly on the point of going to Newton, when the offer of the Preparatory Department here decided me to wait a year. The subject has been with me ever since. I never dare to acknowledge my positive intention to go to Newton next fall, but I probably shall. With all my weakness and inability perhaps I ought to do so, in reliance upon God and in the firm conviction that He will prepare me for usefulness."

As he entered college immediately after his conversion and baptism, it would appear that his first impressions as to the ministry must have antedated his public profession of religion.

Among Professor Lincoln's papers was found a brief memorandum headed "Religious Experience, Winter of '31-2," when he was fifteen years of age, and before he had entered college. This is of special interest since it indicates that just as in the case of his father, Ensign Lincoln, his religious impressions, if not his conversion, dated from early childhood, and that he, like his father, in young boyhood habitually sought to be alone with God. This disjointed memorandum is without date, but from the handwriting appears to have been written while he was a student in Newton, and quite possibly at some hour when he was examining his earlier life in its relation to his call to the ministry. It reads as follows:—

"Grown remiss in duties, cold, negligent; had backslidden; school, studies, amusements; was expected to make profession; unprepared, began to look back, examine present state. As I examined, began to doubt. Was at same time filled with fears and distress. Things went on for several days; prayed more, read Bible more and religious books; found that with present feelings could not believe myself a Christian. At any rate if I was, had no religious enjoyment. Began to pray earnestly for forgiveness; that I might know if I was a Christian; that I might be con-

verted now, if never before. Views of law of God; my own sinfulness and guilt clearer, more deep and distressing than ever before. Remember how Bible looked to me as I sat alone one day in my chair brooding over my condition; looked compact, solid, *just so*; could be no different. So I felt the law of God to be; it condemned me; it could n't do otherwise. I could n't alter it; I must bear it. My gloom and distress awful from day to day, week to week. No pleasure in anything, home, school, company, anything. Went about mourning; most of the time was alone in my room. Praying all the time; prayed at school (down cellar at school). Used to love to go to bed to get to sleep; felt a dreadful weight upon me when I woke up; hated to move. Was not willing to trust to Christ; to give up all works of my own, confess myself nothing, Christ all my righteousness. When I prayed, desire was rather to be freed from agony than to be forgiven and made holy. With all this connected much *confusion of mind*; sometimes when alone so confused did n't know what I was thinking about, nor what to ask in prayer. Seeing picture in little book at store of little children in a posture of prayer, seemed to show me at a glance how to come to God, what to do. Instantly applied it to myself; looked to God; felt happier," etc.

The next entry in the diary records the carrying out of his conviction of duty.

"Left Washington, October, 1837. Received invitation to return and spend another year.¹ After some reflection felt I must go to Newton. Entered Junior class at Newton. Felt it to be what I had always anticipated, a very solemn step. A theological student! A candidate for the 'ministry of reconciliation'! Within a few years of being a pastor of some branch of the church of Christ, with the responsibility of leading immortal souls by instruction, exhortation, and prayer to the Lamb of God! How much need for laborious, prayerful, incessant effort! Who is sufficient for these things? I know not how some persons can look forward with such complacency, I have thought sometimes almost carelessness, to this great work."

¹ At the *considerably increased* salary of \$250 per annum and board.

EXTRACTS FROM PROFESSOR LINCOLN'S DIARY

WHILE A STUDENT AT NEWTON THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTION,
1838-1839.

HE begins anew his diary at the beginning of his theological studies with thoughts as follows :—

“NEWTON THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTION, June, 1838.

“Have determined to recommence the practice of keeping a journal. I have felt ever since I relinquished it, at intervals, the need of it, both in respect to my progress in study and in piety. The practice induces habits of watchfulness and self-examination, as well as promotes system. I shall not make it *strictly* a religious diary, as I should greatly fear the effects upon myself of attempting such an object. I fear it would insidiously generate pride and a sort of self-deception. I will make it a repository of such things concerning my progress, not merely in religion, but in all other matters, which shall seem to myself sufficiently interesting and important for preservation. The last entry in my journal had reference to the fact of my leaving Washington in October, 1837, and entering the Institution here. I am now just commencing the summer term. Have commenced, I hope, with some increased enjoyment in religion, and with more ardent desires than I have ever before experienced for making large attainments in knowledge and mental discipline. God in his providence saw fit to afflict me four weeks before the close of the last term with a disease in my eyes, so that for the last three months I have been unable to study. I hope I have tried to discover and learn the lesson which He designed to teach me in this providence. My time was employed, I hope, in profitable reflection. I endeavored to look back upon the past to ascertain what progress I had made. In some respects, at least with reference to the nature and method of my studies, I think my eyes were opened for the first time in my life. By ascertaining the little I had already done, and what I needed to do, and by trying to discover and group together what objects seemed on the whole most worthy of strenuous effort, my

mind was led into a new train of thought and new resolves. Colleges and instructors may do much to prepare the mind for action, but even the best cannot do all, and perhaps the most important things. Horace, or some one else, said well, that every one must be his own *artifex*. Till the student himself, by progress in age, comes at length to gain some just views of the nature, objects, and vast extent of study, and is filled with an irrepressible ardor for high attainments, the most exalted privileges are lavished upon him in vain. Would that my own views were more correct and expanded, and my ardor in study tenfold deeper and purer. Let me press forward.

“My feelings concerning the ministry are much the same as ever. My fears concerning my fitness are often distressing. My *backwardness in action*, always my greatest obstacle, more painful to me than words can possibly describe. This, added to the apprehensions of my friends, — and, I am suspicious, their uncharitable opinions; not uncharitable, because not blamable, but opinions formed without the requisite data, — troubles me often excessively. I ought to be more forward and active, and yet I feel that I can't, and therefore feel not that I ought. And yet I am unfitting myself for the future. What shall I do? Can I be a minister of the gospel? Those who know me best speak confidently that I can and ought.¹ Besides the above I need more piety, much more piety. Oh, for more love to Christ, the grand spring of all piety and devotion to God. I have enjoyed religion considerably since I have been here. I do love Christ, and his service. Saviour, ‘thou knowest that I love thee.’ And yet what wretched evidence of my love! Can I love Christ and have so little of his spirit, and be so little engaged in his service? Can He take any notice of such a fitful, glimmering light? Oh, Saviour, make me thy devoted disciple. Accept of my affection and my whole soul, unworthy as the offering is.”

¹ In 1839, when he was offered a position as tutor in Brown University, one of his staunchest friends wrote to him thus: “If you enter Brown as a tutor you will *never* be a minister. I want you to be a clergyman. It is what you are built for, and what the Creator intended for you. You speak of your youthful appearance, as if that was an objection. It is the *mind* that makes the *man*. Let people feel you and they won't care whether you are ten feet high or four feet, whether ‘bearded like the pard’ or smooth as a Sybarite. I am confident that if you *do* go there, you will be a professor in a few years, but you will never be a minister.”

Twice during his stay in Newton he was interrupted in his studies by trouble with his eyes. On June 28, 1838, he wrote his first sermon and "enjoyed the exercise very much."

November 26, 1838. "Preached yesterday for the first time to a little congregation at Needham. Felt better than I expected and was more at ease than I could have hoped. Still the scenes were so strange, and my sense of inability such, that I did not much enjoy it."

On Thursday evening, February 7, 1839, he applied to the church for a license to preach, and in the diary he writes : —

"Endeavored in view of that application to go over my views and feelings, and reëxamine my decision ; also to put together in some shape the feelings through which I passed, just after leaving college, in coming to a decision for the first time. For my own convenience in future, will put them down *in brief*.

"First thing : I met as an obstacle *a sense of unfitness*, mentally, morally, and in piety. Had felt it before ; have felt it to some extent ever since.

"I. In respect to *inclination*.

"1. An entire disinclination to any other profession. For medicine or law never had a particle of desire.

"2. Felt some inclination for ministry, even considered professionally. Its subjects, immediate and collateral, best suited to my prevailing tastes.

"3. This inclination was stronger, when to the above was added the idea of *being useful*. The gospel contains the most glorious of all truth. Who would not desire to make it his business to communicate it to his fellow-men ?

"II. In regard to *providential circumstances*. These were not only not unfavorable, but were and always had been very propitious ; health, youth, collegiate education, means of obtaining theological education, — how highly favored !

"III. With regard to more *direct* point of *duty*.

"1. Was certainly bound as a Christian to serve God in the best possible manner.

"2. Was it not altogether probable I could be most useful in the ministry ? It seemed to me it was.

"3. Besides, the destitution of ministers was proverbial — churches praying for laborers ; societies laboring to raise up young men, some kept back, contrary to their strong desires, on account

of pecuniary difficulties. Nothing in my way, could I refrain from saying, I ought to preach ?

“4. Still it was an important matter, fearfully responsible. God will not take *anybody* for his ministers. Endeavored, I think in sincerity, to seek the direction of God in prayer. Found some satisfaction ; enjoyed the exercise, enjoyed a rededication of myself to his service. Felt satisfied that it would be my duty to *make preparations* to preach.

“My feelings since have been materially the same, though I have often been much depressed through a fear of inability. Though I have often felt like shrinking back, yet I could never do it conscientiously.”

On many pages of the diary he records his deep feeling of insufficiency for the ministry. Doubtless a proper conception of his weakness is desirable for any theological student, yet it would seem that it was owing in great measure to convictions of this nature that Professor Lincoln did not complete the course at Newton.

In December, 1838, he writes : —

“Have suffered very much within a few days from despondency and gloom. At times felt that I could scarcely lift my head. The general cause, in addition to others, was an old one, and more or less always operating, viz., my sense of disqualification for the laborious duties of the ministry. The prospect, now so near at hand, of going forth to this work is at times fearful in the extreme.”

At a later date he writes again : —

“I tremble to think of the short interval now remaining previous to leaving this Institution. I am not yet prepared for the ministry. I shrink from its laborious, responsible duties.”

And again : —

“Have had many desponding seasons this term. Have been afraid that my piety was sadly declining. No deficiency seems so appalling as this, when I contemplate the ministry as my future occupation in life. Have been troubled also at times concerning matters of doctrine. The difficulties here are many and exceedingly perplexing. Oh, for light from above, the Source of all light and truth. When shall I see and know ; when shall I comprehend, where now I can only bow and adore ? Feel the need more than ever of living near to God, of holding fast to the

throne of mercy, lest I be swept away by doubts and skepticism. Trust in God is a grace that needs continual and diligent cultivation. I do not feel enough interested in the spiritual welfare of the world in general. Am too selfish in my feelings and thoughts and prayers. Practical benevolence, the great field for the growth of piety as well as of habits of usefulness, is not sufficiently cherished. This last is a danger to which students are very liable from the secluded life they follow."

To most of Professor Lincoln's friends and pupils these records of early doubts and difficulties must be a surprise. His real vocation was that of a teacher, and after a most practical and conscientious test as to the matter of the ministry, he was the better able to devote his life cheerfully and undoubtingly to the cause of education. He early had found the cure for uneasiness in doctrinal matters: "I have felt sometimes, after some perplexity, a degree of calm satisfaction, by opening the Bible and reading its plain affirmations. Here is solid foundation; no refined and wire-drawn metaphysics to split words and syllables and do away with all language." To the end of his life he studied his Bible, especially the New Testament in the Greek, and in later life in connection with Farrar's writings. His reference to the necessity and value of "practical benevolence" in the development of a religious character was not a mere abstract speculation. In all his after life that part of the worship of God which consists of paying money to Him was a part of his religion. After his death, when it became necessary to examine his modest financial accounts, it was found that the largest single item of expenditure had been that of religion and charity.

The last extract which will be presented here is one which is very touching in its affectionate remembrance of a brother who had died not very long before this diary was begun, and in its looking forward to the happy reunion in the better world which now, after these many busy and useful years, has taken place.

"February 23, 1839. The anniversary of my birthday, — twenty-two years old! A large moiety of the 'threescore years and ten.' Perhaps I have already spent altogether the largest portion of my life. I am sure it is a solemn season with me in all respects. How swift the flight of time! I am now at the same age at which brother William had attained when he died. That name! William! How many recollections it awakens! Like the memory of departed music, pleading and mournful to the soul. His form, appearance, habits, character, are all before me. Oh, if he had been spared to this time! But such was not the will of God.

At this late period I would not revive anything like a murmuring spirit. I can only cherish the fond hope that his spirit is in heaven, in communion with the spirits of my dear parents and all the redeemed, in the presence of the exalted Mediator. God grant that myself and the remaining members of our now partially scattered family may have grace given us to 'endure to the end,' to perform all his will, that we, too, at length 'may receive the promise,' and be united no more to separate, 'a whole family in heaven.' "

DIARY OF STUDENT LIFE IN GERMANY, 1841-1842.

DURING Professor Lincoln's student days in Germany, before he became Professor of Latin in Brown University, he wrote at intervals between November 27, 1841, and July 3, 1842, a few pages of the nature of a diary. This brief diary consists chiefly of memoranda of the more interesting contents of museums and picture galleries and also of personal matters, such as writing and receiving letters. But it also contains some personal reminiscences of the professors and students at Halle and elsewhere.

THOLUCK'S OPINION OF GOETHE.

He did not like his works in general, because they went to destroy all distinction between right and wrong. His "Faust" he wrote in early life. In youth he was the subject of religious impressions, and when he wrote this, he had not wholly shaken them off. There was at that time a twofold conflict going on within him. First, between simple faith and science; he felt that he had not a scientific ground for his faith, and was in doubt whether it were practicable to secure it. Secondly, between faith and the influences drawing him to sensual pleasures. Hence he represents Faust carried about by the devil in search of all the pleasures of the world, flesh, etc. Thus the book really grew out of his own experience. In general Goethe never proposed any distinct object to himself in his works. He wrote from an internal necessity; he felt that he must write to relieve the inward fullness which oppressed him.

CHRISTMAS EVE AT THOLUCK'S HOME.

December 24, 1841. Christmas! a German Christmas! Everything is made of it here. Nothing but Christmas has been talked of for a fortnight back, and now this evening it has begun in right earnest. We have spent Christmas eve at Tholuck's, about fifteen students in all. When we entered the hall it was a gay scene indeed before us. A long table ran across, covered with books, etc., presents, and at either end large spruce-trees, illuminated and laden with various little trinkets, sugar work, etc.

All round the table plates with names upon them, and the presents from Tholuck and his lady. Besides other things, for every one there were two great Christmas cakes. Two or three students with Mrs. Tholuck and another lady were singing at the piano as we entered, and Tholuck himself walking up and down the hall. After the music Tholuck came up towards the table, laughing, and told us to find our places; and here, says he, are the places for the American gentlemen. Hackett and I marched up forthwith. And then a merry time ensued, every one examining his own and his neighbors' presents. They were chiefly books, and these simple and useful. On my plate I found a collection of church songs. Hackett had Tholuck's address at the Reformation festival. The Frau Rätthin, to put a joke upon me, had placed in my plate a most whimsical confectionery man with a round, merry face and a jolly, fat figure, dressed in large, old-fashioned coat, red waistcoat and breeches, with a beer-jug under his arm, and with a glass in his hand, in the act of drinking. The whole thing was laughable and occasioned no little merriment. Another table in the hall was set for a poor family, and covered with articles of clothing and food, and they all came in, an old woman and several children, and received them from Mrs. Tholuck. The interview was concluded at about half past ten by Tholuck, by reading the Bible, an address and a prayer, — the best part of the whole. And then we lugged off our booty, huge cakes and all. I had some hesitation, but did as the rest did, and, it being the custom, nobody noticed it. But it was most ridiculous to say good-evening to the Frau Rätthin with hands, arms, and even pockets, full of presents. 'T was a rare chance for fun, and, in my turn, I made the best of it.

THOLUCK'S PERSONAL CHARACTER AND INFLUENCE.

Sunday, January 8, 1842. A fine sermon from Tholuck. In regard to the spirit of it, I could almost imagine myself listening to a sermon in New England. Subject: The Means for Private Christians to Use in Building up the Church. Insisted primarily upon every one's duty to cultivate with all diligence his own spiritual character; then to exert a religious influence in his own circle, and thus the whole church. In the details he was very practical, earnest, and religious. He seems to stand up here like a great light in the midst of much darkness, bold, very bold, and yet affectionate and kind. His labors must be blessed. In

the afternoon our two friends from Scotland, with Hackett and myself, had our Sunday prayer-meeting together, which was very useful to me; has done me much good and I feel its effects to be most refreshing and salutary. So good is it to find a few here with whom one can converse on common religious topics of Christian experience and unite in prayer and praise. We spoke much of our relations here as Christians to students and others in society with whom we might become acquainted. I have not been careful enough thus far to exhibit the example of a Christian, and to seek opportunities to introduce the subject and make some religious impressions. I have suffered myself to be too much absorbed in intellectual matters. A few evenings ago, at Tholuck's, he alluded to this topic in relation to foreigners who had been here, and made some remarks which awakened me to thought and feeling with regard to my own remissness. He was surprised, he said, that English and American Christians who had been here had not more earnestly improved casual opportunities to exert a directly religious influence. It put me at once upon self-examination, and I could not but be surprised and ashamed that within the last eight months here I had so sunk the Christian in the student. In the evening took tea with Tholuck in his study, as his lady was out of the city. He was unusually agreeable and instructive in conversation, — spoke casually of his religious relation to the late Olshausen. He was the means of the conversion of Olshausen when they were at Berlin, Tholuck a student and Olshausen a *privat-docent*. Olshausen used to laugh at him for his pietism. Tholuck remonstrated, told him he knew nothing about the matter, and urged him to serious consideration, the result of which was his conversion. Also of a visit which he made to De Wette when he was not long ago in Basle. In regard to evangelical Christianity said De Wette was fluctuating, wavering (*gebrochenes, Ja — Nein*). After a conversation in regard to the present theological controversies in Germany, De Wette told him he felt the controversies to be going on in his own soul; had no firm resting-place; spoke of Tholuck's recent review of his "Commentary of the First Three Gospels;" said he felt it to be *very severe*; was chiefly concerned that Tholuck would not allow that he was a Christian; said he believed *a new spirit had come into the world since the time of Christ*; this, Tholuck told him, was very vague; one must have a more particular faith than this to be a Christian. With regard to miracles, he said, I believe in

animal magnetism, and of course also in miracles. He has a religious wife, who, he said, was always urging him to practical religion, so that the Pietism controversy was also daily going on in his own house. Tholuck speaks of him as a man of much soul, and also one who has had true religious impressions; a favorable indication that he is so sensitive in regard to the title of Christian; here he differs heaven-wide from Strauss, who scorns the name from his very heart.

WEGSCHEIDER AND THE DECLINE OF OLD RATIONALISM.

January 10. Heard Wegscheider to-day for the first time, the Coryphæus here of Old Rationalism. He reminds me some of our older New England Unitarians, *e. g.*, Norton, both in intellectual character and way of using the Bible. A man of dry *Verstand*, doing away with all mystery in religion, and believing only what he can understand, and explaining away the richest parts of the New Testament. He seems a quiet, sober sort of man; rather pleasant delivery; lectures right on, and when the clock strikes, gets up and walks out. His day is gone by. He had to-day only sixteen to hear him, which is not far from the usual number. In his best days he has had hundreds in his lecture-room. But that *Zeit-Geist* has passed away, and with it his popularity.

AN INTERNATIONAL DINNER-PARTY.

January 26, 1842. To-day has come off a dinner in Halle on the occasion of the baptism of the Prince of Wales. It was started by an English gentleman residing here, joined in by the other English here, and the "two Americans," and some of the professors and citizens. Gesenius and Leo were the most active. Tholuck present, Friedländer, Erdmann, Bernhardt, etc. It went off with great *éclat*. Davidson toasted the King of Prussia and with English honors; then the Prussian song; Gesenius toasted the Queen of England; then "God Save the Queen;" Pernice, the President of the United States; Leo, the Prince; and Hackett, the University; speeches good, and well received; afterward speeches from Friedländer in English, "Merry Old England;" Gartz, in English and German, "Leo, the Old Saxon;" Rosenberger, "Gesenius, Leo, and Davidson." The wine flowed merrily, "the flow of soul," too, and all were in excellent humor. Gesenius and Leo spoke with each other for the first time for many years.

The former was lively enough, going all round the table, drinking to "Old England;" he had drunk *quite enough* wine. After dinner, cigars, coffee, etc.; then singing, German, English, Scotch, and American. Leo and some round him kept up German; Robertson and the rest of us the remainder. Von Reich wanted *Yankee Doodle*; thereupon I struck it up *without the words*, because I didn't know them. Funny enough! but everything was going on so merrily that one could sing anything. He afterward came to me and got me to *hum* the melody to him, as he wished to retain it in his memory. Leo struck up among others "Gaudemus." He sang also "Auld Lang Syne," "Scots Wha Hae," "Merry May the Boat Row," "Duncan Gray," and others. We got a crowd around us and made it go off merrily. There was a singular mingling in my mind of these professors as I had *imagined* them in books, and as I *found* them here. It was odd enough to me to sit between Leo and Tholuck and go halves with them. Hackett was nearly opposite me, between Delbrück and Bernhardy; Davidson at one end, Gesenius at the other, Leo exactly opposite Hackett. We broke up about eight P. M., six hours in all. I shall not forget the farewell Gesenius gave us young fellows as we crowded about him and bade him good-night.

A SERENADE TO THOLUCK.

January 28. To-night I have just witnessed a very interesting scene, illustrative of University life, worthy of record, a serenade to Tholuck by the students. It has been elicited by the fact of his having been recently created a Knight of the Red Eagle. My lodgings being next house to Tholuck's, I have had a fine opportunity of seeing from beginning to end. The students and others began to collect about eight o'clock in little knots about the street, and the musicians and singers collected before the University building, but a short distance from the professor's residence. The music was for some time delayed, as the professor happened to be not at home, and was at Gesenius' house on some University business. He was sent for by the Frau Rätthin, and came as soon as practicable. By this time the street in front of the professor's house, and some ways both sides, had become quite thronged with students and citizens. The windows of the adjacent houses were filled with heads; all were on the *qui vive* of expectation. Then were brought into the streets, from Tholuck's, tables and candles for the use of the musicians, and directly we heard the music and

procession from the University. As soon as the music commenced, the professor, with his pretty little wife, appeared from above at one of the drawing-room windows. Their appearance excited a general agitation through the whole dense crowd. My heart leaped within me to think of the contrast between his present position and that which he occupied when he first came to Halle. Then he was compelled to bar his windows and doors against the rude assaults of a tumultuous mob bent upon the most open and violent demonstrations of their hatred of his theological opinions and deeply religious character. By their insults and persecution gladly would they have driven from their University and city one of the ablest and most learned scholars, and one of the kindest and humblest men, that Germany has ever known. But time had passed away; he had quietly but earnestly gone on in his vocation; he had lived down opposition, had won his way into general esteem and love; and there he stood quietly at his own open window, looking down upon hundreds of German students assembled to do him public honor. After one of the musical pieces, suddenly the name of the professor, prefixed by his titles of honor, came forth from a stentorian voice amid the crowd, and instantly arose from the whole multitude, once, twice, and yet again, louder than ever, the enthusiastic shout, *Long live Tholuck!* The effect was sublime. It was a worthy tribute to genius and piety. After more music the professor leaned forth from the window, and amid the deepest silence addressed the students. He told them the world abounded in crowns and badges of honor, but the only earthly crown to which he aspired was the love of his students. He reminded them of the controversial character of the times, Halle, above all others, the scene of controversy. To-night he had a proof that, notwithstanding, mutual esteem could be felt and expressed; a very happy, religious conclusion of his address, short, good, every way apt and to the point.

A VISIT TO LEIPSIK AND ITS PROFESSORS.

February 7. Have spent three days in Leipsic; *hospitaling* in the University. Heard Tuch in Theological Philology; formerly in Halle; the present his first semester in Leipsic. Himself and Gesenius personal enemies ("no *mantel* from such Tuch," — yes, there will; such as "war niemal Ges(eh)en"). About twenty-five hearers, on Genesis. Distinct, pleasant enunciation, manner lively, interesting. In outward appearance quite spruce, a *leettle* fin-

ical, rings on his fingers not a few. Haupt, on Old German. Middling size, stout-built fellow, face round and large, dark complexion, and long, black hair. Most comfortably easy, at home in posture and whole manner of lecturing. Only about a dozen present. Then Westermann, on Plutarch. One of the best in classics there, but lecturing to half a dozen. Whole appearance that of a scholar, manner wanting in animation. Wachsmuth on Roman History. Was delighted with him; seemed to be over forty; in dress and outward appearance quite simple, rather rustic; seemed full of good humor, and enthusiastically interested in his subject. Extempore and very animated. Winer, — the learned Winer! Not pleased either with his outward appearance or manner of lecturing; quite indifferent in both. No one would be at all impressed by them. Was lecturing on Protestant Theological Literature. Voice low and indistinct, read every word and very fast, except a small part which was dictated. His dress a little peculiar by a dress-coat buttoned up tight to the neck. About a hundred hearers, utmost attention. Most of the students either medical or law. Disgusted with their general appearance and manners; rude, ill-dressed, and boisterous; came in eating apples, cake, etc., and smoking cigars, — one fellow smoked all lecture time.

LITERATURE, SUPPER, AND GESEGNETE MAHLZEIT.

February 17. Have been to-night to a *Gesellschaft* at Tholuck's, — ladies and gentlemen. Professors Witte, Blanc, Bernhardt, Ulrici, Pastor Dryander, etc. The first hour was occupied in a familiar lecture from Witte, on Dante, to which we all listened as in a lecture-room, the ladies, meanwhile, sitting round the room *knitting stockings*. After this followed a supper, which was the main part, which occupied all the rest of the time. The Frau Rätthin put me on her right, and a lady on my other side to whom I had n't been introduced. The custom always here is to put each guest's name on his plate, and every one is to find his place for himself, of which trouble I was relieved by her Ladyship. I amused myself by talking English partly with Mrs. Tholuck, and partly Deutsch with my other neighbor, but had to keep my wits about me amidst such a hubbub of sounds. The supper consisted of courses of fish and flesh, then dessert of cake and confectionery, lastly bread, cheese, etc., wines, red and white. The carving, I noticed, was not done by the master of the house, but entirely by the guests. On Professor Witte, at

the left of Frau Rätthin, devolved the duty of carving a huge turkey, which, after divers cuttings and slashings, he effected. The legs he passed to Frau Rätthin to carve, of which I tried to relieve her, though, from being awfully pressed for room between the two ladies, 't was a difficult enterprise. Meats, etc., were all passed from one to another, as I notice at dinners. The company was very lively, even noisy, at table, — as much as I could do to know what I was about. The whole broke up at about half past ten. There was much more formality in manners than with us; bowing intolerable, so many bows and so low. As we rose from supper I noticed the whole room was suddenly in a bowing attitude, and especially all making up their way towards the lady of the house for that purpose. I took it for granted it was the parting salutation, but found it had mere reference to the supper. One of the professors came to me, and exclaimed, bowing low, *Gesegnete Mahlzeit*, — blessed supper! I asked for explanation, and found this was the meaning of all the uproar; what nonsense! In entering the room and leaving there was a vast deal of bowing.

A QUIET DINNER AT PROFESSOR LEO'S.

March 18. Dined to-day with Leo. Two Wittenberg young doctors, Voigt of the Pädagogium, Hackett, and myself. Leo was very lively and entertaining. He seems much interested in America and all its affairs, and intimately acquainted with the geography, present condition, etc., of the States, especially the western and the remoter territories. He showed me maps, pictures, etc., illustrating the United States. Leo's wife was unusually agreeable and full of animation. I had a long talk with her, and she seemed very much afraid Leo would take it into his head to go to America. She would like to go herself for the journey and see the country, but not to remain. She spoke of Prentiss and Smith, whom she knew. Leo also remembered Sears. Leo spoke very favorably of Alexander's Transcendentalism.

A READING CIRCLE.

March 21. To-night at a reading circle at Von Tippelskirch's, a pastor in the vicinity of Halle. Tholuck, Müller, with their ladies, and others; conversation, reading, Southey's "Wesley" translated, supper, etc. Müller, for a man of his talents and position, extremely retiring and reserved. He read "Wesley." Tholuck not so lively as usual. Tippelskirch, a man of good talents

and education, and warm, genuine piety. A parish of about 2,000. He says they are an irreligious, immoral people. His predecessor was a man of bad character. Tippelskirch's wife is a very good and cultivated woman, and of noble family, — a countess, — very quiet and reserved. He was in Italy five years, chaplain to the Prussian embassy. He knew Chace in Rome, and spoke of his baptizing an English gentleman there. These circles are very common here.

VACATION TOUR ON FOOT THROUGH SAXON SWITZERLAND.

ÆTAT. 25.

May 24, 1842. Just returned from a tour with a party of students to Dresden and the Saxon Switzerland, — in student's style, on foot. The chief articles of equipment were a knapsack, large enough for all that is absolutely necessary, a loose linen blouse, or smock frock, — a common article of dress on the Continent, — a cane, and a pair of stout, easy shoes. But a no less indispensable arrangement is a pipe, with an accompanying stock of tobacco, which many an American student would regard as a *luxus*, an application, however, of a favorite expression in a German student's vocabulary, which he would pronounce a gross perversion of language. With a party as large as ours, too, a student's song-book is never left behind, and is a constant source of delight. The journey to Dresden we made by railroad, the distance being too great and the road too uninteresting for walking. We reached Dresden in the evening, and paraded up through the Neu Stadt, over the magnificent bridge by the Catholic church palace, through Alt Stadt to the Kleine Rauch-Gasse, the rendezvous here for students, especially from Halle, and a very good hotel. Next day I went to the Picture Gallery, and spent there the whole morning, till it closed at one. The pieces there of Raphael, Correggio, Titian, and Dolce are exquisite, the Madonna of Raphael a wonder in art, — that heavenly face I can never forget. In the evening I went to the Opera, a magnificent house, inside and out, the decorations very splendid. The piece was "Robert den Teufel;" the singing of Robert, Bertram, Isabella, and Alice very fine; Isabella exquisite; my first opera; enjoyed it most exceedingly; but the dancing! The opera strikes me as a mixture. The acting must always seem unnatural in connection with music and song. This particular piece did not please me, the idea a most general one, the conflict between good and evil in man, and indif-

ferently carried out. Next morning I went to church, first to hear Ammon, the great Rationalist, the house full and sermon full of stale moral maxims. Thence I went to the royal Catholic church and heard high mass,—such mummery! The church is connected behind by a little covered gallery with the palace, through which the king and royal family, all of them Catholic, though the country is Lutheran, enter the church. I saw them at the bow-windows above, at one side of the altar, their places entirely separated from the rest of the audience. In the afternoon most of our party started for the tour, myself and a fellow-student stayed behind, intending to join them next day at Pillnitz. Next morning at six we went by steam, a pleasant sail of an hour, to Pillnitz, the residence of the king in summer. We mounted, on foot, the steep ascent behind the palace, saw the ruins of the old castle, and gained the Porsberg summit; thence down through the Liebethaler Grund, a very beautiful two hours' walk to Lohmen; drank milk at a mill on the little stream, and between high, perpendicular rocks clambered up the ascent by steps in the rock through Lohmen, and after a mile's walk came to the Uttewalder Grund. On the way we joined a pleasant party of four fellows with a guide, two young Prussian officers from Königsberg, a Russian, and a Pole. They were very much interested about England and America, and we had some pleasant conversation with them. Then came an hour's walk through the Grund, wilder, more romantic than the former, the passage often very narrow, between high rocks, in one place only a few feet apart, an awful place, called Hell, dark, low, roofed over by rocks, some of which have fallen down and filled up the passage, then another cave, called Devil's Kitchen. We came at length to the Bastei, the first place of importance in the route, a huge mass, close by the river bank, 800 feet high. A good hotel on the summit and plenty of people we found here; music, drinking beer, all sorts of things going on here, gentlemen, ladies, children, etc. Two or three parties of students, and the singing went merrily. The view from the Bastei was fine: the river below, then a cultivated country stretching away and bounded by mountains, the Lilienstein and Königstein the chief, then behind the Bastei very wild scenes, high, single rocks shooting up several hundred feet and separated by deep chasms. We made our way down by steps in the mountain to a little place called Rathen. And here we had glorious scenes, lots of students, the party with whom we came, and the house already full; such

running and roaring, such screaming for soup and food of all sorts in the dining-hall, such snatching and claiming property when a dish came in, and after all such arrangements for sleeping! I *slept* with my friend and our party of four in one room, three of them on beds, the fourth on a sofa, and we on a pile of straw on the floor, with one sheet, a narrow covering, and our knapsacks for pillows. A memorable night that! About twenty students slept in the cockloft on straw, with a plentiful scarcity of pillows and beds among them. We heard them singing and roaring long after we got into our nest. Morning came, and the students were off before us. We parted with our friends and then went on our way through a pretty valley called Amsel Grund, to the Hockstein, a rock running up on the side of the Elbe some 500 feet. From the main road we reached it by a little footpath, and at the end by a frail bridge, flung over a deep, yawning chasm, called Wolfschlucht. The prospect was very beautiful, the green of the trees below with the dark shade, and then the winding river and the opposite castle of Hohnstein and the village. This in former times was a stronghold of robber knights, this rock a sort of lookout for the opposite castle. We made our way down to the river through the Schlucht by a very narrow, steep passage, partly steps cut in the rock, partly a rude ladder-work; then climbed the steep ascent to the village. Here I satisfied my hunger and thirst with fresh milk, cold meat, bread and butter, and had a chat with a very pretty, rosy-cheeked, Hohnstein maiden. From there we went onward and soon came to a place called the Brand, where another fine view is afforded, Here we came up with a lot of students, and joined them. A dusty, disagreeable walk we had till we came into Schandau, about half past two, a considerable town on the Elbe. Here we found a good house, and had a good time, with coffee and cigars and pleasant talk. We found here a party of ladies and gentlemen, whom we met on the mountain bridge at the Bastei, a German pastor and wife with a pretty, black-eyed, lively daughter of nineteen, and a gentleman and wife, relatives, all going our way. We filled two coaches, and rode to the foot of the Kuhstall, — here a miserable, artificial fall. Thence, tug-tug, began our ascent, with the Kuhstall, the Little and finally the Great Winterberg stretching away above us. The Kuhstall is a singular natural arch some eighty feet wide and nearly as high, through which, and on top of which, reached through a narrow cleft in the rock, a mingled scene of rocks and

trees, rising and piling upon each other, is before the eye. From here we raced down the hill through fields and forests to the foot of the Little Winterberg. The singing of the students, with the additional excitement of ladies in the party, was thrilling and full of quickening effect; in going down through narrow, rocky ways, especially so where the voices bounded over each other and were echoed through the valley and up the hills. The ascent to the Winterberg was long and extremely fatiguing. The ladies made it nobly, the little one always ahead. Finally we reached the summit, about seven o'clock. A busy and stirring little world we found here, some 1,700 feet above the Elbe, and the highest of the range on this side the river, also a good hotel and well filled. We got a room, with two others, in a little building adjoining the hotel, ours affording a passage to another, where two more were finally deposited by the chambermaid, after we were got to bed, and I had been obliged to turn out and unlock the door and let them in, with the cold air rushing in upon me, with my shirt on. But going to bed was a late operation. The dining-hall was full of people when we made our appearance, and we got seats where we could, and made a hearty supper. After supper we got a table on one side of the hall, with three Tyrolese girls behind us, with guitars. We were soon joined by our lady party, and there sat till eleven, with beer, talk, and singing, alternating songs with the Tyrolese. The old pastor enjoyed it mightily, and the pastorinn and her laughing, lively daughter, no less. Her little black eyes sparkled about among us, and her tongue went glibly, I can well testify. We all separated at length with a *Gute Nacht*, and *Aufwiedersehen* next morning at sunrise, to see the king of day ascend over the Bohemian mountains, though for myself no other idea was farther from my *kopf* than such a romantic vision. I slept soundly, dreaming about steep hills, beautiful prospects, and black eyes, and awoke refreshed about seven o'clock. Nobody saw the sunrise, though some poor devils turned out and mounted the cupola to greet an overclouded sky, and then turn in again with a plague on all romantic notions and dreamings of sunrise. But the clouds cleared away, the air was fresh and delightful, and after breakfast down we went to the Prebischthor, on the whole the most magnificent place in the tour, a huge natural arch, colossal in dimensions, and running out into a deep, green chasm, and surrounded by mountains, far and near. One single rock in solitary majesty runs up in column form from the chasm below, as if

it disdained all communion with all its kindred, a singular sight. The arch itself 120 feet high; all the scenery around, from the platform above the arch, is full of wildness. Thence a very delightful walk, most of the way by a little stream, till we came at length to an awfully hard-named place, Herrnskretschén. Here myself and friend went up the river, and the rest down. We parted with the pastor (after a general toast, "*Aufglickliche deine,*" started by himself) with an invitation to come and see him at Bischofswerda, between Dresden and Bautzen, and a hope on my part that we should meet again in America! With the black-eyed daughter I parted after *great exertions*, with no tears in my eyes, and, I believe, tolerably at heart. Thence a pretty sail to Tetschen, and from there a tedious, long ride to Teplitz, the famous German watering-place, especially of princes and nobles. The town nothing remarkable, but the vicinity delightful. We bathed at the city fountain, Stadt Badhaus, and drank some of the water. Here we joined our whole party, who had had about two hours' start of us all the way. From Teplitz on a fine *warm* morning we marched out to Schlossberg, a little way out of town, and a hard hill it was to climb; the ruins of an old castle on top, with the ditch around, and all the appearance of former strength, and a beautiful panorama view. I waited behind with my friend, with whom I had made most of the journey, and was finally left entirely alone, as he concluded to go on to Prague with a gentleman we met on the summit. So I had a long two hours', dusty, sunny walk, over an unknown way, all to myself, to Aussig, on the Elbe. I reached there just after the others, who had taken another road all the way. Thence we took *gondel* and sailed down river to Herrnskretschén, the last part by moonlight, a most beautiful, charming sail. We sang the Ave Sanctissima, which accorded exactly with the whole occasion. Late when we left the boat, and after a late supper we were glad to get to bed. Next morning we crossed the river, climbed up the steep bank, and pushed on our way homewards. The most interesting object in our long day's walk (rendered awful to me from the fact of having bathed in the Teplitz hot water, and got sore feet from it on walking) was the Königstein fortress. Its lofty situation, some 800 feet above the river; impenetrable strength, standing quite alone and too far from any other height to be reached by guns, and built upon a natural rock basis; its beautiful prospect,—the river below, Lilienstein opposite, and the cultivated meadow

hemmed in by the river, which describes here a graceful bend; the well, 1,800 feet deep, cut down in solid rock; all conspire to make a place of extreme interest. It has never been taken, and never will. Napoleon tried it by cannon from Lilienstein, but could effect nothing. We walked as far as Pirna, and from there took omnibus to Dresden, which we reached about dark. I stayed another day in Dresden, half of which I spent in the Gallery, and the afternoon in the Grüne Gewölbe, — vaults under the palace containing the collected treasures of the crown, and a most sumptuous collection, too! But I was soon satiated; precious stones, diamonds, costly brilliant objects, how soon they pall upon the sight! What a contrast with works of divine art! I took leave of this beautiful Dresden with hope of seeing it again. A dusty, disagreeable railroad ride to Leipsic, and thence to Halle, which we reached at length, heated, fatigued, and sleepy. Ate a light dinner at home, and philosophically spent the whole afternoon in snoozing on my sofa. My windows were open all the time, so that I got a dreadful cold, from which I have been suffering ever since. Here must end my record of a very delightful tour.

Zum Andenken der Sächsischen Schweiz!

• AN ANTICIPATED TOUR WITH THOLUCK.

May 27, 1842. Spent the evening with Tholuck and the Frau Rätthin; no one else there; their garden rooms most delightful. Both of them in fine spirits. So after all he is not going to Scotland. His doctor protests against it, and his wife too, and himself yields that on the whole it would be imprudent. Well for me that I had not set my heart to go with him. He has now invited me to make the tour of the Rhine with him through Switzerland over Munich and Augsburg. Just what I wanted. I took him up in a moment; told him I would go with him anywhere on the Continent, and travel anyway he chose. (Must confess I felt flattered at the manner in which himself and wife received my reply. The latter quite broke out in exclamation and proceeded to tell me how I must look out for the health and comfort of the professor.¹) This tour with Tholuck is just what I have wished. I shall anticipate it with great delight.

¹ In the diary these two sentences, probably from feelings of modesty, were very carefully blotted out. The diary here ends abruptly, or, if it was ever continued, the remainder has been lost.

Tholuck recalls this Alpine trip in the following characteristic English letter written by him from Halle, August 28, 1843, to "Rev. John Lincoln, Studiosus Theol. aus America: " —

"I am very glad that you have written to me before setting out. Next Monday I must drive to Magdeburg, so that you would just miss me if you should arrive that day. Let me request, therefore as much as I can, to arrange your journey so as to arrive Saturday evening and right into my house. If you do not, you will leave behind you in Germany a broken heart. I hope to be enabled to devote you a great part of the Sunday and to enjoy once more in recollection with you the day of the Furca, the Gotthard, Monte Cenere, and so on.

"You must absolutely devote to me this day. What would Mrs. Tholuck say if you had left Germany without having *be-grüsst* once more that house where you will not soon be forgotten? I take it for granted that next Saturday evening the railroad will bring you into my house and into my arms."

On a previous page, in Professor Lincoln's Notes of his Life, reference is made to this journey. Among his letters from Germany, on a later page, may be found some description of a carriage journey, which, however, appears to have been a distinct and shorter excursion. A very interesting account of this Alpine journey is found in Witte's "Das Leben d. Friedrich August Gottreu Tholuck" (Band II. s. 473-478). From this account we learn that Tholuck's companions were Wedler (for a long time his amanuensis) and "two young American theological students, a Mr. Hay of New York (?) and Mr. Lincoln of Boston. The last was a Baptist, of whom Tholuck was especially fond. 'Oh, how I love that nervous, humorous, intelligent boy,' he wrote once in his diary." The journey was by carriage via Heidelberg to Switzerland. On the way Tholuck was exceedingly ill, and almost wholly unable to sleep. Several days were passed in Berne, where Tholuck, although weak in body, preached with great power. At Interlaken the party visited the Lauterbrunnen waterfall by night, and Tholuck was so refreshed by the Alpine air that next morning they pushed on, arriving at evening at Grindelwald, and the next at the Grimsel Hospice. There they heard that Professor Agassiz and Mr. Forbes were on the Upper Aar Glacier, engaged in researches as to glacial phenomena. Next morning the party set out at six o'clock with two guides, to climb to the glacier, 8,000 feet high, each with a long staff. After an hour they came to the ice crevasses, which one must leap over. Into one of these Tholuck sank his long staff; suddenly it slipped from his hand, and it could be heard as it fell down into immeasurable depths. Tholuck would go no farther, but

returned with one guide, while the others continued, and were received most hospitably by Agassiz in his hut on the ice. In the evening Agassiz descended to the Grimsel to meet Tholuck.

The next day the travelers proceeded on foot through the valley of the Rhone over the Furca Pass. It was a rainy day, — stormy, horrid weather, and Tholuck could hardly move, yet forced himself to go on. The next day they walked over the Gotthard, and reached Giornice at eleven at night. Here the crowded, dirty rooms proved so disagreeable that Tholuck decided to go on at any cost, and a wretched little wagon, in which they sat on cross-boards clinging to one another to avoid being jolted out, brought them to Lugano. From Milan the return to Switzerland was made by the Simplon. On the way the "Americans" had gone on ahead, and Tholuck and Wedler turned off on a footpath which appeared to be a short cut. Here they came to a chasm some 2,000 feet deep, crossed by a round spruce-tree about twenty feet long, over which they safely crossed, rather than return and seek the road they had left.

During all this journey Tholuck talked freely of practical religious themes, as was his custom, with the guides, drivers, or others in whose company he might chance to be. Doubtless Professor Lincoln had in mind these instances of what may be called Tholuck's everyday theology, when he mentions in his Notes and Diary and Letters the name of Tholuck with so profound admiration and gratitude.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE, 1841-1844.

HAMBURG CUSTOMS AND HABITS. — TRIALS OF BAPTIST MISSIONS.

(*A Letter to "The Watchman."*)

HAMBURG, September 24, 1841. Arrived in this city at about one P. M., after a very pleasant voyage from London, of about fifty hours, in the steamer Countess of Lonsdale. We were saved the trouble and detention of a custom-house examination on landing; but were met on the steps of the wharf by a man of authority, with book and pen and ink, who quietly asked our names, profession, and business. Being quite unaccustomed to this process, I felt instinctively tempted to ask in reply of what possible concern all this was to him. But recollecting that this was but the beginning of evils in traveling on the Continent, I at once endeavored to check all such improper tendencies. In my turn, I gave him my name, told him I had no profession, and in regard to business was on my way to Germany as a student. On the Continent, a traveler must submit with as good a grace as possible to exhibit his passport *viséd* by an indefinite number of ministers, consuls, and police agents, every time he comes to a place that falls within the limits of a new dominion. To an American, this system of strict surveillance furnishes constant occasion to keep alive within him the memory of his own country, where one may come and go at will, without molestation, if he only pays his bills and behaves like a quiet, gentlemanly citizen. But the reduction in the rate of charges which he meets with on reaching the Continent is very agreeable to one who has just been traveling in England. It is rather surprising how many little facilities exist in England for lightening the traveler's purse, particularly in regard to servants. It may be estimated that a single look from an English servant costs about sixpence, and all other services are quite in proportion.

Occupied the remainder of the day in walking about the city, to observe its objects of interest. I had occasion to observe on the streets some of the peculiarities of the place, of which I had be-

fore heard and read. Saw some of the hired mourners who are employed for funeral processions. They were dressed in black, with short cloaks, powdered wigs, and with plaited ruffs about their necks. A stranger cannot fail, also, to be struck with the appearance of the female domestics in the streets, when on an errand to the market, or to perform some other house service. They are dressed as if for some other purpose, with elegantly worked caps, long kid gloves, and large, gay shawls. They manage to adjust this last article upon the arm, so as to conceal a basket containing the articles they have just procured from the market or elsewhere.

Saturday, 25. Called to-day to see Mr. Oncken, the well-known missionary connected with our American Baptist board. Was disappointed to find he was not at home. He is absent from the city, on a tour connected with the mission, chiefly to organize a church in Memel, Prussia, and one in Pomerania, both which have been gathered under interesting circumstances. I gained some interesting information from Mrs. O., in relation to the Hamburg mission, and also the mission in Denmark. The civil authorities in Hamburg desist, at present, from all measures of open violence. The delegation of English and American clergy seems to have produced some salutary results. If it has not awakened the thoughtful attention of the magistrates and people to the subject of religious toleration, it has, at least, presented to them in a new attitude the little band of Christians on whom they have poured their contempt and denunciations, as well as inflicted civil punishment, by showing that they are connected in opinions, practice, and sympathy with extensive Christian communities in other countries. But still the position of Mr. O. and his fellow-laborers is only one of *sufferance*. The laws against them have not been relaxed, nor altered in the least degree, and are liable to be enforced with the same rigor as before. The grand source of all the persecution is to be traced to the established clergy. They are opposed to this missionary movement by the prejudices of education, their station, and by strong considerations of temporal interest; and all history proves that where serious spiritual errors prevail in a community, such a clergy present the most determined and bigoted opposition to a reformation. They influence the separate families of their congregations, and thus the whole people. These ministers of Christ profess to behold with extreme concern the religious efforts of Mr. Oncken and his brethren.

They ask among themselves, To what will all this lead? These men are invading the quiet, questioning the long-established institutions, threatening to subvert the very structure of our church. And associating the progress of truth and of the spiritual kingdom of Christ only with the one form prevailing among themselves, under the protection of the state, they would fain persuade themselves, and teach the people, that this innovating organization is pregnant with the seeds of heresy and schism, and destined, if not checked and crushed, to retard the progress and even extinguish the existence of Christianity in the community. It may be that these clerical gentlemen have yet to learn that this divine religion may not be dependent upon any one particular form, least of all, a state-established form; nay, may flourish, and win its best victories, even amid many forms.

The Denmark Mission continues in a very critical state. The trial of the brethren has terminated unfavorably, as was feared. They are condemned to a heavy fine, and commanded to desist from their labors. To this they cannot submit, and have appealed to a higher court, the highest judicial tribunal in the kingdom. In the mean time, the missionaries are kept in prison. Here, too, it is the priesthood who keep alive the flame of persecution. The queen is said to be disposed to toleration, but is kept back by their influence. Many of the people sympathize with the persecuted, and one or two of the public prints espouse their cause. It is a singular fact that the presiding officer of the court before whom the trial has already been held was removed, *pro tem.*, from his office, because it was known that he was a man of liberal opinions, and it was feared that he would pronounce a decision favorable to the prisoners. I have learned that he frequently visited them in prison, exhorted them to constancy, and even avowed to the prisoners that his opinions and feelings were with them. The whole subject has awakened general interest in Copenhagen. Whatever may be the immediate results of this affair, it cannot be doubted that a train of causes has been set in operation which will result, sooner or later, in the more correct views of religious freedom and the advancement of a simpler, purer Christianity.

26th. It has been Sunday here to-day, but not the Sabbath. The distinction is quite necessary. To the exclusion of its peculiar sacredness, the general idea of a holiday, partly in a religious and partly in a secular sense, seems to be the one entertained here with regard to this day. And, with the exception of England,

this is probably the case throughout Europe, both in theory and practice. The general outward aspect of this city to-day would remind a New Englander of a Fourth of July celebration, though indeed he would miss those great Sabbath-school celebrations which, of late years, have become such an important and delightful feature in the festivities of our national jubilee.

Yet, on some accounts, this has been a day which I shall not soon forget. It is more profitable and delightful to visit those missionary spots and scenes which have gained a kind of sacredness from long association with the "Monthly Concert" and the "Missionary Magazine." It gives one some insight, as for the first time, into the nature of a missionary life, and helps him, not to laud in unfelt words, but to feel in his heart the blessings of a more favored land, and especially the priceless value of a religious freedom. To see a little band of the disciples of Christ gathered together like the disciples in Jerusalem, "in an upper room," and for a similar reason isolated in the midst of a great city, contemned, despised, threatened with fines and imprisonment, and liable at any moment to be interrupted in the midst of their devotions and dispersed by the civil authorities, is a spectacle which awakens in one's mind a throng of interesting reflections, which may have occurred to him before, but have never come home to his bosom with that freshness and life with which they are now invested. And who on earth can suggest any satisfactory reason why such a moral phenomenon should be allowed to exist, especially in a professedly Christian city?

At nine o'clock I went to Mr. Oncken's house, to be present at the services of his church. They are compelled by the laws to meet in this private manner, though from their number it is very inconvenient. They meet twice on the Sabbath, half the church at a time. Found the room full, and people in the entry and on the stairs. In the absence of Mr. Oncken, Mr. Köbner officiated. The services being in German, I could only catch a word here and there, and understood but little. But still they were full of interest. The *natural* language of the preacher and his hearers, in connection with all the circumstances, was quite enough for the mind and heart. Throughout, and especially in his prayers, Mr. K. seemed pervaded with the truest earnestness. His eloquence was of the heart, and his gestures, his expressions of countenance, his whole frame, united with the voice in giving utterance to the life-giving truth. And in silent attention, and apparently with

the fullest sympathy, his audience heard his words. It was of itself an eloquent spectacle to observe the solemn earnestness visible on every countenance. It was good to be there. In a scene so full of influences congenial to devotion, a spot which seemed to afford unwonted nearness in prayer, one could but lift his soul to God in humble thanks for the gift of the gospel, and in petition for these his servants, who felt its rich blessings in their own hearts, and in the midst of obloquy and persecution were seeking to shed them abroad in the hearts of their fellow-men.

OLD-TIME RAPID TRANSIT. — JOURNEYMEN. — LEIPSIK IN FAIR TIME. — GERMAN LANGUAGE AND GERMAN BEDS.

(*A Letter to "The Watchman."*)

Hamburg, September 26, 1841. We leave to-night for Leipsic, with the comfortable prospect of riding forty hours by coach, night and day. By means of this conveyance, and the line of steamers from London to Hamburg, one may go from London to Leipsic in five days. And allowing fourteen days for a passage across the Atlantic in one of the Cunard steamers, and one day from Liverpool to London, it is thus possible to accomplish a journey from the good city of Boston to the city of Leipsic, a distance of some 4,500 miles, in less than three weeks! Verily, we can get beyond the vulgar ideas of time and space without the help of a *spiritual* philosophy!

Tuesday, 28. This conveyance goes by the German name of *Schnell Post* (*Quick Post*). Its rate of progress, however, does not well correspond with its name, thus far at least, not more than five miles an hour, and renders it not unworthy the name sometimes given it by the incorrect pronunciation of English travelers, *Snail Post*. All the carriages, offices, and buildings belong to the government, and are superintended by its officers. No one can take a place without showing his passport, and having it *viséd*, and indorsed for the place to which he is going. The road we have found generally good, in some parts macadamized. For about thirty miles from Hamburg it passes through the Danish territory of Lauenburg. The country affords good material for macadamizing, in the boulder rocks of slate and granite which are scattered over it and are said to be found, indeed, throughout northern Germany. These boulders, from the fact that they do not geologically belong to the country between the Elbe and the

Baltic, are supposed to have been transported from the mountains of Norway and Sweden by some vast current of water, perhaps the floods of the Deluge.

A person traveling on any one of these great roads in Germany will become acquainted, by frequent personal observation, with a curious custom which prevails throughout the country. He will observe young men, travelers on foot, decently dressed, and always having a stick in hand, knapsacks on their backs, and above all pipes in their mouths. They are traveling journeymen, called in German, *Handwerksburschen*. It is an old rule that no apprentice shall become a master in his trade until he has traveled several years, and exercised his trade in other countries. The practical intention of this is to give him some knowledge of the world as well as information about his own craft as it is practiced in other countries besides his own. When he starts on his journey he receives a book in which he is to keep an account of his wanderings. Whenever he wishes to stop he applies to a master-workman in his trade for employment. If work can be given him he remains for a while; if not, after a short delay, he journeys on. Sometimes, when work is scarce, he is reduced to extremities, and becomes an object of charity. Whatever inconveniences may belong to such a custom, it is obvious that it may raise up a very intelligent set of workmen. I have seen it stated, upon good authority, that by this means tradesmen are not unfrequently enabled to speak three or four languages, and acquire a large stock of general knowledge, and become well informed as to the state of many of the countries of Europe. When his wanderings are ended the apprentice comes home, and commences business as a master-workman.

Wednesday, 29. At about nine A. M. we reached Magdeburg. Here we gladly left stage-coach and proceeded to Leipsic by railroad, where we arrived at about four P. M. The business of getting established in a hotel on the Continent is not so simple a process as in England or America. All hotel-keepers are obliged to submit to the police an account of the arrival and departure of their guests. The "Stranger's Book" is brought to you for the entry, not merely of your name and residence, but also for all manner of things about your private affairs, which it is a study at first to attend to with due order. Then your passport must be sent to the police, a receipt given you, allowing you to remain a stated length of time. At the end of this time, if you wish to stay

longer, you must have it renewed, and when you leave town it is delivered back to the authorities, and your passport returned.

On going out to see the city, we found ourselves in the midst of one of the great Leipsic fairs. It seemed as though all the world had come to Leipsic, and, arrayed in their respective national costumes, were mingled together in the streets in a grand masquerade. All the squares and streets were filled with booths and stalls, in which were exhibited all kinds of goods. But I searched in vain for books, and as I afterwards learned, for the very good reason that there were none. The book trade is not affected by these fairs, except that the booksellers are accustomed to meet together for the mutual settlement of accounts. But a long and tedious ride was a poor preparation for exploring such a scene, and we were glad to make our way back to the hotel.

The first part of one's residence in a foreign country, when he cannot speak the language, is full of little personal events which will long abide in his memory. His experience is apt to awaken a distinct recollection of the history of the Tower of Babel; and at such a time the whole affair seems to have been an extremely unfortunate one. He is visited by an order of sensation quite peculiar, and not unfrequently rather uncomfortable. It is the worst sort of a quarantine. You are so cut off from rational, kindly intercourse with your fellow-men, who seem to be moving about you in a kind of panoramic show, that you might as well have your abode on one of the desolate isles of the sea. But one must be sure to keep in good humor, taking special care to laugh a great deal, whatever befalls him; and for the first few days, even for the supply of ordinary wants, must rely upon his wits and a phrase book. My friend, who is with me, and whose company I have enjoyed during the whole journey from Boston, has remarked to me that there are two German phrases which one ought to have as capital at the outset, namely: *Ich verstehe nicht* (I don't understand), and *Wie heissen Sie das?* (What do you call that?) He will be sure to find it to his account to make himself a perfect master of these as speedily as possible. The latter is to be used for making acquisitions, and the former chiefly for self-defense, and to be pronounced with as much composure as you can command, when a man takes the liberty to talk to you as though you were a native, and sets up a distracting *hurly-burly* of sounds about you, as if you were in the midst of the machinery of a New England steam factory. It matters not at first how-

ever familiarly one may be acquainted with the language in books. This is an entirely different thing from being able to speak it and to understand it when you hear it spoken. The ear must first pass through its novitiate, and learn to distinguish the sounds with readiness and correctness. Then one may make rapid progress, and then, too, no amount of previous knowledge comes amiss. Everything becomes a source of instruction. There can be no doubt that one can acquire a language in the country where it is spoken, with vastly more pleasure, rapidity, and correctness than at home. There can be no comparison between the cases. You feel that you are really in contact with a language, a living language, and not a mere collection of printed characters. Especially is one constantly urged, and also furnished with numerous facilities, to increase his stock of words, and not only to increase them, which of itself is nothing at all, but to strive with the utmost care to retain them in the memory. This is a point of the first importance in all languages, and hence the invaluable utility of frequent reviewing. The principle of repetition, incessant repetition, cannot be too much insisted upon in the study of languages. Only the practice must be pursued intelligently, and with diligence and interest, and not, as in some instances, as a mere lifeless, inane form.

One of the most disagreeable things to a stranger, on first coming to this country, is the German arrangement for a bed. To an Englishman or an American this seems at first a very extraordinary contrivance. It is a striking illustration of the inferiority of the Germans in all practical matters, especially in all that concerns the comforts of life. Indeed, there is really no word in the language which fully expresses the English idea of *comfort*. I had some previous notion of a German bed from a college account of it, which I remember to have once heard, but I was not quite prepared for the reality. As for curtains, or indeed any fixtures whereon to hang them, these things are entirely extraneous to the whole arrangement. Nor is there, properly speaking, any bedstead. The poor substitute for it is a low, boxlike frame, always constructed for only one person; and also, in all its dimensions, evidently constructed with a democratic view to people of middling stature, as that class is supposed to be in the majority. A tall gentleman must find himself in very close quarters, and be obliged to use some little ingenuity for the proper bestowment of his whole person. Then the pillows are very large, and make a very

low angle with the bed, coming nearly half way down, as if, on going to bed, one intended, on the whole, not to lie down at full length, but only to put himself into a reclining, half-sitting posture.

But the most peculiar thing is that you not only have a bed under you, but also one above you; for a feather bed supplies the place of blankets and all other articles of clothing. In sickness, especially in case of a desperate cold, one of these things may have an excellent effect in promoting perspiration; and perhaps a considerate physician might order two with advantage. But at other times it is liable to the obvious objection of being rather too warm, except in the coldest weather, and then, too, unless one is of very quiet habits, it is liable to be kicked off, and leave the sleeper in the utmost extremity, who, on waking, finds the temperature of his body very rapidly sinking to the freezing point. In very warm weather, if the bed keep its position during the whole night, it is well if one escape suffocation. I have seen the remark, quoted from Coleridge, that "he would rather carry his blanket about with him, like a wild Indian, than submit to this abominable custom."

LEIPSIK PUBLISHERS AND PROFESSORS.

(*A Letter to "The Watchman."*)

Leipsic, September 30, 1841. Through the politeness of Mr. Tauchnitz, to whom we brought letters, we have become acquainted to-day with most of the objects of interest in Leipsic. The name of Tauchnitz is familiar to every student, as a publisher, especially of editions of the classics. His establishment is one of the largest in Germany. He is a man of liberal education and of the kindest manners, and also a decidedly pious man. I remember to have seen an allusion to his religious history, in a speech of Professor Sears on the religious condition of Germany, delivered, I believe, at the meeting of the Triennial Convention in New York, in '38. When he first became a Christian, some ten years ago or more, his piety gave so great offense to his father that he threatened to disinherit him, though an only child. But the father not long after died very suddenly, without having made a will, and his son came into immediate possession of his estate. It could not have fallen into better hands.

In St. Nicholas's Church, considered the finest in the town,

Luther preached his first Protestant sermon, at the introduction of the Reformation. We saw, in a closet in the church, the identical pulpit in which he preached. Leipsic is celebrated for its University, its commercial importance, and its interesting historical events. The University, after that of Prague, is the oldest in Germany, and was founded in 1409. Here, among sixty other professors, and nearly as many *privatim docentes*, are Winer, in the department of theology; and in the classics and classic history and antiquities, Hermann, Wachsmuth, Westermann, and Haupt. The library contains about 100,000 volumes, and the average number of students is 1,000. We find that it is vacation at present, and the next semester will begin in about a fortnight.

Three fairs are held here during the year, in January, in March, and in September. During this time, Leipsic is visited by people from all parts of the world, sometimes to the number of 40,000; in the year 1834 the names of 80,000 were entered on the books of the police. The sales amount annually to more than fifty millions of dollars. The sale of books is one of the most important branches of business in Leipsic. Indeed, the whole book trade of book-making Germany, which at present is flooding the world with books at the rate of 8,000 per annum, is centred at Leipsic; and every bookseller in the country has an agent here. At the March fair, the time of their annual meeting, 600 booksellers sometimes meet together for the settlement of their accounts. They have a large exchange building, where they meet for the transaction of their business.

HALLE. — HIGH LIVING AT LOW COST. — UNIVERSITY LIFE. — PROFESSOR AND MRS. THOLUCK. — A BRITISH-AMERICAN WAR-CLOUD.

Here I am in the city of Halle, No. 147 Fleischegasse, alias Butchers' Street (and yet no mean street, I assure you, for Tholuck is my very next door neighbor), in my own study, where I have been living for two weeks in real bachelor style, and expect to remain till spring, and perhaps longer. Indeed, for my tastes there is quite too much of the bachelor about it. My dinner I get at a public place, and my breakfast and supper are brought me by my hostess, or *Philista*, as the students say, which I eat all sole alone. Here on my left are now the remains of my supper, — ah! here is the *Philista* herself, saluting me with her '*Guten Abend*' and coming for the dishes, leaving behind the sugar, butter, etc., *which I take care of myself*. Just think of

me keeping my provisions in one of my drawers in my own room! Isn't it a funny way of living for me! She brings whatever I order, keeps an account, and brings it in according to my request every Saturday night. And for the curiosity of it, what do you think these two meals have cost me for these first two weeks? Just about \$1.70! The meals are as good as I could wish, coffee and bread and butter, and sometimes, when I am disposed to be extravagant, eggs in addition for breakfast, and cake for supper. This is certainly cheap living. For my dinner, at the first hotel in the city, I pay about \$4.32 per month. How they can board people at this rate, I can't say. For my lodgings, a study-room and a little bedroom attached to it, I pay at the rate of \$22.00 per year. They are large enough, comfortable, and have respectable furniture, the most important article a large, easy sofa, which is as common with a German student as a rocking-chair with an American. There is also a large sort of secretary with drawers, writing-desk and private drawers, and book-case. Besides, I have attendance, making bed, cleaning room, running errands, etc., included in the above sum. I am living very busily and very happily; never more so, I assure you, in all my life. I never was conscious of so much life, life of every kind, as now. I will tell you how I pass my day at present; you don't know how systematic I am! I rise at six o'clock, make my toilet (the chief of which by the way an entire ablution from head to foot); then a short walk, which I accomplish by seven; then from seven to eight, my coffee and reading German Bible; then from eight to twelve, study either in my room, or at some lecture, or with my teacher,—in any case, study in German; from twelve to two, exercise and dinner; from two to three, don't do much but digest my dinner, talking, lounging, etc.; from three to five, study German in one way or another; from five to seven, walk and supper; from seven till I go to bed, study; retire about eleven; about going to bed, not over regular, I must confess; *once I pulled my feather bed over me*, that is to say, retired, at half past one. My Sundays thus far I devote to the German Bible in the main, and a little English reading in Henry Martyn and Wilson's "Sacra Privata." I have had some most delightful Sunday hours. I have been enrolled, and received my matriculation, as a regular student in the University. The scene with the Prorector and other functionaries on the occasion of enrollment was quite amusing. They could n't speak English at all, and I German but precious little.

The communication was partly in Latin, partly in German, and on the whole went off quite glibly,—at any rate accomplished the object. At present I attend but one lecture, Tholuck on the first three Gospels. Until I have made more headway I doubt whether I shall attend more,—perhaps, in the course of a month, one other. I am employed on the German now with all my might in every possible way, grammar, reading, lecture, conversation, and anything and everything else. Everything and everybody I make a teacher, besides spending an hour with a regular instructor every day. I have become acquainted with several students, with whom I negotiate exchanges of English for German, and with one I have a walk every day for this purpose. I wish you could hear us talk. I can really *jabber* German quite decently. They tell me I can talk very well in three months. I begin to have the vanity to believe that I am blessed with considerable natural aptitude in catching sounds, and in general of acquiring the knowledge of a foreign language. It fills one to running over with enthusiasm for study to be thus situated; and a consciousness of constant progress, in spite of what remains to be done, furnishes the most delicious sensations and a perpetual source of stimulus. I am quite certain that I can now read the German with four times the facility with which I could read it three weeks ago, when I commenced at Leipsic. With Tholuck I have become quite acquainted, and with his charming little wife. The latter took the trouble to inquire about lodgings for us, which were ready as soon as we arrived in Halle. She talks English brokenly, but in a most fascinating way. She has more of what the French call *naïveté* about her than any lady I ever met with. She is small, well-formed, a fine head, black hair and eyes, Grecian nose, and beautiful countenance; her manners utterly destitute of affectation, easy and lady-like. I felt when I was talking with her the other evening, as we were there at tea, as if I were with an unsophisticated girl. I am not sure I have not fallen in love from first sight, the first day I was in Halle. Tholuck I see mostly in his walks,—have had long walks with him. He is a right fine fellow,—what I call a large-souled man. He talks English exceedingly well. I inquired with interest about the other Americans who have been here, all of whom he well remembered. In lecture and in conversation, his countenance sometimes lights up, and seems to undergo an actual change; such a brilliancy of light playing about it; his manners very kind and

familiar, the manner of a warm, good heart, — not a tincture of school manners; in dress exceedingly ordinary. He has offered me the use of his library at any time, also to walk, to talk about anything, and I will avail myself, I am quite sure, to the full.

We have had terrible rumors about McLeod, that he was condemned, and war was inevitable! but I did n't believe a word of it. It cannot be — will not be — that England and the United States will go to war! Horrible! Pray stop that border warfare, Mr. President Tyler, and manage in some way to get that McLeod man out of State hands into the power of the General Government, and then Mr. Secretary Webster and Sir Robert Peel will settle the matter amicably and speedily. Enough, this, for politics. You must all be in a dreadful political condition in the United States, with this matter in addition to the party politics. Here, under this despotic monarchy, we live quiet as a summer's eve. Yet I am more a democrat than ever.

HALLE, ITS PROFESSORS. — REFORMATION CELEBRATION AND SUNDAY BREAKING. — ORIGIN OF A GERMAN BAPTIST CHURCH.

(*A Letter to "The Watchman."*)

Halle, November 19, 1841. In Halle there is but little that is worthy of remark, except the University, and I have been here too short a time to venture at present upon any particular account of this. The winter semester has already commenced. Tholuck is lecturing upon the first three Gospels, and also upon Christian Ethics. In ethics, by the way, he recently remarked to us in conversation that he had found Wayland's "Moral Science" a very valuable work. He is also intending to get out this winter a new edition of his work on Romans. Gesenius is lecturing upon Genesis. He is just now engaged with a new edition of his Hebrew grammar, and is still constantly occupied in completing his Hebrew Thesaurus. Bernhardy seems to be considered the most distinguished man here in the classics. He has published a work on the history of Greek literature, in connection with which he is now lecturing, and also more recently a work on Greek syntax, which last, if it at all corresponds with the accounts given of it, would supply a *desideratum* with us, if it were translated. Halle is chiefly distinguished, as it always has been, in the department of theology. In the present chaotic condition of German philosophy and theology, there are representatives here of all the various opinions and systems.

Since we have been here, there has been a centennial celebration of the introduction of the Reformation in Halle. It occurred on Sunday, October 31. An interesting historical address was delivered by Professor Tholuck, in the University Aula, after which, Professor Wegscheider, the present dean of the theological faculty, pronounced a Latin oration, and at the close of the services made an announcement of honorary degrees conferred by the University. Among these was the degree of Doctor of Theology, conferred upon Dr. Robinson of New York. It is a fact worthy of mention, and which I may state upon the authority of Dr. Tholuck, that this honor has never been conferred by this University upon an Englishman, and now for the first time upon an American. One must have a very different view of the Sabbath from that which prevails in New England, to perceive the propriety of these last services upon that day. A Latin oration on the Sabbath! Especially, as is not uncommon with such performances, an oration *de omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis!*

A few days ago we had the pleasure of seeing our missionary, Mr. Oncken, who passed through Halle, on his way to Hamburg. We had a delightful interview with him, and were glad to learn that he had successfully accomplished the objects of his tour. In Memel he baptized twenty-nine persons and organized a church. Among the persons baptized was an uncle of Rev. Dr. Hague of Boston. This gentleman is a native of England, but for many years has resided in Memel. It was through his instrumentality that this Baptist church has been formed. Until recently, these Christians, while they held to the baptism of none but adults, still practiced sprinkling; and in consequence of these views they had all of them been *re-sprinkled*. Mr. Hague convinced them of their error in regard to the mode of baptism, and it was thus through his means that Mr. Oncken visited them and organized the church. But it is a matter of more importance than any change of views upon baptism, that these persons are earnest and devoted Christians, and are earnestly striving in the midst of many obstacles for the promotion of the truth as it is in Jesus.

COMMENTS UPON GESENIUS, WEGSCHEIDER, AND ONCKEN. —
GREAT BRITAIN'S REFUSAL TO MAKE HER POSTAL CHARGES
REASONABLE.

Halle, November 25, 1841. I was agreeably surprised, in calling upon that great Hebrew giant, Gesenius, to see on his

table a copy of Gould & Lincoln's "Conant's Translation." It looked odd to see it in such a place. The old fellow is a good-natured, gentlemanly fellow as you ever saw. He talks English somewhat, but he certainly talks German much better. We found him quite *déshabillé*, with his coffee on the table, himself in slippers, easy dress, neck wonderfully loose, and hard at it in study; great books lying about open upon his table, and everything seeming like the den of a lion in science. He loves to laugh, and to laugh with all his might. He talks about Hebrew and about his books with all the enthusiasm of a young man; remembered Sears very well; inquired about Conant, Stuart, Robinson, and some others. He has a pleasant, perhaps a little roguish expression of countenance, and in manner lively, and every way gentlemanly. I went to see Wegscheider, too, the other day; went as a student, to get his signature as dean of the theological faculty, to my Student's Album, as they call it, a book for the insertion of courses of lectures, etc. He lives a little way out of town, on a place belonging to himself which is quite princely for Halle. I found him in his garden. His English was just about as good as my German, and with the two we made out to talk sufficiently for the business. He is very plain in dress and manners, and seems rather stiff and precise. He is one of the old Rationalists, and is, moreover, an old sinner. Gesenius is one of the most attractive lecturers I have heard; his enunciation is very distinct, his tones very fine, and his whole manner full of vivacity. But he is too much given to trifling and joking; he does not make anything of cracking his jokes, and sometimes bad ones, too, over the Bible with eighty or ninety students before him. He is another old sinner. It's too bad for such fellows so to abuse their talents and learning. Oncken has been here. I had a real good interview and was delighted with the man. He is a whole-souled, energetic, Christian man. His conversation is instructive and lively, inclined to be witty, and gives evidence of a well-informed and very active mind. He speaks English exceedingly well. His tour was very successful in all respects. I got a line from the Barings, with my last letters, stating that they had received a package on which there was a postage (English) of nearly £1, and asking if they should pay it and forward it. Of course I told them I could not pay so much, and they must leave it in the post-office. The papers you sent with your letter of October first (two packages) had upon them an accumulated

postage of about \$20.00. Just think of \$20.00 for nine American newspapers! I told them I would give them two Prussian thalers, about \$1.50, *for the lot*, but they would n't take it, and so they got nothing, and the papers were left. It was *too bad, abominable*, that I could n't have them. I wish I had offered more.

A CONCERT BY LISZT, AND A PROPHETIC COMMENT UPON AMERICAN SLAVERY.

Halle, January 23, 1842. I attended a concert lately given by Liszt, a celebrated composer and pianoforte player. He plays with exceeding taste; a very nice appreciation of sentiment in music. In particular he sometimes gave the notes such a softness, a *dying-away-ness*, as to make one feel they were endowed with life. It seemed as though you were drinking in the spirit-language of some quite ethereal being. What a wondrous thing in all this our wondrous life is music!

This week is to come off a dinner in Halle, on the occasion of the christening of the baby Prince of Wales. . . . With our present relations to England in regard to the right of search, Northeast boundary, etc., which Lord Ashburton is coming among you to settle, it would be a delicate matter to say much on such an occasion. That *confounded slavery business* seems destined to make most serious trouble, and if it does not sooner or later lead to war and dissolution of the Union, I think we may thank the special interposition of Providence. I see that a new item of trouble has arisen in relation to a cargo of slaves who mutinied, killed the owner and captain, and went into Nassau, and there were, most of them, set free. Of course the Southern slaveholders are greatly enraged. I see, too, that some proposal is to be made for the admission of Texas into the Union. I hope not, I am sure. As an American I should be ashamed to acknowledge myself a fellow-countryman of such a race of villains and cutthroats.

A TRIBUTE TO THOLUCK'S PERSONAL CHARACTER. — THE UN-AMERICAN CONDITION OF GERMAN WOMEN.

Halle, February 26, 1842. I wish we had such professors as Tholuck among us, who felt so much interested in young men, could inspire in them so much confidence, enter into their feelings and wants, sympathize with them, and every way strive to do them good. He is the sort of a man in whom I could feel perfectly

willing and secure to confide all personal doubts, trials, and difficulties; such a one as a young man in study always yearns to find, but is nearly always disappointed. And then, too, he is so cheerful, so full of playful, childlike kindness and love; shows ever so much of the brother and the friend, while at the same time he tells you more than you can possibly remember; impresses you with a conviction that you are in contact with a great mind, and inspires you with enthusiasm for all that is beautiful and great and good. It is a great blessing to be near such a spirit as his. He has already given me many impressions I shall never lose. There is no other professor whom I care to see so much of, and from whom, both in private and public, I get so much good. He is as able and learned as any of them, superior to most, indeed on the whole the most conspicuous man here, and still evangelical and truly pious. Such a combination in a German professor is very rare. Then he knows, better than any man here, the state of opinion and feeling, and society in general, in England and America, and is extremely interested in all the movements there. In speaking of men and books he frequently speaks of their relation to our country. "Such a book," he will say, "would suit your people very well; such a man's spirit and writings are not adapted to your state of society." In all respects he is probably to me a more useful man than any other I could find in Germany.

Women seem to be brought up here to all sorts of work, such as dragging carts through the streets, mud-scows through the water, cutting up ice in the street with a pick-axe, and other such feminine employments. I was walking along the banks of the Saale and saw a man sitting quietly at the helm of a clumsy craft in the river, and a woman on a footpath on the bank, with a rope tied round her waist, hauling the craft and man along through the water. Then in the streets one sees women pulling along heavy carts and the man behind or one side, ostensibly pushing and helping, but really exercising a kind of superintendence, and seeing that the things don't fall off. Then they lug immense loaded baskets on their backs, containing country produce, or provisions, and all sorts of things. This last is the most common sight in the streets. I have seen old women with baskets on their backs that made them bend double.

From "The Watchman," September 16, 1842.

(We have been so much pleased with the perusal of a private letter from a young friend of ours, now a student in Germany, that we venture to present some extracts to our readers. The picture which it presents of the learned Professor Tholuck, in the free intercourse of private life, and amid the varied scenes of a journey, on which he was accompanied by the writer, is highly interesting.)

Our arrangements for traveling are admirable. We have a large two-horse barouche for the whole route, hired in Halle, and are four in number, there being besides Professor Tholuck and myself, his amanuensis and an Americo-German student from Pennsylvania. We can travel just as fast, and just when, and just how we please, making digressions sometimes on railroad or steamboat, or the best part on foot, sending, in such cases, the driver with most of our baggage on before. We have thus far traveled about forty English miles a day. Professor Tholuck's health is very delicate, — indeed, it always is, — his nerves extremely irritable, and his whole frame subject to pain and disorder. He has at best but a shattered, feeble constitution.

On the journey it is especially difficult for him to find a sufficiently quiet sleeping-room. It is impossible for him to sleep until every sound in the house is hushed, and in the night the least noise in his vicinity awakes him. I never knew a man so peculiar in this respect, so excessively sensitive. Then he has a long-standing bowel complaint from which he suffers, often intensely. And yet he is the soul of our party, the most lively, entertaining of us all. Such an activity of soul, such wondrous intellectual life! He walks more than all of us together, up hill and down, and drives ahead like one possessed; and then when he gets into the carriage again, apparently exhausted, some question or remark will put his spirit into action, and he will be as full of life as if he was in perfect health and strength. He has talked with us several times in answer to our inquiries about his early life, his studies, etc., and has given me enough to think of for a year. One day he was so unwell that he said he must go back, and we made arrangements accordingly as soon as possible, but he recovered and felt better, and we went on, much to our rejoicing. He is so kind and affectionate, *so brotherly*, I verily love, while I admire him. I think now he will make the whole tour with us. For the last two or three days we were on Catholic soil. The

towns and villages, the roadside, exhibit in the statues of the Saviour, Virgin Mary, saints, etc., and crosses without number, the peculiarities of Catholic countries. I must confess that these many Christian emblems and outward signs of Christianity did not affect me disagreeably. The cross teaches in itself the character and contents of Christianity, and to me there is something extremely interesting to meet with it thus everywhere in a Christian land.

Heidelberg is a charming place, thrown snugly into the valley of the beautiful Neckar, directly on its left bank, on a narrow strip of land between the river and a high range, on a rugged rocky part of which yet hang the remains of the old castle. These old walls and towers literally hang from the rocky range just above the city, and as I look up to them from our hotel, I can hardly refrain from bowing with reverence to their antiquity and grandeur. I went all over the ruins early this morning. The tower was undermined and blown up by the French, but its walls were so thick and massive — some twenty feet or more — that instead of being thrown to pieces and scattered in the air, the one half of it slid down into the ditch below, and there now remains. These old ivy-covered ruins have made an impression upon me that can never leave me. The University here is less celebrated for theology than law or medicine, there being in all only seventeen theological students. There are, however, two or three very distinguished men in the theological faculty, — Ullmann, Umbreit, and Rothe. The students in general study but little, but drink beer, smoke tobacco, and fence, and fight duels at a great rate.

BERLIN AND ITS UNIVERSITY. — A TORCH-LIGHT SERENADE TO NEANDER. — HEGEL AND SCHELLING *vs.* MORALS AND RELIGION.

(*A Letter to "The Watchman."*)

Berlin, February 5, 1843. I will cheerfully comply with your request, so far as I am able, and try to give you a glance or two into the life and present goings on of this Prussian metropolis. Of its various attractions, however, of its galleries, its collections of science and of art, and of the many other things that swell the catalogue of its *lions*, I must reserve all account till another time; for, indeed, I cannot speak of the half of them from personal observation, having as yet done but little here in the way of sight-

seeing. But one thing, in passing, I can tell you, and with all seriousness, as a remarkable fact which has forced itself upon my notice nearly every day during the four months that I have spent here, and that is that Berlin is famous, at least during the winter, for a plentiful scarcity of sunshine and pleasant weather. We have nothing at all like winter, except a few cold days at the end of November, and since that time, in two instances, a very inconsiderable fall of snow. There has been a singular continuity of just such disagreeable weather as that which hangs about New England so tenaciously in the spring, and not at all inferior in all its varieties, Boston and Newport fogs scarcely excepted. Last week we had a lucid interval of two days and a half, and the people thronged out *en masse* to greet the glad, returning beams of the sun, and the splendid Broadway of Berlin, and the magnificent adjoining park, glittering with gay equipages and joyous faces. Our editors tell us that the fact about the weather is not peculiar to Berlin, but is more or less common all over Europe; and if this be so, we may be sure that some learned and acute German will ere long make a thorough investigation of the whole matter, and furnish the scientific world with some luminous meteorological speculations, preceded of course by an exhaustive historical introduction, containing all the phenomena touching the subject, from the earliest authentic records down to the present time. Notwithstanding, the city has not been at all wanting in the usual gayety of the winter season, and has been visited by a more than ordinary number of strangers, and among them personages of great distinction, kings and their titled representatives, and German princes and princesses not a few. The lovers of musical art are just now favored with the presence of some of the most distinguished ornaments of that art in Europe; among them Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer the prince of living German composers, Rubini the celebrated tenor, and the pianist Liszt of whose praise all Germany is full, and who created an enthusiasm here last winter not surpassed even by that which has been awakened in America in late years by the performances of certain European artists.

Berlin is, on all accounts, a place of great interest. The capital city of by far the most important kingdom in the German confederation, the residence of the ablest European sovereign (unless, perhaps, we except Louis Philippe, King of the French), and the seat of the first German university, it is a central source of influence to Europe and the world. The policy of the present

king, for the fullest development of the resources of the country and the security and elevation of the state, has attracted from the first the observation and interest of intelligent and thinking men in Europe ; and while it is naturally a matter of divided opinion in its bearings upon free institutions, has yet made but one impression in relation to its sagacious and comprehensive character, and has already won for the monarch a high intellectual reputation. On no object has he bestowed a more generous and enlightened interest than on the University in his capital. It has been his cherished plan from the period of his accession, to gather around him here the brightest luminaries of science and literature in Germany, and to secure to this institution, established in 1810 by his royal father, the first rank among German universities. In promoting this object, he has spared no pains nor expense. He has laid contributions upon all parts of Germany, has selected out from the faculties of other institutions its most distinguished members, occasioning thereby, especially in case of those in the smaller states, an irreparable loss ; so that this University, though one of the youngest in the country, has become the very focus of German literary influence, and can boast a more brilliant constellation of genius and learning than any other in Europe. It is indeed a magnificent instance of a university, in the original and proper sense of the word, furnishing the utmost facilities of preparation in teachers, libraries, and apparatus for the various branches of professional and literary life. I venture to say that there is no subject within the whole range of human knowledge, which one may desire to make a matter of investigation, for the prosecution of which he cannot find here the amplest arrangements. The catalogue of lectures is truly a curiosity to one who has never before seen such a document. It contains the proposed lectures of some one hundred and fifty teachers, professors *ordinarii*, *extraordinarii*, and the *privatim docentes*, belonging to the four faculties, and not only embraces all the subjects connected with the regular professions, and with philosophy and philology, but covers the whole ground of polite and general literature, of abstruse and curious learning ; in short, includes all the topics that the human mind can think of, or dream about, or busy itself with in any possible way. The number of students during the present winter semester is 2,157, and of these the largest number is in the faculty of law, the next largest in the philosophical faculty, and the smallest in the faculty of medicine. The

faculties of law and of medicine have long been superior to those of any other German university. The place of von Savigny, in the former, the first German jurist and now Prussian minister, has been supplied by Puchta, formerly of Leipsic, who is lecturing here this winter for the first time to a crowded auditory. The various divisions of the philosophical faculty are rich in great names. Among them are Schelling and Steffens in philosophy; in classical philology, Bekker, Boeckh, Zumpt, and Franz; in history, Ranke and Raumer, the brothers Jacob and William Grimm, the pioneers and still diligent laborers in the investigation and study of the Old German; Charles Ritter, in universal geography; Encke, in astronomy; Bopp, in Sanskrit, and many others whom I cannot mention. The theological faculty is better filled than any other in Germany, unless that of Halle form an exception, which, however, in the death of the lamented Gesenius, has lost one of its ablest members. Theremin and Strauss, both of them court-preachers, and the former the most eloquent of German divines, lecture upon homiletics and pastoral theology. Marheineke, the veteran disciple of Hegel, still adheres to the Hegelian philosophy, and is lecturing this winter upon the importance of its introduction into theology. Twosten is favorably known in the department of systematic theology, two volumes of his works on this subject having been already some time before the public. He holds the place formerly occupied by Schleiermacher, and is one of the warmest admirers of the genius and religious spirit of that great man, and indeed has formed his own theological system upon the basis of that of Schleiermacher, though free from his peculiar, I may say pantheistic, tendencies, and adhering more closely than he to the Bible as an objective standard of faith. Hengstenberg has long enjoyed a high reputation as an Oriental scholar and an interpreter of the Old Testament, and occupies a more conspicuous, unequivocal position as a supernaturalist and a champion of evangelical Christianity than any other German theologian. Neander is as well known in the United States as in Germany as the first ecclesiastic historian of the age, and as a lecturer with scarcely an equal in the department of New Testament exegesis. I need not say a word in illustration of his immense learning and his warm Christian spirit. He lectures this winter three hours a day in succession, on the Epistle to the Hebrews, on the History of Christian Doctrines, and on Church History, before a more crowded auditory than any

other professor in the University. The recent recurrence of his birthday gave occasion to a demonstration of the esteem and honor of his many students, consisting of a *Fackel Zug*, a torch procession, a serenade, and a present of a silver cup. The scene on the evening of this occasion was one of no little outward pomp and display. A procession of some 300 students, each carrying a huge blazing torch, preceded by a band of music, and attended by mounted guards, with an open carriage and four containing the committee deputed to deliver the address and present, and followed by a large portion of the 300,000 inhabitants of Berlin, it was on the whole a very brilliant and exciting affair. Ere the procession reached Neander's house, the street was thronged far and near, and the torches and the guards were of essential aid in forcing a passage. The committee then alighted, and went up to Neander's apartments, and meantime the dense crowd was hushed to silence and order by low and gentle music from the band. Soon Neander appeared at the open window above and addressed the students. He had an audience of thousands before him, representing all ranks of society in Berlin. The remarks, few and simple, came warm and fresh from the heart of the speaker, and illustrated the Christian humility and earnestness of his character. He expressed his sense of unworthiness of such a manifestation of honor and love, attributed it less to himself than to the sacred cause to which he had devoted his life and labors, and exhorted his students to be true to themselves as Christians, to be true to the principles and doctrines of evangelical Christianity. After long and loud acclamations of "Long live Neander!" the students sang some verses from the favorite Latin song "Gaudeamus," and then retired from the spot. They then moved off in procession to the military Parade-Place, where they flung their torches into one huge, smoking pile, and after gathering about it and finishing the above song and joining in some hearty shoutings of "Academic Freedom," the watchword of German students, quietly dispersed, and left the ground to the police and the rabble.

The at length decided settlement of Schelling here and his lectures form the only feature of peculiar interest in the life of the University during the present semester. His position is a novel and important one. After half a century of labor in the field of philosophy, he appears in Berlin, and commences his course anew with all the zeal of youth, and at once the successor of Hegel in his present chair, and his predecessor in the line of German phi-

losophical masters, is now engaged in combating the prevailing Hegelian system, and attempting to introduce a new era in German philosophy. There is but little probability that he will furnish the world with a Christian philosophy, but he will doubtless exert here a salutary negative influence in loosening the stronghold of the now unquestionably pantheistic and unchristian system of Hegel. I do not speak at random nor utter any language of cant; I have given some attention to the bearings of this philosophy upon Christianity, and I am sure it is little to say that the believer in Jesus must look elsewhere for a solution of the problems of life, and for an explanation of the sacred mysteries of his faith. It is utterly at variance with the specific claims and unquestioned truths of Christianity, and is quite foreign to the facts of Christian consciousness and experience. It takes quite too lofty a position, and strides on in its high path of thought, with a confident air and a proud step, but ill adapted to the relations of the world in which we live, to the condition and character of a race of beings, high indeed in its origin, high in its destiny, but alas, in its present state, at best but dependent, weak, and sinful. If we would adopt its results we must shut our eyes to the imperfection and misery that sadden and darken human life and society. We must forget what we have felt within us, what we know of ourselves, must learn to look upon the spiritual facts that lie in the depths of our souls, our consciousness of ignorance and manifold want, our sense of sin and guilt, and need of reconciliation with God, as weak prejudices of childhood and the fictions of the nursery, utterly unbecoming a mature and dignified manliness. The point of departure of this system is the reason, its method the development of all truth out of itself by a logical necessity of thought; and its final results are an utter confusion and merging of the Infinite and the finite, the Divine and the human, reason and revelation. Strauss has applied this system to systematic theology in his philosophical "Dogmatik," and during the process has not only done away with all Christian theology, but even with the existence of theology itself as a science; and the writers of the school who compose the class that go by the name of the "Young Germany" are now working out its pernicious results in the province of Morals with a most terrific activity, as if they had sold themselves with a clear consciousness to the prince of darkness and were bent upon turning the earth into an unbroken, frightful waste of wickedness. Amid the incessant changes and the chaotic

controversy of human philosophy, the Christian may well turn with quickened and more earnest faith to the teachings of Him who said of himself, I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

GERMAN AND AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES.

(*A Letter to "The Watchman."*)

Gotha, September 8, 1843. I arrived here yesterday on my way from Berlin to the Rhine, by the usual post route through Halle, Weimar, and Erfurt.

I have remained a day in Gotha, chiefly for the purpose of visiting its ancient Gymnasium and forming a personal acquaintance with some of the professors. Through the kindness of one of the gentlemen I was enabled to visit in his study the venerable Fred-eric Jacobs, the veteran gymnasial teacher and philologist, so well known among us by the many editions and extensive use of his Greek reader. He was dictating a letter to his secretary as we came in, but laid it aside, and received us with extreme kindness and cordiality. On learning from my friend, who was with me, my strong desire to see in his own home one whose name had been so familiar to me from my school-days, he good-naturedly remarked that I should find in him at least but a *ruin*. He is indeed a good deal broken in body and intellect, but his venerable countenance, worn as it is by the cares of a long life, is lighted up with the kindly beams of charity and good-will, and his conversation, interrupted occasionally by forgetfulness and absence of mind, is animated, intelligent, and full of interest. He spoke of art and artists, of scholars, their toils and high vocation, with the quiet, lingering enthusiasm of a veteran in intellectual service, adverted with delight to the present advanced state of philology in comparison with the period of his own early life, and bade us look well to the aims we should cherish and the increased obligations we should fulfill. He has lived a long and laborious life, and reached with honor a serene and cheerful old age.

I have spent several hours to-day in attending the recitations of some of the higher classes in the Gymnasium. The classical course is longer and more extensive than in the German gymnasias in general, and besides the ordinary five classes, Prima, Secunda, etc., there is a Selecta, the highest of all, in all the recitations of which Latin only is spoken, and a higher order of instruction imparted. It is not unfrequently the case that stu-

dents from Berlin and other gymnasia, after having passed all their examinations with the first honors, come to Gotha and spend two years in the Selecta. The whole course covers at least a period of ten years, and the ordinary age at graduating is twenty, and during this period all the branches of study are pursued, which are preparatory to a professional course at the university. I use the word "university" here in the German and the proper sense of the word; an American university, if we institute a very general comparison, is a limited German gymnasium. It were scarcely possible by any modifications, as, for instance, by the union of professional faculties, as at Yale and Cambridge, with the collegiate faculty, to convert an American college into a German university; it were easier to convert it into a German gymnasium, by merging in it the academy, and increasing the period and course of study. I believe that it is conceded by our wisest men that our systems of education require radical change; and it seems to me to be indispensable to all real improvement to perceive and acknowledge the simple fact that a college is a college, and no university.

Perhaps a little notice of the three recitations which I attended may be of some interest to some of your readers. The first was the *Unter-Secunda*, in Homer's *Odyssey*. They had been reading Homer since the commencement of the semester at Easter. The two things that most struck me here were the extreme attention given to the doctrine of accents, and the constant comparison of the Greek with corresponding expressions in Latin. In grammar, great accuracy and thoroughness in the forms. Homer is read regularly four years, and in the highest class generally once a week. The second recitation was the *Prima* in Virgil. With this I was extremely pleased. The mode of instruction illustrated very happily the union of the two divisions in classical instruction, as well as in the whole business of philology, which, in imitation of the German expressions, may be called the *formal* and the *material*. The grammar, in all its parts, was faithfully attended to, and the subject-matter developed and explained. Some of the questions I still remember. The passage, if I remember aright, was in the 6th book, somewhere about the 61st line. "*Fas est.*" What is the distinction between this expression and *licet* and *debet*? Illustrate the distinction in Latin. "*Obstitit.*" What is its primary meaning, and what does it mean here? How would you express the present meaning in other Latin words? "*Sanctissima*

vates." Give a similar Greek expression applied to Juno by Homer. "*Solido ex marmore.*" Develop the meaning of *solido* from the theme. What is the connection between this and such expressions as "*solidus homo,*" "*solida gloria?*" Is "*solida doctrina*" good Latin? The allusion to the temple promised by Æneas gave rise to a description of the Apollo *Palatinus*, built by Augustus, and thus skillfully mentioned by Virgil, its library, its manner of being collected, etc. The conditional nature of the promise involved inquiries concerning the nature of prayer among the Greeks and Romans, as illustrated by passages from other writers, and comparison with Christian prayer. The last recitation I attended was Latin grammar, in the Unter-Secunda,— the syntax. This was conducted quite differently from the manner pursued among us, not by memory and recitation, but a close and thorough course of questions, accompanied by an exaction of original and copious examples. Afterwards, exercises in writing were presented and corrected.

GENEVA AND ITS SURROUNDINGS AND ASSOCIATIONS.

(*A Letter to "The Watchman."*)

Geneva, October 20, 1843. I have enjoyed so much my visits to some of the places on this famed lake that I feel tempted to give you some notices of them before speaking of Geneva itself. Voltaire said rather boldly of the lake of Geneva, "*Mon lac est le premier;*" and Rousseau and Byron loved to wander upon its banks and sail upon its waters, gazing upon its varied scenery, and furnishing their imaginations with forms of beauty and sublimity; and, in their poetry, they have employed all the force and riches of their genius in rendering it celebrated in literature.

I got my first view of the lake, by moonlight, from the hills behind Vevay. Left quite to myself toward the close of the day's journey, in the coupé of the diligence, I had been busying myself in recalling what I had heard and read of the lake, and in nourishing agreeable anticipations of the pleasures awaiting me. It was a fine autumn evening, the air clear and cool, the sky was serene, and all nature in silent repose. On gaining the brow of the hill, a scene of surpassing beauty broke in at once upon the view. There lay the lake, reflecting in its clear bosom the stars and the moon, and stretching away in the distance like a sea of silvery light, and the mountains beyond, rising up from its margin

and extending in either direction as far as the eye could reach, with their dark, gloomy sides piled up against the bright heavens, and piercing it with their clear-defined, sharp outline. The height of the hills at this end of the lake and the gradual, winding descent of the road contribute to render this view one of the best that can be had from any point. But it passed away quite too soon. With a drag on one wheel, and the horses in full trot, we soon got to the bottom of the hill, and were rattling across the market-place, and in a minute more were buried in the narrow, dark street of the town; and, on the coach stopping at the diligence office, all my pleasant emotions were put an end to by the usual bustle of such scenes, the importunities of hotel porters, and the care of looking after luggage.

The next morning the agreeable impressions of the evening were renewed by a view of the same scenery in the clearer light of the sun, and in the finest weather. The hotel at which I stopped, called the *Trois Couronnes*, and the best in all Switzerland, is finely situated directly on the lake. You step from the breakfast-room into a garden tastefully furnished with trees and shrubbery and graveled walks and a flight of stone steps to the lake. Here you find yourself in the midst of the scenes which furnished the materials of Rousseau's "*Nouvelle Heloise*," and of Byron's "*Prisoner of Chillon*," and some of the finest passages of his "*Childe Harold*."

Immediately opposite, the little town of Meillerie, backed by a range of rocky hills; on the curved shore of the lake, to the east, Montreux, Clarens, and Chillon; farther on, a distant view of the upper end of the lake, of the town of Villeneuve, and the entrance of the Rhone, and behind these, towering to the heavens, the snowy peaks of the Valais Alps. The near vicinity of these lofty Alpine summits, and the contrast of the pleasant slopes on the Vevay side, with the steep, rocky hills on the opposite shore, render the view extremely grand. The poets have not exaggerated the singular beauty of the water of the lake. Such a perfect crystal clearness, united with their blue color, is certainly very remarkable. In the afternoon I made an excursion to Villeneuve in the steamboat, and walked back on the lake road, visiting the places of interest. In approaching Villeneuve we passed close by the

" Little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view,"

so beautifully described in the "Prisoner of Chillon." Nothing could be more accurate than the poetical description of this little spot. After a short walk from Villeneuve I came to the castle of Chillon. It is a large, gloomy-looking building, on a rock in the lake, but close by the road, with which it is connected by a little wooden bridge. A Swiss soldier was walking up and down the bridge, in the harmless occupation of keeping guard; and in the courtyard I met with a man who seemed to be the present *factotum* of the place, who took me all about it, telling me much more about all its history and mysteries, in which he appeared to be perfectly *au fait*, than I can just now distinctly recall. After descending a flight of steps leading from the yard, and passing through a large vault and a narrow, very dark passage, I came into the celebrated dungeon of "the prisoner." It is very much as Byron describes it, though not so deep nor so very dark and gloomy as I had expected to find it; and indeed the rays of the declining sun, reflected through the little hole in the wall upon its pillars and rocky sides, made a very agreeable impression, though, indeed, not agreeable enough to excite any desire to take up a residence there for any length of time. The "seven columns massy and gray" divide the dungeon into two parts, and give it a kind of Gothic church-like appearance. There is still a ring on one of them, to which the prisoner's chain was fastened. On the same column Byron has left his name, cut in the stone, and under it is that of a Russian poet who has translated Byron's works. In the passage close by I was shown a black, ugly-looking beam, hung across the walls, on which condemned prisoners are said to have been hung. In another part of the building are the remains of one of those frightful places, in use in former ages, into which unfortunate victims were flung down upon instruments of torture and death from a trap-door above.

This building was used in former times as a state prison, and some of the early reformers were confined here. Byron mentions the name and fate of Bonnivard, in the sonnet upon Chillon, though it seems that he was not acquainted with the particulars of his history before composing his poem. He was a prior, who was "seized by the Duke of Savoy for his exertions to free the Genevese from the Savoyard yoke, and carried off to this castle," where he lay immured for six years. But on the recovery of the Pays de Vaud and the taking of Chillon by the Bernese and Genevese forces, Bonnivard, with some other prisoners, was set

free. The building is now used by the canton as a magazine for military stores.

Montreux is one of the most quiet, beautiful spots on the lake, at the foot of a high mountain called the Dent de Jaman. Its sheltered situation and mild climate render it a delightful winter residence. Then farther on you come to Clarens, "sweet Clarens," which Byron has described with such enthusiasm; but you must not be in a prosaic mood, if you would realize his fine verses upon this spot. Indeed, nothing less than the poet's eye and fine frenzy of inspiration could invest it with such peculiar charms, for it is an extremely ordinary village, and has no particular merit above many others on the lake. But we must not take the poet too literally; he seems to have chosen Clarens to give some local habitation to the rich thoughts and glowing images which thronged in upon his mind in the midst of all the surrounding scenery. With this impression you can appreciate and enjoy all that he has said of the place.

"'T is lone

And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound

And sense and sight of sweetness; here the Rhone

Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have reared a throne."

Lausanne. The next morning I took a steamboat for this place. It is a sail of about an hour from Vevey. It is situated very high, and makes a fine impression from the lake, the houses built along upon the slope of the hill, and peering above them all, its cathedral and castle. The boat stops at a little village called Ouchy. Close by the landing-place is the little inn in which Byron wrote his "Prisoner of Chillon" during *two days* in which he was kept here by bad weather. Behind the Cathedral is the Castle, the former residence of the bishops, a large, irregular building, surmounted with four turrets. The terraces in the higher parts of Lausanne furnish agreeable views and pleasant walks; and there is a magnificent prospect from a lofty point called The Signal, which well repays all the trouble of climbing up to it, especially at sunset. Nothing can be finer than the view at that time. The lake glitters like gold in the light of the setting sun, and all the trees and the vineyards and the tops of the houses reflect its rich mellow hues; and as the sun sinks behind Mount Jura, you watch its last rays lingering upon the summits of the Savoy hills and the mountains beyond.

My high expectations of Geneva have not been disappointed;

one could not well be in a more agreeable spot, nor richer in combinations of the beautiful and the grand. Its situation at the end of the lake, embosomed in woods and waters, and surrounded by every variety of hill and mountain scenery, is one of the finest in the world. The sloping banks of the lake are scattered with gardens and vineyards and beautiful villas, and on one side and extending far around you have the lofty, unbroken range of the Jura, and on the other, through an opening in the hills, the snowy peaks of Mont Blanc and of the other mountains in the chain of the Savoy Alps. But it is Mont Blanc that forms the all-commanding object of interest in the scenery of Geneva. Wherever you may be, whether on the lake, on the promenades, or on the neighboring hills, at sunrise, sunset, and at noonday, the presence of "the monarch of mountains" is with you, impressing you with its quiet grandeur, and mingling its solemn lessons with all your thoughts and feelings.

The city itself is divided by the rushing Rhone into two parts, united together by several bridges, one of them long and handsome and connected with a little isle, on which there is a statue of Rousseau. The older and larger part, on the left bank of the Rhone, consists of the upper and lower town, from the uneven nature of the ground. The former only is very agreeable, and is graced with many elegant mansions of the wealthier citizens; in the lower town are the shops, and offices, and places of public business, in which the streets are narrow and damp, and the houses very high.

In former times, when the distinctions of rank were more marked than now, as well in the form of government as in social life, the aristocracy lived exclusively above, and the democracy below, and the two parties were engaged in continual quarrels with each other; and one way in which the democracy used to amuse themselves at the expense of their patrician neighbors, and bring them to terms, was by cutting off the pipes which supplied the upper town with water, the hydraulic machine being down below, and quite under their control.

Among the many pleasant walks I have made in the vicinity is one to the junction of the Arve with the Rhone, a little way behind the city. You go along by a shady footpath on the left bank of the Rhone: on the other side, the banks are very high, and the narrow slopes below are covered with vineyards. You soon come to the narrow point of land where the two rivers meet,

two streams as different as possible in outward appearance, the Rhone blue and clear and rapid, and the Arve having all the muddy heavy look of all mountain streams fed by snows and glaciers. For some little distance the waters keep quite distinct, and the opposing colors seem to refuse all union, but the beautiful blue proves too feeble in the struggle, and at length entirely disappears. It is a retired, quiet spot, quite shut in by the banks of the two rivers. Another pleasant walk is to Diodati, in the village of Cologny, the residence of Lord Byron while he was in Geneva. It is a pleasant villa on the south shore of the lake, sufficiently high for a good view, and having agreeable gardens and walks; but the pictures I have often seen of it pleased me better than the place itself. Byron wrote here his "Manfred" and the third canto of "Childe Harold." Ferney, the place where Voltaire lived so many years, is about five miles from Geneva, on the road to Paris; but I have not yet been to see it, and indeed I have not sufficient admiration for his genius and character to induce any strong desire to go at all. The most interesting excursion in the immediate vicinity is to the summit of Mont Salève, a mountain to the southeast of Geneva, and more than 3,000 feet above the lake. I made the ascent a few days ago with some friends, and, though I found it very fatiguing, was well repaid for my pains by the view from the top. After walking about three miles, you reach the foot of the mountain, whose steep, rugged sides make a very picturesque appearance. Hence you get up by a steep footpath, the upper part formed of steps cut in the rock, to the little village of Monnetier. From this village to the top you have two miles of rather hard climbing on a path covered with pieces of broken rock, which no one should begin to mount without first looking well to the quality of his shoe-leather, as we all learned from the fate of one of our party, quite unsuitably provided in this respect, who, poor fellow, bore it as long as he could, picking his way and treading softly, but finally gave up in despair and turned back, protesting that Mont Salève was not worth seeing. The rest of us pushed on, and after some hard experience reached the top. With the exception of three or four trees, the summit is very bare and exposed; and the air being sufficiently cold, we were glad to get into a little rude *châlet*, the only dwelling there, and warm ourselves round a fire made upon the rocky earth, the smoke of which got out as well as it could through a large hole in

the roof. Here we got a cup of coffee and some bread, but unfortunately the coffee was cold and the bread hard, the latter from age, and the former from being two thirds milk, but as we were hungry and thirsty, it was all gradually disposed of, with no worse results than rendering our stomachs a little less warm and light than they were before. But we found enough in the scenery without to dissipate all thoughts of fatigue and inconvenience. The prospect is varied and extensive and full of surpassing interest, — Mont Blanc and the adjacent mountains directly in view, their peaks crowned with snow, and glaciers streaming from their sides; and the populous valley below, intersected by the Rhone and the Arve, and bounded on the north by the Jura, and on the east by the vast expanse of the lake. It was late in the day as we went away, and most of the way down to Monnetier we had these snowy mountains before us, glowing in the soft rich colors of the setting sun; the view of these hoary peaks in the mellowed hues of sunset, if it be less sublime, is certainly all the more beautiful, and mingles with softer sentiments those grander impressions which they usually awaken.

Geneva is rich in historical associations, from the fame of her great men and the momentous events which have occurred in it; and as the home of Calvin and one of the principal seats of the Reformation, its history is coincident with that of Europe and the world. In regard to matters of religious faith and practice, Calvin would scarcely recognize in the Geneva of the nineteenth century the place where he lived and preached and wrote, and ruled so long with uncontrolled dominion. In this respect, Geneva has been more seriously influenced than England and America, and scarcely less than Germany, by the prevailing forms of philosophy and intellectual culture since the beginning of the present century. The theology taught in its academy and preached in most of its pulpits resembles in its great features the Unitarianism of New England and the earlier forms of German Rationalism, and, like these systems, it is fluctuating and uncertain, and wanting in positive, enduring elements. Very important differences of opinion exist within the pale of the national church; and the stricter adherents of Calvinism have separated themselves, and now form a distinct, dissenting organization, having in addition to their church a separate school of theology. M. d'Aubigné, the distinguished author of the "History of the Reformation," is one of the profes-

sors in this school. This party is generally designated in conversation and in the daily journals by the name of *Methodists*; and on inquiring several times about the meaning of the word, I have been told that they held to the stricter Orthodox doctrines, and disapproved of people going to the theatre, and mingling in what are usually called worldly pleasures.

THE STUDY OF MODERN LANGUAGES. — AN INTERESTING EXCURSION AND A SHORTAGE OF CASH.

Geneva, November 24, 1843. I have been much more interested than I ever expected to be in the study of these modern languages (Italian and French), and hope to find, as I have already in part done, my experience in this way of great avail in the further prosecution of Latin and Greek. The habits which one acquires, and the new views one gets on the whole subject of language, by getting well acquainted with living tongues, may be turned to excellent account in the study of languages which are now extinct. At any rate, my time and money spent in this foreign expedition never could have been better employed; of this I am absolutely sure. I am only sorry that I have not enough left for a long enough residence in Italy, and (pray don't tell me I don't want to come home) one not less long in Greece! Indeed, if I were sure of devoting myself hereafter to the ancient languages, I would scarcely scruple to devote the few hundreds still remaining to me to a residence in these two countries of some months at least. The benefit resulting would be infinite in comparison with the outlay of money. I feel as happy as a child when I think of entering the gates of the "Eternal City," and exploring its localities and gazing upon its time-honored ruins. I scarcely dare to think about it in advance, much less to write about it, lest it should after all be denied me.

I have made an interesting excursion, which I enjoyed very much, to the Perte du Rhône, literally, the loss of the Rhone, a place where the river mysteriously disappears for a short distance in the earth, visiting I know not what sort of people in the regions below. I went with three of the young men who live here in our *pension*, two of them Russians, and the third German. We took a carriage from Geneva, and were gone in all a day and a half. It was fine weather when we started, and we had high expectations. It was a ride of about four hours on the road to Lyons, when we came to a place called Collonges, already some ways into

France, where we stopped for the night. It was about seven o'clock in the evening, and we were cold and hungry. We got a room upstairs, had a good fire made, and ordered supper. And a grand supper it was; and we sat and eat and drank and talked, and sang songs, Russian, French, German, and English, till about eleven o'clock, when we were ready to break up and go to bed. We slept soundly enough till six o'clock, when we woke up to find the heavens hung in black clouds, and pouring rain, snow, and hail! A fine prospect before us of seeing the Perte du Rhône! We waited till eight, hardly knowing what to do, when there began to be some signs of better weather, and we determined to go on. Into the carriage we got, and shut up ourselves against the fog and damp without, for which we endeavored to make up as well as we could by conversation and singing within. We came in a little while to the French Fort de l'Écluse, a place of wondrous strength, both by nature and art. It is built on the side of the lofty Jura, hanging above the narrow road, far down below which runs the Rhone, and on the other side a high, curious-looking Savoy mountain, called the Vouache. We passed by it, leaving all further examination till our return. We came at length to a little place called Bellegarde, near which is the Perte. It was such wet, muddy walking, and we were so badly provided with boots, we had to muster among the good villagers some thick, clumsy, shoes, with which we fortified ourselves, and following in the wake of an old woman as guide, went down the steep bank of the river. It is a grand, magnificent place, and the bad weather, with the thick, lazy clouds rolling about the sides of the mountains, only added to the wildness of the scene. Byron well describes the spot in the lines, —

“Where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
Heights which appear as lovers who have parted.”

There we went down below the mountains, which surrounded us on all sides, the swift river rushing on and foaming in its rocky course, and then disappearing as quietly as possible in the earth, and some hundred yards farther flowing on again as if nothing in the world had happened. It is a curious phenomenon enough, and looks so strange to see a rushing river all at once utterly vanish and for some distance remain entirely concealed from view. In coming back in the afternoon we were scarcely less pleased in visiting the Fort. It makes a very threatening, warlike appear-

ance from the road below, built all the way up along the steep mountain, and presenting its ranges of ramparts and batteries. The parts above are connected with each other and the main building below by staircases cut in the mountain. Imagine yourself going up some 1,100 steps hewn out in the midst of the solid mountain. One feels a little uneasiness sometimes lest the mountain should cave in upon one's head, and thus effectually prevent one from reaching the top, or indeed perhaps from getting down again. But the old Jura played us no such freak, and we got up at last to enjoy a fine prospect, mountains behind and on both sides, and directly before a fine open view, extending as far as Geneva and the lake. From the fort we returned on foot to Collonges, as we had sent the carriage on before. We had a funny adventure to close our excursion. While at supper at Collonges, we sent for our bill, and, mustering all our purses and pockets, found that our resources fell short of the required amount. An unpleasant predicament, as we were perfect strangers in the place! In truth we had lived pretty freely, and what with two suppers and breakfast for four of us, to say nothing of the fluids for the former, and beds and fire and candles, the bill came to forty-three francs! We made a parley with "mine host," and got off by leaving a watch in pawn for the deficiency in the money! That was a great joke, was n't it, for four respectable fellows like us? We sent the money next day, but the watch has n't yet made its appearance, though we expect it to-day. So much for not counting the cost and not taking one's purse. It was on the whole a very agreeable excursion, and did me a great deal of good, for I have kept myself rather close since I have been here, and taken too little exercise, and had begun to feel the need of some little change. I shall get to Rome as quickly as possible. I feel that I have no time to lose, and much less money to spare.

GENOA. — ROMISH AND PROTESTANT HABITS OF REVERENCE. —
ACROBATIC BEGGARS.

(A Letter to "The Watchman.")

Genoa, December 12, 1843. Here is a city well worth visiting. It has more marked, peculiar features than any which I have before seen, charming in the extreme beauty of its situation, and *imposant* by the grandeur of its churches and palaces. I wish I could give you an idea of Genoa as I saw it to-day from a

high point just out of the city, overhanging the sea. There lay the beautiful, crescent-shaped bay, covered with shipping, and the city beyond extending around the base of a declivity of the Apennines, its sloping sides adorned with a brilliant succession of villas, gardens, and woods, and the tops crowned with a line of fortifications. The *coup d'œil* is grand, the curved shape of the bay and city, the houses rising above each other, tier upon tier, and the gallery of fortifications, giving the impression of a magnificent amphitheatre. The interior of the city is scarcely less interesting. In some of the older parts, the streets are narrow and disagreeable, but modern Genoa is inferior to few cities in Europe in its squares and promenades, its public buildings, and the palaces of the old noble families. One of the streets, the Strada Nuova, is occupied exclusively by palaces, and nothing can exceed the grand effect produced by these lines of magnificent buildings. They are characterized throughout by a colossal style of grandeur, their massive façades exhibiting grand portals, gigantic windows, and projecting cornices, covered with various architectural ornaments, and connected on one side with long, terraced galleries, through whose arches and columns you catch a glimpse of the fountains and trees in the adjoining gardens. All these palaces contain choice collections of paintings, which a trifling fee to the porter renders admissible to every stranger. Genoa is not less distinguished in the number and character of its churches. I have been astonished at the grand scale on which they are built, and with the splendor and magnificence with which they have been adorned. No pains nor expense have been spared in rendering them costly monuments of art, as well as fitting temples of the Most High. Some of them have been erected by private individuals and noble families of Genoa, grand and lasting memorials of the piety and munificence of their founders.

The cathedral, one of the oldest in the city, is built in a curious style of architecture, partly Gothic and partly Oriental. The façade is formed of alternate stripes of black and white marble, and has an immense portal, the columns of which are said to have been brought from Almeria, at the time of the taking of that city, in the twelfth century. The nave of the church preserves still its original character, its walls striped alternately with white and black, and the columns of various materials and colors, marble, porphyry, and granite, standing upon bases of basalt. The remainder of the church is quite modern, and is decorated with

paintings and carved ornaments. One of the chapels, that of St. John the Baptist, is a very wonder of taste and elegance. The altar is supported by four columns of porphyry, between which is a marble sarcophagus containing the supposed relics of the Baptist, which, by the way, are taken out once a year, on the day of his nativity, and carried in procession. Around the chapel are sixteen statues, executed by Della Porta. While I was lingering here to gaze upon these works of art, I observed the people gathering, and kneeling near the chapel, in considerable numbers, and in a few moments a priest appeared with his attendants, and commenced reading the mass. I retired to a place among the worshippers, and notwithstanding my want of acquaintance and sympathy with the rites of the Catholic Church, I found enough, in the solemnity of the place and of the whole scene, to inspire sentiments of reverence and devotion. I confess that I am scarcely ever present at a Catholic service without being struck with the contrast between the perfect decorum and silence observed by all present, the air of solemnity upon every countenance and pervading the whole assembly, and the *business-like* way of coming into church in our country, and the carelessness and languid indifference too often visible during the time of worship. In these outward matters, in the deep reverence for the church as the temple of God, perhaps we may learn much from those in whose doctrines and culture we see such mournful deviations from the teachings and the spirit of Christ.

In Genoa you see in the streets all the animation and noisy gayety of Italian life, and of beggars a full Italian proportion, of all ages, sexes, and characters. Among these last, some of the little boys brought up to the business are quite adepts in their way, and the most amusing, interesting little fellows you can imagine. The little black-eyed urchins tell their story so well, winking and straining hard all the while to keep their faces sober enough, that you cannot help giving them something. They are quite expert, too, in performing clever little feats of agility, to secure your interest and charity. As I was walking yesterday, a ragged little fellow came by and caught my attention with his begging, imploring look, and, quick as lightning, darted off upon the pavement in a series of circular *somersets* that was quite startling. He was back again in an instant, with his hand out, and telling me, with a woeful look and tone, that he was a *pauvre enfant*, etc., for they manage to pick up some French phrases, too,

to get along better with foreigners. These poor little creatures will describe you a dozen yards of somersets for a couple of cents.

ROME AND HER ANTIQUITIES. — ROMISH AND PROTESTANT WORSHIP. — A CALL TO PREACH FROM MAINE.

Rome, January 10, 1844. My time is amply occupied here; every day is a great one; all have to be *italicized* in my journal, for all are full of events. It's a great place to see, and think, and study. A year's residence here might be the making of any man. But my time is limited. I do as much as I can, and hope to bring away somewhat that will be of service to me all my life. I had no conception till I came here of the immense riches of Rome in all that is great and valuable, in means of high cultivation. True, it is chiefly art, its history, and all its branches, but besides this the whole subject of classical archæology, history, and a thousand other things. One is influenced on all sides, wherever one goes, by great subjects of thought and study, and is conscious of breathing an intellectual atmosphere. I have studied all my mornings till about one, and then gone out *lionizing* till five, when I dine; then I have the evening to try to collect myself, make notes, etc. One sees, however, so much, and is so operated upon by what is seen, that one gets wearied out by night. I have been to the old site of the Forum more than anywhere else, and know it as well as any part of Boston. One feels himself verily in old Rome in walking about this place and the vicinity. You see the whole course of the Via Sacra, and can trace it through the arch of Septimius Severus, and winding round up to the Capitol between the ruined columns of the beautiful temples which once adorned this part of the Forum. You see the site of the old Rostra and the Comitium. And near by is the Palatine, still covered with massive ruins of the palace of the Cæsars. And then a little way on is the Coliseum. What a magnificent pile is this! Words give no idea of it, nor of the feelings it inspires. I went up to see it by moonlight one night, and it was the grandest spectacle I ever witnessed. It was New Year's eve, and I had enough in the scene and the occasion to impress me with solemnity and inspire earnest resolution. Indeed, the sight of all these ruins has a salutary moral influence upon one's whole character. There is more in this than people are apt to suppose. Near the Forum, too, are many other things; the Circus Maximus, on the other side of the Palatine, may be fixed as to its site, though the extremity towards

the Tiber is now covered with modern houses. Across the whole length of it runs a street, called the Street of the Circus. Then there is the Cloaca Maxima, not far off from here; a mysterious sort of entrance, through a little path under low arches, brings you to a clear, fine fountain, in which, as I was there, some Italians were washing their dirty breeches; then, farther on, you see the mouth of the Cloaca, all hung over with moss and shrubbery, now in a perfectly neglected state. The house under which it runs to the Tiber is filled with straw and hay. One thing more illustrates the value of a residence here, in regard to classical studies, namely, the great Circus of Romulus (the son of Maxentius). This is some ways out of the city, on the old Via Appia. The whole shape is visible, and ruins of the walls all round; the Spina, too, is there, and the Metæ at each end. How quickly I understood the construction of these Circi, of which, from pictures, I had tried to get a conception in teaching the classics. You remember the first ode of Horace, the "metaque fervidis evitata rotis,"—"curriculo pulverem," etc. I remember how in connection I tried at Providence to understand perfectly the whole subject,—a single visit here clears it all up. So it is in a thousand things. Horace actually becomes another book to one after seeing all these spots.

I have been into the churches a good deal, as there have been holy-days since I have been here. I do not wonder that people of a certain style of character, both in England and America, get a leaning to Catholicism. The Protestant service has not enough of the outward, and not enough, strictly speaking, of *worship*; it is too exclusively for the *mind*, and not enough for the heart! The *sermon* is all in all, which is a great fault, I think. There is something extremely impressive in Catholic forms and ceremonies. On the other hand, there is too much *stuff* about the whole system, which no sensible and enlightened man can swallow, to say nothing of the grave doctrinal errors. But in regard to *authority*, this tendency to Romanism is certainly surprising in our times, so marked by an opposite tendency, a struggle to get from all authority; perhaps, indeed, in some cases it may be explained as a reaction; people get unmoored and tossed about, having no fixed resting-place, and are glad to rest in the bosom of an *infallible* church. I feel more and more anxious to get home. I shall love my country and all my friends better than ever. Even in these attractive and awakening scenes, home has

charms for me beyond everything; in the Coliseum I have felt the strongest drawings homeward, and felt that I could turn my back upon all, and hasten as on the wings of the wind. By the way, I had almost forgotten to say where I read the Thanksgiving letters. I went out to walk, and on the way stopped at Torlonia's to inquire for letters, and found they were there. I went on in my walk, with a friend with me, up the Quirinal, where we rested by the fountain of Monte Cavallo, and where I ran over the sheets, in the shade of the colossal figures of Castor and Pollux, the work of Phidias and Praxiteles. Afterward I continued my walk alone on to the Forum and Coliseum, and seeking out a nice seat among the ruins of the latter, read the letters carefully over, thanking you all from my inmost heart for all your kind wishes and words of love. And singularly enough there was a letter from Waterville, requesting me to come there and preach as soon as I return! The oddest of all things to come to a man in Rome! They little thought the sheet would travel so far! If I intended to settle, Waterville would please me in many respects, but this *is not, cannot be*, my destiny. I want occupation of another kind, and think I am better fitted for it, by my whole education.

(*A Letter to "The Watchman."*)

ROME, January 15, 1844.

"I am in Rome! oft as the morning sun
 Visits these eyes, waking at once I cry,
 Whence this excess of joy? What has befallen me?
 And from within a thrilling voice replies,
 Thou art in Rome!"

MY DEAR SIR, — You must pardon me in opening my letter with these lines of poetry, which came from the heart and the experience of the author, and describe so truly the feelings of a stranger in Rome. The most prosaic man may get a little out of the sober vein at such a time, and borrow the aid of poetry in expressing the rapturous joy which he feels. It has been given me at length to see with my own eyes the Eternal City. From Genoa, where I wrote you last, I hastened on, my longing desire increasing at every step, though mingled with a sort of tremulous feeling that cast somewhat of mystery over the whole journey, and would scarce let me venture to say to myself whither I was going. But the several stages safely got over, and the wide, solemn Campagna traversed, the Tiber and the city burst upon my view; and

entering the Via Flaminia and passing under the Porta del Popolo, I could finally assure myself that I was in Rome. But I could not easily tell you those first feelings awakened within me, nor perhaps give a very clear account of the several next succeeding days. They passed away, more like the glad visions of a dream than the sober passages of waking life. It is as if a new life begins within you in seeing for the first time a city of which you have seen and read and heard so much from the earliest periods of your recollection, and which has been inseparably associated with your whole education. An utter stranger in a foreign city, you are yet in a place you have known long and well; nothing of all that is around you is really strange. You see with your own eyes the scenes that have been familiar to your thoughts and feelings, and cherished with sentiments of reverence and affection, in the midst of which your spirit was nurtured and gathered its early strength, and whence have come the richest and most valuable elements of your intellectual culture. Goethe was wont to speak of the day of his entrance into Rome as a second birthday, and his residence in it as the period of his education. Certainly in the life of any man, no event can be more fruitful in intellectual influence. There is indeed but one Rome in the world; but one place around which cluster such an assemblage of great objects, a place so rich in historical interest, in treasures of art and learning, in all that is grand and beautiful and valuable, that most intimately affects the life and being of man. It is a great school of study and high cultivation, for all who come with open eye and earnest mind. The man of humblest capacity gets quickened and strengthened to somewhat of high effort and attainment, and no intellect so great and cultivated that finds not here enough to learn. One feels himself brought in mysterious nearness to the past, and impressed with reverence and awe, in living in a city more than two thousand years old, its history the history of the world, once the capital of an empire that overshadowed the earth, the nurse of literature and the arts, and the mother of great men. This mighty people has passed away with the master spirits that guided and ruled them, that empire long since broken up and scattered; but here is the same soil, the same hills, the walls of their city are yet standing, and everywhere around are monuments of their grandeur.

I should get too much into detail if I should begin to tell you of the grand objects which I have beheld in exploring the locali-

ties of ancient Rome. True, it is often a perplexing labor, indeed, a study in itself, to search out the old city in the present condition of the new; but it has ever such an exciting, all-absorbing interest, and abundantly repays one's time and pains. But much comes unsought; you have only to go with open eyes to see the traces of the ancient glory, often where you least expect them, amid the crowd and hum of men, in the busiest haunts of modern Rome. Yesterday, in passing through a small, narrow street, I came suddenly upon two beautiful columns of an old temple, which are now half buried in the earth, in strange contrast with the small hovels about them, of which modern masonry has made them a part; and near by ruins of another temple, three fine Corinthian columns supporting a richly worked architrave, now in the midst of the commonest buildings. In the heart of the city, on one of the smaller business squares, which some days in the week you find alive with the noisy scenes of a market-place of a modern Forum Venale, stands the noble Pantheon, worn and darkened with age, but proud in its matchless strength and beauty as in the days of Agrippa and Augustus. But if you will see classic Rome, you must thread your way out of the narrow, crowded streets of the modern city, and bend your steps to the Capitol and the Forum. This spot, the proudest in the ancient city, so rich in classic associations, the changing influences of time and the reckless fury of invasion seem to have passed over less rudely, and have left its general form and numerous monuments of its former greatness. Though most of its present surface is many feet above the old level, yet in some parts the ancient soil is visible; the whole course of the Via Sacra may be traced, the very pavement still left, the site of the Comitium and the Rostra, and on all sides the arches and columns of the temples that formerly adorned this place. The Palatine, too, is there before you, covered with the massive ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars, and near by the grandest relic of antiquity, the Coliseum. In presence of the Coliseum, everything else seems small and insignificant; it staggers your power of comprehension; you seek in vain to get within you some adequate image of it; you go away and come again and again, and every time it seems greater and more majestic. It is extremely interesting, too, to visit the remains of the great useful works of ancient Rome, the Cloaca Maxima and the enormous ruins of the baths and the aqueducts. It gives some just conception of the eminent practical spirit of the Romans,

informed and ennobled by taste and an enlightened sense of the grand and magnificent.

But in alluding to all these fine monuments of the past, I am reminded of that architectural wonder of modern times, the church of St. Peter's. This wonderful structure yields, in grandeur of design and execution, to none of the finest of ancient temples, and standing there in its entire perfection, teaches what the cultivated art of modern times has been able to produce.

I have been amazed at the treasures of art in the Vatican and the Capitol. It is incredible, the immense extent and riches of the Vatican galleries. You wander from room to room in admiration and delight, lost in a wilderness of art, and when you stand before the Apollo Belvedere you are fastened to the spot as if by a magic spell. It is an era in one's life when one sees for the first time this exquisite work. For the study of the history and archæology of art, as indeed of all that pertains to the subject of classical antiquities, no place can be equal to Rome. And since the days of Winckelmann, whose labors here formed an epoch in these studies, much has been done by scholars of scarcely less fame, in Italy by Zoëga and Visconti, and in Germany, among many others, by Böttiger, Hirt, Thiersch, and Otfried Müller. Additional materials have been gathered, busts, inscriptions, and statues discovered, collected, and explained, and the subjects have assumed a scientific form and character. In the topography of ancient Rome, great service has been rendered by the works of Canina and Bunsen, and recently by a work on Roman archæology by Becker, the first volume of which, devoted to this subject, has already appeared.

But I must hasten to close this letter, which may be getting too long. Yet a notice, however, of one or two things which may be of some interest. I was present at the Christmas service at St. Peter's. It was certainly a grand and imposing spectacle, the presence of the Pope and the whole body of cardinals in their official robes, and a countless multitude assembled in the most magnificent church in the world, to celebrate the birth of Christ; but there is too strong a mixture of the worldly in the whole scene, too much of a pageant, to awaken Christian feelings and impressions, and I must confess that I found the service growing tedious and repulsive, and was glad when it was over. A few days ago I attended an exhibition of languages at the Propaganda. Some fifty exercises were exhibited in nearly as many different tongues,

belonging to all quarters of the world; for instance, three dialects of the Chinese, the Hebrew and its kindred dialects, the Coptic, Bulgarian, etc., these of course all by native students. This, you are aware, is the missionary school of Rome. If it only sent abroad the pure truth, and scattered the written word!

In closing, let me mention a rare pleasure which I enjoyed yesterday in attending a little religious meeting, composed of temporary residents here, mostly from England. It was an unexpected privilege to meet here, among others, Mr. Ellis, the well known missionary; Dr. Keith, the author of the work usually called "Keith on the Prophecies;" and John Harris, the distinguished author of the "Great Teacher." Thus in Rome, too, one meets with valued Christians, and may enjoy the pleasures of social worship. I thought of the words of the Saviour, that neither in the mountain of Samaria, nor yet in Jerusalem alone, may men worship the Father; for "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

POMPEII AND VESUVIUS.

Rome, April 6, 1844. I have just returned from Naples. It is the most beautiful city I have yet seen; an incomparably lovely situation, and all the environs from Misenum, on one side, round to Sorrento on the other extreme point of the semicircle, charming beyond description. Every day I made some new excursion. Pompeii and Vesuvius were the places that interested me most, though Baiæ and Cumæ and the whole vicinity are crowded with classic associations. Pompeii I visited twice, and went over the whole of it very carefully. You know that this city and Herculaneum were buried by one of the eruptions of Vesuvius in the year 79, and have been excavated since the middle of the last century. In Herculaneum comparatively little excavation has been done, because the modern town of Portici is built upon it; but of Pompeii a very large part has been laid open, and there you see the streets and pavements, temples, theatres, private houses and shops, just as they were eighteen centuries ago, when this unhappy city was destroyed by the volcano. It is a place full of instruction, and to myself, in regard to the life and manners of the Greeks and Romans, of immense importance. Many things that I knew only from books, I have here learned by personal observation, and in a manner infinitely more clear and satisfactory. The ascent of Vesuvius was laborious, but exciting and instructive. From

Naples to Portici, by railroad, about fifteen minutes, then we walked about a mile to Resina, and there took ponies and commenced the ascent. We rode about an hour and a quarter, a large part of the way surrounded everywhere by stones and rocks of lava, till at length we reached the steep sides of the mountain itself. From here we climbed up on foot, a difficult, fatiguing operation, over rocks and sand, of perhaps three quarters of an hour. Arrived at the top, we found ourselves on the ridge of the open crater. I should say it is half a mile round it. Down below we looked upon what seemed a sea of sulphur and lava, in the middle of which rose the smaller cone, from which was continually issuing smoke and flames and red-hot stones, attended by loud explosions. We got down the sides of the crater, and to my surprise the sulphur and lava, which from above had looked quite liquid, were hard, and easily admitted of a passage over them. We went over, though in some places it cracked as we stepped, and clambered up the steep sides of the cone till we got very near the very mouth, and farther than which it was quite impossible to go. The cone is open at the top only on one side, so that we felt tolerably secure, though I confess, as I stood there and heard the explosions and saw the flames and red-hot stones, I had some queer sensations. But it is a grand though awful spectacle, and, associated with all the historical interest of the mountain, inspires the most solemn and the sublimest emotions. In various parts below, in the midst of this vast sea of lava, are minor cones, or little eminences, which are hissing and spitting, and sending little pieces of burning lava. I stood by the side of one, and pulled out a little piece with my cane, and jerked it along, and when it was cold enough, took it with me. In returning we went down on another side, where there is nothing but sand, and a precious time we had of it, tumbling down, and at every step up to our knees in the sand.

HOMeward WITH AN EMPTY POCKET-BOOK AND A GLAD
HEART.

Paris, May 14, 1844. Why, you will ask, are you not already off and out upon the Atlantic, making for home? Well, the vessels for the 15th and 16th were third-rate affairs, and I should have been booked, perhaps, for fifty days, with poor accommodations and no company. Then the *Argo* was to leave on the 24th, the finest and fastest ship that goes out of the Havre, and already some very agreeable people had taken passage in her. Moreover,

this arrangement would give me time to see Paris. So that, in short, finally, and to conclude, without exhortation or farther practical observation, I beg leave to announce, with infinite joy, that I have taken passage in this ship, to wit, the *Argo*, Captain Anthony, which leaves Havre, wind and weather permitting, on the 24th this current month. Now I have only to hope and pray for favorable winds and good weather, that I may have a short and safe passage home. My money is dreadfully out at the elbows, and indeed everywhere else. I am afraid I shall land at New York without money enough to get me to Boston! If you could come on to New York about the 24th June, it would be very nice. I will go to the Waverley House, Broadway, or, if that good old house is no more, then to the Astor, but I shan't stop one moment in New York if I can help it.

DIARY AND LETTERS WRITTEN DURING A VISIT TO EUROPE IN 1857.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC IN SEARCH OF HEALTH.

(From a Letter.)

ADELPHI HOTEL, LIVERPOOL, 24th March, 1857.

MOST thankful and rejoiced am I to get on terra firma again, to sit down to a table where things are not tumbling and rolling and pitching and threatening a general smash-up. The voyage has given me strength and vigor such as I have not had for a long time; it has given me appetite and courage, — courage to eat and to walk and go about and keep about, and feel I need not be so afraid of fever turns and the like. I kept on deck, on the saloon deck, nearly the whole voyage, and sometimes stayed through squalls of hail and snow. It was the best place close by the smoke-pipe, that huge red thing by which we stood together. There I got fresh air, and indeed gales of wind on one side, and on the other warm air as from a fire, and the floor below me so nicely heated from the pipe as to keep my feet just right. You would have laughed to see me there, coat buttoned and shawl around and cap close down, now breasting the wind and taking in the air, and then turning about to hug the smoke-pipe. On one night we had a perfect hurricane of four hours' length, during which the sea carried away, or rather stove in, a part of our bulwarks on one side. I was so fortunate as to sleep through it all, though it was a very uneasy sleep.

LONDON HOTELS AND LONDON CROWDS.

(From a Letter.)

MORLEY'S HOTEL, LONDON, 27th March, 1857.

Here I sit in the writing and reading room of this hotel, with that fine Nelson statue looking down upon me, and am thinking how far off you are from me. I got on nicely from Liverpool by rail, despite a little headache. Such comfortable cars and seats, six seats in the car, capacious, divided by elbow cushions, and

stuffed partitions almost up to the top of the car, so that each seat is really an independent easy-chair; and with my habit of sleeping in a chair, I was as well off as possible. On arriving we got into a cab and made for this hotel, where we arrived at about ten P. M. They have capital arrangements at the station. Your luggage is taken down from the top of the car by the conductor, or rather the guard; he finds you a cab, brings the cabman, puts you and yours in, and then tells the man where to go, and you are off. The cabmen are the company's, and never shout to you or say a word, till the guard himself comes. How much better than the uproar in our depots. Yesterday was a great day with me, — bright and pleasant in the forenoon, and I improved it on the driver's seat on an omnibus, riding in all about seven miles. I went to St. John's Wood, saw the new college, a fine building, beautifully situated, and found Dr. William Smith (the dictionary man), who received me very cordially and wished me to stop and dine with him, which I declined. He is a very gentlemanly man, regular English, but not like my idea of the independent dissenters, to which denomination he and the new college belong. I am very comfortable in this hotel, with all things as I could desire them. From what I can judge, too, the prices are not so high as I had feared in England. At Liverpool it was 37½ cents for bed, 50 for breakfast with meat, and 37½ for tea, and the dinner 50 or more, according to what you take, and fees for servants about 50 cents per day. My room was very comfortable, large, with a double bed curtained and canopied, and every possible convenience. Here I am about as well off, and with prices not much higher. I sit in the coffee-room, or here in a nice place for reading and writing, a fire in the grate, with the blazing coal, materials for writing all at hand, and guide-books, maps, etc., all about me. When not engaged I have sights enough from the windows to interest and amuse me. What a world is this London! — such a streaming population of human beings of all ranks and occupations and characters, driving, jostling, and pushing on, I wonder where and for what, and with what thoughts and feelings, and hopes and fears, and loves and hates, throbbing and working within their heads and hearts! Those cabmen over the way in a long line with whips up and on the lookout for a passenger — I wonder if they have happy homes, and a wife and children to welcome them after their rushing drives through the noisy thoroughfares of the city. I wonder if they think of much be-

yond their sixpences and shillings, and stretch their hopes and faith beyond this world to the promised blessedness and purity of heaven. I dare say there are some good happy Christians among them, though they are thought to be a hard, godless set. I have found them well-disposed and merry, though willing enough to get an extra sixpence. And so with that throng of gay fashion and nobility and wealth that I saw yesterday at Hyde Park. As I looked into the carriages as they passed me — and the carriages come close to you and are quite low, with windows down — I wondered what those faces, of all features and expressions and all ages, meant and might reveal if one could look within and read the heart and character. Some looked happy, but I thought many were very dull-looking folks, and trying very hard to have a good time. A few rosy, fresh faces of young girls and children really were quite a relief to the old-young gentlemen and faded dowagers, setting up still for middle-aged and young. Still the English face, especially of the men, and I noticed it most in the foot-walks and in the horseback riders, is fresh-looking, robust, and healthy. I noticed it, too, in the cars, and almost envied some of those comfortable-looking fellows, who seemed to be strangers to all sorts of aches and feeblenesses. But perhaps they, too, have their troubles and ills. But what is all this to you and me, when I am writing to you or trying to talk to you across that ocean of three thousand miles. Ah, if the telegraph or some other scientific wonder would only sharpen my eyes and ears, and give them range enough to let me see you and know that all is going well at home! When these weeks and months of this interval are gone, and have brought me all of health and strength that I look for, with accessions of knowledge as well as of the experience of God's goodness and mercy, what joy shall we have in my return to our happy home.

THE GREAT EASTERN. — THE THAMES TUNNEL. — THE DR.
JOHNSON "COFFEE-HOUSE."

Saturday, March 28, 1857. Much better, and have done some sight-seeing. By omnibus to Waterloo Bridge; then took a little steamer down the Thames about three miles; then put ashore in a boat at the shipyard where the Great Eastern is building. She loomed up from the river side in enormous proportions. We found ourselves disappointed about the time for seeing the ship, but by dint of a little perseverance got attached to a party, and thus

shown all over the ship. It is immense, pro-d-i-g-i-o-u-s in all its conception and details of execution, and impresses one with amazement at the wonders of science, and also the audacious enterprise and scheming of man. Almost 700 feet long as she now rests on her supports, with ten saloons, five smoke-pipes, paddle-wheels over 100 feet in diameter. Will accommodate 4,000 passengers, and carry (without passengers) 10,000 troops. She is for the Australian service. Took a boatman and sailed up as far as the Thames Tunnel; went through it and back, all lighted with gas and alive with crowds of people, little shops, music going on, and all deep down below the tide of trade and commerce of the Thames. As the steamer was long coming, we took another boatman, who rowed us to Waterloo Bridge. These bridges are magnificent lines of arches, and look very imposing from the river; also the buildings, as the Tower and many others. Then we walked up to the Strand and Fleet Street, and went to Bolt Court and dined at the "Dr. Johnson," the veritable house and room where Johnson, Goldsmith, and the rest used to sit together. Two immense portraits in the coffee-room, one of Johnson, the other of Goldsmith. If the old bear were now alive he could get much better fare in London at many a place I could show him, if our dinner was a fair specimen of the table.

AN INVALID'S SUNDAY IN LONDON. — SPURGEON'S CHAPEL AND SERMON.

Sunday, March 29, 1857. Woke up with cold worse, and with headache. Gave up going to Surrey Gardens to hear Mr. Spurgeon. A bed nearly all the forenoon, and much better for it, so that at twelve I had a good appetite for breakfast. Having learned that Mr. Spurgeon preached in his own chapel, New Park Street, Southwark, at half past six, I determined to go, though we had no tickets, a limited number of which is issued gratis, on account of the crowds that come to hear him. Took a cab and went a Sabbath-day's journey, wellnigh, and drew up just at dusk in a narrow, dark street, at a very indifferent looking chapel, standing a little back from the sidewalk. People already standing at the doors as if at a concert-room or theatre, for doors to open. I asked the policeman in attendance, who demanded my ticket, if any of the deacons or church people were about, and presently some one came along to whom he directed me. I told my story and soon got in with my party to the yard, where after a

little waiting the doors were opened and we made our way into the chapel, a most uninviting, dark-looking room, with nothing to impress or attract one. The seats for such comers as we were limited, and not in the pews, but just outside the pews, and as the knowing ones made their way in quick, we found none left, except just under the pulpit. People who owned or hired seats and pews soon began to come in very thick and with no solemnity or decorum at all. All was just as at a concert or a lecture, during the interval before the exercises opened. There was talking and laughing, quite loud, and persons about me were talking over family matters, the news of the day, etc. We had like to have had a bit of a scene too, as some gas escaped from one of the burners in the gallery and took fire with a considerable explosion and some smoking, so that for a moment all were rushing for the doors with great alarm. But soon all grew quiet, and for the next ten minutes the carpenter was at work repairing something or other with hammer and nails with the utmost coolness as though in his own shop. The opening was anything but edifying. Then appeared the minister through the crowd near us, and walked slowly up the pulpit stairs close by, — rather a stout, square-built man as he seemed to me in passing, with a heavy face, and quite inexpressive of the ability and the remarkable gift for popular speaking which I found he had. He has light complexion and light brown hair, I should say, and his appearance in general, in dress, etc., quite nice and well looked to. The hair especially seemed quite well arranged. He commenced the service with reading a very long hymn, in a voice of large compass and variety of sound, and though not rich, yet rather agreeable and impressive. Reading very good and surely such as would interest; he seemed to feel what the hymn said, and, as I afterward noticed from the sermon, was already in the hymn interested in the subject he was to preach upon. After the hymn, which was sung without organ or other accompaniment by the congregation, he read a few verses with a very full exposition or rather paraphrase, so that one hardly knew when he was reading or when he was speaking; the language was quite biblical, and flowed without any break or hesitation and without the change of a word, though he had no notes. (During the hymn, windows behind the pulpit were broken by stones thrown from the street. He stopped after a verse, and told the audience the evil would soon be remedied by the police.) After the hymn he said he would depart from

his practice, and call upon some one to pray, and so called upon one of his deacons, who offered a very appropriate and fervent prayer. Then another hymn, and then the sermon. Before the text, he begged the people about the pulpit and in the aisles to keep quiet as possible, saying that "he had felt himself so oscillating to and fro with the surge that he had become quite disconcerted, and had wellnigh lost every thought out of his head, so that he was not in condition to lead the devotions of the congregation." He then announced his text, Hosea ii. 16 and 17: "And it shall be at that day, saith the Lord, that thou shalt call me Ishi, and thou shalt call me no more Baali. For I will take away the names of Baalim out of her mouth, and they shall no more be remembered by their name." He should draw three or four lessons from this text, and should proceed to them without preface or prelude. The *first* lesson rested upon the words *thou shalt* and *thou shalt no more* call, etc.; and exhibited in its stiffest Calvinistic form the doctrine of God's electing grace. It was quite apart and independent of men's wills that they were sanctified and saved. The Bible talked of God's sovereign will, not of the human will; of what God would do and what He would not do. Your will may be shut up against God, but He has the key to open it; your heart may be hard and desperately set on mischief and wickedness, but God has a hammer with which to break and soften it to humility and love; your knee may be stiff and stout, and you may say you will not bow and pray, but God can bend it and bring you to his feet in lowliest penitence. It's of no use for you to say you are not willing, and therefore can't be saved, God will make you willing. What, you ask, when I am unwilling? No, not in your unwillingness will you be converted, but God's spirit will make you willing. You may come in here to-night all set against God, and determined you won't love and serve Him, and "nilly-willy," if He has the sovereign purpose to save you, you will go home humbled and renewed in heart and mind. And this was a glorious doctrine for which the preacher blessed God, and for which Christian people could not too much adore and praise Him.

The *second* lesson was this: when God's spirit sanctifies a man, he makes thorough work of it. When God says to a man, Thou shalt call me no more Baali, but shalt call me Ishi, then, after that, the man becomes one of God's children, — no longer a sinner without hope, but a saint blessed by the renewing grace of

God. And his renewal will be thorough, continuous, and will go on to the day of his entrance to the courts of heaven. What an elevating, consoling thought, that thus the whole human character shall by God's grace be renovated till it becomes free from every stain or blemish. The preacher remarked that the Jews, after being called of God to the service of Jehovah, were as a nation no longer idolaters. They became thoroughly quit of the sin of idolatry, and never could abide the idolatrous practices of the Gentiles. So he had noticed that a Christian after his conversion became especially set against any particular form of sin to which he had been addicted. If he had been intemperate, he could not be tempted to touch or tolerate anything that would intoxicate; if a Sabbath breaker, he would become a most punctilious rigid Puritan the world ever saw. And now to think that thus God's people will be sanctified thoroughly; not freed from one sin only, but every form of sin; not only made pure, but they could never become impure; so without spot or stain that they could never become stained or spotted by sin. He had often thought that a saint's first day in heaven would be one of utter wonder and amazement. We shall be amazed that there is now no sin to fight with, no spiritual enemies to guard against; to find everything holy, and God's service a pure delight with nothing to mar or blemish. So will it be, you poor Christian, who art now troubled with sin; if God's grace sanctify you it will sanctify you wholly; God's grace will make clean work in the renovation of a human soul, and heaven will receive you holy and pure, free from all sin. Is n't this something to bless God for? What love in such redeeming grace! Bless God for all this, and be assured He will carry on to perfection his work of grace.

The *third* lesson the preacher wished everybody to listen to, and especially the young and young Christians, viz.: *Many things not bad in themselves must be shunned by a good man, because associated with bad things.* Nothing wrong in itself in the word Baali; God had used it himself in several places as a title for himself to be used by his people. But the heathen had used it for idol gods, and so it became associated with bad things; and so a good Jew could not use it of God, though he might perhaps not hurt his own conscience, because it was connected with idol worship, and might lead others astray. So now with many things not bad *per se*, but bad in their associations and consequences, in their influence by example upon others. A young man says card-

playing don't hurt me any; I am just as good a Christian if I have a nice little game of whist with my friends; of course this is n't wrong, and of course I shall do it. But card-playing is the world over connected with gambling, which is a very bad vice, and you, young man, who call yourself a Christian, and want to do good in the world, — you had better not talk about the innocence of this thing for you, when it has led to the ruin of thousands. (Gambling always reminded him of the shocking scene at the foot of the cross, where the soldiers shook their dice in gambling for Christ's raiment. He always fancied he saw those soldiers and heard those rattling dice, while above them hung the Son of God, dying to take away the sins of the world.) And so of going to horse-races, of opera-going, and theatres, etc. You may argue that *per se* they are not bad, but they are connected with bad things, and you must shun them. Suppose a Jew in the temple, and a heathen standing near him. The Jew calls upon God as Baali. What! says the heathen, that venerable Jew yonder, he calls upon Baali and worships him as his God; certainly he can't call me an idolater, or call idolatry wrong and a bad thing. My dear fellow, replies the Jew, you don't understand my worship at all; I don't worship idols. Yes, but you call your God Baali, and that's the name of my God, too. But, my dear sir, you don't distinguish; I don't worship that wooden thing you have stuck up in your temple and call your god; I worship Jehovah, the Almighty, and the one God of my fathers. But the heathen goes away without understanding. The Jew had better shun the name Baali and call upon Jehovah. Shun all things that lead to what is bad, even if they are not of themselves bad. He spoke of the case of Rowland Hill hearing that some members of his church went to the theatre, and following them there, and hailing them in one of the boxes, and said he should do the same, and turn them out, too, after he had got home. Also an anecdote of a lady who wanted a coachman; three came in succession, and she asked each how near he could drive to danger. The first said, Why, madam, I think within a yard of it, and go clear. Ah, said she, you are no coachman for me. The second said, I can come close upon it and yet suffer no harm. You will never do for me, said she. The third replied, Why, madam, that's something I never tried; when I see danger ahead, I just shun it and keep as far away as possible. You are the coachman for me, she said, and took him at once.

The *fourth* and last lesson rested on the distinction between the names Ishi and Baali, as synonyms for *husband*, and unfolded the love shown by God to his chosen people. Ishi, a term of endearment, which a wife would use "*as a fondling term in softer moments of conjugal life*;" Baali, meaning lord, master, when the husband had been rather sharp in his words, and had practically claimed in his demeanor something of the lordship belonging to man. Jehovah, therefore, in his condescending love, says, "Thou shalt call me Ishi, and no more Baali." I will be a loving husband to you, not a despotic master. And so may the Christian especially, by the redeeming love of Christ, draw nigh to God as a God full of love, and call Him by endearing names, having no more the spirit of bondage unto fear, but the spirit of adoption, awakening love and fullest confidence.

The sermon closed with an impressive and glowing exhibition of the privileges of a renewed soul in this near and affectionate relation, and the fearful condition of a sinner who can look to God with no feelings but those of fear and terror. And if such be the contrast here on earth, how infinitely greater will it be in the other world!

The whole sermon was preached without any notes; with entire fluency and self-command, and kept the interested attention of the crowded audience to the very close. A great preacher for uneducated masses, who have no tastes to offend, no sense of decorum and propriety of manner or language to make them observant and critical, and who are willing to take, along with the honest and well-applied truth, telling anecdotes and illustrations, and even striking jests, that will entertain as well as instruct, even if they make them smile or laugh. But not a first-class pulpit orator, in my judgment; culture quite insufficient, even very moderate; but great energy and force; great natural gifts for speaking, and apparently much sincerity and love for the gospel and the business of preaching it; though certainly these not unmixed — so far as one's impressions are a standard — with a kind of professional feeling; a feeling that he has a certain place to keep, and a fame to make and keep as a great preacher. I am sure I should not take so much pains to hear him a second, as I did this first time, and should decline decidedly having him for my minister, whom I must hear every Sunday.

QUIET IN LONDON. — ENGLISH POLITICS.

Monday, March 30, 1857. Strolled about Fleet Street, and went into the Middle Temple and Inner Temple, near Temple Bar, through alleys and courts innumerable; some of them quite large and extended, and all clear and perfectly quiet, though so close by the stir of the great babel of the city.

Took a cab and called on Sir Charles Lyell, 53 Harley Street, and delivered a print of Professor Wyman, handed me by Dr. Gould. Had a pleasant call. Sir Charles Lyell, a man about sixty, gray hair, and stoops a little, but full of intelligence in his conversation, though rather passionless, and wanting in vivacity. Inquired about Dr. Gould, Professor Wyman, Professor Agassiz and his work; also about the "Dred Scott" case. Was very much pleased with Mr. Dallas, as he had been with Buchanan, whom he had known very well. Thought the elections looked bad for England, as Palmerston, he thought, had missed it, especially in bringing the Russian war so soon to an end. I have been very much interested in England in observing the usage at elections, and the sensible and also rapid way in which such business is adjusted. The Saturday before we landed at Liverpool (March 21) Parliament was dissolved, and decrees issued for new elections throughout the kingdom, and the week we have been in London the elections have all come off, and in many parts of Great Britain. Palmerston appealed to the country from Parliament rather than resign, having been in a minority on the Chinese war, a vote of censure having been passed for the conduct of it by the ministers. Thus far the country goes for Palmerston, and against those who censured, and he is likely to come in again as premier, with a large majority. The party for peace, Cobden, Bright, etc., are all down with the people, and both these famous leaders are ousted by new men, quite unknown. There will be a large number of quite new members in Parliament, a thing to be regretted, as there is to be a new speaker. Lefevre had been speaker sixteen years, admirably fitted for his duties, by universal agreement, by long experience, as well as natural abilities and tact and knowledge of parliamentary rules. He retires to a peerage (Viscount Eversly) and a large pension. Dispatched Everett's Discourses to Dr. Whewell, Dr. Hawtrey, and Sir John Herschel, by mail, sending a letter with them.

CROSSING THE CHANNEL.

Tuesday, March 31. Left London at 8.15 for Folkestone and Boulogne and Paris. Got nicely located; four of us in a first-class car, very comfortable in all respects, so that if it had been night I could have slept the whole way. Reached Folkestone at 11.30; a queer old place, but it rained, and I kept close. Low tide, and we waited till 12.45, when we got under way in the steamboat for Boulogne, by the Channel. Rainy, cloudy, sleety, foggy, and everything else disagreeable, and the boat pitched and rolled about like a cockle-shell. Wrapped in shawls and sailor's India-rubber clothes, I sat by the smoke-pipe again (though not so nice a one as the Niagara's) all the way, with no fear of rain or storm before my eyes, though it was cold and uncomfortable, but better than down below. When two thirds the way across, and England was therefore quite behind us, the fog and clouds disappeared, and the sun shone out bright, and the air was most refreshing and exhilarating. So England *vs.* France; fogs and damps and rains for sunshine and fresh air. We landed at three P. M., and were marched off the wharf to the custom-house, between two lines of ropes, behind which were lots of people, some looking for friends, and others only gazing for fun; and then in a cue went in and showed passports, and then had luggage examined. We had an agent with us accustomed to the business, who drove us through all the paces at double-quick time, and then got us to a Hotel Bedford, just in time to get "a hasty plate of soup" and a bit of roast chicken for supper; and then a rush for the cars again, which we reached in season for the train for Paris. Got into nice cars again, though not quite equal to the English; and here began at last, in good earnest, French voices and French speaking. We had in our car an English gentleman who was very communicative and interesting in conversation, well acquainted, too, with America, and we found at last that he was the head of the house of the Barings, — Sir Francis Baring.

SUNDAY IN PARIS.

Sunday, April 5, 1857. Sunday in Paris; but my Bible here and God here, and access to Him by meditation and prayer. I thought of all at home. Especially the Sunday-school was in my thoughts and my heart, and I felt myself there in spirit at least, as, too, I did with my own dear family at different hours of the

day. Blessings be with them all this day, and on the teachers, officers, and all the members of the school from the oldest down to the youngest in the infant class. I love and think of them all, and pray God to shed upon them ever the selectest influences of his grace and love. In the evening went to Evangelical Chapel, 54 Rue de Provence, to hear Rev. Dr. Kirk. A neat, commodious chapel, quite back from the street, and deliciously quiet, though in the midst of noisy thoroughfares. Was surprised to find so small a congregation, certainly not over a hundred; the seats were but thinly taken, and the *tout ensemble* had a very cheerless aspect. The service was in part the Episcopal, as the evening prayer service was read, and afterwards singing, then an *extempore* prayer, hymn, sermon, and closing prayer. The sermon excellent, adapted to the season of Easter, from Christ's words, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me!" Some points very impressive and affecting, and fitted to lead one in renewed penitence and faith and love to Christ the Redeemer. I was never so much pleased with Mr. Kirk, though he is so much changed that I should not have recognized him, except by something peculiar in his voice. I could not but think, though, his manner is not exactly what I like, — a little finical, I think, for a minister of Christ. How much better I liked his whole sermon and preaching than Mr. Spurgeon's.

VERSAILLES AND IMPERIAL PARAPHERNALIA.

Saturday, April 11, 1857. Versailles to-day, and on the whole a great day for it; with the exception of an hour or two, fine weather all the time. The railroad ride delightful, the air so soft, and the country pleasant around us. At the Versailles station came across a commissionaire, Marchard by name, who turned out a trump of a fellow, familiar with the whole place, talking English, and quite polite and reasonable withal. We took him, and he put us through everything very handsomely. Was amazed at the splendor of this splendid Versailles, its marble halls and floors, and its rich galleries of art. What a brilliant history of brilliant France is sculptured, painted, and inscribed here in paintings, busts and statues and tablets, from Louis XIII. down to the reigning Napoleon III. What a wonderful history of Napoleon's career does one read here in all these battle-scenes, coronations, victories, and triumphs, in his portraits as First Consul and Emperor and those of all his great marshals and admirals. And

what lessons of the changeful and evanescent character of all earthly glory, the great battles fought and won, the civil glories attained, the brilliant court and great country he made and ruled; and then his fall and St. Helena, and his wretched last life there in mortification and despair. And so of the Louis before him, and Charles the Tenth, and Louis Philippe after him. And now this nephew emperor here, and his portraits and statues bringing up the close to this day, and himself ruling and appointing and controlling all this splendid place. Our whole day was taken with the Palace, and we had but little time to wander over the gardens, and none for the interior of the Trianon. We looked in and saw the state carriages, massive things enough, and all brilliant with gilded work. The most splendid of them was used the last time for the baptism occasion of the Prince Imperial. Strange that a Christian ordinance, so simple in all its original character and circumstances, should require for the child of a Christian ruler such a gorgeous carriage as this, with all the other brilliant train behind it, on the way to the church and the baptismal font! Would not the Saviour and his apostles, the early Christians, would not John the Baptist, denounce such proceedings with holy indignation!

EASTER. — MUSIC *vs.* RITUAL.

April 12th, Easter Sunday. Went to St. Roch Church, which was filled with people of all classes and ages, who seemed at least to be there in the spirit of worshipers. At least I felt that God, who knows and sees the heart, could alone distinguish among us all who in the church sought Him in truth and loved his services and who cared for his day, his word, and all his commandments. Such music as I heard there seemed full of devotion in its influence. I am sure that, although I knew not at all what was chanted and sung, yet the music lifted my thoughts to God and good things, to heaven and its praises and its holy services. The bell-ringing, kneelings, etc., were utterly void of significance to me as acts of worship. I had no comprehension of it any more than if I had been in a heathen temple, ancient or modern.

Afterward went to the Notre Dame, which was also well filled, though high mass was over. Walked about it and looked again at its grand old nave and aisles and chapels, which I had not seen for years. Rained hard most of the morning, and I wondered

how I should have felt in Providence a month ago walking about in the rain.

BY RAIL WHERE HANNIBAL'S ARMY CROSSED.

Tuesday and Wednesday, April 14 and 15. *En route* for Marseilles via Lyons. Left Paris at 11 A. M., dined at Dijon, and reached Lyons at 9.47 P. M., after a very pleasant ride. Wednesday left Lyons at 8 A. M., had a nice lunch at Valence, the old Valentia (how many times I have *gone through it* in my Livy studies in my classes). Reached Marseilles at 4 P. M. The ride far pleasanter than from Paris to Lyons. The Rhone on our right a large part of the way; quite narrow for two thirds the way, but broad as we neared Marseilles. Thought of Hannibal and his army, and their crossing here, and fancied many a point, which seemed to correspond with the description, might have been the spot where he got over by charging the Gauls on the other side, while the detachment he had sent up the river to cross at a higher point fell upon their rear.

BY SEA AND LAND TO ROME.

Friday, April 17. On steamer from Marseilles to Civita Vecchia.

A wonderfully fine day on the Mediterranean, sky cloudless, and the sea calm as a lake, and the air soft as summer. We were under an awning all day. I was up early and on deck all day. The late hour of breakfast, half past nine, a great inconvenience, at least to me, and then, too, nothing till the dinner at five P. M. One can have a cup of black coffee early, but nothing is expected to be given with it. It works very well with the company, especially in this Italian line, as they stop at the ports, Genoa, Leghorn, Civita Vecchia, in the morning early, and people go ashore at about nine, and the company make all their breakfasts clear. But, however, these *cuisine* arrangements did not rob me of my enjoyment of this exquisite day in the Mediterranean. How I lay about, and strolled around the deck, and gazed at sky and sea, and the French and Ligurian coast on the one side, and the Corsican on the other. I thought how all these waters had been historic ground from the earliest periods of history, traversed by how many fleets, peaceful and warlike, of how many nations, ancient and modern, and the scenes of how many voyages, disastrous and successful, how many engagements, victories and losses and

disgraces. A day I can never forget, and if those I love best had only been with me, to drink in that balmy, genial air, and muse together with me over all of the past of the world's history!

Saturday, 18th. Slept well, and in the morning rose early from my berth, looked through the little window upon the sea, and saw the glorious sun rise above it and the Etruscan shore behind it. It was yet early and we were coming into Civita Vecchia, a place dreaded by me most intensely from my remembrance of my last visit to it, when we had rows with *vetturini* and loss of time and patience and money. But this time from the French steamer we got through with no great difficulty. On disembarking we had given us a printed paper, stating the fixed prices for boatmen, then for *facchini*, then for a commissionaire if we wanted one, one franc for each, a tariff quite high enough. At the landing an agent of the company was there to receive us, and see that the boatman made no extra charge, and to tell us where to go next; and then a fellow came up and asked me if I wanted to go by diligence to Rome, whom I found to be a commissionaire, or a *servitore de piazza*. He got us our tickets for the diligence, paying in advance himself, while we were going through the custom-house examination, which was a farce (and no fee at all necessary to hurry them); then went about and got our passports *viséd* by two or three different people, the American consul, among the rest, charging one dollar for the *visé*; got our baggage *plombéd* for Rome, and ourselves landed at the Hôtel Orlandi, for a breakfast; for all which I thought he earned one franc per head. We got off for Rome at ten o'clock, and as good luck would have it, I had a seat in the *coupé* and the boys on the *banquette* or coachman's box. We had another superb day; nothing could have been finer for a drive on our way to Rome. Only the importunate postilions at the end of each station, — and it was forty-seven miles, about four posts, — and then the conductor at the end, were begging for *buono mano*. I found everybody paid, even a poor-looking monk who sat in the *coupé*, five *baiocchi* or cents to each postilion, and so I fell in with the rest, though vexed at such a usage. But we were going to Rome and it was glorious weather, and who would care for postilions, or *buono mano*, or any such like imposition. Only the people at the city gates who looked in at the windows and took my passport I could n't be induced to give anything to; it was too bare a humbug for them to hold

out their beggarly hands and ask for *qualche cosa*, a detestable expression. We had had St. Peter's looming up before us for miles, and beyond the hills from Soracte, round to the Alban Mount; and there was enough food for thought without thinking of the diligence and its humbugs; and as we quit the Porta Cavalleggieri and the official with hand outstretched, we soon came close by the colonnades and piazza of St. Peter's! What an inspiring sight! I saw that the piazza was thronged with people, and on asking my monk neighbor what it meant, he told me that the illumination was coming off *questa sera*, as it had been postponed from Holy Week on account of the *tempo cattivo*. And so I shouted to the boys, on the *banquette*, that they had got there just in time for this great sight of a Roman Easter Week. We got through the diligence office as soon as possible and made for the Hôtel d'Allemagne; and there I was again, crossing the Corso, rushing up the Via Condotti, and stopping opposite Lepri's, and near the corner of the Piazza di Spagna. We got rooms, and then, admonished by the *garçon*, who told us we should be late, as it was near eight o'clock, we hurried up to the Pincian Hill, it being quite too late to reach the Piazza of St. Peter's. The silver illumination was already to be seen, and then, at eight precisely, all at once the golden blaze of the hundreds of lights broke out upon our sight, lighting up the whole dome, and giving the utmost distinctness to all its lines and contour, and throwing it against the dark sky, a great, gigantic pile. What crowds were there to gaze; what exclamations in all tongues, expressing the common human surprise and delight! And yet this a *religious* ceremony, and a closing part of Holy Week!

THREE SHORT DAYS IN ROME.

Rome, Sunday, April 19. Rose very early, and found it another charming day. Went with the boys after breakfast to the Capitoline and thence to the Forum, showing them the places and objects of principal interest. All much the same as when I was here before, save that excavations have gone on on the south side of the Forum. At eleven went to the Palazzo Braschi, the house of our minister; and in a hall there heard the chaplain to the American embassy preach. A very pleasant place, and perhaps a hundred people there. An excellent sermon, "For me to live is Christ,"—very scriptural and faithful exhibition of the worldly, compared with the Christian life. Very good

indeed, and though I missed somewhat in the devotional services, which were Congregational, yet all was very edifying and most agreeable, and I hope improving to me. I felt doubt as to my duty with the boys to-day as well as myself, it being one of only four days in Rome. But I walked with them, and could not think it wrong to point out to them for their knowledge and education all that, in locality, ruins, etc., we visited or saw as we passed. The whole neighborhood of the Forum we walked about, the arches, columns, Coliseum, Cloaca Maxima, and so on, and in such a way that I think they will remember all. I was more tried still in the evening, for the fireworks — the *girandola* — were to come off on the Pincian, and it was out of the question to say No to them. So I went with them to the Piazza del Popolo, where all was yet more gorgeous, in better taste, and better appointed than years ago when I saw them from the St. Angelo. But I was glad to get away, and make to our hotel, and to my room. And so ended this *Roman* Sunday. Oh, what a different one from an American, a Providence Sunday. I thought of our Sunday-school, our church, my own family circle, and how my spirit was with them in all their services, from the morning to night. I hope they may have passed their hours better than I, and with richer fruits of such observance. God bless you all!

Monday, 20th. I got a carriage in the Piazza di Spagna for the day, at twenty-five pauls (at first he asked me thirty-five), and three for *buono mano*, and we started for a drive which I had made out beforehand as well as I could. Over the Quirinal to the Sta. Maria Maggiore, thence to the Porta Lorenzo and the remains of the aqueducts, then round to the Santa Croce and to the St. John Lateran, after having explored all the surroundings of the Porta Maggiore and especially the *specus* of the aqueduct. These splendid basilicas seen, we made our way quite across the city to the Vatican, and till three o'clock, the time of closing, saw the gallery and collections. I turned the boys to the chief things, to the Demosthenes, Minerva, and a few others in the Braccio Nuovo, to the bust of young Augustus, then the Belvedere, the Stanze of Raphael, and lastly to the pictures, the Transfiguration, and the Foligno, and the Communion. And what a four hours were these we had there! Then, for the first time for the boys, we entered St. Peter's; to me, how ever unchanged and grand this church! We spent some time here, and then

drove through the city to the Capitol, but found it was too late for the galleries, and so put it off till the morrow. Then to the Forum of Trajan, and to the Fontana de Trevi, and then to the Calcografia Camerale, and finally home. Afterward walked a little on the Pincian, but returned soon, as it was six o'clock, the dinner hour. What a crowded day; how full of events and great things to see and learn and try to know. But I doubt the wisdom of trying to do so much in four days. My evening and night and early morning hours I spent as usual, mostly by myself; but I am sure I can say "never less alone than when alone," for how much have I to think of, how much to thank God for, how much to resolve upon for the future, how many thoughts of home, and so how full are all my solitary moments!

Wednesday, 23d. A bad day for weather, this our last, and yet the Appian Way was to be seen, which has been excavated since I was here. But I was destined, alas, to lose this. We started in a carriage for the day, and got three or four miles outside the gate, but it rained so furiously, and with so little prospect of clearing up, that we turned back, much to my sorrow. We rode about the Capitol, and some of the Campus Martius, as it did not rain quite so badly on our return; and as we had no time for palaces and their galleries, and the thousand other things to be seen, I was forced to consider our Roman visit over. Much of the early day was lost by my efforts to get conveyance for Civita Vecchia. The diligence, the post-coaches, and horses were all engaged for *Thursday*, just our day, because the Empress of Russia was to come that very morning to Rome. So I had to get a *vetturino*, and pay an enormous price (80 francs), as of course they had all the advantage, knowing the state of the case still better than we. And we had to start Wednesday night at eight, instead of Thursday at daybreak, as I had intended, by extra diligence or post. And so we got off, after a capital dinner, into our *vettura*, with a regular Italian-looking fellow for our driver, large, fine face, and bright, black eyes, and himself all full of life. I had some misgivings about this night ride, for when I was here last it would not have been thought safe, but since the French occupation of Rome the Papal roads are free of brigands; those to Naples, I am told, are still dangerous, even by day. We got through very well indeed, and were very comfortable, and slept all night, with a stop of an hour at Palo, and reached Civita Vecchia at about ten in the morning. I had no written contract with the *vetturino*, but

he only planked down at Rome a napoleon *en gage*, and our hotel-keeper told me that would be enough, as he knew him to be honest.

CIVITA VECCHIA, THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA, AND NAPLES.

On Thursday, the 24th, we were back to this place, Civita Vecchia, and just inside the gate there was the same *servitore de pizza* I had employed before, ready to get some more fees, and do the work for it. All the town was in immense commotion, the streets crowded to their utmost with men, women, and children, as the Russian man-of-war was in port, and the empress was soon to come ashore and start for Rome. Went to the Hôtel de l'Europe and got our breakfast, and afterward came down to the wharf and had a good view of the empress and her retinue as they came on shore and were received by the authorities in a very gay, canopied tent of silks and damasks made on the landing, passed through, and entered their carriages and went off to Rome, amidst a long lane of people and of soldiers on either side of the road. It was the wife of the late emperor, a woman apparently over fifty, and, as well as I could see, of no particular beauty, but a face which showed some character. We got on board the steamer about noon, and left at two P. M. It was very crowded, and we had indifferent accommodations the first night, on sofas and berths in the stern, but I slept very well, and arose early on Friday, 25th, and found myself coming down to the Bay of Naples. We got on shore at about nine, and had a rush about the city in carriage and on foot; saw the Museum, though no time for long survey. The artists in the halls of paintings were sadly importunate to have us buy their copies of the Correggios and Raphaels of the gallery. I quite pitied them, as they were evidently pressed for money; but their paintings were of quite ordinary merit, and besides I had neither money to buy them nor place to put them. I found large additions to the antiquities since I was here years ago, especially of vases found in Campania and Apulia. We got back to the boat at half past one. On the way to Messina we had good weather part of the way, but towards night it grew windy and squally, and the sea ran high, and I was glad to get to bed.

AN UN-SUNDAY-LIKE SUNDAY IN MESSINA.

Messina, Sunday, April 26. Here we are, to be in this ancient island and city four or five days, to wait for the boat to the Piræus. Thought more than ever of home, church, Sunday-school,

and all to-day, while here amid scenes so different from a New England Sabbath. Saw everything, indeed, with thoughts of our First Baptist Sunday-school in my mind, and feelings of gratitude that the lot of myself and family and all my friends was not cast here amidst circumstances of government, religion, and whole civilization so unfortunate. The streets full of beggars, and wretched, sick, degraded-looking people, children running wild, and apparently uncared for physically even, to say nothing of religious and social destitution. So in the churches, into some of which I went, where the children, in rags and dirt, were running about from chapel to chapel and show to show, for what else was there in the services to them, or perhaps, indeed, to all the grown people? and of course with no possibility of being instructed and taught the truths of the Bible. At half past six went to an English service in a house near by the British consulate. Was shown into a small room, lighted by a few candles, and *filled* with an audience of three women, two small children, and one man; ourselves made three more, quite a godsend in number to such a congregation. The preacher was in the pulpit, a young-looking man, who went through the service in a tone and manner that showed want of real reverence or religious feeling, and scarce even intelligence of what he was saying and doing. The sermon was quite a good one, well written and devout in spirit, but delivered in such a way as plainly showed that the man never wrote a word of it. A most unedifying service! But I found my room pleasant, with the Bible and good books, and read to the boys A. B.'s translation of a sermon of Tholuck, and we all found it delightful and really refreshing in such a dry place as this.

A SUNDAY LETTER WRITTEN TO THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AT HOME.

April 26, 1857.

To the First Baptist Sunday-school of Providence:—

I have been thinking of you with much affection, in connection with all the strange people and scenes about me; and it has occurred to me that you might like to hear a few words of remembrance and love, written to you in a far-off land by your absent superintendent. You observe that this letter is written at Messina, a large and old city in Sicily, an island famous in ancient story, and in the history, both ancient and modern, of many nations. The island, you know, is in the Mediterranean Sea, near by the western extremity of Italy, from which it is parted by the

narrow Strait of Messina, that takes its name from the place where I am writing. From the window of my room I see across the water the high rock of Scylla, on the Italian coast, just at the head of the narrowest part of the strait, and opposite to this is the whirlpool of Charybdis, both great objects of terror to navigators of olden times, and celebrated by the ancient poets, though now not at all dreaded, as navigation is so much better understood. I have been up to the very northeast angle of the island, and ascended to the top of a lighthouse that is called by an ancient name, the Pharos, or Lighthouse, of Pelorum, and though Scylla loomed up and projected far into the strait, yet it had nothing fearful in its look; and as the weather was fine and the water very calm, I saw nothing at all that looked like the storied whirlpool of Charybdis. In the distance, as I looked out from the light, I saw the island of Stromboli, a volcanic island of the group called the Lipari, called in ancient times the Æolian Islands, because the pagan poets used to say that Æolus, the god of the winds, lived there. Indeed, in old times, when science had made little progress, there were many strange fables and stories about the volcanic islands and mountains of Sicily. About fifty miles south of Messina is Mount Etna, of whose dreadful eruptions you have probably heard, which the poets used to account for by fabling that a huge giant was confined under the island, and that Etna was on his head, and that all the terrible earthquakes and eruptions were caused by this gigantic creature trying to move and get released. But though these volcanoes are better understood in modern times, yet their effects are no less destructive. About seventy years ago this city was almost entirely destroyed by an earthquake, and even now the traveler sees traces of its desolating effects wherever he goes about the streets; and to-day I was in a gentleman's house here, and he pointed to a place in one of his rooms where a part of the ceiling had fallen down, and he told me it occurred last fall, when there was a slight earthquake here. But the danger of earthquakes I have thought very little of here, and indeed it is by no means the worst thing in the life of the people. I could indeed tell you of many pleasant things I have noticed here in Messina to-day; its charming situation and scenery; its beautiful bend of shore; and its fine, secure harbor, with the delightful landscape all around, of blue waters, and the long line of Calabrian hills opposite, and behind the conical stretch of the mountains of Sicily. The skies, too, are

bright and clear, and the climate soft and genial, so that the people are most of the time out of doors; and here, to-day, in April, the fields and gardens and trees are all in summer dress, and oranges and lemons are ripe on the trees, and people have on their table the fruits and berries and vegetables that we have late in June and in July. But all these pleasant things are in sad contrast with the miserable life and character and condition of the people themselves; and it is this that I have thought of to-day when I have been in the streets, and have observed especially how poor and ill-clad the children were, and how much they needed to be cared for, to be gathered into Sunday-schools, and taught the Bible, and the way to be good and happy here and hereafter. And then I have wished and prayed that you might all know how blessed a lot has fallen to you in your New England homes, with Christian parents and friends, with the Sabbath and the Sunday-school and the Bible, and all the means of instruction you have so abundantly given you. Here I have seen multitudes of wretched, ragged children, running about the streets, many begging of everybody they met, having no idea, apparently, of the Sabbath, of God, of the Saviour, or the way of salvation; and when I have looked into the churches, there I saw some of them too, wandering about, with nobody to look after them, and nothing like Christian instruction given them. I suppose there is hardly one of you in any of your classes that could not tell these children more in half an hour about the Bible and its tidings of a Saviour than they have ever heard or seem likely to hear in their whole lives. Then, too, I find on inquiry, that there are no schools here, or any system of public instruction, so that the children are idle, and grow up ignorant, without ever knowing how to read and write. The religion here is the Roman Catholic, and a very bad form, too, of that religion, if religion it can be called, and instead of our free institutions they have a very despotic government, which cares nothing for the people, and takes no means to educate and make them prosperous and happy. The people do not have the Bible, and have no instruction in it, and they have nothing in the churches but outside shows and forms and superstitious rites, that do not teach them to love and serve God, nor tell them anything of Christ and the way to be saved from their sins. I will tell you something in particular that came to my notice to-day. As I was in the hotel where I am stopping, I heard the noise of music in the street and the moving of many feet on the pavement. On

going to the window a strange sight, especially for Sunday, met my view. It was a great procession coming along; and first of all, little children in it I saw, hardly big enough to be in our infant school, dressed in little black cloaks and hoods, and led along, carrying candles which their little hands could hardly hold. Then came a rushing crowd, and in the centre I saw, carried on a frame supported by many men, a large figure in wood, apparently of some saint, in a kneeling posture, covered over with a great deal of gilding, and surrounded by an immense number of candles; and then a band of music, a troop of soldiers, a company of police, and the whole town behind in throngs, men, women, and children. Of course I asked what all this meant, and especially what those little boys were there for, carrying candles and dressed like little monks. And I found that this Sunday was the Festival of St. Francis, and the procession to the church was its celebration. These little boys had been vowed to his service, had been christened by his name, and they and their parents and friends considered them his children, under his protection, and always safe from harm and danger. Perhaps I did not get a very full and correct account of what I saw, but I could see enough myself to know that there was a sad want of the knowledge of the Bible, of our gracious Father in heaven, who alone can protect and bless us, and of that divine Saviour, whom in his love He has sent us, that we may all be saved from sin and be prepared for heaven. If our Saviour were now on earth, and should go about these streets on his errands of love, as He did once in Jerusalem, He would find the people not only as ignorant of the true God and the Messiah, and as much misled and deceived by corrupt priests, as He found them there, but also just as many who needed his healing mercy, the palsied, the halt, the dumb, and the blind, the wretched poor, to follow his steps and supplicate his blessing. But how happy your lot and mine in all these things, and especially in regard to our knowledge of Christ and the way of salvation! I have thought to-day much of all this contrast, and it is my prayer to God for all of us, as a school, as teachers, and as scholars, that we may know how to be thankful, to be aware how much God has given us, and what He requires of us, and that we may be sure to accept the gospel of glad tidings He has brought to our ears from our very infancy, and try to spend our lives in the service of Christ. As I have sat in my room here and looked across the strait before me, I thought of the great Apostle who once, in the course of his many

labors and sufferings for Christ's sake, came through these waters and stopped at Rhegium (the modern Reggio), which is just opposite Messina, when, as a prisoner, he was carried to Rome to plead his cause before Cæsar. If only we might have something of his heroic Christian spirit, and try to follow Christ as he did, "counting all things but loss for the excellency of Christ Jesus," that we might "win Christ," and at last "be found in Him."

SICILIAN SCENERY AND BEGGARS.

Tuesday, 28th. Sent for our passports from the police, and set them going on the route for *visés*, and a very tortuous one, too, what with messages back and forth from the American consul, police, and other authorities. Much American shipping here, and at present six or seven ships and barks, which look better than anything else in port. Mr. Behn, the American consul, gives a shocking account of religion and education and morals here. No schools and no attention to education, except for those intended for the church. Girls often sent to convents but seldom well instructed; before marriage kept very rigidly with no company in the house, but lots of intrigues and courting going on in the streets and the churches. The priests often abettors and principals in vice, and procurers, too, as I was informed by one who had heard them make overtures to English strangers here.

Wednesday, 29th. Went by carriage to the northeast corner of the island. A beautiful drive all the way along the shore. Ascended the light there, called Pelorum Light, and had a fine view of island, Scylla, sea, and strait. We were sadly annoyed by the troops of beggars, more so than at any place I ever visited. They were poor and wretched, many boys among them, and some palsied and one man dumb. This last was frightfully importunate and ran by our coach for a mile out of the village, begging by all the natural language he could command that we would aid him. I really had nothing myself, but should have certainly given if I had. Finally I told the boys if they had anything in their pockets to give it to him, as a man must be in need to run such a distance for charity. And what looks and acts of gratitude when the piece of money was flung to him! We looked back and there he stood in the road holding up both hands and apparently blessing us and commending us to heaven. I thought, as I had done during the whole drive, of Jerusalem in our Saviour's time, and the importunate manner in which the wretched

blind and lame besought his gracious aid. The aspect of Scylla was less striking than I had expected, but still a commanding, strangely projecting rock. Nothing like a Charybdis visible, but the keeper of the light told us it was frequently so stormy that no vessel could leave or enter the strait, — about a mile and a half wide at its narrowest point.

A MILITARY BEGGAR.

Thursday, 30th April. Got on board steamer at two o'clock, but left the port at four. At the wharf one of the perpetual *gens d'armes* on hand, — I had seen him hanging about there for an hour or more, — who stepped up and said "*Dogana*," which meant, of course, "a small fee and I am content." I gave him a bit of silver, and we went onto the boat without further trouble.

ALONG THE GRECIAN SHORES.

Friday and Saturday, May 1 and 2. Golden, golden days! Such a sky, such an air, and such wonderfully fine views and grand old places to see, all clustered over with great historic memories! Never did I suppose that I should have been so favored as to have such a voyage. Especially was Saturday a great day. Early we made Cape Matapan, which brought up to mind the Peloponnesus, Laconia, Sparta, and all; then came Cythera in sight on our right, and thence arose Venus Anadyomene; then we doubled the Cape Malea, and onward by Epidaurus with the Cyclades off on our right; and at last passing Hydra, we came up the Saronic Gulf, and then Ægina and Salamis, and the Piræus finally at about half past seven P. M. One succession all day of glorious sights from sunrise to sunset, and all under the finest auspices of sky and sea that could be imagined.

SUNDAY AT ATHENS. — A BIBLE READING WHERE PAUL PREACHED.

Athens, Sunday, May 3, 1857. Got ashore at seven A. M. Found a carriage and made for Athens as quick as we could, a five-mile drive over a dusty road, and with the sun already quite hot, but we were near the Cephissus and the Groves of the Academy, and soon caught a glimpse of the Acropolis and all the surrounding hills. And what a strange Sunday morning it seemed! Went to the Hôtel d'Orient, and at eleven to the Church of the English Embassy. In the afternoon went with Mr. Dickson to the

Areopagus, where we read together in the original and the English Paul's speech, Acts xvii. In the midst of such localities and on the very spot we could feel the force and pertinence of the words and thoughts he uttered. Would that a man of like spirit and force might now appear here to turn the people to a simpler and truer worship of God alone, and of the true God our Saviour!

CLASSICAL SIGHT-SEEING IN ATHENS.

Monday, May 4. Up early with the boys and an American who had come with us from Messina, and with our guide, George Makropolos, and started for the chief localities and monuments of the ancient city. Began on the southeast near by the Ilissus, the Stadium, the Olympian Jupiter's temple; then Hadrian's arch and the monument of Lysicrates, to the southeast angle of the Acropolis; first the famous old theatre of Bacchus, which I have studied so much in books; the Odeum of Herodes, where we found excavations going on with columns found already and amphoræ, statues, etc. Then went around to the west and up to the Propylæa, the Parthenon, etc. All my expectations fully realized by a sight of these grand and beautiful ruins. Picked up some bits of marble, also flowers and some crow-quills which Pegasus-like had happened to fall in the Parthenon, and took them along as souvenirs of my first visit here. Then the Museum, Pnyx, Areopagus, Temple of Theseus, and home through the narrow streets of the modern city. Certainly I never before had such a walk before breakfast. We got to the hotel at ten o'clock, and were hungry enough to eat a famous Athenian breakfast, of which the honey of Mt. Hymettus was not the worst or the smallest part. My room has two windows, the one facing the Acropolis and the other Hymettus; and so clear is the air that they appear close by me, as if I had only to take one or two steps over those roofs below me, and at once stand on those famed places.

CARRIAGE AND HORSEBACK TO MARATHON. — THE CONSEQUENCES.

Tuesday, May 5. Another great day (though a hard one and sore). Went to Marathon. Started at 4.30 A. M. (and how hard it was to get up so early after the fatigue of the day before) and by carriage to Cephissia. What a grand morning, — just like yesterday, when I was out of bed long before the guide came and

saw the early dawn on Mt. Hymettus, — and what a fresh, glorious air as we drove out the city into the country. Dr. King had spoken to me of the dangers from brigands anywhere out of the city, and I had heard too of a recent act of a band who carried out of Corinth to the mountains a wealthy citizen and his brother-in-law, and sent back demanding a ransom of about \$20,000. I confess I was not without apprehensions in respect to journeying, but Dr. Hill and others told me there was no danger whatever in any direction, and I went accordingly, thinking I should regret it if I should lose any such excursions now that I am here. Doubtless there is danger, but I reflected that just after such an act one might be safer, and besides that, the brigands were now pursued by soldiers and most apt to keep out of the way for some time to come. And glad am I that I was not dissuaded. Everything far surpassed my expectations, especially the natural scenery, the mountains everywhere, the beautiful dells and plains and especially the grand gorge just above the ancient Marathon, from which one has the plain spread out before him, and the sea stretching beyond. Got to Cephissia at 7.15, and at Marathon at ten A. M. Stopped at a khan, my first in Greece, mounted the steps running along the side of the house, and there on a mattress spread for us, and low round seat, filled with cotton or something else, we took our breakfast, which the guide had brought along. It was the festival of St. George, and the shepherds and their families from all about came to Vrana, as the modern town is called, to the church of St. George on the hillside, to celebrate the day by religious acts, and then by dance and song. The khan was full, and in a low building adjoining it, where our horses were put, I saw parties of the people sitting down and taking their simple meal. Seeing a woman with an infant and a man by her whom I took for her husband, I could not but think of Bethlehem and our Saviour and Mary and Joseph, of the stable and the manger, “because there was no room in the inn.” Our ride from Cephissia had been on horseback, and I had a very hard trotting beast, and was terribly shaken up and made stiff and tired; but with so much to see and think of I got along very well. We galloped across the famous plain to the Tumulus, where the Athenians were buried, and rode to the top and thence looked at the plain, the most perfectly level plain I ever saw. The whole view around was not only inspiring from association, but beautiful and grand from its natural character. Indeed, everlasting nature

may well divide the palm here with ever-changing man and history, and, indeed, perhaps carry it quite off. The ride back to Cephissia I found a hard one and fatiguing, more than anything for a long time, and at Cephissia how glad I was to dismount and get into the carriage and in the corner just let myself go to sleep, which I did in perhaps two minutes and a half! Was refreshed by nap, by the breeze, and the views of Athens and the neighborhood, and felt tolerably well on reaching the hotel.

Wednesday, 6th. Had previously made arrangements for a longer excursion to begin on the 7th, but this morning sent for the guide and gave it up, and decided to lie by a day or two. Kept my room all day, writing and reading. It was a wonderful moonlight night, and I sat till late in my room, looking out at the Acropolis and the other hills bathed in the serene light of the moon, and with an air as soft as a June evening with us.

Thursday, 7th. Also quiet to-day and much better, — indeed well again, I hope, and thus far without medicine at all. In the evening ventured, notwithstanding my little illness of yesterday, to go with Mr. Dickson and a party made up by him to the Acropolis by moonlight, and glad was I that I went. Never had such a magnificent sight as this hill, those grand old columns, and ruins, all lighted by a moon of rare brightness, and in a still, most delicious air.

ELEUSIS AND SALAMIS. — MODERN USE FOR ANCIENT SAR-
COPHAGI.

Friday, 8th. By carriage visited Eleusis and Megara. The drive out of Athens at the early hour of five, when the air was fresh and cool, was delightful, and the hills stood out again as I have already seen them, in bold relief against the sky. The road lay along the old Sacred Way to Eleusis, the path of the religious processions, until we reached the Pass of Daphne, a narrow defile in Mt. Ægaleos, a wild, picturesque place. At the end of the pass we stopped to visit the Monastery of Daphne, an old building reared upon blocks of marble belonging to some old Greek structure, it is supposed a temple of Apollo. Hastening away, we resumed our drive, and coming down the pass, we came in sight of the bay of Eleusis with the island of Salamis close by, and hills and mountains on the opposite coast. By this beautiful bay, which was as calm as a lake, we drove nearly the whole way till we reached Megara. But little did I find to see in Eleusis, —

the site of the ancient city, the ruins of the Acropolis, and the spot, at least, where was a temple of Demeter. We reached Megara at noon when it was very hot, and the narrow streets and ill-built houses, reaching up the hill on which the town is built, were quite unpromising. But we got to the khan of the place, a very neat one, and sat upon a rude balcony, but deliciously cool, and there had our lunch. Our guide took us off a long stretch to see sarcophagi, and when we got in sight of them, what should we find but the whole female population washing any quantity of clothes, — probably for the whole town, and from their looks after a long interval, — and using these very sarcophagi for tubs. A fountain close by furnished lots of water, and there they were at work *en masse*, very scantily dressed and looking for the most part as if they ought to be washed thoroughly themselves. We got home at an early hour towards evening. Here, too, as at Marathon, the chief impression left with me was derived from the natural scenery, the mountains and the bay of Eleusis, rather than from history and antiquities.

ARGOS AND MYCENÆ UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Wednesday, 13th. After many plans made and broken in upon by various causes, we started off at last by steamboat to Nauplia, to visit from there Argos and Mycenæ. It was a pleasant day, though warm, and the boat was crowded, the Greeks lying about on the decks on their blankets in delightful disorder. For a part of the way our course was over the same waters by which we came to the Piræus, until we reached the Gulf of Argos. The boat was a very slow one, and we did not get to Nauplia till 6.30 P. M., several hours behind time. Nauplia from first to last we found a shocking place, especially the hotel, the filthiest one I was ever in. Still, it was full to its utmost, and so we had to sleep in the *salon* or dining-room. Luckily for me, George had brought an iron bedstead, mattress and all. The boys declined having them bring beds for them, and I slept free from dirt and vermin, from which they suffered terribly. What a fearful time they had, as well as an inmate of a room which opened into our dining-room-bedroom, — a professor from the University, as I found, — who surprised me in the middle of the night by rushing out from his room in his shirt, and with candle in hand, calling for waiters and landlord, and making a terrible ado about his bed and bedclothes, which last he hauled out and held up to the

candle with unmistakable demonstrations, and all the while scolding in a great rage. At last he had a *quasi* bed on the floor and lay down, and in the gray of morn, when I awoke, there he lay, a huge great figure on the floor, with a bit of a candle burning by him, and holding up a big book which he was reading; "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," I thought. Next day we were off early in a carriage for Tiryns, Mycenæ, and Argos, and it was a great day for antiquities, — the huge Cyclopean walls of Tiryns, a couple of miles from Nauplia, twenty-five feet thick and probably more than three thousand years old, and still to be seen to perfection. I could not understand the structure of the fortress to which this stupendous masonry belonged, but I wandered about the hills on which the walls yet are seen, in wonder at the immense blocks of stone set down here ages ago for the citadel by the Tirynthians. Then we went on over the broad plain of Argolis, till we came to the village of Charvati, and near to the ruins of the city of Agamemnon, Mycenæ. Here we left the carriage, and by a long stretch of footpath ascended the rugged hills till we came to the site of the ruins of the Homeric hero. We climbed a steep hill, just under a still higher cliff, and between the dry beds of two mountain streams, to the citadel, and came at last upon the so-called Gate of the Lions, a grand specimen of the Pelasgian (?) architecture in huge blocks of stone; two, eight or ten feet high, supporting a third fifteen feet long and seven feet high. Above on a triangular block yet stand two lions in relief, on their hind legs, their forepaws resting upon a round altar.

(Here the diary ends abruptly.)

AULD LANG SYNE. — A VISIT TO THOLUCK.

(From a Letter.)

Berlin, 17th June, 1857. I have had a delightful little visit in Halle. I took Mrs. Tholuck entirely by surprise. On the evening I arrived I went there, and was in the room just after dark, before the candles were lighted, and went in without giving my name. She came in, and I stepped in and asked her if she knew me, at the same time drawing her towards the window where it was lighter. She recognized me directly, and then we had a good laugh and a pleasant talk. I stayed and took supper, and when Tholuck came in, he exclaimed, "You are just the same as ever, only you've mounted a beard!" And so we sat

down, and talked over a supper of *bonnyclabber*, sausages, and bread and butter. I was there several times, and one evening he made quite a little party for me. He thought nobody would believe I had a wife and children, — and as to the children, I should have to bring along the *baptism-record* (Taufschein) or the idea would be incredible.

SUNDAY IN BERLIN. — HOLY-DAY AND HOLIDAY. — THE
UNIVERSITY REVISITED.

(*From a Letter.*)

Berlin, Sunday, June 21, 1857. I was rather late at the morning service in the cathedral church, and therefore lost some of the best of the music from what is called the "Dom-choir," which is the best church music here, and probably in Germany. As I went in the organ was resounding through the great church, accompanying the choir and the many hundred voices of the congregation in one of the grand old church melodies so numerous in German psalmody. Such music awakens the devoutest emotions in a worshiper as he comes into the house of God, and I felt as if I could lift my heart to God here in this distant land in profound gratitude for the many mercies of his hand, and especially for the gift of a Saviour and the gospel and all the services of the Christian church. All the pews in the church were filled below and above, and people were standing about in all the aisles. The officiating clergyman, who soon appeared in the pulpit, was Hoffman, one of the court-preachers, and one of the ablest and the most evangelical of the Berlin clergy. The spirit of the whole sermon was excellent, and the manner most affectionate and earnest, and I felt that I was listening to one who had himself experienced the blessings of which he spoke and who desired to commend them to the experience of all who heard him, and to win them all to a participation in the glorious inheritance of the saints. I had been told that the Communion was to be administered after the service, and so I lingered behind, after the benediction was pronounced, with a feeling that if I heard anything like an invitation to strangers of another creed, that I should be glad to partake of the ordinance. I was surprised to find that but very few remained; from the many doors of the church the people streamed out, and as I drew near to the chancel I saw but a scattered group of people, apparently of the humbler classes of

the parish, sitting about and waiting in silent devotion the administration of the Communion from the clergyman. Dr. Strauss came in and the Communion service began. While all were uniting with the minister in prayer, I heard near me a suppressed voice as of one weeping, and turning around I saw a woman at the end of the bench where I sat, kneeling on the pavement and her arms on the bench and her head bowed and evidently struggling with feelings I could only conjecture, till at last she wept quite loud. From her dress and appearance I thought she was a servant girl, and as she arose after prayer to the seat, her face flushed and her eyes filled with tears, I could hardly refrain from going to her and asking the cause of her weeping. Directly, however, I saw a lady approach her and at once enter into earnest conversation in whispers, which lasted some time and seemed to leave the woman in a happier mood. I could not help thinking she might be in that temple of God, under the influence of the service just closed and of that which was going on, just such a penitent as our Lord himself had He been there in person (as once in Jerusalem) would have approached and cheered and blessed with his divine words of forgiveness and lasting peace. As I went out of the church I saw just before me the lady who had conversed with the weeper, and I wanted very much to ask her what was the matter with the poor woman, but I thought it might seem improper, and so I only dwelt upon my own conjectures. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddeth not therewith." Perhaps she had met with some sad affliction, was suffering from some crushing bereavement; or if already a Christian, was "weeping bitterly" like Peter over the consciousness of grievous backslidings; or perhaps, too, she had been enlightened by the Spirit through the sermon we had all just heard to discover the sinfulness of sin, and was bowed in penitence and contrition. This little incident interested me still more in the Communion service, and made me feel how much we all need to repent afresh on every such solemn occasion, and turn to Him whose blood was shed for us all, for the remission of sin.

It is strange what transitions and what different scenes one sees in a German city on a Sunday, and in immediate succession. As I went out of the church, where had been just now so large an assembly of devout worshipers listening to most evangelical preaching, I came down to the great street of the city, and as I approached the grand guard-house, I heard the sound of military

music ; and on coming near, I saw a great crowd of people, military officers and citizens of all ranks and ages, men, women, and children gathered about the guard-house and in the grove behind it, listening to the music, which is here played at noon on Sunday, as on any other day, by the band of the regiment here stationed. All was indeed quiet and orderly, and there was nothing you could see or hear that you could find fault with, except the scene itself, which, especially on coming from church, seemed so unlike Sunday and so excellently fitted to do away with good impressions received in the church. In the afternoon and evening all was like any other day, except that there were more people in the streets and all wending their way outside the city to the music-garden, with their families, children, nurses, and all. All this is very strange to an American, and indeed struck me so to-day, familiar as I have been with German life ; and yet upon reflection — you may wonder at my inconsistency, too — I am not sure that this German theory and practice on a Sunday is entirely wrong, and ours entirely right.

I have found a great deal to interest me and keep me busy in revisiting the University and calling upon the people to whom I had letters. Boeckh, the great classical scholar, now about seventy-five, insisted upon it that he remembered my face, and that I seemed to him quite like an old acquaintance, and this, too, before I had told him that I once studied here and attended his lectures. But *I don't believe it*. Probably he may have heard from one of the professors here, that there was an American professor in town, who had a letter of introduction to him. I had a delightful talk with Ritter, the veteran geographer, and famous all over the world. He received me with great kindness and talked to me as a venerable father to a son. He is now seventy-eight, but keeps working on, and making books and lecturing ; and though he has some infirmities, yet, on the whole, looks hale and hearty. I have not yet seen Humboldt, but have sent a note to him. He is probably in Potsdam, as the king and court are there.

My health continues good, and I do wonders every day. And yet I need to be careful, and I suppose always must be, and can hardly expect to be wholly free from some annoying ailments. But I have every reason to think that I shall be able to do all that will devolve upon me, when I get home, without any interruptions, and I hope that years of active service of some kind are in reserve for me.

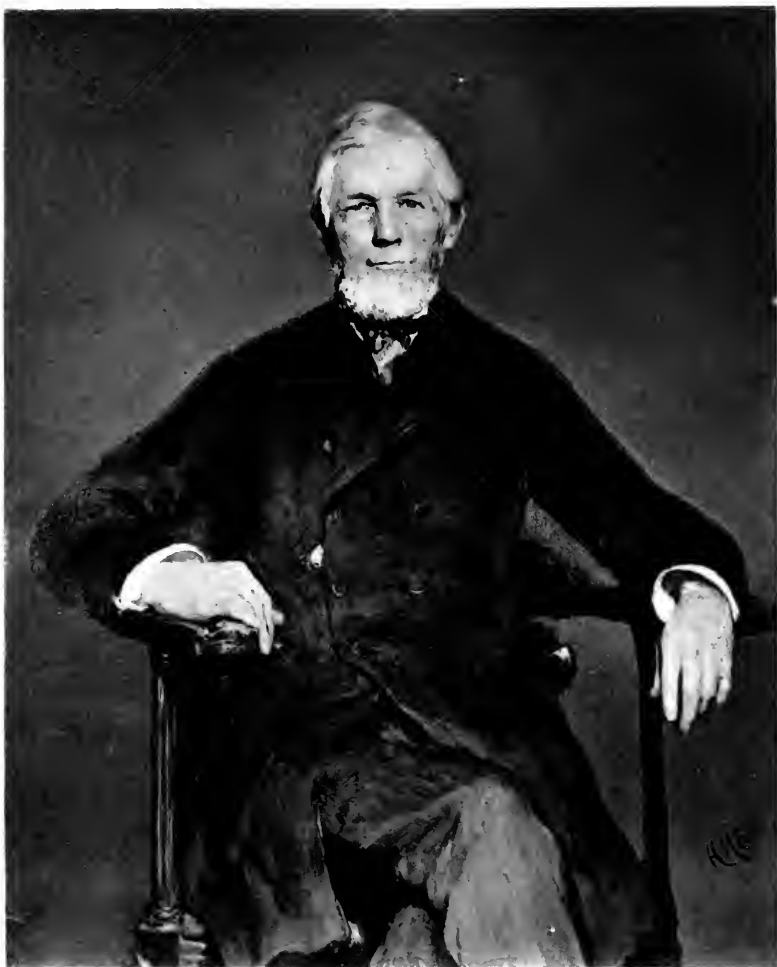
HOMEWARD BOUND.

(From a Letter.)

Paris, 30th July, 1857. Here you see I am safe back again in Paris, and in my old quarters at the Hôtel Bedford, writing to you from the same table on which I wrote in April, only in far better health, thank God, than then, and much nearer you and home than I was then. Then I was going, and now I am coming,— all the difference in the world, I assure you, especially when the going is in search of health, and the coming in possession of it. It seems incredible to me, the whole thing, a kind of dream, as I sit here this summer morning in this snug apartment, writing to you, and feeling myself (*Deo volente*) less than a month's time distant from home. How I feel like rushing for Liverpool straightway, and getting on board that steamer, and then begging steam, wind, and wave to do their best to send us on to Boston and Providence.



SELECTIONS FROM
ESSAYS,
FRIDAY CLUB PAPERS
AND
OTHER WRITINGS,
OF
JOHN LARKIN LINCOLN.



The HERKOMER PORTRAIT.

AN INTRODUCTION TO GOETHE'S FAUST.

WRITTEN FOR THE FRIDAY CLUB, DECEMBER 4, 1868, AND PUBLISHED IN THE "BAPTIST QUARTERLY."

It was on the 22d of March, 1832, that Goethe came to his earthly end. He had been seized with violent fever a few days before, and was rapidly failing, though he himself had no idea that the end was so near. Sitting in his easy-chair on that March morning, he had been gazing out once more upon the face of nature, which he had known and loved so long and so well, and had cheerfully talked of the coming of another spring; but as the hour of noon drew on, his sight and speech gradually became dim and indistinct, till at half past twelve — his last words "more light" having just escaped his lips — the Great Seer closed his eyes forever on all earthly scenes. Strange opposition, in this our double sphere of existence, that while the sun was high in the heavens, and all nature was rejoicing in his light, there should sink to his final setting that great luminary of the world of mind. And so departed the greatest poet of his country and his age, who, by the might of his genius, fully developed under the most fortunate circumstances by the most assiduous and various culture, had held during his long career a sovereign rule over the spirits of men.

Of all the great works of this remarkable man, the poem of "Faust" is the most characteristic. It is a monument of his genius in all the periods of its development, the consummate result of the poetic activity of his whole life. Only five days before his death he wrote, in a letter to William von Humboldt, — and they are his last written words, — "It is now more than sixty years since the entire conception of Faust first stood before my mind." But, as he says in the same letter, the poem was not composed continuously, but at intervals, the manifold elements of the plan being wrought out singly, according to the interest they had for him at the time. Thus the composition of the first part covers a period of more than thirty years; it was published as "A Fragment" in 1790, when the poet was about forty, and in its com-

plete form in 1808. The third act of the second part appeared as late as 1827, and the remaining four acts were written after the age of seventy-five, and the whole was published after the poet's death. On the day when he had written the last passage, he said to Eckermann, "My remaining days I may now consider a free gift; and, indeed, it is all one to me, what I now do, or whether I do anything more." What Horace said of his patron Mæenas, may be said, therefore, in a still higher sense of Goethe's Faust — it was the theme of his earliest and of his latest song. Even in his boyhood his imagination was seized by the weird story of Faust, as he read it in the then popular book of Meynenden, and saw it in the puppet shows at that time so common in Frankfurt. In his student life at Strasburg, when he was himself full of aspirations for knowledge, yet ever unsatisfied with his attainments, the character and career of Faust so fell in with his own experience, that he then conceived the idea of its poetic treatment. Three years later the conception had taken form within him, and he began to give it expression; and from that time to the last of his life he was busied, though sometimes at long intervals, in filling up the grand canvas which the conception required; the poem grew up into being even with his own spiritual growth; the manifold scenes of the great Dramatic Mystery successively unfolded themselves and rose to the view along with his own ever-widening observation and experience; and the last scene of all, that scene which opens to us glimpses into the invisible world, reached its consummation only a year before the poet's own departure from the earth.

This poem, which thus represents Goethe's entire life, stands also in closest relation to the life of his age, especially of the German people. It entered into that life even as a vital force, giving impulse and character to its higher manifestations in literature and art, and to the thoughts and convictions of the popular mind. Appearing in a transition period of unrest and excitement, it seemed to be a sovereign word which all were waiting to hear; it acted like a sudden inspiration on all minds; all poets, writers, thinkers, all departments of intellectual activity, felt its influence; all the arts of design united to reproduce it in impressive forms; music, too, gave it utterance in many-voiced song; and the stage exhausted its resources of scenic talent and skill to bring to the eye and the mind of an enthusiastic public a living representation of its pictures of life and manners. Probably no

poem of modern times has had so many readers ; readers of all ages and classes in society, of every stage of intelligence and culture. It has been alike the favorite of the unthinking multitude, and of men of the most thoughtful minds. The common people never tire of those scenes which portray the griefs and the joys of ordinary life ; they read the story of Margaret for the hundredth time with an ever new interest, and her very face and form seem to be present to their sight, even as one of their own kindred, familiar to them in their homes, even as to the ancient Romans the images of their ancestors and their household gods. Not less marked has been its influence upon the profoundest thinkers ; with whom it has been a cherished companion in their hours of solitary meditation upon the ever insoluble and ever fascinating problems of human being. Niebuhr describes it as a book which touches the deepest springs of thought and feeling ; Hegel pauses, in the midst of one of his most abstruse expositions, to illustrate his doctrines by the words of Faust ; and Schelling has pronounced the poem "an ever fresh source of inspiration," and counsels all young and aspiring students to draw from its perennial sources that force which emanates from it, and moves the innermost soul of man. The secret of such a popularity lies not alone in the poetic and dramatic power of the work, marvelous as this is, but in the fact that all this marvelous power is employed with infinite skill in representing truths of surpassing moment in human life. It is more than a drama, instinct though it is with the dramatic spirit, and though its characters move before us like a human presence ; it is more than a tragedy, though it answers the conditions of tragic poetry by moving the passions through the agency alike of pity and of terror. It is a dramatic poem of human life and destiny ; its themes involving all that is most momentous in man's being and condition ; with a great poet's insight and utterance, it tells through one form of human character and experience the story of man's nature ; its relations to God and the world, the conflict of its passions, its ideal longings struggling against the fixed limits of necessity, its perpetual contradictions of strength and weakness, knowledge and ignorance, truth and error ; and above all these, and underlying them all, that mysterious contest, that awful antinomy, of good and of evil.

It falls in with what has now been said, that this poem, like all the great poems of the world, rests, in its essential subject-mat-

ter, upon the ground of fact. As in the old story of Antæus, it draws its strength from the soil of human experience. The basis is real. With all the fables that have gathered about the name of Faust, and formed a Faust Legend,¹ as truly as that of "Achilles' wrath," or of "Pelops' line" in antiquity, Faust is a historical person. We have not space even to indicate the manifold elements of the legend; nor need we narrate all that is known of the man. His career belongs to the sixteenth century, the time of the Reformation, and of the revival of learning. He was born at Knittlingen, a little town in Würtemberg, and a few miles from the birthplace of Melanchthon.

Melanchthon himself knew him at Wittenberg; and there are writings extant of two of the Reformer's pupils, which record narratives they had heard from their master, in which he speaks of Faust as a countryman and personal acquaintance, and mentions facts in his student-life, and then denounces him in words quite foreign to the Reformer's usual gentle spirit and classic style, as "a shameful beast," and "a *cloaca* of many devils." Faust studied chiefly at Cracow, but for a time also at other universities. He is spoken of as a Doctor of Theology, and well versed in the Scriptures; as a Doctor of Medicine, and a famous physician; also, as a mathematician and an astrologer. Melanchthon testifies of him, in all sincerity, that he carried a dog about with him, who was the devil in disguise; also that he boasted that by his skill in magic he had won for the emperor all his victories over the French. He speculated, it was said, day and night; and in his ambition for superhuman knowledge and power, gave himself to magic arts, and leagued himself with the devil, and after a lawless career came to a dreadful end. Such are the chief things told of Faust by men of the time, celebrated for learning and piety; and it is no wonder that, in an age and among a people where witchcraft was believed in with a more than New England faith, the fame of Faust soon ran over all Germany and Europe, growing ever larger as it ran, and tales were told without number of his conjurations and mighty magic. These elements, the real and the fictitious, of the Faust story, Goethe has wrought, by his genius and his art, into a new creation, a Faust of his own, into *Goethe's Faust*; it is the old air with variations, but such

¹ The completest view that we have seen of the Faust Legend is contained in Heinrich Düntzer's *Goethe's Faust* published at Leipsic, 1857. The work contains, also, a very valuable commentary on both parts of the poem.

variations as could emanate only from an original genius; the conception of character is the same, but it is recast in a finer and grander mould, ennobled and enriched by that faculty so rich in Goethe, which Milton calls a "universal insight into things," and set forth and adorned with a wealth of poetic beauty, "which has in it everything of enchantment which a magician could either give or desire."

We propose to take such a survey of the poem as may serve to show its moral significance; to endeavor to bring out the form of character which it presents, and the several stages of its career, together with the lessons it teaches.

At the outset we have the poet's guidance for the foreshadowing, in the Prologue, of the moral conditions of the life of Faust. It is called the Prologue in Heaven, and is constructed upon the model of the Introduction of the Book of Job. We are lifted, in imagination, to the courts of heaven, to the very presence-chamber of the Lord. In those heavenly hosts that throng around in shining ranks, and in Mephistopheles, who comes also to present himself before the Lord, we seem to touch, at their very springs in the invisible world, the powers of good and evil, which are to invest with their mysterious conflict of agency the life of a human being on earth. The voices of archangels utter forth, in adoring, jubilant song, the high praises of God; the sun rounding his appointed course, and ringing out his rival accord in the music of the spheres, the pomp of the swift revolving earth, its brightness of day alternating with awful night, the foaming ocean heaving up in its broad floods, — these, and all His sublime works, past comprehending, are glorious as on time's first day. But this celestial harmony is broken in upon by one voice of discord, the voice of Mephistopheles, who draws near and addresses the Lord in words which are his alone, as the spirit of scoffing and contradiction, as the accuser and tempter of men. *He* has naught to say of suns and spheres, he only sees how man is vexing himself, the little god of the world, who is just as odd a creature as at the first. Far better off would he be if he had not in him the glimmering light of reason, which he uses only to make himself lower than the brutes themselves. "Dr. Faust" in particular seems to him, if a servant of the Lord at all, to serve him in the strangest fashion. He will have the brightest stars of heaven, and the highest joys of earth, and both together leave him all unsatisfied. The tempter asks only that he may have him under his guidance,

and he shall be utterly lost to the Lord's service. The Lord replies, that Faust wanders now in perplexity; he may be brought out by and by into clearness; the adversary may tempt him, so long as he is on earth, since man is subject to temptation during all his earthly probation; this human soul he may drag down to his own path if he can; but at last baffled and in shame, he may have to confess that "a good man in his dark strivings is conscious of the right way."

In the opening scene we are introduced to Faust, in his study at night, in the midst of his books, where, in intellectual pursuits, his life has hitherto exclusively lain. Conscious of the highest powers of thought, and instinct with boundless desires, that yearn after all, and more than all, that man can ever attain, he has been striving with the vehemence of a character far less wise than strong and noble, for the conquest of absolute truth. But alas! the tree of knowledge, always one of good or of evil, according to the spirit of the soul that gathers its fruit, has yielded him only vexation and disappointment. A generous avarice for intellectual wealth has been his master passion; but it was avarice still, and left his soul in a sense of spiritual need, because he lacked the virtues of content and moderation, and faith and love, and reverent submission to the conditions of all human endeavor. He has compassed the circle of university learning, has mastered philosophy, law, medicine, and theology too; he has won all titles and dignities of scholastic life, he has enjoyed an enviable celebrity as professor these ten years past; but the result of all is no inward satisfaction, no revelation yet of the secrets of the world; and he sits now brooding over the dismal conviction, that all knowledge is vain, all knowing impossible. Gone, utterly gone, is the fancy that he can know anything himself, or teach anything that can better mankind. So it was once in the poet's own experience, as he has himself recorded it: "I too had ranged through the whole round of knowledge, and was early enough led to see its vanity;" and a wiser than either has told the same sad story: "And I gave my heart to know wisdom; and I perceived that this also is vexation of spirit. For in much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." With this despair of knowledge, Faust painfully feels how he has, in the mean time, lost all chance of earthly happiness. He looks forth from his gloom, upon the brilliant arena of the world, and sees how men have won its fair prizes of wealth and pleasure, and rank and

power, and it maddens him now to think that all these, which in his eager pursuit of truth he has ignored and despised, he has now sacrificed and lost. And this is the running over of his cup of bitterness.

What now can he do? It is not in his nature to succumb, and make peace with his condition. No; by some hitherto untried means, he is still bent upon reaching the goal towards which he has been striving; he insists upon the absolute satisfaction of his desires for knowledge. Despairing of this attainment by his own faculties, he will call to his aid supernatural agencies. Extremes meet; and this man of Promethean nature, who has aspired to possess himself by his own intellectual force of the secrets of heaven, will superstitiously invoke fancied powers of the spirit world, who shall reveal to him, in open vision, the mysteries of the universe. With this new purpose hope revives once more; the ardor of his passionate soul is all aglow again; he plunges into the books of magic, and studies its signs and spells. As he gazes upon the sign of the Macrocosm, the mystic sign of the universe, he feels the presence of hovering spirits, on whom he calls. The inward tumult is stilled, as the powers of nature seem to be unveiling all about him. His poor heart fills with joy, as he discerns the harmony of forces, which live in the vast frame of the world, the ceaseless energy of their reciprocal action, all weaving themselves into the whole, and each working and living in the other. But too soon he finds that all this is for him but a majestic show, phenomena alone, brilliant as they are; of these harmonious forces he has himself no immediate apprehension; the sources of life he cannot penetrate; the spirits he invokes answer not, for over them he has no power. Baffled here, he turns him to another mystic sign, that of the spirit of the elemental world, the spirit of the earth. To this he finds himself more nearly allied; of this spirit he may aspire to be a peer; he is proudly conscious of entire manhood, strong to know all and brave all that belongs to earth, to carry in him all its weal and all its woe. He feels the spirit to be near, close at hand, scarce veiled from his sight; and in the hope that he is now to have pure insight into the very being of nature, and with every faculty strained to welcome the revealing, he must call, he must be heard, though it cost him his life. But at the very moment when what he has so hotly wished appears, and the spirit stands before him in all its flaming glory, he cannot bear the sight, and, horror-struck, turns him away

and hides his face. Now he must hear the spirit's awful rebuke for his arrogant pride, in defying the limits that bound man, and in presuming to match himself with spirits. He must learn that he is like the spirit he can comprehend, not that one he has summoned as his equal; man may not gaze into the inner heart of Nature; her mysterious being and force are hidden from his view; the ever-changing life of the world is only the vesture of the Deity; man may not see God at any time, only his manifestations can he see and know.

Disappointed in these new hopes, and rudely thrust back upon the dim lot of mortals, Faust sinks down in humiliation to his own bitter reflections. He looks over all his career, and contrasts this despair of his manhood with the glowing hopes of youth, when his soul exulted in constant progress, when fair visions of rising truth made all bright the horizon before him. The mysteries of man's double being, the material and the spiritual, the ideal and the real, press upon his soul with all their awful weight. He is bitterly conscious how man finds his finest spiritual desires humbled and withered by the earthly element that clings to him, and is all about him. The claims of every-day life press down with rudest force our noblest aspirations; the glorious feelings that have made our inner life are deadened by contact with the world, and our high ideals, that have risen so grandly before the soul, melt and pass away at the touch of ugly reality. Such thoughts as these possessing the soul of Faust, the sight of his books, for so many years his chosen companions, is now odious; the study, where alone has been his home, is now a very dungeon; nay, the world itself only a prison, its walls bounding him on all sides, so massive they cannot be pierced, so high he cannot scale them. As he gazes in despair on all the objects around him, the shelves of gloomy volumes, the ghastly array of instruments of science, a bright shining phial of poison fastens his eye like a magnet. He grasps it and greets it devoutly as the hope and deliverance of his perplexed soul. Those sweet, sparkling juices, once mixed by himself with cunning hand, shall bear him in peace to new shores and lasting day. By their friendly agency, more potent than study or magic, he shall pass quietly out of his prison limits, and, as a free spirit, range in the bright regions of pure and perfect knowledge. He is raising the cup to his lips, when from the adjoining church there breaks upon his ear the Easter song of the angels, chanting the great theme of the resurrection, —

"Christ is arisen !
 Joy be to mortal man !
 Whom, since the world began,
 Evils inherited,
 By his sins merited,
 Through his sins creeping,
 Sin bound are keeping."

His rash hand is stayed, his purpose arrested, his soul deeply moved as he listens. Strange power of music that so calms his surging passions; strange the power of mental association, that sounds, falling upon his ear, so strike the electric chain of thought and feeling as to flash before him all the forgotten past, and give such force to the memories of innocent childhood, when faith and knowledge went hand in hand, and believing and doing were one. He listens to the message of those Easter sounds, though they speak to no faith in his own heart. No longer can he aspire to those spheres whence those good tidings come; but those old familiar strains, heard in his childhood, have power yet to call him back to life.

"Now memories sweet,
 Fraught with the feelings of my childhood's prime,
 From the last step decisive stay my feet.
 Oh ! peal, sweet heavenly anthems, peal as then !
 Tears flood mine eyes, earth has her child again."

Faust has now reached a crisis of great moral peril, when, for a brief season, it is not clear whether he will go on in a path of error or turn back to right. This transition stage Goethe represents in a series of scenes, which hurry us forward, with an ever-heightening interest, awakened both by their poetic and their moral power, to the catastrophe of the first part of the poem, in Faust's fall, and the tragedy of Margaret. We are to see how transient is the sacred stillness that has come from that Easter hymn; how soon come back upon him all the old, restless desires, the dull, gloomy discontent; how, with the extinction of all faith, his before dormant passions awake, and assert their claims, till turning his back upon all his high aspirings, he is ready to join hands with Mephistopheles, the spirit of evil, with whom he has been all the while unconsciously in parley.

We see Faust next, no longer in his study, but in the midst of nature and of the moving throngs of men. It is springtime, when Nature is renewing her glories; it is the afternoon of the festive Easter-day, and the common people, all strangers to the strivings

which have so embittered the life of the recluse student, are hurrying forth from the haunts of daily toil and care, in quest of holiday mirth and pleasure. Faust has at his side his *famulus* Wagner, the very antipode of himself, a dry, plodding man, a disciple of the letter, and not of the spirit, who has taken to books and study as a means of getting on in the world, and who, in his dull level of mediocrity, fancies himself a match for the *Dii Majores* of the learned world. Goethe treats him with infinite skill as a foil to Faust; and it is one of the finest of the many contrasts of the poem. Faust enters into the scenes of life about him with all the deep-moved sensibilities of a strong nature. It delights him to see river and rill all free again, to see the fields again green with promise. He beholds, with a strange joy, the gay multitude of men and women, straying in parties over garden and field, and blithely basking in the sunshine to-day, and making the spring air ring with their hearty glee of shout and cheer. Ah! thinks he, what pleasure is here! How much wiser these simple people than I, for they know how to be happy! But by and by, while he is gazing upon the setting sun, as he gilds the landscape with his departing rays, and is speeding on to light up other scenes, the sight reminds him how darkness has just set upon his bright hopes, and starts into new life all his infinite desires, and he longs for friendly wings, that he may strive after the bright god in his glorious course. Then he might soar above this narrow spot of earth to regions of serene air, night left behind him, day always before him, and the heavens above all bathed in undying light. But even while he dreams, the sun is gone. Another glorious dream, a bright delusion, but of briefest possession, a type of all our noblest aspirations! The learned Wagner at his side cannot comprehend his master's mood. He, too, he says, has had his fanciful hours, but was never stirred by such impulses as these. He soon gets sated at looking on fields and woods, and never in his life did he covet a bird's wings, that he might fly away through the air. His are the joys of mind, and he has his charmed hours, when, in the long winter nights, he communes with books. Ah! when he can unroll a precious parchment, then all heaven comes down into his soul. Faust tells him that he knows only the one impulse of the human soul, let him never know the other. Within his own breast are dwelling two souls, the one struggling to be severed from the other; the one cleaves to the earth, with organs like clamps of steel, the other lifts itself from the mists of earth

to its ancestral skies. His longing desires are inflamed with the more ardor by contact with so different a nature as Wagner's. While Wagner describes the joy which his studies yield him, Faust feels more than ever the weight of his own lot, in which, despairing of knowledge, he hates the very thought of books. He has in him already the rising desire to exchange "gray theory for the golden fruits of life." He would fain range abroad in the world, and musing no more over dull learning, restore his tortured soul in the manifold interchange of enjoyment and of life. Oh, that the spirits that float between earth and heaven would come down and bear him on their pinions to new and varied existence! Oh, for a magic mantle to waft him away to far-off worlds!

Next we find Faust in his study again, returned from his walk, and bringing from it a frame of mind softened by the scenes he has witnessed without, as well as by the gathering shades of evening. The better soul seems to be awake within him; he will persuade himself that his wild desires are now in slumber; that the love of man and the love of God are now rekindling in his heart. Soon, however, he discovers this to be a delusion, the influence rather of recollections than of present thoughts and feelings. He must soon confess to himself that the wished-for peace is not within him; that strive as he may, it will never more well up in his heart. In his extremity he will turn to divine revelation, to the New Testament. He will translate a passage from the original into his dear native tongue. He seizes the book and opens to the first chapter of the Gospel of John. But how can he, whose faith has disappeared, approach the Bible with that humility and trust which are the necessary conditions of its healing and saving powers? On the very first verse he is at a stand, he is mastered by the spirit of contradiction, which drives him to a downright denial of the language of Scripture. "In the beginning was the *Word*?" No, "The *Word*" cannot be put at so high a value as that; certainly it was not that which was "in the beginning." And so, by a purely subjective process of criticism, he sets himself to inquiring and establishing for himself what was in the beginning, and finally writes, "In the beginning was the *Deed*." Thus the inwrought skepticism of his mind, which has returned unsatisfied from all his investigations, comes into fatal conflict with the childlike faith which the Scriptures teach and require; by and by the general conviction that all human life is but a bitter jugglery seizes him more

strongly than ever; he is ashamed of the weak emotion that kept him back yesterday from breaking away from such a world as this. That, too, was only a delusion, which cheated the little remnant he had of childlike feelings by memories of a happy past; and so with all feelings that seem to promise satisfaction; they are only cozening and deceitful powers to bind us by their mocking fascinations to this dreary den of the world. With an awful desperation of soul he is now ready to break with everything; he utters curses on all the finest feelings of man's heart, all the virtues and tender graces of life, hope, faith, love, and, above all, patience; and shattering with one blow the moral world, throws himself into the companionship of the fiend, to make in his company the perilous transfer of his strivings from those higher regions where he has found no satisfaction, to the lower arena of sensual enjoyment, where he is destined to a far more awful disappointment.

It is here that Goethe draws from the legend, and represents according to his own conceptions, the league of Faust with Mephistopheles. Indeed, in the scenes over which we have now been passing, he has represented Faust's gradual approaches to evil by the presence of Mephistopheles in various fantastic forms; but now that the hour has come, and all is ready for the tempter, he is made to reveal himself in human form, and talk with him as man to man. Goethe's Mephistopheles is no mere poetic personification of evil in man, of the perverse tendency of the human will; such a creation were only an enlarged *alter ego* of Faust, and a very tame and lifeless dramatic figure. He is made to represent moral evil as a reality existing independently of the poet's fancy, and only capable of personification because it has such an independent existence; he represents moral evil existing as such a reality, not merely in man, but beyond man; moral evil, as a real power, everywhere and actively existing, and only to oppose, and disturb, and destroy all that is fair and true and good in the world; in Goethe's own language, Mephistopheles is the spirit that "evermore denies; what is called sin, mischief, in short, evil,—is his proper element." It is this dread power we are now to see, not only personified, but in human form, in closest union with the destiny of Faust; to tempt, and, if he may, drag him down to perdition; to be a chosen and sworn companion, a guide and servant, through all his probation in the present; whether at last, and in the endless future, to be his master, we can only now divine from the intimations in the Prologue.

It is essential to observe how Goethe conceives the moral condition of Faust through the scene of his contract with Mephistopheles. The decisive moment, when the contracting parties come face to face, is that in which the imprecations upon all good things have just come forth from the lips of Faust. As a prelude to the offers of Mephistopheles, we hear the chorus of evil spirits, mourning, with an awful irony of melodious song, the overthrow of so fair a world, all its beauty now crushed and lost, and calling upon the destroyer to build up a new world, fairer and more glorious, to begin a career of action and pleasure, on which all siren voices shall chime in his ears. Striking the key-note of this fiendish song, Mephistopheles bids Faust no longer sit here, a melancholy, despairing dreamer, but forth with him into the living world of men. He will be his companion, his servant, to bear him to a more congenial sphere than that of dull, unsatisfying thought; let him only bind himself to him, and he shall have satisfying joys at last; more shall be his than eye of man has ever seen. Faust replies that he has, indeed, too proudly dreamed, that he has soared too high, and that now the chain of thought has snapped, and all knowledge is to him a loathing. He is ready to rush into the tumult of passion, and as he cannot pierce the mysteries of knowledge, he will fathom the depths of feeling. He will experience all, whether of pain or of pleasure, that can fall to the lot of universal man. Yet of satisfying joys he will not hear; least of all can such a one as Mephistopheles, who cannot comprehend the strivings of the mind of man, give him aught that can yield the satisfaction he craves. Indeed, so confident is he in this conviction, that he passionately lays the wager, that if ever he is lulled to security by sensual enjoyments, if ever he says to the passing moment, "Stay, thou art so fair!" that day shall be his last, and the last of Mephistopheles' service.

"The clock may stand, the index fall,
And time and tide may cease for me."

Thus, on the one hand, Faust will plunge into the tumult of sense, as a new arena of activity for his restless desires; he ventures the perilous companionship with evil, proudly confident that it shall never be his master, and excusing himself with the delusive plea that in his extremity he has no other alternative. On the other hand, Mephistopheles sees in Faust already a sure victim; he gloats over the assurance that soon he shall bring

down this high-soaring soul with him to his own place; he shall be whirled round and round in the eddies of appetite and passion, and at last be drawn into the vortex, to be lost forever in the abyss. With such a contract, signed and sealed with blood, they go forth into the world together.

We do not propose to dwell upon the first scene in Faust's new career, the *Auerbach Cellar* in Leipsic; a famous drinking-place, which has still a great *renown* for its traditions of the real Faust's most famous feats of magic. Here Faust is to be addressed by the coarsest forms of enjoyment, in a drinking-bout of German students, where bad wine and worse wit make up the sorry entertainment of the night. But he is ill at ease in all this wassailing, he has no heart for it, and is glad when he has it all behind him. We need also only touch upon the next scene, the *Witches' Kitchen*, where witchery is to renew the youth of Faust, and wake in him youth's wildest passions. Revolting as is this scene, it has a rightful place in the drama. Even as the fatal temptation of Macbeth is set forth by the prophetic greeting of the witches on the blasted heath, so Faust comes into this den of sorcery to be touched and tainted by spiritual impurity, and at last to be seized and held spell-bound by its foul fascinations. Though at first he expresses himself as disgusted at the loathsome creatures about him, yet by and by he is infected by their atmosphere; he drinks the witches' potion, and it works on his brain like madness; he sees in the magic mirror the form of a beautiful woman, and straightway desires blaze up within him he has never known before. He hurries from the spot, Mephistopheles promising him the sight in the real world of the fairest of women; and directly Margaret appears upon the scene, whose beauty and goodness are destined to make her the object and the victim of his passionate and unhallowed love.

We enter now the charmed circle of those scenes in which the genius and art of Goethe have wrought, from the realities of the humblest human life, the moving tragedy of Margaret. On this part of the poem we would gladly linger long, but we must remember that these scenes, for most readers, of paramount, and for all, of such absorbing interest, while they are a tragic whole in the narrower lot of Margaret, are only a tragic passage in Faust's life, out of which he is to struggle into other spheres of experience and action. Though we move here among forms of ethereal poetic beauty, yet all is in spirit intensely, terribly real;

the characters, incidents, experiences, are all human; so human that they have readiest speech for every reader; it is the music of humanity that we hear, from its strains of ecstatic joy down to its wildest wail of woe, all the passions in turn "snatching the instruments of sound, and proving their own expressive power." It is a story of love, seduction, and ruin; ruin involving not only Margaret herself, but all that still peaceful world of her home, with its priceless possessions of innocence, affection, and piety; a wide-spreading ruin, gathering, as it spreads, the quick following horrors of her mother's death-sleep by a draught given her at Faust's suggestion, the killing of her brother in a duel by her lover, and, by and by, child-murder by the outcast and crazed mother; and, at last, her peace gone, her good name, her earthly hopes, everything gone, save her penitence and her faith in the divine mercy, — her own imprisonment and execution. No sweeter creation than Margaret ever arose out of poet's imagination. Such innocence is hers, such artless simplicity, such a sound, natural sense, in short, such an exquisite naturalness of character; poor in all worldly things, but rich in the charms of person and the inner graces of woman's nature, pure instincts, all deep, true feelings, — a sweet and virtuous soul; how can you imagine, as you first see her issuing from the church on that fatal day, that even now invisible evil spirits lurk for her coming, that the demon of destruction has marked her for his own? She secures our sympathy and affection at the very first, and, even to the bitter end, loses them never. We are strangely touched, as we see the first rising of love in her soul; as we hear her ingenuous wonder, what so great a man can see in so simple a creature as herself; we joy with her when she reaches the full consciousness that he is really hers, and she is wholly his; we can revere and bow before the devotion of her love in her solicitude about her lover's faith, and the fine sense of her heart, that makes her shrink with horror from "that man he has with him," on whose very brow she sees it written, "that he can love no living soul." And after her fall, how we mourn with her in her unutterable sorrow; we shudder at the horrors of her remorse in the cathedral, when the terrible words of the "Dies Iræ" sound in her affrighted ears; we bend and must needs pray with her in the penitent, heart-rending grief of that prayer to the Virgin which no one can read or hear with dry eyes; and when at last, in the dungeon, she submits herself in trusting faith, to the judgment of God, that voice from above, "is

saved," gives us a sweet relief, in the assurance we were so ready to receive, that the weary one is forever at rest, where the wicked cease from troubling.

But the spiritual history of Faust himself, as it is portrayed in these scenes, awakens an interest no less powerful. Horace has asserted that poets are better moralists than philosophers, that men learn more ethics from the Iliad and Odyssey than from the treatises of Chrysippus and Crantor. And certainly these fine delineations of the workings of man's moral nature in conflict with excited passion, and the impressive lessons they have fastened in the minds of thousands of readers, go far to establish the Roman poet's position. As in the thoughtful poem of Tennyson, we hear the "Two Voices" within the soul of man, in their alternations of passionate longing and of awful remonstrance, indeed, we may rather say, we see in action the conflict described by an inspired pen, and we hear the lamentation extorted from conscious weakness of humanity, "Oh, wretched man that I am!" And before we leave the first part of the poem, the story of which we have now sufficiently told, let us dwell for a brief space upon one or two of the decisive moments of this contest within the breast of Faust.

We select, for the first illustration, the scene in which Faust is brought by Mephistopheles to the chamber of Margaret in her absence. Faust has seen Margaret and is enamored of her. He feels nothing, knows nothing but lawless passion, and clamors with Mephistopheles for immediate possession. Mephistopheles promises him all in the end, and meantime a visit to her room. There he shall be by himself, and revel in dreams of pleasures yet to come. But how these Satanic words fail of fulfillment! What a change comes over the soul of Faust, when he treads the precincts of virtue, and breathes the atmosphere of contented innocence! Like the mild shining of the sun and the soft serenity of the air after a furious storm, better thoughts and feelings steal in upon him and hush to stillness the mad tumult of desire. As he feels the spirit of order and purity that reigns in the place, he is humbled to self-loathing, to think what a base impulse brought him here. And if she were to enter now, how would he rue his wanton sacrilege, how he should sink at her feet, dissolved in shame! He rushes out, with the purpose never to return.

We leave several passages which unfold, in successive meetings, the mutual love of Faust and Margaret, and come to the scene of

the *Wood and Cavern*, and the next following dialogue of Faust and Mephistopheles. Faust has now met Margaret again and again, and is all conscious of the unspeakable worth of her goodness, of the preciousness of a true woman's love; he has felt in his own breast the power of love, but passion is stronger there; and in his dread of wrong-doing, so close at hand, and the frightful evil it will work, he flees the presence of the loved one; he hastens away from the dwellings of men to the still and lonely woods. But the solitude of nature is no moral security for his heart, so ill at ease, and not settled in truth; and even in the deep forest, in the dark cavern, he encounters the tempter face to face, and is tempted beyond his strength. The adversary plies him first with mocking laugh and sneer. He derides Faust's comfortless, owl-like moping in clefts and caverns, his lapping nourishment, like a toad, from oozy moss and dripping stones. Precious communion with nature! A rare pastime! There must be something of "the learned Doctor still sticking in his bones!" Faust urges what new life-power he gains by roaming thus among the scenes of nature. With yet sharper sneers Mephistopheles ridicules all Faust's transports about nature, all such swelling of a poor human soul to take in the six days' work of creation; how charmingly consistent they are with a lover's raptures, how much better after all the real delights that may be his than such ideal vapping. He then makes Faust feel the forlorn condition of Margaret in his absence, how she sits lonely and despairing, his image never out of her mind. Instead of lording it here over the woods, far better that he should hasten to her comfort, and reward her for her love. Faust feels the tempter's words, and bids him begone, nor dare name her or bring her image to his thoughts. But Mephistopheles insists that something must be done; that she thinks he has deserted her and gone forever. The thought of desertion sets back upon Faust the whole tide of his passion. He can never forget, he will never forget her. But then the peril to her by his return, the ruin so imminent! No joy could he have in her love if he is to undermine her peace. And yet she thinks him false, is disconsolate without him; besides, is not his own love a genuine, a natural one? He must, he will go back, whatever it may cost either her or himself. And so passion triumphs over his better nature.

After Margaret's fall, Faust flees, driven by the tortures of remorse. But he comes back to perpetrate an act, which he had

never foreseen in all his dread anticipations of Margaret's ruin. Her brother had meantime come back from the wars, a soldier of rough manners, but of brave heart, who had tenderly loved his sister, and felt her disgrace like a stab in the heart. He meets Faust and forces him to a duel, and is himself slain. Faust must now flee for his personal safety, and leave Margaret again, and to aggravated wretchedness. The interval of flight the poet fills up with the scene of *The Walpurgis Night*, in which he represents the Witches' Sabbath on the Brocken in all the fullness of the superstitious ideas which prevailed in the age of Faust. Many parts of the scene are difficult to understand, and the whole is revolting to study, but it seems to be designed to show how the tempter strove, though in vain, to sink Faust in licentious indulgence, and so drown his anguish, as well as his memory of Margaret; to show how the excitements of a sensual life could no longer attract him after his experience of Margaret's love; and how in that love, in spite of all his guilt, he had found a power that was to lift him out of the low career into which he had madly plunged. From all the foul orgies of the witch-night on the Brocken, his thoughts must needs go back to the forsaken, unhappy Margaret. As he is whirling in the mazes of the dance, he sees in the distance a beautiful girl, of ghastly pale face, who seems to be dragging herself towards him, like one with shackled feet: —

“It cannot, cannot be, and yet
She minds me of sweet Margaret.”

Mephistopheles tries to laugh him out of the idea; it is only a magic shape, no real thing. But Faust is riveted to the form, and presently he sees, strangely adorning that lovely neck, a single red cord, no thicker than a knife-blade; such are the fancies that trouble that guilty soul; such are his presentiments of the evils so soon to come.

From this frightful dreamland the poet brings us down to earth again, and to a scene in prose, — the only prose scene in the poem, — charged with awful realities. We find Faust and Mephistopheles, of a gloomy day, on an open plain. Faust has just learned all that has befallen Margaret; a crazed wanderer, and now in prison, awaiting a criminal's doom. He curses Mephistopheles, that he has kept all this from him, all the while lulling him with vapid dissipations, hiding her wretchedness and leaving her to perish without help. He is conscious, as never before, of

the destructive power of evil, and bewails his fate, that has fastened him to such fellowship of sin, and mischief, and shame. He hastens away, — Mephistopheles compelled to follow and aid, — to the rescue of Margaret. And here we come to the last scene of the First Part, — the prison scene, — the pathos of which who can describe? Here Faust sees Margaret once more, and for the last time; but how changed! and yet the same! Crouching on her bed of straw in the corner, wild of look, her reason wandering, “like sweet bells jangled,” uttering wild snatches of song confusedly mixed with thoughts of her youth and beauty, and dim memories of her love and her guilt, of her child and her mother, whose death she raves through with horrible distinctness of detail; but shining bright through all the confusion, her sweetness of nature, her love for Faust, and above all, with all her crushing sense of shame, her faith in the mercy of a forgiving God. At first, she knows not Faust at all, she thinks it is the jailer, and complains that he has come too soon; then as Faust falls by her side in his distress, she gladly thinks that it is some one who will kneel with her in prayer. At last she hears his own voice, and rushes to embrace him, and in a brief, lucid interval, lives over her love again, in the sudden joy of his presence. But when she dimly discovers that he will rescue her, she cannot hear of it. She will go out with him, if the grave is there, with him to the eternal resting-place, but not a step other than that. Then her reason wanders into the wildest, saddest confusion of thoughts and memories, to come back in a brief last moment, at the sudden appearance of Mephistopheles, in the utterance of her pious submission to the judgment of God, and of her trembling solicitude for her lover. Mephistopheles hurries away Faust, with the ominous words, “Come thou to me!” But that last voice of this First Part, — the voice of love “from within,” calling after Faust, and dying away, “Henry! Henry!” — is it a plaintive prophecy, by and by to be fulfilled?

We come to the exposition of the Second Part of this poem, rather from a feeling of necessity, than from an admiration for its contents. Without a survey of it, our task would be unfinished, and the view of Faust's career incomplete. But it must be confessed that the Second Part is far inferior to the First in conception and in execution, and fails to take a strong hold of either the understanding or the heart of the reader. It has, indeed, an affluence of literary and poetic material, for Goethe has enriched

it from the abundant stores of his various and lifelong studies, and adorned it with all the refinement of his culture. But while there is an onward and upward progress in the career of Faust even to the consummation, there is a marked falling off in tragic and in moral interest, and a decline also in the poetic, not so much in respect to fullness of imagery, but, as it seems to us, in the quality of the poetry. You miss that genial union of thinking and imagining which belongs to genuine poetry, where the thought is born in the soul together with the fancy, and comes forth into a perfect oneness of image. You seem here to see the two processes at first apart, the thoughts forming themselves in the mind, and then the imagination clothing them in poetic forms. Hence, with all the poetic that is here, there is so much that is unpoetical. You are indeed in a poetical world, a world of the imagination; all is unreal, dreamlike; but it is ungenial, it does not awaken emotion; you do not so much admire as wonder; you are curious, indeed, with wonder what all this is, where you are, and why you are here at all. You are traversing a vast realm of allegory, where ever flit about you mystic figures of thinnest aerial texture, of all times and regions, indeed all forms of being; shades from Hades, creatures of mythology, Helen and Paris leading up all classic antiquity, and all the classic myths following in their train; all engaged with sprightliest activity in many and complex performances, the full import of which you may not quite clearly discover till after many close observations, and perhaps not even then. These allegorical figures awaken no commanding interest; you do not feel drawn to them, nor do you long to recall them when they are gone, or keep them with you in delighted memory; they are very brilliant, and sometimes they troop before you in gorgeous splendor; but they have more light than warmth, you feel them to be cold and frosty, with all their glittering brightness. It is also fatal to the popularity of the allegorical poetry in this part of "Faust," that what it represents does not address the sympathies of the mass of mankind. The "Faerie Queen" and the "Pilgrim's Progress" draw the sources of their universal and enduring interest from truths which are familiar to all human experience. We love to journey with Christian, and to wander with the Lady Una and the Red Cross Knight, because we have so much in common with them as human beings; we fight with them in their battles, we suffer their defeats, and exult in their victories. But here the allegory symbolizes the fortunes of art,

literature, science, all learning, ancient and modern ; and these, too, in their very culminations, as they are reached in apprehension and sympathy only by men of the greatest refinement and cultivation. Not many readers can behold and enjoy the glorious forms of classic letters and art in the imposing assemblage of allegorical figures in the *Classical Walpurgis Night* ; and it is probably the rare lot of only the choice and master-spirits of the race to sympathize with the exalted Faust in his intuitions of ideal beauty in the sight of the conjured Helen of Troy.

For reasons such as these, this Second Part of Goethe's great poem has by many been summarily condemned to the regions of the obscure and unintelligible ; but the evidence is inadequate to such a sentence. There are doubtless some parts which have never been satisfactorily explained ; but the labyrinth is not so intricate and dark but that by some friendly thread of guidance¹ we can trace the course of Faust through the windings of his perilous way, and come out with him again into light and freedom.

Let us now go through with this Second Part, dwelling only upon what is essential to a view of Faust's ever struggling but upward career. We can take with us, as a guide, the significant remark of Goethe himself, published in an announcement of the "Helena," in his "Kunst und Alterthum," "*that the composition of a Second Part must necessarily conduct a man of Faust's nature into higher regions, under worthier circumstances.*" This emerging into higher regions the poet represents in his best manner, at the very opening of the first scene. Faust has resorted to again meditative communion with nature, and this time has derived the utmost good that this source of healing can yield. The airy elves that breathe sweetest music over his unquiet slumbers, at least soothe his troubled soul ; and he awakes to greet with a fresh vigor and courage the coming of a new day, and to struggle, though with calmer endeavor, in paths of better activity. Mephistopheles still goes with him, such were the terms of both the contract and the Prologue ; and, according to his promise, is now to conduct Faust to "the great world" of human life. So Faust is now brought to an imperial court ; even as Goethe himself became

¹ We have been indebted for such guidance, in some parts of the poem, to Dr. Karl Köstlin's book, entitled *Goethe's Faust, Seine Kritiker und Ausleger*, Tübingen, 1860. Eckermann has also preserved for us, in his *Conversations with Goethe*, much valuable exposition, from the poet's own lips, of some passages in the Second Part.

the central personage at the small but brilliant court of Weimar. It is a time most propitious for able and aspiring men; for the affairs of the realm are in the utmost disorder, and the emperor, a weak sovereign, and fond of pleasure, will welcome aid from any quarter. What position of influence Faust himself reaches we are not informed; but Mephistopheles becomes court-jester, and very soon jests with the emperor and all his subjects in a very reckless fashion. A grand council assembles; and the emperor, more impatient of business than usual, for it is now carnival-time, is vexed beyond measure with the complaints that come in from all departments of the disordered empire. The bottom-line of all the evils from which the state is suffering seems to be the extraordinary scarcity of money. There is absolutely none in the emperor's coffers, next to none anywhere, the revenues are all clutched by the Jews before they come in; all property is mortgaged to the top, all trade is dead-locked, and bread comes on to the table *eaten in advance*; in short, the whole empire is on the brink of ruin. In this exigency, Faust seems to think himself allowed to do what other men have done of more experience in statecraft; he is drawn by Mephistopheles into quite hollow expedients for a supply of money; apparently forgetting what once he told Mephistopheles, that the devil's gold, like mercury, always slides away from the hand. Mephistopheles unfolds to the emperor a plan for a new kind of currency, far more convenient than specie, and just as good when you know where the specie is, and are willing to wait till you get it in hand. He dilates upon the vast subterranean treasures in the realm, which, of course, belong to the emperor, as well as the brains and hands which are needed to get them. He pictures to his fancy the gold and the jewels that, ever since the days of the mighty Romans, successive generations have, in times of trouble, buried underground. What vaults and cellars were waiting to be blown up, and reveal their riches of gold, and silver plate, and coined money! How often has mere chance turned up to the peasant a pot of gold, as he plowed the soil! Now let all these treasures be deliberately dug for and brought to light and use. The emperor is at first incredulous, but finally is full of faith in the new scheme. Here is certainly a prospect of relief; the scheme shall be tried; but, meantime, let the trumpet sound, and all celebrate the waiting joys of carnival. As if in preparation for the golden days that are coming, the emperor and court now take part in a superbly appointed masquer-

ade, in which Riches plays a prominent part. Without attempting to describe this grand court-show, we need only mention that the chief personages are Plutus, the god of riches, who is represented by Faust, and Pan, the god of universal nature, who is represented by the emperor. Plutus appears in a chariot drawn through the air by four dragons; he scatters, as he passes along, bright gifts upon the crowd below, who eagerly snatch them as they fall. At length the chariot descends, and a huge chest, filled to the brim with golden stores, is set upon the ground; and as the emperor Pan draws nigh, encircled by a chorus of nymphs, a deputation of gnomes bear the chest, and with low obeisance lay it at his feet. And so the emperor is symbolically declared lord of the treasures hidden in the earth. A scene laid upon the following day, and appropriately called the *Pleasure-Garden*, pictures the carrying out of the scheme of Mephistopheles, and its immediate result in a sudden plethora of the money market. It appears that in a lucky interval in the masquerade, Mephistopheles had contrived to secure a few pen-strokes of the great Pan's hand to a certain bit of otherwise insignificant paper. These had been multiplied, by clever hands, a thousand fold, signature and all, and the blanks filled out; and so had gone forth, to the unspeakable relief of a distressed people, an abundant issue of Imperial Treasury notes, of all convenient denominations; the notes to be taken up *without delay* when certain untold treasures buried in the emperor's lands were raised up and put into the imperial vaults; and these, moreover, were to be raised up immediately. Great were the mutual congratulations of emperor and heads of departments, and courtiers and common people, on that same *Pleasure-Garden* occasion. The Commander-in-Chief announces that the pay is settled in advance, and the army was never in such a loyal mood. The steward of the imperial household is enraptured to think that bill after bill has been paid, and that the claws of the monster usury are dulled. The lord-treasurer brings word that it is gala-day on 'Change, and all through the town; that the people have plenty of money, and without being plagued with big money-bags; and that one half of the world seems to think of nothing but eating, while the other half is strutting about in brand-new clothes. The emperor is strangely perplexed at these tidings. At first he is in a rage. He remembers that he signed one piece of paper last night, but these thousands he hears of must be forgeries. But when the treasurer explains it all, and when he learns

how much good has been done, his emotion subsides through wonder into a happy content. "And all this," he exclaims, "passes with my people for gold? Suffices with the army and court for full pay? Very well; surprised as I am, I must let it pass." The poet leaves the reader to imagine the final results of this stroke of Mephistophelian finance; and if he be charged with lightness in introducing such an episode into his great theme, it may be said in defense that earnestness and humor are very near together in human nature and in human life, and, moreover, that wise men, no less than arrant knaves, have blown similar financial bubbles in the real world. We have no theory to propose touching the meaning of this scene at the imperial court; and we have been somewhat perplexed by the ingenious but conflicting theories of learned commentators; but we may readily infer that Faust must have soon discovered how hollow are often the ways of the great world, how unsatisfying the life of courtiers, and how slippery and perilous the paths trodden by statesmen and financiers.

But what has been now described marks only the introduction and the transition to Faust's main career at the imperial court. We have to confess, however, that it is very difficult at first to know for certain what was really going on in Faust's own soul, in his own inner life, for some time to come, from the two acts which now follow. Gay and gorgeous as are all the scenes, they are laid in far-off dream-regions of allegory; it is all phantomland, in figures, movement, all the shadowy goings-on, with Faust himself seemingly the only veritable human element, and not a word from any creature else, that seems to come out of real human lips. But when we get beyond wonder, in all this mystical world, and discern some significance in all these manifold forms of brightness that flit in from all around, and unite in such harmony, the Grecian Helen *rediviva*, brightest of all, courted and won by the modern Faust,— we are sure that those "higher regions" which the poet so dimly hinted at are the regions of ideal beauty, and that thither Faust has now turned the strivings of his restless soul; to the love and pursuit of the beautiful, which he will apprehend, and possess, and enjoy in all elegant letters and art, and, most of all, in poetry. The love of beauty has been always a strong element in his being. Beauty he has loved in nature, for whom he has always had a true lover's devotion; beauty in woman, in form and in character, though there his love was mixed with passion, and led to sin and sorrow. Now ideal beauty he

will seek and apprehend, and make a real possession, in all purely intellectual spheres, where it may be embodied in lasting forms. For this new career he has at court, where all else is so unpromising, ample and alluring openings; even as it was with Goethe himself in his court-life at Weimar. The emperor, with all his weaknesses, will be a patron of art; he is not without culture himself, and in his coronation visit to Italy caught some glimpses of the wonders of beauty in the ancient world. It is under such fortunate circumstances, that in these scenes, so brilliant, so elaborate, and withal so very fantastic, Goethe represents the exalted, but at last unsatisfying experiences of Faust in a life of the widest and truest literary and poetic culture, or, as Goethe and the Germans are fond of calling it, of highest æsthetic culture as an artist. In the portraiture of such lofty experiences as these, it were natural in any modern fiction, whether in prose or in poetry, that the author should educate his hero not only by solitary study at home, but especially by residence in the ever-enchanted lands of classic literature and art; where, on the sacred soil once trodden by the long departed great, and yet bearing everywhere the precious weight of the monuments of their genius, he should commune with the spirit of the past and ascend to the very sources of all which makes life ideal. But for a hero like Faust, who belongs to the opening of modern civilization, when the reviving glories of classical learning were just reddening the horizon, and whose image, from such a time, has on us a kind of glamour of sorcery, with Goethe, too, for the poet, who heralded and ushered in a later new era of literature and art, a more striking, — if we may so say, — a more sensuous proceeding was no less natural. So Goethe, in these scenes, seizes and moulds to his larger uses those portions of the tradition in which Faust plays his magic part before Maximilian, and, among other necromantic achievements, conjures up the beautiful Helen, and woos and wins her for his own. It lies outside our present purpose, and we have neither the ability nor the inclination for the task, to attempt a detailed unfolding of these complex parts of the poem. We shall touch them in the briefest manner, venturing hints, as we pass, at the probable indications they give us of the progress of Faust in this exalted region of his new endeavors. The emperor wills that Faust summon up the Grecian Helen; in her must be seen, in distinct form, the ideal of beauty. The wondrous task is achieved, but with small aid of Mephistopheles. Beauty, he confesses, lies

beyond his realm ; those long vanished heathen heroines are safe away in a select place of their own ; but still there are means within Faust's own reach. Faust must first penetrate to the abodes of "The Mothers" of all, — mysterious divinities, dwelling in deep, untrodden solitudes, — with whom are the archetypes of all things, and so the original form of beauty ; from whom they all proceed, to whom they return, from whom and by whom alone they can come back to the light of day. So does the poet seem to represent, by an image drawn from classic sources,¹ the idea of beauty as intuitive, resting in the inmost nature of man. For Faust himself the apparition of Helen is far more than an emperor's holiday show ; she rises to his awakened sensibility, like a golden exhalation, in all her ineffable loveliness ; there suddenly breaks into his spiritual atmosphere the vision of the beautiful, out of that buried but ever-living world of ancient art, hitherto so strange to him, and strange no less to all modern life, before the new birth of classic antiquity. And, as in the experience of so many men of fine spiritual nature, — of Goethe himself, in his Roman life, — he is overpowered by the vision ; he is transported by that glorious form, so suddenly revealed for an instant's gaze ; and he wanders half beside himself, haunted by the image, insensible to all else, and sighing for a prolonged and perfect sight to follow that ravishing glimpse. This longing must be stilled, if not satisfied. Faust must find his way to the world of classic beauty, the ideal Hellas, for there, if anywhere, is the vanished Helen. But a guide is needed ; and he is furnished by an invention of the poet, which is one of the strangest of the many strange phantasms of this part of his work. We are suddenly back in Faust's study, where our old friend Wagner is installed, and has been all these years, now more learned than ever, and a great alchemist. He has long been busy in his laboratory, trying to discover the principle of life, and has just succeeded to a charm ; and now out of one of his mysterious bottles springs forth a little intellectual creature, a tremulous, ethereal being, pure intelligence, — Homunculus by name, — and he is to be Faust's guide. Under

¹ Goethe says himself in Eckermann's *Conversations*, that he "found in Plutarch that in ancient Greece the 'Mothers' were spoken of as divinities ; and that all the rest was his own invention." The passage the poet referred to is probably the one in Plutarch's *Marcellus*, c. 20. Düntzer also quotes Plutarch, *De defectu oraculorum*, c. 22, and also Diodorus Siculus, iv. 80. Köstlin cites also Plato, *Phædrus*, c. 27.

such questionable guidance, — whether Homunculus be the spirit of learning, of study, or the personification of Faust's own ideal strivings, we know not, — Faust is brought to the classic Hellas, and sees revealed to his gaze all her ever-living forms of beauty and grandeur. Her gods and goddesses all pass before his delighted vision, her heroic men and her fair women, all the bright forms of her mythology, the beings that people the sea and the air, denizens of wood, valley, fountain, and river, — all are to him real presences, as if they had imperishably survived the historical passing away of the ancient world. But for ourselves, we have been unable to sympathize with the enthusiastic praise bestowed by some of Goethe's admiring critics upon this part of the poem; indeed, we have had to wonder at Faust's words of passionate admiration at the many marvels that were thronging around him. The famous scene of the *Classic Carnival* is certainly affluent in its stores of learning, in some passages most elaborately poetic, and everywhere enlivened with most genial humor; but the impression it makes is not noble, it stirs no grand emotions; it is a ghostly, nay, a ghastly, company you are in all the while; surely a winter at Rome, a month of study in the gallery of the Vatican and of the Capitol, a single reading of the *Iliad*, were better than a dozen such carnivals, for a reproduction of the genius of ancient life and art.

But this *Scene* of the "Classic Carnival" is only subsidiary to the *Act* of the "Helena," Faust's wandering amidst the wonders of Hellas to the discovery and possession of Helen herself, his upward progress in æsthetic culture to heights of attainment which have been reached only by the few Goethes of modern times. We presume not to dwell upon the great merits or the equally great defects of this part¹ of the poem; on the one hand, the poet's masterly treatment, in diction and in numbers, of the simplicity and dignity, and the stately march of the classic Greek muse, and of the various grace and pomp and freer movement of the modern Romantic; and on the other hand, the perplexed mixture of the most incongruous elements, the real and the imaginary, history and allegory, which gives a radically artificial char-

¹ Carlyle wrote many years ago one of his most characteristic articles on the *Helena*, which has been republished in his *Miscellanies*. If our readers are not already familiar with it, and desire to pursue this subject further, they will find in that article a very full and admirable exposition of this act of the poem.

acter to the total conception. It belongs to our plan only to indicate its chief features and their probable bearings upon this stage of Faust's career, and the mutual connections, which it seems meant to illustrate, of ancient and of modern culture.

Like Orpheus and Æneas, Faust makes the descent to Hades ; and, more successful than the Thracian lover, secures the return of Helen to the upper air. The Spartan queen appears, on her return from Troy, before the palace of King Menelaus ; but though she sees "Tyndarus' high house" standing there as erst in all its grandeur, she is not destined to reënter as its queenly mistress. New fortunes await her, such as Homer never dreamed of. A new abduction is at hand. She must escape the wrath of her injured lord, and be borne for refuge to a new world, which is to be made bright by her beauty. Accordingly, with a truly romantic independence of the unities, the poet transports her away from Sparta, over sea and land, and lets her gently alight, herself and chorus sadly bewildered, amidst worn, gray walls, in the court of a mediæval castle, where the noble Faust, begirt with pages and esquires, stands ready to greet her, and bid her knightly welcome to his halls. With all homage of admiration is thus the beautiful spirit of ancient art first greeted in the modern world ; and the gallant wooing in these castle halls, not without happiest answering tokens, is most auspicious for Faust's onward progress, and for the fortunes of the new culture which he represents. But the course of true love never did run smooth ; and there is nothing too strange for the errant course of this act aptly called by the author "a Classico-Romantic Phantasmagoria." The wooing is suddenly interrupted by the startling tidings that Spartan Menelaus is approaching, at the head of those heroic forces, once the ruin of Paris and his sire, and of ill-fated Ilium. But the chivalrous Faust, nothing daunted, goes forth with his gathered hosts to the onset ; and, achieving a bloodless victory, the most renowned, perhaps, of all the victories of peace, he proceeds with all serenity to portion off conquered beautiful Hellas, with all her outlying dependencies, among his brave followers, of hitherto unknown speech and race, German and Goth, Frank and Norman. Yet Sparta, Helen's ancient home, is enthroned over all ; and so Faust and the world-famous queen of beauty now hie them to "Arcadia, near by Sparta's land," where they live in happiest union, "thrones changed to bowers, and Arcadian-free their felicity." With such marvels of invention does the poet shadow forth not

only the consummation of Faust's æsthetic culture, but also by his union with Helen, the harmonious blending, in all the domains of that culture, of the ancient and the modern, the classic and the romantic; and, moreover and finally, by a crowning phantasm, which we have not the courage to encounter, the offspring¹ of this union, — a peerless offspring, nobler than either parent, — the genius of the poetry of the nineteenth century. But not even Arcadian bowers can be a lasting abode for Faust's aspiring soul; culture, though it were the truest, and of the truly beautiful, is not all of life, nor yet the highest; out from it Faust must pass up to something nobler and better, which shall at last yield him satisfaction. Of this we get a poetic glimpse at the very close of the act where Helen disappears. With parting words she vanishes, her form melting into thin air; but her robe and veil dissolve into clouds, which lift up Faust, and bear him away far above the world, to which he is to return anon, and enter upon a new and the last stage of his unresting career.

Faust returns to earth, and now to the real world of action, a contemplative, ideal life left behind him with the vanished Helen. He now desires to quit forever a life of enjoyment, even in those nobler forms in which he has sought it, even in enthusiasm for high art and elegant letters. He will now employ all his powers in a sphere of practical activity, where he will have at heart the weal of his fellow-men, and labor with cheerful freedom in the service of mankind. Even his refined culture has yielded him only a higher kind of selfish enjoyment; but now in a career of active exertion for the good of others, he sees a moral dignity; he will be conscious of himself as only a part, as one member of the whole body of his race, for which it was designed that he should labor with the full vigor of his faculties. But he brings out with him from his recent pursuits one great element of success in his new career; a sense for the high, and the noble, and the perfect, and an antipathy to all that is common, and hollow, and unworthy; so that with lofty ideas in his mind, he will project and execute plans which will be fruitful of beneficent results. Accordingly we find him turning again to nature, but with a practical purpose. He gains from the emperor a large tract of coast-land, hitherto

¹ Goethe says himself, in Eckermann, that he intended "Euphorion" to represent Byron! His words, in speaking of Byron, are as follows: "I could not make any man the representation of the modern poetical era, except him, who undoubtedly is to be regarded as the greatest genius of our century."

uninhabited, and seemingly uninhabitable; and this waste wilderness he recovers from the elements that have desolated it, and makes a fruitful soil, on which by and by grows up a great, free, and prosperous community, rich and happy, and useful in industrial arts, thriving trade, and extended commerce. To such busy and fruitful activity he devotes his last years; an activity which ever gives him new occupation and new satisfaction, always richer means to larger ends, in which he has a conscious joy of having gained great possessions by his own exertions, and which he is assured is promoting the physical and moral well-being of multitudes of men. But the poet is not unmindful that in all this life of useful occupation Faust is not free from error and wrong, that Mephistopheles is still by his side, and though having ever less power over his intentions and acts, yet continues to involve him in evil and trouble. One episode he here weaves into the drama, to show the evils incident to a sense of increasing prosperity, and an ambition for yet larger dominions. Faust has built a palatial residence, from which he can see his ships, as they go out from the near harbor to all parts of the world, and come back laden with their rich cargoes. But near by, and on a little eminence, and intercepting his view, is an humble dwelling, under the snug shelter of a few linden-trees, where live in quiet content an aged pair, who rejoice in the classic names of Philemon and Baucis. That little estate he longs for, and must have; exactly on that eminence he would build a high look-out, whence he may have a survey over all his broad acres, and far away over land and sea; the very sight of the little cottage and the lindens, not his own, stings him to the heart; it were enough to spoil the possession of the world. It is the old story of Ahab and Naboth's vineyards, and a worse than Jezebel is at hand, to bid him, "arise and eat bread, and let his heart be merry." He summons Mephistopheles and orders him to get the old people away to a better estate he has ready for them. It is the order of a covetous heart, but it is executed by a foul wrong, which that heart had not bidden, at least in words. On that night the cottage is fired and the old couple perish in the flames. Bitterly does Faust repent him of the rash command, and indignantly disavow its rasher execution. And feeling how sin still clings to him in all his endeavors, he looks back with deepest sorrow to his compact with Mephistopheles, formed in evil day, when he madly strove to break through the limits of man's being, and in his despair cursed himself and

the world, which he has since found so rich in beauty, and love, and hope, and patience, such a wide and ever-widening arena for free and ennobling and beneficent action. In this consciousness and confession of his past errors, the poet seems to indicate the final triumph in Faust of good over evil; all magic arts of super-human striving now abjured and renounced, he finds man's highest good in free activity within the appointed limits of his being, for the general welfare. In such activity we see him employed to the end, carrying forward his ever-widening, never completed plans; toiling under the burden of growing cares, and bearing up under the increasing pressure of age; even in outward blindness, the inward eye undimmed, and the spiritual force unabated; till at last, in the joyful assurance of having created a space for the home of millions of men, a free people on a free soil, he utters that word of satisfaction to the passing moment, "Stay, thou art so fair," and his earthly career is ended. On coming at last to this conclusion, the reader may well have the greatest doubts, whether this departure of Faust's was a Christian's death. And with such doubts in his mind, he will approach that last scene, in which Faust's destiny is revealed, with a wonder, if indeed such a death is to be an entrance to a Christian's heaven; and at the same time he may have some perplexity at the thought that such a man after such a probation should wander with Mephistopheles and his like in all the endless hereafter. But the concluding scene of the poem, which opens to us the unseen world, and brings us quite to the verge of heaven, leaves no doubt as to the poet's own conceptions. Like Dante and many other poets, Goethe avails himself of the image in the epistle of Jude, of Michael the archangel contending with the devil about the body of Moses, and so describes a contest over the grave of Faust between the powers of good and evil. But Mephistopheles and the rebel crew are awed away by the throngs of descending angels and redeemed spirits, who strew roses as they come, and make the air radiant with light and vocal with their heavenly song. Then upwards the angels soar, bearing the soul of Faust, higher and higher ascending, met in the air by other hosts of heavenly ones, the glorified fathers of the church, choirs of blessed Magdalens, among them the once named Margaret, and still ever upwards they move, the heavens all melodious with their song, till at last we hear wafted down from the highest regions of air the words of the angels as they bear into heaven itself the new redeemed soul:—

" Delivered is the noble soul
 From evil's dread dominion ;
 Who toiling ever struggles on,
 Him it is ours to ransom ;
 And if indeed 't was his to share,
 A part in love celestial ;
 Then hastes the blessed host to meet
 And crown him with their welcome."

We have given this passage, though in an unworthy rendering, because it contains the poet's solution of the salvation of Faust. It is this onward striving of a ceaseless activity which Goethe has made a chief characteristic of Faust's career. In all the stages of that career, we see wrought into living practice the word of the "Preacher, the son of David," "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." In all action, Faust has struggled with difficulties, obstacles, temptations, evil, making them subserve yet higher strivings and higher living ; and for him, while engaged in this noble strife, have heavenly powers of love ever watched and warded, and lent their celestial aid. Such, at least, is the poet's own interpretation of the passage as he gave it to Eckermann. We quote his words, as we leave the poem, only premising, that we think every reader will find in them a far more distinct utterance of Christian truth than he has discovered in the poem itself. "These lines," he says,¹ "contain the key to Faust's salvation. In himself an activity becoming constantly higher and purer, eternal love coming from heaven to his aid. This harmonizes perfectly with our religious view, that we cannot reach heavenly bliss through our own strength, unassisted by divine grace."

We have been so long occupied with our survey of the contents of this poem, that we have but the briefest space left for any reflections on the lessons it teaches ; but perhaps these have been anticipated in the course of our remarks. It may be enough to add, that what has won for Faust so many willing ears and hearts is the voice it has given to the longing of the human soul, implanted in its innermost being, for some all-satisfying good ; to its restless and yet weary strivings to reach such a good, and the manifold disappointments and despair with which it has so often come back from its wanderings to and fro, nowhere finding rest. How full is the world of such spiritual experiences, in the history of the humblest and of the most exalted souls ! They enter into

¹ Eckermann's *Conversations* (translated by Margaret Fuller), Boston, 1839, p. 409.

the most real life of men, in all times, under all skies ; they are embodied in the truest literatures in every form of human speech. And as we find the clearest witness to the divine source and true destiny of the soul in this aspiration for real and lasting good, in this restless craving for the satisfaction of vast and immortal wants, so do all its dark struggles, and all its humiliating and debasing errors and delusions, and the unrest and unhappiness they create, testify no less clearly to its present fallen state. The "dream" of the poet thus becomes the experience of the race :—

"An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry."

This cry of the soul for light has nowhere found a clearer utterance in modern literature than in the "Faust" of Goethe. It is this infinite longing for some true and all-sufficient good that makes the central force in Faust's being, and furnishes the never-ceasing press of motive to all his career. It is this which drives him from one sphere of activity to another, from unsatisfied speculation to unsatisfying magic, from theory to real life, and through all scenes of life, the highest and the lowest, sensual pleasure, worldly ambition, intellectual culture. In the "vanity and vexation of spirit" of which Faust has constant experience in all these scenes of endeavor and labor, the poet has clearly taught, at least on its negative side, the great truth of the soul's high destiny. Indeed, only in that sad but most instructive Book of Ecclesiastes are we taught more impressively how vain is all earthly good, how inadequate all human wit and travail, to the satisfaction of the human soul. Like the Royal Preacher, Goethe has also inculcated the wisdom of resignation and of strenuous activity within our allotted sphere ; yet he has failed to bring us to that grand "conclusion of the whole matter, Fear God, and keep his commandments : for this is the whole duty of man." But only from the experiences of those who have learned in the school of Christ, and have been enlightened and renewed by divine grace, do we reach, in its positive form, the great truth that man was made for God, and only in Him can find fullness of blessing and peace. How does this truth shine out in the writings of Augustine, who, after having traversed the whole world, and consulted all its oracles, and found them dumb to his anxious question, "Who will show us any good," heard at last a voice¹ as from heaven, speaking out

¹ Aug. *Conf.* viii. 29.

of "the lively oracles" to his stricken and contrite spirit, "Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying; *but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ;*" and in that voice found entire response to the cravings of his soul, and by its guidance reached the crowning experience of perfect and enduring peace, in the knowledge of God as revealed in Christ and by Christ, and in His love and His service. How simply is this truth declared in that golden saying of his,¹ "Our rational nature is so great a good, that there is no good, wherein we can be happy, save God;" and how is it summed up in that brief prayer,² the utterance alike of true wisdom and devout piety: "*Fecisti nos ad Te, Domine, et inquietum est cor nostrum, donec requiescat in Te!*"

¹ Aug. *de Nat. Boni*, c. 7.

² Aug. *Conf.* i. 1.

GLADSTONE'S JUVENTUS MUNDI.

WRITTEN FOR THE FRIDAY CLUB, DECEMBER 31, 1869, ALSO
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MR. GLADSTONE'S rising political honors, crowned now by the highest distinction of an English statesman's life, have not weaned him from his Homeric studies; from their renewal and further prosecution he has not been withdrawn by the engrossing cares, incident to his exalted position, as the head of the British government, and the leader of its parliamentary councils. His intervals of rest from public affairs he has devoted to the composition of a work which in one volume embodies in a new form, by condensation and important modifications, the results of the three volumes of his *Studies on Homer and the Homeric age*, which he gave to the world in 1858. We are all so familiar with his commanding person on the most recent fields of English parliamentary strife, that we wonder at first, as we discern him in those far-off times of Homer, the early morning of our race, gazing with the spirit of a student of human nature and society upon the poet's immortal pictures of the "Youth of the World, the Gods and Men of the Heroic Age of Greece." Nothing but the consideration of such a spirit in Mr. Gladstone, and of the estimate it has won for him of the greatness of Homer's genius, and of his unrivaled influence in the purely human culture of the world, could sufficiently explain to us such a diversion from the absorbing offices of public life to the various and profound studies which are contained in this volume. It is not enough that we recall from history examples like that of the great Roman orator, of men who have sought relaxation from the harassing influence of public affairs in literary or philosophical pursuits as remote as possible from their daily avocations. Nor is it enough that we remember the tenacious hold upon the mind in after life of the associations of classical study in earlier years, the abiding force of those tastes for all that is beautiful and ennobling in ancient letters, which grew up insensibly in the season of youth, under the propitious influences of place and books, and teachers and companions, the

lingering witchery of eloquence and song, which then first caught the ear and led captive the soul, the enthusiastic admiration and love for the great writers of antiquity which with so many scholars was first awakened in that springtime of intellectual life, and cherished in its subsequent periods, the grace of manhood and the solace of age. All this doubtless belongs to Mr. Gladstone's experience, but much more also; far deeper sources it has, to feed as from a perennial fountain the stream of his Homeric studies. Such a source is his assured conviction that the works of Homer, which form the delight of the scholar's boyhood, are designed yet more for the instruction of his maturer years; that coming down to us from the earliest period of antiquity, and from the opening, genial stage of culture in the intellectual life of its most highly gifted people, they yield us most precious knowledge, fresh and original, touching man's nature and life and destiny, founded upon experience, and wrought into lifelike and living pictures of human character and society, by a creative genius to whom has been assigned, by general consent, the supremacy among poets. The world's youth Mr. Gladstone sees in those creations of Homer's genius; but not in the sense in which Hegel uses the image, of the entire life of the Greeks as it was opened by the fabulous youth Achilles and closed by the youth of historic reality, Alexander the Great; in that grand Homeric world, its Olympian heavens of immortal gods overarching its earth, trodden by heroic men, he beholds the youth itself of youthful Greece; when the Greek mind was just exulting in the elastic play of its young energies, unfolding its marvelous powers, and bounding forth into the future, rejoicing in its strength to run the race of a great destiny in the intellectual history of man. It is the consideration of this destiny of the Greeks, not even yet all fulfilled, to be a chief and original influence in moulding the intellectual education of the world, which invests the poems of Homer with a quite inestimable intrinsic value. For in these poems are the germs of that lofty destiny; there are the sources of the power by which it was achieved; they had for the Greeks of all periods a place of honor and influence, even as of sacred books; they were an acknowledged authority on all subjects of national concern, language, government, letters, art, religion; studied and quoted by philosophers in their schools, listened to by the people in their solemn assemblies, their preservation counted by statesmen a sacred trust, and made an object of public policy, they entered as a vital and animating

force into that Greek mind which, by its literature, philosophy, and art, has penetrated all modern culture and the entire civilized life of Christendom. It is the impulse of such convictions as these which has brought Mr. Gladstone before the public as an interpreter of Homer; not so much in the interest of classical studies and scholarship, to delight himself again in the surpassing charms of Homer's poetry, and to make others sharers in his renewed enjoyment, but in the larger interests of knowledge and truth to hold up the great poet as an appointed teacher of mankind, and to commend the conclusions he has himself reached of the vital connection of these poems with the whole history of human culture and of the Providential government of the world. Some of these conclusions Mr. Gladstone's readers will doubtless readily accept; from others, though the very ones which he himself deems of essential moment, they will just as strongly dissent, as when they first encountered them in his former writings; but all of them must command admiration for the enthusiasm in Homeric study which they display, and for the earnest spirit from which they emanate, and which gives them an interest quite independent of the consideration of their truth and importance. The present work presents the results of Mr. Gladstone's Homeric studies far more completely than the former quite too extended volumes; the repetitions which occurred in those three large volumes are now withdrawn; the minute particulars, which were sometimes tedious and wearisome, are here wrought into general views; and some of his more peculiar opinions, to which exception was taken when they first appeared, are at least toned down, with a manifest improvement in the general effect. By the new treatment the author's work has become a kind of manual which aims to furnish practical assistance to the study of Homer in schools and universities, and also to "convey a partial knowledge of the subject to persons who are not habitual students."

We propose, in this article, to touch upon some of the preliminary topics discussed in this work, and to give special attention to the subject of chief interest in it, — the Religion of the Homeric Age.

It is the surest of the results, that we reach anew, in reading this latest of so many works on the poems of Homer, that notwithstanding the unequalled influence which these poems have exerted, the world has no definite knowledge of their author. It is something which never ceases to be strange, that apart from the poems themselves, the poet has for us no real existence; and

for any real knowledge we have, the figure of Homer, even as of Achilles or of Agamemnon, seems to be ever hovering on the borders of an imaginary world. Where and when he was born, who were his parents and kindred, under what influences of home and society, of nature and life, he grew up, and developed his wondrous poetic faculty, — on all such questions as these no light is shed, save that which shines out from his own luminous poetry. In antiquity itself, cities not seven alone, but cities without number, contended for the honor of giving him birth; and in the persons of learned critics they are contending for it still, and the contention no nearer its end; and we must be content to leave this question in the darkness in which we find it.

As little have we any external authorities to fix the time of the poet's life; here, too, the poems themselves are their own most trustworthy witness. But even if we rely alone upon internal evidence, and admit the view that the poems depict a state of Grecian society and manners far anterior to the earliest historic period, we are hardly prepared for Mr. Gladstone's so quietly dismissing, by inference, the opinion of Herodotus, which fixes the poet's life so late as the ninth century before Christ; for certainly it were nothing improbable for a poet of Homeric genius, an heir to a rich inheritance of traditions in story and song, to fashion his material into such fresh pictures, even if he were himself living long after the age from which those traditions had come down. But yet where all is so uncertain, we may be inclined to follow a writer of Mr. Gladstone's fine Homeric tact, and carry back the poet to a period earlier than that of the ancient opinions, and set him down in the congenial proximity of his own gods and heroes.

Mr. Gladstone is inclined to put the fall of Troy earlier than the received date of 1183 B. C., and it is his conjecture that Homer may have been born before or during the war, and that he was probably conversant with those who had fought in it. But whatever date may be fixed for the poet's life, the poems themselves have for Mr. Gladstone the highest historical character for the age which they represent. Nowhere, either in the present volume or in his earlier work, does he write with greater earnestness than when he contends that the song of Homer is historic song. In the sense in which the assertion is made nothing can be truer. Not of course that he wrote history, and narrated and unfolded, in the connection of time and of cause, events in the life of men

and of nations; admit, too, that he used fiction, as indeed no other writer before or since; admit, too, the supernatural element that enters so largely into the poetry; still, as the Greek Strabo contended long ago, the basis of the whole was history; he was historical in the representation of the ideas, manners, and customs, characters and institutions of real men, and of a state of society that had a real existence. Never ceasing to be poet, he is always a historian. Far more than the great dramatists of his own country, far more than any other epic or dramatic poet, it was his to reproduce, in poetic form, the manifold life of an entire age and people; indeed, it is Mr. Gladstone's firm belief that he has told more about the world and its inhabitants at his own epoch than any historian that ever lived. It is clear from the concurrent belief of the Greeks of all times, and from the whole economy and texture of the poems, that the tales of Troy and the wanderings of Ulysses, though unrivaled works of the imagination, yet have in them the substance of historic truth; they are the record of real events, during which and by which the Greeks were coming into the reality and the consciousness of a united national life. To adopt Mr. Gladstone's strong language, they make "the first and also the best composition of an age, the most perfect 'form and body of a time,' that has ever been achieved by the hand of man."

Far less space than might have been expected has Mr Gladstone devoted to what has been called the Homeric question, — that great controversy which has so profoundly agitated the learned world for nearly a century, and has not yet wholly subsided. Nothing in all the annals of criticism is more remarkable or more fruitful of instruction than the history of this controversy. Its very origin shows how the greatest results may come out of the smallest beginnings, how the smallest seed of doubt or suspicion may become the germ of a deep and universal skepticism. For more than twenty-five centuries Homer had lived in the faith of men, and the Iliad and the Odyssey, each as a great epic, one and entire, had commanded general admiration as the works of his genius. Through all the ages of Grecian letters, with all the disputes concerning the time and place of Homer's life, there was a general agreement on those fundamental points. The only note that ever arose to break the harmony came from the so-called chorizontes or separatists, who contended for a separate authorship of the two poems; but this discordant note was effectually silenced by the voice of Aristarchus, the Coryphæus of the Alex-

andrine critics. For centuries after the revival of learning the prevailing belief of antiquity was the unquestioned creed of all modern scholars; just as little doubt existed concerning the authorship of those great epics which had arisen again as bright as in that early morn of Grecian poetry, as of the great poem which had heralded the day of English song, the Canterbury Tales. But about the beginning of the eighteenth century there were thrown out quite incidentally, by several writers, some surmises touching the authorship of the poems, which led the way to an entirely new view of their origin. In particular, the ingenious Neapolitan thinker Vico, in his celebrated work, the "Scienza Nuova," introduced into the illustrations of his great subject from the Homeric poems the following passage: ¹—

"Homer left none of his compositions in writing; but the rhapsodists went about singing the books separately, some one, some another, at the feasts and public solemnities of the Greek cities. The Pisistratidæ first arranged, or caused to be so arranged, the poems of Homer into the Iliad and Odyssey; whence we may judge what a confused collection of materials they must previously have been."

Out of the hint given in this brief passage was afterwards elaborated the celebrated theory of Wolf, in his able and learned Prolegomena to the Iliad. This work, by its destructive criticism, founded partly upon the supposed impossibility, without the aid of the art of writing, of the composition of poems of such length by one mind, as well of their subsequent oral transmission, and partly upon their acknowledged internal discrepancies, quite overturned the old order of opinion. Wolf ascribed different parts of the two poems to different authors, and assumed that they were both for the first time arranged as well as committed to writing by Pisistratus. Without attempting to narrate the controversy which was opened up by this great critic all over the learned world, and the manifold phases it assumed, it is sufficient to note as the chief immediate results, that the two great epics were variously divided up into rhapsodies or small songs, and so in the multitude of Homers that arose on the field of view Homer himself was quite lost out of sight and out of being. But now, after these many years, the sequel has shown, and is still showing, that Wolf conferred a real service, not only to Homeric criticism, but to the cause of classical and literary criticism in general; a real service of skepticism not unlike that rendered by

¹ Quoted by Mure, in *Hist. Gr. Lit.* vol. i. p. 196.

Hume in the domain of philosophy. This indeed is the lesson of chief value taught by this great critical contest, the lesson that the work of demolition of long-established human opinions may be followed by their reconstruction upon new and more solid foundations; that the processes of an honest skepticism reestablish the old faith on a basis of clearer and larger intelligence and of enduring truth. The whole field of Homeric learning has been explored as never before, and by hundreds of sharp-sighted observers; the text of the poems has been subjected to the most searching scrutiny; all the evidences, external and internal, that bear upon their origin and history have been brought in from all sources and rigorously applied to the questions in issue; and the result has been a gradual reaction, a progressive tendency of return to the old view of the substantial unity of each poem and of their common authorship in Homer. Such is the position of Mr. Gladstone in the present volume, as in his earlier work; such, too, before him was the position of Mure, the author of the "History of Greek Literature," and the ablest of all English writers on the subject. The most signal illustration, indeed, of the result of the new examination of the whole question is found in the experience of Mure, who began his career as a zealous disciple of the Wolfian school, and after twenty years' diligent scrutiny of its doctrines reached a thorough conviction of their fallacy, and gave himself, with great success, to the duty of establishing that conviction in the minds of others.¹ The chief foundation of the position which has been thus secured lies in the subjective evidence furnished by the poems themselves; and this has been allowed by all critics, during the more recent stages of the controversy, to be the only valid basis on which the question can be treated. The objections urged against the unity of authorship of each poem by itself, and of both together, which are founded on internal inconsistencies, signally fail of reaching their mark. If they do not, when rightly considered, lend direct support to the opposite view, they prove far too much; they may be urged with like success against modern works, the single authorship of which is unquestioned and unquestionable; indeed, most strikingly has it been said by Mure,² that if the principles of Wolf's school were enforced against his own Prolegomena, that great essay could not possibly, in its integrity, be considered the work of the same author.

¹ *Hist. Gr. Lit.* vol. i. p. 222.

² *Hist. Gr. Lit.* vol. i. p. 198, note.

But we are not left to such a negative view; there is an affirmative one still stronger. The unanswerable argument for unity of authorship is derived from the general agreement of each poem in itself, and of both with each other, in all that is vital in their character, in the marvelous consistency in conceptions, manners, and institutions, and, most of all, in the delineations of character. In nothing is the creative genius of Homer so great as in the astonishing variety of his original characters, and in the unity and individuality, no less astonishing, with which all these characters are sustained, not by description, but by dramatic action, as they live and move before us, under all diversities of situation. Now, how were it possible for such conceptions of character, so rounded into harmony and oneness, to have emanated from various minds, each contributing by one or more minstrel lays his share of the whole? How, for instance, could the Achilles of the Iliad, and the Ulysses of the Iliad and Odyssey together, be the offspring of more than one mind? Nor is the difficulty of belief entirely given in the well-known remark of Professor Wilson: ¹ "Some people believe in twenty Homers. I believe in one. Nature is not so prodigal of her great poets." It is worse than this: you have to believe, not merely that nature is so prodigal of her great poets, but that she cast them all in the very same mould, and that their spiritual life, in itself, and in everything it produced, carried on it the same identical stamp. Indeed, we must all agree in the conclusion that if there is anything in the world more marvelous than the existence of one Homer, that certainly is the existence of more Homers than one. But whoever wrote these poems, and wherever and whenever they first became vital and vocal with their wondrous life and melody, one thing is sure, here they are before us. Let learned critics settle at their leisure the questions of authorship and integrity of the text; we have the poems themselves, — a rich legacy bequeathed to us, and sacredly handed down from the earliest ages; literary records of antiquity, later than the Vedas, indeed, but far more valuable; second in time and value only to the earlier books of Scripture. Here they are in our hands, to charm and delight us with their transcendent poetry, to instruct us with their precious stores of wisdom and knowledge, to bring before us, in speech and action, the whole life and character of the Greeks in that early period of their own history and of mankind; how and for what they lived,

¹ *Blackwood's Magazine*, 1831, p. 668.

in the family and in the state, in peace and in war, what were their thoughts and conceptions of nature, and of human life and destiny, and of the nature and power of God, and his government of the world.

The religious aspect of this ancient Greek life has justly had for Mr. Gladstone far greater attractions than any other. He has devoted more than one third of his work to the gods of the Heroic Age, or, as he has entitled the theme, the Olympian System. All thoughtful minds must sympathize with the writer in his sense of the profound interest which belongs to this theme. With what and how much spiritual vision those heroic Greeks were wont to look into the unseen world; what were their conceptions of deity; what and how they believed; whom they worshipped; and what power their faith and worship had upon their conduct in life, — these are inquiries of paramount and of universal and permanent concern. Mr. Gladstone's discussion has also a special value at the present time; for though not conducted in the interest of the comparative study of the religions of the world, it is nevertheless an important contribution to that study, which, following close upon the track of comparative philology, is now rising to the rank of a science, and is engaging the profound attention of many distinguished writers. It is evident that Mr. Gladstone has elaborated this part of his work with the most studious care, and with a certain fondness of mental application. It exhibits best his characteristic qualities as a scholar, as well as a thinker and a writer, his patient and unwearied toil in the study of the Homeric text, and his fine sensibility, as well, for all that is beautiful and noble in Homeric poetry; his pure and elevated sentiments, and his forcible and brilliant expression; and yet, with all his moral earnestness and sincerity, a strange turn of mind for something close akin to a sophistical mode of reasoning, a tendency to make his wish father to his thought, which sometimes issues only in ingenious speculations and the most laborious building up of favorite views upon a basis too slender for their support.

In his first chapter on this subject, which exhibits the great features of the Olympian system, Mr. Gladstone claims for Homer the unique distinction of having been "the maker of the religion" of his country. It is a bold form of assertion, and quite characteristic of the author; but it contains in it a great truth, designed, as it is, to express in a single word the creative power and immense influence of Homer's poetic genius in the realm of

spiritual ideas. Not that it was the poet's conscious purpose to make a religion for his countrymen, or even to teach them religion, or to exercise among them and for them any prophetic or priestly office. He was preëminently a singer, the prince of singers, in an age and a nation where minstrelsy was a kind of national gift; and he sang of the manifold life of his people out of the fullness and freedom of a musical soul attuned to all melodies of sound and all moral harmonies of thought and feeling; but in giving true utterance to that life in song, he had such a knowledge and mastery of the national heart, that by his poetical faculty he combined, in a musical creation of his own, all those religious sentiments to which its many chords were wont to vibrate. We may not suppose that Homer created "the gods many and lords many" that peopled the Greek Olympus, or that he invented their various and often conflicting attributes, with all that is in them of the grand and the little, of the noble and the base; it were a solecism to suppose that he himself made the manifold elements that entered into the Greek religion; all these were already there in the heart and life of the people, in affluent store, — actual beliefs, inherited traditions emanating from different periods and diverse races, original human sentiments, all apprehended with more or less distinctness by the popular mind, and controlling its convictions with more or less practical force; but in his poetic representation of the heroic age of Greece, it was his, by his insight and imagination, to give body and form to all this mass of material, and to breathe into it a living soul. In this sense was he the maker of the Greek religion; thus it was that he set up once for all in the firmament of Hellenic life the Olympian system, that creation of marvelous splendor and of long-enduring influence to which was drawn and fixed the upward gaze and faith of more than thirty generations of the most thoughtful and most vigorous races of the world, and destined to dissolve away only before that religion from above, of divine beauty and divine power, which was enthroned upon the mountains round about Jerusalem for the spiritual sway of universal man. The material out of which the poet constructed his system necessarily derived the variety of its elements from the heterogeneous character of the Greek nation itself. The successive streams of emigration which had flowed into the peninsula had brought with them the most various and often diverse conceptions of deity, with their corresponding names and attributes and forms of worship. All these materials, as they

were now settling down in the real world, on the same soil, into permanent relations of compromise and union, so in the world of poetry were shaped by the hand of the master "into that intellectual and ideal whole which we know as the Greek religion." The ethnic origin of this material of religion Mr. Gladstone ascribes chiefly to the Pelasgians, and to the Hælic families and tribes. He claims, however, an important influence for the Phœnicians, and the full development of this Phœnician element distinguishes his treatment of the subject in this work from that which belongs to his earlier volumes. Some influence, also, he allows, though only a very limited one, to the Egyptians. The view which, on the authority of some statements in Herodotus, once referred to Egypt the chief origin of the Greek religion, is not sustained by Homeric evidence. Scarcely any traces of Egyptian influence in Greece are found in Homer, and such analogies as exist between the mythologies of the two nations are easily explained without the supposition of any direct connection of the one with the other.

In describing the manner in which Homer reduced to unity the elements derived from all these sources, Mr. Gladstone dwells upon the nature-worship of the Pelasgians which prevailed in Greece before the poet's time, and was now in its decline, and presents his view of the different modes by which, through the application of the anthropomorphic principle, the poet fashioned and shaped his own Olympian scheme. But we can rightly understand neither the nature-worship nor the Olympian religion, without recurring to that earliest conception which inheres in the very heart of each, the primitive conception of the Greek religion and of all religion, the conception of one supreme being as the highest object of human faith and adoration. Nothing is older, in the language of the Greek religion than *θεός* and *Ζεύς*,¹ nothing older in Greek religious thought than God, and Zeus as the God, the God of the heavens, the God of light. Even Kronos, time itself, is later than Zeus, and contradictory as it may at first seem, also the patronymics of Zeus, Kronion, and Kronides, the Son of Time; for these do not express time as the origin of Zeus, but the duration of his being as the God of Time, even as our own exalted expression, the Ancient of Days. This fundamental conception, together with its very name, the Greeks had as an original common possession with all their kindred of the great Aryan family of nations; a clearly established fact which we owe to the com-

¹ Welcker, *Götterlehre*, vol. i. p. 129, seqq.

parative study of language and of religion, and to the foremost expounder of their principles in English, Professor Max Müller. For its origin, we must go back from the Greek to the Sanskrit, the earliest deposit of Aryan speech, from the Iliad and Odyssey to the Vedas, the earliest records of Aryan faith; far back we must go to the heights of the Himalayas, as the primitive Olympus, the original seat of Aryan religion. The names of deity in Greek and in Latin, both the abstract, as *θεός*, *deus*, and the concrete, as *Ζεύς* and Jupiter, or Diespiter, are identical with the corresponding Sanskrit names *deva* and *Dyaus*; and they are all formed from the Sanskrit root *div*, which means to shine.¹ From the same root comes the Latin word *dies*, with all its cognates; and thus all the former words signify, fundamentally, brightness, light the divine, and the latter, the God of the bright heavens, the God of light and day. A single passage, quoted by Müller² from the Veda, pours a flood of light upon the common origin of all these nations themselves, and of their languages and earliest religious ideas. It is this: "When the pious man offers his morning libation to the great father Dyaus, he trembles all over as he becomes aware that the archer sent forth from his mighty bow the bright dart that reaches him, and brilliant himself, gave his own splendor to his daughter, the Dawn." In reading such words, we seem to be reading Homer himself; nay, Homer and the people who listened to his song are transferred, forthwith, back to the old Aryan homestead, and are sharing there the thoughts, feelings, words, the whole life, of the yet undivided Aryan household. But we may widen our view, with the wider range of this comparative study of the languages of the world. The Slavonic word *Bog*, which expresses the idea of God, is also of Sanskrit origin, and is the same word as the *Bhaga* of the Veda, and the *Baga* of the Zend-Avesta, which means, originally, the sun, and is also a common name for God in both those poems. Indeed, we may take an illustration of the same philological fact from a different and quite remote family of languages. In many Tatarian dialects the word *tängri*, which is used for God, means not only the heavens, but also the great Spirit of the all-compassing heavens; and this corresponds entirely to the Chinese *Thiän*, or *Tien*, which is used for the physi-

¹ Welcker, *Götterlehre*, vol. i. p. 131; also Müller in *Edinburgh Review* for 1851.

² *Edinburgh Review*, 1851, p. 335.

cal heavens and for day, and also means the "Great One that reigns on high and regulates all below."¹ Indeed, is not in the human mind everywhere, and in all tongues, the transition easy and natural from light and heaven to God? Consider our common expression, "Heaven knows," and from the Psalms, "The heavens are the Lord's," and from the New Testament the confession of the prodigal, "I have sinned against heaven;" nay, does not this strange touch of comparative philology make all Christendom kin with the whole heathen world, when we remember that comprehensive word of Scripture, "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all"?

But we may not linger on this earliest stage of the Greek religion. With the Greeks, as with all ancient nations, this primitive idea of God came in course of time, we know not how and when, to suffer disintegration; out of *θεός* grew *θεοί*; with Zeus came sons and daughters of Zeus, also parents and ancestors of Zeus; and so, with the sense of the divine still remaining, there arose out of the conception of the one God a belief in the plurality of gods. Mr. Gladstone has said that "the unaided intellect of man seems not to have had *stamina* to carry, as it were, the weight of the transcendent idea of one God." The truth of this remark is best seen in the perpetual turning to idolatry even of God's chosen people, blessed though they were with direct revelation, and fenced in and isolated from all other nations. Witness the single humiliating instance of the whole people worshipping a golden calf, and that, too, under the very shadow of the awful mount; into such an abyss of spiritual folly the Greeks never sank, with all the corruptions of their polytheism in its corruptest eras. This polytheism in that earlier form, the receding traces of which we see in Homer, consisted, as is well known, of the worship of nature by the deification of its manifold phenomena, and of the ruling forces which produce them. Under the bright skies of Hellas, and amid the enchanting scenery of its streams and hills and vales, the susceptible and imaginative Greeks yielded themselves willing captives to the potent spells of nature, even as their Aryan kindred in India, when they had crossed the Himalayas, and had come down into their new homes along the great rivers and the fertile valleys of the Penjâb. A recent writer² has aptly quoted a passage from the book of Job, which shows how other Asiatic

¹ Julius von Klaproth, as quoted by Weleker, *Götterlehre*, vol. i. p. 130.

² Hardwick, in *Christ and other Masters*, vol. i. p. 176.

souls in those distant times and regions felt the same fascinations, but could better resist them, through the control of a loftier devotion: "If I beheld the sun when it shined, or the moon walking in brightness, and my heart hath been secretly enticed, or my mouth hath kissed my hand, this also were an iniquity to be punished by the Judge; for I should have denied the God that is above." But no such reverence for the God that is above kept back the Greeks from deifying and worshipping the manifestations of his power as they presented themselves to the senses in the natural world around them. Those great lights set up in the firmament to rule their daily life and the on-going life of the world; the earth about them, with its ever-renewing wonders of growth and decay; the alternations of day and night and the changing seasons; the dewy freshness of the dawn and the warm glow of the western sky; the elemental air and fire and water, in all their varied phenomena of storm and shine, of tempest and calm, of rain and drought, — all these were for the Greeks endowed with a divine life and exalted into objects of adoration. Thus, as in the Veda, we find with Dyaus the names and worship of Indra and Surya and Mitra and Agni and Varuna. So, too, among the Greeks, come to be associated with Zeus, though always in subordination, Here as the goddess of the earth, the sun-god in Helios and in Apollo, the moon in Selene, the fire-god in Hephaistos or Vulcan, Poseidon the sovereign of the ocean, and the other gods many in this Greek Pantheon of nature-worship.

But in the world of Homeric poetry this elemental worship no longer holds sway; in the Olympian religion we behold and feel the presence of divine personages, of human form and appearance, however august, and of a human nature, however idealized. It is a strange transition, but no less perfect and manifest. How those gods of nature have passed out from their shadow-like figures into persons of definite human form and quality, inner and outer, is a subtle process, no less so than the actual processes in the material world. As Welcker¹ has conceived it, the nature-god seems to have fashioned for itself a kind of chrysalis of golden mythic threads, and to have come forth in due time a divine human personality. But the accomplished result is that which gives the Olympian system that distinctive character all its own, which, as Mr. Gladstone has expressed it, "is the intense action of the anthropomorphic principle which pervades and moulds the whole."

¹ *Götterlehre*, vol. i. p. 230.

“Its governing idea of the character of deity is a nature essentially human, with the addition of unmeasured power.” It is obvious that such a system gave expression to the most exalted conception of humanity; and though it necessarily debased the divine idea by taking into it the lower along with the higher elements of the human, it nevertheless embodied a worthier conception of deity than the elemental system which preceded it. It may be said to have presented, by a strange inversion, God formed in the image of man, instead of man formed in the image of God; but on the other hand it must be granted that it created gods in the image of man, because it recognized the divine in man; recognizing in the gods the original source of the moral and spiritual in man, it incorporated deity into an idealized manhood, as the most adequate known expression of the divine nature. Thus the creation of this Olympian system reveals a stronger and higher spiritual tendency in the people whose religion it became, and a more advanced stage of their culture, than those which gave origin to the earlier nature-worship. A new inner world of thoughts and conceptions must have arisen, a high sense of the greatness and power of man’s spiritual being, before the phenomena and nature of forces so lost their influence that these new humanized deities were formed, moving free and separate among the elements, their true being and sphere no longer in the natural but in the spiritual realm. A lofty consciousness must there have been of free will and reason and intelligence in man, of all in his nature that is truly akin to the divine, so that the religious sense could no longer be satisfied with nature, or find its appropriate objects in her manifestations. But it was the muse of Hellenic poetry, as it culminated in the song of Homer, which finally spoke into being this Olympian system, and reared it up over Hellenic life, at once to reflect and to rule it in all its relations. It was conceived not merely as consisting of individuals, but also as forming a divine community both as a family and a state, with Zeus for the father and the sovereign. Here, too, as in every stage of Greek religion, is illustrated that line of Virgil:—

“Ab Jove principium Musæ; Jovis omnia plena;”

and yet more the loftier verse of Horace, when he sings of the parent:—

“Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum.”

Indeed, the pure light of the idea of one God, which had so broken

into many rays through the action of the nature-worship, seems in the atmosphere of Olympus to be struggling to recover its integrity in the tendency to the union of all the principal Olympian deities with Zeus under the form either of direct descent or of other relationship derived from human analogy. Thus Poseidon, the ruler of the sea, and Aïdoneus, the Zeus of the lower world, are his brothers; and Here is at once his sister and spouse; Ares, Hermes, and Aphrodite are his children; as also and especially Athene and Apollo, who are inferior only to Zeus in power, and in moral tone superior to Zeus himself. Indeed, the exalted character and worship ascribed to Athene and Apollo give them a marked præminence in the Olympian religion. They are united with Zeus in honor as no other deities; as in the words of Hector,¹ "Were I held in honor as a god, Phœbus or Pallas," and the oft-recurring form of prayer, "Father Zeus and Athene and Apollo." Athene's relation to Zeus as his daughter is altogether unique in the representations alike of her birth and her being and action. She is his daughter without mother, begotten in the intelligence of Zeus, and (though by a later representation than Homer's) bidden forth into being from his head; in the Olympian family she is the father's favorite daughter, indulged at her will, and restrained neither in word nor in deed.² She is constantly named with Zeus, as acting with him and for him, and directly declared as in union with him, the highest and mightiest deity. In short, the words of Horace give literal expression to the Homeric conception of the goddess:—

"Proximos illi tamen occupavit
Pallas honores."

Similar is the relation of Apollo to Zeus. He is the son dear to Zeus, addressed as such by him, ever the obedient son, in closest union with his father, his organ, and, as the god of prophecy, the revealer of his will. It is on the basis of the highest attributes of these deities, together with their peculiar relation to Zeus, that Mr. Gladstone has constructed that theory of tradition in the genesis of the Hellenic religion which constitutes the peculiarity of his treatment of the whole subject.

In the firm conviction that these conceptions of deity could not have been the growth of the unassisted intelligence of the Greeks, he ascribes them to a divine origin, in the form of a primitive revelation made to man, and preserved in unbroken tradition to

¹ *Iliad*, viii. 540.

² *Iliad*, v. 875.

the time of the separation of the Semitic and Aryan branches of the human family, and so by and by brought with them into Greece by the Hellenic portion of the Aryan branch, and at last wrought by Homer into his Olympian scheme. Thus he claims for Homer's Athene and Apollo a truly divine ancestry. He compares them with the child in Wordsworth's ode: heaven lies about them in their infancy; and the soul that rises with them "hath had elsewhere its setting, and cometh from afar." In the no less firm conviction that there are features traceable in these deities which are in marked correspondence with Hebraic doctrine and tradition, as conveyed in the books of Holy Scripture, and handed down in the auxiliary sacred learning of the Jews, he believes that Athene is the Hellenic adumbration of the Logos, the uncreated Word, and Apollo of the Messiah, the seed of the woman, a being at once divine and human; and so by consequence, Latona, the human mother of Apollo, is the woman whose seed the Redeemer was to be. It passes comprehension how a writer of Mr. Gladstone's ability, and enlarged and elevated views, can build up a theory with devoutest diligence upon so slender proofs, and liable to the gravest objections; which is so repugnant to every Christian sentiment, and forces the explanation, from such foreign sources, of conceptions in the Greek religion which can certainly be explained without it, and without traveling out of the records of that religion itself. The view which he presents, notwithstanding all the captivating enthusiasm with which it glows, unfortunately lacks the elements necessary to gain for it an intelligent conviction in the mind of the reader. As you yield yourself to his guidance, while he spreads before you the minutest details of suggestion and illustration, all skillfully interwoven with the cunningest hand, and embellished with a very large border of the finest writing, you are conscious of admiration, and of something very like persuasion; but when you have looked away in another direction, and then come back for a renewed and more independent view, you discover that the texture of the whole work that has so fixed your gaze is made up of the airiest of nothings. It is marvelous, the ingenious facility and alacrity with which he can proceed upon premises of mere assumptions, and rest, with calmest assurance, in conclusions which only credulity can believe. If we should admit his remoter assumptions, which are indeed scarcely discernible in those far-off primeval ages where they are laid, it were certainly an incredible supposition that the Greeks had older Messi-

anic traditions than the Jews themselves; and it is certain that the Jews had no such developed traditions old enough to have been borrowed and reflected by Homer. The Apocryphal Book of Wisdom, and the Hebrew Targumim, on which Mr. Gladstone largely relies, belong to a time centuries later even than Plato; and in the Bible there is nothing which by any possibility could give substance to this theory but the Messianic promises in Genesis and the personifications of wisdom in the Proverbs of Solomon; and out of these, forsooth, the poetic genius of Homer has created Olympian persons who adumbrate the Incarnate Redeemer of man.

But even if we should lean to the influence of such traditions in the nobler attributes of these deities, how can we reconcile other representations of their character which run directly counter to any such supposition? What a strange look for such a theory, the league of Pallas with Here and Poseidon to bind in chains the great father of gods and men! And how may we account for the opposition to each other of Pallas and Phœbus in the Trojan conflict, the former the protector of the Greeks, the latter of the Trojans? What a rude clashing with Messianic ideas Apollo's words of sublime indifference to the fate of mortals, when he declined to enter the lists where gods and goddesses were in furious combat over Ilium's destiny:—

“Earth-shaking God, I should not gain with thee
Esteem of wise, if I with thee should fight
For mortal men; poor wretches, who like leaves,
Flourish awhile, and eat the fruits of earth,
But sapless, soon decay; from combat then
Refrain we, and to others leave the strife.”

And Minerva's wisdom descends to something more than craftiness when she comes down from heaven purposely to break the truce of the Trojans with the Greeks, and in the disguise of Antenor's son tempts Pandarus to aim his stinging arrow at the breast of the unsuspecting Menelaus; and still worse when she cheats Hector under the guise of his trusted brother Deïphobus, and so deludes him to the fatal combat with Achilles.

But it is the most conclusive evidence against this whole theory, that it is entirely gratuitous. The conceptions of these deities are adequately explained within the range of Homeric ideas, as emanations of Zeus, as he is conceived alike in the realm of nature and of spirit; and these are the clearest illustrations of

the monotheistic tendencies of the Homeric system. Born of Zeus, as the God of the ethereal heavens, Athene represents the physical side of his nature as a feminine personification of the ether; hence her epithet *γλαυκῶπις*, the *blue-eyed*, or more properly the goddess of heaven-bright eyes. On the other hand, as Zeus is the supreme intelligence, so as his daughter sprung full grown from his head, she represents also the spiritual side of his being, which the name Minerva expresses, from the Greek *μένος*, and the Latin *mens*, and the Sanskrit *manas*, as the goddess of mind or of wisdom. In like manner all the attributes of Apollo are explained in accordance alike with the Homeric system and with the earlier worship. Apollo, as the sublimest appellation for Helios, the sun, finally supplants altogether the common name; he is a solar deity; and all his attributes, natural and spiritual, issue from this his original character. As son of Latona, which means what is hidden and concealed, he comes forth out of the darkness, and reveals the brightness of the God of heaven, even as the sun reveals the day. So is he the Phœbus, the bright one; and as the God of the silver bow, the far-darting and far-destroying, the arrows of his burning and destructive rays bring pestilence and death, even as his milder heat and radiance bring fruitful blessing to the earth, and deliverance to the children of men. In short, like Athene, he is an emanation of Zeus, and reveals both his natural and his spiritual attributes as the lord of air and light, dwelling in the highest heavens, and as the god of justice and right, the moral governor of the world.

Mr. Gladstone's hypothesis is the latest and the very mildest of all the various theories put forth since the revival of learning, which discover in the nobler elements of Homeric theology traces of patriarchal and evangelical truth, and quietly relegate all the rest to obscure realms, which are conveniently named heathenish fable or absurd superstitions or degrading idolatry and demon worship. Mure touched upon some of these in an article published some years ago on Archdeacon Williams' "Homerus," and it would be a very curious and instructive labor to follow out his hints, and to collect together and to present in order the doctrines of their authors and all the subtleties of their allegorical exposition. Gerardus Crœsius, a Dutch scholar, maintained, in his "Homerus Hebræus," that the two poems of Homer embodied a complete narrative of the history of the Jews, the Odyssey embracing the time from the departure of Lot out of Sodom to the death of

Moses, and the Iliad narrating the destruction of Jericho and the wars of Joshua and the final conquest of Canaan. He clearly discovered Jericho in Troy, and Joshua and the Israelites in Agamemnon and the Greeks, and the harlot Rahab in Helen, while Nestor was Abraham, and Ulysses Moses. The English scholar, Joshua Barnes, the friend of Bentley and Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge, convinced himself that Homer was Solomon, a conviction which he established by reading Omeros backwards, in Hebrew fashion, into Soremo, and then by metalepsis into Solemo or Solomon! But Archdeacon Williams, in his "Homerus," published only twenty-five years ago, carries the principle of analogy into a far wider range of application. Believing to the full Mr. Gladstone's doctrine of primitive revelation and tradition, he even traces in Homeric poetry (we use his own words), "most of the essential principles by which the Christian religion is distinguished;" with him, therefore, the Iliad was "constructed for the express purpose of vindicating the justice of the Deity, and displaying the inseparable connection between sin and eternal punishment." The fate of "sinful and accursed Troy," as he characterizes Priam's city and people, illustrates atonement and retributive justice, and so foreshadows the fall of wicked cities yet to come, and "above all, of Jerusalem itself." In this last view, however, of Troy prefiguring Jerusalem, the Archdeacon was anticipated by about two hundred years, by the Italian writer, Jacobo Ugone, in his "Vera Historia Romana." But we think that the writer or writers of the "Gesta Romanorum," a work earlier by many centuries than those now mentioned, took a much more fundamental view of this whole subject, for the monk, in that celebrated collection, says that "Paris represents the devil, and Helen the human soul or all mankind"!

But is there not "a more excellent way" of accounting for the origin of the Olympian religion than the method employed by all these and many other writers, and in its latest and faintest form by Mr. Gladstone, a way far more in harmony with all right views of human nature and of the wisdom and benevolence of the Creator, and also in accordance with the results of the comparative study of all the "religions which have existed outside the pale of divine revelation"? May we not find the original source of all these religions, not in any primitive revelation or tradition, but rather in what we may call a primitive faith; a faith in God, in the true, even though unknown God, and in

his rightful and righteous government of the world; a faith implanted in the very constitution of the human soul, and so not only anterior to all religious knowledge, but also essential to the appropriation of such knowledge, whether communicated by natural or by supernatural means? Alike the truths and the errors of the Homeric religion, the conceptions of deity, whether noble or base, of the Homeric mythology may be carried back to that inborn tendency of the human soul to search after God, which is taught by the apostle Paul in his sermon to the men of Athens, when he says of all the nations of men, "That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us." The same apostle was wont to teach his heathen hearers that God had not left himself without witness in the works of nature and in the human conscience, and that from the one men might "clearly see the invisible things of Him, even his eternal power and Godhead," and that through the other they "showed the work of the law written in their own hearts." And while we are taught that the pagan nations are without excuse, who when they knew God, yet glorified Him not as God, we can set no bounds to the spiritual elevation which they might have reached, or which individual souls or communities may have reached, by giving heed to such witness, when we remember the words of another apostle, "God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him."

In the life of the Greeks, as we see it in the poetry of Homer, it is this feeling after God of which we are constantly reminded. There is no aspect so perpetually present as the religious, nothing so constantly seen as this striving of the soul after the one, living, personal God, its upward turning for care and blessing to a divine Being like itself, but in all things superior, the righteous ruler of men and all human affairs, and alone worthy of devout worship and obedient service. And yet no less constantly do we behold the actual failure of the Greek mind to satisfy these longing aspirations, that continual contradiction between the real and the ideal through which the Deity is debased to the level of humanity, even in the very act of lifting the Deity far above all human limitations. The distinguished German scholar Nägelsbach has treated this point with remarkable clearness and fullness.¹ The gods are endowed with omniscience, and yet, in many a passage,

¹ In his *Homerische Theologie*.

are ignorant of matters which most intimately concern them. The gods are omnipotent, and yet Zeus himself is bound with fetters, from which he is released only by the hundred-handed Briareus. The gods are constituted as just and holy in the government of the world, and invariably visiting punishment upon all wrongdoing; but in many instances they are patrons of the worst crimes known among men, and are themselves the subjects of the fiercest and most malevolent human passions; and, indeed, in the Homeric conception itself of the Deity, there is an utter absence of that awful holiness which inheres in the Hebrew and Christian idea of God. The gods also require and accept the worship of men, and their favor is propitiated and their displeasure deprecated by prayer and sacrifice; in all the events and occasions of life, alike the smallest and the greatest, the pious Greek approaches his God in prayer, and in conscious dependence bows to the divine behests; but yet his gods are implacable to the last degree, and pursue the offender with the most relentless hatred; and nothing is so drearily indistinct in the consciousness of the Greek worshiper as the prospect of forgiveness and reconciliation. Human sin is certain, certain its punishment; but wholly uncertain, dependent on the arbitrary will of his gods, is its forgiveness; human life is a life without any assurance of divine favor.¹

However we may differ from Mr. Gladstone in respect to the origin of the Homeric system, we can heartily accept his statement of the lesson which its history teaches, that it shows "the total inability of our race, even when at its maximum of power, to solve for ourselves the problems of our destiny; to extract for ourselves the sting from care, from sorrow, and above all from death." By revealing this inability, the Greek religion and all other religions of pagan antiquity have each proved themselves, even as the written law of the Jews, a schoolmaster to bring men to Christ: they all belong, with Judaism itself, to a continuous development of preparation for the coming into the world, in the fullness of time, of Him who was the desire of all nations, for the coming of Christianity as the one true and universal religion, to meet and satisfy the wants of human nature as they appear in all nations and in all times. It is a remark of St. Augustine, often quoted by Müller, that there is no religion which does not contain some element of truth. We may accept, also, when it is rightly understood, that paradox of the same father of the church,

¹ Nägelsbach, p. 355.

that "what is now called the Christian religion has existed among the ancients, and was not absent from the beginning of the human race until Christ came in the flesh; from which time the true religion which existed already began to be called Christian." The religious aspirations of the heathen world, however unsatisfied, however misguided, the glimmerings of truth that appear amid the manifold errors of that religion, all their observances of worship in their best and in their worst forms, why are they not "unconscious prophecies" of the human soul under the teachings of nature, even as the written prophecies of the Jewish Scriptures, under the teachings of revelation, of the grace and truth to come by Jesus Christ for the redemption of universal man? Such a view at once gives true significance to the pagan religions, and fixes their true relation to the Christian, and in turn the relation of the Christian religion to them. Christianity is not clearly discovered to be a universal religion till all the natural religions are seen to be preparatory to it, till all those religions which could not have existed but for man's religious nature, allied to God and bound to Him even amid all its errors, are recognized along with Judaism as presupposing the New Testament revelation. Christ is seen as the divine deliverer of mankind only as his redemptive work runs through all human history, "one increasing purpose running through the ages."

ROME AND THE ROMANS OF THE TIME OF HORACE.

WRITTEN FOR THE FRIDAY CLUB, DECEMBER 16, 1870, ALSO USED AS COLLEGE LECTURES.

THE late Dean Milman declared that no one could know anything of Rome or of the Roman mind and manners who was not profoundly versed in Horace. The remark is so true that one may well be warranted in making Horace's writings the point of departure for a view of the great city and of the life of its people in those eventful times to which his career belonged ; so fitted was he both by his genius and culture and by his fortunate position in Roman society for the task which he executed of seizing and interpreting in his poetry all that is characteristic in Augustan Rome. By nature and by fondest habit he was a close observer of the ways of men. He had also the amplest means of observation through his connection, by his origin, with the humblest orders of Roman society, and, by his rise, with the highest. He was the son of a freedman and the intimate friend of the emperor and his prime minister Mæcenas ; he was vexed with no aspiring that interfered with simple tastes and moderate desires and a cherished sense of personal independence. He had no cares of family, politics, or profession ; neither poverty nor riches was given him, but that golden mean he loved and sung so well, that brought him neither trouble nor anxiety. It was by such means as these that Horace was qualified at once to study and to teach his age, to apprehend and to represent it, to catch with a poet's insight its living manners as they rose before him, and with a poet's art to set them in imperishable literary forms.

It is in this attitude of Horace towards his country and his age, in his clear and genial vision and knowledge of the Rome and the Romans of the Augustan period, of the great city itself in all its parts, and of all the life of its people, social, political, literary, and moral, and in his ability to embody all that he saw and knew in such perfect forms of poetic expression ; in these it is that we find his chief distinction as a writer, and the secret of his fame

and influence. Of his distinctive poetic qualities in his lyrics, satires, and epistles I have spoken in the "Life of Horace," in the edition we have been using, and upon these I do not purpose now to dwell. In such lectures as I wish to give you in a review of Horace, we need specially to observe, that his poetry, like all genuine poetry, had its roots in the life of its time and grew up under its skies and in its air and light, and thus it represents what is real and permanent in the ideas and events and characters of that time, and thus it is that the writer is a truly national and Roman poet. As you read you catch glimpses of the city, the yellow Tiber, with its plains on either side and the hills that bound them, the Capitol and its neighboring heights, the Palatine and Esquiline; the Forum with its Sacred Way, and the triumphal procession coming down into it from the Velia, and all the town following with their "Io Triumphe's;" you see the thronged Campus Martius, too, on election day, the noisy party-candidates putting forth their claims to office; and there, too, quite aside, the brave, virtuous men, strangers to defeat, the real consuls of all years. You visit the temples and hear the prayers there offered; also the places of amusement, the Theatre of Pompeius, where you may, perhaps, regret the absence of Pollio with his muse of severe tragedy, but yet may add "a good part of your voice" to the rounds of applause which greet Mæcenas after his illness; you may stroll out to the Circus with the lovers of the races, and strain your eyes on the swift hot-wheeled chariots chasing one another through the dust of the course, and at last you may toss up your caps for the winners of the "ennobling palm." Or you may share with the poet the life of Roman interiors, whether the poor man's home, where are plain meals but no hangings or purple; or the rich man's palace, where you see costly marbles and paneled ceilings of ivory or gold, but yet tables laden with cloying stores, and black imps of fretting care flying about the ceiling. But not alone these places and outward scenes of Rome may you see in Horace's poetry; you come to know also the people themselves, the Romans of all classes, and in all their occupations, whether peaceful or warlike; scholars and men of letters, like Virgil, and Varus, and Pollio, in their studies; statesmen in the senate; orators on the rostra; advocates hurrying to meet cases at the courts; or counselors at law rudely called up at cock-crowing by impatient clients banging at their doors. Especially do you become conversant with the great political events of

the time and the great actors in them, whether on the republican or the imperial side ; the recent civil wars, — so recent that the fires of partisan passion, not yet extinct, may soon break forth from the ashes which only seem to bury them ; — these, with their sights and sounds, are all there in the poet's graphic verse ; the murmur of martial horns, the glitter of arms, the fleeing horses, the panic-stricken horsemen, and the chiefs soiled with no inglorious dust. The battles are fought there before you with their decisive, world-wide issues, in all of them, like that at Philippi, the old republic doomed and fallen in spite of the desperate valor of its defenders, and the empire as the necessary outcome, risen and established, with Octavian, the heaven-sent Mercury, its august ruler.

With this general view of the relation of the poet Horace to his time, I propose to give you in some lectures, Rome and the Romans as he has represented them ; the city in its extent, its external appearance in its public works, its chief buildings, public and private, and then the population and its different classes, and especially the Roman society, which is set before us in the Horatian poetry.

The Rome in which Horace lived, and which now lives in his poetry, had in its extent far outgrown the ancient limits of the Servian walls ; these walls, indeed, then belonged as truly to the antiquities of the city as at the present day, and their line could scarcely be traced for the buildings that inclosed and concealed them through their entire course. For the size and extent of the Augustan city we have no immediate data, except those which belong to the division of its area into fourteen regions or wards, which was instituted by the emperor for municipal purposes. A description of the municipal division, which has come down to us in the ancient document called the "Curiosum Urbis," contains a distinct enumeration of each of the fourteen regions, with its circumference in feet, a list of the principal buildings in each, so arranged as to describe its circuit, together with much curious information, such as the number of public establishments, the granaries, the public baths, the heads of water for the aqueducts, and also the number in each region of the private dwelling-houses. Not only do the figures given under these heads all show how immensely the Rome of the age of Augustus had extended beyond the ancient boundaries, but also the enumeration of the principal buildings in each region, which is made to mark its topographical

limits, yields an approximate view of its actual extent. These buildings are for the most part familiar ones, and their sites distinctly known, and the line which they describe has been made the subject of topographical study, and a plan of the city has been constructed on the basis of their respective limits, by which the extent of the whole city has been reached. It has thus been made clear that the area of the city in the time of Augustus was substantially the same as in the reign of Vespasian, when its circuit was exactly measured; and as in Aurelian's reign, when the new walls were begun. A passage in Pliny, which furnishes a very particular account of Vespasian's survey, fixes the circumference of the city, as ascertained by measurement, at $13\frac{1}{5}$ miles. As this measure marks the extent of the outer line of the buildings of the city, it agrees sufficiently well with the circumference of the Aurelian and of the present walls. The line of the Augustan regions was probably adopted by Aurelian when he conceived the purpose, which revealed at once his own military greatness and the weakness of his empire, of inclosing the city with a new line of fortified walls. For nearly eight centuries (507 B. C. to 270 A. D.) Rome had been a city without walls, but during all these centuries, which include the periods of the rising and ever-extending greatness of the republic, and the Augustan era of the imperial universal dominion, the capital had never needed any outward defense. Hannibal had been the last enemy that ever approached it, and since the battle of Zama, Rome had never known any apprehension of foreign invasion. But now that the imperial city began to be in peril from the ever-nearing approach of the German and other northern nations, it needed the protection of fortified walls. The walls were commenced in 271, and rapidly carried forward during the remaining years of Aurelian's reign; but they were completed by Probus in 276. This period of five years is certainly a short one for so gigantic a work, and undoubtedly it was carried through with undue haste; and hence, 125 years later, in the reign of Honorius (395-425), they were thoroughly repaired, and in some parts constructed anew, though without any change of the line which they followed. Different ancient writers have described the Aurelian walls, but only one, Vopiscus (300 A. D.), in his *Life of Aurelian*, has made distinct mention of their extent, which he fixes, if we take his words in their usual sense, at the fabulous estimate of about fifty miles in circumference. Gibbon, in his eleventh chapter, speaks of this estimate as only

the result of popular exaggeration, and among eminent modern writers it has found no defender except the Roman topographer Nibby. The numerals of Vopiscus were long a vexed question with the critics, but at length the Italian writer, Piale, hit upon the happy conjecture that the word feet (*pedum*) should be supplied with the numerals *quinquaginta millia*, or 50,000, instead of the usual word paces, or *passuum*, so that the passage would read 50,000 feet, or between 10 and 11 miles, a very probable estimate, and sufficiently near the result of Vespasian's measurement, as well as the extent of the present walls of Rome. The topographers had, however, still another difficulty to settle in the account, given by Olympiodorus, of another measurement of the geometrician Ammon, made in the reign of Honorius, just before the first invasion of the Goths in A. D. 408. This measurement would yield, according to the received reading of the text, a circuit for the city of twenty-one miles; but this, too, is a number quite improbable for belief and acceptance. Gibbon has, however, adopted it in two passages, though in a third he has given, without alluding to the preceding ones, another estimate, and undoubtedly the true one, of about twelve miles. Most ingeniously has the text of Olympiodorus been conjecturally emended by Nibby. The number is given in the text, as often, by letters of the Greek alphabet, $\kappa\acute{\alpha}$, κ standing for 20 and α for 1. Nibby conjectures ι , which stands for 10, instead of κ , and so reads $\iota\acute{\alpha}$, or 11, and so gains eleven miles for the result of the Ammonian measurement, substantially the same result as that gained by the emended reading of Vopiscus. From the reign of Honorius down to the present, with the exception of the Vatican and St. Peter's, there has been no essential change in the line of Roman walls; and as the line of the Aurelian walls was coincident with the outer limits of the Augustan regions, we can have no doubt that the Rome of the Augustan age had so far outgrown the old limits of the republic as to reach, with its streets and buildings, a circumference of twelve miles.

In its external appearance, and in the splendor of its public and private buildings, the city underwent far greater changes during the reign of Augustus. Rome was not, indeed, wanting in earlier times in great public works, as the Cloacæ, the Aqueducts, and the great highways; but these, and such as these, ministered, agreeably to the spirit of these times, more to utility than to adornment; and even these, with the exception of the first, were con-

structed on a more magnificent basis in the earlier periods of the empire. The most comprehensive fact on this subject is contained in the well-known remark of Augustus (Sueton., *Vita*), that he found Rome a city of brick,¹ and left it one of marble. This is hardly an exaggeration. By the large outlays of Augustus, and under his auspices by the enterprise and skill of Agrippa and other distinguished men, the work of improving and adorning the city went on with inconceivable rapidity. Existing public works were extended, and new ones constructed on a larger and grander scale; magnificent temples, halls, and political edifices arose on every side, and far beyond the earlier boundaries; and during the forty years' peaceful rule of Augustus, a new Rome gradually grew up, which far surpassed in external splendor the seven-hilled city of the republic. Prominent among these improvements was the new Forum, called the Forum of Augustus. In the war with Brutus and Cassius, Augustus had vowed that if crowned with victory he would build a temple in honor of Mars Ultor. With the erection of this temple, which is reckoned by Pliny among the architectural wonders of the world, Augustus united the plan of a new Forum, the Roman Forum and the Julian being now inadequate to the wants of the city. At great expense in the purchase of private estates, space was gained on either side of the Temple of Mars, and here were erected two semicircular lines of porticoes, as places of exchange and of public business, which were adorned with statues of distinguished Romans, and with other works of art. The whole was surrounded with a high wall, so that, though in the heart of the city, it afforded a quiet place for the transaction of business. Other temples erected by Augustus were those of Jupiter Tonans, towards the foot of the Capitol, and that of Quirinus, on the Quirinal, the latter adorned with a double row of seventy-six columns. Still another was the celebrated Temple of Apollo, on the Palatine, which was built of white marble, and surrounded with columns of the marble of Numidia. Here was deposited the Palatine library, founded by Augustus. The dedication of this temple Horace commemorated by one of his most characteristic odes (Odes, I. 31, "Quid dedicatum," etc.). During the ædileship of Agrippa immense sums were expended upon public works, both useful and ornamental. The old aqueducts, four in number, were repaired, and three new ones were built, two

¹ That is, peperino and tufa. In the time of Augustus burnt brick was not in use, but peperino in *opus quadratum*, and tufa in *opus reticulatum*.

of which, the Aqua Virgo and the Aqua Marcia, are still in use in modern Rome. In connection with these there were erected massive distributing reservoirs, one hundred and thirty in number, which were adorned with columns and statues executed in the highest style of art; of the columns there were four hundred, all of marble, and of the statues three hundred, some of bronze and others of marble. The public squares all over the city were furnished with a great variety of ponds or heads of water called *lacus*, and jets, *salientes*; in all there were seven hundred *lacus* and one hundred and five *salientes*. The public places were also adorned with triumphal arches and Egyptian obelisks; two of the latter still remain and adorn two of the finest squares of modern Rome, one the Piazza del Popolo, and the other the Monte Citorio. The new buildings for the amusement of the people far surpassed in splendor those of the republican period. Of these may be mentioned the Amphitheatre of Taurus, the Theatre of Balbus, and the Theatre of Marcellus, all of them magnificent stone buildings, erected in the Campus Martius. Ruins of the last edifice are discerned, as is well known, in one of the meanest quarters of the modern city, and the gray, worn arches of the lower story now serve the ignoble purpose of fronting the dirty shops of locksmiths and other artisans. Other fine monuments of the Augustan time, which once adorned this part of the city, have come to like ignoble uses. Witness the grand Mausoleum of Augustus, whose massive walls, within which once reposed the remains of Augustus and others of the imperial family, consecrated once by the ashes of the young Marcellus, and spite of all its subsequent uses, consecrated ever by the verse of Virgil, now serve for the exhibition of puppet-shows and tight-rope dancers! These and other buildings of the Augustan age stood upon the Campus Martius; and it is indeed the new appearance which this entire region gradually assumed that most distinguishes, in its outward aspect, Augustan Rome from the Rome of the Commonwealth. Formerly a vast open space for the meetings of the Centuriate Comitia, and for military and gymnastic exercises, it was now changed, under the creative influence of art, to a grand assemblage of architectural monuments devoted to the worship of the gods, to public business, and to the comforts and amusements of the people. To allude to some of these which have not been mentioned, here were erected the Thermæ, or Baths of Agrippa, the first of a series of magnificent establishments belong-

ing to the time of the emperors. Intended from the first to furnish to the whole population the luxuries and diversions enjoyed by the rich in their own houses, these baths were built on an immense scale, and contained not only every convenience for bathing, but also, by means of gymnasia, porticoes, reading-rooms, and libraries, every facility for the tastes of the people, physical, social, and intellectual. Horace has a jest in one of his satires at the expense of some of the conceited poets who go to the baths to recite their poems, because there they hope to find a large audience, and also because the resonance of the vaulted ceilings delights their vanity. They were built in the most superb style, enriched within with precious marbles and paintings, and in the areas without adorned and refreshed with fountains and shaded walks. Some remains of these baths are extant, but the extensive ruins of the Thermæ of later emperors give us definite conceptions of the nature and extent of these establishments. Close by the Baths of Agrippa was erected, and is still standing, the finest of all these Augustan monuments, the Pantheon, a temple consecrated to Mars and Venus, and probably also meant to be sacred to all the successive Divi of the Julian family. Next to its own beauty, it is doubtless the wise policy of the Roman church to which the world is indebted for the preservation of this pagan temple; for its consecration as a Christian church, in 608, by Boniface IV., then Bishop of Rome, is the chief circumstance which has kept it from destruction during all the changes of time in this ever-changing part of the city. Yet not even this circumstance has saved it from the plundering hands of civil and ecclesiastical rulers. It was one of the latest of these spoliations, achieved by Urban VIII., who carried off from it 400,000 pounds of bronze to adorn his family's palace of the Barberini, that elicited from the Roman Pasquin one of his best pasquinades:—

“*Quod non fecere Barbari, fecere Barberini.*”

Let me now add to this account of the public buildings of Augustan Rome a brief mention of the private houses of this period. In these, too, both in extent and costliness, there was a great advance upon the architecture of the republic. Till towards the close of republican times, the Roman dwelling-houses were small, and made of wood or of brick, erected upon a stone foundation. In one of Horace's odes, in which the poet laments the prevailing luxury, when the estates of the rich left but few

acres for the plow, and their plane-trees and flower gardens supplanted the elms and the olive-grounds, he dwells especially upon the smallness and simplicity of the homes of the fathers of the republic. Then, he says, private estates were small, the common wealth was large, and the laws, while they favored the thatched roofs of private citizens, ordered the temples of the gods to be sumptuously adorned at public cost. At about the middle of the seventh century of the city the orator Crassus built a house on the Palatine, which was severely censured for its expense, chiefly because it was adorned with marble columns (he was nicknamed by Brutus "the Palatine Venus"); yet these columns were only six in number and twelve feet in height; this then very extravagant house cost about \$40,000. A like censure was passed upon the Consul Marcus Lepidus (B. C. 78) for using foreign marble in paving the threshold of his home. But thirty years later these houses were inferior to at least a hundred mansions in the city. The house of Cicero, for instance, on the Palatine, cost about \$140,000, and that of Claudius, which was much larger, cost nearly \$600,000. But in the time of Augustus the rich mansions of Rome, as well as the suburban villas, far surpassed in magnificence even these instances of republican luxury. Augustus himself led the way in his Palatine house near by his temple of Apollo. Here, near the spot occupied ages before by the humble abode of Romulus, stood the first Roman imperial residence, called first *domus Cæsaris*, then, by way of eminence, *domus Palatina*, or *Palatium*, which was followed by a succession of gorgeous palatial structures, which rose and had their brilliant days and fell in turn, and still stretch over the hill in massive ruins, but which, by their grandeur, have passed down to the language of wellnigh every civilized nation the fitting word for the dwellings of nobles, and kings, and emperors. Another princely Roman house, and more familiar to the writings as to the person of Horace, was the house of Mæcenæ. This, as Horace often reminds us, stood on the eastern side of the Esquiline hill. The grounds of the estate covered a part of the site of the former Servian walls, and stretched out to the east and south across the plain of the Esquiline. Formerly the gloomy burial-places (Sat. I. 8, 14-16) of slaves and of the poorest classes of citizens, they were now changed by the wealth and taste of Mæcenæ into an extensive and elegant park, laid out with walks and gardens, and adorned with fountains and statuary. On one of

the highest points was erected the palace, one part arising above the rest, in tower-like form and in several stories, in Horatian phrase massive and nearing the clouds (Odes III. 29, 10), and commanding a view of the whole city, and especially of the plain of the Campagna, and over and beyond this, of Tibur and Tusculum, and the entire line of delightful hills which bound the horizon to the east of Rome. The way up to this place was a well-worn one to the often hastening feet of Horace, and the interior was consecrated in his own mind, as well as in the minds of Virgil and Varius and the other choice spirits that formed the circle of Mæcenas, to the most elevated and cherished associations of art, letters, friendship, and social intercourse. It is probable that some of the ruined walls and chambers which still cover this part of the Esquiline are remains of this classic residence; and the traveler, as he gazes upon the massive ruins, gladly believes that he is standing within the spaces once graced by the presence of Virgil and Horace and their brother poets and men of letters and their common friend and princely patron Mæcenas.

What has now been said of the private houses of Rome illustrates only what were called the *domus*, the separate mansions of the richer citizens. These, however, though they formed the court parts of the city, crowning the summits of the hills, yet formed the homes of but a small portion of the population. But in the lower districts, such as the Subura and the Velabrum and along the sides of the hills, were large houses, called *insulæ*, which were, however, not insulated single houses, but blocks of houses, isolated from other similar blocks or other buildings, and containing numerous tenements for the abodes of the poorer classes. These were built in ordinary style, and many stories in height, and were rented by floors or chambers to families or individuals. The height of these *insulæ* was limited by Augustus to seventy feet; they had often six or seven stories, called *tabulata* or *contignationes*, and sometimes even ten stories, and so gave accommodation to a very large number of inmates, many of the upper rooms or attics being used only as lodgings. The basement on the street was generally occupied by shops which had no immediate connection with the tenements above, these having their own entrance by a flight of steps from the outside. Of these *insulæ* there were in the city in Augustus' time upwards of 46,000, while there were only about 1,700 *domus*. The *domus*, when compared with the dwelling-houses of modern cities, was lower

and deeper, and covered a much greater area. It generally opened through the vestibule and the ostium or entry-hall, into the atrium or family room and reception room for guests; this was roofed over with the exception of an open space in the centre called the *compluvium*; around the atrium were the chambers, dining-room, and other apartments, which varied, of course, with the taste and means of the owner. In large houses, however, there was beyond the atrium a similar hall called the *cavum adium* or heart of the house, and still beyond sometimes another called the *peristyle*, which was surrounded by porticoes and had a large area open to the sky, and planted with trees and flowers. These *domus*, as they were detached houses and often surrounded by gardens, must have had a more isolated appearance than the so-called *insulae* themselves.

Of the population of the city, the appearance of which I have now sketched only in outline, we have estimates by different writers who vary from one another in their figures not only by hundreds and thousands but even by millions. We have no accounts of any Roman census instituted like a modern one to reach a full numerical estimate of population. If Augustus among his many wise measures had taken such a census of his capital, embracing children as well as adults, women as well as men, and foreigners as well as citizens, and slaves as well as free Romans, and its results had been preserved, authenticated from official sources; or if any Augustan writer had recorded and sent down to us the actual number by count only of the slaves that lived in Rome in his time, many writers and their readers would have been spared some very laborious calculations, which have started on conjectural premises and reached widely different conclusions, and all alike uncertain. Of these many estimates the largest and the smallest are easily set aside. One of the largest, for instance, that of Lipsius, who sets down the population at 4,000,000, doubtless grows out of a confounding of the population of Italy, or perhaps of the empire, with that of Rome; while that of Dureau de la Malle, which gives the number of 562,000, and that of Merivale, who for the most part follows de la Malle, but goes up to the number of 630,000, are not only at variance with some clearly established facts, but also rest upon inferences from the capacity of the area of the city in comparison with that of Paris, which are quite inadmissible. Bunsen and also Marquardt compute the population at 2,000,000; Dyer,

in Smith's "Dictionary of Antiquities," at 2,045,000; Boeckh, at 2,265,000; Gibbon, at 1,200,000, and Carl Peter, in the third volume of his "History of Rome," recently published, at about 1,250,000. Of all these the last two seem to me by far the most probable. Singularly enough the only sure data on this subject are derived from an inscription on the so-called *Monumentum Ancyranum*, or Monument of Ancyra, a city in Asia Minor and the capital of the Province of Galatia. Augustus, at the close of his life, wrote himself a record of his chief acts during his reign, and had them inscribed upon bronze tablets at Rome; of this inscription the citizens of Ancyra had a copy made and cut upon marble blocks and deposited in a temple dedicated to Augustus and Rome. This Ancyran monument has fortunately been preserved to modern times; and the inscription, which was first copied in 1701, contains, among other facts, the number of citizens to whom the regular corn distributions were made, and also on particular occasions largesses of money were bestowed by the emperor. He mentions two occasions on which he gave donatives to 320,000 of the common people of the city (*plebs urbana*), two others when the donative was given to 200,000, and still another when it was granted to 250,000. The largess was in all these instances limited to the male population, but it included on these occasions children of four years of age. The mention of the 200,000 is coupled with the remark that this was the number of the citizens who received the corn gratuities. There can, therefore, be no doubt that this smaller number represents the poorer citizens, and the larger, the entire population, male and free, below the senatorian and equestrian ranks. If, therefore, the number be doubled to comprehend females and children, we should have 640,000 for the entire plebeian population. To this sum must be added at least 10,000 for the senators and knights with their families, 15,000 for the military of the city, and 50,000 for the foreigners, making a sum total of 715,000 for the free population. In respect to the number of slaves there is more difficulty in attaining any reliable result. In general we know that in the Augustan times the number was immense. Some senatorian and equestrian families had hundreds of slaves. Horace mentions one citizen who had 200, and in the same passage intimates that ten was a small number. The prætor Tillius, whom he satirizes for his meanness, goes to Tibur with only five; and the poet himself is waited upon at his bachelor table by three,

though he was at the time in very humble circumstances. From the data we have it would be safe to reckon at least ten slaves to each person of senatorian and equestrian rank, two to each of the resident foreigners, and one each to the military of the city. To these must be added at least 100,000 in the service of the state. We have thus 315,000 slaves for the population exclusive of the *plebs urbana*. A common estimate has been to reckon one slave for each of the commons, but this is certainly too high. We have indeed the record of the estate of a rich freedman which had belonging to it 4,116 slaves, but this was doubtless a rare instance of wealth among even the richest freedmen. A large part of the common people were dependent for their subsistence upon government gratuities, and these certainly had no slaves. Hardly more than a third had regular and sufficient incomes of their own, and only these could afford to keep slaves. At the lowest calculation there was probably one slave for every three of the common people, which would give a proportion for the whole of about 200,000. This added to the numbers already given makes a total of about 1,200,000 for the entire population, an estimate which is the smallest of the many which have been made, with the exception only of de la Malle's and Merivale's.

Let us now come nearer, and try to get some view of the life itself of this great population of Augustan Rome, and of the physical and social condition and welfare of this assemblage of human beings who thronged its streets and public places and lived in its many homes when Augustus reigned and Horace wrote.

We have seen that the city contained within the circuit of about twelve miles more than a million of souls. Of these about 500,000 were slaves, upwards of 700,000 were citizens, and 50,000 foreigners. The social relations of these portions of the population were of the most diverse character. There was not only the broad contrast between the free and the slaves, a large subject in itself, which I do not propose to consider, but the free citizens were parted from each other by rank, and still more by riches and poverty to a degree and extent which have no parallel in modern life. Of the free citizens, the higher or privileged classes were the senators and knights. The old patrician nobility was extinct in influence, well-nigh in being. A few ancient families still lingered, dim and faded figures, about the haunts of their pristine glory, and at set times in the year went through a dull round of old curiate forms, out of which all vitality had long since van-

ished ; but the order itself had no more significance either in society or in the state. Augustus, indeed, from a politic desire to adorn the new régime with something of the lustre of the old, endeavored to prop up the declining fortunes of some of the old families, and to keep them from extinction ; but it was all in vain ; the patrician order had no real life, save the little it drew from the memories of the republic. The new nobility was one of no antecedents ; it was the promiscuous offspring of imperial patronage, and of cleverness of talent to discern and seize all opportunities for gaining power and wealth, with no drawbacks of moral principle to their fullest appropriation. But the senate, though degenerate in character and power, still remained in entire form, and its members had chief influence in society and some acknowledged share in the government of the state. In the early years of Augustus's reign the number of the senate had risen to a thousand, but it was soon reduced to six hundred. It had been at first the policy of Augustus, as of his uncle before him, to degrade and debase the senate for his own surer elevation, by enlarging its ranks and filling them with creatures of his own, who would be subservient to his ambitious designs. It was thus that foreigners and common soldiers and freedmen had come to be invested with the senatorian title and privileges. But when the usurper's designs were accomplished, and the usurpation had insensibly assumed the aspect of legitimate government, Augustus took summary means to dispense with these unworthy instruments of his elevation. In his function of censor, he cleared the curia of this disorderly rabble which had thronged it, the new men, who by their low character and coarse life had brought reproach and disgrace upon it. He also took vigorous measures, which, however, could only be partially successful, to revive in the senators themselves the old dignity of bearing and lofty sense of character which had once been hereditary and well-nigh innate senatorian qualities, and so to restore with the people the old prestige of the body. He had so far at least a negative success, that no senator whose merit lay in suppleness of limb or a natural turn for theatricals any longer ventured to dance and act upon the public stage, nor one whose forte was in muscle to fight with wild beasts in the arena. By similar stringent measures he also purified the equestrian order by a summary ejection from it of at least the worst of its bad members, who were beings of the meaner quality, with no claim but ill-gotten wealth to the rank

and prerogatives of a knight. Horace lashes with cutting satire one of this class who had often been flogged as a slave with the triumvir's rods, but who now haughtily swept the Sacred Way with his long trailing toga, and plowed his thousand acres, and sat in the equestrian seats in the theatre. The number of the equites at this time is nowhere, so far as I know, exactly stated. Mr. Dyer cites a passage from an ancient writer which mentions "that in the annual procession of the knights to the Temple of Castor they sometimes mustered to the number of 5,000." But we cannot be going too high in giving with Bunsen and other authorities the number of 10,000 as the total of the two classes together of the knights and the senators. The property qualification of the senatorian rank was fixed by Augustus at 1,200 sestertia, about \$48,000; that of the equestrian was the same as it had always been, 400 sestertia, about \$16,000. This sum was the minimum for respectively the senatorian and the equestrian census, and whoever possessed this amount might live in a manner not unworthy his rank. It is probable that the number of those whose property did not exceed this minimum was not a small one. For besides the general fact that the very rich always form the exceptions in the most favored circumstances, it is well known that Augustus in many instances made grants of money to individual senators and knights to keep their property at the amount required for the census, and to enable them to support their rank. But whatever may have been the difference in the fortunes of different senatorian and equestrian families, there was concentrated in these two orders all the enormous riches which had flowed into Rome from all parts of the world. The senate numbered among its members the generals and the proconsuls and the proprætors, who, by the spoils of war, or by the plunder of rich provinces, had accumulated immense fortunes. The pay itself of the provincial governors was large, varying with the size and importance of the province from 100,000 sesterces up to a million, or from \$4,000 up to \$40,000. To the equites belonged exclusively the privilege of farming the public revenues, a privilege which in its legitimate exercise was always a fruitful source of wealth, but now, by means of the numberless perverse devices of extortion and oppression, was made a hundred fold more lucrative. Into one or the other of these two privileged classes had forced their way the numerous *parvenus* who had taken advantage of the recent troubled times to enrich themselves by usury,

and especially by the reverses in families occasioned by the merciless proscriptions, had contrived to possess themselves of large estates. The moneyed wealth of Rome and the landed property of Italy were almost entirely in the possession of these senatorian and equestrian families. It is chiefly the sentiments and tastes of these two orders, their manners and style of living, which we find delineated in the poetry of Horace. We gaze even to satiety upon the pictures of their villas and city mansions, environed without by porticoes and gardens and parks and fishponds, and adorned within by costliest furniture and the finest works of art; but the glimpses that we get of their social life seldom suggest ideals of nobleness of character or of dignity of manners. The entertainments which they give to their friends are only luxurious banquets; and these, though often graced by the presence of men distinguished for intellectual culture and tastes, and the studious pursuit and liberal encouragement of letters, yet often illustrate the prevailing idolatry of wealth and its coarser sensual uses than any social intercourse informed by intelligence or enriched by kindly and generous feeling or enlivened by convivial wit and humor. Cicero in his delightful dialogue on old age makes the elder Cato boast with an old Roman's national pride of the superiority of the Latin word for a feast over the Greek one, because the former exalted the social element of the occasion, and the latter the sensual; the one was a *convivium* where men lived together in rational intercourse, the other a *symposium* where they were only boon companions in eating and drinking. Such a boast was only just and true when made of old Cato's Sabine suppers, where he feasted his rustic neighbors with small and dewy cups, and with abundant cheerful conversation, protracted till deep in the night; but the conviviality of these Romans of Horace's time was fully equal to that of the Greeks of any period in its voluptuous devotion to the pleasures of the table. We may hope that Horace and his literary friends were wont to have the simple suppers (*mundæ cœnæ*) he so finely commends to Mæcenas, under poor men's roofs, where were no hangings and purple, where they enjoyed together their plain living and high thinking and cheerful mirth, not at least without the common Sabine wine in moderate tankards, and the festive lamb of the Terminalia, or the tender kid snatched from the jaws of the wolf. But the high-life feast of Nasidienus, which the poet so elaborately describes in one of his satires, at which Mæcenas assisted

with several of his friends, was chiefly remarkable for the extravagant and interminable bill of fare, and the ruinous drinking by the nobler guests of their host's costliest wines. The host, a low-born man suddenly become rich, his coarse nature and vulgar manners unchanged and more conspicuous by fortune, was perhaps a fair enough subject for Horace's light facetious satire; but the low jests which the gentlemen themselves indulged in at the host's expense were a theme for satire of a graver tone, which only the moral indignation of a Juvenal could have adequately treated. Indeed at this feast, as well as at the festive scenes of the famous journey to Brundisium, one is surprised not only at the absence of anything like genial entertainment, but also at the low license of manners displayed; poets are there, men of letters, the choicest wits, the first Roman gentlemen of the day; but hardly a good thing is said by any one in the company, not a wise thought or a happy allusion or turn of festive wit, not a story or a song from the guests to relieve the dull, heavy round of extravagant, luxurious dishes. It seems most surprising of all that Horace himself could have been so easily pleased with the scurrilous contest between the two parasites of Mæcenas, which with its one or two good hits, was after all only a show of low buffoonery, turning on the grossest personalities. The truth is, in spite of the boast of worthy Cato Major, the chief thing at these Roman suppers was eating and drinking; the pleasures were those of the senses indulged by the host with an extravagance in providing, and by the guests with an excess in partaking, as unbounded as it was wanting in reason and taste; the palate and the stomach were first excited and whetted, to be afterwards gratified and gorged, and the most monstrous means taken to enjoy such a supper twice and even thrice the same night, and at last to avoid the dangerous consequences of such multiplied enjoyment. This inordinate love and pursuit of wealth and its coarser pleasures seems to have become the engrossing Roman passion, now that the changed relations of the empire, the old honors of military and civil life were no longer to be sought and won. Riches was counted the chief good; all men hasted to be rich; for the attainment and enjoyment of riches all things were made subservient, all things were sacrificed. In a comprehensive satiric passage Horace declares that virtue, fame, honor, all things divine and human, are subject to beautiful riches; whoever has riches, he shall be illustrious, brave, just, wise, a king, whatever you

please. Poverty was no longer an evil, it was a positive reproach. To shun this dread reproach, the poet says in another place, we do anything and suffer anything, and quit the path of lofty virtue. A single illustration of the vicious devices engendered in such a state of society is furnished in the burlesque satire upon the so-called legacy-hunters (the *heredipetæ*, Sat. II. 5), a base class of men, who had grown up in the general struggle for money, and whose sordid trade—for a regular trade it had come to be—consisted in courting the favor of wealthy people who had no children or near relations, in the hope of being made their heirs. Their easiest victims were rich old men who had arisen from a low origin, and were flattered by attentions and professions of esteem; and these, to catch and hold, they descended to the meanest artifices and shrank not from crime and infamy. These people Horace classes with the publicans and other sinners of the town, and describes them (Epist. I. 1, 76) as hunting down avaricious widows with sweetmeats and fruit, and catching old men and sending them to their fishponds. Hard was the task of Horace as poet-priest, *sacerdos musarum*, to teach and reform such a perverse generation; to expose in satire their vices and follies, and in ode and epistle to inculcate temperance and sobriety and contentment; to condemn the vanity of social ambition and the cares and fastidious discontent of wealth; and to hold up the simplicity and frugality, the integrity and bright honor of the forefathers of the republic for the imitation of their degenerate sons. On dull ears and duller hearts fell ever the ever-returning refrains of his exquisite song, that true happiness is in nothing outward, but only in the soul; that wisdom is better than wealth and fame, and virtue the only true good. No less difficult was it for Augustus by his personal influence, and by his regulations and enactments as censor of morals and as legislator, to eradicate these social evils. Well aware that the elevation of the general tone of society could only be secured by improvement in private and family life, he endeavored by precept and example to restrain excess and cultivate frugal habits in domestic and social living; himself abstemious and rigid in his own diet, and spreading for his guests only a moderately furnished table. His sumptuary laws exceeded in strictness all preceding ones. They allowed an expenditure of 200 sesterces (*circa* \$8.00) for a dinner party on ordinary days, 300 (\$12.00) on holidays, and 1,000 (\$40.00) for a wedding feast. But these laws were of no avail, and soon fell into disuse

and oblivion, like all the earlier enactments of this class. Hardly more effectual was the long legislative contest which the emperor carried on against the prevailing licentiousness of the time. The chief evil from which Roman morality and all Roman life was suffering was the ever-increasing celibacy, and its shocking consequences in the licentious habits of both sexes, and the frightful increase in the number of illegitimate births. In the times of the civil wars it seemed to many advisable and even a duty to live without wife and children. But even when peace again established security of life and property, the number continually increased of those who were averse to the restraints and burdens of married life. Even in republican times marriage was often considered a burden in itself, but at the same time a tribute due to the state from the citizen. The remark of Metellus was recalled and quoted in Augustus' times, that "if men could be true citizens without having wives they would gladly be rid of the burden." But in these times, when sacrifices of any kind for the blessing of citizenship were very rare even as they were rarely deserved, the number of marriages was ever on the decrease. Augustus carried through several laws which aimed to encourage matrimony by penalties upon the unmarried and rewards to the married, and also to limit divorces. The extent of evils which were suffered from the lax morals of the time is easiest discovered by the provisions of the laws. All Romans were required to marry, and to marry to raise children to the state; the requirement extending with men to the sixtieth year, and with women to the fiftieth. Whoever violated the law suffered certain penalties, which bore, however, harder upon the unmarried than upon the married who were without children. No unmarried person was legally capable of receiving an inheritance or legacy, and a married person without children could receive one half of what was willed to him; in case there were no other heirs, the property went to the state. If the person were unmarried at the time of the testator's death he could inherit provided he married within a hundred days. Also certain honors and other advantages accrued to the married; they had privileged seats in the theatres; of two consuls he had the *fasces* first who had the most children; they also had preference as candidates for office at home, and also in the provinces. The having a certain number of children made the parent exempt from certain duties, as, for instance, serving on juries, or, in the case of freedmen, from any service to their patron. These laws also aimed to check the ten-

dency to divorces which had begun to be common at the end of the republic, and which were now still more easily and oftener obtained. They affixed pecuniary penalties or losses upon the party whose conduct caused the divorce, in the case of the husband by requiring him to return his wife's dowry, in the case of the wife by allowing the husband to retain one half of the dowry. The divorce was also made more difficult by requiring certain forms, without which the separation was invalid and another marriage was illegal; the letter of divorce had to be given by a freedman of the party who made it, in the presence of seven witnesses, all Roman citizens of age. But these statutes failed of securing their end. With the decline of interest in public life, and the decline of public life itself, the advantages which were offered the married in respect of civil offices acted as motives upon very few persons, and the disabilities of the unmarried were more than balanced by the consideration they had in celibacy.

If now we turn from these notices of the lives of the privileged classes to the condition and welfare of the common people, we are presented with a contrast in respect to all the means of outward well-being of the most astonishing kind. Such a luxurious life as that of the Roman nobles would in any modern city open to the rest of the population a thousand sources of lucrative business, and might diffuse general prosperity among the working classes; but in Rome such results followed only in the most limited extent. Hundreds of men were indeed supported by a single opulent Roman; but these were not citizens but slaves. Every great establishment was independent by its numerous slaves of free and hired labor. The slaves of a great family were not only its domestics, but also its bakers and its shoemakers and tailors and even its physicians; the landed proprietor had also in his slaves his farmers and shepherds, his fishermen and sportsmen; thus, too, the builders found their artisans and laborers. This great evil, which thus cut off the poorer citizens from the ordinary means of living, was still further aggravated by the policy of the state, which not only had in its employ great numbers of its own slaves, but also allowed the contractors for public works to make use of slaves as their agents and workmen. We may thus readily discover the condition of the citizens who formed the mass of the common people. Real estate they owned scarcely at all. The small estates of the commoners had, by the numerous wars and the debts which wars entail, long since been alienated, and were now

absorbed in the villas and gardens or other possessions of the great proprietors and capitalists. A part of these citizens secured regular support by trade. But Rome was at no period, and now less than ever before, a commercial city or a city of extensive trade, and whoever was inclined to these departments of business was sure to settle in the provinces. In the immediate surroundings of Rome and in all Italy very little was raised for export. The republic even in its best days was unable to furnish its armies with corn grown in Italy, and now that agriculture in the peninsula, by the withdrawal of regular labor through the civil wars, and especially by the appropriation of the soil by the great proprietors to the uses of luxury, had wholly declined, the little grain that was raised was wholly inadequate to the home supply. Even the wine and oil, which had always been staples of Italy, and in earlier times were largely exported to the provinces, were now never raised in sufficient quantity for Italy; and the wines imported from abroad far exceeded in quality and value those grown at home. Italy now produced little and consumed much. It was the provinces that were the producers, and it was the provincialists and the Romans who lived in the provinces that grew rich by commerce. It was thus, indeed, that the provincialists made peaceful retaliations upon Rome, and were receiving back the immense sums they had lost by tribute and plunder. The carrying trade of these and numberless other imports was also in the hands of the provincialists; and such trade as was carried on in the city was conducted mostly by foreigners. To these adverse considerations must be added another, and a radical one: the aversion well-nigh innate in a Roman mind, and cherished and strengthened by long usage against trading in every form. Indeed the only branch of business that was deemed respectable was banking and money lending in all its forms; and this, which was extended and lucrative, was now in high repute and conducted by persons of the highest consideration, though indeed the business had its low grades as in modern times and its usurious and fraudulent devices. The number of bankers and money-brokers who had their offices and stands in the Forum and its vicinity was very large. At certain hours of the day this entire quarter was one vast exchange crowded with borrowers and lenders and exchangers; the very atmosphere was redolent and well-nigh vocal with gold and silver; indeed, to borrow an image used by Horace (*Epist.* I. 1), the grand arches of Janus, which looked down upon the busy

crowds, if they could have caught from Mercury the gift of speech, would have proclaimed aloud the current doctrine of young and old, "Get money above all things else; rightly if you can, but at all events get it. Get money first, virtue afterwards; get money in all haste, virtue at your leisure." There were, of course, mechanics among the citizens, but very few, as their business ranked among the so-called sordid arts; and these few were in little demand, because the rich employed their slaves for mechanical purposes. To a small portion of citizens the government afforded means of support in the departments of public business. These required *scribæ* or clerks, and other subordinates, who had a salary from the public treasury. Horace himself before he became known to fame held the office of a quæstor's clerk. So, too, the colleges of priests, and the offices for the registry of deaths, and the care of funerals, gave occupation to a small corps of salaried men. Still the number of those who in these ways secured a subsistence was small compared with the bulk of the commoners of the city. The great evil from which Rome was thus suffering was the loss of that industrious and prosperous middle class of citizens who had formerly been the strength of the nation; this evil was incurred partly through the prostration of agriculture by the heavy tread of war, and partly by the introduction of an immense slave population. The evil had its earliest origin far back in the times of the republic; its beginnings were discerned just after the second Punic war; it had grown to a fearful height in the period of Tiberius Gracchus, and its pernicious effects gave rise to the patriotic though rashly conducted measures of that eloquent and fearless tribune; but now in the reign of Augustus it had reached a rank maturity. The bulk of the Roman commons had now been changed from prosperous citizens into state paupers dependent upon the state for their daily bread. The monthly distributions of corn kept over 600,000 free Romans from starvation, and when the number was reduced to 400,000, the reduction was made possible either by extraordinary money largesses, or by shipping poor colonies to foreign parts very much as European countries have sent to our own shores ship-loads of their paupers and discharged criminals. It was, however, a difficult task even to diminish or control the influence of these social evils. Their causes lay too deeply imbedded in earlier political relations, and also in the usages and spirit of the people. The sense of political importance still

lingered in spite of changes in government in the consciousness of every free Roman; even the meanest citizen from among the rabble of the city was inspired with a feeling of consequence and honor characteristic of the people of a country which had been for centuries the home of free institutions. Besides, the mildness of his climate rendered the Roman more independent of physical influences which press with so much force upon dwellers in colder countries. Hence he could more readily keep aloof from the necessity of daily labor, and doubtless many were the free Romans, genuine prototypes of the *lazzaroni* of Naples, who had no home by day but the squares and other lounges of the city, and none by night but the friendly shelter of the vestibules and porticoes of the temples and other public buildings. To check the general idleness, Augustus sometimes resolved to take radical measures and to give up altogether the gratuities of corn or money. But such a resolution he always abandoned, and things went on as before. As long as slave labor rendered all labor servile so that the free citizens preferred to be poor and dependent rather than lose respectability by working with their own hands, so long the efforts of the emperor to do away with idleness and poverty were ineffectual. Indeed, he was obliged to do more than feed his people; he had to find them in amusements. The poor of any people or country, when systematically fed, grow very exacting. The more you cherish in them a sense and habit of dependence, and so impair their character, so much the more they require and seem to need; and what once they took as a favor they come to claim as a right. This familiar truth was illustrated on a large scale in Augustan Rome. These beggarly Romans came to be dependent upon the government not only for their bread but also for their recreations, the only business they generally pursued. Hence the systematic and costly measures of Augustus for public games and holiday shows. The regular festivals now approximated over sixty days in the year, and to these were added extraordinary spectacles of various kinds which exceeded in number and splendor all that had before been known in Rome. In his records upon the Ancyran monument, Augustus enumerates in a long list the gladiatorial combats and the fights with wild beasts and mock naval engagements which he gave sometimes in his own name, and sometimes in the name of the magistrates whose means were inadequate to the outlay. This whole system of holiday shows had come to be a kind of neces-

sity. If conducted with a magnificent generosity on the part of the state, it was a generosity of such questionable sort that a shrewd policy could not withhold it; and if it was met by the people as a bounty, it was such bounty that the total withdrawal would have aroused feelings akin to a sense of wrong and injustice. The words of Juvenal of the "rabble of Remus" in his time would as well apply to the Romans of the time of Horace, "the people who once conferred the *imperium* and the *fascēs* and the legions, now anxiously longs for only two things, bread and the Circensian games."

THE PLATONIC MYTHS.

WRITTEN FOR THE FRIDAY CLUB, JANUARY 5, 1872, ALSO
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MR. JOWETT'S translation of Plato¹ is probably the ablest contribution made by any living English scholar to the literature of classical philology. This work may be considered as an ample discharge of a debt long due from English scholarship to the writings of the great master of the Academy, who held imperial sway in the realm of Grecian thought and speech in the culminating era of its splendor and power. The classical scholars of England, though in more recent times they have risen above their traditional devotion to Greek metres and their studious fondness for the graces, the *deliciae litterarum*, of classical studies, and have emulated their learned neighbors of the continent in aspiring to the comprehension and interpretation of those leading minds of antiquity which, by their thinking, have to this day influenced the thought of the world, have yet hitherto fallen far behind the Germans in penetrating and working the veins of wisdom and truth which enrich the Greek of Plato, and in bringing forth to use their precious stores, whether by translation or by criticism or by commentary and exposition. It was one of the many distinctions achieved by Schleiermacher, that, by his learned and enthusiastic labors on Plato's works, he introduced early in the present century by far the most fruitful of the many eras of Platonic research and study which have arisen at different periods in modern times, and given impulse and onward movement to the progress of human thought. That many-sided German, who by his writings and his lectures exerted a no less powerful influence upon the intellectual life of his times than upon its religious character by his eloquence and piety as a preacher, busy all the week, both at the university with his lectures two hours every day, and in his study in writing

¹ *The Dialogues of Plato, translated into English, with Analyses and Introductions*, by B. Jowett, M. A., Master of Balliol College, Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford. In four volumes, octavo. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1871. Reprinted in New York, in four volumes, duodecimo, by Charles Scribner & Co. 1871.

for the press, and crowning all this activity by preaching every Sunday to crowded congregations of the most thoughtful and cultivated people in Berlin, yet found time amidst all these labors for a profound and thorough study of Plato, continued through more than twenty years, the fruits of which he gave to the world in a masterly translation, accompanied by special introductions to the several dialogues, unfolding their plan and contents, together with a general introduction to the whole series. This great work of Schleiermacher affords a signal example of the quickening and productive influence of an original mind, occupied with all its powers upon exalted subjects of inquiry; like the living voice of Socrates and the written words of Plato himself, it planted the seeds of germinant thought in many kindred minds; it stimulated to a new intellectual life, not only the classical scholars of Germany, who by professional occupation were lovers and teachers of Plato's Greek, but all thinking men among that intellectual people who, through their interest in other studies, theology, or philosophy, or morals, shared with these the love and pursuit of the imperishable thought enshrined in that matchless diction; and thus it gave rise to a succession of able works, exegetical, historical, and philosophical, in themselves a copious Platonic literature, which furnished ampler and better means than ever existed before, of gaining a comprehension and appreciation of the genius of Plato, and of the great and manifold value of his writings. This renewed ardor for the study of Plato was soon shared with the Germans by French scholars, and, most of all, by Cousin, whose residence and studies in Germany and intimate acquaintance with Schleiermacher and Schelling and Hegel contributed to prepare him not only for his after brilliant successes at the Sorbonne, but for the higher and more enduring honor of doing for his countrymen the same noble service which Schleiermacher had done for the Germans, in the translation and exposition of the entire works of Plato. In England, too, the German Platonism was felt, and, though later, yet with a no less quickening force and with equally conspicuous results. The most general and most notable of these results was the marked change which was made in the plan of education at Oxford; where the range of philosophical reading and study was so widened and liberalized that Aristotle, who had so long had exclusive sway in Greek philosophy, now came to hold a divided rule with the ascending influence of his master; and thus the hard logical discipline imparted by the Aris-

totelian ethics was blended with the far richer and more various mental culture yielded by those masterpieces of Platonic dialogue, in which poetry and philosophy join their forces in friendly contest of wit and reason, with all the muses assisting at the noble strife. Mr. Jowett was the earliest and foremost, not only of Oxford, but of all English scholars, in promoting this revival of the study of Plato in England, and the great work which he has now published is its latest and ripest fruit. It is a work which makes an epoch not only in the history of Greek study in England, but also, and far more, in the history of English literature, and in the general history of philosophy. So eminently has the author succeeded not only in translating Plato's language, but also by his introductions to the separate dialogues in translating the ideas of Plato; indeed he has created an English classic by reproducing, in a form alike fitted for general readers and scholars of higher culture, the entire works of the greatest literary and philosophical genius of ancient Greece. The author's beautiful dedication to his "former pupils in Balliol College who, during thirty years, have been the best of friends" to him, makes a very suggestive sentence on the first page of his book; it suggests with many other topics of thought on which one would gladly linger, the literary history of the work, and the genial air and fortunate conditions in which it gradually came into being. It is the mature production not of a thinker and scholar who has passed his life in the seclusion of lettered ease, in the solitary and luxurious enjoyment of delightful studies, but of a lifelong teacher and educator of the young, for whose training and culture all his own mental resources have been both acquired and employed, — a richly gifted and aspiring mind, possessed with a genuine philosopher's love of knowledge and truth, kindling in other and younger minds the same noble passion, and feeding and enriching them out of the stores of Attic wit and wisdom itself has so busily gathered.

Of Mr. Jowett's many qualifications for the great task accomplished in this work, his Greek scholarship, ripe and ample as it doubtless is, is not the one which excites the most admiration. The reader must infer that his mind is not one distinguished by what we may call the philological quality; it does not take kindly to niceties of verbal criticism; it certainly is not of the kindred of that unenviable scholar who, at the end of a long life devoted to the elucidation of two Greek particles, profoundly regretted that he had not confined himself to one; it is evidently rather impa-

tient of that study and appropriation of the minutiae of grammatical knowledge which belongs to the highest order of faithful and accurate translation. But whatever defects may perhaps be set against Mr. Jowett's account in strict philological merits, especially in comparison with the elder English school of the Bentleys and Porsons, or with his immediate predecessor in the Oxford Regius Professorship, Mr. Gaisford, these are amply made up by the presence of other merits never possessed by those classical scholars, and which are especially required for the adequate translation and exposition of Plato. The chief of these, and that which must awaken the grateful admiration of his readers, consists in the fullness and fineness of his well-digested knowledge not only of Plato's thought, but of the whole history of philosophic thought in ancient and in modern times. During all his life a diligent student in philosophy, not only of the Greek masters, but of all who, in different countries in subsequent times, and especially the German in our own, have illustrated its successive annals, he has been able to avail himself of the lights of all the great philosophies of the world in contemplating and exhibiting that of Plato, his favorite and greatest master of all. This wealth of philosophic culture Mr. Jowett has dispensed with like wisdom and liberality in his admirable introductions, which for students of philosophy will make the chief value of his work, and for all minds have a surpassing educational value, and which will doubtless secure for him a permanent rank among the ablest interpreters of Plato's mind and philosophy of the present or of any age. But for a larger circle of readers, for all scholars of whatever degree of culture, the great charm and distinction of the work will be found in the rare assemblage of literary qualities which enrich and adorn its pages, and which invest it with the character of an original production of high literary art. Besides the fine gifts and large resources of a broad and generous scholarship, of the possession of which Mr. Jowett has given ample evidence in his former writings, he has here displayed the truly poetic faculty of conceiving and appreciating, with the charming scenery of Plato's Dialogues, his manifold moods of thought, and tones of feeling and sentiment, and the varying hues of his many colored diction, and also of creating an English diction capable of bearing all this precious burden of intellectual wealth. It is this dramatic power of entering into and expressing in fitting English the subtleties and elegances of Platonic thought and speech, which makes at once the boldness

and the success of Mr. Jowett's style of translation; and for all readers of literary taste and sensibility, and especially all connoisseurs and lovers of Plato, it gives his performance an excellence quite unattainable by the utmost accuracy and fidelity of a merely verbal scholarship. It may be, indeed, that those who know Plato best and love him most, may miss, even in this translation, the great original; but on these the translation must act even as Plato's favorite theory of reminiscence; these fair images must kindle in the delighted memory the remembrance of those original forms of beauty and truth they once directly saw, and bear them back to that higher sphere where, as in a happy home, they may again gaze upon them face to face. For it is Plato in English, Plato as he lives in his Dialogues, who is here brought before you in living reality; Plato himself shines through the English as through an aerial transparent veil, all bright and luminous. As you read you seem to be transported to the days of Plato and to Plato's Athens. You are by turns in the Palæstra, the Lyceum, the Academy, or out by the "cool Ilissus," reclining on the soft grass, under the shading plane-tree; or again you are within courtly Attic interiors, as the house of Agathon or of Callias; you have the very atmosphere of Athenian society created about you, and you feel all its Attic urbanity of bearing and language; and there you have reproduced before you those illustrious personages of Platonic dialogue in all that exquisite dramatic portraiture and grouping, and you may follow their high discourse on things of profoundest spiritual moment, as under the supreme conduct of reason, with all ministering aids of imagination, wit, humor, irony, raillery, it is ever striving onward to the bright, alluring goal of absolute truth and good.

A conspicuous phase of this richly appointed discourse, as it thus goes forward in these Dialogues, is presented by the Myths of Plato, a subject most fruitful in interest and instruction,¹ of which I propose to attempt, in the remainder of this article, some unfolding and illustration.

The mythical form of discussion, though foreign to modern

¹ Hegel has touched on this subject in his *Geschichte d. Philosophie*, Bd. II. 188-217; also Zeller, *Phil. d. Griechen*; Bd. II. 361-363, and 384-387; also C. F. Hermann, *Gesch. d. Platon. Phil.*; also B. F. Westcott has discussed it in the *Contemporary Review*, vol. ii. The German work by Dr. J. Deuschle, *die Platonischen Mythen*, I am acquainted with only through a notice of it by Susemihl in Bd. 70 of Jahn's *Jahrbücher*.

philosophical writers, is constantly employed by Plato; it is no less germane than the dialectic form to his philosophy and to his own mind; his genius, in its freest movement, is alike native and familiar to the processes of the imagination and of the reason; and both it ever pursues with the same earnestness of spirit, and for the same intellectual and moral ends. In reading his Dialogues, you pass, by the easiest transitions, from the severest logical investigations to poetic representations of truth, which are fashioned from sensible images or from analogies of human life; from an atmosphere where has reigned the light of pure thought, you enter regions all aglow with various coloring through the prismatic touch of the imagination; the discourse of Socrates, or some other leading speaker, glides into what he is pleased to call an old world story, or a tale, or a narrative which he professes to have heard from some sage priest, or a certain wise woman; or into a scene or a series of scenes, which under the cunning agency of art gradually expand into the rich fullness of a grand epic, or of a solemn drama.

All these varieties of mythical representation have this general feature in common, that they give expression to ideas in the language of sensible imagery; the substance is speculative, the form is poetic. Of them all, too, it may be observed, that so far from being, as some have supposed, mere outward adornments of speech, or graceful embellishments of thought, or mere poetic fancies, void of reality, they belong essentially to Plato's entire manner of thinking and of expression,¹ and are conceived by him and directly affirmed as resting upon a substantial basis of truth. "Listen," Socrates says, at the beginning of one of his mythical narratives, "listen to a tale, which you may be disposed to regard as only a fable, but which, as I believe, is a true tale, for I mean, in what I am going to tell you, to speak the truth." And so at the end he says, "There might be reason in your contemning such tales, if by searching you could find out anything better or truer." Such is Plato's language in regard to all his myths.

When, however, we make a comparative study of these poetic representations, we find that, while they have these general features in common, they are separated by marked distinctions in their nature, and in the occasions and uses for which they are employed. Some, and these among the best in substance of thought and finest in form of art, are rather allegorical than strictly mythical,

¹ C. F. Hermann, *Abhandlungen*, § 291.

and in some instances rise into elaborately constructed allegories, which illustrate the most perfect style of this kind of figurative discourse. Here the thought is first present in its entirety in the mind of the writer, and might just as well be expressed in the language of the thinking faculty, but yet, by the profoundest motives to the preference, is cast in an imaginative form. This form is most congenial not only to the native bent of Plato's genius, but also to his habitual and ever present view of the intimate relation between the natural and the spiritual world, and to the ethical and religious spirit of his whole philosophy. In all the world of sense visible to the bodily eye, he beheld ever the faint reflection of a world of spirit, visible to the eye of reason; in the changing, passing phenomena of the seen, he discerned only images of the changeless realities of the unseen; the sun and moon and stars and the earth, with all their light and beauty and glory, for him were shadowy imitations of original patterns of perfection in the Divine Ideas. Thus to his habitual conception all nature and the whole life of man was one vast and various allegorical emblem of spiritual truth; and so it was by a natural and spontaneous choice that in discoursing upon such truth, he should set it in pictures after the manner and likeness of the universal picture by which he felt himself to be ever surrounded. This form of teaching was also in harmony with the ethical spirit of Plato's writings. It is this spirit which pervades and informs, as an animating soul, the whole body of his writings. The world affords no other instance of a philosophic writer of such genuine speculative powers, concentrated upon such practical moral ends, who so perfectly united and identified life with science, action with knowledge, morality and religion with philosophy. With him philosophy was not, as in the modern sense, a theory of the universe, or of man; it was not a methodical exposition of any intellectual system already worked out in his own mind; he was from first to last an inquirer with other inquirers, bent with utmost intent upon the pursuit and appropriation of truth, in all the fair realms and forms in which it exists, which are accessible to the nature of man. In his view, philosophy was first and pre-eminently moral, in that, as its name imports, it is the love of wisdom; this noblest of human passions alone supplied the sufficient and constant force to the scientific search and discovery of wisdom in its ultimate principles, and then the due force of motive for its reception and assimilation in the character and

the life. Excelling in science his great master, by establishing the Socratic principles upon a broad and firm scientific basis, he emulated his noble example as a teacher of virtue, in striving to enlighten and inform his generation in all right sentiment and action, in an age and society no less noted for refinement of manners and literary culture than for looseness in the theory and the practice of right living. When we remember that these were the ultimate ends of all Plato's philosophical teachings, we can readily understand why he laid under contribution all the resources of the imagination in the illustration and enforcement of truth. None knew better than he, nor better exercised the moral functions of this creative faculty; and never were they more fitly employed than in the instruction of a people so alive as the Greeks to its influence, and so susceptible of its educating power. Finally, we are also to remember that in the religious aims of his philosophy, in his purpose to reform such religion as the Greeks possessed, he had to deal with conceptions of the gods which, in the forms of mythology, were originally the offspring of the imagination, and which, notwithstanding the mixture of false elements they contained, yet through the enduring beauty of their poetic garb still lingered in the popular faith. In re-creating the natural religion, of which Homer had been the maker ages before, and whose poems had been the Bible of the Greeks for succeeding generations, it was his far higher office, himself a philosophical poet, to clothe in forms of like poetic beauty, truer and better creations of the Supreme Being, as the supremely true and good, and supremely worthy of man's knowledge, adoration, and service.

Let me now present some illustrations of these allegorical myths. Out of the many I will select two, which are among the most perfect of their kind and which also represent what is most characteristic in the substance and manner of Plato's philosophical teachings.

The first is the well known allegory of the Cave, in the seventh book of the "Republic." Lord Bacon has drawn from it, to exhibit in his "Idols of the Den" the wayward prejudices of individual human character; but in Plato, it is a picture on a broader canvas, of the world of the truly educated philosopher, and of that of ordinary men, with their imperfect education. Towards the end of the sixth book, Socrates has declared his doctrine, that only philosophers must be guardians of the ideal state, and has

touched upon the progressive discipline they must undergo to be qualified for their high office. Of this discipline, the highest stage of all is the study of the good. When asked what is the good, he says that he can convey a notion of it only by a figure. In the world of sense, he says,¹ we have the sun, the eye, and visible objects; in the intellectual world, and corresponding respectively to these, there are the good, the reason, and the ideas. The good, then, is the sun of the world of pure intelligence; it sheds the light of truth on all subjects, and gives to the eye of the soul the vision of knowledge; and as in the visible world light and sight are like the sun, and yet not the sun itself, so in the intellectual, truth and knowledge may be regarded as like the good, but are not the good itself, which must be valued as more precious than they. Then follows the allegory. It is too long for direct quotation. It may suffice to present its principal phases, which show the chief truths it teaches.

Imagine, Socrates says,² to conceive our condition as educated and as uneducated, imagine an underground cave-like dwelling, having a long entrance open to the light, and in this dwelling men confined from childhood, their legs and necks so bound that they cannot move and can see only before them. At a distance above and behind them a fire is blazing, and between the fire and the prisoners runs a road, along which a wall is built up, just like the screens which jugglers put up in front of the spectators, and above which they show their wonders. Along this wall men are passing, carrying vessels of all sorts, and statues and other images variously wrought in wood and stone, all which project over the wall; and some of the passers-by are talking and some are silent. You see that these prisoners can see only the shadows of these men and these objects as they are thrown by the fire-light on the part of the wall which is in front of them, and if they should talk to one another they would give names to the shadows just as if they were the things themselves. And if the cave returned an echo when a passer-by spoke, then they would suppose that the shadow itself spoke, which alone they saw. In short, for them the shadows of these men and these things would be the only realities. So is it, Socrates teaches, with the life of ordinary men; they live imprisoned in the world of sense, and contemplate its objects alone, which are only the shadows of the realities of spiritual truth. But suppose now, the allegory proceeds, that one of these

¹ *Republic*, vi. 505-509.

² *Ibid.* vii. 515-517.

captives were unbound, and made to rise and face the light and gaze upon the objects themselves; he would be dazzled by the sudden splendor, and when told that he had been looking only at shadows he would be sadly perplexed, and even believe that the old shadows were more real than the substantial objects he now beholds. But suppose further that he be snatched from the cave and dragged by a steep pathway to some height on which he may gaze upon the full lustre of the sun itself. At first his eyes will be yet more cruelly dazzled by all this blaze of light, and he will be unable to behold real objects at all. First he will discern only shadows and images in the water, and then the moon and stars in the heavens, and finally he will behold not only the images of the sun, but the sun itself as it is and where it is. Such, now, is the educated philosopher in comparison with uneducated men; he has escaped out of the world of sense, where only shadows appear, and mounted, by the steep path of knowledge, to the upper world of intelligence where are seen by reason the substantial realities of being, and has gazed at last upon its sun, the supreme idea of good, which once seen is inferred to be the cause of all that is beautiful and good; which in the visible world produces light, and the orb that gives it, and in the invisible, Truth and Reason. Yet further Socrates carries out his analogy. As it was necessary for the prisoner, in order to see aright, not to have eyes given him, for these he had before, but to have his whole body turned round, that his eyes might look in the right direction, so it is the task of the right education to turn the whole soul round, that its eye, the reason, may be directed straight to the light of truth, and endure the sight of being, and of the brightest and best of being, that is to say, the good. Finally, to the question by what agency this conversion of the soul is to be wrought, the answer is given: By the agency of true philosophy, by those studies which turn the mind from the things which are seen to the things which are unseen, from shadows to the substance, from the transient and phenomenal to the permanent and real, — in short by all pursuits which bring the mind to reflect upon the essential nature of things. Then is set forth the ascending series of these studies, which culminate in dialectics, as the science of real existence. The pursuit of these studies imparts the power of raising the highest principle in the soul to the contemplation of that which is best in existence, just as in the figure the clearest of the senses was raised to the sight of that which is brightest in the visible world.

There is another aspect of philosophy which is seen and exhibited by Plato in allegory. As in the "Republic" the world of sense is the exhibition of ideal truth and goodness, contemplated on the side of intelligence by the eye of knowledge, so in the "Symposium" it is the exhibition of ideal beauty, contemplated on the side of emotion by the eye of desire. Hence arose out of the imagination of Plato the allegorical representation of the philosophical impulse in man as "the passion of the reason," the Platonic Eros, or philosophical love. I shall not attempt a full discussion of this subject. There were needful for that an exposition not only of the whole of the "Symposium," the most perfect in artistic form of all the Platonic dialogues, and more peculiarly Greek and Platonic in subject and style than any other, but also of the Greek mind and society in Plato's time, and especially of some elements of Grecian sentiment and practice, which need not here be touched, and which are hardly less strange to Homeric than to Christian feeling,¹ and in their relation to humanity are scarcely intelligible to modern thought. I only purpose, before adducing the allegory, to present some considerations which may show the place it has in the teachings of Plato, and how it is wrought by him into the general conception of the "Symposium."

The Greek name for philosophy as *the love of wisdom* furnishes in itself the thought which is the germ of the whole analogy. But absolute wisdom is identified with absolute goodness, and so with absolute beauty, and thus wisdom as beauty is the object of the emotion of love, which rises through its successive stages to what in Platonic phrase is a pure and divine affection. Socrates says in the "Phædrus," God alone is truly wise (*σοφός*); but man may only be called *φιλόσοφος*, or lover of wisdom. And in other places we are taught that² "to approach God as the substance of truth is science, as the substance of goodness in truth is wisdom, as the substance of beauty in goodness and truth is love." Thus, too, philosophers are called *φιλόκαλοι*, or lovers of the beautiful, or simply lovers (*έρωτικοί*)³; and in the "Symposium" So-

¹ Schleiermacher's *Einleitung zum Gastmahl*, p. 380. Becker has a full discussion of the subject in his *Charicles*, Exc. ii. to Scene v. Jacobs, *Verm. Schr.* iii. 212-254, had discussed it before, and more favorably. See, also, Grote's *Plato*, ch. xxiv.; also Jowett's Introduction to the *Symposium*.

² Butler's *History of Ancient Philosophy*, ii. p. 277.

³ *Phædrus*, 248, quoted by Butler.

ocrates declares that his whole science is nothing but a science of love. Another element needs to be added to make the analogy more complete between love and the philosophical impulse. This impulse is never thought of as limited in its ends to the philosopher's self, but, in harmony with Plato's entire manner of thinking, as directed to the production of knowledge and virtue in others; thus, in reference to the practical realization of truth, it is a generative impulse. That we may be brought into proper relation to our allegory we must also first bring into view some of Plato's favorite thoughts from the "Phædrus," which on this subject of love is a companion piece to the "Symposium." In the "Phædrus," Plato, in order to explain the origin of the transcendental ideas, represents, also in mythical form, that præexistent state of the soul in which she has directly seen, in the heaven of true being, the divine ideas. With Plato, philosophy, as all higher life, springs from madness,¹ or the frenzy of inspiration. As there is an inspiration of prophecy, an inspiration of poetry, so in philosophy there is an inspiration of love. When the remembrance of those divine ideas which the soul has seen in the heavenly state is awakened by the sight of their earthly images, the soul is rapt with amazement. She is beside herself, — borne away by the enthusiasm of inspiration. It is this overmastering might of the idea which causes that admiring wonder which Socrates says is the feeling of the philosopher and the beginning of all philosophy, so that, as he adds, that poet was a good genealogist who said that Iris, the messenger of heaven, was the daughter of Wonder; hence, too, that excitement and irritation of feeling, those pangs and pains described by Socrates with such truth of humor as undergone by the soul to which has just come the boding of a celestial message; hence, too, the strangeness and awkwardness, in sublunary matters, of the true philosopher, just as Alcibiades wittily describes Socrates as now stalking through Athens like a pelican and now standing in one spot fixed in abstraction of thought all through the day, and all night long, and next morning at sunrise seen standing there still. How that this ideal inspiration takes the form of love is ascribed in the "Phædrus" to that peculiar splendor which distinguishes the images of the beautiful beyond those of all other ideas, so that they make the strongest impression on the soul. This passage shines with such a beauty, as if a direct emanation from the primal source, that we will

¹ Zeller, ii. 384.

quote it as a transition to the "Symposium." In quoting this passage and other passages that will follow, we may be allowed to offer a version which, without having such merit as belongs to Mr. Jowett's English, seems to us to follow the original more closely.

Plato says ¹ in describing the superior force of the images of beauty: —

"Of justice, temperance, or whatever else is dear to souls, the earthly copies have no splendor; but with our dull organs there are few, and these with great difficulty, who on approaching the images behold the model they represent. But beauty was then indeed resplendent to behold, when with the happy choir of the blessed, we, following in the train of Jove, and others in the train of other gods, gazed upon the glorious sight and were initiated into what one may rightly call the most blessed of all mysteries; which we celebrated, ourselves all innocent and yet without experience of all the evils which awaited us in the future; admitted to visions innocent and simple and calm and happy, and looking upon them in pure light, pure ourselves, and as yet unmarked by that body, as we call it, which we now drag about, imprisoned in it just like an oyster. All this out of grace to memory, for whose dear sake, through a fond longing for the visions then seen, our speech has lingered too long. But as to beauty, as I said, it shone there, as it went, among those other forms; and now that we have come to earth we have apprehended it through the clearest of our senses, itself shining clearest of all. For sight is the sharpest of all the bodily senses, and yet by means of it is not wisdom seen, for indeed all too mighty loves would arise if of her and the other lovely ideas like brilliant images came to the sight; but now to beauty only has fallen the lot to be at once the brightest and the most lovely."

Such is the view given in the "Phædrus." But in the "Symposium" love is not of beauty only, but also of the production of beauty, or of "birth in beauty;" and this is explained as the striving of the mortal nature for immortality, the necessity of its nature for self-preservation through the ever new production of itself. The "Symposium" is, to be sure, a real Athenian banquet, where wine is drunk in the largest Greek measures; but yet it is a feast of reason, and the whole entertainment is Love. Five of the guests have spoken in lofty discourses the praises of Love, and all with the approbation of the company, especially the host Agathon, who has been heartily cheered, and pronounced to have spoken in a manner worthy of himself and the god. Yet all have

¹ *Phædrus*, 250.

fallen short of the great argument. Socrates alone, who last of all comes to his turn, is able to rise to its height, nor yet he of any wisdom or knowledge of his own, as he says with the politeness of a good guest, and with his usual confession of ignorance. He has been instructed in the science of love by Diotima, a wise woman of Mantinea, who is a priestess and inspired, and so knows and can tell the truth; and he will tell the marvelous tale of Love as he has heard it from her inspired lips. It is quite noticeable that in this company of the choicest wits of Athenian society, Plato, through Socrates, exalts a woman to the chief place, and makes her the teacher of all. Perhaps the simple reason is that the theme of discourse is love. But to proceed. In his dialectic way Socrates puts the questions to Agathon which Diotima once put to him, and then he gives the answers just as they were drawn out by her. The chief answers were these: As love is of the nature of desire, what it desires is not what it is or has, for no one desires what he already is or has. And love is desire of the beautiful, and so love has not the beautiful, and as the beautiful is also the good, Love in desiring the beautiful has not, but desires the good. So, too, Socrates had said to Diotima, as Agathon had just now said in his speech, that Love was a god; but Diotima had taught him that Love was not a god, but only a being intermediate between divine and human. On this he had begged to know the parentage of Love, and the wise woman had told him the following tale of his birth:¹ —

“At the birth of Aphrodite the gods held a feast, and among the guests was Resource, the son of Counsel. The feast over, Poverty came to beg, as she knew of the good cheer there, and she lingered about the doors. Now Resource, who was very much the worse for the nectar, — for wine there was then none, — went into the garden of Zeus, and there sank, overpowered, to sleep. Then Poverty, taking quite insidious means, on account of her want of resources, to get offspring from Resource, lay down by his side, and conceived Love. So it was that Love became the follower and servant of Aphrodite, because he was born on her birthday, and because by nature he is a lover of the beautiful, and Aphrodite is beautiful herself. Seeing then that Love is the child of Resource and Poverty, he has corresponding fortunes in the world. In the first place he is poor, and far from being delicate and fair, as most people suppose, he is rough and squalid, and goes barefoot, and is houseless, always lying on the bare earth, sleeping under the open sky, at

¹ *Symposium*, 203, 204.

people's doors and on the streets, and according to his mother's nature, always a mate of Want. But, on the other hand, taking after his father, he pursues the good and the beautiful, he is courageous and bold and intent, a mighty hunter, always weaving wiles, longing after intelligence, full of resources, philosophizing his life long, a terrible enchanter, sorcerer, sophist. Moreover, by nature he is neither immortal nor mortal, but in the same day he lives and flourishes and then dies, and then again comes to life again by virtue of his father's nature. The resources he gets flow away again, and so love is never without resources, and never in possession of wealth. So also he stands midway between wisdom and ignorance, for the matter stands thus: No god is a lover of wisdom or desires to become wise; for he is already wise. Nor when any one else is already wise is he a seeker of wisdom. And just as little do the ignorant seek after wisdom; for that is just the evil of ignorance, that without being fair and good and wise, it yet is quite satisfied with itself; since whoever thinks himself not in need of a thing has of course no desire for it. 'Who, then, Diotima,' said Socrates, 'are the lovers of wisdom, if neither the wise nor the ignorant?' 'Why that,' said she, 'must be plain to a child; for they are those who are between the two, and of these, too, is Love. For wisdom belongs to the most beautiful, and Love is of the beautiful, and so Love is a philosopher, or lover of wisdom, and as such stands between the wise and the ignorant. And the cause of this, too, is his parentage; for he is of a father who is wise and wealthy, and of a mother who is poor and ignorant. Such, my dear Socrates, is the nature of Love.'"

Thus it is that Plato allegorizes the genesis and nature of the impulse of man to wisdom. It springs on the one hand¹ out of the higher nature of man. It is a striving, in accordance with this nature, after spiritual and everlasting good. In the figure, Resource, the father of Love, is the son of Counsel, or intelligent forethought, and so Love is of a spiritual, immortal kindred; and as all acquisition, even of worldly good, is the result of intelligence, so especially the acquisition of all higher good depends upon the rational nature of man. On the other hand, it is only striving, and not yet possession, and so presupposes want and desire. So Love is the child of Resource and Poverty, and thus a mean between having and not having, between aspiration and attainment, desire and real possession. The other and higher lessons taught by Diotima, which are not given in figurative form, I will briefly add, but not in Plato's words. The object of this striving of the human soul is the good, or, yet nearer, the pos-

¹ Zeller, ii. 385-387.

session of the good, and its everlasting possession. The outward condition of this love is the presence of the beautiful; for it is the beauty of spiritual good that kindles in the soul the desire of its lasting possession. But this love varies in its degrees according to the various manifestations of beauty. It reaches the ultimate end towards which it is ever striving through a gradual upward progression from the imperfect or less perfect forms to the more perfect, and finally to the most perfect of all. The first is the love of fair bodily forms, first of one, then of many and of all, in every one of which will be discerned one and the same quality of beauty. A higher is the love of beautiful souls, which will reveal a more precious beauty than any of outward form; and such love will show itself in creating conceptions of wisdom and virtue, and wise and virtuous character in education, in art, in legislation. A third is the love which finds its wide sphere in all aesthetic science, in the search and discovery of the beautiful in whatsoever form. And finally the highest of all is love itself, which is fixed upon true, absolute beauty, unmixed with aught material or finite, formless, unchangeable, eternal, and so attains its final end of immortal and blissful being.

“ ‘Here, my dear Socrates,’ said the stranger of Mantinea,¹ ‘here, if anywhere, is for man the life which alone is worth living, in contemplating the beautiful itself. If of this you once get a vision, it will seem to you not after the kind of gold and garments and fair boys and youths, which when you behold you are beside yourself for amazement, and are ready, as also are many others, when seeing your loves and conversing with them, neither to eat nor drink, if that were possible, but only to gaze upon them and always be with them. What then if it were one’s fortune to see beauty itself pure and unmixed, and not defiled by human flesh and colors and other vain tinsel of mortality, — the divine beauty itself in its simplicity? Think you that man’s life would be a poor one who was ever looking at that and ever conversant with it? Or do you not suppose that only such a one, beholding beauty wherewith one must behold it, will be able to produce not images of virtue, as he is not attached to an image, but realities, because he is attached to the real? But whoever produces and educates true virtue, to him it belongs to be dear to God, and to be immortal, if any man may be.’ ”

From this discussion and illustration of the myths of Plato which are allegorical, I pass to speak of the nature and uses of those which are genuine or proper myths. It is peculiar to these

¹ *Symposium*, 211, 212.

that in them the sensible representation is not, as in the allegory, the embodiment of thought before grasped and fully apprehended ; but the thought and its poetic expression are coincident. They come into being together, and are not only not separated, but are inseparable ; the story or the narrative is in itself the truth which is taught. As in all genuine myths, so in these of Plato, the imaginative form of presenting truth is not the choice of a poetic and artistic nature, but a necessity¹ which is caused by the limits of existing knowledge or by the limitations of the human mind. Plato resorts to it when the subjects he would treat are those which, as in some instances, transcend his own knowledge and the knowledge of his times, and which, as in others, transcend human experience and the logical processes of human reasoning ; he employs it when he represents what for him is reality and truth, but for which there has not yet been gained or cannot be gained at all any adequate scientific expression.

Such Platonic myths are thus in their relation to matters of science the strivings of a clear and far-seeing nature to peer into the unknown, and to light up by the imagination its dim, undiscovered regions ; they are theories in the literal sense of that word, *sights* of truth, descried by a kind of prophetic vision in the dawn of science, to be verified by and by in the revelations of its perfect day. But the myths of this class, which treat of scientific truth, are far inferior in interest and value to those which set in truly prophetic scenes the great spiritual things that lie outside the range of scientific knowledge, but are reached and apprehended by the instinctive convictions of man's spiritual nature. They are answers to the earnest questionings of the soul, touching its origin and destiny, and the origin of the world in which its present life is going on ; they are bold reaches into that unseen world for which man was made, and which he is ever nearing, representations, by sensible imagery, of great thoughts that come to all human minds, like instincts, unawares. They give at once utterance and assurance to the faiths which all men cherish as their inborn and most precious possessions ; and though, as affirmed by Hegel² as the modern hierophant of the absolute Idea, they may be confessions of the impotence of philosophy, they are yet truly philosophical as having in them that quality of true wisdom which is content to confess ignorance in certain things, but meets and sufficiently satisfies universal human wants.

¹ Zeller, ii. 362.

² *Gesch. d. Phil.* ii. 188, 189.

I shall confine myself in illustration of this class of myths to those, by far the most interesting and valuable, which shadow forth in Plato's view the spiritual condition and destiny of man. His thoughtful meditations on this theme of transcendent moment come in upon his mental vision in pictures, and, as they are projected into form, unfold and exhibit so many successive scenes or groups of scenes. In the "Phædrus," as already intimated, they are scenes of the soul's preëxistence; in the "Symposium," of its present condition; and in the "Gorgias," the "Republic," and the "Phædo," where the judgment and its retributions are portrayed, they are scenes of its future destiny; and, taken together, they form a kind of trilogy, after the manner of the Grecian drama, representing in dramatic form the history of the human soul.

It is only these last to which we will now look, those in which Plato, through the light of his intuitive moral beliefs, opens to view the unseen world and its retributions. Let us remember that it is these intuitive beliefs, — whether shining only through their own light, or whether and how far yet more illumined by that true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, it is not for me to say, — to which all these teachings of Plato are to be ultimately referred. Remember, too, that these teachings all presuppose Plato's faith, not only in the spiritual nature of the soul, but also in its immortality. This faith in the soul's immortality, whether a conclusion or an intuition, seems to have been present in the consciousness of Plato clear and steadfast as now in any Christian consciousness; and it were well, indeed, if for all Christian minds this faith had a like vital force and a like supreme moral interest. These mythical narratives are too long for entire quotation. They also differ from each other in containing more or less fullness of detail, and in being more or less perfectly elaborated in form; and to some of the details Plato evidently attaches no essential moral value. I must confine myself to such portions as illustrate those central truths which they all have in common.

In all we discover the general view, that the condition of souls in the other world, whether it be happy or unhappy, is of the nature of retribution, and, moreover, a retribution which, though assigned by judgment and sentence, yet is determined in the case of each individual soul by the character it has formed during the probation of its earthly life. It is remarkable with what clearness the future of the soul is portrayed as only the carrying out of the

process of education begun upon earth. The soul, when uncloded of the body, appears in the presence of its judges with its character visibly stamped upon it, and goes straight to the lot and place appointed for it by the eternal laws of moral being. Let us note in the "Gorgias" the telling of this truth; and let us remember, while we read, in order to keep in mind the moral ends which these myths subserve, those words of Socrates which immediately precede it. He has just said: ¹ "For death itself no man but an utter fool and coward fears, but it is the doing wrong that he fears, for a soul indeed to go to the other world loaded with many wrong-doings, — that is the last of all evils; and if you are willing I will tell you a story to show that this is so." The story follows then on this wise: —

"In the time of Cronos there was this law which, as formerly, so now also obtains, that whoever had lived justly and piously should at death go to the isles of the blest, and dwell there in all happiness beyond the reach of evil, but that whoever had lived in injustice and impiety should depart to the prison-house of vengeance and punishment, called Tartarus. And in the time of Cronos, indeed, and yet later when Zeus was holding the rule, both the judges and the judged were still alive, and the judgment of the former was given on the very day when the latter were to die. So the judgments were ill given. Therefore Pluto and the authorities from the isles of the blest came to Zeus and said that men came to both places undeservedly. Then, said Zeus, I myself will see to it that this does not take place in future; for the judgments are ill administered, for they who are judged are still clothed, because they are alive; many, therefore, who have wicked souls are indued with fair bodies and with rank and wealth, and when the judgment occurs, many witnesses come forward and testify that these have lived well. The judges are put in awe by these, and besides they, too, when judging, are clothed, their eyes and ears and their whole bodies acting as a blind to their souls. All this now stands in the way, alike the clothes of the judges, and the clothes of the judged. In the first place, then, I must see that an end is put to men's having a knowledge of death beforehand, and indeed Prometheus has already been told to have this stopped; then they must be judged when uncloded, for they must be judged when they are dead; and the judge must be uncloded by death, so that with the soul itself he may behold the soul itself of each one, immediately after death, when bereft of all his kindred, and all that fair adornment left behind wherewith on earth he was arrayed, in order that the judgment may be just. Indeed, having come to know all these things earlier than you, I have made my sons the judges, two from Asia, Minos and Rhadamanthus, and one from

¹ *Gorgias*, 523, E.

Europe, Æacus. These, after their death, shall judge in that meadow where three ways meet, and out of which two roads lead, the one to the isles of the blest, the other to Tartarus. But to Minos I shall assign the prerogative of arbitration in case the two others are in doubt, in order that the judgment may be as just as possible touching the journey that men must take."

Another passage may be quoted to illustrate what has been said above of the character which the soul carries upon itself in the other world:—

"When¹ these have come to the judge, Rhadamanthus places them before him, and gazes upon the soul of each, not knowing whose it is; but very often laying hold of the soul of the great king or of some other king or ruler, he sees nothing sound in it, but finds it fouled by scourges, and full of scars from perjuries, the stamps which each one's conduct has imprinted upon his soul, and so he sees all crooked on account of lying and vain-boasting, and nothing straight, because his life has lacked the training of virtue; he sees this soul all full of baseness and deformity by reason of license and luxury and arrogance and incontinence; and having seen it, he straightway sends it in dishonor to the prison where it is to undergo the sufferings meet for it."

The general view given in these passages we find also in the "Phædo" and in the story of Er in the "Republic;" but with differences worth noting in the conceptions of the judges and of the time and manner of judging, and especially in the description of the abodes of the blest and the seats of torture for the wicked. In the "Phædo" Socrates adduces his story to enforce the same truth as in the "Gorgias." "The soul," he says,² "comes to Hades, bringing with it nothing but education and nurture, and these indeed are said greatly to help or to harm the departed at the very outset of his pilgrimage thither." Then he tells Simmias³ that the story is that after death every soul is conducted by its genius to the place where the dead are gathered together before they go to Hades under the charge of the appointed guide. Now the wise and well-ordered soul follows in the path conscious of her position; but the impure soul, yet turning with longing desire for the body and the world of sense, is at length forcibly carried away by the attendant genius. And when such a soul reaches the gathering place, every one flees from it and shuns it; without companion and guide it wanders about in dire distress, till at last it is borne to its own fitting habitation. But the pure and just soul

¹ *Gorgias*, 524, E, 525, A.

² *Phædo*, 107, D.

³ *Ibid.* 108.

which has gone through life under the companionship and guidance of the gods comes also to its own proper home.

But there is a more marked difference between the "Gorgias" and the "Phædo" in the conceptions of retribution they respectively present in the situation and character of the abodes of the good and of the bad. While in the former these are only generally mentioned as the isles of the blest and as Tartarus, in the latter they are described with utmost distinctness even of geographical detail, and are made all glorious and heavenly or dismal and awful by the most affluent material imagery, so that they seem like distant pagan glimpses of apocalyptic vision. The heaven of Plato is like and yet unlike the Elysian fields of Homer or Hesiod's isles of the blest. Like them it is on the earth indeed, but not as they in far-off land or ocean of the setting sun, but on some upper supernal earth, in regions that come so near the heavenly world that all nature in it shines with a celestial beauty, and its dwellers walk with the gods. Socrates tells his hearers¹ that there are many marvelous places of the earth, and very different from any that geographers tell us of. He is persuaded that the earth is very vast, and that those who live along the borders of the sea in the region from the Phasis to the Pillars of Hercules are like ants or frogs living about a marsh, and inhabit only a small part of it, and that many others live in many other such places. There are many other hollows like this of ours where the water and mist and air gather, but the true earth is pure and lies in the pure heavens, where are also the stars. But we who live down in these hollows fancy we are on the surface of the earth; very much as if creatures down at the bottom of the sea were to fancy they were on its surface, and that when they saw through the water were to think the sea to be the heavens. If we could only take wings like a bird and fly upward, like a fish who sometimes puts his head out and sees this world for a moment, we should see a world beyond, and that is the true upper earth. And then he goes on to picture that upper realm. There the trees and the flowers and the fruits and all other things that grow are all fairer than any here, and there are hills and stones in them clearer and fairer than our most precious emeralds and jaspers and other gems; there are hills, indeed, which are solid gems, of which our jewels are only little fragments. And there are animate beings, too, and men, some in a middle region, others dwelling about the atmosphere, as we do

¹ *Phædo*, 109-113.

about the sea, and others on islands which the atmosphere encircles; for our atmosphere is their sea, and their atmosphere is the ether. Then, too, they have temples and sacred places where the gods really dwell, and men see them and hear them, and commune with them, and they see the sun and moon and stars, just as they are, and all their other blessedness is like to this. From this bright supernal heaven the seer now passes to the dread abodes of the wicked, in the lower parts of the earth. In the earth are deeper and vaster hollows, and vastest and deepest of all is Tartarus, a huge chasm, which pierces its inmost depth, and thither are ever flowing immeasurable rivers of fire and torrents of mud. Then follows the description of the four rivers of Tartarus, a passage which I may perhaps give briefest and best from that kindred one of Milton's,¹ which indeed the Christian poet seems to have wrought from the pages of the pagan philosopher into his picture of the lower world. With his fine sense for language the poet gives, with the names themselves, their moral import:—

“ Along the banks
Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge
Into the burning lake their baleful streams:
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
Sad Acheron, of sorrow, black and deep;
Cocytus, named of lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegethon
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.”

Such in the view of Socrates is the nature of the other world; and to these upper or to these lower realms the dead are brought after they have been judged and sentenced according to their deeds.

Yet this general doctrine of retribution unfolds itself still more in its applications to individual souls among the good and among the bad according to the differences of their lives on earth; in the one class, higher heights of goodness and blessedness with some than with others, and in the other deeper depths of sin and misery. Both in the “Gorgias” and in the “Phædo” some of the sinful are represented as curable, such as have been neither very good nor very bad, and for these a place of purgatory is assigned, and for them punishment is corrective, and even as on earth suffering is remedial. Their relief from suffering seems also to be conditioned by the forgiveness of those whom they have wronged on earth.

¹ *Paradise Lost*, ii. 288, sqq.

Thus in the "Gorgias"¹ it is said: "But some are benefited in the punishment they have received alike from gods and men, and such are they who have been guilty of curable sins; yet only by pains and sufferings does the benefit accrue to them both here and in the lower world, for it is not possible otherwise to be set free from iniquity." And still more clearly in the "Phædo:"²—

"Those who are adjudged guilty of sins curable indeed but great, as for instance doing violence in a moment of anger to a father or a mother, and have gone sorrowing for it the rest of their lives, or who in like circumstances have become murderers, these must needs be cast into Tartarus, but after a stay there of a year the wave casts them forth, the homicides into the Cocytus, the patricides and the matricides into the Pyriphlegethon; and when by way of these they have come nigh the Acherusian Lake, they cry aloud and call upon those whom they have slain or wronged, beseeching them to allow them to come out of the river into the lake; and if they prevail, they come out and are set free from their evils; but if not, they are conveyed back into Tartarus, and thence again into the rivers, nor cease to suffer these things till they prevail by their entreaties over those whom they have wronged."

But on the other hand Socrates teaches that there are souls incurably sinful, whose sin has become by the force of evil habit so wrought into the texture of their being as to be past all healing; for these suffering is remediless, and for themselves punitive, and in respect to others, monitory. No words of Scripture teach more clearly or vividly than Plato's, in respect to such souls, the doctrine of everlasting punishment; you seem to hear, as you read, a distant prophecy of "the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched." In the "Phædo"³ this is taught in a single sharp sentence: "But those who are found incurable on account of the magnitude of their crimes, by the commission of many and great acts of sacrilege, or of unjust and iniquitous murders or the like, — these a fitting lot hurls into Tartarus, whence they never come out." But in the "Gorgias," and especially in the "Republic," this teaching is drawn out with far more fullness and vividness of statement and illustration. To quote first from the "Gorgias:"⁴—

"But those who have perpetrated the most unrighteous crimes, and on account of such deeds have become wholly incurable, these derive no longer any benefit from their sufferings, but others derive benefit from them, when they see them hung up as examples in the prison-house in Hades, as a spectacle and warning to all the unrighteous."

¹ 525.² 113, 114.³ 113, E.⁴ 525, C.

And these souls of bad eminence in guilt Plato thinks are usually those of tyrants and kings and public men; for these have the power of doing wrong, which is denied, fortunately for themselves, to persons of humbler quality. He cites Homer for the truth of this, for he always describes the sufferers of endless punishment as the kings and potentates of the earth, such as Tantalus and Sisyphus, while a Thersites, or a private person such as he, is never so described. A far more fearful passage occurs in the "Republic;" but for its full understanding a preliminary word is necessary touching the general conception of the story there given of Er the Pamphylian. This story is the completest in thought and form of all Plato's myths. It is the peculiarity of it, that the souls of the dead are represented as passing after the judgment a pilgrimage of a thousand years in the upper or in the lower earth, and then returning to this world to enter upon a new probation. Er had died in battle and had lain on the funeral pyre twelve days, when he came to life again and told all he had seen in the other world. He had gone with many others to a strange place, where there were two openings near together in the earth beneath, and two like ones in the heaven above. Judges sat in the space between, and bade the just ascend the heavenly way on the right hand with the seal of their judgment set upon them in front, and the unjust having their seal on their back to descend by the way on the left. And then as he stood there he saw some coming down after their thousand years from the other heavenly opening, and others coming up from the other opening in the earth, and there they rested on the meadow, and he heard them tell one another of all they had respectively experienced. The spirits from heaven spoke of glorious sights and of bliss beyond compare, while the spirits from the lower earth told with sighs and tears their tales of dreadful suffering. For every deed of wrong a tenfold suffering had been endured, and all deeds of justice and goodness had been rewarded in like proportion. And there he had heard one ask another of the fate of Ardiaeus, the notorious tyrant of Pamphylia, who on earth had committed so many atrocious crimes; and the answer was, "He is not coming up, and he will never come." And then he told in support of his words a terrible sight he had seen. Just when he was nearing the mouth of the cave, and was on the point of ascending he saw Ardiaeus and other despots with him; and when they approached, and

fancied they too were coming up, the mouth uttered a fearful roar, as was usual when any incurable sinner tried to ascend, and suddenly appeared some wild men of fiery aspect, and seized Ardiaeus and the others, and bound them hand and foot, threw them down and flayed them with scourges, and dragged them along the road, carding them on thorns like wool, and telling all passers-by what were their crimes, and that they were again to be cast into Tartarus.

If finally we turn to the other side of this picture of the other world, we notice as very remarkable the simple brevity with which Plato treats the blessed lot of the righteous as they enter upon their everlasting rest. In the "Gorgias" ¹ he says of the judge Rhadamanthus:—

"And sometimes when he has looked upon some soul that has lived in holiness and truth, whether of a private man or some one else, generally, as I should say, of a lover of wisdom, who in his life has done his own work, and has not been a busybody in many matters, he is filled with joy, and sends it to the isles of the blest."

And in the "Phædo": ²—

"And those who seem to have been distinguished by the holiness of their lives, these are they who are liberated from these places on earth, and, set free as it were from a prison-house, rise upward to their pure home, and dwell in that upper earth."

And then he adds ³ the thought that a yet fairer lot awaits the select holy souls:—

"And of these such as have attained sufficient purity by the love of wisdom live henceforth without bodies, and in mansions more beautiful, which it were not easy to make visible, and of which time now fails me to tell."

With one or two remarks I will close this discussion of the myths of Plato.

And first let us not fail to observe, as in accordance with all that has been said of the tendency of Plato's teachings, the practical conclusions which Socrates reaches and enforces at the end of these narratives. Thus, for instance, he concludes the "Gorgias" with these words: ⁴—

"And of what I have said, supposing that all the rest were refuted, this remains firm, that the doing of injustice is more to be avoided than the suffering of it, and that above all else not the seeming to be good, but the being good ought to be the zealous aim of every man in private and

¹ 526, C.

² 114, B.

³ *Phædo*, 114, C.

⁴ 527, B, C.

in public life; and that if a man have in any respect done wrong he is to be chastened, and that the next best thing to a man being just is the becoming so through the chastening of punishment. Be persuaded, then, and follow me, where you will be happy alike in life and in death."

And so, though more briefly, in the "Phædo:"¹—

"On account of these things we have gone through with, we ought, Simmias, to strive in all ways to be partakers, in this life, of virtue and wisdom. Noble is the reward, and the hope great."

And how nobly he ends the more elaborate myth in the "Republic,"² the noble ending, too, of that longest and greatest of all the dialogues:—

"And so, Glaucon, the story was saved and not lost; and if we believe it, it will save us, and we shall cross well the river of Lethe, and not taint our souls. Yes, if we all follow these words, believing the soul to be immortal, and capable alike of all good and evil, we shall ever follow the upward way, and always practice justice and wisdom, that we may be dear to ourselves and to the gods while we remain here, and also when we receive our reward, even as the men at the games who carry off the prizes and go round to gather the gifts, and that we may fare well both here and in that thousand years' pilgrimage we have just described."

It is also to be observed how these myths which pertain to the hereafter have for Plato all the force of truth and reality, and so as the utterances of his best wisdom and knowledge are taught in the form of historical narrative. These things, or such things as these, he believes to be facts; and he tells them, we might almost say he reveals them, as facts. Towards the end of the "Gorgias"³ Socrates says:—

"For my part, Callicles, I have faith in these narratives; and I look to be found of the judge in that day with a soul all undefiled. Having bidden farewell to the honors that most men covet, and looking at truth, I shall make my best endeavors after the utmost excellence of being, alike during life, and at death, when for me that time shall come."

These noble answers to the universal questionings of the human heart touching the hereafter have not lost for us, though we are blessed with a divine answer, their interest and value. Across the chasm of ages of time, across the wide interval that parts the religion of Christ from all religions of men, it is good to hold converse with one who, like Plato, found in the very nature of the human spirit and its instinctive aspirations the sure promise of an immortal life; who himself aimed and exhorted all others

¹ 114, C.

² X, 621, C.

³ 526, D.

to value the soul above all price, and so to inform and enrich it by all knowledge and goodness as to fit it for its true and high destiny. And these teachings find their peculiar and crowning interest as given by Plato the disciple in the last words of his master Socrates, in the last hours of that great master's earthly life, when standing on the very border of that life and of the life to come he was now to put to the crucial test the central truth of all those teachings, "that no evil can happen to a good man in life or in death." And well and worthily did he endure the test. When all about him were troubled and in despair, he only was serenely calm and full of hope. When as a criminal condemned to die, and soon to meet his fate, he would have seemed to need the comfort of others, it was his alone to comfort all that sorrowful and sorrowing prison company; and all his comforting thoughts and words came from the very source of their grief, from that death which in his view was no evil, but rather an unspeakable good. All the noisy clamor of the outside world, the rude discords of unbelieving and gainsaying men he heeded not, he scarcely heard, his ears already catching the notes of that celestial harmony on which he was meditating and discoursing. And what sweet and musical words are those which he uttered in that parting conversation:—

"You seem to think me poorer in prophecy than the swans; for these when they are aware that they are to die, having sung all their life long, sing then more than ever, rejoicing that they are to go away to the god whose servants they are. But men, because of their own fear of death, falsely say of the swans that, lamenting death, they sing out their life for grief, not considering that no bird sings when it is cold or hungry or suffering from any other pain, not the nightingale itself, or the swallow or the hoopoe, which are said indeed by men to sing a song of lament; but it appears to me that neither these sing for grief, nor the swans either. Rather, as I think, do these swans then sing and rejoice more than ever before because, being Apollo's birds, they are gifted with prophecy, and know beforehand the good things of another world. And I too seem to myself a fellow-servant of the swans, and a consecrated servant of the same god, and to have received from my lord no less than these the gift of prophecy, and so to be departing from life just as cheerfully as they."

"Such was the end" [and these are the last words of the "Phædo"], "such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend, of whom I may say that he was the best and the wisest and most just of all the men whom I have known."

THE RELATION OF PLATO'S PHILOSOPHY TO CHRISTIAN TRUTH.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE ALUMNI OF NEWTON THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTION, JUNE 10, 1873, AND PRINTED IN THE "BAPTIST QUARTERLY."

I HAVE read somewhere of a learned statesman of England, that he was wont to call the Dialogues of Plato the most beautiful book in the world, after the Bible. Some may count this only the expression of a fond admiration; and yet, what uninspired thought of man makes nearer approaches to the Bible, in its conceptions of virtue and virtuous character, than that which shines out upon us from these dialogues? And when we think of the writer, and of the principal speaker in them, what relation do we recall of master and pupil outside the life of the New Testament so luminous with moral beauty, and so fruitful of elevating influence, as that of Socrates and Plato? Memorable was that day, when the youthful Plato, his fine genius just flowering into poetry and beautiful letters, was brought by his companions to Socrates, and, when listening to the new teacher, was seized with such a view of the true ends of Athenian and all human life, that he straightway forsook all his young dreams of literary ambition, and followed his acknowledged master, drawn by an irresistible moral attraction. That day determined for Plato the course of his long after-life. It marked his conversion to philosophy, and to philosophy in the Socratic sense — not as professed wisdom, but as the studious love of wisdom. It was a lifelong search for truth, and a search no less ardent in its moral aims than intense in its intellectual effort. It is this devotion to truth for the truth's sake, so religiously sought, so largely found, by virtue of which, far more than by aught else, Plato was supreme in Grecian thought during the forty years of his career as Master of the Academy, and in all the ages since has ruled from his urn the spirits of men. For us, too, in these later Christian times, his writings have a like value and interest, which commend them to our thoughtful study.

I propose, then, that we consider *some of the relations of Plato's thought to Christian truth*. And let me state from what point of view I wish to treat in a brief discussion so large a theme. It is something familiar to the experience of the Christian student, that he is wont to compare the teachings of those ancient writers to whom he owes so much of his culture, with the words of Jesus, to whom he owes the incomparably higher debt of his religious hopes and faith. In accordance with such experience, I wish only to offer some views of what we find in Plato's thought, with which we can have sympathy as Christians, and of what we miss there, and can find in Christ, and in Christ alone.

As a first and preliminary view, I remark, that we find *in the spiritual character of Plato's philosophy* a near and most friendly relation to Christian truth. That is a noble conception of Plato which Raphael has wrought into his grand picture of "The School of Athens" — where the philosopher stands, the central figure of that august group of Grecian sages, his lifted right hand pointing to heaven. So, too, is he pictured by the poet Goethe, as a genius ever tending upward, and striving to kindle in every breast the same soaring love for the beauty of spiritual truth. How true to Plato's nature and life are these conceptions of art! And even so on a broader canvas, on the larger page of history, he stands there ever to the inward eye, pointing not Grecian sages alone, but all thoughtful minds, above the world of matter and sense, to a world of spirit, to a world of ideas as divine and eternal things, and the true home of the soul as a spiritual being. I know of no writer's thought in antiquity that has in it so distinctively this spiritual quality so familiar to us in the substance of Christian truth. Everywhere are you kept aware of that contrast and union as well, at once so mysterious and so real in man's double nature and life, of the seen and temporal, and the unseen and eternal. However thinkers may differ about Plato's theory of ideas, or his views of the origin of matter, yet all will agree that, as in his conception of the world the divine intelligence and goodness are prior and superior to material nature and to man, so in man is the soul superior to the body, and the things of the soul to the things of the body, and parted, too, in a difference of kind and worth by a distance "which no geometry can express." How nobly does he speak of the origin and worth of the soul!

“The soul [he says] came from heaven, but the body is earth-born; and so the soul is the divine part of man, and to be honored next to God; nor does a man honor his soul, when he sells her glory for gold, for not all the gold in the world is to be compared with the soul; but a man can honor his soul only by making her better.”

Are we not at once reminded of the words of Jesus, “What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?” Only such a spiritual philosophy can establish a real basis for a spiritual religion. Recognizing the primary conceptions of revelation, God, virtue, immortality, in the facts of consciousness, as the intuitive faiths of the soul, it finds man able to apprehend and receive the positive truths of Christianity, and to partake of its renovating and redeeming power. Hence it is that Platonism has had such strong attractions for so many great and good men in the Christian church, from the days of Origen and Augustine until now. Hence, too, in every great epoch, in every new mental struggle, in all the conflicts of Christian faith with doubt and error, Plato has reappeared, and always in alliance with what is noblest and best in Christian thought and action. And in these days of ours, when there is such a pronounced tendency in physical science to resolve all vitality into material force, all thought into cerebration, and all mind into matter, and so to exalt material phenomena as the only possible subjects of human interest, there seems to be needed a new infusion of Plato's ideal thought to preserve the equilibrium between physical and spiritual truth. It is instructive to remember that Plato's philosophy was at the beginning a protest against the skepticism engendered by the physical speculations of his time. In a quite remarkable passage he describes a race of people living in his day — earth-born giants, he calls them — who were ever dragging down all things from heaven to earth, who would hear of nothing but body and matter, and denied the existence of everything which they could not hold in their hands. By some strange provision of “natural selection” this race seems to have survived till now, and to exhibit, with some variations, the characteristics of that generation which grew out of the soil of Athens. Probably we all set far more store by matter than Plato was wont to do; and we have, as Plato had not, a physical science, which in its discoveries and applications has won the respect and admiration of mankind. But the speculations of some of the leaders of this progressive

science have inherent in them the same material and earthly quality as those of their predecessors in Plato's time; and the doctrine that all positive knowledge is of the physical, and that all the universe consists of matter, is no less repulsive now than it was then. When we are expected, and indeed bidden, to keep up with the march of such a science, so omniscient of matter and so nescient of mind, we feel willing to linger yet awhile in Athens; and there, in the groves of the Academy, listen to that calm voice which, with uplifted hand, discourses still of the human soul as a separate being, endowed with reason, and destined to immortality.

From this general view let me pass to the remark that *in the spirit and substance of Plato's ethical teaching* we find a still nearer relation to Christian truth. In nothing else was Plato so genuine a disciple of Socrates as in his ultimate reference of all philosophic inquiry to the practical ends of a righteous character and life. It is true that, unlike his master, he was wont to push his inquiries into the highest and rarest regions of speculative thought; but the end of his speculation in its utmost reach and bound was to see and possess those immutable ideas of moral being which, wrought into ideals of character and realized in action, might bring man into likeness to God, and his disordered life into harmony with the divine government. Do not suppose that in thus speaking I am interpreting Platonic thought by Christian speech. Remember that utterance in the "Theætetus," "God is altogether righteous, and he of us is most righteous who is most like Him." Remember, too, that word of Plato in the "Republic," when he had laid the foundations of the state in perfect justice and virtue, and was asked where, then, was such a state. "In heaven," he said, "there is laid up a pattern of such a city, and let him who desires contemplate that, and live accordingly." Fond as Plato was of speculation, and bent upon securing a metaphysical basis for morality, yet he was never wont to present moral truth in the form of abstract teaching. We are to look in Plato for no doctrinal system, no inquiry into the nature of virtue or theory of the moral sentiments, in the sense of modern ethics; these you find only in his commentators, never in himself. They are not after his manner. You are made aware, indeed, in all that he writes, of the ruling power of the truest theories of morals; you feel ever the presence of an assured conviction of right and wrong as ultimate moral contradictions, which can be resolved into no other principles; you discover the supremacy in man of

that faculty which they address, and which itself intuitively discerns them; and you see the paramount value in human life of their unconditional recognition and observance. But Plato was born for letters no less than philosophy, and his power of thought was equaled by his marvelous skill in language; and in the use of these rare gifts in rarer union, he aimed to bring moral truth close to human feeling, and into alliance with the common sentiments of men. He wrought it by the vital and plastic force of his literary genius into all forms of beautiful and impressive conception, and of gracious and eloquent speech, fitted to quicken the sensibilities and kindle the imagination by visions of the beauty of moral excellence, and to win and carry the will in purpose and effort to its attainment in virtuous life. And here is the unspeakable charm of Plato's moral writings, and here the secret of their power. They are living illustrations of the beneficent influence of letters, when guided by wisdom and virtue in bringing the principles of moral and religious truth close home to the common thinking and living of men. All honor to the Christian thinkers who have established great principles in ethical science, and have taught them in didactic form. Their power is enduring and sure; but except in rare instances it is not felt by the general mind, and only slowly and through "the fit audience, though few," whom they address. When we study the works of Bishop Butler, which perhaps many of us more dutifully praise than love to read, or those of Jonathan Edwards, and try for instance to put to practical use that definition of "Virtue as a love to Being in general," are we not apt to think how immeasurably the direct influence of those profound writers would have been widened if, with their power of speculation like Plato's, they had also had something of his genial style, if their talent for communication had borne any proportion to their talent for its investigation and discovery. These ethical writings of Plato, then, are not treatises or disquisitions; they are dialogues, conceived and composed not for the few, but for the many; for the whole Athenian public, and through them for the world of mankind. They are conversations after the manner of Socrates, and hardly less lifelike and real than those actually held by Socrates in the streets of Athens. They are the conversations of the master idealized as the master was idealized himself by the genius of the pupil; cast in a larger mould, and adorned with all the finish of consummate art, but instinct with the same moral spirit, and ever striving to the same

moral ends. They are all drawn out from real human life, and have in themselves its vital quality; not Socrates alone, but all the speakers are real men, types of Athenian character, representatives of Athenian opinion; and the places of discourse their daily familiar haunts, the market-place, the palestra, the courts of law; but wherever or by whomsoever held, or starting out from whatever natural incident or description, they soon leave behind them outward and earthly things, and touch and pierce to the quick the profoundest questions of moral being, uncoiling with sure dialectic skill a chain of moral sequence that reaches on through all the present world far away into the unseen and eternal. This method of teaching by the sharp questioning process of dialogue was eminently fitted to the need of Plato's time. His life and career fell on an age and among a people marked by intellectual force and activity, but no less by moral weakness and confusion, when the leaven of immorality and irreligion had spread through the mass of society. Alike the leaders of the people and the people themselves were complacently content to live only amid the shows and shadows of truth and good; the conceptions of a divine superintending Power and a future retribution were only outworn fictions of credulity and superstition; virtue was a thing of tradition or opinion, right only might, and goodness and badness only conventional terms, changing with changing circumstance; and thus the substantial ideas of morals and religion were only empty sounds to the ear, and flitted before the eye ever as dim unreal figures amid the dissolving scenes of a passing world. Now it is in Plato's teachings which aim at a practical reformation of these radical evils that the Christian reader discovers near approaches to revealed truth, bright gleams of moral light, issuing from the law written on the heart of man, which foretoken the perfect manifestation to be made in the fullness of time in the ethics of the gospel, and the perfect life of Christ. You are ever conscious, it is true, that it is only human teaching, sometimes wrong, always limited; but often are you startled at the enunciation of principles which in themselves and in their expression approximate to what is most characteristic in New Testament teaching. As the philosopher exposes the conventional morality of his time, which rested only on a kind of Athenian "tradition of the elders," and aimed only at social or civic respectability, you are reminded of Him who spake as never man spake, when He told his hearers that unless their righteousness

exceeded the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, they could in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven. By his dialectic process in these Dialogues how does Plato sift to the bottom all that perverse Athenian life, and bring up to the light its monstrous delusions, and how earnestly he seeks to establish in private and public life the supremacy of moral ideas! What solemn words he uttered in the ears of Athenian youth who affected to be superior to a belief in the divine existence, and the divine government of the world. "God moves according to his nature in a straight line to the accomplishment of his ends. Justice follows him, and is the punisher of all who fall short of the divine law. To that law he who would be happy holds fast and follows in all humility." And in respect "to the ways of Providence," he says:—

"O youth, who think you are unheeded by God, boast not of having escaped his justice. Never shall you be lost sight of by it. Not so small art thou as to hide in the depths of the earth, nor so high that thou canst mount to heaven; but either here or somewhere else thou shalt pay the penalty. So, too, shall it be with the wicked whom you saw in prosperity, and made the mirror of divine justice, not considering their latter end."

It were difficult in brief compass to mention those elements of Plato's ethical teaching which have a likeness to Christian truth. His fundamental thought is that of a living virtue, resting upon knowledge, and pervading the inner being of man, and ennobling all human relations. This he represents in some Dialogues in individual virtues, as temperance, justice, piety, in others in an ideal unity; and in one work, the "Apology," the conception is set in the real example of Socrates, the highest illustration known to himself and the pagan world of a genuine human life. In his Dialogues of a wider compass this conception is fashioned into an ideal for the individual of a comprehensive rule of life, and for society of a state founded in the laws of reason and virtue; and in each aspect, and in both together, the conception is bound to the great and governing thought of a divine moral order of the world. Let me try to illustrate these elements by some of the chief thoughts of the two Dialogues, the "Gorgias" and the "Republic." The "Republic" is treated sometimes as only an inquiry into the nature of justice, sometimes only as the construction of an ideal state; but the two unite in one—in the idea of justice visibly embodied in the perfect state. So, too, we are apt to look

only at separate phases of the many-sided "Gorgias." Some look only at the contrast between true and false rhetoric as suggested in the conversation with Gorgias; others only at the contrast between true and false statesmanship, as portrayed in the conversation with Callicles; but in truth these and other minor contrasts are only means to one great moral end; they are employed with most earnest aim and consummate art to set forth the larger antagonism of the true and the false art of life itself, and to lift up the conception of an all-comprehensive imperial moral art of life which takes up into itself all arts, all knowledge, and all action, and sways all individuals and society by the laws of justice and virtue. But it is especially in the conversations with Callicles in the "Gorgias," and with Thrasymachus in the "Republic," that we have the best moral teachings of Plato. In these sophists he combats the teachers of the selfish theories of morals of all times, and their willing pupils of all generations — the larger Demos of a world loving darkness rather than light, hating truth and loving appearance, and bent upon gain and pleasure rather than the right; against them all he vindicates the ideas of truth and virtue as not only real, but born of a divine right to a supremacy in the soul, and alone yielding supreme good. None of his other Dialogues unfold their lessons in more dramatic form than these. You seem to see the great forces of right and wrong, good and evil, moving on over the world's stage in human characters and scenes, and shaping the action and destiny of men for the life that now is and for the endless hereafter. You are taught that in spite of all cunning appearance truth and goodness are real things, and the divinest and best that men can seek, and to be sought for their own dear sake, with no side-look to what may come of them; that it is not essential to be happy, but that it is essential to be virtuous, even as Socrates said when they begged him to escape from prison, that the thing to be cared for was not to live, but to live well. There, too, is maintained the noble paradox, that to do evil is far worse than to suffer evil, and that the next best thing to being just is to become just, and that if a man have done injustice, it is better even for himself that he be punished for it. And what impressive scenes you witness there of virtue triumphant and made perfect in suffering, and of vice defeated and made wretched in success! The unjust man, though on a throne and master of thousands, is beheld as his own slave, his heart haunted by passion and fear, and himself the unhappiest of men. And that other

picture, too, on which the world yet gazes even as on a masterpiece of Grecian art — the just man robbed by an unjust world of all earthly good, and clothed only in justice, but clad in that even as in truly regal attire; defamed, stricken, and scourged, and finally crucified; but his virtue proof against all infamy, and his soul serene even in excruciating death. In this picture Plato was doubtless portraying the fate of his master; but the Christian beholder may seem to see it transfigured into that unapproachable scene of the Divine Sufferer who gave up his life for the life of the world.

But yet other scenes with their living lessons pass before the view. Not only have the just and the unjust men in themselves the highest good and the worst evil, but even in this life they have each their sure recompense. Men may waver about them for a while, but they are at last fixed in a right estimation of both. Look long enough, and you shall see that the clever unjust who made so brave a start, now come in foolish at the goal, and without a prize; while the just man, like the true runner, perseveres to the end and wins and wears the crown, these words proclaiming the coronation: "All things in life will work for the good man, for the gods have a care of him who desires to be like God, so far as one can be by the pursuit of virtue." "Yet all this is as nothing compared with what awaits the just and unjust after death." With this language the last scene of all then opens before us, disclosing to view the unseen and eternal world and its recompenses of everlasting rewards and punishments. You behold the dread tribunal there, and there the judges seated; and before them come the souls of the just and unjust all unclothed and bare, bright with the visible stamp of justice and virtue, or all foul and scarred by injustice and vice, and they severally pass when judged straight to their appointed lot and place. And as you look with strained eye and ear, you seem to hear, as the lost go down to their doom, their swift beginning woes, even as of "the worm that dieth not;" and as the just rise upwards to mansions so fair they may not be described, you seem to catch distant sounds sweeter far than music of the spheres as they enter their everlasting rest. Thus it is that these remarkable representations of the future world which conclude these Dialogues lift us up to the highest moral idea which they aim to teach, and in true accord with their dramatic tone they form the epilogues even as of solemn tragedies of human being. The antagonism of the twofold life of man and its twofold

art which has moved on through all their scenes, comes out at last in clear entireness, the laws of human morality merge in the moral laws of the universe; and herein run and blend together all the threads of the manifold tissues of the dramatic action.

But when we pass from the ethical to the religious thought of Plato, and seek to find there a solution of the disorder in man's relations to God, and of the means for its cure, it is then that we see how his philosophy is at best only preparatory to Christianity and parted from it, even as reason from revelation. There runs through it all, indeed, a sad undertone of conviction that man has somehow fallen out of a sphere in which he was made to move; and this mingles with a yearning sense of the need of some influence to uplift him and restore him there; but what that fall was, and what the means of recovery, are questions it fails, and must needs fail, to answer. Let me touch upon some of the elements of Plato's answers to these questions of sin and redemption, which have been so solved for us by the words and work of Jesus. How far short does he fall of the Christian conception of God! He rendered, indeed, a great service in the preparation of paganism for Christianity, by teaching, in opposition to polytheism, the truth of one God; and I think, too, in opposition to pantheism, of a personal God. He purged the Hellenic mythology of its unworthy ideas of deity, and banished Homer from his ideal republic, because he adorned them by his verse; and those ideas he replaced with the doctrine of God, as the only Good and True, and as willing only good and truth. But I find no word in all Plato's affluent Greek for the revealed conception of the holiness of God. Never had reached his ear and touched his soul such a voice as that caught by Isaiah from seraph's lips, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts." Never in the utmost reach of his genius had he won that height to which the servant of Christ was borne by the Spirit, when he looked through the opened door into heaven, and heard that strain which rests not day and night, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."

With this defect in Plato's conception of God is connected his imperfect view of sin. Manifold are the aspects which he presents of moral evil in man. It is described in general as a parting of the soul from God, and, quite in Scripture language, as living without God in the world; as a moral discord, a disease of the soul, and especially as a bondage of reason to desire, of the spirit

to flesh. The body, indeed, is always with Plato the soul's mortal foe. So controlling is this element in his thought, that he seems to teach in allegory even the present bodily state as resulting from the fall of the soul from its pristine purity. Once the soul enjoyed a winged being, and, in a triple form of charioteer and two steeds, careered in some ethereal paradise, and gazed in open vision upon absolute truth and goodness. But while one of the steeds was white and obedient to the rein, and ever tending upward, the other was black of color and yet blacker of nature, and always gravitating earthward, and so by and by quite dragged down his nobler mate, all wing-broken and plumes dragged and finally gone, and doomed the soul to earth and bodily form. But in all these aspects, evil in man is unlike the revealed conception of sin. Its root is made to be intellectual rather than moral—a disease of the intelligence which blinds the eye of the soul to true good. Seldom does it approach the view of the ground of the evil as lying in a perverted direction of the will, or in alienation of the heart from God by voluntary transgression. It seems strange that with all the earnest religious feeling which Plato so often expresses, we discover none of that sense of ill-desert and need of repentance and forgiveness so familiar to the Christian consciousness. We could well part with the whole of that exquisite myth to which I have just alluded for one word that might resemble the parable of the publican, who would not lift up so much as his eyes to heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

And with all his effort of searching, how far does Plato fall below a conception of the remedy needed for the fallen state of man! Yet some profound students of the philosopher think that his speculations have in them the germs of the Christian doctrine of redemption and atonement. Such a view wrongs Platonism no less than Christianity itself. The philosopher, indeed, is ever teaching the bitter need of a moral deliverance of man, and striving to reach and realize it; and in his teachings we are often startled at the likeness of his language to that of Scripture. The soul, he says, must be turned from darkness to light, must die to sin by rising above earthly passion and desire, must now be loosed so far as possible from the bondage of the flesh, and look with hope to death as the only perfect release from its thralldom. But yet the only redemption which he can reach is, like the evil, an intellectual one. It is a salvation to be wrought by philosophy,

the soul rising by its aid through contemplation to the intuition of truth. In a remarkable passage he describes the upward course of the soul through successive stages of purifying knowledge, until it gains a sight of the idea of good dwelling in its fullness only in God, and illumining even as a sun the moral universe. And still this laborious process is not a merely intellectual one. These ideas of truth and goodness are conceived as invested with moral beauty, and thus fitted to awaken in him who beholds them the feeling of love; and this love, when awakened, exerts over him a transforming power, by which he grows into their likeness. When we study as Christians these upward strivings of Plato's human wisdom, we cannot but think, What if to him had been revealed, even as to us, the divine way of redemption, not by man mounting on wings of contemplation to heaven and to God, but by heaven bending to earth, and God himself condescending to man, and the Son of God taking upon Him man's nature, and entering as a personal living power into human life and history, that God in Christ might reconcile the world unto himself. In the personal divine Redeemer, as the Word made flesh, he might have seen embodied and illustrated that idea of God which he strove to contemplate, — that perfect beauty of virtue, that perfect rule of life, — and he, intellectual Greek though he was, might have seen that divine Redeemer in the form of a servant by the voluntary humiliation of his sufferings and death, shown forth as the Lamb of God to take away the sins of the world, and by the might of that divine love set forth by such humiliation, touching the heart of man as no ideal thought could touch it, and, by inspiring a faith working by love, re-create the soul and bring it into the real likeness of God. And here, too, he might have found that revelation from God of which he once uttered a conjectural hope, which could have given a religious basis of the morality which he taught, and furnished a sufficient motive through a living faith for its realization in a righteous life. And lastly, such a faith standing in the power of God would have been discovered as adequate to the calling and salvation — not as the wisdom of philosophy, of the intellectual *élite* of the race, the wise men after the flesh, the mighty, the noble, but of the foolish as well; and yet more, and the weak, and the base, and the despised — a saving faith for all mankind.

This discussion of the moral and religious thoughts of one of the most eminent of the writers of antiquity yields us as one les-

son an insight into the ultimate end of those classical studies which enter so largely into all our higher education. Not alone to form a basis for mental discipline and culture, by furnishing models of consummate excellence in thought and expression, are those studies designed. The true and ultimate end is a moral and religious one — the knowledge gained by a deeper and maturer study of classical antiquity, of the place and function of all ancient philosophy, letters, art, life, in the providential order of the world, in preparing the way for the entrance of Christianity into human life and history. All that rich and fruitful culture was only human, and wrought out, I may say, from below; but it was to form a human basis for a richer and far more fruitful culture, when once there should descend a divine power from above, to regenerate the soul of man and pour a divine life into the bosom of a sinful world. Such a renewing, life-giving influence the wisdom of cultivated Greece — even of Plato's philosophy, the fairest and finest bloom of all that culture — could not reach even in adequate idea; it could only haply feel after it, and dimly prophesy its coming by revealing the spiritual wants of man, as severed from God and needing restoration. The prodigal race, wanderers from the Father's house, were to be brought back as penitent sinners, only by the anticipating and forerunning compassion of the Father himself. Here is the lesson to be won from our discussion, and to be wrought into all our thought and faith and life. Consider Plato's rich gifts and attainments, his power of speculative thought, his soaring imagination, his beautiful and eloquent speech; but even that intellect was blind, that tongue was dumb to that greatest of all human questions, "How shall man be just with God?" — be delivered from sin, and set forward on a new career of endless knowledge, holiness and happiness. On these matters of supreme moment, that exalted intelligence might sit as a learner at the feet of the humblest Christian disciple, made wise unto salvation through the faith that is in Christ Jesus. He that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he. And yet, let us not, as Christians, exalt ourselves overmuch above the pagan philosopher. What we have that he had not is not ours, or of us, but only God's; and ours only by the condescending grace of Christ. When I study Plato and Plato's life, and think of our advanced position in respect to spiritual and saving knowledge, I am prone to recall the apostle's words, "Who maketh thee to differ from another, and what hast thou that thou

didst not receive?" Nay, let me at least point to one lesson which may be learned by us Christians from Plato's example. We have seen with what a truly religious earnestness he sought for moral and religious truth, and wrought it, so far as he could find it, into his own life and action. This truth he first learned to love and seek from only a human teacher, whom, however, he revered as the best and wisest of all men known to the ancient pagan world. That truth he prized above all earthly good, and its pursuit he counted as the one work worth doing under the sun. And the truth which he gained and lived by himself he inculcated with the same earnestness upon others; he taught it, he preached it for forty years, by word and by deed, by living voice and written speech, against sophists who opposed it in theory, and the world who opposed it in practice, and strove to convince them, and to win them to see and receive and adopt it for themselves. Be it ours, as disciples of the divine Teacher and Saviour, to receive ourselves, and make known to others, that revealed and only saving truth of the gospel — the truth as it is in Jesus, which has been freely given us — with a religious earnestness of like quality and of a greater intensity in proportion to the immeasurably superior greatness of the gift. Let it be for us not a meagre and pale thing of tradition, of custom, of inheritance; but in us, through the Word and Spirit of Christ, a living and life-giving truth. So may it for us, and for those whom we may bless by our labors, become the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation. So may they and we be entered as fellow-citizens, not into an ideal republic, — the fair creation of a philosopher's imagination, — but into a real kingdom, the pattern of which is in reality laid up in heaven, the City of God.

PLATO'S REPUBLIC.

WRITTEN FOR THE FRIDAY CLUB, JANUARY 3, 1873.

My subject is Plato's "Republic," and I propose to give a general view of the work, and then to look at it in some of its historical and its ideal aspects.

I fear that I may seem to be trespassing upon your indulgence in asking you to go back again to classic antiquity and to consider a subject suggested by that of my last paper, and derived from the writings of the same author. But let me first plead the general view, that in the papers we here present we may each in turn probably contribute most to the general good by discussing subjects drawn from our own professional pursuits and the studies to which they lead us. Besides, we may certainly come very often to Plato, and every time hold with him long converse, without peril of sameness or repetition; a mind so comprehensive and many-sided as his, and writings of such large and various scope may yield us many distinct themes, as diverse in themselves and their relations as if they were drawn from different authors, in all respects widely parted from each other. It is also singularly true of Plato that though he ran his earthly career in ancient Greece, yet as a thinker and a writer he lived and reigned in a world that knows no bounds of time or country or nation, but is universal as the race and its entire life. Individual men and generations of men may care naught for his metaphysics, may reject it as effete, or as false in itself, but his philosophy, however little it may interest or benefit the many as a speculation, has in it *a life* for all men of all times; his works by their prevailing spirit and the great moral and spiritual truths they teach are fixed in abiding relations to the human mind, and to all human society; never of a dead past, but always of a living present, they have for us, too, a new and ever fresh charm and clear value in their great thoughts and fine imaginations, expressed in the most perfect forms of language. The habitually contemplative spirit which breathes through all that he wrote, has in it something eminently conservative for our own time and country. On the other hand, for one who now

reads his works, it is sometimes strange and startling to come upon points of contact with some of the most practical issues of our day in politics, education, and morals, as if his sagacious and prescient mind had peered far down the vista of time and caught some glimpses of events and forms of society destined only in far-off ages to come into full being.

By the study of the myths of Plato, and especially of the two celebrated ones contained in the "Republic," I have been drawn, gradually but irresistibly, to a special study of the whole of this remarkable work. It is one that gains ever upon you in respect of interest and value the more you read and study it, the more you yield it an attentive and willing mind, and especially the nearer you come into sympathy with the spirit and aims of the writer. For while that familiar word is true of Plato, that all will see in him so much as they bring eyes to see, yet more true is that higher word of Shakespeare, that "love adds a precious seeing to the eye." Indifferent and therefore superficial readers may easily make merry over some of his errors or seemingly visionary views, and more thoughtful ones, and yet no more friendly, may all too quickly warm with indignation over the offensive institutions of his ideal state, and with a dogmatic hardness at once condemn them as if they proved immorality or immoral aims in the author; but whoever will read him with an open eye and a kindly heart, loving truth as he loved it, and as patiently and vigorously intent upon its attainment, will be conscious not only of highest instruction and delight, but of an uplifting and purifying influence, such as comes only from the greatest and best minds of the race.

The "Republic" is, by the suffrages of all students of Plato, the greatest of his works; it holds the supreme place among his Dialogues, or, as his more enthusiastic lovers are fond of calling it, it is the royal dialogue. All that went before were preparatory stages of progress to this, and reached in it their goal and culmination. You have here his most comprehensive view of man's life, the consummation of his philosophy; you see on largest canvas the workings and results of all his various powers in their ripe maturity, and especially that blending and fusion of gifts which made him preëminent as a master alike of thought and expression, at once philosopher and poet.

It seems necessary, first, to get some general view of the contents of this Dialogue, that we may put ourselves in position for those aspects of it which I propose to consider. Yet it is hard to

analyze Plato; it is hardly possible, without doing him injustice, to treat him merely as a thinker. This point has been well made by some critics, against both Mr. Grote's and Mr. Whewell's treatment of the Platonic Dialogues, that by bringing into light only the thought of the writer, and leaving all else in shade, they have failed to exhibit fairly and clearly the thought itself. They have rudely severed matter and form, theory and expression, body and soul, which in Plato's conception and manner were one and inseparable, and so have given only Plato in part, not Plato entire. And even an ordinary reader and student of Plato, who tries to present in brief the thought of one of the Dialogues, is conscious of the justness of the criticism. It seems like dissecting the living man, in order to get out and exhibit the quality and volume of his brain. As introductory, however, to a consideration of the historical and the ideal elements of this work, I must endeavor to give a general view of the whole.

The selections of time and place and circumstances, and of personages in the Dialogue characteristic of the tendencies of the times, together with the dramatic grouping and appointments are all in harmony with the design of the work. The scene is laid at the Piræus in the house of Cephalus, and the immediate occasion is the festival of the Thracian Artemis. Socrates and Glaucon have assisted at the procession and the sacrifices, and have turned their steps back towards Athens, when they are overtaken by Polemarchus, the son of Cephalus, who constrains them to go to his father's house, that, the festivities all over, Socrates may discourse, as he was wont, with himself and his young companions. There, then, the company is assembled in the court of the house, grouped in a circle around the aged host, who is seated on a cushioned chair, a garland on his head as he had just been sacrificing. With Cephalus the discourse opens. He is an old man of an intelligent, serene character, making no complaint of the burdens of age, but rather rejoicing in it as bringing relief from disturbing passions; he is a pattern of the virtue of the older and now receding times, that, without reflection, stands by the laws and ordinances of the country, and does its duty without question by the state and the gods. In the near prospect of death he says that he looks with sweet hope into the retributions of the world to come, untroubled by any consciousness of injustice in withholding any dues to gods or men. Socrates is delighted with the words and tone of the old man, but he takes him up on

his implied notion of justice and questions its correctness. But Cephalus has no mind for dialectics, and so, pleading that he must look to the sacrifices, he quietly slips away, bequeathing the argument to his son. Polemarchus represents a morality more reflective than his father's, but yet of a subordinate type, resting mostly upon custom or the tradition of the elders. He is well read in Simonides, and holds with him that justice, as rendering what is due, looks to the good of one's friends and the harm of one's foes; and he is only slowly brought at last by Socrates to see and admit that justice being in its nature only beneficent can do only good to all men, even to one's foes. In Thrasymachus of Chalcedon, who now enters the lists at a furious pace, we have exhibited a type of the sophists of the time, a master in the art of making a sensation, very eager of generalizing, but equally incapable of the process, indifferent to truth, prone always to cut rather than untie the knot of a question, egotistic, rude, and self-confident, but when worsted in an argument, admitting with assumed grace what he cannot rebut. His theory of justice and social morality is the selfish and destructive one. Justice is only the interest of the stronger — only might makes right, the sole firm bond of society is the will of the stronger. Nothing can be more instructive and amusing than the contrast in spirit and bearing between the duelists in this dialectic combat; the coarse violence of Thrasymachus, and the genuine Attic urbanity of Socrates, the helpless throes and struggles of the sophist in the close and tenacious hold of the philosopher. But the strife is soon over, and Thrasymachus in a melting mood of perspiration, and for the first time in his life blushing for shame, is forced to admit that injustice can be a source only of weakness, and justice of strength, and that the just man must be good and happy, and the unjust bad and wretched. The two brothers, Glaucon and Adeimantus, who next take part in the discourse, stand on a higher intellectual and moral plane. They represent the best part of young Athens. They have in them a native philosophical vein, which makes them apt for thinking and averse to sophistry; but seized and borne on by the negative spirit of their times, they have broken away from the current moral and religious views, and have reached a region of honest but vigorous doubt. But their doubts, without invading the integrity of their heart and life, are serving through their own intellectual and moral action as the means of transition to conscious and established truth. The new world into which Socrates

is to usher them, finds them prepared to enter in ; with readiness they apprehend the great truths he imparts, and with more independence than most of his hearers work their way to their appropriation through his stimulating and alluring dialectic process. The doubts which these brothers express go down to the nature and being of justice and all virtue. Like many whose minds have been illumined with a purer light, they cannot see how "wisdom is justified of her children." They ask Socrates whether justice is a good or no, and if it is, whether absolute or only relative, whether indeed it is a thing of real being or only of cunning appearance. They vividly depict the unjust man as prospering by his shrewdness, and winning place, fortune, and esteem, and the just man in his simplicity, as poor and homeless, as maligned, and scourged, and crucified ; and looking on this picture and then on this, they find it hard even with their best intentions to accept the high view of Socrates, that it is a greater evil to do injustice than to suffer it. They are also troubled by the conventional teaching of morality. Parents and guardians and the poets too, all inculcate justice not for itself but for what it will bring. Be just and you will get rewarded ; respectability shall be yours, good name, high place, a wealthy marriage, houses and lands and money, and by and by, too, you shall walk evermore in the Elysian fields. In their perplexity these disciples of Socrates turn to their master, and put it upon him to show them what justice is in itself, and how of itself, and apart from consequences, it makes the just man happy. Through these subordinate persons of the dialogue and these negative ethical views the way is now opened for the chief rôle of Socrates, and for his own discourse of justice on its positive side. Socrates accepts the situation with all its acknowledged difficulties, and undertakes the task imposed upon him. But assuming that all morality grows out of the relations of men to one another in civil society he proposes to read the great subject first in what he calls the "larger letters," and afterwards in the "smaller." He means that the state is the individual on an extended scale, or, to use Milton's expression, it is the individual man "writ large," and so justice is first to be sought and found in the state, and then it will be easily discerned in the individual man. On this analogy he proceeds to the construction of his ideal state.

It is needful for my subject to present only the chief elements of this political ideal, and these as they belong to the *aim* of the

state, to its *constitution* and its *essential social provisions*. The great aim of the state is in Plato's view the virtue of its citizens, and so their well-being; without this, all ordinary aims, physical comfort, wealth, fame, external power, are all worthless. The state is an institution of education, the true university; nurture in knowledge and morality, and through philosophy as the expression of highest wisdom and truest culture, this is the essential mission of the state. Hence Plato's cardinal principle, the absolute rule of philosophy, and so the rule of philosophers; or as we have it in his famous words: "till philosophers are rulers, or rulers are philosophers, there will be no end to the ills of states and of men." With such an aim as this, the state is in its *constitution* aristocratic; but it is no aristocracy of birth or wealth, or of both together, but of virtue and knowledge, of men of largest native and trained intelligence, and of noblest character. Every one is to render the state the service for which by nature and education he is best fitted, and to such service is he limited. The citizens are divided first into those who administer public affairs, the guardians of the state, and those who supply the common wants of life; and then the guardians are subdivided into those who govern, and those who protect the state. Thus there are *three classes*, the *rulers*, the *soldiers*, and the *laborers*. These classes are of the nature of castes, inasmuch as each is wholly confined to its own sphere. The government of the state belongs exclusively to the rulers, and its protection to the soldiers; and these two classes are excluded from all industrial business, which is committed solely to the third or laboring class. Thus the two higher classes having absolutely no private interests and pursuits, are supported by the commonwealth through the labor of the third class. These classes constitute the many in the one state, and in the due observance of the right relations between them lies the practical virtue of the whole state. The *wisdom* of such a constituted state is in the knowledge of the ruling class, its *courage* in the protecting class, in their just and fixed conviction of what are worthy and what unworthy objects of fear. Its *temperance* or self-control resides not in one class, but in all classes, it is the common agreement, practically and in theory, in recognizing who is to command, and who to obey; and finally, its *justice* is the fundamental quality of the whole state, in which it lives as a moral atmosphere, and which consists in each one having and doing only and just what belongs to him without any interference with what belongs to others.

At this point, before proceeding to the special provisions of his state, Socrates turns, and professes himself able after having read the subject in the large letters, now to read it in the small, to determine what is justice in men after having determined it in society. In the man there are three elements corresponding to the three classes of the state; these are *reason* and *desire* as respectively the highest and the lowest, and between these *passion* or *spirit*, which is the ally of reason unless it is corrupted by bad training. Thus, as in the state, the individual man is wise by virtue of the reason, courageous by virtue of the spirit, temperate when the reason rules with the consent of spirit and desire; he is just when each of the elements of his nature does its own proper work with no interference with that of the others. Justice is thus the moral harmony of the soul, its true health; while injustice is disease and discord. Justice thus discovered and explained through this assumed analogy of man and civil society, Plato proceeds to fix the *social provisions* of his state. Very briefly let me mention the chief of these. And first, as to the education of the citizens: from Plato's absolute view of the function of the state it necessarily follows as essential, that the children of the state are to be educated by itself, and for itself and for its own ends. No writer, ancient or modern, has put forth more comprehensive views than Plato of the nature and scope of the education of man, as covering his entire life and being, but yet Plato's conception involves elements at variance alike with nature and religion. Two things are to be mentioned as fundamental; that the state, being absolute, has the entire control of education, and that the education is limited to those destined to be guardians. Children belong from their birth to the state; when born they are put directly in public nurseries; they are not to know their parents and their parents are not to know them. The class in which each one is to belong is determined only by the government, solely on the ground of native talent and character. The education of all is planned and conducted by the state; for how, it is asked, can a matter so vital to the well-being of the commonwealth be left to the caprice of individuals? Plato keeps to the traditional Greek curriculum in music and gymnastics, but will have it pursued in no traditional, but in a wholly new way. Music includes not only the science and art of harmonic sounds, but all art and letters, and especially poetry. Gymnastics must look to the training of the mind as well as of the body, and even more.

Music and gymnastics together are to secure an even development of body and mind, a union of force and gentleness, of manly vigor and moral grace and excellence. In all teaching of music proper, and of art and poetry, the rulers must cultivate simplicity and love of truth, and allow artistic creations only of the truly noble and beautiful; especially the old mythology must be purged of all unworthy conceptions of the gods, and the Deity be represented as only and unchangeably good and true, and as willing only good and truth. But to this earlier and ordinary training is to be added for the rulers the higher and consummate education of the philosopher. This is to be carried beyond youth into ripe manhood, and to combine true knowledge with practical activity, and to inform and possess the mind not alone with the harmonies of sound, and with the beauties of letters, but with the ideas of philosophy, for if the state is to prosper it must be governed by philosophers. Through successive stages of knowledge and discipline the soul is turned from changing phenomena to changeless realities of being, to the apprehension and appropriation of general ideas, and especially the highest of all, the idea of the good. To touch briefly upon the stages of this education,—after the more playful and unconstrained discipline of early youth, the natural bent of all now discovered, the choicer characters from the young men of twenty are to be trained more rigorously than before, and all the sciences which they have studied as detached they must now study as correlative; at thirty the choicest of all are to be picked from the rest, and for five years continue strenuously devoted to philosophy; then for fifteen years to get experience of life by holding subordinate offices in the state; at length at fifty they come to their task as rulers, and in their turn order the state and the lives of men; and so, after having trained up others to fill their places, they finally depart to the Islands of the Blest, and there abide in an everlasting home. Other provisions followed from Plato's conception of the state, which are far less easy to accept. The absoluteness given to the state made necessary the annulling so far as possible of all private interests. Hence the rulers and guardians must possess no private property; they live as in a camp, with messes and shelter in common, and all that is needed furnished by the commonwealth; mortal gold is for them the accursed thing; theirs is the gold of spiritual riches and righteousness. Furthermore, as has been intimated, Plato does away with all separate family life; and along with the rude

unsphering of woman's domestic life consequent upon such an institution, he claims in accordance with the Socratic doctrine of the equality of the sexes that women should have the same pursuits with men, alike in war and in politics, and for this end they should have the same education.

Having thus established in the search for the nature of justice the good state and the good man, Plato passes in review the types of inferior states and inferior men in order to settle the question of the necessary tendency of justice to happiness, and to show that the just man is the happy man, and the unjust the unhappy. This review makes a kind of philosophy of political history, showing by what causes there is in successive downward stages a gradual decline of public and private virtue and happiness through timocracy as the rule of honor, oligarchy, where rules the passion for wealth, and democracy, where all the passions are in free play, down to the lowest depth of all, the tyrannical government and the tyrannical man, wherein all rule centres in an all-absorbing selfishness. These pictures of social and individual man are alike graphic and instructive, and have a fresco durability of tone and coloring which is quite notable. Of them all, perhaps that of the democracy and the democrat may be for us at least the most entertaining. The democracy looks like the fairest of all constitutions, it is so charmingly free and various, so embroidered, like a gay spangled dress, with all forms of manners and character. And what a place for one who is in quest of the right sort of state; for by reason of its liberty, it has in it a complete assortment of commonwealths, and you can go to it as you would to a bazaar, and pick out the one that suits you best. And then look at the exquisite meekness and calmness of men in the democracy who have been tried in a court of laws and judged guilty just for doing what they liked! Did you ever notice in this very flexible commonwealth how these gentlemen, who have been condemned to death or exile, just stay all the same and parade about the streets, like heroes, as though nobody saw or cared? And, most of all, what a forgiving spirit the democracy has! what a sublime superiority to all petty considerations of aptitude in education and character for high places of trust and power! how grandly does she fling away all thought of any preliminary training as needful to make a statesman, and delight to raise a man to honor if he only says that he loves the dear people! Truly a charming parti-colored, lawless government, dispensing equality to equals and unequals alike!

But the picture of profoundest ethical interest is that of the tyrannical government and the tyrannical nature. The despot of the soul, as the despot of the state, is at the farthest remove from the ideal man and the ideal state. Reason is dethroned and trampled under foot, and passion and appetite reign with rampant license; "the state of man like to a little kingdom suffering then the nature of an insurrection;" he is at war with himself, in constant fear of enemies without and worse enemies within, master of others, not master but the slave of himself, though outwardly and to superficial observers happy yet the most wretched of men, — the pitiable spectacle of injustice and misery indissolubly bound together. It appears, then, from these and other like considerations, Plato continues, that to maintain through justice the inward harmony of the soul is the first and highest of all human aims; and ever will the just man form himself upon the pattern of the perfect commonwealth, which doubtless exists in heaven if it be found nowhere on earth. And now that it has been shown that justice is in itself the just man's exceeding great reward, we may in conclusion speak of the blessings bestowed upon it alike by gods and men. We may be sure that all circumstances, howsoever untoward they seem, will yet promote his highest good. And men, though they may waver about the just and unjust character, will finally hold to the one and despise the other. And yet all earthly awards are as nothing in number and greatness compared with the lot that awaits the just and the unjust after death. And this is now described, that each may receive the full complement of recompense, which the argument is bound to set forth. In this way Plato glides from his description of the perfect earthly state into his vision of the future world, where the just awake to everlasting life and the unjust to shame and everlasting contempt. And so at last, on reaching the heights of the great argument, we find philosophy fading away into religion, and the broken, dim lights of earth into the perfect brightness of the heavens.

The state as thus constructed by Plato has been often viewed as an enthusiast's dream, full of fantastic ideas, or at best as a fine poetical fiction, informed by no conscious practical purpose. But no one who studies the work can be content with such views as these; he will reject them as intellectually false and morally insignificant and insipid. Plato's "Republic" is no dream or chimeric or idle fiction. It is imaginary, but it is not visionary; it is

certainly unreal, as it is no description of any political constitution, existing or ever existent, as the institutions of Lycurgus or of Solon or the American Constitution ; it is also not only a world of ethical politics all unrealized, but the reality of its existence is improbable, relatively to any known state of man and society ; but it is of the nature of a true ideal, in that it creates and sets forth a pattern of political perfection, which, though never fully attainable, is yet real in idea, and is ever to be striven after and by approximation made as nearly as possible real in practice. We conceive as Christians of a state of perfect peace on earth, when men will turn their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruninghooks ; but though we deem it highly probable that men will ever go on perfecting and using their implements of warfare, we never consider the Christian conception as visionary and impracticable. Nay, is Christianity itself a dream or a chimera because it gives men ideals of an individual and social perfection never attainable on earth ? It is the peculiarity of Plato's state as an ideal, that it combines facts of human experience with imaginative conceptions transcending all that men had ever known in actual life ; it looks before and after ; it is conversant with all the past of Athens and Greece, but not content to abide there ; it reaches in vision far into the future, not only of Greece, but of the world ; it is Greek, but it is human and universal. He carries to the very extreme the fundamental ideas of Greek politics and society ; but yet breaking over historical limits, he passes far beyond all the received ethical and religious views. He lights up and quickens the dark and dying political forms of antiquity with the spirit and life of a new time, which he seemed to see afar off, of a better city which he looked for as yet to come. Plato's Republic is thus ideal, but it is also real ; it is both historical and prophetic, and when it is considered in these two aspects, or rather in this twofold aspect, it is most fruitful in interest and influence.

The real elements of the polity which Plato constructed are readily discovered in the prevailing political views of the Greeks, and in their political history. While it is true of Plato, as it is often said, that he was fond of flying in the air, it is no less true that he walked the solid earth and trod his native soil of Greece. His perfect state, ideal as it is, rested upon the real foundation of a Grecian commonwealth. The absoluteness of his state in the control, and if need be in the suppression, of all personal interests

is in harmony with the established principle of Grecian politics, and some of its provisions, so repulsive to modern ideas, as the doing away with property and with separate family life, have at least their germs in the actual manners and institutions of some of the Grecian states. According to the Greek political theory, the individual was wholly subordinated to the state; the state was supreme, and to it the citizens subjected and sacrificed all personal ends, inclinations, and objects. This is especially true of the Dorian states and most of all of Sparta, where the government moulded the whole being of the citizens, their very sentiments and thoughts, bending to its will all private, family, and social life. There was at least an approximation to Plato's provision of community of goods, for the Spartan citizens were allowed in case of need to use the property of others, just as if their own. As in Plato, too, the citizens were prohibited the use of gold and silver; they lived as in a camp, and messed in common; the education was under exclusive state control, and with gymnastics was for both sexes together; and the arrangements for marriage and family life allowed an exchange of children and of wives. So, too, most stringent measures were taken against all innovations upon national customs; foreign travel was forbidden, poets and writers whose influence was feared were banished the country; and in music — so much was the Spartan world governed — a performer was restricted to a certain number of strings for his lyre. Such facts as these are sufficient to show that some of Plato's political arrangements, which have for the modern world so strange an air, were in historical relation to real institutions, which were native to the soil of Grecian politics. And if Plato embodied the spirit and principles of these institutions in bolder and more sharply defined forms than had ever existed in reality, this procedure may be readily explained by the facts of Grecian history, and the influence which they had upon his views. Since the beginning of the Peloponnesian wars the long and bitter experiences of the Greeks had seemed to show him that the welfare of states was periled most of all by the selfishness of individual citizens, and in the tragic act of the Athenian democracy in executing his revered master, he thought that he read the doom of its dissolution as a government of wild individualism. Like many modern thinkers and theorists, he turned to the idea of an absolute state-rule as the only sure safeguard against such evils, like Hobbes and Locke, who looked in their common aversion to demo-

crazy, the one to an aristocracy as the surest adversary against arbitrary power, and the other to the will of one man as the only means of all men's happiness ; like recent reactionary statesmen in Germany who would crush all excesses of liberty by crushing all liberty itself ; so Plato aimed from like motives to absorb all individual wills in the one wise absolute will of his aristocratic government. The greatest good of a state, he argues, is unity, the greatest evil is discord, but there will be unity and no discord only when there are no private inclinations and interests. Thus by doing away with property he would make impossible the strife of private interests with the general good ; he would keep out, as he thought, all covetousness by having nothing that men could covet, and selfishness itself by having nothing that one could call one's own.

But there are other elements of the Platonic Republic, and these the most peculiar and controlling, which have no historical connection with the institutions and legislation of Sparta or of any other Grecian commonwealth. The chief of these, and that which makes the corner-stone of Plato's political structure, is the philosophical education of the rulers, and the absolute power of rulers who by such an education have become masters, in theory and practice, of true wisdom and virtue. By such an education and power of the governing class, which was foreign to the whole spirit of the Spartan system, he seems to have aimed to reinforce the fundamental principle of all Greek politics which had been tried and found wanting, and to construct an ideal state, which should be made a well-ordered, harmonious whole, through the perfected knowledge and character of absolute rulers. It has been often suggested that Plato was indebted to Pythagoras, in part, at least, for this idea, and certainly the celebrated society, or order of brethren, which was established by that philosopher bears a striking resemblance in some of its features to that of the ideal guardians of Plato's Republic. The Pythagorean order was not, it is true, in its nature a political body ; it was rather a religious brotherhood, and, indeed, has been compared as such with the great order founded by Loyola ; but it was kindred in its moral aims, in its severe moral and intellectual training and its way of life, to Plato's select class of philosophical sovereigns. Like Pythagoras in his order, Plato in his Republic aspired to a supremacy of reason, and sought by such exalted control to form a human state which might in its harmony be an image of the moral gov-

ernment of the world. But far more than to Pythagoras was Plato indebted to himself and to the ideas of his own philosophy, to his own ideal theory, for the ruling principle of his commonwealth. He looked upon all the objects of the world of sense as only wavering images of unchanging realities in a world of intelligence, the whole visible and temporal world itself as only an imperfect appearance of a world invisible and eternal; he believed that it was for the reason of man to rise by reflection and contemplation from this lower world to that higher one, from the study of phenomena to rise to the vision and perfect enjoyment of ideas, and to God himself, as the supreme idea of all, and the One Being. But as he taught in his allegorical myth, most men live only in that lower world of sense, they are denizens of the cave, and dwell amid its idols; they walk in darkness, and see not the truth; the philosophers alone have been turned from darkness to light, from empty shadows to substantial realities, and have risen through the love and steadfast pursuit of wisdom to the world of intelligence, and gazed ever upon its sun, the idea of good. It is only these who by the fullest development of their individual personal freedom in the higher philosophical education have reached the knowledge of being, and of the laws of man's life, who are fitted to be the teachers and guides of society, to descend from their heaven of contemplation to the den of earth to promote the good of their fellow-men; in short, by their absolute supremacy of rule, to form the perfect state and administer its affairs. How could it be hoped, he argues, that the mass of men would at first voluntarily submit to this rule, into the reasonableness and necessity of which they have no insight, and which they might consider an intolerable limitation of their sensuous nature? And, on the other hand, how could the philosophers be adequate to their great office, except by the renunciation of all lower occupations and pleasures, which always act as disturbing agencies on man's higher life, and by the abnegation of all private interests, which hinder the general good and distract and rend the commonwealth? These are the chief elements of Plato's state; with some, which as we have seen were historical, he sought to unite others only ideal, and difficult, perhaps impossible, of such union; requiring conditions not then existing, and since seen only in part, to be fully known only in that ever future, the light of which even at this distance he seemed to discern, which is ever alluring the hopes and drawing the faith of mankind. With whatever errors it contains, whether the smaller

or the greater, when its far-reaching, general views are contemplated, and especially its lofty ethical spirit and aims, we may well pardon its more enthusiastic students, who prefer to err with Plato than to be right with some of the so-called practical statesmen and legislators of subsequent times. With Plato, the individual was to be nothing without the state, and yet the ruling citizens were not to be content within the range of political activity, but to aspire after far higher ends. The republic was to be a realm of virtue; but it was not the civic virtue of the Greek communities which had in view the attainment of political advantages and objects, and so had a recompense out of itself; but it was a virtue of an ethical quality, which was the fruit of the deepest and richest individual culture, which found its reward partly in itself, and looked for it in its fullness in a future state of being, where all the jarring moral discords of the present life were to be completely harmonized.

Of this ideal state Mr. Jowett has made the profound remark that Plato attempted a task really impossible, which was to unite the past of Greek history with the future of philosophy. If we take this remark as Mr. Jowett probably meant it, in the full Platonic sense of philosophy, this task seems yet more impossible, for it was to unite all that past of Greece, so rich and yet so poor, with all the future of religion as it was to be formed and perfected by Christianity and the Christian church. By many writers, indeed, the analogy has been noticed between the conceptions of Plato and those which gradually came into being and shaped themselves into organic form and life in the earlier Christian world, in church and state. When we remember the great influence of Plato's philosophy upon the whole course of philosophical and religious thought in the first Christian centuries, we may well expect to find traces of it in the theology and the government of the church in its earlier history. In the rise and establishment of Christianity all the great thinkers and writers on both sides were versed in Plato, and borrowed from him their weapons, both of attack and defense. The names of Philo, of Plotinus and Porphyry among the Neo-Platonists, and of the church fathers, of Justin the Martyr, Clement of Alexandria, Origen, and Augustine, afford eminent illustrations of this fact. Indeed, the whole philosophy of the church fathers and a large part of their theology exhibit a systematic and long-continued effort to employ Greek speculation for the understanding and

propagation of Christian doctrine. When we recall these facts, we are less surprised to discover upon a nearer comparison that while the Christian religion is nowise indebted to Platonism for its origin and its truths, yet that in the ecclesiastical form and the theological views of the mediæval church the ideas of Plato in his "Republic" seem like prophecies to have passed over into fulfillment. We have seen that in Plato the state is in its nature an organized ministry of morality; its very function is to train its citizens to virtue and so to true well-being, to turn their eye and their mind to a higher and spiritual world, and to conduct them to that perfect happiness after death which, as taught in the myth as the culminating end of Plato's ideal, is set forth as the final goal of all striving and struggling of man's earthly career. Is there not a resemblance in the idea of such a philosophical state to the revealed truth in the Christian religion of an invisible, divine kingdom, of which the church is the earthly and visible form? Further, as the rule in Plato's state was to be exercised by philosophers, because they alone, through science, were possessed of true wisdom, so in the mediæval church a like position was accorded to the priestly order, on the theory that to them alone had been disclosed the world of revealed truth. The Platonic guardians had some counterpart in the princes and knights who were to protect and defend the church and execute the orders of the priests; and certainly Plato's third, or laboring class, of whom we hear scarcely more than they were to till the soil and be governed, gives no inapt type in idea of the mass of mankind who made up the laity of the mediæval church.

There are also points of resemblance presented by these political arrangements of Plato, to which in modern times we are wont to take exception. Even in the days of the apostles, as we learn from Scripture, "all that believed were together, and had all things common;" and as Mr. Jowett has remarked, "this principle has been maintained as a counsel of perfection in almost all ages of the church." The entire Christian monastic life in all its various forms involves such an adoption of community of property as was applied by Plato to his ruling and military orders; monachism, indeed, in its original meaning and form, as a solitary life in the desert, necessarily presupposed a voluntary abandonment of earthly possessions. It was also essentially the same view and mode of life out of which, in both cases, this social provision arose; it was the old dualistic view of man's nature and earthly

being, and its consequent asceticism, which required the crushing out of the sensuous element in man in order to secure the development of the rational, and seclusion from the world as necessary for nearness to God and divine things. In the one case it is a philosophical asceticism, in the other a religious. Plato's ideal philosophical ruler is in principle as truly an ascetic as was ever the most real monk of the mediæval church. His ideal goal is something higher than the real one of Symeon, the celebrated Pillar-Saint; it is nothing less spiritually than absolute self-abnegation. On entering the class of guardians he renounces all rights of property and person; and as he goes up through the stages of his elaborate education for government, he is so absorbed in the contemplation of pure ideas as to be dead to earth and all earthly good. Only by merging and losing individual will in reason does he come to be spiritually free, and so by "having nothing" "to possess all things;" and only when thus he is master of self, and the possessor of all things, is he fitted to teach and govern others.

There is still another feature of this analogy to which, with some hesitation, I may call attention. Paradoxical as it may seem, yet, as has been observed by an acute German writer, there is also a resemblance in principle between Plato's arrangements for the marriage relations of his guardians and the celibacy of the clergy, as first instituted by Gregory Seventh, and yet existing in the Roman church. These arrangements are utterly repugnant to all modern and Christian sentiments, as involving to some extent community of wives and children. But we must do justice to Plato as not only a man of loftiest personal character, but also as a writer who ever defended right against wrong and virtue against vice. What is to be noticed here is, that Plato's strict regulation touching the marriages of his guardians and the church prohibition to the priests of marriage at all rest substantially upon the same grounds. Plato forbids separate family relations to his guardians, in order that they may give themselves exclusively to the state, just as Gregory imposed celibacy upon his clergy that they might devote their lives undivided and entire to the church. In both cases family ties and interests were deemed hostile to aims which were constructively paramount. It is also most important to remember that the Platonic provisions were most rigidly restrictive of sexual relations between the male and female guardians. Indeed, personal inclination was reduced to the minimum, ideally even to the vanishing point, and impulse put under the absolute

control of reason. In his own words, "all things were to proceed in an orderly fashion, and licentiousness as an unholy thing to be forbidden by the rulers." In the sexual functions, as in all others, the citizens were organs of the state, marriage was not a matter of desire or interest, but of duty; it was regarded as holy, celebrated only at certain appointed festivals, the ceremony originated, and the couples selected by the government; children were to be born when and just as the state needed, and born only of those whom the state chose, and chose distinctly with reference to the improvement of the race, or, to use Plato's expression, the purity and nobleness of the breed. It was, then, not license which was the aim of these provisions of the ideal state; it was rather renunciation and self-denial, just as the purpose of the church in the institution and observance of clerical celibacy; and it is an interesting question whether it might not have been quite as well for the morality of the world and the improvement of the race if Gregory and his successors had adopted a Platonic restrictive marriage for their clergy instead of enjoining absolute continence. If we come now to times yet farther removed from Plato, and consider in the light of modern ideas and a pure Christianity alike his ideal state and the form of the church with which it has been compared, we find much to desire, much to object to in both, and hardly more in the one than in the other.

Here it is easy for us to see that the capital fault of Plato's politics lies in his narrow view of the relations and rights of the individual in the state and in society. The personal freedom, the personality itself of the individual and his capacity for utmost improvement, was introduced by him into his state, but it was limited to the first two of his three classes of citizens; indeed, in its complete application it was confined to the first class; they alone were capable of his high education, and so alone capable of ruling. The third or laboring class, the multitude or the *demos*, were of little account; they were there to work for their betters and unconditionally submit to them; to be cared for, indeed, but by governing, and to be thus cared for and governed all too much. In his myth of the earth-born men, these were the men of brass and iron, made to be husbandmen and tradesmen, and by nature subordinate to their brethren of gold and silver make, who were born to be philosophers and rulers. Plato thus introduced in its application to his higher orders a political and social principle which was not only adverse to his historical one of the absoluteness

of the state, but was subversive of it; in its nature and legitimate consequences it looked to a form of society for which Plato himself and the ancient world were unprepared, which should have its foundation in the spiritual equality of all men. So, too, in the Christian politics of the mediæval hierarchy the common people of the laity hold a like subordinate place and from a similar view; they are not true citizens of the heavenly state, they are incapable of citizenship, they are like the common people of Aristotle's state, they are not so much members of the commonwealth, but rather adjuncts to it, or at best a kind of Jewish proselytes at the gate; they are subject to the authority and direction of the select few, of the priestly order, to whom alone has been opened the world of revealed truth and who hold the keys of the kingdom of heaven. Such a conception falls short no less than Plato's of the Christian ideal of that divine spiritual community whose friendly doors ever stand open to all who will enter in, wherein all men are not only fellow-citizens but kings and priests unto God.

There are other ideal views of Plato's state which have been partially realized in the modern world, and others which are yet ideal and prophetic, still looking onward to some better future to come. His view of a system of education as public and exclusively under state control, and designed for all and of both sexes, has certainly found its way in part in some modern states, and is finding its way entire into all; in some states even his provision of such an education as compulsory has already been adopted. It may be found as the centuries go on that his ideal anticipations will be completely realized, and that such a lofty, intellectual, and moral education as he sketched for only the best citizens of a single state is by and by to be read in the "large letters" of an education of like fine quality and extended range for all the citizens of all states, for all mankind. And certainly the utmost human wisdom and striving can go no farther than to make real in the life of all men the thought which Plato was the first to express, that the whole of man's earthly life is one great sphere of education for another life, in which by a higher education he is to make endless progress in knowledge and goodness.

But how will Plato's grand central idea be received in modern politics, that the rulers of the state must be philosophers? Perhaps with the same derisive laughter which Plato himself said would greet it on its first enunciation. In his best humor he says to Glaucon, just as he was reaching this statement, "and now

comes the huge wave which is to deluge me with laughter and infamy." And Glaucon tells him, when he has heard it, that all the world will run at him might and main, and that he will only get well jeered for his pains and penalties. Nevertheless, when rightly apprehended, is it not a true idea, and has not the progress of modern states kept pace with the process of its fulfillment? Plato might indeed search with a candle in modern states, and never discover his philosophical rulers in the heads of government, whether imperial, royal, or republican. And yet, in comparison with earlier times, it has come to be universally recognized that all statesmen and great leaders in public affairs must not only be educated men, but also by study and reflection have attained to the mastery of general views and principles in all departments of thought and action. What but this is taught by the career of a Bismarck in civil and a von Moltke in military affairs? And Plato was also well aware of the difficulty, so familiar to the many and the few, the wise and the unwise, of carrying theory over into practice, and of combining the two in the character and lives of men, of uniting thought with action, the pursuit of ideal truth with the exercise of practical influence in government and society. He makes Adeimantus say, what has been ever echoed by the multitude, that your philosopher-statesmen, and ever and most of all the best of them, are useless to the world, and are made useless by the very thought and study which they extol so much. But Plato reminds him that while the so-called practical politicians may do well enough for ordinary times, it is only the statesmen who are versed in general principles, the philosophers who are masters of ideas, who show their superiority, and are alone of any avail, when there arise, as arise they must, great exigencies and crises in public life, the great and overwhelming tides in the affairs of the states; indeed, to use his own figure, when the storm is up and the ship of state in imminent peril they alone are the true pilots and captains, though in fair weather and a smooth sea they are derided as babblers and stargazers. With a singular insight, too, does he penetrate to the causes of this evil name which philosophy has with the multitude. Partly, they have no knowledge of it, or taste of it, or sympathy with it; and so they dislike and deride it. Partly, too, they have seen only bad specimens of philosophers in statesmen; sometimes these are mere counterfeits of the true coin, half-educated statesmen, who have been very clever in certain crafts, and aspiring to

something higher have made a leap from these crafts into philosophy, rushing in, fools as they are, where finer and better natures fear to tread. Then, too, these genuine natures have so often missed their high destiny through the action of manifold adverse forces; they have been spoiled by contact with the world, corrupted by public opinion, or borne down by temptations to personal or party issues. Most graphic is the picture here drawn of these debasing and corrupting powers of the world, and very striking the remark, that while things remain as they are, if even one is saved and comes to good, it must be by the power of God, and not by his own strength. But he tells his young friends that they are nevertheless not to despair of philosophy. By and by, Heaven only knows where or when, in some fair clime in some golden time, there shall come upon the public scene the true philosophers rightly and perfectly trained, and when men shall once see them they shall straightway be of another mind, and then shall our ideal polity come into being.

There is one more of Plato's views which is vital to his whole system, to which I must at least briefly allude. This is the admission of women to his class of guardians, and to the discharge of all its functions alike in peace and in war, and to all its preliminary training and education. Of course this whole procedure grows out of his opinion of the essential equality of the sexes; and in all his ideas on this subject he is not only far in advance of antiquity, but even of all modern times, and of the foremost theorists in our own day. Indeed, no modern advocate of this now much discussed doctrine of the equality of woman to man has put it upon so square a basis as Plato. He contends that the restricting of women to housekeeping and indoor occupations, or any separation of the life and pursuits of the sexes, is unnatural, and that the real order of nature is a similarity of training and all subsequent pursuits. This he argues from the analogy of the sexes in other animals. All male and female animals are put to the same uses, why not, then, the two sexes in man? or, as Mr. Jowett very strongly puts it after Plato, "dogs are not divided into he's and she's, nor do we take the masculine gender out to hunt and leave the females at home to look after the puppies." Women are the same in kind as men, with only a difference of degree in favor of men. If women differ in capacity from men, so men differ equally in capacity from one another. The only organic difference is in the sexual function itself; and apart from this, as Plato himself

puts it in a single sentence, "None of the occupations which comprehend the ordering of a state belong to woman as woman, nor yet to man as man; but natural gifts are to be found in both sexes alike, and, so far as her nature is concerned, the woman is admissible to all pursuits as well as the man; though in all of them the woman is weaker than the man." However much men now may differ from Plato in this view of the equality of the sexes, yet certainly all will agree that his conception of the position due to woman in society and his demand for her highest education, intellectual and moral, not only show his own remarkable superiority to the ideas of his own time and country, but also that they are singularly coincident with the spirit of Christianity and of Christian civilization. It would be interesting to examine in comparison with Plato's "Republic" the many works of a similar kind which have been written in subsequent times. All these, such as the "De Republica" of Cicero in ancient and the "Utopia" of More in modern times, are political ideals constructed upon the model of Plato's work, and reproducing with more or less fullness its principal features; in some his supremacy of men of science and learning, in nearly all his views of family life and property and education. But Plato's polity is essentially distinguished from them all by its ruling ethical spirit, by its great end to make the state an institution of virtue as well as intelligence, of an education which should compass the whole life and being of its citizens. In this its ruling ethical character Plato's "Republic" is not unworthy of comparison with the great Christian ideal embodied by Augustine in his "De Civitate Dei." In dialectic reasoning, in imaginative power, in richness and finish of literary culture, the pagan philosopher far surpasses the Christian father; in their relations to their times, and in their high spiritual aims and motives as writers, they have much in common; while in Augustine there is that superior elevation of conception, a loftiness of prophetic vision, which he had reached in passing from the domain of Greek speculation to the realm of revealed truth, from the school of Plato to the school of Christ. Amid the decaying fortunes of the Greek states, Plato reared in imagination a commonwealth of finer and enduring quality, where ignorance should be chased away by the light of knowledge, and all the strife of passion and moral evil be hushed and subdued to the peace and harmony of reason and virtue. In that commonwealth, as it rises into being at the touch of his creative

power, there shines the glad, bright, happy life of the olden Greek times; but all around and far beyond it there seems to be looming up to alluring view another and future life of endless and perfect being. So was it, but now in the clear vision of Christian faith, with Augustine. He had just felt the shock of that great event, the capture and destruction of Rome. As he dwelt upon the fall of that city which had enthralled the world, and saw the crumbling and dissolution of the vast Roman empire, and beheld the instability of all earthly governments, he turned away from the sight to gaze upon that heavenly kingdom which had been established on earth, and was destined to be a universal and lasting dominion. And so he set himself to the sublime task of contemplating and unfolding the progress and destiny of the true theocracy, — that city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

ROMAN TRAVEL AND TRAVELERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE FRIDAY CLUB, JANUARY 16, 1874.

HORACE in his famous journey to Brundisium has made us familiar with those aspects of traveling which the poet was fond of taking in his writings, and which are very characteristic of his good sense, his happy content of mind. The most distant journey he ever made was to Athens, and that was in his youth and for study and culture; but in all his after life he was no traveler; he was fond, indeed, of rambling among his Sabine hills and valleys, and sometimes went to the seashore or into the interior to recruit his health, but for the most part he was reluctant to get away from home and country, and never tired of deploring the unhappy lot of some of his friends who were always roaming abroad in quest of happiness, forgetting that without wisdom and equanimity all they who ran across the seas changed only their skies and not their mind. I have been frequently drawn by a reading of these Horatian passages to some inquiries into the general subject, and I propose to give you this evening, as a contribution to our knowledge of ancient Roman life, such notices and reflections as I have gathered in prosecuting these inquiries. Let me ask you to observe with me (1) how far traveling entered into the life and the culture of the ancient Romans, (2) what facilities they had for it, (3) what were the different classes of travelers among them, (4) what countries they chiefly visited, and (5) what were the controlling motives under which they pursued their travels.

We are greatly in error if we infer from the immensely improved conditions for locomotion and intercourse with the world peculiar to our times and country that traveling was an infrequent and exceptional affair in ancient Roman life; on the contrary, in the Augustan age and the times immediately succeeding, it was the habit, well-nigh the passion, of the Romans, and it was certainly quite as common with them and as easy of accomplishment in the first two or three centuries of the empire as for our people in this nineteenth century before the introduction of railroads and steam-

ships. The peace which came in with the imperial rule, and rested even as a gracious calm after a storm upon the whole world so long rent and torn by war and battle, brought among its many blessings the amplest security to every Roman citizen of gratifying to the full his eager curiosity to see all parts of the great empire which in some sense he could call his own, and even of penetrating to the remotest corners of the earth. All men sympathized with Virgil's shepherd in his grateful praise of him who even as a god had given them this peace — "*Deus nobis hæc otia fecit,*" and with the prayer, too, of the Horatian muse, that the day might be far distant when his peaceful rule should end. All might go whither they would even as from one home to another, carrying their property with them; no more were they disturbed by sound of arms, by fear of robbers on land, or of pirates on sea. The majesty of Roman dominion had impressed a friendly unity upon the entire globe, and the old Homeric fancy of "the earth common to all" had passed into a reality.

To this general consideration of security may be added, as another favorable condition for travel, the admirable widely extended system of military roads which belonged to this period of Roman history. This system, which had its noble beginning in the Appian Way (*Regina Viarum*), and which, keeping pace with Rome's progress of conquest and dominion, had already before the end of the republic united with the capital all parts of Italy, was now extended by Augustus and his successors over all the foreign provinces, and reached the utmost boundaries of the empire. The golden milestone set up by Augustus in the Forum, a striking image of the centralization of Rome, was the central point of a vast network of roads which kept the emperor's palace and his departments of state in direct lines of communication with all the provinces and subjects of his world-wide dominion. Originally military roads, which had borne the weight of war in the tramp of marching legions, they now became grand highways of peace, along which troops of citizens securely wended their quiet way, bent on their various errands of public or private business.

There existed, too, all needful facilities in vehicles, inns, and other appliances, for traveling on all these roads with convenience and even with speed. Travelers of simple tastes and robust health made shorter journeys on foot; and not infrequently do we have pictures of vigorous Romans, their toga girt high, their

inconsiderable *impedimenta* at their back, striding along on some Latin road. Others went on horseback or on the back of a mule, like Horace, who, as he tells us, went on his cropped mule even as far as Tarentum, his cloak bag galling the loins of the beast and the rider his ribs. And vehicles there were of all sorts and sizes, government post-chaises, passenger-coaches, like the Italian *vettura*, or the statelier equipages of private citizens. Suetonius informs us, in his life of Augustus, that the emperor established on all the great roads an amply appointed posting-system for the purpose of securing an easy and rapid communication with all the provinces. At the distances of a day's journey post-houses were erected, furnished with accommodations for couriers and travelers, and with buildings for horses and mules. Between every two of these houses were placed smaller posts, each intended only to furnish relays and having forty horses. The size and capacity of the coaches, and the number of horses for each and the number of persons to be carried, were all fixed by law; four-wheeled coaches carrying six hundredweight and furnished with ten horses in winter and eight in summer, and two-wheeled coaches limited to two hundredweight, and drawn by three horses; the number of persons in any coach was never more than three. But as the government post was chiefly used only by those who were more or less nearly connected with the public service, private citizens embarked their capital and enterprise in stage companies to supply the wants of the larger traveling public. These companies made their posting arrangements upon the model of the government system, and forwarded travelers by changes of coaches and horses, or, like the Italian *vetturini*, accommodated slower travelers with the same coach and team for a long journey. In respect to the average speed of travel secured by these modes of conveyance we have sufficient means of forming a sure estimate. Gibbon in his account of the Roman roads says that it was easy to travel by post about a hundred miles a day. Making allowance for the Roman mile being shorter than the English (480 feet, 5,280, 4,800), we find this statement agrees with notices of journeys recorded in ancient writers. The average rate was five Roman miles an hour. One might travel by government post from Antioch to Constantinople, a distance of 750 miles, in not quite six days. Julius Cæsar traveled from Rome to the Rhone, a distance of 800 miles, in eight days. The swiftest Roman journey on record was made by Tiberius when he was

suddenly summoned to Germany by intelligence of the illness of Drusus. With only one attendant, and with many relays of horses, he made 200 miles in the 24 hours (probably horseback — though Pliny says by *carriage*). But ordinary travelers who stopped over night of course took far more time for their journeys. From Rome to Brundisium, a distance of 360 miles, the journey generally took ten days; Horace and his party traveled very leisurely, and spent fourteen on the way.

The higher and richer classes of society were wont to travel in their own carriages, and with a numerous attendance of servants, and with all appointments which their wealth and luxury provided. Suetonius tells us that Nero traveled with no less than a thousand state coaches, the shoes of his horses and mules made of silver, and his drivers and couriers dressed in scarlet liveries. People of rank were not slow to follow these imperial examples, so that luxury in traveling became general, and indeed so ruinous was the extravagance that not infrequently, as in modern times, men lived abroad like millionaires, and in the last stage of the journey home went straight into bankruptcy. The equipages compared favorably, in the convenience, elegance, and costliness of their appointments, with those of modern times, the horses caparisoned with purple and embroidered trappings, the carriages of the best make richly furnished, and so capacious and their ample spaces so arranged for various uses of reading, writing, and sleeping, that the description of them reminds one even of the drawing-room and sleeping cars on our rail trains. Suetonius records of the Emperor Claudius, who was very fond of games of chance and skill, that he had his backgammon boards set fast in his traveling carriage, so that he could play his favorite games as he journeyed. Public houses, and now and then well-appointed ones, there were in abundance, especially in great commercial towns, or at the watering-places. The Romans, indeed, like the Greeks, were fond of availing themselves, on their journeys, of the hospitalities of their friends. So Julius Cæsar, in Milan, stopped with his friend Valerius Leo; Verres, when traveling in Sicily, with Sthenius at Thermenæ. So Horace and his party were entertained at Formiæ, with lodgings by Murena, and with table by Capito. And sacred and piously observed as was the rite of hospitality with the Romans, as with the Greeks before them, yet it is curious to find the shrewd piece of advice by Columella when treating of the building of villas, "Don't put your villa on the high road, lest your housekeeping

suffer by the everlasting turning-in of your traveling friends." But where such convenient stopping-places were wanting the Roman people of quality had to put up at the public house, like their poorer countrymen, and content themselves with its indifferent accommodations. Every village had its inn and its publican, and in large towns the traveler had his choice among several public houses. It was the custom, too, of landed proprietors to put up an inn on some part of an estate which lay on the high road, and have it kept by one of their freedmen or slaves. Here they had a ready market for the produce of their estates, and especially their wines, and often added largely to their income from the business of the inn. The stations often derived their names from these taverns, as, for instance, the common name of *Tres Tabernæ*, also of *Ad Medias*, *Ad Novas*, *Ad Veteres*. The inns had also their signs, as in modern times, with their names upon them, and gayly painted pictures and inscriptions setting forth the merits of the house. Thus we find the names of the Eagle, the Elephant, the Dragon, the Great Crane. The sign of a much frequented house in Gaul read as follows: "Here Mercury promises gain, Apollo health, Septumanus lodgings and table. Stranger, look to it, where you stop. Whoever turns in here will never regret it." Yet the ordinary inns, like most of those now found in Italy and Greece, were far from inviting; they were crowded with the common people, hostlers, and drivers, were full of noise, smoke, and vile odors, and, as at this day everywhere in Greece outside of Athens, the indifferent beds and bedding swarmed with numerous varieties of foul insects, flying, crawling, and leaping, which Pliny groups all under the euphemistic name of the "summer creatures of inns," *cauponum aestiva animalia*. The regular prices even of good inns were not high, at least according to modern reckoning. We have also preserved to us a day's hotel bill from those times. On a bas-relief found at Æsernia, a traveler while holding his mule by the rein is settling his bill with the landlord, and the conversation is given thus: "Landlord. You have had with a pint of wine, bread one *as*, vegetables two *ases*, three *ases* (an *as* = $1\frac{1}{2}$ cents, 4.5). Traveler. All right. Landlord. A girl, attendance (*puellam*), 8 *ases* (12 cents). Traveler. That's all right, too. Landlord. Hay for the mule, two *ases* (3 cents). Traveler. This mule will ruin me yet." The whole reckoning thus was about 20 cents. Polybius sets the daily reckoning at only *half an as*. We may thus see that the two pence, or two

denarii (32 cents), given to the host by the Good Samaritan in Scripture were a liberal allowance, and were meant to cover also the expenses of medical attendance. In general, as we may infer sufficiently from Horace's testimony, the innkeepers were on all accounts in ill repute. Even as now, with the same class in Italy, they were given to all kinds of petty cheating, such as giving short measure in the provender for the horses, and indeed in giving none at all, and especially in adulterating the wines ordered by their guests. I may mention in passing, as a curious little illustration in comparative philology, that the Greek verb *καπηλεύω*, which means first to keep a crib or a manger, comes to mean both in classic and New Testament Greek to adulterate, to cheat, in the same way as our verb *crib* has come to have the like bad sense, and even to cheating in the use of classic words, from the same word used as a noun.

The ancient travelers also suffered no less than the modern from the frauds and petty annoyances of tax-gatherers, or the publicans, who were the custom-house officers of the Roman government. Cicero mentions in his times the complaints of the citizens as directed, not against the duties themselves, but the injuries which they suffered from the deputies in their collection; and at a later period Tacitus, in his "Agricola," awards praise to his father-in-law, that when he was the governor of Britain he abolished the tricky frauds of the publicans, which were felt by the provincialists to be a far heavier weight to carry than the tribute itself. Plutarch says in one of his *Moralia*, "We quarrel with the collectors of duties, not when they examine the things which are opened to their inspection, but when, in their annoying curiosity, in searching after contraband goods, they rudely rummage over our baggage;" he adds, however, with his wonted honesty, "yet the law allows them to do this, and if they fail to do it, they make themselves liable." We get some items of information on these matters where we might least expect it, among the themes set down in one of Quintilian's "Declamationes." The theme is given thus: "All things except those needful for the journey must pay the *quadragesima* (the fortieth) to the publican. The publican is allowed the right of search; and whatever is dutiable and has not been declared is forfeit. The publican may not search a matron." Next to this last theme comes the following, which shows that travelers then, also, and women, too, had their smuggling tricks as well as now. "A matron makes a journey, and has

with her four hundred pearls; when she comes to the publican, she hides them in her bosom. When the publican demands them, the matron tells him to search; the publican declines doing this; he puts his hand on the pearls stowed away, and declares them his own." Such chance information we owe to a teacher of rhetoric, as he gives themes to the Roman boys for their essays and declamations.

From these notices of the security and various facilities of ancient Roman travel, I pass to speak of the different classes of travelers and of the motives and interests which governed them. In general it is obvious that alike the great extent and the centralization of the Roman Empire brought about the necessity of constant motion in traveling for a large part of its inhabitants. So numerous and complex were the relations of life existing among the members of so vast a community, that there were perpetual streams of intercourse pouring in and out of the gates of the capital, and flowing to and from all the regions of the world. Ambassadors and couriers of the governments, senators and magistrates of all grades, sent on various public missions, and private citizens of all classes, bent on different errands of business or pleasure, were passing to and fro between Rome and the provinces, or in the provinces between different places and the seats of the provincial governors. One writer remarks (*Epict. Diss. III. 24, 26*), "Senators cannot, like plants, be rooted to the soil; they can give but little heed to their own homes and private affairs, but must ever be traveling in the behalf of the manifold interests of the state;" and another mentions that the people of Byzantium annually sent an ambassador with a large retinue to Rome to greet the emperor, and also to the governor of the province of *Moesia*. So, too, we find in illustration of the widely extended relations of private and professional life, that Greek scholars lectured and taught in Spain, Grecian artists and sculptors painted and wrought in Gaul, and goldsmiths from *Asia Minor* found a market for their wares among the women of a Roman colony in *Switzerland*; so, too, Gauls and Germans served as bodyguards of *Herod* at *Jerusalem*, and in turn Jews were wandering about in all the provinces.

But if we endeavor to unfold this general view into some particulars, we can easily discover among the Romans, even as now among ourselves, three classes of travelers, according as they were chiefly influenced by considerations of business or amuse-

ment, or of information and general culture. Doubtless these distinctions might not always be sharply made any more than now, and people might more or less have all these objects in view. Shrewd men of business often would manage to derive some amusement as well as knowledge out of their journeys, and men of culture would not in traveling be without entertainment or busiest occupation, and travelers of the lighter calibre were as skillful then as now in making a most absorbing business of pleasure. Still we may with reason as well as convenience discuss our subject from this threefold point of view. I might occupy the remainder of my paper with accounts of the journeys and voyages undertaken by Romans and Roman subjects in the interest of trade and commerce. The traders and merchants not only traversed all Italy and the provinces to the westward, but also crossed the seas, and made their way eastward through Greece and Asia Minor to the Euphrates, and to the south and southeast to Egypt, and thence by the Red Sea to India, and to China. Horace, in describing his *vagus mercator*, speaks of him as exchanging his wares from the setting to the rising sun, and running in his busy haste even to the farthest Indies. Pliny says that immense multitudes sailed in pursuit of gain on all waters, and Juvenal declares that the ocean is so filled with ships that there are well-nigh more people on sea than on land. We have it recorded on an inscription that one Flavius, a Phrygian trader, made the journey to Italy twenty-seven times; and Horace describes his merchant as revisiting the Atlantic three or four times a year. The merchandise of the East had in earlier times reached Italy by northern routes, either through Media, Armenia, and the eastern and southern shores of the Euxine, or else by the Euphrates through Syria and the central parts of Asia Minor.¹ But after the conquest of Egypt the Romans shared with the Greeks and Egyptians the lucrative trade by which the wares of Arabia and India were brought by the Red Sea and the Nile to the shores of the Mediterranean. This trade was also greatly enlarged by the vigorous policy of Augustus, who restored to regularity and efficiency the disordered condition of the kingdom of the Ptolemies. Commercial intercourse was made secure; the transport of goods made easier; and Alexandria became the great commercial mart of the world. In the time of the Ptolemies the

¹ Pliny mentions that one hundred and thirty Roman merchants had their places of trade at Dioscuria (Iscaria) on the eastern shore of the Black Sea.

direct intercourse with India was inconsiderable, and hardly twenty vessels a year ventured out from the Red Sea into the ocean; but in Strabo's time six hundred and twenty made the voyage every year. The entire journey by land and sea from Alexandria to India and back generally occupied from six to seven months. The muslins and silk goods, the spices and the perfumes, and especially the pearls and precious stones which were thus imported from the East drained Rome annually of immense sums of money. A pound of nard cost in Rome about twenty dollars, and a pound of the Indian malobathrum cost sixty dollars. Sometimes single pearls sold for \$200,000. Pliny mentions an instance of a Roman lady, that she carried upon her person in diamonds and pearls a fortune of a million and a half dollars. The same writer declares that these Arabian and Indian wares carried out of Rome every year a hundred million sesterces, *circa* \$3,750,000. "So much," exclaims Pliny, "do our luxuries and our women cost us!" ("*tanto nobis constant deliciæ et feminae!*") N. H. 12, 41. But it belongs less to my plan to speak of these commercial travelers than of those who traveled either for amusement or for information and culture.

Immense was the number of Roman tourists — of people who roamed abroad from mere love of change of place or of sight-seeing. Pliny says that man is by nature fond of wandering and of seeing new things. Many such a roaming Roman was as careless as modern tourists of the sensible advice of an old English traveler (Peacham's "Compleat Gentleman," 1622) "*ne sis peregrinus domi,*" not to be a stranger at home, a stranger to things worth seeing and knowing in one's own country. "Numerous," says Pliny, "are the objects of interest in Rome itself, which our rambles abroad are ignorant of even by hearsay, which they would be sure to see with their own eyes, if only some foreign land possessed them, about which they had chanced to hear through some traveling countryman." In their shorter excursions, such tourists visited other parts of Italy, or went over to Sicily. Italy had many a summer resort for these rich and pleasure-loving travelers, who hasted out of town for change of scene, or to get rid of care or ennui. Sometimes they went to the seashore and sometimes to the interior, as Horace in one passage well describes them: "If our rich man says, 'No bay outshines the pleasant Baia,' then he makes for the Campanian shore, and lake and sea feel the passion of the hasting lord; soon a vicious fancy seizes him, and

straightway, interpreting that as a good auspice, he exclaims, 'Tomorrow let us be off to Teanum.' Crowds of tourists struck into the Appian Way. Here, says Lucretius, drove the wealthy Roman, weary of the town out to his Alban villa, there to yawn and fret and kill time for a while, and then turn back to Rome. Here the upstart freedman showed off his dear-bought ponies. Here, too, glittered in their equipages luxurious women, like the Cynthia of Propertius, ostensibly going out to Lavinium to worship Juno, and herself worshiped on the way by her attending lover. And here, too, as Ovid writes, other Roman women were making their annual pilgrimage to the festival of Diana at Aricia, there to fulfill their pious vows, garlands in their hair, and torches in their hands, not, however, without the attendance of gay youths, whose presence was, perhaps, to lead to yet other vows, to be paid the following year. But the stream of fashionable travel flowed on through Campania to the Bay of Naples, and the summer resorts on its delightful shores, where the smiles of nature and the charms of art, and all amplest resources of refined society, were ready to minister alike to healthful recreation and to ruinous extravagance and excess. Most conspicuous and famous among the many attractive places which lined these sparkling shores lay Baiæ, the first watering-place of the ancient world, stretching along by the side of a level beach, and yet at a short space from the waters shut in by a circle of green hills. This little spot, called by Martial "the golden shore of happy Venus," was amply furnished with magnificent establishments for the care of the sick, and yet more brilliant ones for the amusement of the well,—splendid with palatial villas of emperor and nobles, built, some on the hills, others on the beach, and yet others on the water, their owners, as Horace says, weary of the land and greedy of the sea. Here went on in the Roman season a round of luxurious life, the clear skies and mild air and blue waters all alluring to the enjoyment of the passing hour. During the day gay-colored boats and princely galleys might be seen everywhere on the waters of the bay, with merry rose-garlanded companies gathering to festive banquets either on board or on the beach, the shore and the sea resounding through all the hours with music and song; while the cool evenings and the starlight nights invited to new excursions and feasts, and then later the sleep of the jaded guests was disturbed by the sounds of serenading or reveling parties. The voluptuous character of the life at Baiæ is proverbial

among ancient writers. Seneca calls it a harbor of vices. Spendthrifts, driven out of Rome by insolvency, here wasted in riotous living their creditors' gold; as Juvenal pithily says, they ran from the Subura to Baiæ and the oysters. Here, of course, were found gayest and most attractive women, and, as the poet Martial tartly says, many a guest came to be healed, and carried away a new disease of the heart, declaring as he went, that the salubrity of the Baian waters was not up to their fame. The perils of Baiæ to female virtue Martial has made the theme of his epigram on Lævina. "A chaste Lævina, nowise below in virtue the ancient Sabine dames, she came an evil day to Baiæ's baths, and there, alas! while dipping oft in their warm springs, sudden she fell into the flames of love, and quitting for gentle youth her too stern spouse, even she who came as true as erst Penelope, as false as Helen went away." Well might Propertius warn his Cynthia against the corrupt shores of Baiæ — shores, he declares, "all unfriendly to chaste maidens."

"Ah! pereant Baiæ crimen amores aquæ!"

("Ah! perish the Baian waters, the source of guilty loves!")

But the Roman tourists who traveled from curiosity or love of new and gay scenes were drawn across the seas to visit the attractive cities of Greece and Asia Minor. Horace enumerates some of these in one of his odes (1, VII. 1):—

"Some may favor'd Rhodes or Mitylene please,
Or Ephesus, to celebrate;
Or Corinth, with its walls between two seas,
Or Thebes by Bacchus rendered great,
Or Delphi by Apollo, or thy vale
Thessalian Tempe."

The value set upon a sight of Corinth is sufficiently shown by the proverbial words of Horace in another place, "*Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum*:" Not every man is lucky enough to get to Corinth; very like the Italian word about Naples, — *Vedere Napoli e mori*: See Naples and die. Corinth was always, and now more than ever, a city full of strong attractions for many travelers, — situation, climate, and various scenery, and, especially in its society and life, so gay, rich, and luxurious. Ancient and modern writers vie with one another in celebrating its unique position between the Ægean and Ionian seas, and the extensive, magnificent view from its citadel, its

springs and fountains, its public games, its trade and commerce, and all its busy and bustling life, as at once the gathering-place and thoroughfare of the travel of the world alike for the East and the West. For Roman travelers it had new attractions. Through the active exertions of Julius Cæsar and succeeding sovereigns, a new and Roman city had here grown up; it was a Roman colony, and the metropolis of a Roman province, a chief element in the population was Roman, and it gave a Roman complexion to the prevailing manners of the people. The Romans who traveled in Greece seldom failed to cross the Ægean and visit the cities of Asia Minor. Most attractive stopping-places there were on the way, as the voyage lay among the Isles of Greece, which tempted the passing traveler to linger amid their "spaces of calm repose," and have a nearer view of spots so bright with memories of the past, and fairer still in the ever-present charms of nature. Lesbos especially was such a spot, — the birthplace of Sappho and Alcæus, whose capital, Mitylene, was praised by Cicero as well as Horace for its delightful situation, the beauty of its buildings, its fruitful soil, and lovely prospects and landscapes. But no island in these waters attracted so many visitors as Rhodes, the "*clara Rhodos*" of Horace, whose metropolis was during all this period the chief Greek city of the Ægean. The moles of its harbors, in which rode numerous merchant vessels, stretched far out into the sea; and above rose the city, in the midst of its fragrant gardens and amphitheatre of hills, encompassed by strong walls, having broad and regular streets, and with its buildings so symmetrical that the whole city is described as looking like a single house. So fair was the climate of Rhodes, and so serene its skies, that it was a proverb that the sun shone bright in Rhodes every day in the year. The cities of Asia Minor which were most frequented were Ephesus and Smyrna. Ephesus was the capital of the province, a place of extensive trade, and pronounced by Seneca one of the most beautifully built cities of the world. It was, however, far surpassed in celebrity and beauty by Smyrna. In its position and appearance it resembled Rhodes, its streets and buildings rising above its harbors in the form of an amphitheatre, and affording magnificent views both towards the sea and the surrounding country. The city was, in its appointments and resources, fitted alike to the wants of Greek and Roman, abounding in gymnasia, piazzas, theatres, and temples, in baths and pleasure grounds, and affording for the amusement of the people numerous games and holiday shows of every kind.

The countries of which I have spoken, and yet others more distant, were also visited by many who traveled in the interests of learning, or for purposes of study and culture. Owing to the comparatively few and slender facilities in ancient life for study by books and libraries, studious persons were probably more apt than in modern times to rely upon observation and reflection, and to increase their knowledge by the sight of foreign lands and the personal inspection of their manners and customs, and direct intercourse with their distinguished men. Nothing was more common than for young men to go abroad, as a means of education and culture. Every province of importance had its seat of learning, to which aspiring youth were wont to resort as students. Such places were Massilia in Gaul, Cremona and Mediolanum in Cisalpine Gaul, Carthage in Africa, Apollonia in Epirus. In Asia Tarsus had a like celebrity, and also Antioch in Syria, mentioned by Cicero in his "Archias" as affluent in learned men and liberal studies. Two places, however, eclipsed all these, and vied with one another, even as now the chief universities of Germany, in the frequency of their students and in their intellectual influence. These were Alexandria and Athens, to whose schools young men flocked from Rome itself, and all parts of the empire. Instances of studious young men visiting Athens and traveling in Greece are familiar to all readers of the classics, such as Horace, Brutus, both Quintus and Marcus Cicero, and also the son of Marcus. But not only students, professors too, and teachers of all departments, were wont to make extensive professional travels. Rhetoricians and sophists travelled to and fro among all the great cities of the world; they came with their lectures on science and letters, just as Englishmen come now to us, and people flocked to see and hear them, and paid liberal fees for the lectures, sometimes, too, as in modern countries, for very indifferent performances. Thus Lucian traveled in Gaul, and afterwards in Greece and Ionia and Syria, and also in Egypt. It was not uncommon for statues to be erected in different cities in honor of those who had thus lectured in them; thus Apuleius boasts that he had won this honor in many places. Still more numerous and extensive were the travels of artists and workers in the arts. They journeyed from place to place, not only to see and study the many works of art which were to be found in the different provinces, but also to supply the ever-growing demand for such works. It was the custom, too, for singers and for athletes of all kinds to

make the tour of the provinces in Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor, and to give concerts and shows in different places, where they were often received with enthusiasm and presented with public crowns. Cicero, after studying in Athens, made a voyage through the *Ægean*, stopping at the islands of Cea, Gyara, Scyrus, Delos, and Rhodes, and thence a complete tour of Asia Minor, and formed a personal acquaintance with its illustrious orators and teachers of rhetoric. The poets Ovid and Propertius also made extensive tours in Greece and Asia.

The emperor Hadrian was a great traveler, and visited, during his reign, every province in the empire, and not merely on errands of state, but to gratify his love of knowledge, and, as Suetonius says, to learn and know by personal observation whatever he had heard and read about any regions of the world. But perhaps the most interesting of all Roman travels were those of which we read in Pliny and Tacitus of Germanicus, the nephew of the emperor Tiberius, and brother of the emperor Claudius. Brief as was his life and career, yet his is by far the most conspicuous and interesting figure in the history of his time, the light of his personal virtues, and cultivated mind and manners, and noble character, shining out brightly from the dark atmosphere of crime and tyranny which envelopes the pages of Tacitus' "Annals." Possessed of studious tastes and a noble curiosity, he improved every opportunity to visit foreign lands, and commune in sight and mind with the renowned places of ancient story, or of letters and art. When he was entering upon his government in Achaia, he first sailed over to the coast of Epirus, and there surveyed the field of Actium, which had a double interest for him as a Roman and as a relative both of Augustus and Antony. Thence he gladly hastened his steps to Greece, which like all thoughtful Romans he honored as the land from which all higher culture had come, for its various fame, also for its antiquity; all its past he revered, with its men and its deeds and its events, and even its venerable myths and legends. Every rood of its soil which he trod started to remembrance some storied scene of war or peace, and wherever he roamed he lived over again all his earlier studies and thoughts on the cherished spots whence they all sprang. With fondest delight, however, he visited Athens, where he was welcomed with selectest honors, and where, in turn, in compliment to the city, he went always attended only by a single licitor. Even now, with its political power and glory gone forever, its crowded public life only a

great memory of the past, the city had for him in its stillness and desolation unspeakable charms; he wandered in its streets, by its hillsides and its streams, as in an old and revisited home, gazing with admiration upon the temples, the porticoes, the Academy, the Agora, and the Parthenon, with their superb works of art, to his cultivated eye yet green in their ruin. All these already five centuries old, yet seemed fresh and new, as if endowed with an ever-blooming life and a soul incapable of age. From Athens our classical traveler passed to the plain of Marathon, and thence across the Euripus to Eubœa, and from Eubœa sailed across the Ægean to the coast of Asia Minor, whence, after visiting the chief southern and western cities, he proceeded northward to Perinthus and Byzantium, and from there into the Euxine, full of desire, as Tacitus says, to see and know all places ancient and celebrated by fame. On his return, being hindered by adverse winds from reaching Samothrace, he visited the ancient Ilium, and then again, having coasted along the Asiatic shores, landed at Colophon. From here he went to Claros, consulted the oracle of Clarian Apollo, where the priest, with the wonted oracular style, darkly foretold his premature end. In the following year, the last of his life, Germanicus made extended journeys in Egypt. Egypt, which for the Greeks as well as the Romans was a land peculiar above all others, even as a new world, was much visited by Roman travelers. There was a regular line of vessels running to Alexandria from the Campanian port of Puteoli. In this port itself the traveler had a foretaste of Eastern and Egyptian life. Here about him were seen people in Oriental costume; he heard their various languages, he saw there on the wharves the wares and products of the most distant lands. In the harbor the Alexandrian ships were recognized above all others; even as they came into port they were easily distinguished, as they alone had the right of keeping up their topsail (*siparium*) between Capri and Cape Minerva. These ships were of all sizes, from the fast sailers, or clippers, to the large ships of burden. They were painted, and carried at their prow a figurehead of the deity from which they took their name. Their trade was a lucrative one, and sometimes brought their owners an income of twelve Attic talents, about \$12,000. The average length of passage from Puteoli to Alexandria was twelve days; Conybeare, in his work on St. Paul, makes it nine days, but this is mentioned by Pliny as the shortest passage on record. The course was generally from Sicily by Malta, Crete,

and Cyprus. On the approach to the dangerous Egyptian shore, land was signalled at night by the celebrated Pharos light, a sure guide to the mariner at a distance of about three hundred stadia (nearly forty miles), and even by day the bright shining of the white marble above the blue sea betokened the nearness of Alexandria. Germanicus, however, of whose travels I was speaking, did not begin his journey from Italy, as he was already in the East as a provincial governor. He landed on the African shore at Canopus, a populous city, whose crowded and most voluptuous life had no attractions for a traveler of his spirit and aims. Sailing up the Nile, he soon passed out from the splendor and the noisy din of Canopus into stillness and solitude, all at once transported into the atmosphere of the distant past. Having visited Memphis and the Pyramids, Germanicus sailed up yet farther, bent upon seeing the famous ancient city of Thebes. There, doubtless, in gazing upon the mighty ruins of vanished power and glory, the young Roman prince had occasion to learn a lesson for himself and his own nation; for one of the oldest priests, in interpreting to him the Egyptian inscriptions, told him of a Theban empire that once was no less great and powerful than the existing empire of Rome. The king, Rhamses, had had under his command 700,000 fighting men; he had conquered not only Libya and Ethiopia, but also Armenia and Syria, and the countries of Asia from Bithynia to Lycia, and had exacted from these peoples revenues fully equal to those won by Parthian or by Roman power.

As we read the records of these travels, and those of other cultivated Roman travelers, we are struck with the prevailing historical interest with which they were pursued. In this respect, indeed, the Roman travelers were much like thoughtful men in our own times who visit foreign lands. It was not so much the manners and customs of existing nations, or other institutions or objects belonging to the present, which occupied their minds; it was rather the interest that belongs to the past, the fascinating influence of great historic memories, and the effort to reproduce bygone times by seeing their famous places and yet existing monuments. Indeed, the liveliest interest was felt in seeing even the smallest remains of the life of distant heroic times made renowned by the immortal song of Homer. In Athens and Sparta, in Aulis, Argos, and Mycenæ, Romans conscientiously followed their guides as they traced for them the footsteps and the storied lives of an Ajax, Telamon, or Ulysses, or even of mythical Icarus.

An ancient temple, or a fountain or a grove, or a single plane-tree or myrtle-tree, thus reproduced a whole period with its great names and events. Hardly a step was taken, in a land rich in old traditions, which did not reëcho some memorable occurrence, and not a stone was there but had some name upon it. So was it also with places ennobled by recollections of historic times. The graves of great men were visited, and the battlefields and camp grounds of great armies like the Persian. "We looked," said Arrian to Hadrian, — "we looked upon the Euxine from the same spot on which Xenophon beheld it." With special satisfaction travelers followed in the steps of Alexander the Great in his campaigns in Greece and the East. Plutarch speaks of an old oak on the Cephissus, under which stood Alexander's tent at the battle of Chæronea. The tomb of the great conqueror at Alexandria was always religiously visited, especially by the Roman emperors themselves. And nearer home, in Italy and the western provinces, the Romans, inspired by the same historical interest, were wont to seek out the places celebrated in the earlier and the later times, as, at Laurentum, the camp of Æneas; at Liternum, olive-trees planted by the younger Scipio; and, just as now with modern travelers in Italy, the island of Capri, where Augustus and the infamous Tiberius passed so much time; and at Tusculum the villa of Cicero, and at Tibur the house of Horace. The interest in art and its numerous existing works was another influence which either occasioned or directed the foreign travels of the Romans. Cicero enumerates the costly works of art in Sicily of which Verres had robbed the temples, or the houses of the provincialists; every traveler, he says, was conducted to them to gaze upon their beauty. So, also, Propertius at Athens, though chiefly occupied with his study of Plato and Demosthenes, failed not to study its great works in bronze and marble. In Cicero's time, men went to Thespiæ in Bœotia to see the Amor by Praxiteles; and Pliny says that for a sight of the Venus of this artist many made the voyage to Cnidus. Yet, if we take the testimony of Pliny in other places, the appreciation of art by the Romans was somewhat superficial and arbitrary, and chiefly determined by the name of an artist and the fame of his works. Indeed, one word of his strikes one as quite applicable to many a modern traveler in countries enriched with fine creations in art. He says: "As soon as one only sees a celebrated picture or statue, he goes on his way quite content; he never comes back to get a

second look." The historical interest prevailed over that in art, even with men of Cicero's culture. He says in one of his works: "Places in which there are traces of men or events that we admire or revere make upon us an enduring impression. Even my favorite city of Athens pleases me not so much by its superb buildings and the grand works of its artists as by the memories of its great men, — where they lived, where they sat, where they wrote and spoke, and where their sacred ashes now repose." (De Legibus, ii. 2, 4.)

Let me mention one more source of interest in travel from which the Romans like ourselves derived the utmost enjoyment, and this is the sight of nature and natural scenery. It was a true Roman as well as human word said by Atticus, "In all which has to do with mental quickening and refreshment, and real inward joy, nature has the first place in its influence over us." (Cicero, de Legibus, ii. I. 2.) It has been often remarked of the feeling for nature among the ancients, that it had in it a more marked religious element than with people in modern life. In the midst of the beautiful and the grand in natural scenes, in mountain and grove, and stream and ocean, they felt themselves in more direct communion with a divine power, and with their wonder and delight was associated more closely a feeling of adoration. This kind of religious feeling of nature frequently finds expression in ancient writers, and in those, too, who have loved the country at home as well as abroad. On this account, places rich in natural beauty or sublimity were sought out, not alone for the æsthetic delight they yielded, but also for the worship of the deities to which tradition and long usage had consecrated them. But still the immediate feeling for nature and natural scenery was, with Roman writers and travelers, a far more powerful source of interest than the feeling for art. It finds ample expression in words in all their poets, and a still surer expression in their love for the country and a country life. Varro says, in words which remind us of Cowper: "The country divine nature has given us, the town man's art has built" (De Re Rustica, iii. 1, 4); far rather, he adds, would he see the fruiteries at Scrofa's villa than the picture gallery of Lucullus." Lucretius was "content to lie on the soft grass by a trickling waterfall, under the branches of a lofty tree, when the season smiled and the meads glowed with flowers, while others were banqueters to the sound of the cithara in their splendid halls, which glittered with gold." And Seneca: "Who that has known

real nature can delight in its imitations? I can scarcely believe that those who imitate in their houses forest, river, and sea have ever seen real woods or wide, green fields into which a rushing river pours, or through which quietly flows the noiseless brook." And Horace, with whom I began this quite too extended paper, let me end with him by quoting from his praises of nature. There in the forest or by the brookside he found at last true delight. There the winter was warm, the summer was cool, his sleep undisturbed. Thence he writes (Ep. I. 10) to his friend Aristius in the city:—

“ You keep the nest: I praise the rural shade,
The moss-grown rock, clear brook, and woodland glade.
In short I live, I reign, when I retire
From all that you town-lovers so admire.
And, like some slave from priestly service fled,
Cloyed with rich cakes, I long for wholesome bread.”

THE POEM OF LUCRETIVS, DE RERUM NATURA.

WRITTEN FOR THE FRIDAY CLUB, JANUARY 29, 1875.

To every one who has read Lucretius and has come to feel his power as a writer, it must seem a quite peculiar thing that so little is known of his personal history. The event of his death in the year 55 B. C. we learn from Donatus in his life of Virgil; and it is there mentioned quite incidentally, as having occurred the very day on which Virgil at the age of fifteen assumed the *toga virilis* ("evenitque ut eo ipso die Lucretius poeta decederet"). His age at his death we learn from St. Jerome in his additions to his translation of Eusebius' Chronicle; he there says that Lucretius died in his forty-fourth year; this combined with the Virgilian date just mentioned puts the birth of Lucretius in the year 99 B. C. Jerome, however, adds the strange statement, that Lucretius had been driven mad by a love potion, and that after having composed several books in the intervals of his madness, he finally died by his own hand. But certain it is that no external evidence exists in support of this statement, no mention or hint of it by any writer of the poet's time or by any subsequent writer down to Jerome's own days; it rests solely on his authority, and was published by him at a distance of more than four centuries after the poet's death. It has been supposed by some scholars that St. Jerome took the statement from Suetonius' lost work, "De Viris Illustribus," but there is no evidence for such a supposition. Some have conjectured that the story may have been an invention of some enemy of the Epicurean who was contemporary with the poet; and others have insinuated that it was a pious fraud on the part of the Christian saint, as such a fate may have seemed to Christians of Jerome's time a fitting one for a writer associated in their minds only with impiety and atheism. If we are indisposed to accept this story on external evidence, we shall certainly find nothing in the poem itself to make us more friendly to it. And yet a brilliant modern critic, Mr. De Quincey, — whom in *this connection* we quite naturally remember as the author of the "Confessions of an Opium-Eater,"

— was very willing to accept this story; he thought he discerned even in the intense intellectual and imaginative action of the work symptoms of a morbid tone of mind in the writer; the poet, however, he admired, but as the first of poetic demoniacs. But one can far easier agree with another English critic, Professor Sellar, that so remarkable a poem could never have been written in the lucid intervals of insanity; but rather that its “power of sustained feeling and consistency is the sure evidence of a sane genius and a strong understanding.” But, leaving this point, let me proceed to say that we have not a solitary mention of Lucretius’ life which comes down from his own time; and only few notices of his poetry from contemporary or later Latin writers. It seems hard to account for such silence in regard to one who ranks in intellectual power with the most eminent Romans of his age, and in genius as a poet was inferior to none that his country’s muse can boast. We should suppose that a man of such endowments must needs have been always a conspicuous figure in Roman society, and that after the publication of his poem and after his death, whatever might have been thought of his opinion, all Rome would have known and acknowledged him as a profound thinker and a great poet. Cæsar, who was his senior by only one year, might have found in him a combatant fully equal in an encounter of wits in philosophy to any he was wont to find in the conflicts of the senate or of the field, and Cicero, also his contemporary, if he ever had conversations such as he wrote in his “*De Natura Deorum*,” could have found no man in Rome more to his mind for deep and brilliant discussion; and though Lucretius was no statesman or soldier like Cæsar, or orator as Cicero was, yet he has left a monument in letters not inferior to aught that was produced by either of those two great men of whose fame all the literature of their time is full. Perhaps it is the most obvious explanation of this silence about the poet, that in accordance with his own tastes as well as his teachings he probably kept wholly aloof from the great Roman world of his time, and dwelt only in his own world of thought and study, illustrating by example the precept of his master in philosophy, “Pass through your life unobserved.” We may easily believe that in that thronged and noisy Roman world filled with the strife of tongues and the rude tumult of contending parties in politics and war, the contemplative had no part or lot; he was not of it, not in it; but rather, as he has it himself in a characteristic pas-

sage, looking down upon it from a serene height of philosophic thought, content that he was exempt from all share in its passionate struggles and errors. We must remember, too, that other causes, unfavorable then as ever since to the poet's fame, lay in his subject and in the kind of poetry in which he wrote; in his abstruse speculations, which though illumined by the light of his genius, were yet uncongenial to the Romans, and at variance in their results with the traditional faiths of the people, as well as with the instinctive and most cherished convictions of mankind. How alien to all that people and that age that a Roman genius should fashion into a poem, with all cunning of a poet's art, the most prosaic and most mechanical of all the old Grecian speculative systems, should build up the universe out of the material atoms of Democritus, and find in their endless clashing of motion the principles of order and connection which ruled not only nature but all human life!

But with this silence, however explained, about the personal history of Lucretius, there are clear and deeply marked traces in the most eminent Latin writers of the profound impression made by his thought and his poetic expression upon the mind of his own and of the Augustan age. Cicero mentions him by name only in a *single passage* of a dozen words (and that, too, of a disputed reading); in this he accords to the poem many flashes of genius and much art besides; but there are many passages, and especially in his First Tusculan Disputation and in his "De Natura Deorum," which show that Cicero had carefully studied Lucretius. Indeed, some critics believe, on the authority of that notice by St. Jerome to which I have alluded, that Cicero was the first editor of the poem ("*Libros, quos postea emendavit*"). Ovid, who was born ten years after the death of Lucretius, declares ("*Amorum*," liber I. 15, 22) that the poem will perish only on that day which will bring the world to an end. Virgil evidently alludes to Lucretius in that place in the "*Georgics*" (II. 490) where he counts happy that poet who could discover the causes of things, and put under feet all fear of inexorable fate; but, as Aulus Gellius long ago said, there are not only verses, but entire passages of Virgil, in which he has studiously imitated Lucretius. Horace, too, though he does not mention him by name, yet clearly reveals in¹ many of his poems, how strongly and permanently he had been impressed by the Lucretian diction and views of life.

¹ (*E. g.*) *Odes*, I. 26; IV. 2; IV. 7.
Satires, I. 1, 118; I. 3, 99-112; I. 5, 101.

If now we turn to modern times, we find that this poem of Lucretius has ever exerted a marked and continuous influence alike on men of science and men of letters. This concurrence of men of so diverse tastes and pursuits in the professional study of the same writer is doubtless owing to that singular union in Lucretius of the poetic nature with the impulse to speculative inquiry which has made him so preëminent in all literature as a philosophic poet. On the one side, amplest illustration is furnished us in the sketch of scientific opinion drawn by Professor Tyndall in his Belfast Address. It is curious to observe in that address, and yet more in the pages of Lange's "History of Materialism," of which it is in large part a skillfully condensed view, how the whole structure of modern physical science has been gradually built up on that ancient atomic theory which was unfolded by the Roman Lucretius. Beginning with Giordano Bruno and Gassendi, we see the atomic doctrine adopted and employed in whole or in part by a long succession of writers of widely differing ethical and religious views, such as Bacon, Hobbes, Locke, Newton, Boyle, Lamettrie, and Holbach, but with additions and modifications, more or less materialistic, till we come down to our own century and our own days, when the doctrine seems to stand as firm as ever on the solid atoms, but with such a fundamental change in the conception of matter and such a vast accession to its properties, that Mr. Tyndall now discerns in it "the promise and potency of every form and quality of terrestrial life." It were easy to trace in the annals of literature a like succession of eminent classical scholars who have interpreted the text and language of Lucretius as a Latin writer; and of poets and men of letters who have been powerfully attracted by his genius. At the revival of letters, the Italian scholars, ardent in the cultivation of all the ancient writers, counted Lucretius second only to Virgil among the Latin poets. Equally was he admired in the sixteenth century in Holland and France by such scholars as Scaliger and Turnebus; and Lambinus, the most illustrious in learning and taste of the Latin scholars who then studied and taught in Paris, published an edition of his poem, which has remained till now, in its critical and exegetical value, a standard work on Lucretian literature. In the next two centuries Lucretius found successive annotators and editors in Creech, Bentley, Havercamp, and Wakefield, and readers and students far more capable of appreciating his merits in Milton, Dryden, and Gray. Finally, in the present century, Lu-

cretius has been admired by poets of kindred genius, such as Goethe and Wordsworth and Shelley; while more has been done by classical scholars for the textual and literary criticism of his poem than ever before. The German Lachmann, who had already won an illustrious name in philology by other great works, published in 1850 his "Lucretius," which made a new era in the interpretation of the poem, and especially in the history of the text, which he succeeded in establishing upon a firm basis; and sixteen years later Mr. Munro followed, in England, with his edition, in which, while he improved in some respects upon Lachmann in his own peculiar province, he furnished an explanatory commentary fully equal in importance, in relation to its period, to that of Lambinus, which had been published exactly three hundred years before. This classical edition of Mr. Munro is indeed a classic in itself; as a contribution to Latin scholarship it is equaled by nothing achieved in England in this century; and it is more than this, for as a satisfactory commentary upon the thought and the style of Lucretius, it is an eminent and a lasting service rendered both to science and to letters.

In its literary form this work is a didactic poem, *de rerum natura*, or, on the *nature of things*, a comprehensive expression, which, as used by the poet, expresses not only nature itself, or the universe, but also the agency which the writer conceived as pervading all nature, even as if the soul of the world. It consists of six books, composed in heroic hexameters, each book containing about a thousand verses; and it is dedicated to the poet's friend, C. Memmius Gemellus, who was Roman prætor in the year B. C. 58. It is characteristic of Lucretius that he never tires of singing the praises of those writers to whose genial influence he has felt himself most indebted as a thinker or as a poet, thus as Horace says of Lucilius, intrusting to his books as to trusty friends the secrets of his own culture. In his poetic manner he is fonder of the older Roman poets than of those of his own day, and Ennius most of all he lauds for his "wisdom" and "his immortal verses," "and as destined to bright renown throughout all Italian clans of men." Of the Greeks, too, he is drawn most to the older and classic writers, whom he calls "the chaste Greeks," in strong contrast with the "hollow Hellenists," a title with which he brands the later Alexandrian school. Above all he forms himself as an affectionate disciple upon the model of Empedocles, who had written on the same theme and in the same form, finally extolling him

as the dearest and most glorious possession of the Sicilian isle, so rich in all good things. The diction of Lucretius is quite marked, as of the pre-Augustan time, less tempered and finished by art, something in it even of the antique, but always noble, vigorous, and concise, fashioned and even born with the thought, and sometimes in its very rudeness carrying with it the charm of original force. If you come to it from Virgil or Horace you will miss their grace and elegance and felicity of expression, and their harmony of rhythm, but you will get thought and conception such as they seldom reached, and also, in their own genuine Latin, fruit not so rich or fragrant, but yet of the same Roman flavor, rustic though it be, and of the same generous juice, drawn from its native Roman soil. In forming for himself the view of the world which makes the substance of his poem, Lucretius seems to have been a diligent student of most of the great masters of Grecian thought. Even to Plato he was drawn by an affinity of nature, though so widely parted from him in thought; and some passages show plainly enough that the Platonic manner had for him, too, its fascinations. You may feel instantly assured of this, even by a single passage, where the verse of Lucretius reproduces a conception of Plato which often appears, too, in modern writers. Lucretius in speaking, as he is wont, of the waxing and waning of individual life in men and nations, while life itself is ever passed down through the generations, has these words: "And in a brief space the races of living things are changed, and like runners in a race, they hand on the torch of life," — a turn of expression evidently caught from a place in Plato's "Laws," where he, in speaking of marriage, describes man and wife leaving father and mother, and in a home of their own "handing on the torch of life from one generation to another."

But he is most familiar with the older philosophical writers, and those who were given chiefly to physical speculations, as Anaxagoras and Heraclitus, though of the latter he is the pronounced antagonist. And of these it is Democritus whom he, as a disciple, studied and followed, speaking of him always with profound veneration, and deriving from him, as has been already said, the ultimate principles of his philosophical system. But it was Epicurus, in his adoption of the Democritan theory, and his applications of it to physics and ethics, who was the immediate master of Lucretius. In philosophy Lucretius is an Epicurean, and, with all the earnestness of a Roman nature, a Roman Epicurean. A modern

reader can hardly understand the language of enthusiastic admiration which he uses in speaking of Epicurus. For him he is "the glory of the Greek race," he is "the guide of human life out of darkness into light;" his genius "has¹ passed the flaming bounds of the world and traversed the universe, and has returned as a conqueror, to tell men of the origin of all being." Indeed, "he must be ranked," he says, "as a god who alone can point out the path of truth and reason." The philosophy which Lucretius derived from these writers, and expounded in verse, must first of all have our attention, if we would understand and appreciate him as a writer. Whatever we may think about the atomic philosophy, and however false or absurd may be its principles, it was very dear to Lucretius. It completely satisfied that impulse of his nature by which he must needs search out for himself the causes of things; in this philosophy he thought he found his search crowned with success; it put into his hands, as he thought, the key to the universe, by which he could unlock and disclose all its secrets. And yet his interest in it was not a speculative one. It was eminently practical. He zealously used it, like his master Epicurus, but in a noble spirit, for the attainment of ethical ends, to scatter by its light the darkness of human ignorance, and to rescue mankind from all superstitious terrors, and especially from all unworthy fear of death and its lifelong bondage. And again, this philosophy used for these ends is wedded by the genius of Lucretius to genuine poetry; and nature and human life and history, the origin and various phenomena of which are set forth and explained by philosophic reason, are also touched and quickened and adorned by the lively conception and the fine feeling of the poet. It is this threefold aspect of Lucretius which meets us at the very opening of this poem, and which is ever before us, as we go through with it in such a survey as I now propose to make; and it is also this threefold view by which we linger on the criticism which naturally follows such a survey. It is the poet and the poet's conception of the world that rise before us, as in the opening lines Lucretius invokes Venus as the sole mistress of nature and symbol of her native force, and prays her to give an ever living charm to his verse. Then as a philosopher he begs his friend Memmius to lend him ready ear and a keen mind, as he shall discourse to him of the supreme system of heaven and the gods, and shall open up the first beginnings of things.

¹ "He passed the flaming bounds of space and time."

And lest his friend may be disturbed on the side of religion by apprehensions of error and sin in thus entering the path of reason, he assures him that by unfolding to him the true causes of all phenomena he will deliver him from the tyranny of religion and the terror-speaking tales of its seers. Lucretius now glides almost insensibly into his unfolding of the principles of the atomic philosophy. The exposition and illustration of these principles occupy Books I. and II., and the remaining books their various applications:—

III. The nature of the soul, and especially its mortality, with the object in view of rescuing men from all fear of the hereafter.

IV. The nature and action of the senses,—taking them up individually,—of the appetites, and of the passion of love.

V. In this he endeavors to explain the origin of material nature; then of life on the earth and the natural history of human civilization.

VI. is occupied with such natural phenomena as men fear and ascribe to divine agency, earthquakes, etc., and closes with a description of the Plague at Athens.

He *first* lays down the proposition that “*no thing* is ever produced from *nothing* by *divine agency*” (“*Nullam rem e nilo gigni divinitus unquam*”). Here, however, he is not intending to reject the idea of creation by a divine fiat, though it is true that he did not admit this idea, as he always assumed matter to be uncreated. In making this proposition, he evidently has in mind nature as already existing; and it is clear from all his illustrations that he meant to assert that all things are produced in orderly sequence by well-defined laws; in short to assert, quite as in modern phrase, the reign of law in all phenomena. Only he was not content, as Democritus was, simply to assert that “*no thing* is produced by *nothing*,” but in accordance with the negative bent of his science he must needs add the words “*by divine agency* ;” like some of our modern thinkers, he considered the idea of divine agency in the world to be in contradiction to the action of law. This idea, too, he always ascribed to the ignorance of men combined with their fears. Indeed, in this passage he goes on immediately to say, “*In truth all mortals are seized with fear because they see many phenomena take place in earth and the heavens, the causes of which they cannot understand, and so they believe them to take place by divine power.*” The *second proposition* is only a complement of the first, that “*no thing* is

ever reduced to nothing," but "that every thing suffers only dissolution into its first bodies." Here he means, of course, to assert what is now a familiar truth in physics, that matter is indestructible, and that, whatever change of form it may undergo, its quantity remains constant. But, *third*, there is void as well as body in things; else there could be *no motion*, or birth or growth. Then, in the *fourth* place, all nature is made of body and void; these alone have existence, no third can we apprehend by sense or reason. Deny body, and you take away the foundation of all reasoning, and deny void, and you have no motion possible. The next step, the *fifth*, brings us into the very centre of the atomic philosophy. "Bodies are either first-beginnings, or else they are made by a union of first-beginnings." It is these first-beginnings of things (*primordia rerum*) which are the Lucretian *atoms*; *primordia rerum*, first-beginnings of things, the regular Lucretian word for the *ἄτομοι*, or *atoms*, the Greek word of Democritus for things which *cannot be cut*, and so cannot be divided, *individual* things. Lucretius never Latinizes the Greek word, but in one place he defines his first-beginnings as things which "cannot by cutting be cleft in two" ("*nec findi in bina secando*"). These first-beginnings, or atoms, he proceeds to say, are, it is true, invisible, but so are very many things hidden from sight, of the existence of which we have no doubt. But they are themselves indivisible, and are solid and indestructible. Everything else in the world, however strong it may seem, iron or brass or stone, may be destroyed; "but these no force can quench; they are sure to get the victory over it by their solid body." All other things have void in them; but these are without void, and so, admitting no destroyer within them, as moisture or cold or fire, they are solid. So they are single and everlasting, "strong," as he is proud of calling them, — "strong in their everlasting singleness" ("*æternâ pol-lentia simplicitate*"). Enter though they may and do into ever-changing, ever new combinations, "stricken through ages by countless blows," they never change in themselves, are never worn; they are just as perfect, just as new and fresh to-day, as at the very beginning. They must be so, Lucretius insists, else there could be no constancy in nature; else, in the perpetual wear and tear of the world's life, they might in the end come to nothing. The first-beginnings are also described as infinite in number, and the space in which they move to be infinite in extent; as only thus can we explain the origin and preservation of all existing things. To

complete his conception of the atoms, Lucretius assumes in them other properties. They are widely different in form. Some are smaller and finer than others. Thus the fire of lightning is formed of smaller forms, and so it gets through smaller openings than the common fire which is born of wood. Light, too, of how much smaller atoms is it made than horn, and so it can so easily pass through it. So, too, atoms are smooth or rough, round or angular. In general, things which are agreeable to sense are made of smooth and round atoms, and those which are offensive, of hooked and jagged ones, so that they tear their way into the senses and do violence to the body. The different forms, however, are yet limited in number, though the individuals of each form are without limit. So we must believe, in order to account at once for the variety and the regularity of nature. As to the size of his atoms, Lucretius gives us no definite conception; perhaps he never formed one. He insists that they are not infinitely small, and yet he makes them tiny indeed, and very far below the ken of human sight or other sense. Perhaps he would have accepted, had he known them, such calculations as are made by modern physicists; one of whom, Sir William Thomson, tells us that if a drop of water could be magnified to the size of our globe, the molecules comprising it would seem to be of a size varying from that of shot to that of billiard-balls; and another, Professor Clerk-Maxwell, calculates that two millions of these *atomies*, placed along in a row, would occupy *as much space* as $\frac{3}{1000}$ of an inch. Other properties of the atoms, such as color, sound, and taste, Lucretius describes as not essential to them, but only as secondary qualities, which grow out of the modes of their combinations; they belong only to what is perishable, and so cannot inhere in the original elements of things. In like manner he attempts, but wholly fails, to explain the relation of life and sensation to the atoms. By his construction of the atoms he must needs deny them life and sense, for if they had these they would be themselves liable to death; but he contends that by their union they give rise to life and sense in organic bodies. Here, however, in such a principle of organism he seems unconsciously to be admitting the existence of something else in the world besides atoms and void. But certainly in these days of modern science we need not wonder that an ancient philosopher had some difficulty in accounting for the origin of life. The views thus contained in this *First Book*, Lucretius considers so fundamental in his whole system, that he

concludes the Book with these words: "If you will thoroughly come to know these things, then you will be carried on with very little trouble (and will be able of yourself to understand all the rest). For one thing shall grow clear after another, nor shall blind night rob you of the road, to keep you from seeing to the very end all the utmost ways of nature; on this wise will things ever be lighting the torch for other things." Lucretius opens his *Second Book* with a brilliant encomium upon reason as the sole guide of man through the dark mazes of life, the sole deliverer from all carking cares and fears, and shows in a series of fine pictures how superior it is in possession and use to wealth and birth and rank and power and all the other worldly prizes that men covet and toil for. From such a serene philosophic and poetic height he then descends, as is his wont, to his task of philosophic discussion, and proceeds to unfold what may be termed the *kinetics* of the atomic theory, or the *motion* of the atoms, which he treats as "the only ultimate form of what is now called the energy of the universe." With a spirited *Nunc age*, — a favorite Lucretian spur of expression, by which the poet stirs anew at once his muse and the perhaps rather languid attention of his friend Memmius, — he promises to show "by what motion the begetting bodies of matter beget different things, and again break them up, and by what force they are compelled to do so, and what velocity is given them for traveling through the great void," — in short, he will show how it is that all things ever wax and wane, and yet the whole remains ever the same. The power which explains such perpetual motion Lucretius finds partly in the *inherent weight of the atoms*, and partly in their *contact and clashing with one another*; by such power it is that the atoms are borne with inconceivable velocity through space. Swifter far than light, these atomic first-beginnings, infinite in number, are ceaselessly pouring down from infinite space above to infinite space below, and so they have been ceaselessly pouring through æons of time, and will everlastingly pour through æons and æons more. It is this conception of eternally falling atoms which, as Mr. Tyndall remarks, created in the imagination of Kant the nebular hypothesis of the origin of the solar system. As you look at the Lucretian pictures of this conception it well-nigh blinds your eyes and dazes your brain, — this everlasting rain of primordial atoms falling down all around you, and far away through the immeasurable spaces of the universe. But Lucretius found a serious difficulty in the working

of his conception, for which, however, he devised a very curious doctrine. One element of motion he had in the weight of the atoms. But as these traveled down space in parallel straight lines, how were they to come into contact and by their friendly collisions unite into forms and bodies of matter? So with a fresh spur to attention, he bids his friend clearly apprehend this point: "The atoms at quite uncertain points of space and at quite uncertain points of time *swerve a little* from their equal poise; you just and only just can call it a change of inclination." This is the doctrine of the *Exiguum Clinamen* or *Minimum Declination* of the atoms which has brought down upon Lucretius' head a rain of ridicule from Cicero's days to Bentley's, and from Bentley's to our own. But let us do justice to our Roman poet-philosopher. The doctrine is of course an assumption, but who ever heard of a philosophy from the time of Thales down which was quite without some pet assumptions; and I find a learned scientific writer of our day, who seems to be quite at home in all the region of Physics, vindicating the scientific value of Lucretius' doctrine, and pronouncing it to be a simple and original solution of the difficulty ("British Quarterly," October, 1875). Lucretius saw that his atoms in their parallel straight movement were relatively motionless, and but for declination could not change their relative position or come into collision. The minimum swerve set them in relative motion, and as the atoms were infinite, it produced innumerable collisions; and in these collisions the whole velocity of the atoms came into action, and thus developed an ample source of power. But Lucretius had another motive for this power of a fitful declination in his atoms, than merely to get them into contact. This, strange as it may seem, was no less than to find a basis in these very first-beginnings of things for the doctrine of *free-will*, which he believed in most religiously, and which he maintained in opposition to the inexorable *Necessity* of Democritus. This power, he says, is the only principle which avails to break the decrees of Fate ("*quod fati fœdera rumpat*"). Hence it is that he carefully says that the declination takes place at "quite uncertain times and places." The atoms have a freedom of action in the premises quite analogous to the action of free-will in man; and with Lucretius it is the cause of this human free-will. "Else," he asks, "else how have we men and all living creatures this free power, whence, I say, has been wrested from the fates the power by which we go forward whither the will

leads each, and likewise change the direction of our motions (*declinamus motus*, — the same word which he uses of the atoms), and at no certain time or place, but when and where the mind itself has prompted?" "When some outward force is pushing men on, there is something in our breast sufficient to resist it." "Wherefore you must admit that in the first-beginnings, too, there must be a third cause of motions in addition to the weights and the collisions, . . . and that the mind itself does not suffer an internal necessity in its action is caused by a minute swerving of the first-beginnings" ("exiguum clinamen principiorum"). Here we have a defense of free-will worthy at least a poetic materialist. Mr. Tyndall, in remarking upon the process of Lucretius in bringing a kind of volition into the region of physics, asks the question, "Was the instinct utterly at fault which caused Lucretius thus to swerve from his own principles?" He gives no answer to his question; but it would seem that any one would say that Lucretius was unconsciously yielding to the human instinct which rejects any sheer physical hypothesis for the explanation of a spiritual truth. How could he in touching such a question as that of will have missed at least the conjecture that there must be something in the universe besides material atoms?

The time would fail me to follow Lucretius through all the applications of his theory in the remaining books of his poem. I shall confine myself to those which are contained in the *Third* and the *Fifth Book*. In the *Third Book* he gathers up all the force of his philosophy and his poetry for the explanation of the nature of the soul, and for the refutation of the doctrine of its immortality. And here his ethical point of departure is the removal of the fear of death, which he thinks can be destroyed only by the true knowledge of nature, or, as would be said in modern times, by true science. I will endeavor to present in brief his views of the *soul's nature*, and then his chief arguments for *its mortality*.

Lucretius first distinguishes between the soul or the vital principle, which he calls *anima*, and the mind, which he calls *animus* or *mens*. Each is no less a part of man, and no more, than the foot or the hand or the eyes. The mind and the soul, however, are in close union and make a single nature; but the mind as the ruling and sovereign principle has its seat in the heart, while the soul (*anima*) is spread throughout the body. But both the mind and the soul are bodily, for they move the body, and they

cannot do this without touching it, and there can be *no touch without body*. Now to explain the consistence of the mind and soul, considered as one nature, — it consists, like everything else, of atoms, but of atoms very small and fine and round; hence its mobility, as nothing else moves with such celerity, nothing is so swift as thought. How fine and small these atoms are may be shown from this, that when the soul is quite gone from the body not a tittle of its weight is lost; just as when the aroma of wine or of any perfume is gone, the thing itself is not a whit smaller or lighter than before. Yet this one nature, and of this consistence, is not to be conceived of as single. It is in the first place threefold, made up of spirit or breath, heat, and air: yet these all together cannot explain sensation; so a fourth substance must be added, nameless to be sure, a kind of *quartessence*, something yet finer, smaller, smoother, rounder; this is the source of all sensation, this sends all sense-giving motions through the whole body; this is, so to speak, the soul's soul (*animæ anima*), yet it is to the soul what the soul is to the body, and is supreme over both. Finally the soul or mind as thus explained is held together by the body, and is in turn the body's guardian; the one cannot be torn from the other without destruction to both, any more than perfume can be parted from frankincense.

From such views as these of the soul's nature, the transition is easy and necessary to its *mortality*. The poet goes on, therefore, with a score or more of arguments, skillfully knit together by *præterea's* or *moreover's*, and concluding with three rapidly following *denique's* or *finally's*. These, though different, yet ultimately rest alike upon the premise that there is no generic difference between body and soul, and so both must share from beginning to end the same destiny. They are, in short, the stock arguments of materialism, which have so often reappeared in philosophy and science since Lucretius' time, and are not unfamiliar to these days of ours. They have to do especially with the view now often presented, that we know of no action and so no existence of mind, except as connected with action and existence of body, and thus when the body passes out of existence, we must infer also non-existence of mind. Let me touch briefly the chief *items* of this *materialistic score*. First then, as Lucretius says, it has been shown that the soul is composed of the smallest atoms, even smaller than those of mist or smoke; now as these dissolve and

melt into air, so must the soul for a still stronger reason yet sooner perish and melt away into its first-beginnings; how, indeed, when the body cannot keep the soul, could the air, which is much rarer, hold it together? Moreover, when the body is ill, the mind is ill too; it wanders and becomes senseless; reached then as it is by disease like the body, it is liable, too, to death like the body; thus in drunkenness the mind itself shares all the disorder of the body, and even if some cause yet more potent get an entrance to it, it may perish just like the body. So, too, the mind may be healed like the body; and, like the body, it thus also gives mortal symptoms.

Again, as it has been shown that the mind is in the same way a part of the man as the eye or the ear or any other sense, and as we know that these do not exist apart from the body, but decay at once, so we must believe it to be the case also with the mind.

Again, as life and sense are in the whole body, if some sudden blow cleave the body in twain, then the soul must also be divided; but what is divided cannot be immortal. For instance, we read how in war the chariots armed with scythes suddenly lop off the limbs of soldiers, as the arm or the foot, and these limbs lie there on the ground quivering, with something of the vital principle left in them. Even the head when cut off retains for a while as it lies on the ground the expression of life. Now we cannot suppose that each one of these quivering parts had an entire soul. If so, then one living being has many souls in his body; and if this is absurd, then the soul has been divided with the body, and both are equally mortal.

But perhaps the gist of all these arguments is contained in one passage, where Lucretius argues that so far as our observation and experience go, the soul shares all the destinies of the body to the very moment of death, and so that, by analogy, we must suppose that it then perishes with the body. But one tires of the manifold and minute details with which Lucretius argues and illustrates his case. Yet the continuous illustration is ingenious, often subtle in thought, and in the expression very beautiful to read and gaze upon, though all so dreadfully chilling and even icy cold. As you read, you recall Shakespeare's words, —

“Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction.”

Measure for Measure, Act III. Scene 1.

And you recall, too, that kindred passage in Byron's "Giaour," and especially those two lines:—

"So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there."

And as to the arguing itself, it is all conclusive, if only you admit the premises. But of course it is the premises which are fatally faulty. If all is matter to begin with, then all is matter to end with, and end with it, indeed, all will. But the poet here breaks down utterly, as elsewhere in his conception of the relation of matter to mind. The atoms have in them, even by the Lucretian construction, no sensation and thought, and so they cannot impart them to their combinations in the *anima* and the *animus*. And vain is it to refine away the soul into the finest possible atoms, and yet more vain to postulate a nameless quartessence in the soul, and call it the soul of the soul. It matters not, or rather it matters quite too much, for all is matter and no mind; and as the theory fails to account for the origin of mind, so there is no ground to believe that death is its end. Nay, the argument from analogy, of which Lucretius is so fond, brings us to the very contrary result, as Bishop Butler has so conclusively shown in his chapter on the "Future Life." That shows, as he expresses it, "the high probability that our living powers will continue after death, unless there be some ground to think that death is their destruction." And let me conclude this part of my theme by quoting one sentence of the bishop on this head, which in thought and in language is in his most characteristic manner. "For if it would be in a manner certain that we should survive death, provided it were certain that death would not be our destruction, it must be highly probable we shall survive it, if there be no ground to think death will be our destruction." Thus we may put in contrast with the teachings of Lucretius better teachings even from the natural religion which was accessible to him; while for ourselves we may rest secure in the faith of that revealed religion which never shed its light upon his mind, and we may recall here the words of Him who revealed it to us: "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die."

We come now to Lucretius' *Fifth Book*, which, in its comprehensive applications of the atomic theory, makes the most important part of the whole poem. For this is the book of the Lucretian *Genesis*—or, to use the now current word, of development

or evolution of the world, in which the poet unfolds his views of the formation of the universe and all that is in it out of the first-beginnings and their combinations. In a series of preliminary illustrations Lucretius shows that the world, like all else made of atoms, is of course mortal; it therefore had a beginning, as it will some time have an end. This previous question disposed of, the main question is then proposed and answered, how the world came into being, and what were the successive stages of its development. In the answer which he gives, he will first of all have his friend Memmius clear his mind of the mistaken view that "the gods, for the sake of man, have set in order the glorious nature of the world." What could induce those blessed beings to come forth from their remote seats of sweet and lasting repose, to take in hand such a work, which could yield them no possible advantage from men? Indeed, how could they know beforehand what nature's atoms could produce, unless nature had given some models for forming things? Nay, apart from our knowledge of atoms, one might know from the imperfections of the world in its make that it was not the work of any divine artificer. No; this world and all that in it is has been formed by nature alone out of the elemental atoms; and "not by intelligent design did these atoms station themselves each in its right place; but after trying unions of every kind by their motions and collisions in infinite time, they at last met together in just such masses as became the rudiments of great things, earth, sea, heavens, and the races of living things." In these words we have the chief text of the Lucretian evolution, and it occurs, with some slight verbal changes, in three different places in the poem. I will by and by ask you to consider the *principle* (or rather the *no-principle*) of the process of evolution; but just now, as we go through with the book, let us see how the poet describes the successive stages of the process itself.

In the beginning all was chaos, or, as Lucretius says, there was "a strange stormy crisis and medley," because of the wild, battle-like disorder of the clashing atoms of every kind. Gradually those which had mutual affinities parted off from the rest, and joined with one another. The earthy particles massed down to the centre; and as these pressed closer together they forced out the lighter ones, which were to make sea and stars and sun and moon. The fire-bearing ether broke forth, bearing with it ample stores of fire wherewith to light up the firmament; this ether, so light

and expansive, swept round, and, widely expanding, "fenced all other things in with its greedy grasp." Then sun and moon formed themselves of particles, neither heavy enough to sink to earth nor light enough to mount up to highest heaven. Then the liquid particles were pressed out from the earth, and made up the sea; and at last earth, ether, air, and sea were all left unmixed, the ether highest of all, the empyrean, the air below, and the earth in the centre supported by the air, even as our body by the vital principle. It is interesting to compare with these conceptions of the Roman poet a passage of Milton where the Christian poet's imagination is expanding and unfolding the conceptions of the biblical Genesis.

"I saw when at his word the formless mass,
This world's material mould, came to a heap;
Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar
Stood ruled, stood vast infinitude confin'd;
Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
Light shone, and order from disorder sprung;
Swift to their several quarters hasted then,
The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire;
And this ethereal quintessence of heaven
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
That rolled orbicular, and turned to stars
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;
Each had his place appointed, each his course;
The rest in circuit wall this universe."¹

Having discoursed of the movements of sun and moon and stars, the poet at length descends, and tells how earth in its infancy produced from herself all forms of vegetable existence, then all animals after their kind, and finally man with all his progressive life. It is easy to follow the poet, as in highly poetic language he tells how the earth put forth all kinds of herbage, how all the hills and plains glittered in their green hues, and how the trees, all emulous of each other, shot up into the air "with full unbridled powers." But though we have been taught before that all living, sentient beings came forth out of "lifeless and senseless first-beginnings," yet we are startled at the extraordinary developments of animal and of human life, as they are soon described. The earth, just now fashioned out of material atoms, suddenly,

¹ A curious fact that this last line reads like a translation of Lucretius:—

"Omnia sic avido complexu cetera sepsit."—v. 470.

The rest of the universe (the ether) shut in with its greedy embrace.

no one can imagine how, becomes a vast reservoir of throbbing, pulsing, productive life, and *Mother Earth*, as she is in truth as in name, gives birth to all manner of living things. In one sense, it is true, the description is similar to Milton's, when he essays to enumerate the "innumerable living creatures, perfect forms, limbed and full-grown," which "teemed at a birth from out the fertile womb of earth;" but with him the earth is obeying the Supreme Will, "when God said, Let the earth bring forth soul living in her kind, cattle and creeping things, and beasts of the earth, each in their kind." Most strangely of all, however, is told by Lucretius, and with a veracious tone, even as of an eye-witness, the story of the origin of human life. In the fields where then heat and moisture abounded, infants of human kind would grow up into the borders of light, and be cradled in suitable spots by Mother Earth, who also would feed them from her opened veins with a liquid very like to milk. All other environments were congenial; the warmth of the soil would furnish raiment, the grass a bed of down, and the world then in the innocence of youth would know no severe colds, nor excessive heats, nor violent gales. The infants were thus tenderly cared for. To such strange ideas did an exclusive faith in the primordial atoms bring a great thinker and a great poet! We wonder, perhaps we are shocked, at these ideas, and this may be natural and even necessary with the better knowledge and the better religion of our times, with our theistic Christian beliefs inwrought from childhood into the very texture of our being. But suppose we should try to put ourselves back to the times of Lucretius and into his surroundings of thought and belief, when science was in its infancy, and when the national religion, polytheistic at its best, was then in the decrepitude of age, and suppose, too, that like Lucretius we had well-nigh a devout faith in nature's ever-fruitful, productive power, and in the earth, as the mother of all living things, is it probable that then we should find this account of man's origin so very irrational and irreligious? We must remember that to the mind of Lucretius this idea of Nature, as having in herself a prolific source of life and of life-giving power adequate to the production of all things, was just as familiar through all annals of philosophy from Thales to his own time as is to us the idea of the creation as given us in the book of Genesis, and repeated or implied throughout the whole canon of Scripture. So, too, among the Greek and Latin poets nothing is more common than the expression for men of

“sons of earth,” and “indigenous to the soil,” which in their earliest sense had a literal signification. In one respect, indeed, we may say that Lucretius is in accord with Scripture, in that we are taught that man was “formed of the dust of the ground;” but in all else, in all that is essential, how different the Scripture teaching! “And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness.” “And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.”

It is in reading this part of Lucretius' poem that we sometimes come upon the mention of natural phenomena and inferences from which are put forth also by modern and living naturalists, and are treated as the outgrowth of modern science. Thus it is that Lucretius dwells upon eccentricities, or imperfections in nature, such as “rudimental organs,” or abnormal forms of being. Such views are quite in the Lucretian line of thought, as the process he is describing is always from the lower to the higher, the less perfect to the more perfect. Nature is at her earliest now, in the first-beginnings of her productive energy, and needs to pass through many successive stages of development ere she reaches her consummate works. Thus the earth produced things coming up with strange face and limbs, monstrous things, creatures twofold, androgynous, neither the one nor the other, and widely different from both, creatures without feet, without hands, without mouths, or with limbs cleaving to the body, and the like. But all such, he says, had in them a natural unfitness; they could not grow, or long live, and so they soon perished off. Such phenomena Lucretius elsewhere uses, as do materialistic writers now, to disprove final cause and all design in nature. But in regard to creatures that were fitted for growth and continuance, Lucretius discourses of the preservation of species and of the final survival of the fittest, quite in the modern Darwinian manner, and he seems to have a theory of the origin of species in some respects quite like that of Mr. Darwin. Many species, he says, must have died out, because they lacked the needed powers of self-protection, such as fleetness or craft or courage, or because they could not be turned to use by man, and be protected; hence they fell a prey to other species, and, unable to endure the struggle for existence, they disappeared, leaving the superior species masters of the situation.

In the remainder of the book we have from Lucretius a com-

prehensive survey of the natural history of human society and civilization; the gradual rise of man from a savage to a civilized state, the birth of the arts, the useful and the fine, the growth of social and political institutions, and the origin of language and letters, and of religion and religious worship. The Lucretian end of the whole survey is, of course, to show that all human progress is natural; it is of human development by the way of experience; it is nowise of divine guidance, no God in history. Only in a very condensed way can I present here these views of Lucretius. The primitive men were near akin to the beasts of the field. They lived in the woods, or in caves and dens; they fed on acorns or berries; they drank from the springs and the streams. Gradually with time they got themselves huts and skins and fire; they built towns; they joined ties of family, of neighborhood, of nation. As to language, that was a natural thing—no invention, nothing conventional. Nature taught all how to use the tongue, and use struck out words for the names of things. On the language of song, and music generally, Lucretius has elsewhere a curious passage, and in his best poetic manner. Only a hint of it can I now give you. Song, men first caught from birds. The liquid notes of the birds men imitated with the mouth long before they came to sing smooth-running verses. Then the whistlings of the zephyr through the hollows of reeds by the streams first taught peasants to blow into hollow stalks. Then came the shepherd pipe, played by rustic fingers, and accompanying sweet, plaintive ditties, filling the air through pathless woods and forests. This was the culminating joy of all rustic festivals. This traditional music has come down to us, the poet adds, though now by scientific study men are taught to keep the proper time, and come to be more elaborate in their style; but for all that they get not a jot more enjoyment than erst the rugged sons of earth received.

After abundant and exhausting experience of a life of brute force, they settled by policy upon the even rule of law and equity and right. At this point occurs a passage in the book of striking moral force: "Thence," he writes, "fear of punishment mars the prizes of life, for violence and wrong inclose as in a net all who commit them; and they mostly recoil on him from whom they began; and it is not easy for the man who, by his deeds, violates the peace of the community to lead a tranquil life. For though he eludes God and man, he must needs have a misgiving that his guilty secret will not be kept forever." Mr. Munro says of this

last sentence, that there is probably some "sarcasm in the use of the word 'God;'" but is it not rather said in soberest earnest, the poet's moral and religious instincts getting the better, for the moment, of his materialistic theories? Finally, we have in this book a passage in which Lucretius endeavors to explain the cause of divine worship, of temples and altars and all their services. The passage, though very impressive in its descriptions, is somewhat obscure. At first the writer seems to be tracing religion to a vague and yet theistic view of the world, which sees in the movements of the heavens and the orderly succession of the seasons the presence and guidance of a divine Being. But, after all, he is rather describing what he considers a superstitious fear of some hidden power, perilous to human welfare, in the phenomena of storm and lightning and earthquake, which men, in their ignorance of natural causes, suppose to be divine, and which they therefore seek to propitiate by worship and sacrifice. The truth is, the idea of Deity is out of place in the theory of Lucretius, as it is in any materialistic theory. He speaks of gods, it is true, as immortal and blessed beings, precluded from all care and rule over the world; but his theory must assign to them a material origin, just as much as to men and to animals, or to gross matter itself.

THE THEORY OF LUCRETIOUS.

A COLLEGE LECTURE, WRITTEN IN 1875.

THE theory of Lucretius is, as Lange has said, one of the earliest attempts of philosophical speculation to explain the origin and manifold life of the world. As expounded by Lucretius, it professes to be a complete materialism, as it aims to explain the universe solely by matter, and by matter moving in obedience to purely mechanical principles. This Lucretian materialism is also atomism, as it represents the gross matter, of which all bodies are composed, to be ultimately resolvable into atoms. This materialism of Lucretius is the materialism of subsequent times and also of our own times. It is not always called materialism; it is often called naturalism, sometimes pantheism, and sometimes also theism. We hear, too, from the modern materialism less of atoms and atomic impulsions than of molecules and of molecular forces; but then the molecules come from the atoms, and the molecular forces play into all bodies very much like the atomic impulsions; and so just as with Lucretius, so now with some physicists of more or less pronounced materialistic principles, matter is the beginning and source of all things. I say here *some* physicists, because, of course, these physicists are materialistic in their principles, not from being physicists as such, but from being such physicists. Certainly they are in error who suppose that the progress of materialism is identical with the progress of physical science, and that those who represent the one represent also the other. Doubtless men have been drawn into materialism by too exclusively dealing with the physical side of things; but it might also be urged that other men have been drawn into idealism by too exclusively dwelling in the realm of metaphysics. Not all the vast reach of progress in modern physical science need bring any one a single step towards materialism; on the contrary, it may lead all men to an ever widening spiritual view of the material universe, and an ever profounder adoration of its Creator. And in fact, notwithstanding the marked materialistic tendency of much of the scientific speculation of our times,

some of the foremost of living scientific thinkers and writers are pronounced theists. With this passing explanation, let me proceed to say that modern materialism rules out of nature all intelligent design just as much as the ancient divine intervention is rejected by Lucretius as "the meddling of the gods," and by a well-known modern writer is called in hardly less pagan phrase "the intrusion of a supernatural artificer." One is also conscious in reading some of our scientific writers, that their science takes an attitude to religion not less unfriendly than was the philosophy of Lucretius. Under the open opposition of the one to superstition and of the other to theology, there seems to be in both alike a lurking opposition to religion itself. Yet Lucretius believes in gods, though as we have seen they seem to be of a questionable divine quality. So Professor Tyndall has at least a suggestion of Deity in his "inscrutable power manifested in the whole process of evolution." He also asserts his belief in "the facts of religious feeling," but he assigns them a place not "in the region of knowledge," over which, he says, it holds no command, but "in the region of emotion," which, he says, "is its proper and elevated sphere." With Mr. Tyndall's construction of knowledge and of science the statement may be admitted; but apart from such a construction it is not easy to perceive why religion, which in the history of the world and in the life of millions of men is a reality, an objective fact, just as much as nature, may not legitimately have place in the region of knowledge; and why there may not legitimately be a science of religion just as much as a science of nature.

In reflecting upon this materialistic view of the world as presented by Lucretius, it is one's first thought that it all rests, in its construction of matter, only upon hypothesis. The atomic doctrine is something certainly not proved, not capable of proof by the methods of positive science, by sense and experiment. As described by Lange and others, it is at best a convenient hypothesis for working use, and not sure in its value for that. No one will assert of it that it belongs to that class of things which lie within that select region of knowledge, where physical science, as we have just seen, is said to reign supreme. Still, this theory is accepted, as we have it on the best authorities, and ought to be and must be accepted in explanation of the constitution of gross matter. Lucretius' reasoning is admitted to be just, that there are such things as atoms, ultimate, indivisible particles of matter. There is

a passage in Newton's writings which gives the general principles very much in the ancient Lucretian manner, but with the radically qualitative exception that they put it on a theistic basis. "All things considered," says Newton, "it seems probable to me that God in the beginning formed matter in solid, massy, hard, impenetrable, movable particles, of such sizes and figures, and with such other properties and in such proportion to space, as most conduced to the end for which he formed them, and that these primitive particles being solids are incomparably harder than any porous bodies compounded of them, even so very hard as never to wear or break to pieces." "While the particles continue entire, they may compose bodies of one and the same texture in all ages; but should they wear away or break in pieces, the nature of things depending on them would be changed." It is also stated by a recent scientific writer, Professor Jenkin of Edinburgh, that "if matter in motion be conceived as the sole ultimate form of energy, Lucretius must be allowed great merit in having taught that *the motion of matter was as indestructible as its material existence.*" "If energy (he adds), as he believed, be due solely to motion, . . . though this last point has not been proved, then his (Lucretius') doctrine is true; and his proposition (on this head) foreshadows the doctrine of the conservation of energy." It is interesting in reading Lucretius in the light of these testimonies of modern science to see how ardent was the curiosity of the ancient mind, Roman as well as Greek, to pierce the veil that hid from it the secrets of nature, and how in the absence of just and wide observation, and of the resources of method and experiment, its subtile insight and intellectual strength were able to achieve, as by a kind of creative act, such great and lasting results. If only the writings of Democritus, Epicurus, Empedocles, and others had come down to us in their entirety instead of the mere disjointed fragments which are now extant, we might have the means of tracing a continuous progress of the physical science of the ancients, and be able to form a more correct judgment of the investigations and results of those masters of Lucretius of whom he always speaks with admiration and affection. But Lucretius would have cared little for men's praise of his physical doctrines for their own sake; it was their ethical applications which interested him, and which he longed with even a passionate desire to have men accept, and make practical to their own lives. He longed to show that the atoms and their properties

accounted as cause for all existence, and that Nature was sufficient of herself for all phenomena to the end that he might rid the world, as he says, of her haughty lords, and men of all their superstitious terrors.

If we consider only the theology and the religion with which Lucretius had to do, we may say that this end was no unworthy one, as I will try to show more fully by and by; but the means which he employed in his atomic system were wholly inadequate to his end. Granting the doctrine of the atoms and their properties to be fully proved, it might explain the ultimate constitution and perhaps the mechanical motions of physical things as already existing, but by the very Lucretian construction it does not explain the *existence itself* even of these, much less of all else in the world, and, least of all, the origin and continuance of all this world's order and manifold life. The atoms, powerless themselves, can produce nothing; as first-beginnings they are just as inadequate to production as the element of water in Thales' system, or of fire in Heraclitus, or the four elements together in Empedocles. Especially conceived and described as they are by Lucretius as lifeless, senseless, without intelligence, how can they by any conceivable process of development produce beings endowed with life, sense, and intelligence? Indeed, it is curious to see how Lucretius, who sets such store by the working of cause and effect, can (II. 973-990) most naively make himself merry over his own solecisms of causation. People, he says, try very hard not to believe that sense and consciousness can come from what is insensible and unconscious. But if sense, he argues, must be in the elements of all living beings in order that these beings may have sense, why then the elements from which men come must themselves have the same powers of passion, reasoning, and speech that men have; and then, to be sure, the human atoms would laugh and weep and reason, and talk cunningly about the nature of things, and indeed inquire, just as we men do about their own first-beginnings. All this, he continues, you see at once is very absurd, and so, as in this special case men can feel and laugh and cry and reason wisely, though not made of laughing and crying and reasoning seeds of things, you must, of course, believe that, in general, all things which we see to have sense and life must come of things wholly devoid of sense and life. It is difficult to understand how Lucretius explained to himself such assertions. It would seem that he thought life and consciousness to be modes

of matter or the results of combinations of matter; but certainly his theory in itself gives no rational account of their origin. The truth is, however, that perhaps unconsciously, certainly inconsistently, he supplements his theory with some provisions which are not germane to it. We have seen, indeed, from his singular view of the *minimum declination* of the atoms that he ascribes to them the power of swerving at will, even though it be but the least possible swerving; so far forth he makes them intelligent, at least as good as intelligent; for, the theory notwithstanding, they act intelligently, just as men do, who, he himself strenuously insists are endowed with free-will. Then, too, if the atoms have volition in them, they may just as well have reason, too, and creative power, and thus they would have less difficulty to encounter in producing this world and all that is in it. But do not modern scientific writers fail as signally as Lucretius failed in trying to solve, on materialistic principles, the problem of the origin of *life* and *mind*? They differ from Lucretius, in that with a larger and truer knowledge, they feel, and feel intensely, the difficulty of the problem, and in that they either pronounce it to be insoluble or leave it unsolved. The insoluble alternative has been given in respect to the explanation of *mind* from matter in a statement very powerfully conceived and expressed by Professor Tyndall. "The passage," he says, "from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of consciousness is unthinkable. Granted that a definite thought and a definite molecular action in the brain occur simultaneously, we do not possess the intellectual organ, nor apparently any rudiment of the organ, which would enable us to pass by a process of reasoning from the one to the other. They appear together, but we do not know why. Were our mind and senses so expanded as to see and feel the very molecules of the brain, . . . and were we intimately acquainted with the corresponding state of thought and feeling, we should be as far as ever from the solution of the problem, 'How are these physical processes connected with the facts of consciousness?' The chasm between the two classes of phenomena would remain intellectually impassable." If this statement is true, it certainly does not make for any system known in history by the name of materialism; on the contrary, does it not carry with it the necessary inference, that these two classes of phenomena, so wholly unlike in character, spring from sources equally unlike in their nature?

In respect to the problem of *the origin of life*, I think it must

be conceded that recent scientific discussions and experiments touching its origin from matter have thus far left the problem unsolved. Intensely interesting, however, and ever fascinating, all must allow, are the experiments which Mr. Tyndall cites as suggesting such an origin, and very forcible, though far from convincing, the reasoning by which, as he says, he crosses the boundary of experimental evidence, and "discerns in matter the promise and potency of all terrestrial life." I think we all share with him, and in exact proportion to our own knowledge, the admiration which he so nobly feels and expresses for all the phenomena of crystallization,—the wonderful way in which the atoms seem to hold themselves together,—the wonderful play of force by which the molecules of water build themselves, as he beautifully says, into the sheets of crystals which every winter roof all the ponds and lakes. We go just as far as he goes, but *no farther*, when he says that all "this play of power is *almost as wonderful* as the play of vitality itself." *Almost as wonderful!* Of course it is; but for all that we are not convinced; and judging from his words he is not convinced himself that there is *vitality* in the ice, form though it does these crystals so wonderful alike in "their outward form and their inward texture." And we are conscious of a yet higher emotion than admiration when Mr. Tyndall puts the question, perhaps anticipated by all, "Can it be there is no being in nature that knows more about these matters than I do?" And we give the heartiest assent when he declares that "the man who puts that question to himself, if he be not a shallow man, . . . will never answer the question by professing the creed of Atheism." In like manner we must all feel the full force of Mr. Tyndall's question, "Where is life to be found, divorced from matter?" But is it not fair to ask, Does not matter exist in forms in which, so far as we know, there is no life, where it has had not yet any union with life, and so where *divorce* is quite out of the question? And if so, do we not need to begin there, and then be taught by experiment, which alone can give us scientific knowledge, that matter evolves life, and intelligent, conscious life? But Mr. Huxley teaches us that "the present state of knowledge furnishes us with no link between the living and the not living." And Mr. Tyndall also admits "the inability to point to any satisfactory experimental proof that life can be developed save from demonstrable antecedent life." Is it legitimate procedure, then, in the absence of all experimental evidence, "to

trace the line backward," — as the expression is, — from non-living matter, and project the so-called continuity of nature beyond the continuity of experience, — is it safe to take this leap across the void which may prove a *salto mortale*, — to some unseen, fancied point, where living matter may emerge from dead matter? But Mr. Tyndall considers himself compelled to this procedure, because otherwise there is left him the only alternative of opening "the doors *freely* to the conception of creative acts." It has been acutely remarked by one of Mr. Tyndall's critics, that there is a fallacy in that statement in the use of the word *freely*. It carries with it the supposition that one must believe in a succession of mediate or special creative acts to account for the appearance of the organic forms of life in the world. But that supposition is not at all necessary, — only is it necessary to believe in a creative act at all, — and the act may be one and immediate. Men may differ here as they do differ, and yet agree in accepting the idea of creation itself. One distinguished writer, to whom I have before referred, the late Professor Clerk-Maxwell, who was one of the most eminent inquirers in the realm of molecular physics, inferred directly from the nature and properties of matter the existence of a First Cause, their Maker.

Mr. Darwin's conception is, that the Creator introduced into the midst of dead matter one primordial living form, capable of self-development into other living forms. Mr. Tyndall mentions that "Mr. Darwin quotes with satisfaction the words of a celebrated author and divine who had gradually learned to see that it was just as noble a conception of Deity to believe that He created a few original forms, capable of self-development into other and needful forms, as to believe that He required a fresh act of creation to supply the voids caused by the action of his laws." But he adds as his own view, that "the anthropomorphism, which it was Mr. Darwin's object to set aside, is as firmly associated with the creation of a few forms as with the creation of a multitude." In this case Mr. Tyndall does in theory what Lucretius did only practically, when he represented his atoms as endowed with volition, that is, he supplements the conception of matter with properties not known to belong to it. Indeed, he says distinctly, "let us radically change our notions of matter." This would seem to be materialism in a development transition; it is already materialism and *something else*. Indeed, he proceeds to ask, "Is there not a temptation to close to some extent with Lucretius, when he affirms

that Nature is seen to do all things spontaneously of herself?" or with Giordano Bruno, when he declares that matter is not "that mere empty capacity which philosophers have pictured her to be, but the universal matter, who brings forth all things from herself." But this mention of Lucretius and Bruno makes us ask him the question, whether matter, then, is created. This question he does not answer, so far as I know. But if matter is uncreated, and yet the belief in the existence of God is retained, as it is retained in the writings of Professor Tyndall, then we cannot avoid the conclusion of the eternity of matter, and of its identity with God. This is materialism already developed into pantheism, and this is the position of Bruno; and Mr. Tyndall also declares Bruno to be "not an atheist or a materialist, but a pantheist." Nor is this strange, for as Lange has said, and also when he is speaking of Bruno, "The materialist who defines God as the sum of animated nature becomes at once a pantheist without giving up his materialistic views."

There remains to be examined in Lucretius the principle, if that word we may use, by which in the denial of all intelligent design he represents the world to have come into being. We have seen, in passing from his Second to his Fifth Book, how from that strange scene of the atoms whirling and clashing in wild chaotic disorder we at once pass into all the order and beauty and glory of the material universe, and into the midst of all living things produced from the earth, now suddenly transformed into a prolific source of universal life. When we ask how these atoms have combined so as to secure all this production, how they have arranged themselves into this wondrous order, and how they are keeping up such a regularity of movement, we have ever that passage to consider which I quoted in the last lecture, and which with slight verbal changes occurs four times in Lucretius' work. Not to translate it again in full, it is in substance thus: Not by the gods, but by nature was the world made; not by intelligent design, but after trying motions and unions of every kind in infinite time by chance collisions, they at last fell into those arrangements out of which this world is formed and by which it is preserved. It is needless at this late day to spend time and words in refutation of this Lucretian doctrine, generally known by the name of the fortuitous concourse of atoms. But it is worth while to gain from the context of the passage, wherever it is declared by Lucretius, a distinct idea of how it lay in his own mind. It is evident that he

thought the working of chance, as a kind of causation in matter, could not go on always, producing variations of disorder; given infinite time to the variability, some time or other the disorderly variations would come to an end, and then, at last, chance itself would bring in a stage of orderly organization as a happy coincidence. Thus it was that he came to rest his faith in *pure variability acting at random in infinite time*, as the cause of the heavens and the earth and man and all living beings, that with their manifold orderly arrangements are luminous with the evidence of supreme intelligence. Strange that a great thinker, who was construing the world by mind, could deny mind in its construction! With reason, however, it was that Lucretius put as the alternative concerning the final explanation of things either design or chance; and the wisest and best thought of the world, both in ancient and in modern times, while it discerned and accepted no other, has rested with confidence in the explanation from design. That argument from design, coupled with a belief in causation, which rises from the contemplation of the innumerable facts of arrangement and system in nature looking towards definite ends, to the conception of an intelligent author of the universe, has ever formed, from times long anterior to Lucretius, the secure basis of Natural Theology. Indeed, five hundred years before Lucretius, and a hundred before his master Democritus, the fundamental idea of this argument first emerged in Greek thought in Anaxagoras' doctrine of the *Noûs* or Intelligence as the designing and upholding principle of the universe. Of this Grecian thinker, who was thus the first to introduce into philosophy the conception of final cause, Aristotle has left on record the remark, that "this man, who first announced that Intelligence was the cause of the world and of all orderly arrangement in nature, appeared like a man in his sober senses in comparison with those who had heretofore been speaking at random and in the dark." After him Socrates adopted this idea, and wrought it in the mould of his own moral genius into a practical proof for the existence of one Supreme Being as the framer and preserver of the entire Cosmos (Xenophon, Mem. 4, 3, 13); and Plato, following his master, but in his own idealistic manner, strove ever to show that all phenomena presupposed eternal ideas, and that these gradually led up to the Supreme Idea — the highest Good — to God. If we trace the fortunes of this argument in scientific thought, we find it maintained by the last word of that thought, "The Reign of Law,"

uttered so decisively by the Duke of Argyll, even as by the utterances of Lord Bacon made in the very first beginnings of modern science which we are wont to associate with that great name. Bacon, from his insisting upon the use of efficient causes in their proper spheres in physics, has sometimes been represented as unfriendly to the argument from design. But he declares himself as follows: "When Democritus and Epicurus asserted the fabric of all things to be raised by a fortuitous course of atoms, without the help of mind, they became universally ridiculous." "I had rather believe," he adds, "all the fables in legend, and the Talmud, and the Koran, than that this universal frame is without mind; . . . for while the mind of man looketh upon the second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest on them and go no farther; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity." And the Duke of Argyll in the far-reaching scope of his argument, which comprehends the operations alike of nature and of the minds of men, all the history alike of the world's preservation and its creation, fixes the idea of everywhere reigning law in order produced by contrivance and for a purpose of will. So essential is this principle of design to the final explanation of all things, that the theories of modern naturalists which exclude it seem, with all the truth which may belong to them, yet to be as essentially imperfect as the ancient theory of Lucretius; indeed, if pushed to a last analysis, they must fall back upon the Lucretian alternative of chance. Is it not so with regard to the theory of natural selection in explanation of the origin of species? This theory proceeds, if I understand it, exactly upon the Lucretian conception of variability and variation in infinite time. As we read Mr. Darwin's intensely interesting narratives of his laborious and patient experiments in trying to make species, if I may use this expression, we may readily admit that nature selects even as in those experiments man selects, and that both processes proceed by manifold variations with all their marvelous results. But after all, the natural selection, just as the artificial, is at best only a result, it is no agent. Do not all the experiments point unerringly to the sole natural conclusion that back of all the variation and all the selection, back of all nature, as of man, there is intelligence acting with design, and bringing about, not like man, what has been called an "astonishing amount of divergence from an existing species," but also producing new species as well. But just as Lu-

cretius construes all supernatural agency in the genesis of things into "a meddling of the gods," so it is now said that the idea of the presence of intelligence in nature, acting from design, is "anthropomorphism, or a supernatural artificer acting after human fashion." All conclusive, however, is the remark on this head of M. Janet, in his work on "Final Cause," that "the slippery and perilous point in Darwinism is the passage from artificial to natural selection; it is to establish that Nature, blind and purposeless, is able to reach the same result by accidental circumstance, which man obtains by deliberate and purposed diligence."

So, too, the theories, whether the ancient or the modern, which insist so much upon natural laws, or natural causation, fail to reach any rational view of the origin of the world, so long as they leave out of view the idea of design. It is laws and their unbending, persistent course, which Lucretius is ever teaching with a passionate earnestness. In his thought, as in modern thought, law reigns supreme; chance itself is ultimately resolved into necessity; *seu casu, seu vi*, he says, call it chance or force, law is in all nature, and in nature all is law. It is this conception of law which gives his thought such stately grandeur as it marches through its story of the world; it is this which makes a sure repose of order amidst the changing phenomena of nature and of man's life, and fixes an equilibrium of opposing forces in the ever ongoing processes of renovation and decay, of birth and death. It is this faith in law which he upheld in opposition to a faith in the gods of the ancient mythology. But he failed to see that natural laws without a Supreme Lawgiver made another mythology more rational only in seeming, — a kind of philosophical mythology quite as inconsistent with reason as the older poetic one. And without the conception of an ultimate source of law in a Supreme Intelligent Will, does it fare any better with the laws of modern science? One might as well accept the poetic mythology made up of Neptune and Ceres and Dryads and the like as a theory of the origin and government of the world, as the philosophic one of motion and gravity and impulsion, or the modern scientific one of atoms and molecular and polar forces, and the rest, which haunt the top and the sides of this newest upheaved Olympus. And what help is given us by resolving the many laws into the one law, and one law acting with an unbroken continuity — as in the ancient theory, the law of inexorable necessity, or in the modern, the law of evolution or development. The one law presupposes the Lawgiver

just as much as the many laws, and the one law expressing everywhere intelligence must just as much emanate from the Supreme Intelligent Will.

As the Duke of Argyll so distinctly says, "the laws of nature come visibly from one pervading mind, and express the authority of one enduring kingdom." Indeed, by the luminous interpretation given to natural phenomena by the scientific thought unfolded in this writer's "Reign of Law," we may apply to natural laws that fine word of the Greek poet which was applied by him to the laws of the moral world: —

(These) "laws are set on high
 Heaven-born, their only sire Olympus ;

 For these there lives a mighty God
 Who ne'er grows old."

And here let me put in a plea for Lucretius, in explanation of his attitude to religion in his time. We can far more easily accept his procedure in combating a form of polytheism which was at variance with all philosophy, than that of any modern naturalist who, in contending for an exclusively natural causation, is in conflict with a pure monotheistic religion, which furnishes a truly religious basis for the existence and growth of science. Lange has a very instructive thought on this head. He is speaking of the influence of Christianity, as a complete monotheistic religion, upon the history of materialism. With a polytheistic religion, a philosophy which teaches law in nature has difficulties to contend with as thousand-fold in its ranks and orders as is the mythologic system itself. But when you assume the grand thought of one God, and of his one uniform agency in the universe, then is the connection of things by the law of cause and effect not only thinkable, but it is a necessary consequence of the assumption. What the historian of materialism here says of opposition of a pagan philosopher to a polytheistic religion applies with fullest force to Lucretius. And yet more, and far more. His opposition was caused quite as much by moral as by intellectual motives. He was zealous to overthrow the gods of the popular religion, not only because they were conceived as wrong in violation of the truth of nature, but because they were conceived as capricious and cruel and revengeful, and because they held men in the spell of superstition, or under the sway of a terrible tyranny. Who can believe such gods, he says, who torment here and hereafter,

not injustice and crime alone, but innocence and goodness too. He would hear nothing of augury and divination, — all the numberless presages and omens in men's dreams and fancies, in nature's phenomena, — in lightning, wind, and rain, the flight of birds, and in the rustling of leaves, he would away with them all, as foes to human peace and well-being. He found not only the crowd — the *turba Remi* — believing, or seeming to believe, all this, but also men of intelligence and culture. They might rail like old Cato at the augurs, but they felt in their hearts and their lives the pressure of the augural faith. Think of poets, he might say, embalming in pious verse these senseless and impious traditions; think of sober historians recording in good faith all the prodigies and omens of the successive years, and as for our public men, think, for instance, of Sulla, so sensual and atrociously cruel, styling himself the Felix, and ascribing his felicity to these gods, thanking Venus for his victories alike in battle and in love, — think of him stealing the image of Apollo from off the Delphic altar, and then devoutly kissing and doing it homage in prayer. In the name of Epicurus, let us be rid of these gods many and lords many; let us by teaching the true doctrine of nature and man deliver the world from unreason and superstition, and so bring into it light and peace and happiness. We may have some charity for this Lucretian unbelief, though we may feel and know it to be unbelief still. He did not, and perhaps he could not, see that he was combating errors with error; that in ridding men of superstition he was robbing them of religion; that in overcoming fears of the gods, he was destroying the fear of God, which a writer a thousand years earlier than himself had declared to be the beginning of wisdom. But the primal beliefs of man's nature will ever have their supremacy over false theories, let them be wrought out with whatsoever cunning of the mind. Democritus, in spite of his material atheism, believed and worshiped the gods; he counted as truly happy only the man whom the gods loved; he called the soul, too, because of the finest atoms, the divine part of man. Epicurus, too, as we have seen, adored the gods, and deemed the idea of their divine power the most elevating of all ideas; though they had no place in his system, they certainly, as Lange puts it, had a subjective relation to himself and his own life.

This noble inconsistency we see everywhere in Lucretius; and in him the human instincts are strengthened and quickened by the fine force of his poetic genius. His imagination lifts him out

of his blind and dead materialism into conceptions of an all-animating life in nature, and a power even creative and governing, which are out of all keeping with the doctrines of his system. Such conceptions appear even in the names which he has for the Democritan *atomi*. He never uses atoms from the Greek *ἄτομοι*, or *ἄτομα*, *individual things*, nor always *primordia*, but often *semina rerum*, *genitalia corpora*, — terms which carry with them the notion of a creative capacity. So, too, he says that the first-beginnings must have, in producing things, some latent, unseen power. Thus he seems to be striving and feeling after a power of a diviner quality, even a Presence and a Power pervading and ruling the whole world. Such a view in the heathen philosopher was certainly better than that of the polytheistic religion of his own age. It may, it is true, be called no better than the one I have mentioned as put forth in these Christian times of “an inscrutable Power manifested in the whole process of evolution,” but I think it is to the honor of Lucretius that his view is at least quite as good as this.

We may now pass by an easy transition to the many conceptions of nature and also of human life which enrich this poem, and which disclose the writer’s poetic genius. Never in all the manifold processes of the argument through which Lucretius moves does the genius of the poet altogether desert him. He diffuses its genial glow through his most speculative thought, his most abstruse reasoning. But most of all does it appear in special passages, digressions into which the poet is ever sliding and wandering, as pauses and resting-places in his arguments, like the quiet nooks in woods, or haunts by streams or by the seaside, or solitary mountain spots where alike in his life and his poetry he loved so much to linger.

The feeling which we so often call the love of nature we find in Latin poetry to be better illustrated and more fully possessed by Virgil than by Lucretius; but Virgil never rose to that tone of philosophic contemplation of nature’s aspects and life which was so habitual with the poetic genius and manner of Lucretius. As Virgil was a diligent and in some ways a congenial student of Lucretius, and in that remarkable passage in the “Georgics”¹ where he seems to be comparing himself with his predecessor, he looks up with admiration to that poet who was happy indeed that he could discover and set forth the causes of things in the uni-

¹ Book III. 475–494: “Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,” etc.

verse, and would gladly have the Muses reveal to himself, too, as to that poet, the secrets of nature ; but if that lofty gift be denied him, then may it be his to love the woods and the running streams in the valleys. I do not care now to discuss Mr. Tyndall's motive for finding a close to his Belfast Address in that noble passage from Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey" which pictures to us the modern poet's love and worship of nature. But I sometimes feel in reading Lucretius that he was touched even as was Wordsworth, in his selectest lines, by the presence of Nature ; even so did he give himself up to the sense and the utterance of her majesty and power, her sublimity and beauty ; he never tired of holding communion with her visible forms, or of pondering and piercing the mystery of her subtle, all-pervading life, and of apprehending and expressing her innermost meaning. How finely and richly does all this appear in the very opening lines of his poem, where he addresses Venus as the source of all the manifold life and glory of the world. Let me give a translation : "It is thou, increase-giving goddess, — Alma Venus, — who fillest with life the ship-carrying seas, the corn-bearing lands, through thee every living thing after its kind is conceived and rises up to the light. Before thee and thy coming flee the winds and the clouds ; for thee earth manifold puts forth her sweet flowers ; for thee the propitious heavens shine, and the levels of the sea do laugh. With every day that opens anew, the fowls of the air show signs of thee, and the wild herds bound over the glad pastures ; yes, throughout all seas and mountains and rivers, the leafy homes of birds and grassy plains, all living things feel thy reviving power and follow thee whither thou leadest on."

With the same poetic feeling quite as much as with the philosopher's thought, Lucretius is fond of contemplating the grandest processes of nature in all the changing phenomena of decay and restoration in outward things. Plants and trees are ever growing up and passing, and out from the winter of their death come forth into ever new springs and summers manifold forms of new life and beauty. And far beyond these visible changes his imagination ranges into far-off space, and contemplates with yet profounder awe entire worlds with all that is in them moving through the same processes of change. So, too, individual objects and scenes in nature — the coming of day and of the spring, the quiet running brooks and the vast rushing sea, the rippling of waves by the shore, the heavens in all their aspects of storm and

shine, and the ever-changing shapes and hues of their clouds — are contemplated with the observant eye and the quickened and quickening sense of the poet. But everywhere his feeling is drawn to things which reveal most fully and freshly the life and power of nature, and his descriptions have in them a like living active quality. How life-like as a picture of Homer is Aurora as she comes! “When the dawn first sheds fresh light over the earth, and birds of every kind, flitting over the pathless woods, through the yielding air, fill all places with their liquid notes, *how suddenly* the rising sun overspreads and clothes all the world with his light!” Out of many like passages which I had selected from the Sixth Book let me give only one which describes the movements of clouds. “Observe when the winds carry the mountain-like towering clouds through the air on the mountain sides, and piled one above the other in rest, the winds being buried in calm, then you shall be able to observe their huge masses, caverns as it were, of hanging rocks. And when on the gathering of a storm the winds have filled all these, how they chafe and bluster in their dens like wild beasts; how they growl through the clouds, and, bent upon finding their way out, how they whirl together their fire out of the clouds, and gather them together and roll the flame in their hollow furnaces, till at last they burst and shine forth in their forked lightning flashes.”

The mystery of man's being and destiny he feels as powerfully as the mystery of nature, and represents it in like poetic manner, but with no less variety and freshness. The tone of his description is never morbid or austere, but it is grave and even solemn. Materialist as he was, he never betrays the frivolity and flippancy of some modern materialistic writers. Nor is there aught in his poetry that is akin to a sensual and licentious materialism. In this respect, nor in this alone, it seems to me that Tennyson's poem on “Lucretius” fails to represent aright his subject. It is powerfully conceived, and like everything that Tennyson writes is executed with artistic finish of style. But the conception, embodying as it does the incredible story of his madness and suicide, and also some added elements of empty tradition, is not the conception of the Lucretius of the poem, and I think not of the real Lucretius. Besides, it introduces sensual and degrading thoughts and fancies, which nowhere appear in the poem; and the poem is, after all, the sole biography we have of the man. Tennyson's poem makes upon a student of Lucretius a disturbed and discord-

ant impression. That awful image of the philosophic poet tearing passion to tatters under the maddening influence of a love-philtre, and at last gasping and dying in horrid agonies, and an imaginary wife Lucilia standing there the while wringing her hands in woe over the work of a fatuous jealousy, — it is all a wild fiction just as unworthy as it is elaborate. There is nothing in the Lucretius of the poem that savors aught of all this. He writes of the passion of love and of its relations in his Fourth Book, but in a love which is scientific and didactic, never sensual and licentious. Here and wherever he touches and delineates human life it is with a sober and thoughtful tone. Not more thoughtful in his contemplative views of life is Young himself in our English poetry; the modern poet is more sombre, and as inferior in sustained elevation of feeling as he is in refinement of taste. Lucretius entered with a truly human sympathy into all that is noble and all that is depressing in human life. Whatever is cheerful and whatever is sad, all in it that moves admiration and joy, or pity and grief, men's hopes in all their glow of expectation and in their bitterness of disappointment, the fears and ills that men bring upon themselves, or which their mortal destiny brings upon them. Their follies and weaknesses never move him to mirth or ridicule, though sometimes to a disturbed and indignant tone that reminds one of the satire of Juvenal. Not without a sense of human greatness and dignity does he look upon the *fascēs* and purple robe of civil power and all the pomp and circumstance of war, but with dimmed eyes he sees the scenes of faction and bloodshed, the miserable strifes of worldly ambition and all its corroding cares and fears, the rush and tumult of human passions and lusts which make men destructive foes to one another and foes to themselves. And with a true tenderness of pathos he feels and describes the real ills of man's feeble race from the first wail of the infant as he comes into life to the funeral knell that tolls the going down to the grave. In one brief passage he thus transforms by a single creative touch his ever-recurring primordial law into a most impressive image of this ever-recurring universal lot of man. "Here, too," he says, "goes on ever with even issue the war of the first-beginnings; now here, now there, the vital elements overcome and are overcome in turn; with the funeral lament is mingled the cry of children as they first come to the light; and no night has ever followed day, nor day followed night, which has not heard sickly infants' cries blended with the lamentations that follow

death and the black burial train." And all his solemnity of feeling, awakened by these vicissitudes of human destiny, all his sympathy with whatever is sweet and endearing in affection and bright in prosperity or dark in adversity, with the natural ills men must bear and the worse unnatural ills they suffer through a bad heart and life, — all these appear in their fullness just when he has taught materiality of the soul, and is dwelling upon the thought of an eternal death. Here he teaches lessons of expostulation with men's anxieties and fears, of solace for their grief, of a steadfast and heroic fortitude and submission amidst inevitable trials; and out of his very unbelief in future retributions he preaches his doctrine of stern retributions of the present; and all this resting on the view of entire unconsciousness in death, and so of death not to be feared or deplored. As to your worst fears of the future, he says, they should rather be fears for the present. You are frightened by the tales of Tantalus and Tityos, of Sisyphus, of Ixion, of Cerberus and the Furies, and all else that makes up the horrors of Acheron's deep. The awful things these all teach do exist, but they exist in this life; now and here in bad men's hearts and lives. The hell is here on earth — in the life of fools.

"*Hic Acherusia fit stultorum denique vita.*"

But with the truest pathos he touches the fears men have of death robbing them of the good things of life. One says to himself, "Soon thy glad house shall no more welcome thee home, nor virtuous wife and sweet children run to snatch thy kisses and touch thy heart with sweet delight. Soon shall thy fortune no more flourish, or thou be a safeguard to thine own. One disastrous day has taken from thee, luckless man, all these many prizes of life." How finely has Gray in his "Elegy" turned these lines. Familiar as the stanza is, let me put it by the side of the version which I have given in prose: —

"For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share."

And how earnestly does he rally all the lighter and sicklier apprehensions against the coming of the inevitable hour. "Men say, with cup in hand and garland on their head, Enjoy the passing moment; soon it will be gone and come no more. Folly indeed! as if after death you could crave aught of all this. No one wakes up to crave anything, when once the chill pause of life

is come." "Nature herself might on this wise rally men's morbid laments: Why dread death if your life has been happy? Why not depart from the banquet like a satisfied guest? If not, then why not end your troubles? And to an old man she might say, Why fear now and moan? I have nothing new to give, if thou wert to live here forever. A truce, then, with your idle tears." "And this remember, too, vain man, and be content: Good men have died before you, far, far better than thou, even the greatest and the best — the good Ancus, Scipio, and Homer, and Democritus, aye, and Epicurus as well. Go, then, thy way, as all before thee; for one thing will ever rise out of another; to none is life given in fee-simple, to all in right of use."

But, hopeless of the future as the poet's doctrine is, hopeless of best and dearest of human hopes, he is true to the last to his theme and his task — he is true to the philosophic impulse to inquire, and to know, and to rest quiet and unmoved in the repose of knowledge. In this unspeakably real scene of human life, where individuals and generations are ever coming and going, passing and repassing, and passing away, he would have each man leaving all else, study to know the *nature of things*, since the thing at stake is the condition, not of one hour, but for eternity.

THE LIFE AND TEACHINGS OF SOPHOCLES.

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THE comparative method of study which has achieved such great discoveries in its own province of language is winning like results in mythology, history, politics, and religion. It is truly marvelous how it carries light wherever it goes, and illumines whatever it reaches; how it brings near to us the far distant, and binds to the immediate present the primeval past; how it joins in friendliest union the most diverse elements of speech, race, government, and society, and so by its touch makes the whole world kin. In its progress it reveals to us the broad and goodly view not only of languages united by closest family ties, which yet belong to nations parted hemispheres asunder, but also of the nations that speak them as forming one brotherhood and sharing a common heritage of civilization. It takes us to that far-off primeval Aryan home where the forefathers of these nations were one great family, a yet unbroken household, living as one people, speaking one language, subject to one rule, tilling the same fields, plying the same arts, and looking up to the same bending and protecting skies, and there seeing and worshipping one Supreme Being as the God of light, as Father in heaven. We may look for grander results to be achieved from the applications of this comprehensive method of study. As we think of its onward career we seem to see its studious followers in brilliant succession, even as the runners in the ancient torch-race, handing along the lights of science by the successive stages of their course of research, the eyes and energies of all bent upon the ultimate goal — the knowledge of one united race, of the vast and varied interests of our common humanity. It is indeed the universal human interest inspired by this method of study that makes at once its worth and its charm, and gives it a hold upon all thoughtful minds like the spell of a fascination. And as it is in the province of language, in which it became first established, we have in its results a quite new proof of the value and function of speech, of the spoken and the written

word, as the revealer of human thought and history; and we may claim for philological studies as a whole what has been long accorded to the study of the Greek and Roman tongues, that they are the true *Humaniora*, truly humane and humanizing studies, counting nothing foreign to themselves that belongs to humanity, *humani nihil a se alienum*. In nothing do these many-voiced studies so powerfully address the human heart as in what they reveal to us of the religions of the different nations of the world, or of the religion of some one nation which has borne a ruling part in its history. Here they have to do with what is most central and distinctive in man, that religious nature by virtue of which, as it was said in an old Aryan word, he is bidden to "look heavenward," or, as we have it in more significant Semitic speech, "is able to lift up his face to God and have his delight in the Almighty." It is also one of the many services rendered by comparative to classical philology that inquiries into the religions of classical antiquity are now conducted on a wider basis of truth and reason, and with a larger intelligence and charity. To relegate the Greek and Roman religions to the realm of superstition and falsehood, and to conceive of those nations themselves, who found and expressed in those religions their best life for long generations, as being before the advent of Christianity mere outcasts and castaways, with no knowledge of God or hope of immortality — these views and such views as these it would now be simply impossible to entertain. We might as well go back to the notion that Greek and Latin were somehow developed out of Hebrew, or indeed that Hebrew was the original language of mankind. When we now enumerate the gifts bestowed upon us by those foremost nations in their letters, art, and philosophy, in their dominion and law, and remember that the Greeks by their speech, and the Romans by their rule, handed down to us a yet richer gift, their own only by adoption, the gift of the Christian religion, then may we contemplate their religions, too, as having a place in the providential ordering of the world, as preparatory to the true and the universal religion, and as enabling them in the fullness of time to receive this religion themselves, and to bequeath it to all after times and peoples.

In a former essay I endeavored to set forth the religion of the Greeks as it has come down to us from their mythical heroic age in the poetry of Homer. I wish now to present some aspects of that religion in the form into which it had passed in the

brightest historic times of Greece, as it was taught and interpreted by Sophocles, the poet of devoutest mind and of most harmonious genius and culture in the age of Pericles, and also the artist poet of Attic tragedy, which was at once the ministry of the Greek faith and the sovereign crown of the Grecian Muse. The Greek gave always his best and his greatest to his religion, to his conception of spiritual existence and of that unseen, awful Power that ruled supreme in it all, as well as in all the world of nature and the life of man; and nowhere did he give it in such large and costly store as in the gifts of his art, in those exquisite revelations of beauty and grandeur which have ever been and will never cease to be the marvel and the study of every age. Athenian art were all vacant and meaningless without the presence and interpretation of religious ideas. It was from these came the soul of its inspiration, these bodied forth its manifold forms. The artists themselves and their enlightened patron, the citizen sovereign of Athens, were all the willing servants and ministers of religion. Their minds habitually dwelt in the yet cherished traditions of the national faith, and these they sought to reproduce, but purified and informed with a truer meaning, in accordance with the advanced spirit of their age. Through their controlling influence it was religion that gave new consecration to recovered freedom and rekindled patriotism, new sanction and impulse to the fulfillment of vows, and to the offering of dedication gifts to commemorate recent national triumphs and adorn afresh places made sacred by the achievements of earlier times. Of the exalted influence and rank of religion in all that world of Attic art we have the best symbol and witness in the Phidias statue of Athene Promachos, that masterpiece of painting, architecture, and sculpture combined, reared up under the open sky and into the pure air of Athens, far above all its grand assemblage of works of art, crowning the Acropolis itself, the sanctuary of Athenian religion, ever looking down upon the city she had always protected, ever looked up to by its citizens as the goddess of the Athenians' home. Of this religion, to which all Athenian art ministered, Sophocles was himself a chosen minister, in a form of Greek poetry, which, as I have said, was in its uses a religious one; he was consecrated to its service by the Muse of Attic tragedy; in the tragic drama he was during all his life the religious teacher of the Athenian people. Remote as we are from that ancient Greek life, and prepossessed with the ideas of

the modern drama, we are not always apt to discern this character of the Attic tragedy. That tragedy was in its origin a religious solemnity, and was true to that origin during all its history; the play was an element of public worship, the building in which it was represented was a temple, and its centre appropriated to an altar; all who took part in the representation were devoted to a divine service; the stage itself was the national pulpit, our word, indeed, being the Latin name for it; the poet was the preacher, and his poem was in truth a sermon designed for the religious instruction of the people. How well does the writer remember the first living impression he received of this character of Greek tragedy, when years ago, in his student-life at Berlin, it was his fortune to see the "Antigone" exhibited, and then for the first time, at the Royal Theatre. This representation of a Greek play on the German stage was the idea of the late Prussian king, Frederick William IV., a sovereign who in intellectual gifts and in liberal patronage of letters and art was not unlike Pericles himself. He laid under contribution all the resources of his capital in learning and scholarship and musical genius for the translation of the play and the composition of the choral music, and in histrionic and decorative talent for its exhibition with all fitting appointments of acting, scenery, and costume. It was an imposing spectacle to behold. There was a wealth of Mendelssohn music to delight the ear, and yet those sights and sounds have long since quite faded from the mind; but the moral impression which the drama made by the truth it uttered, as it moved in solemn march through the action, lingers yet fresh in the memory, an abiding possession. Even now there seems to be seen that stately figure of Antigone, and her voice seems to be heard pronouncing her faith "in the unwritten and unchanging laws of God," and her purpose to abide by that faith even unto death. When she appealed to those unwritten divine laws as above Creon, above all human decrees, what a noble utterance was that which rang out so clear and commanding:—

"They are not of to-day nor yesterday,
 But live forever, nor can man assign
 When first they sprang to being. Not through fear
 Of any man's resolve was I prepared
 Before the gods to bear the penalty
 Of sinning against these."

It was the appointed and the chosen mission of Sophocles to

fasten such moral impressions as these in men's minds, as through his dramas he addressed his countrymen, assembled by thousands in the great theatre of Dionysus; yes, and as he has ever since addressed, on the vast theatre of the world, all the succeeding generations of men through the perpetual beneficent influence of good letters. And how richly was he furnished for his mission by nature and education, and by all fortunate environment of time and place and circumstance. We have a brief biography of him in Greek by an anonymous writer, which contains a very significant sentence: "Sophocles was *dear to the gods* as no one else;" *θεοφιλής*, Horace's *Dis carus*, one word, but a choice one, and it strikes the key-note of all the prolonged harmonies of his poetic life. The word was doubtless meant to express his sense of reverence and piety, by which he was indeed highly favored, as the best of all the good things which were his, and which by it were made good things to others. But we may take the word in a larger sense. Highly favored he was in his poetic genius, Melpomene smiling upon him at his birth, in the sweetness and serene calmness of his nature, and his fine aptitudes for all those qualities and accomplishments of person, manners, and mind which with the Greek entered into the ideal of manhood. Highly favored, too, in the fortunate event when these gifts, then in their early spring, first brought him into public notice. He was sixteen years of age when the great victory of Salamis was won; and on the day of its celebration he was chosen to lead the chorus in song and dance, as moving around the trophy they chanted the battle-hymn in gratitude to the gods for the nation's triumph. This was a select honor for an Athenian to win in the early years of his education; and the youthful Sophocles had won it by the distinction he had gained in the pursuits of those years. Music and gymnastics, in each of which he had carried off the garland prize, had given him skill in song and lyre, and had rounded to symmetry of form a person of native beauty and grace; and his studies in the epic and lyric poets had already touched and quickened the susceptibilities of his æsthetic nature, and kindled a generous love of excellence in all that is good and noble in character and action. Among the Fragments¹ of his lost poems one has been preserved, which perhaps embodies his own experience of those years:—

¹ *Fragm.* 779; referred to and quoted by Professor Plumptre in his *Life and Writings of Sophocles*.

“ Since we have rightly made our prayer to God,
 Now let us go, my children, to the schools
 Where wise men teach, and learn the Muses’ arts,
 And ever, day by day, take one step on,
 Till we gain power to study nobler things.”

Twelve years later came a greater day in Sophocles’ life, when that early promise, now amply increased, was to come to its first fulfillment. It was the great Dionysia of the year 468, and a dramatic contest of unparalleled interest was to take place. Sophocles, then in his twenty-seventh year, was to appear for the first time as a tragic poet, and in competition with Æschylus, who had been the master of the Athenian stage for an entire generation. In anticipation of the approaching contest, public expectation had been wrought up to its highest pitch, and party feeling ran high through the city, some eager for a new success of their old favorite, and others desiring a maiden triumph for the young aspirant, already known as a gifted poet. The archon, who had not yet appointed the judges of the contest, in his fear that any arbiters appointed in the usual way would fail to unite the people in their decision, took, in a happy moment, the bold step of electing a wholly new tribunal, whose decision he knew would carry all the people. It so happened that Cimon and his nine colleagues—the ten representing, as also the dramatic judges always did, the ten tribes—had just come back from a sacred mission to Scyros, bringing with them the bones of Theseus, to lay them in Attic soil. They had come straight from the Piræus to the Theatre of Dionysus, and at the altar in the orchestra were making their thank-offering for the success of their mission. The archon retains them after their service was over, appoints them the judges, administers the oath, and puts them in the judges’ seats, amidst the acclamations of the assembled citizens. By their votes the prize was adjudged to Sophocles; and so on that day they bade the rising poet be adorned with his first ivy crown—*hedera crescentem ornate poetam*. This triumph, however, of Sophocles, never caused any abiding unfriendly feeling between the older and the younger dramatist. On the contrary, the relation of Sophocles to Æschylus was by far the most important of all the influences of time and circumstance which promoted his growth and culture as a tragic writer. It was much that he was born into the world with the nascent fortunes of liberated Greece, and that his youth was reared and formed when these fortunes were firmly estab-

lished; it was much that when he had reached the full maturity of his powers he lived and labored in the age of Pericles, and, besides enjoying the friendship of that gifted orator and statesman, received into himself all the inspiring influence of that era of intellectual activity marked and known by that name. But these advantages he had in common with all the eminent men of that time; for himself in his own art, in preparation for it, and in all its after exercise, it was his peculiar felicity that he had Æschylus for his predecessor, as a model to study and imitate in all noble conception and execution, as a teacher at whose feet he might dutifully sit, whom he honored and venerated as an elder master, so long as that master lived, and whose memory he cherished with filial affection to the end of his own long life. There is a strange passage in a play of Aristophanes, that brilliant genius of the old Attic comedy, which contains, where you might least expect it, a discriminating testimony to the character of Sophocles, and his relations to Æschylus. It is in the play of the "Frogs," which was exhibited just after the death of Sophocles, Euripides having died the year before, and Æschylus many years earlier. So the great trio were all gone, and the future of Attic tragedy seemed dark. The comic poet introduces Dionysus telling of a descent he had made to Hades, to bring back to earth, even as Orpheus went in quest of his lost Eurydice, the best tragic poet he could find. He says that a noisy contest was going on there, a dramatic one, too. Æschylus had long held the laureate place of tragedy; but Euripides, who had recently come, was winning favor by his newer style, and there was some chance of his getting the tragic throne. But some one asks in the play,¹ "But how was it with Sophocles; did he put in no claim to the throne?" "Oh no, not he," was the reply; "but as soon as he came down, he kissed Æschylus, and slid his right hand into his, and Æschylus at once would have ceded the throne to him; but Sophocles wanted only to be a looker-on; and if Æschylus should win, he would stay where he was; but if not, he said he would himself enter the lists with Euripides." In this comic conceit, Aristophanes reveals to us not only the sweetness of Sophocles' disposition, but also his place in Attic tragedy, and his relation to Æschylus. He was in the eleventh year of his age when Æschylus won his first prize; he had reached his twenty-third year when Æschylus produced the great drama of the "Persæ," that one of his only two historic plays

¹ Line 786, and following, Dindorf's ed., Paris, 1839.

which set upon the Athenian stage that great event in the struggle between Europe and Asia, the rout of Xerxes and the downfall of the Persian power. During all this interval it was his, in common with all Athens, to see and hear the tragedies which the great dramatist exhibited at the successive annual festivals; and what an imaginative study of education and culture to think of that genial Athenian youth looking on from some chosen place in the vast assembly, and following those dramas through all their mighty movements of action, and searching and piercing into all their hidden and intricate springs in poetic and tragic art, feeding soul and mind with their lofty conceptions and lessons of wisdom and truth, inflamed all the while by their excellence, and stirred with high hopes of coming, by and by, to be himself a great poet, and famous to all ages. Sophocles was heir direct to all that Æschylus wrought out for the Attic stage, to the improvements he introduced into its inner economy as well as its outward conduct, and especially the religious teaching with which he informed it, in his new and nobler treatment of the myths and traditions from which its chief materials were always drawn. This teaching Sophocles took up into his own, following on still farther in the path opened by Æschylus as a reformer of the national faith; he was a follower and a pupil, but an independent one, conceiving and working according to his own nature, a nature less grand and majestic, but certainly more calm and sustained, and more harmonious in itself and all its development. Æschylus is described by scholars¹ who know him best as a sublime genius, partaking of the tone and quality of that superhuman and heroic realm he always dwelt in, amid beings and scenes which it is hard for ordinary mortals to reach—a warlike and overwhelming nature, dealing with the conflicts of men and gods with one another and with destiny, grappling and closing, in the drama of fiction, with the stout problems of fate and free-will, with the same impetuous and victorious force as in the drama of life he encountered and vanquished the Persians at Marathon and Salamis. But in reading Sophocles we seem to get near to the writer, and enter into a human sympathy with him; and yet he draws his subjects from the same mythic realm, and in his interpretation of its life deals with the same complex and perplexing conditions of man's spiritual being and destiny. His art is no less ideal; his charac-

¹ Especially by Dronke in *Jahrbücher für Philologie*, 4th Suppl. Band, pp. 1-100.

ters, too, are ideal; but they are human; though of a divine kinship, they yet are living and moving upon the earth, our habitation; ever under the control of a divine government, and subject to its eternal laws, but yet freely acting out of human feelings, impulses, and motives. Sophocles is ever so quiet and serenely thoughtful, harmonizing so far as he may all opposing and jarring forces, and when he cannot go farther, sure in his faith that there is a remoter concord somewhere, if only man had the spiritual insight and sensibility to see and feel it. In Sophocles, indeed, we are aware of the presence, not so much of a sharp intellectual apprehension, which seeks to fix in precise forms the knowledge wrung from wrestling thought, but rather of the undimmed inner sense,¹ which sees and feels the truth as by immediate intuition. We may apply to him words of his own, left in one of his brief Fragments:—

“A heart of mildness, full of good intent,
Far sooner than acuteness will the truth behold.”

And then what a perfection of art in all his unfolding and expression of the truth he has thus seen! We are craving in these modern Christian days the fusion and union of religion and culture; and how we miss it often in the best teaching of the pen and of the voice, culture lacking the inspiration of religion, and religion failing to take up into itself and master the resources of culture. In “Sophocles,” the great name of the *pulpit* of the Attic drama, we find a well-nigh perfect combination of art and religion, of the best culture of his age and its best religious ideas. The wonder is that the thousands of the Athenian *demos* had risen to such a high plane of culture themselves that they could fully appreciate these dramas, and sit and listen to them with delight for hours, and even entire days in succession.

But we linger too long on the prologue of the theme; let us come to the scenes themselves. These scenes belong to a career extending over more than sixty years, during which the poet composed ninety tragedies, and twenty times won the tragic crown. Only seven of these tragedies are extant: the “Antigone,” “Electra,” “Trachiniæ,” “Œdipus the King,” “Ajax,” “Philoctetes,” and “Œdipus at Colonus.” Without attempting any analysis of them, or adding to what I have said of their artistic character, I wish to draw attention to some of the religious views which they embody, and to illustrate them by a quotation of passages. It is

¹ See Dronke (as cited above), p. 62.

a subject which has been often treated ;¹ but the present tendencies of classical studies may justify an endeavor to treat it again, even if no new results are reached.

Perhaps the most fundamental of all the religious conceptions of Sophocles is his consciousness of the insufficiency of man in himself for the attainment of the ends of his life, of the vanity of all unassisted human endeavor. This fundamental view is, however, nowise impaired, but rather deepened, by the poet's like constant sense of the dignity of human nature, and of all that is great and noble in the origin and destiny of man. Hence the marked vicissitudes that enter the action of his dramas — of good and ill, of hope and despair, triumph and defeat, glory and shame, which, like alternate storm and shine, chase each other across the scene, and throw their swift succeeding lights and shades over all the landscape. It makes, indeed, the strange irony of the drama as of life, that in spite of what is bravest and best in man and his doings, and even through his own purposed agency, the direst evils befall him. The heroic might of Ajax makes the fatal snare by which he falls ; it is the very love of Deianeira for Hercules that brings mortal agony to him and suicide to herself ; Creon in the very boast of his power utters his weakness ; the wisdom of Œdipus, which solved the riddle of the Sphinx, is blind to the riddle of his own dark life, and the swift steps he takes in his zeal for justice only haste him to his own downfall. Hence the words of the chorus,² when the truth of Œdipus' life is at last revealed.

“ Ah ! race of mortal men,
How as a thing of naught
I count ye, while ye live ;
For who is there of men,
That more of blessing knows,
Than just a little while
To seem to prosper well,
And, having seemed, to fall ? ”

¹ The most recent work on the subject, and one of inestimable value for the study and right understanding of Sophocles, is the essay (referred to above) by the late Gustav Dronke. Professor W. S. Tyler has also discussed it in two able papers on the Theology of Sophocles in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, vols. xvii. and xviii. ; also Professor E. H. Plumptre, in an essay prefixed to his admirable translation of Sophocles ; from this translation we take most of the quotations in this article.

² *Œdipus the King*, 1186–1192.

But this feeling in the poet, of human insufficiency, only lifts him up to faith in a divine Presence and his divine order in the world, in a Supreme Being, almighty and all-wise, to whose laws it is man's highest wisdom to bow himself in reverent submission. For this reverent disposition of the mind Sophocles uses the word *εὐσεβεία*, corresponding to the Latin *pietas*; it is piety thought of and expressed as reverent fear; it discerns in the acknowledgment of man's weakness the divine wisdom and power, and gives the grace of consecration to all human virtue, in that it joins it to the devout fear of God. Many passages illustrate this view. *Œdipus*, in his greeting of Theseus, thus praises Athens: ¹ —

“For I have found
Here only among men the fear of God.”

So, too, the Chorus thus acknowledges the piety of *Electra*: ² “I have ever found thee, albeit thy lot unhappy, winning the victor's prize by loyalty to duty, through thy reverent fear of Zeus.” And of Zeus himself the Chorus also says to *Electra*: ³ “Courage, my child, take courage; in the heavens great is Zeus, who all things oversees and rules.” And both aspects of the truth are presented in a remarkable passage in “*Œdipus the King*”: ⁴ —

“Would 't were my lot to keep
A conscience pure
In words and deeds, whose laws are set on high,
Heaven-born, their only sire Olympus;
Not mortal man begot them,
Nor e'er shall Lethe lull them to repose;
In these there lives a mighty God,
Who ne'er grows old.”

It is to these heavenly laws that *Antigone* appeals from the decree of Creon; and when at last the catastrophe has revealed to the stricken and penitent king his error and guilt, the Chorus utter in the last passage of the drama the great lesson of the blessing that waits upon piety, and the sore penalties exacted of impious pride.

As in obedience to these everlasting laws of right Sophocles places man's virtue and happiness, so in their transgression he sees the source of personal guilt, and all its sure consequences of misery and ruin. And here, passing into the province in which all tragedy moves, we are to observe how Sophocles exhibits, with

¹ *Œdipus at Colonus*, 1125, 1126.

² *Electra*, 1093–1097.

³ *Electra*, 173–175.

⁴ *Œdipus the King*, 863–872.

moral ends in view, the mystery of human suffering, and tries to set it in the light of truth. I shall point to the two chief aspects in which he has presented it: the one, in which suffering is retributive, as punishment for personal and willful transgression; and the other, in which it is disciplinary, and so is healing and chastening. The idea of destiny, which Sophocles received from Æschylus, he himself presents in close connection with the working of the human will. Man may choose between good and evil; but a transgression, a passing over of the fixed line between right and wrong, puts him in the path of guilt and ruin. Sometimes swift following, sometimes lingering and laggard¹ in its coming, calamitous evil is sure to reach him as his portion. The evil, if persisted in, passes ever to worse and to worst in character and in lot. It works always, and nothing but evil. As the German poet, Schiller, briefly expresses it, in illustration of the ancient teaching:—

“Das ist der Fluch der bösen That,
Dass sie fortzeugend Böses muss gebären.”

A dire element of this fruitfulness of evil and its punishment is the judicial blindness with which the transgressor is visited. This is the *Ate*, or the *Erinnys*, which as an avenging Being blinds the guilty one, and drives him on to moral madness. One striking illustration of this view we have in the poet's Ajax. This heroic soul fell a victim to his confidence in himself. In the “pride of his heart he waxed haughty,” and boasted his independence of the gods. To his father's parting counsel, “that with his spear he should strive to win, but with help of God,” he proudly replied: ²—

“My father, with God's help, a man of nought
Might victory win; but I, I trust, shall grasp
Without his aid that glory for myself.”

This insolent pride was his first sin, a pride “going before destruction.” Next, when the arms of Achilles were adjudged to Ulysses, he yielded to deadly anger, and then to a purpose to slay Ulysses, and also the Atridæ, who had adjudged the arms. Then is he smitten with madness, which brings him to disgrace

¹ The poet Horace has also a striking passage on this truth in *O.* III. 2, lines 31, 32:

“Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede pœna claudo.”

² *Ajax*, 764–769.

and humiliation before his foes. Most impressive is the way in which the poet represents both the blinding itself and the lesson which it teaches. It is in the dialogue between Athena and Odysseus. I give only a few lines¹ (and from Plumptre's translation). Athena is speaking as from the sky, unseen by Odysseus:—

Athena. Dost fear so much to see a madman's face?
Odysseus. Nay; were he sane I should not shun him then.
Athena. Though thou be near he will not see thee now.
Odysseus. How so, if he the same eyes has to see?
Athena. Know, I will darken even clearest eyes."

Then after Ajax has appeared, and so changed by his frenzy as even to excite the pity of his adversary, Athena reads thus the lesson to Odysseus:²—

"Do thou, then, seeing this, refrain thy tongue
 From any lofty speech against the gods."
 "The gods love those of ordered soul,
 And hate the evil."

Another illustration we have in Creon, and here the downward steps we can still more easily trace, as belonging to an inward spiritual process. Creon, as we have seen, has uttered his decree, which was in violation of religion and humanity. Antigone has been arrested for violating this decree, and has been brought before the king for judgment. But her defense has stirred Creon's anger all the more, and he has pronounced her doom and sent her away. Hæmon, the king's son, and the affianced lover of Antigone, comes in, and beseeches Creon as father, as king, as man, by justice, by reason, and by the voice of all Thebes, to relent and spare the condemned. But in vain, Creon's heart grows harder, and he bids his son away, declaring that "the girl shall die, and before the eyes of her lover." Now the Chorus remonstrate, but only to push the king, in his yet more hardened heart, to change the sentence to a worse doom—to be entombed alive. Then Antigone herself passes across the scene, heroic to the last in devotion to duty, but yet as human and as woman, mourning that she goes on that last journey "unwept, unwed, and whelmed in woe,—no more to look upon the eye of day." Against all Creon stands unmoved, and his heart now hardened to stone. Then appears the aged seer, Tiresias. Everywhere about him he has read portents of coming disaster, and he comes to beg the king to stop in his mad course. He recounts the por-

¹ *Ajax*, 81, 85.

² *Ajax*, 127.

tents, and then as teacher and prophet bids him heed his lessons of warning: ¹ —

“Think thou on this, my son, — to err, indeed,
Is common unto all; but having erred
He is no longer reckless or unblest
Who seeks for healing, not persists unmoved.
Self-will brings on itself the curse of blindness.”

The self-willed, blinded king, daring to heap upon the seer, as the minister of religion, his words of scorn, must now hear from his prophetic lips the ills that are soon to befall him. Hardly is Tiresias gone when these ills are at the door, and beat thick and fast upon him, now — but too late — beginning to relent; the sight of Antigone hanging dead in her caverned tomb; the suicide of his distracted son, who curses his father as he dies; and then the tidings of his wife's death, who has slain herself in anguish and despair.

But in Sophocles the consequences of the transgression are not limited to the original transgressor. They are transmitted and entailed as an hereditary evil to his descendants, the sins of the fathers visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation, and even ending only with the extinction of the whole race. Thus Antigone, in the third generation from Labdacus, is represented as falling a victim to the curse that lay upon his house; and, indeed, all the woes of the ill-fated Œdipus and his family are in one passage mourned by the Chorus in the “Antigone” as springing from the same source. When Antigone is led out to her doom, the Chorus break forth in the following strain: ² —

“Blessed are those whose life no woe doth taste!
For unto those *whose house*
The gods have shaken, nothing fails of curse
Or woe, that creeps to generations far.”

And in a later strain, ³ still more distinctly, thus: —

“I see the woes that smote, in ancient days,
The seed of Labdacus,
Who perished long ago, with grief on grief
Still falling; nor does this age rescue that;
Some god still smites it down,
Nor have they any end.”

It is to be noted that in this instance the poet makes no mention of the original transgression; but in the other tragic instance, that of Pelops' line, to which Electra, with the Atridæ,

¹ *Antigone*, 1023–1028.

² *Antigone*, 582–586.

³ *Antigone*, 597–602.

belonged, the first sin is directly mentioned, the murder of Myrtilos by Pelops. The deed is so interpreted in a choral ode in the "Electra."¹ Dronke has shown² that Æschylus had anticipated Sophocles in the treatment of this subject, and had brought out with singular clearness and force his view of the hereditary nature of evil. He declares, indeed, that Æschylus, in tracing back the moral curse that befell a whole family to its origin in the sin and guilt of an ancestor, was the first and the last of the Greeks who thus ventured upon the problem of original sin; and he adds the striking remark, that he "needed only to extend his conception from one race of men to the entire human race, to reach the full truth taught by revelation."

I have thus tried to show how Sophocles exhibited human calamity on its retributive side; and as here he fully answered the one moral end assigned to tragedy by Aristotle, of awakening terror at the punishment of the guilty, so also, as we shall now see, he knew how for the other moral end to touch to the quick the sentiment of pity, by representing the chastening and even the glorifying influence of sorrow in the sufferings of the guiltless. It is very characteristic of Sophocles to show how the good as well as the evil are visited with calamity, and what ends of moral government are reached by such visitation. In opposition to the doctrine of the Temanite in the Book of Job,³ he taught that the innocent also perished, and the righteous were cut off; and this, too, for some just and wise end of the just and wise order of the world. This order as planned and carried out by Zeus embraces the whole and each individual of the race. No one comes into account for himself, but as a part of the whole, as a single link in an endless chain; and so, when the plan of the universe demands it, some evil may befall one without any guilt of his own. But the duty lies upon man to submit himself to the laws of right and truth, which are written on the heart; he must cherish a pious fear and trust in a divine superintending power. The poet thus conceives and represents a man as brought to some crisis in his life, where he falls into error, and then by successive steps commits acts of wrong and crime, which he has all the while purposely shunned; and these involve him, of course, in heaviest misfortunes. But the error or the crime is involuntary, and the suffering unde-

¹ *Electra*, 504-515.

² In the essay (as above cited), p. 55.

³ Plumptre, p. 81, and the note; also Dronke, p. 67, as re-cited.

served. But such an one, thus tried by a heavy lot, if only he holds fast to his faith in a divine wisdom, which he may not comprehend, is ever under a divine protecting care; and if he find not a full moral satisfaction here, there must be a hereafter, where the divine plan of the world will reach its consummation. We may illustrate some of these views as they are exhibited in drama by Sophocles. In the tragedy of "Philoctetes," the poet made to pass on the stage before the Athenians scenes of suffering with which they had been familiar in the poetry of Homer. Philoctetes had been one of the suitors of Helen, and, bound by the oath which the suitors had taken in common, he had joined in the expedition against Troy. But on the way, while on the island of Chryse, he was bitten and wounded by the fangs of a serpent; and the wound growing more and more painful, and the distress and sharp cries of the sufferer in the camp making him a burden to his countrymen, at length, at the instance and under charge of Ulysses, he was sent away to the island of Lemnos, and there treacherously abandoned to his fate. There, far away from all companionship and help of men, tortured and wasted from his wound, and dependent upon his bow and arrows for a scanty subsistence, he wore away months and years of a wretched life. With heroic patience he bore all, conscious of no ill-desert, but bitterly feeling that he was the victim of human cruelty, and also tempted often like that other sufferer, and from physical ills, to "fling away his integrity and curse God and die." The Chorus of the play in a wail of pity at the lot of the hero finds it on that account worthy of compassion, that he bears it for no guilt of his own. Meantime, nine years of the Trojan war had passed away. Hector had died, and Achilles and Ajax, and Troy was not yet taken. Now the prophet Helenus told the Greeks that Troy never would be taken but by Neoptolemus, the son of Achilles, and with the bow of Heracles. But Heracles had loved Philoctetes, and at his death had given him his far-famed arrows and bow; and these were with the sufferer on Lemnos. So Neoptolemus and Ulysses were dispatched to Lemnos to bring Philoctetes to the camp before Troy. As the play opens these have just arrived on the island. But through the wiles of Ulysses Philoctetes is doomed to new trials yet worse than physical ones. Neoptolemus, yielding to the persuasions of Ulysses, his ambition getting the better of his honor, has recourse to stratagem. He wins the confidence of Philoctetes by professing sympathy with his distresses, promises to take the exile to his dis-

tant home, and at last is intrusted with the weapons with which he is to take Troy. These successful wiles slowly disclose themselves to their victim; and now he is plunged into new griefs. His confidence betrayed, himself again visited with cruel treachery, he is ready to sink under his too heavy burdens, and to cast himself into the sea. But his distresses now move the soul of Neoptolemus to pity and penitence; he confesses his meanness, restores the weapons, and now gives the sufferer real sympathy and aid. He tells him what he had been taught by the seer Helenus, that all his ills had befallen him by divine direction, as means of good to himself and his country. He was "to be sure of this and write it in the tablets of his mind;" and that the appointed time had now come when he should "be healed of his disease, and then with the help of Neoptolemus lay low the towers of Troy." But not by human lips, by a voice from heaven alone could the sufferer be fully persuaded. Heracles speaks to him from the sky and bids him hear his comforting and assuring words, that confirm those of the seer, which he had just heard. Healing is assured by Zeus through the skill of Asclepius, and then by his hand Troy is to fall. And so with the pious assent of Philoctetes and his words of farewell to the island where he had suffered so long the tragedy ends, the curtain falling on "the voyage of the homeward bound."

But the lessons of human misfortune are unfolded with far more fullness in the two plays of "Œdipus." The words of the Latin poet Terence, "*Non (sum) Œdipus*," have made Roman and perhaps most modern readers chiefly familiar with this name as that of a cunning reader of dark riddles; but in Greek tragedy, this name, even as that of Job in Hebrew literature, is ever associated with a mystery never read by man's wisdom — the sufferings of the righteous. In Œdipus it is not so much the loss of earthly good that makes his tragic story, that he must lose rank and wealth and family, and that he must bear in his grief the harsh judgments and evil tongues of men; it was involuntary errors and crimes that made the worst ingredients in his cup of bitterness. A dark destiny was upon him from his birth. His father had been warned by oracle of dire evil which needs must come if a son were born to him. Yet the son was born; and after his birth, all in vain was it that the father sought to frustrate what had been foretold. Yet worse was it with Œdipus himself. A righteous king, a father of his people, raised to the

throne by his goodness and wisdom, fearing the gods, and perpetually warned by oracles he religiously believed, yet without intending it, without knowing it, he had fallen into the double crime of slaying his father and marrying his mother. For years all goes well with his family and his realm. Children are born to him, Thebes and its people prosper, his kingly name and power seem secure. But by and by all the dire horrors that underlie this seeming prosperity come up to the surface in portentous evils. The wrath of the gods falls upon city and people in a visitation by plague, and an oracle declares that the murderer of Laius must be discovered and punished. The plague smites the cattle, blights the fruits of the earth, sweeps away the first-born of women, all Thebes is full of the dead and the dying. With the description of scenes like these the play of "Œdipus Rex" opens. We see the palace of the Theban king, in front the altar of Zeus and priests and attendants about it in attitude of supplication. They come to tell their sovereign their tale of woe, and beg his succor as one who had once saved the city, and who they believed by his wisdom can save it again. Œdipus comes forth with the state of a monarch, but with the tenderness of a father of his people. He tells them that, smitten as they are, one and all, yet no one is so smitten as himself. "Each his burden bears, his own and not another's; but *my heart* mourns for the state, for you, and *for myself*." How sadly ominous of what, far worse than direst plague, is soon to break upon him! This sore visitation is the first motive to the action, and as the action solemnly moves on the complex web of the intrigue is gradually unraveled in the unfolding and discovery of all the dread history of the ill-fated king. And through all, it is the king who, without a misgiving of himself, and in zealous obedience to the oracle, presses forward all diverse and yet converging lines of inquiry straight to the final catastrophe. In the midst of the testimony, sometimes accordant, sometimes contradictory, a single word of a witness strikes upon him, even as thunder from a clear sky, startling the sudden remembrance of a fatal encounter he once had in self-defense, and instantly with that a suspicion that himself was the murderer of Laius. The queen, who sitting by has heard the testimony, has already foreboded all with a woman's intuition, but she shrinks from further inquiry; the king, however, is pushed on by the very horror of the suspicion, till the storm of the whole revelation bursts upon his head. That single word has proved the last fatal

impulse to the tottering edifice of his prosperity, and in a moment all is in ruin. There can scarcely be a greater contrast in drama or in life itself than in the fortunes of *Cædipus* at the beginning and the end of this tragedy. As in that opening scene he came forth from his palace at the call of his suffering people, by whom he was remembered as once the savior of themselves and their children from the destroyer, "the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him, the aged arose and stood up; men gave ear, and waited and kept silence at his counsel." But now how fallen! "his welfare passed away as a cloud," and "the days of his affliction upon him." He feels that "men must abhor him and flee from him," "he must be their song, their by-word." And his family, his friends, what woes he brings upon them! He weeps for his daughters as he "pictures in his mind the sad and dreary life that awaits them at men's hands in years to come, the friendly gathering, the solemn feasts, to which they may go, and yet, for all the joy, they will have to come back in tears." Nay, he will look upon them no more; and in his distracting anguish he plucks out his eyes, uttering the strange words, that "as *in seeing* they never saw the ills he did, so no more shall they know those whom he had ever loved to know." It must be, he thinks, that some dread power is crushing him, he must be hated by the gods. He prays to be sent out of the land, "to be led away, of all men most accursed, most hateful to the gods." And so there goes forth from the scene the now discrowned king, a bowed and bending form, friendless, homeless, outcast, a blind wanderer into the world, "bearing a burden of countless ills none can bear save himself;" and as he goes the Chorus thus point their moral:—

"From hence the lesson learn ye,
To reckon no man happy till ye witness
The closing day; until he pass the border
Which severs life from death unscathed by sorrow."¹

But "the closing day" of *Cædipus's* life the poet lets us witness in his "*Coloneus*," the last of the plays of his own long life. It is a poem of deftly woven scenes, in which we see the sufferer chastened, ennobled by his sorrow, and at last well-nigh glorified in his mysterious end. Since he was thrust forth from his throne and from Thebes, he has wandered we know not where or how long; yet not quite friendless and alone, for by his side has wandered his faithful daughter *Antigone*, like the after *Cordelia* of

¹ *Cædipus R.*, Plumptre's translation, last lines.

Lear, the staff and comfort of his blind and helpless age. In the opening of the poem they are nearing the plain of Colonus, though all unknown to themselves. But the spot seems to forebode peace to the tired wanderer, for Antigone tells him "it is a holy spot, as one may clearly see; full of laurel, olive, and vine, and many a nightingale singing sweetly within it." But soon they are told that they have encroached upon sacred ground. It is the grove of the Dread Powers; they must quit it at once. But that word, instead of terrifying, reassures the mind of Œdipus, for he recalls an oracular promise he has long kept in his heart, that after many years of suffering he should be "a suppliant at the shrine of dreaded gods, and then should near the goal of his woe-worn life." Dronke, with his profound insight into the nature of Sophocles, has called special attention to the religious sense which the poet had of the communion of man with a Divine Power, whenever there is in his soul a spirit of reverent fear and trust. The gods hear even inaudible prayer, the inward desires of the pious soul; they hear and guide by an inward voice; such a soul listens and follows, often all unconscious, whither and to what it is to be led, but by and by learning and acknowledging it by a grateful experience. So it is here with Œdipus. It is the promises he has heard and has cherished, which in their gradual fulfillment make the precious burden of the poem. Those Dread Powers are now for Œdipus the Eumenides, the gentle ones, and their grove, where other mortals might not set their foot, is for him the chosen sanctuary of rest and peace. Of this he is soon also outwardly assured by Theseus, the Athenian king, who comes out to meet him with all the gracious courtesy of a soul as kingly as his person, and proffers him hospitality and protection. Indeed, a noble figure has Sophocles, as an Athenian poet, here made to pass before his countrymen in Theseus, their ancient king. In sympathy with the sufferings of the wanderer, he tells him that he, too, has struggled through many a risk and peril in a strange land, and even now, though a king, can count no more than other mortals on what the morrow may bring. He accepts the privilege accorded him, as the sovereign of Athens, to receive Œdipus and bury him in Attic soil. No one but himself is to know, and he is to tell no one where Œdipus dies; and for this he is assured Athens will be blessed with "a boon greater than many shields." And now all seems nearing the weary wanderer's earthly end; and all, too, is strangely significant in the manner of his passing

away. The hallowed spot at length found, there takes place a last ceremony of libation and cleansing. Sophocles may have been familiar with it as belonging to the ritual of the sacred grove of his native deme; he may have administered it himself in the functions of the priestly office he held in his later years. First, libations from the flowing stream, poured thrice, turning to the east, and with a *lifting up of holy hands*. Then prayers to be offered, that he may be received and saved as a suppliant. With singular minuteness of detail is the prayer described: "Pray both thyself, and some one in thy stead, in low voice speaking, not in lengthened cry." One other expression should be noted, in illustration of the words *some one in thy stead*. When Œdipus was bidden to go and perform this last service he said to Antigone and Ismene:—

"I may not go. Two evils press on me,
My failing strength and loss of power to see;
Let one of you go on and do these things,
For one soul working in the strength of love,
Is mightier than ten thousand to atone."¹

Then must be said the parting words to his daughters: "And when they had wept and sobbed, and their wailing was ended," there came a silence. "Then a voice called aloud to him and filled them all with fear." This he perceived to be the call of God, and so bade Theseus to come and alone, as had been appointed. So only the two went together, and what then came to pass Theseus only knew; *and he told it not*. Only he was soon seen "*holding his hand to shade his eyes*, as one to whom there comes a vision dread, he may not bear to look upon." "And so," as the "Messenger" in the poem reports it, "he did not leave the world as worn with pain and sickness; but his end, if any ever was, *was wonderful*."

We may readily accept the prevailing view, that this poem belongs to the close of Sophocles' life, so fitting are all its scenes to the contemplation of the poet himself, then awaiting at an advanced age the inevitable hour. And how meet it was for the poet to lay the scenes of such a tragedy in Athens, his birthplace and cherished home for nearly ninety years; to celebrate with his last Muse all that he had so loved from childhood of the scenery

¹ *Œdipus at Colonus*, 495-499; quoted and translated by Plumptre (p. 86), who adds: "We may well say with Dronke (p. 87), that the thought stands out 'with no parallel to it in the literature of antiquity.'"

of his native Colonus, casting a new glory by his poetry over its groves and waters, to which nature had already given such an enduring beauty; to recall and fix in the memory of his countrymen the heroic virtues of their revered Theseus, and to consecrate their city anew and forever as the refuge of the oppressed, and the sanctuary of religion. There is a pleasant story told both by Plutarch¹ and by Cicero,² which gives a special interest to this poem and to the personal history of Sophocles. His sons, declaring that their father was incapable, from imbecile age, of managing his property, appealed to the court to have it taken out of his hands. The poet in his defense simply read to his judges part of this play, which he had just written, and asked whether that were the work of a man in his dotage; when he was at once acquitted by all the votes, and went out of court amidst such applause as he had been wont to win in the theatre. Nor was it strange, for the passage he read was that finest and most musical of the choral odes³ of the Attic drama, in which are sung the beautiful groves of Colonus. We are reminded of the words Plato says⁴ of Apollo's swans, "who, when they are near to die, having sung all their life long, do then sing more sweetly than ever, rejoicing that they are about to go away to the god, whose ministers they are." And so in such a song, having in it and upon it that double grace of art and religion, which had adorned all that he had ever touched, we may think of Sophocles as breathing out his life tranquilly, cheerfully, full of years, crowned with honors, beloved by all men, and "dear to the gods."

The Old Comedy of Athens hushed its voice of license at the tidings of his death, and in the "Muses" of Phrynichus thus honored his memory:—

"Blest, yea, thrice blest was Sophocles, who lived
Long years, — of subtle wit and prosperous life,
Who many noblest tragedies did frame,
And passed away at last without a pang."

¹ *An seni sit gerenda respublica*, 3.

² *De Senectute*, c. 7. But Schöll, in his *Life of Sophocles*, p. 345, considers the story apocryphal, and thinks also that the *Œdipus Coloneus* was written many years before the poet's death.

³ *Œdipus Coloneus*, 668–719.

⁴ *Phædo*, p. 84.

ROMAN WOMEN IN THE FIRST CENTURY OF THE EMPIRE.

WRITTEN FOR THE FRIDAY CLUB, FEBRUARY, 1877.

IT was a pithy word of the sturdy Cato Major: "We Romans, it is true, rule all the world, but we ourselves are ruled by our wives." The old Sabine meant by it no compliment to the sex; it was a rough sarcasm, by which he aimed to sting his fellow-citizens into resistance to the growing influence of the women at a time when a very singular but quite Roman contest was going on in public life. It was a contest for what would be called in modern phrase women's rights. The great question which then agitated all Rome was the abolition of the sumptuous Oppian law which had put grievous restrictions on female dress, and especially the wearing of purple and of ornaments in gold. Livy presents the whole scene in one of his most highly pictured pages. In the college of tribunes, two were in favor of the measure and two against it. Of the consuls, Flaccus was wavering, but Cato inexorable in opposition; and the nobles and the people were also well-nigh equally divided. Pending the public discussion, the women abandoned all their usual avocations, and gave themselves with the utmost zeal to all the arts of canvassing. They poured forth into the streets *en masse*; they besieged all the avenues to the Forum, intercepting the citizen voters as they came down to the assembly and plying them by argument and entreaty to vote for the abolition of the odious law. They even invaded the judicial dignity of the prætors, and set aside the consuls' lictors, to force their way to these higher magistrates and implore their good offices. As might have been expected, when at last the house came to vote upon the bill, the women were triumphant. They overcame the opposition of the recusant tribunes, they carried the suffrages of all the tribes, and, except the inexorable Cato, they conquered and ruled all the Roman world. "*Cuncta terrarum subacta, Præter atrocem animum Catonis.*" And so old Cato's sarcasm proved true, in spite of himself and his characteristic ungallant speech; and the Romans, rulers of the

world, were ruled by their wives. I have begun our discussion with this remark, and the particular scene to which it belongs, because it illustrates a general fact in Roman social and national life. Far more than any other ancient people, and hardly less than any modern one, the Romans accorded to woman a high position, and a commanding influence in the family, in society, and in all the great interests of life. Some of the oldest and the proudest Roman memories are linked to the fortunes of women and their services to the country, whether in the fortitude with which they endured evils or the courage with which they encountered dangers. In the deadly fight which followed the rape of the Sabine women, it was the women themselves who by their bold intervention stopped the unnatural strife and reconciled the combatants, and by their courageous conduct they won grateful honors from Romulus, who called the thirty Curies after the name of their leaders, and instituted the celebrated Matronalia, a national festival, which survived the fall both of the monarchy and of the republic. In the great Volscian war, when Rome was at the mercy of her victorious foe, Coriolanus, the leader and soul of the war, could sternly send back embassy after embassy of the distinguished men of the state who came to sue for peace, but he broke down all humbled and subdued at the coming of a suppliant company of Roman matrons, his mother and wife at their head, and immediately withdrew his army and went himself into voluntary exile. Livy tells us that the Roman men grudged not the Roman women the praise due them for this victory of peace; in honor of their service a temple was built and dedicated to Woman's Fortune on the very spot where the conquering Coriolanus was conquered by his mother's words. It was Roman virgins who were alone counted worthy to keep the sacred fire ever burning in the Temple of Vesta, the national hearthstone. It was only Roman matrons to whom was intrusted the sacred symbol of the worship of Cybele, the great mother of the gods. Two great national revolutions, the overthrow of the monarchy and the abolition of the decemvirate, grew out of the avenging of the invaded honor of woman, and consecrated forever in history the names of Lucretia and Virginia. The heroic Clœlia shared with brave Horatius the honors of the war with Porsena, winning recognition alike from friend and foe, a war-horse adorned with splendid trappings from Porsena, and from the Romans the quite unique honor of a statue of a woman on horseback, which was

set up in the Sacred Way, and which stood there during all the ages of the republic, down to the empire, to perpetuate the memory of her heroism. Not to extend farther these illustrations drawn from the earlier Roman times, let me sum up the truth which they all set forth in the words of the younger Seneca, who lived and wrote in the first half century of the empire, and so may bring me nearer to my immediate theme. In his letter of consolation to Marcia he says, "Who, indeed, can ever assert that nature has dealt ill with woman in respect to intellectual endowments, or has confined her virtues within any narrow limits? In what city is it that we ask such a question? In that one, forsooth, where Lucretia and Brutus overthrew the monarchy; freedom we owe indeed to Brutus, but Brutus himself we owe to Lucretia; in that city, too, where we have put Clælia in respect to courage on a level with men. There in the Sacred Way she sits mounted high on that noble war-horse, and rebukes our effeminate youth who are borne by her on their soft-cushioned litters, that they dare to show themselves thus in a city where women have been honored with an equestrian statue."

During the subsequent ages of the republic and the early period of the empire, the relative estimation in which women were held was never impaired. On the contrary, their position in respect to freedom and independence, and the means of gaining and exerting influence, was constantly rising, while they severely suffered at first from the growing laxity of social morality, and at last came to have their full personal share in the degeneracy and corruption of Roman society. In the contemporary Roman writers we have sufficient material for a delineation of the education, character, and influence of the women of this period. The poetry of Martial and Ovid and of Tibullus, Propertius, and Horace, and especially the Satires of Juvenal and the historical pages of Tacitus furnish lights and the darker shades of the picture of the sex as a whole, as well as full portraits of individual women who figured more prominently in the brilliant society of the imperial capital. To begin with their earliest years, we discover, from the glimpses opened to us by these writers, fond and anxious fathers there were in Rome, and mothers yet fonder and more anxious, who followed their children even in their infancy with their warmest hopes and wishes, and carried them on their hearts and their lips when they went to the temples of the gods. The Roman girls, like all other children, were fondled with caress-

ing names and words; they had their nursery playthings, their New Year and birthday gifts, and were guarded with superstitious care by charms and amulets against the evil eye and other forms of sorcery. Their eager minds were fed by nurses and mothers with stories of virtue and wisdom drawn from the heroic and golden days of their country, and their childish fancy quickened and entertained by excursions into the wonderland of myth and fable, Greek as well as Roman. When the years of education came, they were first of all carefully trained to domestic labors; especially they were taught to spin and weave; for at that time, also, it was common for articles of clothing for the family to be wrought at home by the daughters under the direction of the mother. We are told that Augustus himself had his daughters and granddaughters trained to these useful occupations, and that he was wont to wear tunics and togas that were manufactured under his own roof. Even women that laid no claim to matronly dignity, like the Cynthia of Propertius and the Delia of Tibullus, formed no exception to these honest household labors. It is curious to see in a poem of Tibullus a picture of busy female industry in the interior of this Delia's house that reminds us of Livy's description of the home of the virtuous Lucretia. The lover comforts himself in the pains of absence by fancying the scene of the next meeting; how Delia is at work at evening by lamplight in the midst of her spinning maidens, an aged nurse the while reading aloud a charming story, when the poet breaks in upon the group, and Delia springs forth to meet him with bare feet and hair all streaming over her neck and shoulders. And though a later writer living in Claudius' reign complains that the women are growing luxurious and lazy, that they neglect even their domestic spinning, the complaint itself only proves what was still the Roman custom, though in some cases it was honored more in the breach than in the observance. The education by books and teaching was usually conducted at home for the girls of the higher classes, while the people in general were wont to send their children to the common school, which, in Martial's words, the schoolmaster kept with a rigid discipline, his "head hated alike by boys and girls," "*invisum pueris virginibusque caput.*" Horace complains that the Roman boys were drilled all too much in arithmetic, and always with an eye to its sordid uses in making money; however that may have been, the chief subjects of instruction for the girls were the masterpieces of Greek and Roman letters, espe-

cially the poets. Sometimes the mothers themselves read Homer and Virgil to their daughters, but generally they had teachers who came to the house and gave lessons in the study of these and other poets. Special attention was also given to the instruction of girls in music and dancing. The poet Statius describes his step-daughter as a model of a well-educated Roman maiden. He assures her fond mother that soon her daughter will find a husband, at least that she deserves the best one alike for her personal charms and for her mental gifts and attainments; whether she plays on the lute, singing her father's songs from melodies of her own composing, or whether she moves gracefully in the mazes of the dance. "Yet," he adds, "her talents and her musical skill are far surpassed by the virtues of her character." It was the custom for girls from the noblest families, three times nine in number, to precede the processions on holy days, singing in chorus the sacred hymns. Horace, in a charming stanza, bids those who were maidens at the date of his secular hymn to remember by and by, when wedded wives, how then they "sang song dear to gods, song taught by him, — Horace, the poet." Another picture of such a well-educated girl is given by the younger Pliny, in his eulogy of the daughter of the Consul Fundanus, who died just before the day appointed for her wedding. "She was not yet quite fourteen," he says, "and yet she united a maiden's modesty and grace with womanly dignity. How fondly she hung upon her father's neck! How she loved her attendants and her teachers, each according to his rank! How diligent, how intelligent, in her studies! With what skill she played upon musical instruments! And with what patience and composure she bore her last illness!"

Very early the parents sought to secure the future fortune of their daughters by a suitable marriage. The Roman girl reached her majority in respect to marriage at twelve years of age, and it may be said that, as a rule, Roman women were married between the twelfth and the seventeenth year. The completed nineteenth year was looked upon as the quite late limit for marriage. In regard to men, it may be said that the usual age for marriage was twenty-five, the age which was fixed by law for entering the quæstorship, the first in time of the civil offices. The historian Tacitus married Agricola's daughter at the age of twenty-four, and when the bride was thirteen. Agricola himself was married at twenty-three. Ovid makes it the burden of a line in his "Tristia," that he had a wife given him when he was yet a boy, and he adds that

she was "neither worthy nor useful" ("*nec digna nec utilis*"). The young Marcellus was married at eighteen, and Julia, the emperor's daughter, whom he married, was fourteen. Many other similar instances might be cited. Girls were often betrothed in childhood, but Augustus decreed that none should be betrothed earlier than at ten years of age. The betrothal was always a festive occasion, celebrated in the presence of a large company of the family and friends of the parties. I have not space to dwell upon the preparations for the marriage, or the details of the wedding ceremony. It is worthy of note that the bride took leave of her childhood by a formal consecration of her dolls and other toys to the deities who had hitherto watched over her, and that on the momentous day she was dressed and adorned for the long-expected hour only by the hands of her mother. Already at early morn the houses of both parties were filled with relations and friends, who also assisted at the signing of the marriage contract. Both houses glittered in festive adornments, and the *atria* were hung with garlands and branches of laurel. At the home altars, and also in the temples, libations and sacrifices were made, and wherever the marriage procession went, the streets were crowded with spectators. In olden time the bride was conducted to the house of her husband on the rising of the evening star, and though this custom had long since passed away, yet it was always a torch procession which brought her to her new home, with the accompaniment of lute and song. Arrived there and lifted over the threshold, she was escorted to the *triclinium*, where was celebrated the marriage feast. The luxury which had come to prevail at these feasts had brought about a sumptuous law of Augustus, which restricted the outlay to one thousand sesterces, about forty dollars, but the smallness of this sum makes it well-nigh sure that this law, like all Roman enactments of this class, was never observed.

At marriage the Roman woman passed at once from a condition of dependence and subjection to one of unlimited freedom; to herself, especially considering her extreme youth, it must have seemed an emerging into a new world, a sudden opening and widening all around her of the horizon of her life. Hitherto confined and indeed immured within her father's house, hardly passing beyond the bounds of the nursery and the schoolroom, under the strict custody of parents and attendants and teachers, she suddenly found herself in a domestic realm of her own, where she was an acknowledged sovereign by the side of her husband. And outside

of this, her own peculiar sphere, if she belonged to a family of rank, she had now the *entrée* into the great and brilliant, though most perilous world of imperial Roman society. In her own home, never confined, like the Greek woman, to any *gynæceum* or woman's apartments, she had always the free range of the whole house, as *materfamilias* and as *domina*, presiding over the household, and sharing with her husband, on equal terms, all its honors at the table, in the *atrium*, and at all entertainments. Tacitus' brief description of the conjugal relations of Agricola and his wife is an illustration in real life of the ideal of a genuine Roman marriage. "They lived together," he says, "in wonderful harmony, by means of mutual affection, and by each in turn preferring the other." "With this exception," he adds, with a tacit allusion to the corruption of the times, "with this exception in favor of the wife, that a good wife always deserves the greater praise in proportion as a bad one incurs the more blame." The Roman religion consecrated Juno as the guardian divinity of the conjugal union, who, as the spouse of Jove and the queen of Olympus, was worshiped as the presiding genius of woman and the protectress of her married life. I may venture here the reflection that, if we may credit Homer's description of the many quite serious disturbances in the Olympian household which grew out of the imperious will of Jove, we may well believe that Juno was eminently qualified, by personal sympathy, to be the protectress of her sex in the households of earth. Be that, however, as it may, Juno had always a cherished shrine on the Palatine, and as the Roman husbands were not all like Agricola, this shrine was an asylum, whither an injured wife was wont to betake herself to make known her grievances; and she would not return to her home till her repentant husband sought her out and brought her back, with promises of reparation and amendment. It is a good testimony which Plutarch bears to Cato Major, that with all his sternness he was a dutiful and humane husband; and he quotes a golden remark of his, "that men who maltreated their wives, laid violent hands on the choicest sanctuaries of earth; and that for himself he honored far more a good husband than a wise senator." In other than personal relations the position of the Roman wife was a very independent one. The old law, which gave to the husband as his own the dowry which his wife brought and all else which she had possessed, was now no longer in force, and the existing law vested in the woman the right to her property. It was now only the

dowry that came into possession of the husband, nor was the right to this an unlimited one; the rest of her property the wife retained in her own right as possession as well as in use. In point of fact, however, there was in the marriages of this period a common use of the property of both parties, and the legal division took place only in case of death or of divorce. There were some results of these legal and actual relations in ancient Rome of a quite human sort, which we find sufficiently illustrated in modern times. It was not uncommon for men who had been unfortunate in business, and were unable to pay their debts, to make over to their wives such property as they had left, and so the creditors could lay no claim to it. Sometimes, too, the wife chose to have her property managed by a procurator, or an attorney, instead of by her husband. Such an agent not unfrequently proved dishonest, and squandered the property confided to him, or, what was far worse, became, in a bad sense, the wife's confidential friend. One of Martial's most pointed epigrams turns upon a relation of this kind. Let me give a version of it. "Who is that curled little fellow, my good Marianus, who always keeps so close to your wife, who has his arm about her chair, and seems to be whispering something soft in her ear? Who is the fellow, pray?" "Oh, that is my wife's attorney," is the reply; "he manages her affairs." "Ah, an attorney; yes, that is plain enough, I see; but whose attorney, that's the question; let me tell you now, he's your attorney, not your wife's; and not her affairs he manages, but your own, my blind friend."

As another result of such an independent position, it sometimes happened that women who together with riches could boast of a long line of noble ancestors usurped the exclusive control of household affairs, and ruled their husbands as well as their children and servants. The poets are full of illustrations of this phase of Roman life. It was found that women who carried the purse managed also to get and keep the reins in the house. Juvenal tells us that in such a case the "*hoc volo, sic jubeo*" of the wife was the ultimate reason of all things. Horace counts it a blessed thing in the barbarism of the Scythians, that there "no dowered wife rules the husband;" and Martial, when asked why he did not marry a rich wife, answered, "Because I don't want to become the wife of my wife."

Outside of her own home the position of the Roman woman of this time was also one of great freedom. Though in earlier times

the domestic virtues of a Roman matron were of chief value, yet even then she was never kept in seclusion. Even in the last age of the republic, Nepos, while comparing Greek and Roman manners, asks, "What Roman hesitates to take his wife with him to a party? or what Roman matron do we not see holding the first place in her own home, and also mingling in general society?" But the far freer manners of the empire widened to the utmost limits the old usages, and women were not only present with men at banquets and general parties, but visited all places of public amusement, as the circus, the theatre, and the amphitheatre. Introduced thus at once at marriage under such conditions as these into the great world of Roman life, the Roman woman of rank was exposed to a moral ordeal always most perilous, and often fatal to personal character. Allurements and temptations beset her every step, and disturbing and corrupting influences poured in upon her from all sides. In her own house, which of itself was a little world with its extended possessions, its legions of slaves, its numerous train of clients and dependents, she was greeted and acknowledged as *domina* and even *regina*, and there her will was absolute law. In society she saw men paying court to her, young and old, scholars and soldiers, the wealthy and the high-born, all vying with one another for her favor. Whatever claims to admiration she might have, whether beauty, or grace of manners, or talents, or culture, were sure to win brilliant recognition. In the circles in which she moved, vanity, love of pleasure, ambition, might be fully gratified; intrigues had fullest scope of opportunity, passion the strongest excitements, coquetry the utmost variety of subject. "Nothing," says the philosopher Seneca, "was secure in such an ordeal; whatever and whoever it may be is in some way and at some moment assailed and carried." Let us unfold this general view into some particular illustrations. The institution of slavery had now at Rome, as always and everywhere, a most pernicious influence on the morality of domestic and married life. The prevailing low estimate in which the common house slaves were held as beings hardly belonging to the human race was so demoralizing that young and gentle women could come to treat them, without compunction, with wanton and even brutal cruelty. If we are to give historical value to the pictures drawn by Ovid and Martial and Juvenal of every-day dressing-room scenes in Roman mansions, we must believe that the poor female slaves were liable, even for the pettiest mistake or over-

sight in the grand business of the toilette, not only to be petulantly abused by the sharp finger-nails and violent hands of their mistresses, but to be lashed to blood and even to death by professional scourgers and executioners. Ovid in one place begs his fair readers never in a fit of ill-humor to scratch the faces of their slaves, or to stick the hair-pins into their neck and breast; and in another he praises the clemency of Corinna, in that her hair-dresser never went from her with arms all swollen and bloody from the cruel pins. But such treatment was only gentle when compared with the atrocities described by other writers. Hadrian is said to have banished a woman who shockingly maltreated her female slaves. It was the class to which this criminal belonged which Juvenal describes in his Sixth Satire. From this Satire, which is devoted to the condition and life of the women of his time, I give one passage, in Gifford's words: —

“ There are who hire a beadle by the year,
 To lash their female slaves, who pleased to hear
 The eternal thong, bid him lay on, while they
 At perfect ease, the silk-man's stores survey,
 Chat with their female gossips, or replace
 The cracked enamel on their treacherous face.
 No respite yet. They leisurely hum o'er
 The countless items of the day before,
 And bid him still lay on; till faint with toil,
 He drops the scourge, when with a rancorous smile,
 ‘ Begone,’ they thunder in a horrid tone,
 ‘ Now your accounts are settled, rogues, begone.’ ”

But slavery ministered to other passions no less ruinous to morals through the male slaves who served in various ways in a Roman house as cooks and waiters, as messengers, and as *lecticarii* or chair-men. These were often in great request, and brought high prices for their beauty and their intelligence and accomplishments. Slaves and freedmen were also attached to a house more or less directly as *moriones* or jesters, or as musicians, or as pantomime players, or athletes and gladiators. Already in earlier times the conjugal infidelity of men was often a consequence of slavery, and now with the growing license in morals the women claimed and used the right of retaliation upon their lords.

Other influences there were no less corrupting in Roman society. Perhaps among them might be reckoned the reading of some of the literature of the times; and yet such productions as Ovid's “Elegies” and “The Art of Loving,” poems no less vicious in

their complexion and tone than exquisite in their finish of numbers and diction, were rather symptoms than causes of the prevailing corruption. More direct and more general were the evil influences of the fine arts in painting and sculpture, in interior decorations, and in trinkets and domestic utensils of all kinds. In one of his elegies Propertius bitterly complains of "the hand that was the first to paint obscene pictures and put base sights in a chaste home." "Such an one," he says, "corrupted the ingenuous eyes of virgins, and would fain have them versed in his own iniquity." The Museum at Naples and the unearthed Pompeii from which it was filled are a full, yet extant commentary of the poet's words. Two prolific sources of immoral influence Tacitus mentions in a significant passage. In his description of the women of the rude Germans he says, with grave reflection upon his own countrywomen, "Thus then they live, their virtue guarded, corrupted by no allurements of theatres, no excitements of social banquets." The passion for public shows was a marked characteristic of the Roman women of this time. Thither they came, as Ovid says in an often quoted passage, "to see and to be seen," "like thick swarming bees, our women crowd the theatre, all in their gayest attire;" and he adds in a comprehensive word, "that place has always had its losses of virtue ever since the first shows of Romulus and the rape of the Sabine women." Propertius congratulates a female acquaintance that she is going into the country where she will be away from the seductions of the theatre and of the circus. At the latter place, since Augustus' time, women might sit with men, while at the theatre and amphitheatre the sexes were obliged to sit apart. Indeed, Augustus excluded women entirely from the performances of wrestlers, and so punctilious was he on this head, that in the great games he exhibited on his accession to the office of chief pontiff, he put off till the next day the fight of a pair of combatants which the people called before, and made known his will by proclamation, that no woman should appear till after this part of the show was over. Probably the circus, with all the excitements of the races, furnished more innocent holiday shows than the theatre and the amphitheatre. The bloody fights and encounters with wild beasts were no less fatal to gladiators and martyrs than they were deadening and deadly to the sensibilities and humanities, especially of woman. But the low comedies and broad farces of the stage which were the passion of the masses, and the more artistic but far more licen-

tious pantomime dances, the pet *delicia* of the higher classes, were full of motive to sensual excitements and passions. The allurements of convivial occasions Tacitus coupled with those of the public spectacles; for at these luxurious scenes similar influences prevailed, as music and dance and theatricals were the usual means of entertainment. Here, as Quintilian says, chaste ears must needs listen to unchaste songs, and things shameful to *see* of are *seen*, dances of Syrian or Andalusian girls, which rival in voluptuous wantonness the worst pantomime performances of the stage. All writers agree in their testimony to a general tendency to immorality of women as of men, as the results of such causes as these which were at work in Roman society. The pathetic verses of Horace, the sad complaints of Propertius, and the bold jests of Ovid, all agree with the debates in the senate and with the legislation of Augustus in bearing witness to the contempt and violation of marriage ties, and the prevalence of licentious living. Horace, coming to the aid of Augustus, declares that the age fruitful in crime first polluted wedlock and offspring and home, and from this fountain flowed a stream of poison over the whole country and people. Propertius asks, "Of what avail are temples of Chastity if it is allowed any wife to be whatever she may please?" And Ovid joins in with his sneer, "Chaste only are the women who have never been wooed, and quite too rustic are the men and innocent of Roman usage who fret over an unfaithful spouse." The younger Seneca declares, "that it has now gone so far that women have husbands only to attract lovers; that they divide the day among their lovers, and the hours of the day are not enough. An affair with only one lover our women contemptuously call marriage, and she who does not know that is styled simple and old-fashioned." It is a bitter taunt of Tacitus against Roman vice, when he says of the Germans, "there no one laughs at vices, nor is it called the fashion of the age to corrupt and to be corrupted." Martial's epigrammatic word, "no woman in the whole city says No," and Juvenal's descriptions in his Sixth Satire, exaggerated as they doubtless are, must yet have rested on a basis of truth. The levity with which the marriage tie was joined and the frequency and ease by which it was broken in divorce are of themselves a testimony to the immorality of the times. Seneca declares that there were women who reckoned the years, not by the successive consuls, but by their successive husbands; and Juvenal savagely says that "many a woman gets

divorced before the laurel branches have faded that decked her wedding threshold." The Julian laws, though they were designed to repress looseness of morals, yet by their practical working were sometimes the direct causes of these divorces and swift succeeding marriages. Martial has a strange epigram on this head: "Since the Julian law," he says, "was reënacted, it is either less, or certainly not more, than thirty days, and here is Madame Telesina just married to her tenth husband. Whoever," he adds, "marries so many times does not marry at all; she is an adulteress by law." Such words may be either bitter or jesting exaggerations, but the reality must have been signally bad. A long list, indeed, might be easily made of the many divorces known in history in the lives of persons of the highest rank, in imperial families, and in court life. Augustus himself was twice divorced, first from Claudia, Antony's step-daughter, whom he put away on account of a quarrel with his mother-in-law. He then married Scribonia, who herself had been twice married to men of consular rank. On divorcing her, he immediately married Livia, then the wife of Tiberius Nero, first compelling Tiberius to divorce her. The old and the new husband and their common wife sat down together at the marriage supper. Antony, too, divorced Octavia, the sister of Augustus, on account of his passion for Cleopatra. The Emperor Claudius was twice divorced; I may add that his third wife, the notorious Valeria Messalina, he murdered, a fate she richly deserved; but in his turn he was himself poisoned to death by his fourth wife, Agrippina, who was his niece. Nero divorced his young and virtuous wife Octavia in order to marry the infamous Poppæa; this second wife he killed by his brutal treatment; he then proposed to marry Octavia, the daughter of Claudius and his sister by adoption, and on her refusal he put her to death. It is refreshing to turn from such records of imperial profligacy to the instance preserved to us by Dion Cassius of the long and virtuous and happy married life of the Consul Lucretius Vespillo. We have it in Vespillo's own words, written on the decease of his wife: "Seldom are there marriages of so long continuance, and dissolved, not by divorce, but only by death; for to us it was granted that ours continued without reproach to the forty-first year." I have just alluded to the profligate example in married life of the Emperor Augustus, though what I have mentioned does not cover the half of the profligacy of this example. But it belongs more directly to this part of my subject to remark, that it was the emper-

or's doom to have in his only daughter Julia, and in her daughter of the same name, signal and notorious instances of the profligacy of the women of the time, "Even-handed justice thus commending to his own lips the ingredients of his poisoned chalice." His daughter Julia had been educated with the utmost strictness, under the constant supervision of her father, her studies pursued under the best teachers, alternating with the labors of the loom and the needle. At the age of fourteen she was married to her cousin, the young Marcellus, whose early death, consecrated by the verse of Virgil, was a keen disappointment to Augustus, and the lamentation of all Rome. At the age of sixteen she was married to the celebrated Marcus Agrippa, who was, in order to this marriage, obliged by the emperor to put away his wife Marcella, the niece of the emperor; and eleven years later, on the death of Agrippa, to whom she bore two daughters and three sons, she was married a third time, when twenty-seven, and now to Tiberius, Livia's eldest son, who was also obliged, for this purpose, to divorce his wife Vipsania (who was the daughter of Agrippa by a former consort), and to whom he was strongly attached. Doubtless these marriages, entered into from no choice of her own, but only from considerations of family and policy on the part of her father, were most demoralizing to herself. Distinguished for her beauty and her winning and elegant manners, and no less for her mental gifts and attainments, and especially her quick and lively wit, skilled, too, in the now Roman accomplishments of song and dance,—with these brilliant personal and social qualities, enhancing her claims of birth and rank as the daughter of the emperor and the wife of the first soldier of the time, she rose at once, a bright and glittering figure, into that elevated sphere of Roman society where she was destined to move and shine for a while, and then to fall into darkness and ruin. Young and full of spirits, fond of pleasure and excitement, proudly conscious of the power she could wield by her position as well as by her personal attractions, she courted the admiration she could not fail to excite, and surrounded ever by Roman youth as dissolute in heart and life as they were noble in birth and accomplished in manners, she lapsed soon, through easy transitions of levities and indiscretions in speech and conduct, into intrigues and vices, which became known to all Rome, and were talked of by every idle tongue, though they escaped the observation of her indulgent father. Sometimes, it is true, he would chide her love of display and her too free style of dress as well as

manners in company, but she knew how to ply him with flattering arts and win back his favor. It is related, when she once appeared in his presence most brilliantly attired, he gave evident signs of his displeasure, though he said not a word. The next day she appeared in the most decorous habiliments of a grave Roman matron, when he at once exclaimed, that now she was adorned as became the daughter of Cæsar. She archly replied: "To-day I am dressed to please my father; yesterday I thought to please my husband." When once she was told how far her manners were removed from the simplicity of her father's, she replied: "Yes, he forgets that he is Cæsar; I can never even remember that I am Cæsar's daughter." But too soon, by a steep descent in vice, she reached the lowest excesses; and these, if we may credit such writers as Seneca and Suetonius, were no less open than profligate, and indulged in with companions taken indifferently from the lowest and the highest orders in Rome. With such guilty companions she traversed the streets by night, and even the Forum and the rostra were the scenes of her orgies. When at last the revelations of her depravity burst full upon her father, he visited upon her the utmost severity of retribution. Passing all bounds of discretion, as well as of self-respect, he sent in a message to the senate, openly proclaiming the guilty conduct of his daughter, and declaring against her an act of banishment to a barren island off the coast of Campania. There for five years she was doomed to live, her mother, the long ago divorced Scribonia, alone sharing her exile, and she was scarcely allowed the ordinary comforts of life. She was afterward removed to Rhegium, but kept still in close confinement and distress. Her father's indignation against her continued to the last day of his life, his last will and testament denying her all share in his estate, and his unfortunate but guilty daughter died soon after himself of a wasting consumption, hastened by grief and want. It was an aggravation of the grief of Augustus in his last years, that his daughter's daughter, the second Julia, inheriting the evil blood of her mother, followed her with a perverse emulation in her downward path of vicious indulgence, and came to a like disgraceful end. Her looseness of life became at last such a scandal to the imperial house, that she was banished by the emperor to a little island off the coast of Apulia. Suetonius relates that Augustus, on any mention of these two Julias, was wont to exclaim in the words of Homer, "Would I had died without a wife or child." A yet more noto-

riously bad name of this time is that of Agrippina the second, the granddaughter of the first Julia, the evil thus reappearing in the third generation. After the death of her second husband, whom she was believed to have poisoned, she became notorious for her scandalous amours, no less than for her intriguing ambition. For one of her intrigues she was banished by the emperor. She was afterward restored on the accession of her uncle, the Emperor Claudius, over whom she soon gained, by her fascinations, so powerful an influence that he put his wife to death and married her, having the marriage with her, as his niece, legalized by a decree of the senate. Five years later, after a series of horrid murders, she got rid of the old emperor by poisoning him, through the aid of the notorious Locusta. She thus brought to the throne her son Nero, who had been adopted by Claudius to the prejudice of his own son Britannicus. She at last became so odious even to Nero by her crimes as well as her state intrigues that by his orders she was murdered. But even a worse woman than this Agrippina, and the last of this class which I will mention, was Valeria Messalina, who was the immediate predecessor of Agrippina as the wife of Claudius. Alike by the pen of history and of satire is her character drawn in the darkest colors. Avaricious, cruel, implacable, ambitious, her vicious nature culminated in vileness not to be described. But this dark side of the picture of the times is relieved by eminent examples of female virtue. These are found, too, in the same elevated circles, and often in the same families as those I have mentioned. Such was Agrippina the first, the sister of the second Julia, and the daughter of the first Julia. She was the wife of Germanicus, a name honored and loved by the Romans alike for his eminent virtues, talents, and services, and in his sad and premature death illustrating what Tacitus finely calls "the brief and ill-starred loves of the Roman people." Agrippina was in all respects worthy of her noble consort; gifted in mind and endowed in character with all the qualities of a Roman matron, a spotless chastity, a love for her husband sincere and lasting, and a sympathy with all his great designs, and a true mother's tender and watchful love for her children. The picture drawn by Tacitus of her reception by consuls, senate, and the whole Roman people when she arrived at the gates of the city, accompanied by her children, and bearing in her arms the urn of her husband's ashes, is one of the most touching and impressive in all his "Annals;" and what fastens to it most of all the interest of every beholder is the

reverent love conspicuous in every face in that gathered crowd for the bereaved widow, mingled with profound regret for the death of her brave and virtuous husband. Such examples, also, were Antonia, the sister of Marcus Antonius, and Octavia, his wife, women of whom the dissolute triumvir was never worthy. The fortitude and dignified reserve with which Octavia bore her husband's infidelities and her tender, undying grief for her lost Marcellus are only single traits of her noble character. Her beauty vied with her virtue in winning and securing to the end of her unhappy life the admiration of the Roman people. Plutarch characterizes her as "the marvel of the sex." She had worthy successors in her own family in her daughters, the Antoniaë, and in her niece, also named Antonia, and in Octavia, her great-granddaughter, all of whom were admired in their time for their exalted character. To these names may be added those I have already alluded to as belonging to an humbler, but no less noble class of Roman women, Domitia Decidiana, the wife of Agricola, and their daughter, the wife of Tacitus; and others doubtless there were of the same class in society, who, if they had become known to fame by like fortunes, would now shine with like lustre as virtuous ornaments of their sex.

I have hardly left myself sufficient time and space to illustrate the influence exerted by the Roman women of this time in other spheres of life. In the freedom and independence which was allowed them there was a temptation to some of a coarser nature to strive for distinctions uncongenial to their sex, and to engage in occupations at war with any just conceptions of womanly character. Such as these were doubtless few, though they are mentioned by Juvenal, — women who were ambitious of excelling in feats of strength, as gymnastics or gladiatorial fights, or spent their nights in carousing, or who as litigious women took kindly to prosecutions, and themselves prepared the indictments and arguments. But the ambition of women of eminent abilities took a higher and nobler flight; they coveted and often gained immense influence in politics and public life. The destinies of the Roman world were not seldom determined by such women, many an empress ruling in the name of her consort, and others of less exalted rank having an active and most important part in the affairs of state. Augustus himself was often controlled in his measures by Livia, who was called by her grandson Caligula "a Ulysses in woman's dress." In her early youth she easily won Octavian by

her beauty and her fascinating manners ; and it may be said of her, that, unlike many other Roman women of such personal charms, she never tried to win any one else ; but the influence which she thus gained was afterward surpassed in duration and power by that which she acquired over him when he had become the Emperor Augustus, by her force of intellect, her knowledge of human nature, and especially her perfect knowledge of her husband's character. Her ambition was bent upon securing the succession to her son Tiberius, and so to her own family ; but she had formidable obstacles to contend with in the preference of Augustus for his own family in the persons of his sister's children and later the children of his daughter Julia. She shrewdly laid her plans, and though often disappointed, yet never lost sight of them, and retaining through all vicissitudes an unbounded influence over Augustus, she at last got rid of all rivals, and secured the succession to her son Tiberius. On the death of Augustus and the succession of Tiberius, she was adopted by the emperor's will into the Julian Gens, and received by consequence the name of Julia Augusta. For several years she was the real sovereign, though acting in the name of Tiberius, and finally the senate were proposing to confer upon her extraordinary honors ; her son, however, was now roused to jealousy of his mother's position and influence, and commanded her retirement from public affairs. Still to the last she maintained her ascendancy over Tiberius, and only the feebleness of age brought to an end her practical sovereignty. She died at the advanced age of eighty-six, after having had for more than sixty years, as the wife of Tiberius Claudius, the imperial spouse of Augustus, and the mother of the Emperor Tiberius, a larger share of actual power in the Roman government than any other individual in the state. In carrying out her ambitious plans, Livia had long a powerful rival in the emperor's sister Octavia, who was also a woman of conspicuous ability in Roman politics. She defeated Livia in her two successive efforts for the promotion of Tiberius, the first time when she gained Julia as the wife of her son Marcellus, and the second time after Marcellus' death by inducing Augustus to marry the young widow to Agrippa rather than to Tiberius. In the earlier years of her wedded life, before Marcus Antonius was infatuated by the Egyptian queen, she rendered important service to the state by averting through her intervention the misunderstandings which constantly were arising between Antonius and Octavius. The strong hold

which she had upon the admiring and even fond love of the Roman people she kept to the end of her life, and at her death her memory was honored by a public funeral, the first instance in Roman history of such a distinction conferred upon a woman. The name of Mæcenas is familiar to all, not only as a patron of letters, but also as the most influential of the emperor's ministers. In a long course of years he gave direction in many ways to the affairs of the state, but one is here reminded again of the word of Cato, for Mæcenas was ever under the domination of his wife Terentia hardly less in all his state policy than in his personal and domestic affairs. She had also by her personal charms and vigorous mind a commanding influence over Augustus himself, whose intimacy with her was a perpetual source of jealous irritation to her fond husband. His married life was a constant succession of quarrels and reconciliations, a fact which elicited Seneca's witty remark, that Mæcenas married a thousand times, but every time the same woman. But of the Roman women who moved in the higher circles of society, far more were interested in the pursuits of literature, and especially of poetry, than in political affairs. Doubtless many only affected a love of poetry, and aimed rather to shine, it may be, as some of the satirical writers declare, by superficial attainments than to gain real acquisitions in knowledge and permanent literary tastes. Thus Ovid writes: "Poems are praised, but yet great fortunes are sought; if only he be rich, a very barbarian pleases. Yet lettered girls there are, though a quite select set; the crowd are not lettered, but they would fain seem so." Plutarch mentions that a philosophical work was dedicated to Octavia, the sister of Augustus, on account of her interest in learned studies; and Macrobius mentions among the attractions of the emperor's daughter Julia "a love of letters and much erudition." The wife of the tragic poet Varius is described as a woman of high cultivation.

It was the fortune of Ovid to have a daughter who inherited her father's poetic gifts, and who elicited from him glad words of praise for her own efforts in verse. From his distant and lonely exile on the shores of the Euxine, whither he was banished by the Emperor Augustus, — for what cause the world never knew, — he wrote her a poetical epistle which has come down to us, a bright gem that throws its rays of light over the prevailing darkness of his "Tristia." He tells her of his fancy that the letter will find her at home sitting with her sweet mother, or in the midst of her

books and the Muses. For himself he is still living, and from his ever-enduring misfortunes he, too, turns to the Muses and weaves his sad thoughts and his fond memories of home and family into elegiac verse. "Are you, too, my daughter, still clinging to our common studies, and singing your songs, now unheard by your absent father? For Nature gave you with chaste manners rare gifts of genius. So long as the Fates allowed, you were wont to read your poems to me, and I mine to you; often was I your critic, oftener your teacher. It may be that your father's fate as a poet is deterring you from poetry. But fear not; be of good courage, go on, devote yourself to beautiful letters; all else, personal beauty, riches, fortune are fleeting and pass away; nothing do we hold that is not mortal save only the good things of heart and mind. I even, torn from you, from home, from country, have yet my genius for company. Even Cæsar could have no power over that; and when all my sad days are gone, my poetic fame shall live." Strange that a poet who could write such high thoughts could have ever descended to the "Amores" and the "Ars Amandi"! In a letter of the younger Pliny his wife is described as a woman of literary culture, and though not an author herself, yet interested in all her husband's professional pursuits. "My books," he says, "she reads again and again, and learns them by heart. She sits by when I lecture, and if I get any praises, she drinks them in with eager ear. If I argue an important case in court, she awaits the result with utmost tension of interest; she has even her couriers set at intervals from the court-house, to pass on to her from minute to minute bulletins of the progress of the case, the looks and apparent disposition of the jury, whether I am likely to win the day." Even the satirical onslaught made by Juvenal upon the all too learned women of the time furnishes evidence of the interest taken by the sex in literary pursuits. The satirist especially makes merry with the fondness of women for talking in Greek. "What more offensive," he exclaims, "than for no woman to think herself fine till she has made herself a Grecian! Everything forsooth in Greek! fear, joy, anger, care, all the inmost feelings of the soul, they must pour forth in Attic Greek! All this, however, we will condone to girls, but just think of a Roman woman, eighty-six years old, still talking Greek; hear her prate forth her endearing words, ζωὴ καὶ ψυχὴ (my dear soul, my dear life)! Verily that is no seemly speech in an old woman!" The satirist especially is full of spleen at the idea of a woman

taking to literary criticism at a dinner party. "No sooner does she get to the table than the æsthetic talk begins; she lauds Virgil, and pardons him for letting Dido burn herself to death; then how she weighs Homer and Virgil together in the scales, the one now up, and then the other kicking the beam; the grammarians give way before her, the rhetoricians are beaten, all the crowd is mum, not a lawyer nor a crier will dare utter a sound, even no other woman will peep, — there falls upon all such a mighty power of words, you will say all the basins and bells of the town are beaten together." Nor were there wanting Roman women who busied themselves with *philosophical* studies. Plutarch relates of Cornelia, the wife of Pompey, that besides her beauty she had other attractions, — culture in literature, in music, in geometry, — also, that she was fond of philosophical pursuits, and at the same time was free from the pedantry which sometimes characterized women of such tendencies. It was doubtless the case that some women of deeper natures were wont to seek and find solace when in trouble in the lessons of sages and moralists. So Livia, when afflicted by the death of her son Drusus, sought refuge in the teachings of Stoic philosophy. Also at a later day the Empress Domna Julia gave herself up to philosophy and scientific studies. The Theophila who was praised by Martial for her poetry was also versed in the tenets both of the Stoics and the Epicureans. But without giving other illustrations of this topic, let me rather use these as an easy transition to the last one to which I shall call your attention, but which I can only touch and not fully treat, — the powerful interest awakened in women by the religious movements of the time. With all the immoral influences at work in Roman society, and perhaps, indeed, through their agency, there was a prodigious activity in the sphere of religion. Classical paganism was in its decay, and yet there was in it some lingering vitality; with its own impaired strength now reinforced from foreign sources, it seemed gathering itself for its conflict with the new spiritual power just emerging from a despised corner of the empire, before which it was destined ere long to fall. Rome was tolerant of all religions, if only they had in them no political aims or ends; indeed, the imperial capital swarmed with religions; the Romans were, as Paul said of the Athenians, quite *too religious*. But it was religions and not religion which now prevailed; systems of rites and ceremonies, not the beliefs and faiths in moral and religious truth. With the decline of the national

worship foreign cults of all sorts poured into the city; by the side of the temples of the Roman gods, now falling into contempt, arose temples of the gods many and lords many of all the world, and in them their priests went through with their superstitious and debasing rites in the presence of crowds of worshippers of both sexes. Thus superstition was avenging religion, as it is always sure to avenge it, in the life of nations as well as of individuals. It was the forms of worship from the East which drew the most followers. Their pomp attracted the senses; their ceremonial imposed upon simplicity; lively and susceptible minds that were longing for somewhat on which to rest their veneration fancied in the symbols and mysteries which abounded in these forms of worship the sources of some higher revelation, the medium of some mystical communication with divine beings. It was to these religions and their rites that women were most attracted, and especially to the flattering promises they held out that by penances and expiations they might get purification from conscious and present evil. The same moral weakness which had induced the guilt of an immoral life now readily rested in the credulous belief that some outward rites would insure atonement. Not only from Juvenal and Tibullus and other poets, but also from Plutarch, do we learn that the divinities of Eastern superstitions had in women their devoutest worshippers, and their priests found them their blindest and most obedient devotees. Sometimes by priestly direction they would bathe thrice at early morn in the Tiber, or go on their knees a certain prescribed distance, scantily clad and trembling with cold and with superstitious fear. Juvenal declares that by command of Isis they will go on a pilgrimage to Egypt to bring home waters from the Nile to sprinkle them in the temples at Rome. The Roman Juno now shared with the Egyptian Isis the worship of women as the guardian deity of the sex. Twice a day they would sing her choral songs in the temples, be sprinkled with Nile water, and punctiliously observe the fasts imposed by priests, or if they failed in the service would propitiate Osiris with offerings of money or sacrifices. The worship of Isis had been proscribed at Rome in earlier times on account of the orgies with which her festivals were celebrated, but the worship was never destroyed, and now though subject to government inspection was firmly established. But not the temples of Isis or of other foreign divinities alone, the Roman temples, all temples to which women were wont to resort, fell into bad

repute as places of vice. One passage in Ovid recommends as convenient for immoral purposes not only theatres and temples, but also the sabbath festivals of Jews. Such a mention of the Jewish service, while it is one of the many proofs in Roman writers of the general suspicion and dislike with which the Jews were regarded in Rome, yet proves at the same time the presence of Jews in the capital as a religious community and the influence which they had gained in Roman thought and life. The Jews had first appeared in Rome as early as the time of Pompey and his Eastern campaign, when they were brought thither in considerable numbers as captive slaves to decorate the conqueror's triumph. These were afterward freed, and being permanently established in the city formed the community mentioned in the New Testament as the synagogue of the Libertines. Afterwards frequent accessions were made to their numbers, chiefly owing to the mercantile relations subsisting between Rome and the East. Though always looked upon with aversion by the Romans, especially of the higher classes, and at different times the victims of fierce persecution, yet at this early period of the empire they continued to be a numerous and wealthy community. The passages in Horace and in Juvenal and Tacitus which make mention of the faith and rites of the Jews, though always expressive of hatred and contempt, are yet a testimony to the religious influence exerted by them upon the Gentiles by which they were surrounded. Seneca significantly remarks, in obvious allusion to the influence of conquered Greece upon her conquerors, that the vanquished Jews gave laws to their conquerors. There can be no doubt that with their wonted proselyting zeal they gained converts among the Romans, and especially from Roman women. These, however, were doubtless from the humbler orders of society, as we may gather from notices in the New Testament and in Christian as well as in pagan writers. It is very strange, however, to find Josephus claiming the cruel and licentious Empress Poppæa as a Jewish proselyte; he says, employing the usual Jewish word for a Hebrew worshiper, that she was "a woman who feared God;" one might rather have expected her to be characterized by that other Jewish and New Testament word, as "one who feared not God nor regarded man." Let me also remark in closing this too extended paper, that there is reason to believe that the first Christian church at Rome, though chiefly composed of converted Jews, yet contained in it native Roman men and Roman women who had

been baptized into the Christian faith. These, too, like the proselytes to Judaism, were mostly from the poorer classes of the people. It was the sneer of the pagan writers of a later time, also, that the new faith gathered its converts only from the humblest and the simplest, from slaves and freedmen, from women and children, a statement certainly which finds confirmation in the teachings of St. Paul. Yet one or two instances of the Christian conversion of Roman women of the higher classes seem to be given in history. Of the fortunes of one of these, Pomponia Græcina, we have mention in a passage in Tacitus which belongs to the year 57, only a year before the date of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. She was the wife of Aulus Plautius, the bravest and most successful soldier general in Nero's reign. She was accused by the emperor, as Tacitus says, as being "guilty of a foreign superstition," the word elsewhere used by Tacitus for the Christian heresy. The accusation was referred by Nero not to any government tribunal, but to her husband and his kinsmen; and after the examination, whether through the leniency or the ignorance of this domestic tribunal, she was suffered to escape without punishment. Tacitus adds that she withdrew from all society, and passed the rest of her life, which was prolonged many years, in the reserve of profound retirement. A clearer instance of a Christian convert in the person of a Roman woman is Flavia Domitilla. She was the niece of the Emperor Domitian, and the wife of Flavius Clemens, who was consul in the year 95. It is related by Eusebius that both her husband and herself were convicted of attachment to the new Christian faith, and were banished to the island of Pontia. These names thus briefly mentioned, as well as those mentioned by St. Paul in his writings, we are readily disposed to accept as precursors of the many women not only at Rome, but all over the world, who were ere long to become partakers of that divine faith which, in the spread of its beneficent sway, was to know no distinction of sex or race or speech, but to become the universal faith of mankind.

TACITUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE FRIDAY CLUB, FEBRUARY 1, 1878, ALSO USED
AS A COLLEGE LECTURE.

TACITUS is a writer who needs to be studied, and patiently, too, in order to be understood and appreciated ; those also who study him thus, get nearest to him, and find him at his best in their most thoughtful moods, and rather, I think, in later than in earlier years of life. He is no easy or attractive writer, so sober are many of his subjects, and such the noble reserve of his tone and manner, native to him as a man and Roman, and fixed in his very being by the straitening education of the times of oppression in which he lived. Popular he has never been, in ancient or in modern times, — a favorite rather of the few, even with classical scholars ; but in every age and country he has been admired by these as a writer of original powers of thought and observation and expression, who blended with the love of country a true feeling for humanity, and who, though living in times of abounding evil, was ever loyal to truth and virtue. By his insight and guidance his readers have learned to pierce through the shams of men and things to their inner realities, and especially to discern clearly the nature and workings of government, and the awful responsibilities of absolute power, as illustrated in that Roman empire which, with all the wickedness wrought out in it by some of its earliest rulers, was yet made by an overruling Providence to bring good out of evil, and to prepare the way for the establishment of the Christian civilization of modern times. We are doubtless always swayed in our studies by the prepossessions which we have for a writer of long-established and traditional fame, but for myself I have reached a renewed conviction that with Tacitus it is a fame which was reared and yet rests upon a basis of intrinsic worth ; and this, too, though I have all the while had especially in view the severe ordeal to which he has been subjected as a trustworthy authority by the searching historical criticism of our own day. I shall endeavor, after mentioning the little that is known of the personal history of Tacitus, to present a view of the scope and

contents of his two chief works, the "Histories" and the "Annals," and then to touch and illustrate those commanding mental qualities, and especially those intensely cherished political convictions, everywhere impressed upon these works, which give him as a writer such a marked personality among ancient historians. Tacitus was born, as we have probable evidence for believing, in the year of our Lord 54, an ill-omened year for a future annalist of the early Cæsars first to see the light in Rome; for that was the year when Nero, then only a youth of seventeen, climbed the imperial throne over the body of the just-murdered Claudius, poisoned by Agrippina, the mother of Nero, and both the niece and the wife of the murdered emperor. The boyhood and early youth of Tacitus thus fell in the fourteen years of Nero's reign; but from our ignorance of his parentage and family we may not discern in what favored Roman home he may have been nurtured and guarded amid the rapidly passing scenes of crime and calamity which make up the profligate force of that Neronian principate. As a boy of ten years of age he may have witnessed the frightful scenes of that destructive fire which in the year 64 visited Rome, as if a swift retribution of the guilt of its prince and people; and the yet more frightful scenes of the sacrifice by Nero of the little band, in the city, of innocent though hated Christians, — spectacles of misery and wickedness then seen by his own eyes, and afterwards set by his matured genius in historic picture for the wondering, bewildered gaze of the world. In respect to the education of Tacitus, we learn from letters of his friend, the younger Pliny, that in his youth he gave himself assiduously to poetry and letters, and especially to rhetoric, and probably under the teaching of Quintilian, the accomplished rhetorical professor of that age. We know also, from a delightful passage of his own, his "Dialogue on the Decline of Eloquence," that, like other well-bred Roman youth, he attached himself to distinguished lawyers of the time, watching them, as he says, and studiously listening to their arguments in court and their instructions at their homes, that thus, by catching from them, if he might, the secrets of their professional success, he might himself be fitted to enter the arena of forensic and of public life. The younger Pliny, who at an interval of several years emulously followed him in these pursuits, speaks of him as having already attained distinction as a forensic speaker when he was himself just commencing his career. He began his public life in the year 79, the last of Vespasian's reign, having filled in

that year the office of quæstor. Under the patronage of Titus he was promoted to the office of tribune in the year 81. The following tyrannical reign of Domitian, though it was not unfriendly to his political advancement, yet pressed with heavy weight upon himself and his family, as upon the entire generation of Roman statesmen and citizens to which he belonged. In the year 78 he had married the daughter of Julius Agricola, the very year in which Agricola entered upon his proconsular province of Britain. Recalled from that province, where he had won a great military fame, by the envious Domitian, he was now living in Rome in a retirement which, marked though it was by studied moderation of life and conduct, was ever shadowed and darkened by the deadly jealousy of Domitian. Yet Tacitus himself was, during this reign, advanced to the prætorship, and also admitted to the college of the quindecemviral priesthood; and, invested with this twofold dignity, he presided at the secular games which were celebrated by the emperor in the year 88. In 93 occurred Agricola's death, a sore bereavement to Tacitus and his wife, and aggravated by the remembrance that they were not by the bedside of their revered father in his last moments, — that they had lost him, indeed, four years before by reason of their so long absence from Rome. But we know, from a memorable passage that never loses its value by repetition, that, in their experience of the reign of terror soon inaugurated by Domitian, they found satisfying solace in the thought that he, in whose passing away they had mourned the premature extinction of a great light of genius and virtue, had by a fortunate opportunity of death escaped all that impending future, — escaped that last dread time when, not at intervals but by one continuous blow, the life-blood of the state was exhausted. But those weary fifteen years of the Domitian reign at last sank below the horizon, and in the rise of Nerva, and soon after of his adopted successor Trajan, Tacitus greeted and afterwards commemorated the dawn of a most happy age, which witnessed, as he records it in a passage glowing with a venial enthusiasm, the union of elements hitherto impossible of fellowship in the Roman state, — liberty and imperial sovereignty. In the beginning of this period Tacitus reached the height alike of his public and his forensic honors. In the year 97 he gained the consulship; and while holding that office he delivered a funeral oration upon the distinguished Virginius, his immediate predecessor, which Pliny pronounces, in an epistle of exquisite grace, as a supreme honor alike to the deceased and

his eulogist, — the felicity of a life full of amplest honors crowned by a eulogy from the most eloquent of orators (“*supremus felicitati cumulus, laudator eloquentissimus,*” II. 1). In the year 100 he undertook the last legal cause in which, so far as we know, he was ever engaged, appearing for the government in the prosecution of Marius Priscus for maladministration of the province of Africa. Here, too, we are indebted to Pliny, who was also engaged for the prosecution, for our knowledge of Tacitus’ part in the trial. This part he describes in a single significant sentence: “Cornelius Tacitus replied most eloquently, and with that excellence which is peculiar to his forensic style, with a noble dignity, — *σεμνῶς*” (II. 11). But the happy era of Nerva and Trajan was chiefly happy for Tacitus in that it was the opening for him of his career as a writer. Withdrawing from all public and professional pursuits, he now gave himself to this true vocation, and devoted to it the remaining twenty years of his life. He was now thus past forty years of age. With distinction he had gone through the entire course of public office, and by the part he had thus taken in the conduct of affairs had gained the character and fame of a statesman of experience and wisdom and influence. Like rich results he had won as a lawyer and advocate. He was high in favor with the emperor and with the best Roman society. His house was the favorite resort of all men in Rome who were studious of learning. And, most and best of all, he was enjoying, as he gratefully says in the first chapter of his first historical work, “the rare felicity of the times when one is allowed to think whatever he will, and to utter whatever he thinks” (“*rara temporum felicitate ubi sentire quæ velis, et quæ sentias dicere, licet,*” Hist. I. 1). What a glad ring in those exultant words of the Rome of Nerva and Trajan, in contrast with the wail of sorrowful remembrance of the Domitian times of oppression! “A great lesson, indeed, of patience have we given; and as our fathers saw the farthest limits of liberty, so we have seen the utmost bound of bondage, robbed as we were by spies and informers of all intercourse of speaking and hearing. Memory itself also had we lost, were it as easy to forget as to be silent” (Agr. 2). Full and fresh in Tacitus himself was the memory of that humiliating lesson of patience, as the “*Agricola,*” in which it is told, was written but little more than a year after those Domitian times had come to an end. That was his first work, given to the Roman world in the beginning of the year 98. In it he set forth as a biographer, for

admiring and emulous study, the life of a good man and a great statesman and ruler, and in the spirit of a historian opened to his readers broad views which that life suggested of Britain and the Britons, and their conquest by the Romans and their government under Roman rule, and also sketched with a few master strokes, in such passages as that I have quoted, the character of Domitian and of his reign.

The "Agricola" was followed in the same year by the "Germania," the historical monograph in which was embodied all that was known, from the most authentic sources, of the manners and institutions of the ancient Germans, that great people whom the Romans, after a struggle now going on for more than two centuries had been unable to subjugate, and who were destined in the end to be themselves the victors, and yet in their turn, even as the Romans by the Greeks, to be conquered and subdued by the superior civilization of the nation and empire they had conquered in arms. These two works, however, together with the brilliant "Dialogue of the Decline of Roman Eloquence," were only the minor productions of Tacitus; they were only historical studies preparatory for the subsequent greater works which doubtless already lay in germ in the fruitful mind of their author. In the third chapter of the "Agricola" he had mentioned the plan he then had in mind to write the history of Domitian's reign, and also of the reigns of Nerva and Trajan, the one designed, as he expressed it, as a memorial of former servitude, and the other as a grateful testimony to present blessings. On the publication, however, of the "Histories," the earlier of his two extant works, it appeared that his plan had undergone important changes. In the introduction he proposes to survey the course of Roman affairs from the death of Nero in 68 to the death of Domitian in 90, reserving for the solace of his old age the more grateful task of fulfilling the other part of his early promise. The "Annals," though published later, had to do with the preceding period extending from the death of Augustus, A. D. 14, to the close of Nero's reign. In one passage of the work he makes incidental mention of his purpose to write by and by, as an introduction to it, the history of the Augustan rule; but he seems not to have lived long enough to execute this purpose, nor yet the intended labor of love of commemorating the prosperous reigns of his patrons Nerva and Trajan. Unfortunately, indeed, we have not entire the works which he actually wrote; time, which has saved many productions which the world would

have willingly let die, has dealt rudely with these which so well deserved to live. The sixteen books of the "Annals" comprised the reigns of four emperors, a period of fifty-four years; there are extant nine entire books (i., ii., iii., iv., vi., xii., xiii., xiv., xv.), and parts of three others (v., xi., xvi.), covering about forty years; we have nearly all of the twenty-three years of Tiberius; but all of the four years of Caligula, almost half of the thirteen years of Claudius, and also the last two years of Nero, are lost. A still harder fate has befallen the "Histories." Of these, which originally comprised fourteen books, and embraced a period of twenty-eight years, including the reigns of all the Flavian Cæsars, there remain only the first four books and a part of the fifth. This work must have been projected upon a larger canvas, and have been wrought with greater fullness of detail in the execution than the "Annals," as the extant portions cover only the brief period of civil war which just preceded the beneficent reign of Vespasian. So ill has it thus fared with this work of the historic art from the rude touch of envious time; even as with some painting of an old master, its brighter colors and finer lines dimmed and utterly gone past the deftest skill of the restorer, and only its darker shades left on the faded canvas to tantalize the eyes of the beholder! If only we had the vanished lights of the figures of Vespasian and Titus to relieve those scenes of strife and horror yet grouped there with such awful distinctness about the persons of Otho and Vitellius! This incidental notice describes the prevailing aspect of all that Tacitus wrote, for such is the aspect presented by the times, with their dominant persons and ideas, which it was his task to put upon historic record. As the historian of the Julian and the Claudian Cæsars, it was his not merely to trace the workings of the imperial system in Roman history, as it was inaugurated by Augustus, and administered, virtual despotism though it was, under the forms of the republic. That was the good side of Roman absolute power, if, indeed, a thing essentially bad can have a good side at all; it was the good side afterwards illustrated by Vespasian, and still later by Trajan and by Marcus Aurelius. But Tacitus had to do with the imperial system as a despotism established by Tiberius in form as well as in substance, administered by him and his Claudian successors as an hereditary despotism, and, what was far worse, administered in a tyrannical spirit, and with frantic excesses of lust and cruelty for which we can scarcely find parallels in the annals of royalty in any age or nation. It was such a system as

this, illustrated in the persons and acts of the emperors themselves, and the instruments of their tyranny and their vices, the informers, the favorite freedmen, and often debased senators and magistrates, and sometimes a whole servile senate, with all the poisonous influence it diffused through all channels of public and private life, which it devolved upon Tacitus to unfold and exhibit in narrative, in picture, in moral lesson, in philosophical reflection, for the instruction and warning of his countrymen. No reader was so well aware as the writer himself of the sober nature of his historic task. In several passages he deprecates a comparison of his own labors with those of the historians of the commonwealth. He seems to have had Livy in mind, as he mentions the inspiring themes of earlier writers, wars prosperously waged, battles fought and won, and conquests achieved, or the animated contests, within the walls of Rome, of consuls and tribunes, patricians and plebeians, all of them struggles, whether at home or abroad, in peace or in war, of citizens of a free state, rising ever through all alike to increasing power and fame. For himself he has only a straitened and straitening task, and void of glory, proceedings to narrate, sad and tragical, a continuity of cruel orders, faithless friendships, endless accusations and trials, the ruin of innocent men, — all these ever recurring, even to satiety (Ann. IV. 33). Yet in the spirit of a true historian he tells his readers that it will fall within his province to point to contemporary examples of virtue and wisdom and patriotism worthy of the best days of any state. Early in the "Annals" he declares (III. 55): "Our ancestors have not excelled us in all things; our own age has produced many excellencies worthy of all praise and imitation." And in the very opening of the "Histories" he writes: "Yet not so barren of virtues has been our own age as not to furnish good examples, — mothers following their children into exile, and wives their husbands; relations and friends constant in adversity; the fidelity of slaves, resolute against the tortures of the rack; illustrious men unjustly reduced to the necessities of death, and their deaths equal to the glorious deaths of the patriots of olden days." To the execution of such a task Tacitus came not without comprehensive and assiduous historical studies. Yet it cannot be maintained, as is sometimes asserted by ardent admirers of Tacitus, that he conducted these studies in the critical spirit and method characteristic of the best modern historical works. Such a scientific procedure in the composition of history is quite foreign to

the Roman mind. Cicero, indeed, carrying to a characteristic extreme the ancient conception of writing history, pronounces it as mostly an orator's task (" *opus maxime oratorium,*" De Legibus, I. 2); and though his countrymen, who were historians by profession, might not have avowed this conception in theory, yet no one of them ever forgot that it was the born vocation of a Roman to be an orator. The younger Pliny, in one of those interesting letters from which I have already several times quoted, expresses the idea of the critical function of the historian which probably prevailed in his time, and was best realized by Tacitus. Pliny had been urged by many friends to write history himself, and, in the ardent love of letters and of literary fame which glows in every sentence he has written, he was at once fired with the ambition of the noble service, as he conceives it, of rescuing from oblivion what deserves the immortality of letters, and, as he adds with entire simplicity, of perpetuating one's own name in perpetuating the names of others (" *aliorumque famam cum sua extendere*"). But, he asks, What times shall I take for my theme? The old, and those written of already by other men? In that case the results of investigation are ready at hand; but the collation of the different writers is a burdensome labor (" *parata inquisitio, sed onerosa collatio,*" V. 8). Thus we see that, for an adequate view of past events, the process of the writer's preparation consisted, not in original research in the public archives or other ultimate sources of knowledge, but in the sifting and comparing of his predecessors in the same path of historical study. Such was doubtless in the main the method of Tacitus. From this labor of collation, however, burdensome as it was in the age of Pliny, and repulsive as it seemed to his fastidious literary tastes, we may be sure that the more manly and robust genius of Tacitus never shrank. We know, from his own words in respect to matters on which there was a conflict of authorities, that he subjected the testimonies and views of the many writers he had before him to a searching comparison, instituted and carried out by his sagacious judgment, and, having reached independent conclusions, set upon them in his pages the stamp of his own mind. He has been charged by recent writers with giving space in his pages to unfounded rumors, and weaving into his narrative untrustworthy anecdotes for the sake of illustrating his views of persons and events. It is curious to note how Mr. Merivale, the chief one of these disparaging critics, never fails to give even more space to

such rumors than Tacitus himself, and sets in his own attractive pages all the anecdotes retouched and embellished by his own skillful hand. We need not be careful to answer such charges with a total denial. It is quite probable that, in his summing up of a less clear case against such notorious criminals as Tiberius and Nero, Tacitus may have weighted the evidence with circumstantial matter in the shape of incidents and rumors which would be thrown out in a modern court of justice. But we must bear in mind that in the dark days of those imperial criminals, when even the most nefarious acts, covered and hushed up as they were by the infamous creatures and tools of the palace, could not, as in the freer Ciceronian time, be dragged out from the foul haunts where they were done to the light of truth and justice. Sometimes a prevailing popular rumor had in it an element of surest proof, and gave the directest clue to a right judgment, and even to the discovery of facts. A marked instance may be cited, out of a multitude like it, in the state of the public mind after the sudden and ambiguous death of Germanicus. It was the prevalent rumor, amounting to belief, that he had been poisoned by Gnaeus Piso, and this, too, with the connivance of Tiberius, to whom Germanicus was an object of jealous dread and hate on account of his commanding merits, and his well-nigh idolatrous popularity with the Romans. The rumor, however, especially in its bearings upon the emperor, only circulated in private, and was uttered only with bated breath; the people indulged only in what Tacitus describes in one of those brief, terse, untranslatable utterances of his, — only in *occulta vox et suspicax silentium* (Ann. III. 11), — murmurs, though in secret, against their prince, and a silence which to him was eloquent in its suspicion against himself. The emperor, with his wonted perspicacity, saw the whole situation, and with his wonted dissimulation ordered a trial of the suspected Piso. The trial began; the evidence, though damning, seemed not legally conclusive of guilt; but the odium visible on all men's faces, and rife in the very air of all Rome, was too much for Piso. On the night before the day on which he was to make his defense, he committed suicide; and suicide, to quote a modern American utterance and a match for Tacitus in terseness — “suicide was confession.”

Whatever errors or sins may be laid to the charge of Tacitus as a writer, every unprejudiced reader must believe that he was animated by those high moral aims which in various passages of his works he has distinctly professed. As a biographer it was his

purpose to transmit the remembrance of a good character without partiality and without ambition ; and he counted a studious imitation of such a character as the only genuine admiration. He declares it to be the chief office of the historian never to be silent in the praise of virtue, and ever to denounce vice, that men may be deterred from it by the infamy which it incurs. Knowing well that he is to treat of great movements and issues personal to the experience of some of his readers, fresh in the memory or knowledge of all, on which men had been parted by honest differences of opinion on conduct or by party strifes and struggles, which by the words of the historian might break out anew, — the old fires of passion only hidden by treacherous ashes, — he is bent upon reaching a true and impartial judgment, and of giving utterance to it without fear or favor. In the opening of the “ Annals ” he declares that he will enter fully into the transactions of the reigns of Tiberius and his three immediate successors, free alike from the resentment or the party zeal which have infected earlier works ; and in that of the “ Histories ” where he is to write of Vespasian and of Titus, and also of Domitian, he will write in the spirit of loyalty to truth, and not of love or of hate. As we go back from the study of his works to these noble words of promise, we feel that for the most part he has nobly fulfilled them. In all great issues where the interests of virtue, truth, justice, honor are concerned, touching the relations of public and of social life, of rulers and subjects, his vision is clear, his heart in the right place, his affinities go straight to whatever is just and noble and exalted ; his antipathies are intense against vice of every sort, against all that is mean and low and debasing, especially what he deems unworthy of a Roman, whether emperor, magistrate, or citizen, at home in Rome or in the provinces, in peace or in war. In the spirit of an old Roman patrician, he has an intense aversion to all sins against the Roman state and country ; against the national character and traditions ; against all that is extreme and radical in opinion, or boisterous in word and degrading in conduct ; he hates, even as a Scipio, the low wiles of adulation and servility in the people, and shares the indignation, though not the action, of a Brutus, against the insolent bearing and selfish cruelty of a tyrant. Yet it must be owned that if Tacitus had these better qualities of the old Roman character and breeding, he was not free from the prejudices of the Roman nation and of the Roman nobility. The blood of slaves and foreigners is in his eyes of

quite inferior quality, and of little worth in comparison with that of a Roman, especially of a Roman or imperial or patrician family. He counts it a special aggravation of the licentiousness of the younger Livia that she, the niece of Augustus and the wife of Drusus the second, should defile her ancestry by an intrigue with Sejanus, who was only of equestrian rank in a municipal town (“*municipali adultero*,” IV. 3); and in another (VI. 27) place he mentions as a matter of public sorrow that Julia, the daughter of Drusus and Livia, had married Rubellius Blandus, who was nothing more than the grandson of a Roman knight from Tibur. We wonder, too, as he speaks of the delight which the elder Drusus took in the gladiatorial shows, how with a real zest he could see the blood of the combatants flow, that the historian should so gratuitously add, that it was, however, only worthless blood (“*quamquam vili sanguine*,” I. 76). When in the reign of Tiberius four thousand Jews were banished for their religion to Sardinia, he quotes the words of the senate’s decree as if agreeing with the sentiment they expressed, that if the bad climate should destroy them all, the loss would be of no account (“*vile damnum*,” II. 85). But yet more does Tacitus betray his Roman prejudices in the account which he weaves into his “Histories” of the origin of the Jews and of their institutions and character. It is a serious imputation upon him, both as a writer and a man, that having access, as he had, to the works of Josephus, and living in a city where were thousands of Jews, some of whom certainly could have given him just and intelligent views of their nation, he should have mixed up in a serious historical disquisition, with much, indeed, that is authentic and true of Jewish faith and doctrine, yet so much more of fable and falsehood drawn from Greek and Egyptian sources. There gleams out, however, from this chaos of matter a bright ray of light when the historian describes, and in his own best manner, the Jewish spiritual worship of One God, “The Jews,” he says, “have only a spiritual conception of God, and of One God only. Profane, they say, are those who fashion images of gods with perishable materials after a human likeness; the Deity is supreme and eternal, neither possible of imitation or liable to change.” (“*Judæi mente sola unumque numen intelligunt. — Summum illud et æternum, neque imitabile neque interiturum.*” Hist. V. 5.) Tacitus wrote, also, better than he knew, when he detailed the signs and wonders that attended the destruction of the temple, and told of the voice more than human that was

heard, when its gates were burst open, uttering the fearful words: "the gods are forsaking the holy place;" when, too, he recorded the cherished Jewish prediction that "men were to go forth from Judæa who should rule the world." In this passage of Tacitus which, though relieved by these few pure touches of truth, is yet so grossly erroneous in substance and written in such a tone of disparagement, we see reflected the sentiments of contempt entertained by the Romans, especially of the higher orders of society, towards the Jews, as an alien race living in the city chiefly as slaves or freedmen, given up to idle and superstitious rites, intolerant in religious faith and practice, and fit only for sedition and treason. It seems to have been an element of the fearful destiny which waited on the guilty rejection of their own promised Messiah that they were thus set forth to the scorn of the world in the pages of a great historian, writing in the cultivated language of that nation which had just trodden them down in war, burned up their temple, and razed their city to the ground. But the language of calumny used by Tacitus of the Christians in his narrative of the Neronian persecution to which I have already alluded cannot be adequately explained on any theory of national prejudice. In that passage, indeed, Tacitus expresses a just sense of commiseration and horror, as well as of moral indignation, at the fate of these victims of imperial fury, sacrificed, as he says, not for their guilt, but to glut the ferocity of a single tyrant. And yet he speaks of these Christians as detested for their "mischievous superstition," for their "hatred to the human race," and so as "guilty" and "deserving the extremest punishment of death." No adequate explanation of such atrocious language has ever been given, so far as I know, by any interpreter. The Christians then in the city formed but an inconsiderable body of people, and had attracted but little attention, and so far as known had been considered and treated as unobtrusive and inoffensive, and wholly innocent of political disturbance or disaffection. It may be that from the ignorance or misapprehension or indifference of the Romans they were confounded with the despised Jews, and so drew upon themselves such a horrible though wholly undeserved fate. But before we quite leave this topic, let us call to mind that Tacitus was not always swayed by national feeling in his historical allusions to foreign nations. Let us recall the spirit of admiration which pervades his views of the ancient Germans, though they were the most formidable and persistent of the enemies of

Rome, the occasional contrasts he presents between the virtues of those rude barbarians with the vices of a cultivated people, drawn with so much force and point, that some critics, confounding in the work the incidental with the essential, have judged the whole to be an intended satire upon degenerate Roman manners. And what a fine eulogy does he pronounce upon Arminius (Ann. II. 88), the German Hermann, whose prowess and bravery they had learned to know and respect to their cost in more than one hard-fought battle. Though composed in Latin speech, it rings out in tone like a German patriotic song. "The liberator of Germany," he calls him, "who assailed Rome, not in her first beginnings, but in the very blossom of her imperial power; beaten sometimes in battle, never conquered in war. Seven and thirty years of life he completed; twelve of military command. And among those barbarous tribes his name is still celebrated in song, albeit unknown in the annals of the Greeks, who admire only their own heroes, nor yet famous enough among ourselves, all careless as we are of the new, while extolling the old." Nor let us forget how in the "Agricola" the sympathies of the writer go with the oppressed Britons, and with what a sense of humanity he describes, in the speech of the Caledonian chief, the desolating march of the Roman arms: "Plunderers of the world, after lands have failed them in their universal devastation, they scour the sea. To carry off, to plunder, to butcher, that they call by false names, — *empire*, — and when they make a solitude they call it *peace*."

But the prepossessions of Tacitus for the old régime of the best days of the commonwealth it is easy to honor and admire; though these, in the eyes of recent advocates or apologists of the imperial sovereignty, are prejudices which give him a partisan spirit and bias as the annalist of the Cæsars. Undoubtedly he was a Roman republican at heart and in theory, attached by sympathy and conviction as a thinker and student, as well as a patriot, to the constitution of the consular government. From the days of the imperial system in which he lived, when all the interests of society and humanity hung upon the will of one man, who might, to be sure, be a Trajan, but might also be a Domitian or a Nero, he looked back with regret to those securer, better times when, with a government resting upon laws controlled and ever held by well-balanced forces of patricians and plebeians, of senate and people, the power tended naturally and straight to the best citizens, the *optimi* — the ἀριστοι in the true sense of these words, and by them was

exercised for the common good. Such a look of noble regret we seem to see on the very face of the historian, when, at the opening of the "Annals," after speaking of the first generation of the empire, now nearing old age under *one man's* rule, that Roman state with all its precious interest, as if a private possession, he sadly exclaims, "how few even of the old men were left who saw with their own eyes the *common-wealth*?" And directly he adds: "in such an inversion of the state, not a vestige anywhere remained of the old, uncorrupt usage of our fathers, but equality now utterly gone, the eyes of all looked only to the orders of the one sovereign." (Ann. I. 4.) A modern reader must be a worshiper of absolute power who is not touched by such a genuine utterance of a true Roman. Let me cite another passage which comes in to relieve a long series of imperial inversions of Roman life, and revives for a moment the glories of the republic, and at the same time illustrates at once the sentiments of the historian and his manner as a writer. It is the record of the obsequies of Junia Tertullia, solemnized in the year 22, the eighth of Tiberius' reign. This Junia was the sister of Marcus Brutus, and the wife of Cassius, and she had lingered at an advanced age into the sixty-fourth year since the battle of Philippi. She was the last surviving witness in imperial Rome of the glories of the ancient republic; and it was a stirring spectacle to all Rome as she was carried in solemn procession to the family tomb of her illustrious house. Before her remains were borne the images of twenty of the noblest Roman families; but the clemency of the emperor, which permitted all other solemn honors of the occasion, suffered not the busts of her illustrious husband and brother, the republican chiefs at Philippi, to be seen in the funeral procession; but the historian furnishes his pictorial records with the words, quite his own, that "Brutus and Cassius shone forth all the more from the very absence of their images (*Sed præfulgebant Cassius atque Brutus eo ipso quod effigies eorum non visebantur.*" A. III. 96.) These republican convictions of Tacitus, often expressed in his history, were never absent from it in spirit, as they never were from his own mind and heart. He wrote it all by the light of republican and senatorial traditions. Especially did he love and cherish, and most justly, too, the memories of the Roman senate; he venerated its august character, and the elevated and elevating influence that had issued from it through the period of the commonwealth; he looked back to it as the home and safeguard of

Roman freedom, the source of Roman wisdom and virtue and patriotism. These sentiments he shared, too, with the wisest and best of his countrymen of all periods, those of the empire not excepted. Such were the pronounced sentiments of the elder Drusus in the reign and within the household of Augustus, and they were never visited by the emperor with any animadversion. Such were the sentiments of the renowned Germanicus.

The memories of the republic lived, indeed, as a power far into the empire, and long after its own life was extinct. The senate, "the last shadow of the free state," had life enough in it even under the empire to keep the respect of the good emperors of both the Julian and the Flavian line, and to win from the worst ones, as especially Domitian, the honorable testimony of their hate. We find a signal instance of the long lingering influence of these republican memories in the choice made by Galba, in his brief and hapless reign, of his successor to the throne by adoption. Galba, who illustrated in his character the finest class of Roman citizens, made choice, on distinctly republican principles, of the Licinian Piso, as the worthiest citizen, by personal merit, to fill the imperial seat. "The best man of the commonwealth," — as Mr. Merivale admirably puts it, — "thus choosing the next best for his son, his associate, and his successor." The adoption was sanctioned by the senate, by the army, and by the populace; and but for the villainy of Otho, and the sudden desertion of the army, Rome had seen the strange phenomenon of Piso invested with the purple as a *republican emperor!* The speeches of Galba and Piso to the senate and army, as they are recorded by Tacitus, clearly show us that something of the vitality of the old Roman life had survived the deadly malaria of the long Claudian tyranny. But yet our historian was no visionary or impracticable republican; he was not the man, like the tender Germanicus, to dream of the restoration of the commonwealth in the broad daylight of imperial rule, nor like Thræsea to flaunt the worn republican banner in the face of a Nero, and in Nero's reign to deck himself and his guests with memorial garlands on the birthdays of Brutus and Cassius. Only once after his description of that ill-fated Pisonian experiment, and just before the recital of the battle of Bedriacum, he mentions the transient purpose of the two exhausted armies, the Othonian and the Vitellian, to defer to the senate the choice of a suitable person for emperor, with the expectation that Suetonius Paulinus, then the oldest of the consulars, and the greatest captain of the

day, would be the man of their choice. But he adds his belief that neither Suetonius, in such a corrupt time, could have hoped for the requisite moderation on the part of the people, nor could the army suffer the elevation of any chief, unless he was first corrupted himself, and fast bound to them by their services to him. In a passage which immediately follows (Hist. II. 37), united to two kindred passages in the "Annals" (I. 1; III. 25-28), the historian presents in a few pregnant sentences his thoughtful exposition of that view of the necessity of the empire, and its long working causes, which has been often expanded into chapters and whole books by modern writers. The tendency to monarchy in Roman affairs he traces back to its beginning in the civil contest between Marius and Sulla, who both aimed at supreme power. Pompey's aim was as surely the same though more hidden, and after Pompey nothing but the principate was thought of by chiefs and their factions ("*nunquam postea nisi de principatu quæsitum,*" Hist. II. 38).

The monarchical tendency was further developed in the two triumvirates; and while in the former the power of Pompey and of Crassus was soon merged in Julius Cæsar, and in the latter that of Antony, and of Lepidus in Octavian, yet all these chiefs individually aimed at that supremacy which the first Cæsar attained, and the second finally established in the empire. I may stay here a moment to remark that Mr. Merivale most unfairly accuses Tacitus of "unfairness" in attempting, as he says, to defend the "corrupt oligarchy of the senate under Pompey" as "the noblest and strongest of governments." So far from this, Tacitus distinctly states that Pompey's rule was one of abounding corruption, though it abounded in laws ("*corruptissima república plurimæ leges,*" Ann. III. 27). Pompey, he adds, "chosen to correct abuses, was more grievous in his remedies than the abuses had been; and at once author and subverter of laws, he finally lost by arms what by arms he had won." Indeed, it was in the misrule of the oligarchy of the last two generations of the republic that Tacitus finds one of the chief causes for the inevitable necessity of that imperial polity to which all the great movements in those generations were manifestly tending. A second and a kindred one he found in the degeneracy and moral impotence of the people, and the third in the enormous growth of the Roman dominion, for the rule of which the republican constitution was now inadequate. That strong and great government,

which under the old Latin word, *senatus populusque Romanus*, had gradually advanced Rome to the supremacy of Italy, and then in succession of all the countries and nations around the Mediterranean, had now in either half of the grand unit which it represented become incapable of exercising its high functions. The successive senatorial chiefs had by the fierce strifes of their faction deluged with blood the capital of the empire, and spread the desolation of war throughout the provinces over the fairest regions of the earth; and these provinces, too, had been plundered and oppressed by the misgovernment of extortionate proconsuls and proprætors. And the people, who had once by their free votes conferred the *fusces* of civil office and the insignia of military command, had learned to sell themselves to the highest bidder, and to follow in the train of any great chief who would find them in bread and amusements. Then, too, apart from these abuses the Roman municipal system, which worked so well for the city itself, and by the extension of the franchise was not wholly inadequate to the rule of Italy, quite broke down when it was tried upon an empire which reached from the Alps to the farthest Africa and from the ocean to the Euphrates. This truth was pithily told by Tacitus in the words which he puts into the mouth of Galba on the choice of Piso as his successor. "If the immense body of the empire could stand firm and be held in equipoise without a sovereign ruler, then were it fitting that from me a republic should take its beginning; but to such a necessity did we long ago come, that now neither my old age can bestow a greater gift upon the Roman people than a good successor, nor your youth than a good prince." (Hist. I. 16.) That necessity of the long ago, of which Galba then spoke, was the necessity of the empire as Tacitus states it when writing of the Roman affairs of just a century before; when the battle of Actium had at last put an end to the long course of destructive civil war, and it was for the interest of peace that all power should be centred in one man, and so the exhausted Roman world fell easily into the hands of the favorite Octavian, who now, the last of his antagonists gone, quietly slid into an imperial throne on the very last step to which his illustrious uncle had met his sudden, violent death. The events of a century had left this necessity unchanged; and Tacitus in his times accepted it as unchangeable, and knew how to submit to it with resignation, and so to write of it and all its momentous results as to be at once a loyal subject and good citizen, as well as a lover of his country. It was

at the end of the Augustan reign that he began his "Annals." Singularly and even pettily unjust to his fame are certain modern writers who charge that he began with Tiberius and not with Augustus, because as a Roman republican and aristocrat he was unwilling to record on the page of history the manifold blessings of peace and prosperity which the empire in its opening brilliant era conferred on the whole world. But in fact Tacitus, in one or two short incidental passages in each of his works, has himself furnished these writers with the brief on which they have argued the case for the empire. There he mentions that the empire brought in at last the longed for peace and order; and especially that the provinces hailed it as giving them one and a common master instead of the many masters of the senate and people of a distant city. And at the beginning of his "Annals" he says himself why he does not tell the story of Augustus' reign: he says that it has been already told by men of the fitting genius, who lived in that reign, probably having the work of Livy in his mind, and intending to begin where his great predecessor had ended his task. But if he had lived to write himself of the Augustan times, as later in his career he purposed to do, he would doubtless have illustrated what he has now only mentioned, how that welcome peace — the ever vaunted *Pax Romana* — was nothing but the exhaustion of wars begun and waged by chiefs ambitious of absolute power, and came only when there were no chiefs left to wage war, none with whom to wage it; and that the fortunate Augustus owed his imperial elevation to his own solitude and the lassitude of the world. He would also have shown that the prosperous Augustan principate chiefly owed its prosperity to the fact that the politic Augustus exercised his imperial power through the senate and the magistrates of the now bygone republic. But in all that he wrote of the imperial government, as established by the second Cæsar, and administered by his successors, he taught the great truth that its practical working for good or evil depended upon the character and will of the reigning prince, and that its true mission was to unite the possession of absolute power with a liberal and beneficent sway. This idea was clearly expressed in that wise speech of Galba, when he said to his adopted successor: "You are to reign over men, who can bear neither entire liberty nor entire servitude." It was realized by Trajan as Tacitus so enthusiastically said in a passage I have already quoted. It was the lot of the historian to write chiefly

of reigns during which the emperors were men of despotic wills, and who ruled with despotic tyranny. While he speaks with abhorrence of the vices and crimes of such princes, he condemns alike the cringing servility and the contumacious resistance of their subjects. With sadness he describes the subservience of senators and nobles to Tiberius as not only humiliating to themselves, but drawing upon them the contemptuous scorn and disgust of the emperor, who was wont to exclaim as he left the senate, "Oh, men, fit only for bondage" (Ann. III. 65). On the other hand, he loves to contemplate the examples of men like Agricola and Arruntius and Pollio, who, by the union of dignity and moderation with loyalty, knew how to live as good men under bad princes.

I have had in mind in preparing this paper rather to present the aims and views of Tacitus as an observer and judge of the times of which he wrote, than his gifts and merits as a writer; but these, though so well known and familiar, I must not leave untouched. In reading his works you are ever profoundly conscious of the presence and influence of his genius for writing history, and especially for that imaginative treatment of past and distant events which makes it historic painting; and you are disposed to yield yourself to it a willing captive, without stopping to study the secret of its being and its power. But by reflection you are aware of the rare union in him of the powers of thought and reasoning which belong to a philosophic mind with the gifts of creation and vivid description which enter so largely into the rich endowment of a poetic nature. His narrative is not only intelligent and clear and strong; not only informed and enriched with thought and wisdom, but also is picturesque and affecting. As you pass with him through all that vast moving world of the Rome of the Cæsars, you have one at your side who has mastered every new situation, and is ready with mind and eye and tongue to help you master it yourself. By study and insight he has come to behold so distinctly the persons and events of which he writes, in their appearance and in their essential character, and the influences which have made and shaped them, and he reproduces them so vividly, and sets them before you sometimes in pictures, as so often in the "Annals," sometimes in dramatic scenes, as in the narrative of those tragic horrors of the civil war of Otho and Vitellius, that all seems to be present to you as living reality. As you read that narrative of the battle of Bedriacum, you seem to be gazing yourself on the bloody field, to see the serried masses of

troops — Romans all on both sides — set against each in the shock of murderous array by their chiefs, through the lust of power, brothers slaughtering brothers, and even sons their fathers. But what pathos is there in that scene of the next morning, when, after a capitulation, the gates of the Othonian camp were flung open, and the surviving soldiers, victors and vanquished, fell sobbing into one another's arms, friends and brothers tending each other's wounds, and all denouncing the wickedness of civil war. As you sit within doors and read that thrilling story of the great Neronian fire, you get the impressions of the whole so fastened on your mind, and carry them so in your eyes and all your senses, the smoke and blaze and din, and the blistering heat, half the population flung houseless into the streets, roaming ruffians adding fuel to the devouring flames and hurling blazing brands into houses yet untouched by the fire, temples and palaces and villas with booths and cabin all merged together in one huge wild conflagration, — all is so intensely real to you that you shudder and look about you as from the midst of all burning Rome yourself. A picture of a far different subject, but in the best manner of the same master, is presented, in the story of the funeral honors done to Germanicus when his remains arrived at the port of Brundisium and were borne thence in long solemn train along the highways of Italy to the walls of Rome. You see in the foreground the ship just touching the wharf, the adjacent shores and the walls and tops of the houses filled with the multitude straining their sad eyes at its coming. Agrippina descends its side, bearing the funeral urn, her eyes cast down, and her two children by her side, and is received in tender silence by the waiting mourning throng, grief as for a personal loss visible on the faces of all, and in the common aspect of sorrow citizens undistinguished from foreigners, relations and friends from strangers. Then begins to go on its sad way the solemn funeral train, two prætorian cohorts in advance, their ensigns all in mourning, and with the *fascēs* reversed, next all the magistrates of the surrounding cities and towns, followed by crowds of people of all ranks, the knights in purple and the populace in black. Onward it moves, stretching far in the distance along the public roads, swelled ever by accessions from the colonies and towns as it passes along, altars by the wayside erected to the memory of the illustrious deceased, and the fragrance of burning perfumes filling the air, till you discern far away the procession coming out from the city, the consuls and

senate at their head, and a great multitude behind filling all the road. The fitting salutations given and received, all join together, and enter through the city gates into the Forum, where, after appropriate ceremonies, the precious remains are borne to the Mausoleum and laid away in that last resting-place of the Cæsars. But I may not linger in further illustration of this aspect of Tacitus as a writer. I hasten to touch another and a kindred one, his well-nigh unrivaled power in the delineation of character.

The chief personages of his history are so seized by his firm grasp of insight and so distinctly and strongly exhibited, as if painted on the canvas or wrought into the solid marble, that whether you meet them in groups or alone, they stand out each a known and ever recognized individuality. Especially is this true of the emperors, the central figures on his pages, even as they were in all the Roman life which they describe. When, after studying those pages, we have become familiar with these imperial characters thus conceived and represented by the historian, we ever after discern and know them wherever they reappear in whatsoever situation, with whatsoever ample surroundings, whether in the palace or in the senate or in the throngs of people at the public shows in the arena or in the theatre. It is much like the experience of one who has passed a winter in Rome and has many a time walked up and down the halls and galleries of the Vatican, where all about him are ranged in such multitudinous array the busts and statues of these men who in different times have acted a more or less important part in Roman affairs, and has come so to know by oft repeated gaze the more strongly marked and individualized figures, that he always recognizes them and takes them out with eye and mind from the wilderness of marble forms in the midst of which he is wandering. So with these masterpieces of historic sculpture, especially of the emperors of the Julian and Claudian line. There are, indeed, certain family features in the historian's delineations which they have in common, but you have a separate sharply defined individuality of character in the dismal and dissembling Tiberius, the well-meaning but weak and woman-ridden Claudius, and the vain, profligate Nero. So is it with the figures of the later emperors—of Otho the voluptuary, and yet not wanting in manly traits, chasing after pleasure up to the two or three last years of his life, dissolving ever in sensual delights, yet, when with the prospect of the throne before him, suddenly throwing

off, like Henry V. of England, all his old habits, and giving himself strenuously to business and work, and when as suddenly, disenchanted of his vision of power by his defeat in decisive battle, calmly laying himself down to die, his last expressed wishes and thoughts for the peace of his country; and Otho's rival, the brutally sensual Vitellius, who yet in the extremity of death, when shockingly maltreated by the soldiers, and cut down with many wounds, forgot not that he had filled the imperial throne, and in his last breath made answer to the last insulting soldier, "yet I was once your emperor," the only word he ever uttered, as Tacitus says, which could make good his claim to a not degenerate mind ("*non degeneris animi*," Hist. III. 85). And how, in few words, how fully is Galba described, — of mediocrity of genius and rather free from vices rather than possessed of virtues, a renowned soldier, an able and just proconsul, — too great for a private man, so long as he remained one, and by universal consent fit to bear imperial rule, had he never ruled. But also in his profound observation and vivid descriptions of the inner life of men, in all the manifold and complex workings of the soul, in the play and strife of contending passions and desires and motives, Tacitus shows his remarkable power as a writer. He was prone by nature to such mental and moral studies into the vast inner world of human life and character, but these natural tendencies were fostered and developed by the despotisms of those fifteen years of Domitian's reign in which he lived, which, by dooming to silence all voice and speech in ordinary intercourse, drove men in upon themselves, and taught them to discern and know the presence of inward emotions and purposes and habits by the outward look and bearing and conduct. In a memorable passage in the "Agricola," Tacitus describes the dark experience of the senate in their relations to Domitian, as the *misery of seeing and being seen*, when their very sighs were written down against them, and when that fierce red face of the tyrant, so full of dread significance, was enough, without aught of articulate speech, to spread paleness over the faces of all the senators. He had become himself profoundly skilled in such studies of the souls of men, and could trace home all outward symptoms to the mental and moral states of which they were the manifestation. Hence when he came to write and to follow and narrate the course of Roman affairs, he unfolded their causes, so often hidden from ordinary view, in the prevailing motives and habits of thought and feeling of the actors in that great scene of

public life. He developed and manifested an extraordinary power in piercing through the mists and clouds of caution and reserve, or of deception and hypocrisy, which hung over the nature and character of men, and bared to the light of day the inmost recesses of their souls, and exposed their most hidden purposes and motives. When Agricola's dispatches came home from Britain, all decked with laureled badges of victory, or within by the pomp of boastful words, Domitian received them with a face of joy, but Tacitus saw the dissembler's soul was vexed with jealous anxiety; and when Agricola, after his forced return from Britain, comes into the imperial presence to ask to be excused from the command of a higher province, because he knew he would not be allowed to accept it, the historian sees quite through the grand air of favor with which Domitian accepts the excuse; "Domitian," he adds, "allowed thanks to be paid him, nor blushed at the odious kindness." (Agr. 42). Everywhere is illustrated in our historian this union of insight into men's hearts with a pictorial force of description. As in the instances I have given you see the secret jealousy of tyrants, and the victims' dread fear in their looks, their whispers, the pallor on their faces, so in many others you see the wretched misgivings which haunt the breasts of imperial favorites, hanging so perilously on their princes' favors, the doubts and fears which crowd the paths of ambition, the odious passions that lurk behind the words of flattery and adulation, the servility of a shouting populace, or of an assenting senate, and none the less the very solitude of imperial greatness, the horrors that wait on a tyrannical will and a licentious heart and life, the fires of remorse, the worm of conscience. These last, the awful penalties of guilt, are most vividly illustrated in Tacitus' description of the last days of Tiberius. In his delineation of the character of this emperor the historian has been severely criticised by modern writers of the imperial school, who see in Julius Cæsar a grand prevailing aim for the moral regeneration of the world, and who have words of tenderest charity for a Catiline, a Caligula, and a Nero. But unprejudiced readers must needs find in this delineation of the third Cæsar clearest marks of consistency and truthfulness. Tacitus admits that before Tiberius' accession to the throne he was an able soldier and ruler. He accords him also wisdom and justice, as well as ability in his imperial policy, during the first years of his reign. But he discerns in him in remarkable degree the sullen and despotic nature that marks the whole Claudian house, and

especially the tendencies to cruelty and lust, which, restrained by his surroundings in the earlier years of his imperial rule, at last broke forth into the most hideous excesses, when, after the death of Livia, he was no longer restrained by her maternal influence. How forcible and comprehensive are the historian's closing words in his brief portraiture of Tiberius at the end of the sixth book of the "Annals." "At last he abandoned himself at once to the rage of tyranny and the sway of lust, for he had conquered the checks of shame and fear, and thenceforth followed the bent of his own spirit." We need no better commentary on these words than the words of the emperor himself in a letter which, in that period, he sent in to the senate. "What to write to you, Conscript Fathers, or in what manner to write, or what at all not to write, if I know myself, then may all gods and goddesses confound me worse, than I now feel day by day confounded." "So," writes the historian in the immediately following passage, "so did his own disgraceful crimes turn to his own dire punishment." Then with an allusion to a remarkable passage in Plato, the historian continues: "Not in vain did that wisest of writers declare (Gorg. 524), that if the hearts of tyrants were laid bare, there would be seen mental tearings and tortures, since as the body is lashed by scourges so is the soul by cruelty and lust" (Ann. VI. 6). The younger Pliny in one of his letters (VII. 33) to Tacitus, writes: "I augur, nor does the augury deceive me, that your histories will be immortal; and I will frankly confess that I desire my name to find mention in them." But there is a passage in the "Institutes" of Quintilian, the contemporary and also the rhetorical teacher of the historian, which in far finer tone predicts a like fame to his works. With a singular delicacy of compliment he does not mention his pupil by name, preferring to have it elegantly understood. It is the last sentence of the section on the Roman historians. After mentioning Sallust and Livy and others, he thus concludes: "There is yet living and adorning the glory of our time, and worthy the remembrance of the ages, one who will, by and by, be named in the history of letters, but now is only to be *understood*." Now, and how fully and perhaps widely beyond the Roman professor's conception of his own words, has this prophecy been fulfilled. About a century after the death of Tacitus, the emperor of the same name, who claimed descent from the historian, ordered his works to be placed in all the public libraries, and ten copies to be made every year at public expense, and deposited in the archives. At the revival of

classical learning these historical works found ardent students in such men as Cosmo de Medici in Italy, and Grotius and Lipsius in Holland; and these distinguished scholars and promoters of letters have passed down their admiration to a long succession of classical students of all countries and periods. Successive historians of Roman literature have taken up the word of Quintilian and repeated it in more pronounced form, and in our own day that prophetic Quintilian word may be sent on to coming times with fuller meaning — “*qui olim nominabitur vir sæculorum memoria dignus.*”

GALILEO AND THE INQUISITION.

WRITTEN FOR THE FRIDAY CLUB, JANUARY 14, 1879.

THE interesting paper upon Lessing, recently read to the club, brought before us for discussion, among other important points suggested by the career of Lessing, the alternative of free inquiry or the authority of an infallible church. I was at first inclined to ask the club to devote an evening in pursuance of that discussion to a special consideration of the views and the consequent fortunes of Lessing as a theological writer; but on reflection it seemed to me better to go back farther in the history of modern thought, and to attempt a review of the career of Galileo Galilei and its tragical fate as furnishing a signally instructive illustration of the just mentioned alternative in its liberal form, and no less of the larger issue which belongs just as vitally to our own days as it belonged to the days alike of Lessing and of Galileo, — the issue not so much between science, despotism of any ecclesiastical authority, whether Catholic or Protestant, and religion, but between the freedom of scientific inquiry and theological authority, whether Catholic or Protestant, Episcopal or Presbyterian or Independent.

I was the more easily drawn to this theme for my paper from having recently read a new book on Galileo, written in German by Karl von Gebler, a work of great vigor and thoroughness, of genuine German diligence as well as honesty; and by the skillful use made by its author of new material derived from original sources, it made a new departure in the literature of Galileo's life, and especially of his relations to the Roman Inquisition. Von Gebler has the distinction of being the first to set in clear and comprehensive narrative the abundant documentary material which has only recently been drawn out from its long concealment in the secret archives of the Holy See, and published to the world in the interests of truth and knowledge. For more than two centuries after the trial of the great Italian astronomer no official source of knowledge was accessible to historical writers except the bare statement of the case contained in the final sen-

tence. During most of this long period the huge pile of manuscript, containing all the documents belonging to the proceedings of the trial, lay in the darkness of the Papal archives, unused, unapproached, and persistently denied to all historical inquirers. Singularly enough, it was reserved for the circumstance of war, for the rude stir of French arms in the Italian campaigns of the first empire, to dislodge the Vatican manuscript from its hiding-place, and to let it forth into the air and light of the outer world; for on the taking and occupation of Rome by Napoleon's troops, this document, together with other historical treasures, was seized and carried away to Paris with the intention, as it afterwards appeared from a learned report upon it found in the bureau of Napoleon's Minister of Public Instruction, to have the whole published in the original Italian and Latin, with an accompanying French translation. But on the fall and the exile of Napoleon the publication of the Galileo Vatican manuscript was left behind him in Paris as one of the humblest, perhaps, but certainly one of the best of his many unfulfilled projects. It would far exceed my limits to recount the history, most curiously detailed by Herr von Gebler in the Appendix to his work, of the various diplomatic arts employed during many years by successive Popes, through their Nuncios at Paris, to get back their lost manuscript to the Vatican bureau which had been for two centuries its prescriptive home, or of the counter arts, no less diplomatic, practiced by the ministers of successive French sovereigns to evade, without once or for an instant refusing, a consummation so devoutly wished. At last, in 1845, on an application for the manuscript being made to Louis Philippe by Gregory XVI., through Count Rossi, the French Ambassador at Rome, the answer was immediately given that it should at once be restored on the condition that it be *published in Rome, full and entire*; and on the formal acceptance of this condition as a *sine qua non*, the manuscript was then restored to the possession of the Holy See. The obligation which was thus assumed by the Papal government in the person of Pope Gregory XVI. has, unfortunately for the good faith of that government, never been discharged. Only one official attempt to discharge it has ever been made, and that a partial one in itself, and also partially made. This was a work published in 1850 by Monsignore Marini, which, so far from being a publication of the Vatican manuscript, *full and entire*, was only an advocate's report of the trial, consisting of extracts from the records so selected and arranged and annotated as to defend and

glorify the tribunal. This work once issued, as if in discharge in full of all papal obligations, the manuscript went straight back to its old sacred place in the Papal archives by order of Pio Nono, and for nearly twenty years after was kept safe under lock and key from the profane eyes and hands of historical inquirers and writers. At last, however, more liberal counsels prevailed at the Vatican, and in 1867 permission was granted by the Prefect of the Papal Archives to Henri de l'Epinois, an eminent French scholar, to examine the famous manuscript and to appropriate it as he might choose in whole or in part to literary uses. The final result of M. de l'Epinois' examination was the publication at Paris of a valuable work in which he gave to the world, together with an exposition of the trial, not indeed the whole manuscript, but yet all its most important documents printed entire and in the *ipsissima verba* of the originals. In the year 1870, another collection of Galileo documents was published at Florence by Professor Silvestro Gherardi, which embraced records of sessions of the Inquisition and of its Decrees, chiefly belonging to the period subsequent to the trial. It is in the light of the full knowledge, now given for the first time in these two works, of the entire proceeding of the Inquisition against Galileo, that Herr von Gebler has written his book. From the central point of view which he has reached through a thorough study of the complete records of this celebrated trial, he has rewritten its history, treating it, however, not as an isolated event in Galileo's life, but setting it in its proper place and with all its surroundings in the larger history, out of which it grew, of his whole personal and scientific career. All fair-minded readers of his pages will allow that the author has written his book with an impartial spirit, nothing extenuating nor setting down aught in malice. They will see him acquitting the Inquisition of some traditional charges of cruel treatment of Galileo, but substantiating others of weightier import which come under the same head; vindicating its official conduct in some points as most consistent, condemning it as in others most inconsistent with the principles of the church which it represented; but they will find nothing in all his showings to beget admiration or approval of those principles themselves; very much does the author set forth in plain narrative to awaken indignation at the intolerance of this Holy tribunal which laid such an iron pressure upon the development of science; and quite enough, too, in the shape of argument most difficult to answer, which goes to invalidate alike the

ecclesiastical and the legal basis on which it rested its sentence of condemnation. Indeed, the story of Galileo's fate, as told again in this book, is found to be wanting, in its aspect as to both of the parties to the case, in those elements of powerful and commanding interest which belong to other world-famous persecutions for the sake of conscience and truth. Galileo himself appears in it in the same strange contrasts as always before, of intellectual strength and moral weakness, of freedom in following after and reaching the most exalted views, and of servility in abandoning them in the crucial hour of personal trial. On the other hand, in the Cardinal Judges of the prosecuting Holy Office, with all their persistent purpose to perpetuate the prestige of their church, there was wanting that passionate earnestness which has sometimes given a kind of *demi-relievo* to the frightful spectacle of religious fanaticism; they evidently lacked that fierce faith in themselves and their cause which can in any wise reconcile us to the intolerance of a fanatical tribunal. But if the parties which were set over against each other in this trial appear to have been thus wanting in personal moral decision, the principles which they respectively represented are clearly seen as joined in most decisive conflict. It is the conflict of those principles which went on in the Galileo trial—the principle of free scientific inquiry on the one side, and on the other of compulsory ecclesiastical and theological authority—which gives to the trial its chief interest for us who look back to it now from this distance of more than two centuries. The same principles, though under changed forms and changed conditions, are in conflict in our day, and the conflict now enters perhaps more vitally than anything else into the higher intellectual life of the world. The conflict ended then, as end it needs must, in the submission of one of the contending parties, and the instructive thing to be noted is, that then it was a submission at first wrested by force from the first philosopher and astronomer of the time by the Roman Inquisition, and not many years after won by the influence of truth from the Church represented in that Inquisition.

The life of Galileo fell in a time when the movement for spiritual freedom, which even in Italy had reached and won the best minds in the first half of the sixteenth century, was now on the retrograde. It was the 18th February, 1564, on which Galileo Galilei, the son of a Florentine nobleman, Vincenzo Galilei, and his wife, Julia Ammanati, was born in Pisa; the very same day

on which Michael Angelo died ; so that one and the same day robbed Florence of her greatest artist, and gave her her greatest philosopher. The very beginnings of a religious reformation in Italy had been crushed by the Inquisitors of Paul IV., and in the recently founded Order of the Jesuits the church had at its disposal an army, admirably general and admirably trained in rank and file, which counted as its life-work the suppression of all opposition to Papal authority quite as much as the recovery of heretics. The papacy began to reestablish itself firmly in its newly-fortified domain ; without, it labored by all methods of cunning and violence to subject again to its sway the Protestant churches ; and within, the fate of Giordano Bruno was a beacon warning of what all those had to expect who might venture to oppose their own opinions to the dogmas of the church, their own will to the decrees of ecclesiastical power. Thus it soon came to pass, that no theology, no philosophy might be taught or held which deviated from sanctioned church standards, and that all inquiry in the realm of nature and of history was watched with suspicious eyes and kept subject to most rigid censorship. Yet the church was too sagacious to renounce all science, partly because it was indispensable to her own ends, and partly, too, because it was quite too strong in its own indefeasible rights for such renunciation to be possible. It is in the light of this very general preliminary view of the situation that we may reach an understanding of Galileo's relation to the church of his time. Profound and radical as was the inner opposition of his scientific views to the dogmatic theology of the church, it developed itself very gradually, and with reserve on both sides, into an outward conflict. One must remember, too, that Galileo was no skeptic or free-thinker, but a sincere Christian believer, and never considered himself an opponent in opinion or word to the rightly interpreted teachings of the Bible. After Galileo had once reached, through many a perplexed path, his true vocation as a student of mathematics and natural philosophy, he soon became known by his conspicuous merits, and in the year 1589 was appointed to a professorship of mathematics in Pisa. The appointment was only for three years and at an annual salary of only sixty scudi ; but it gave him an acknowledged position in the learned world, and a place for scientific study and labors in which he might rise to higher usefulness and distinction. But this brief period of three years was cut short by his brilliant success in science joined to the envy of his colleagues, and the in-

trigues of enemies whom nothing but his merits had gained him. In 1592, in consequence of the vexatious intrigues of his enemies, Galileo left Pisa, the place of his birth, and its university, the place of his education, and entered into the service of the Republic of Venice, as professor in the University of Padua. Opening here his first course of lectures with a brilliant inaugural, he soon gathered to his lecture room large classes of enthusiastic pupils, and went on for many years in a series of studies and labors fruitful of inventions and discoveries in many departments of science and especially in astronomy. In a letter to Kepler, in whom he had a faithful friend and ally, he declares that he had been convinced for many years of the truth of the Copernican system, while he was pained to find it so generally rejected both by theologians and naturalists; by the former on the authority of the church fathers, and by the latter of Aristotle and Ptolemy. Yet he adds in a remark, most significant of his own character as of that of the times: "I have abundant proof of the truth of the new astronomical views, yet I do not venture to publish it, through fear of sharing the fate of our master Copernicus, who, great as is his fame with a few, is yet to the many (for thus great is the number of fools) only an object of ridicule and scorn." At this time he seems to have had no apprehensions of the charge of heresy. Indeed, as Copernicus' work had been dedicated, by permission, to Pope Paul III., and now for more than fifty years had gone unchallenged by the church censorship, he might well believe that he could confess himself as a convert to its doctrines, without being stigmatized as an heretic. Still, with whatsoever reserve and caution he might proceed, the time was surely approaching when the opposition was to come, not directly from philosophy and from theology, but from the tribunals of church authority, and to nothing was the crisis so much owing at last as to his well-earned success in scientific investigation, and to the force of the truth which he gained and made known to the world. It was in 1610 that the astronomer secured for himself in the telescope, which he made, the instrument of his great discoveries. Though not, as some have maintained, the inventor of the telescope, yet he vastly improved it by his inventions, and certainly was the first to apply it to the observation of the heavens. Marvelous, indeed, were the sights that through that, at best, very rude instrument broke from the heavens upon Galileo's astonished eyes, and marvelous the knowledge it conveyed to the world through the

astronomer's bulletin of discovery, the so-called "Sidereal Messenger." The hitherto so flat moon was seen to rejoice in mountains even as the aristocratic earth herself; the Milky Way was all at once studded with innumerable stars; the Pleiades, those far-famed daughters of Atlas, instead of being only seven in number, multiplied to a bright clustering family of thirty-six, and the giant Orion, instead of disclosing only seven stars, was covered with them all over his heroic figure to the number of more than five hundred; the planets showed themselves as round disks, and the fixed stars, though still only bright points, were yet no longer fixed by the *dictum* of the great Stagirite, but moving, changing ever with the ever-moving, ever-changing firmament itself. Yet more direct in their proof of the truth of the Copernican doctrine were the discoveries of the satellites of Jupiter, the ring of Saturn, and the spots on the Sun. But Galileo contented himself with simply publishing the facts, without bringing them into logical relation to the Copernican system, leaving all such inferences to his readers. While the common people greeted with wondering admiration the man who had thus revealed to them a new heaven, these revelations were met by the learned with incredulity or with sneers of contempt or with the bitter hate of envious jealousy. Some of the hottest Aristotelians even maintained that the astronomer's telescope was purposely fashioned in such cunning way that it showed things which had no real existence, and all in vain was it that Galileo, in reply, offered a reward of ten thousand scudi to anybody who would construct so cunning an instrument as that! Others stubbornly refused to look through the telescope, arguing that it was simply impossible for any instrument to discover phenomena in the heavens of which there was not a word in all the books of Aristotle! It was of one of these *a priori* philosophers, Julius Libri, who spurned all Galileo's discoveries as "absurdities," and who died in this same year (1610), and died without the sight, that the astronomer wittily said: "That he hoped that Signore Libri, who was never willing to see these absurdities from the earth, had vouchsafed a passing look at them on his way to heaven."

In marked contrast to all these was the true-minded and true-hearted Kepler, who at once openly maintained the truth of Galileo's observations, and published them himself as fast as they were made known, and declared that Galileo "had given in them the clearest proof of the divinity of his genius." In a letter of

this period to Kepler, Galileo thus writes: You are well-nigh the only one who has given full credit to my statements, and that from your own independent way of thinking. But let us not care for the revilings of the great crowd, for against Jupiter once fought even giants, to say nothing of the pygmies — and all in vain. Jupiter still stands in the heavens, let these doggish people bay and bark at him as they will. What say you to the first philosophers of our Pisa Faculty, who, with a stupid stubbornness, will not look at planets or the moon, nor even at my telescope itself? Verily, they close their eyes against the light of truth. This kind of people think philosophy to be a book, just like the *Odyssey* or the *Æneid*; and they must needs seek for truth not in the world of space, not in nature but (to use their own words) in *the comparison of texts!* What is to be done? Shall we join Democritus or Herodotus? Democritus, I think, my good Kepler, and let us only laugh over all this distinguished dullness." It was unfortunate for Galileo that at this period he retired from the service of the Venetian republic, which would hardly have refused him protection against the attacks of church authority, and accepted a call which he received from his former pupil, Cosmo II., the Grand Duke of Tuscany. In the autumn of 1610 he entered upon his duties as First Professor of Mathematics at the University of Pisa, with the added title of First Philosopher to His Ducal Highness, and with the stipulation, made by the Grand Duke, that he should not be under obligation to reside at Pisa, or to deliver academic lectures; he might devote himself, if he chose, exclusively to his scientific studies and writings. But great as were these advantages, which this position offered him, it was a bad exchange which he made, when he left the free soil of the republic, and trusted his fortunes to the protection of a prince, who, though his sincere friend, was nevertheless young and of an inconstant nature, and was under the complete dominion of Rome. In Venetian Padua there was entire and actual freedom in teaching, but in Tuscany it was only nominal; in the former, science was secure from the intrigue and shuffling tricks of the Jesuits, in the latter, the Jesuits were at home, and their mighty influence lay heavy upon all that touched their interests, and most of all upon scientific inquiry. Yet, for some time after his arrival in Tuscany, his enemies found it not easy to set in movement against him the ecclesiastical authorities; and only from a distance and at intervals was heard the low

rumbling of the storm which by and by was to break upon him. In 1611, on the visit which he made to Rome by the permission and at the expense of his prince, he was received with the distinctions of a veritable triumph. Pope Paul V. granted him a lengthened audience, and gave him most gracious assurance of his unchangeable favor. Cardinals and prelates and scholars all vied with one another in doing him honor. The Eternal City presented the strange spectacle of courtiers and scholars and even Aristotelian philosophers and bigoted old school theologians gazing through the telescope upon the much talked of phenomena of the new heavens, their doubts vanishing — if only they would let them — in the overwhelming light of ocular evidence. And most significant and important of all was the favorable official opinion given in by four eminent men of science, appointed to the service by Cardinal Bellarmine, who testified, as eye-witnesses, to the correctness of the astronomical facts which had been discovered and published by Galileo. But the Holy Inquisition, ever on the watch against heresy, had their suspicious eyes upon Galileo, while all else in Rome were paying him their homage of willing admiration. In the "Records of the Inquisition," published in 1870 by Gherardi, appears the following curious little entry, bearing date of May 17, 1611, the very time of the culmination of Galileo's successes in Rome: "Let it be looked into, whether in the trial of Dr. Cæsar Cremonini, *Galileo Galilei, the Professor of Philosophy and Mathematics, is not named.*" This is the first time in which the name of Galileo finds place in the Inquisition records. The Holy Office was thus in search of some clue of evidence against this innovator, with whose praises the air of Rome was now so full. How different was a sentence written in the same month by Cardinal del Monte to Cosmo II.: "If we were living in the days of the old Roman republic, I verily believe that a column would have been erected on the Capitol in honor of the surpassing worth of Galileo." But the Inquisition was under the influence of the ultra-conservatism of the time. The Aristotelians and their cousins-german, the old school theologians, looked with horror upon this growing success of a system which, in their eyes, was undermining the venerable foundations, not only of physics and mathematics, but of philosophy and religion. Like the silversmiths of Ephesus, in Paul's reforming days, they felt that not only their craft was in danger, but also the magnificent temples of the deities they worshiped were like to be de-

spised, and so they cried out, Great is Aristotle, great is Theology, the sovereign empress of all the sciences! The writer who was the first to bring over the discussion, hitherto purely scientific, into the region of theology, was a Florentine monk by the name of Francisco Sitio, who, in a book long since forgotten, undertook — as appears from his title-page — to prove, on plain evidence of Holy Writ, “the emptiness of the rumor started by the ‘Sidereal Messenger,’ about four (Jupiter) planets recently seen by the mathematician Galileo Galilei through some kind of an optical instrument” (“*cujusdam perspicilli*”)! But this worthy monk had coadjutors superior to himself in learning and position, who were at work, however, in a less public way. In Florence, in the palace of the Archbishop Marzimedici, a company of theologians was wont to assemble “in honor of God and imperiled religion,” to take counsel in secret, not whether the discoveries of Galileo rested on fact or no, but how this troublesome new teacher and his revolutionary system could best be destroyed. But in the higher ecclesiastical circles in Rome the astronomer had not as yet lost favor. Even in 1613, when, in a controversial work against the Jesuit Scheiner on the spots upon the sun, he for the first time declared himself openly for the Copernican system, we find Cardinal Barberini, afterwards Pope Urban VIII., and Cardinal Borromeo thanking him for sending them his work, and expressing their admiration of the results of his studies. It was the accident of a conversation at the grand ducal table, where were present several professors of the University of Pisa, which led the way to the conflict with ecclesiastical power. The Grand Duchess Dowager Christine had put the question to Boscaglia, the Pisa Professor of Natural Philosophy, whether the satellites of Jupiter were really to be seen in the heavens, and the professor had answered, though very reluctantly, in the affirmative. Professor Castelli, a good friend of Galileo,* was present, and he at once made the best of the opportunity and discoursed to the company most earnestly upon the great importance of Galileo’s discoveries. Boscaglia, who, being a peripatetic of the first water, could not suppress his vexation at the turn the conversation was taking, kept up a communication in whispers with the dowager duchess, telling her that though many of Galileo’s views were without doubt true, yet that the doctrine of the double motion of the earth seemed to him incredible, indeed impossible, since it was quite contrary to Scripture. So the duchess at once began to attack the Copernican system on

Bible grounds. Castelli at first objected to draw the Bible into a scientific discussion, but as his objections were of no avail, he took at once a theological position, and from it defended the new views with such force of conviction, that he brought over to his side nearly the whole company, including the grand duke and his wife. The duchess' mother, however, who was a woman of narrow mind, held out to the last, and Boscaglia himself maintained a neutral silence. The information of this occurrence, which was immediately given by Castelli to his friend, drew from Galileo that celebrated letter, in which he first expressed those theological opinions which rendered him obnoxious to church censure, and to the subsequent indictment and trial for heresy.

After protesting against the necessity to which he is brought, of involving the Bible in a purely scientific discussion, he proceeds to give his views of the relations of the Bible to scientific inquiry. He says that, as a good Catholic, he fully acknowledges that the Bible cannot teach what is false or erroneous, but that he can by no means acknowledge the same of all the *interpreters* of the Bible. These betray themselves into contradictions, and even heresies and blasphemies, when they interpret Scripture according to the letter. Thus they would ascribe to God hands and feet and ears, and also human feelings, as wrath and hate and repentance, and also ignorance of the future. Further, he teaches that both Scripture and nature proceed from the Divine Word; but for Scripture it was necessary that, in accommodation to the common mind, it should utter much that might seem contrary to truth; but that nature, on the other hand, was inexorable and unchangeable, and quite unconcerned whether her hidden grounds and agencies were comprehensible by men or not. Now as two truths cannot contradict each other, it is the business of wise interpreters of the Bible to interpret its statements in harmony with those necessary conclusions touching nature which are made certain by ocular demonstration, or by sure proof. Then, as to the mission of the Bible, he says, "I am inclined to believe that the Bible is intended to teach truths which are necessary to salvation, and which get their sanction, not from science, nor from any other source than their revelation through the Holy Ghost. But that the same God who has furnished us with senses, understanding, and reason will not allow us to use them, but will bring us by some other way to a knowledge of those sciences which we can get by ourselves, by the use of those capacities — this, I think, I am

under no obligation to believe; least of all in respect to those sciences of which we have in Scripture quite inconsiderable fragments, as, for instance, astronomy, to which the Bible makes such slight contributions that it *does not even mention all the planets.*" The wily enemies of Galileo knew how to abuse this ingenuous confession of a wise and good man to his own injury. They noisily proclaimed that his assertion that Holy Scripture has no place in scientific discussion was an assault upon its universal authority. The respectable Bishop of Fiesole, Gherardini, to whom the existence of Copernicus was apparently wholly unknown, fell into such a rage over the system defended by Galileo, that he indulged in indecorous abuse of the astronomer, and threatened to represent the whole affair to the grand duke. But some of the bishop's cooler friends managed to quiet him with the information that the author of the system was not a living Tuscan, but only a German, who had been dead seventy years, and that when he was alive and published his book, he had dedicated it to Pope Paul III., and that His Holiness had accepted it in the most gracious manner. But the first open and public assault upon Galileo and his system came from the pulpit on the fourth Sunday in Advent, in 1614, in the Church of Santa Maria Novella, in Florence, in the person of the Dominican monk Caccini. With a wit somewhat profane in the pulpit, he opened upon Galileo with the text from the first chapter of the Acts, "*Viri Galilæi, quid statis aspicientes in cælum?*" But this pun of the pious Peter Caccini was the best thing in his whole performance. All the rest was simply shocking, alike to reason and religion. He went on to teach that the doctrine taught by Galileo, of the revolution of the earth round the sun, was inconsistent with the Catholic faith, as it was in flat contradiction with Holy Scripture, the sense of which, as given by all the church fathers, taught just the opposite doctrine. And inasmuch as nobody was allowed to deviate from the authority of the aforesaid fathers, therefore this Galilean doctrine was heretical. The preacher closed with an invective against all mathematicians, whose science he denounced as an invention of the devil, and with the pious wish, that the whole tribe, as all heresies proceeded from them, might be expelled from all Christian states! Another Dominican monk, by name Lorini, secured a copy of the letter to Castelli, and forwarded it, accompanied with a denunciatory letter, to Cardinal Mellini, the President of the Holy Congregation of the Index. Never did wily priest weave together sophistry

and slander with more perverse ingenuity than Padre Lorini in this letter of denunciation. After enumerating the scientific sins of Galileo, and deprecating their destructive influence upon the whole philosophy of Aristotle, upon the authority of the fathers, and the holy Catholic faith, he delivers himself of a precious bit of naïve hypocrisy, as follows: "For myself, while I hold all these Galileans to be orderly men, to be sure, and good Christians, though a little overwise and obstinate, I beg to assure you, that in all this, my proceeding, I am moved only by *zeal for the holy cause.*" After this assurance, he begs that his letter may be considered *confidential*, only a friendly communication from a servant of the church, and not a judicial document. As a consequence of Lorini's letter, the Holy Office at once instituted a secret investigation of the charges against Galileo. Various attempts were made, but in vain, to get possession of the original of Galileo's communication to Castelli. The monk Caccini was summoned as a witness, but his testimony was loaded with statements so manifestly untrue that the Inquisition gave up for the present all further investigation. But, on account of the excitement incident to these recent attacks, it seemed to Galileo and his friends that he ought now to make a public vindication of his opinions. Hence arose the apologetic tract which he published in the form of a letter to the Grand Duchess Christine. As this tract defines more fully than the letter to Castelli the astronomer's position both as a man of science and a Catholic Christian, and also contains views on the relations of science and religion, which are again emphasized in our own times, it seems worth while to give a brief sketch of its contents. He opens by mentioning it as his misfortune that by his astronomical discoveries he has aroused against him many philosophers of the reigning school, as if he had with his own hand set up those phenomena in the firmament, to bring general disorder into nature and science. These antagonists, however, instead of meeting him, as in duty bound, with counter observations and facts, had chosen to shield themselves and their unsupported *dicta* by the pretext of religion and Holy Scripture.

Now as to personal charges of heresy, he begs to say that Copernicus, his master, was not only a good Catholic, but also a priest of the church, who stood in high favor with the Roman Curia for his piety as well as his learning, and that his great work was first published under the gracious sanction of the then Pope, Paul III., and that until lately its orthodoxy had never been called in ques-

tion. For himself it had been the farthest possible from his intention to say or teach aught contrary to the Bible, and that if on account of his not being learned in Scripture he had been guilty of any errors in religion, he was ready at once to abandon them, so soon as they were *proved* to be errors. He then unfolds, with more fullness than in his letter to Castelli, the relation of the teachings of the Bible to scientific truth, and confirms them by an appeal to earlier Catholic writers whose orthodoxy was never questioned. Especially, he quotes the memorable words of Cardinal Baronius: "The Holy Ghost designed in the Bible to teach men how to go to heaven, not how the heavens go." This utterance he backs by many passages quoted from St. Augustine. He then puts in an exception to the view at that time so current, that Theology, as the queen of all the sciences, may in nowise demean herself so as to adjust her doctrines to the teachings of the other inferior sciences, but that all these, on the contrary, must be ever subject to her sovereign authority, and shape their conclusions to her traditions and decrees. He declares himself to be somewhat in doubt, exactly on what grounds sacred Theology has been invested with this title and rank of sovereign queen. It may be, perhaps, *first*, because all which is taught by the other sciences is contained and interpreted by Theology, only in a better way and from higher knowledge, or, *secondly*, because the subject which busies Theology is far superior in worth and importance to all the subjects of which the other sciences treat. Now if Theology is a queen in the first sense, then, certainly, the claim to the title is not valid, for nobody can maintain that geometry and astronomy and music and medicine are more fully and better taught in Scripture than in the books of Archimedes and Ptolemy and Galen. It would seem, then, that Theology must rest her sovereign claims on the second ground. On this head the writer utters this pithy sentence: "If now Theology, occupied only with the supreme, divine problems, keeps upon the queenly throne which belongs to her supreme rank, without descending to the lower sciences, which have not to do with the mysteries of salvation, then the professors of theology ought not to presume upon authority to issue decrees and statutes in other sciences, which they have never, *ex professo*, pursued and studied. For this were as if an absolute prince, who can order at will and exact obedience, without being a physician or an architect should wish that the sick should be healed, or buildings erected according to his direction, at the risk of death

to the patients, and destruction to the buildings." The writer then applies the principles he has laid down to the Copernician system. According to the opinion of many, he says, this system is to be rejected because it goes counter to the letter of Scripture, and on the other hand, that the immobility of the earth and the mobility of the sun must be accepted *de fide*. Here he makes a sharp distinction, which he contends must also be observed, between mere *hypotheses* and *ascertained facts*. In regard to the former, as, for example, whether the stars are inhabited or not, one might, to be sure, fall in with the literal sense of Scripture. But if, on the contrary, the statement of facts in nature, which have been reached by sure observation and proof, is not in harmony with the literal sense of Scripture, then these physical facts must lead the interpreter to the study and understanding of the true sense, which must certainly be in harmony with the proved results of science, inasmuch as two truths can never contradict each other. One other passage which bore hard upon him in his subsequent trial I will quote. After declaring that he is willing to abide by the official opinion of fair and wise and well-instructed theologians, he thus addresses his enemies: "See to it that you refute the proofs for the Copernican system, and leave the question of its heresy to whom its settlement belongs; but do not imagine that you will get from those thoughtful and sagacious church authorities, and from the absolute wisdom of *Him* who is infallible, the hasty decisions to which you would wrest yourselves by your own personal interests and passions. For without doubt in reference to matters which are not exactly *de fide*, His Holiness the Pope has unconditioned power of approbation or condemnation; *but it is not in the power of any human being to make a thing true or to make it false, or to make it any otherwise than it is, de facto, by its own nature.*" A tract like this, thrown suddenly by an astronomer into the atmosphere of Rome in the year 1615, brought with it an air quite too fresh and free for the constitutional habits of the Roman church; and the thought it uttered was of such uncanonical sort, it was so very human, and yet so real and so true, that it gave mortal offense to all genuine orthodoxy, both in science and in religion. Galileo soon learned that his enemies were working against him more busily and bitterly than before, and that a movement was on foot to bring him under ecclesiastical censure, and to put a church injunction on all Copernican teaching. With the purpose of defending himself and his views against this movement,

he made a journey to Rome in December, 1615. The statement, often made, that he went to Rome at this time in obedience to a papal summons is disproved by the records of the manuscript now published. The testimony there recorded shows beyond controversy that he went of his own free will, and for the purpose just mentioned. The event proved that he arrived in Rome not a moment too early for his purpose. In a letter written a week after his arrival he writes thus: "I see every day how well it was that I came here at this time, for I have discovered so many snares laid for me that at a later period my personal safety might have been impossible." So far, however, had the proceedings already gone, that, while he had no fears for himself, he found it impossible to get any favorable hearing in defense of his astronomical views. His efforts, indeed, only hastened the hitherto lingering action of the church authorities.

By a decree of the 19th of February, 1616, the Inquisition charged its consulting theologians to prepare and hand in an official opinion touching the two following propositions, as contained in Galileo's writings:—

1. The sun is the centre of the world, and consequently without motion.

2. The earth is not the centre of the world and not stationary, but moves with a diurnal motion. On the 24th of February the theologians gave in their opinion as follows:—

The *first proposition* they declared to be foolish and absurd in philosophy and formally heretical, as being contrary to Scripture according to the proper sense of many passages, and also according to the general interpretation of the holy fathers and learned theologians of the church. The *second proposition* they declared to be subject to the same censure in philosophy, and in respect to theological truth to be at the least erroneous in faith. At a session of the Inquisition held on the next day, the 25th of February, Cardinal Mellini announced that in consequence of this official opinion, Cardinal Bellarmin had been instructed by the Pope to summon Galileo and admonish him to give up (*deserere*) the opinion contained in the propositions submitted to the theological commission; in the event of his refusal to obey, the Commissary-General of the Holy Office was instructed to deliver him the order, in presence of a notary and witnesses, that he abstain from teaching or defending the aforesaid doctrine and opinion, or from treating of it; in case of his non-acquiescence he was to be

imprisoned. We find it set down in the trial records that on the following 3d of March Cardinal Bellarmin informed the Inquisition that he had duly given Galileo the admonition, and that he had acquiesced in the same, also that on the 26th May the same cardinal had given Galileo, at his request, his written certificate over his own signature, to this effect: that formal abjuration of his opinions had not been required of him or any penalty inflicted upon him, but only that he had been informed of the declaration made by our Lord (the Pope) (*fatto da Nostro Signore*), and published by the Holy Congregation of the Index, that the Copernican view of the immobility of the sun and the mobility of the earth is contrary to Scripture, and so may not be defended or held. According to a minute bearing date 26th of February, and found or declared to be found in the trial records, but quite inconsistent with all the other documents above mentioned, and yet used as chief evidence against Galileo in the second trial, Galileo had received the order from the Commissary-General, in presence of notary and witnesses, to *give up* the obnoxious Copernican opinion, and neither to hold it *in any way whatsoever* (*quovis modo*), nor to teach or defend it by writing or word of mouth; and that he had acquiesced and promised to obey this order. The examination of this minute belongs, however, to a later stage of the Inquisition proceedings. To a complete view of the authentic acts of this period it remains to be added, that on the 5th of March a decree was issued by the Holy Congregation of the Index, by which the great work of Copernicus on the "Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies," and all other books in which the false and unscriptural doctrine of the mobility of the earth and the immobility of the sun was taught, were prohibited from publication, until the errors in them were duly corrected. Thus had the Roman court defined its position on the astronomical science of the century. The motion of the earth around the sun was pronounced by it to be an unscriptural doctrine and a formal heresy; it might not be defended or held by any Catholic Christian. It was still perhaps possible for a believer in the Copernican system to evade in some cunning way the letter of the interdict, so to hide his opinions, or to put them forward in hypothetical form, as not to be guilty of an overt act of its violation; but even then he was always at the mercy of power, he had ever over his head the sword of church censure hanging by the slightest thread. Most of all was it so with Galileo, the chief sufferer by these prohibitory pro-

ceedings. His life as a thinker and man of science was for a time arrested at its sources, and all freedom and elasticity of step and movement was gone. Whatever action now there was, was only abnormal and morbid. How painfully does this appear in a letter which he wrote soon after, accompanying the dedication of a book which he had written on the subject of "The Tides," to Leopold, the Archduke of Austria. He had written the book at the request of Cardinal Orsini, during his last visit to Rome, and in it had incorporated proofs of the truth of the Copernican views. But now that the interdict was on such a book, he must needs in some way bring about obedience to it as a faithful servant of the church. "Because," he writes, "because it becomes me to obey the decisions of my superiors, as they are guided by a higher intelligence, to which my own humbler mind does not of itself attain, therefore I look upon this book which I present to you, inasmuch as it goes to prove the twofold motion of the earth, simply as a fiction, or rather as a dream, and pray your Highness to receive it as such. But even as poets sometimes value one or another of their fancies, so I in like manner set some store by this fancy of mine. I had intended to discuss this subject more fully, and to add other proofs. But a voice from heaven has awakened me and dissolved in mist all *my perplexed phantasms*." What a humiliating change is wrought here in this man of scientific genius by despotic authority acting in the name of religion! Just before soaring to the stars, and revealing to mortals a new heavens, and now rudely struck down, and with wings all broken dragging on the earth! But as weeks and months wore away, the mind of the astronomer seems to have somewhat recovered itself. There arose in him with his revived studies the quickening hope that the decisions of the Papal Congregations, if not taken back, might yet be allowed to slide into forgetfulness. He especially grew more confident in spirit and less cautious in action, when in 1623 Cardinal Maffeo Barberini, who had always treated him with marked consideration and kindness, became Pope under the name of Urban VIII. On his visit to Rome the next year, he was received by this Pope with the greatest distinction, and Urban, in a letter soon after written to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, lauded Galileo's scientific services, and no less his virtue and piety. Relying upon the favor which had thus been shown, and fondly cherishing the hope that he might unfold astronomical truth at least in hypothetical form, he addressed himself to the composition of a work which

was to embody the chief results of his scientific labors of more than forty years. This work was his celebrated "Dialogue on the Two Systems of the World, the Ptolemaic and the Copernican," which was designed, as the title-page declares, to present the natural and philosophical reasons for each system, with no formal summing up in favor of either. It is in reality a series of dialogues, conducted by three speakers, two of whom support the Copernican system, and the third the Ptolemaic. The two Copernican defenders are Galileo's two pupils, Salviati of Florence, and Sagredo of Venice; and the Ptolemaic was one Simplicius, a pseudonym which had an ambiguous meaning. For the common mind it might stand for the man of simplicity or the "Simpleton," and for learned readers it might represent, as the author afterwards declared it really did, the writer of that name of the sixth century, who wrote a commentary on an astronomical work of Aristotle. Salviati and Sagredo bring forward the arguments for Copernicus with such clearness and force of conviction, and so completely answer all the objections of the unfortunate Simplicius, that the unprejudiced reader can hardly help giving the palm to the new theory over the old. And inasmuch as the writer furnishes Simplicius with all possible arguments for the defense of his cause, and most conscientiously puts into his mouth all possible objections against the idea of the earth's motion, the total discomfiture of Aristotle and Ptolemy *seems to be* turned all the more decisively to a victory for Copernicus. And yet at every new turn in that direction the asseveration comes in from one or the other Copernican, that no ultimate decision on the doubtful question can be reached by mathematics and physics or by logic and philosophy, but only "by a higher intelligence;" and Salviati repeatedly protests to Simplicius, that by no means will he maintain the truth of the Copernican doctrine, on the contrary must declare it as possibly only a *fancy* or a *vain chimera*. The manuscript of this work when completed Galileo took with him to Rome, submitted it to the papal censorship, and obtained the formal permission to publish it. The work, though delayed in the publication by many causes for nearly two years, at length was issued at Florence, in 1632, bearing the Imprimatur both of the Florentine Inquisitor-General and also of the papal censor at Rome. Once published and circulated, its success as a scientific work was simply unprecedented. It carried with it all truth-loving and independent among the learned, and all intelligent ordinary readers, who were

not under the servitude of prejudice. But, on the other hand, it had arrayed against it and its author, with the utmost bitterness and fury of opposition, all ultra-conservatives in science and theology, and most of all the leaders of the Jesuit order in every province of their manifold and all-penetrating influence. Pope Urban himself was fixed in the conviction, whether of himself or through the enemies of Galileo, that the interests of the church and the authority of the Bible were in deadly peril from the newly published heretical work. These motives were reinforced by a strong personal one, which worked most mischievously against Galileo's cause. This was the calumnious assertion, which he was made to believe, that he himself was maliciously meant in *Simplicius* of the Dialogue. Whether or not the wounded vanity of this high-spirited Pope thus entered as a factor into the prosecution soon to come, it is certain that the friendly disposition which he had hitherto showed to Galileo now suddenly turned to an apparent personal aversion.

Six months after the publication of the "Dialogue," the Pope appointed a special commission for the examination of its doctrines; and upon an unfavorable report which was made, Galileo was summoned to appear before the Inquisition at Rome. Ill in body and dejected in mind, the astronomer begged for a hearing at Florence rather than at Rome, or at least for a delay. His earnest entreaties, in which he was joined by his prince, were all in vain, and at length, when the summons grew peremptory, and looked towards force, he set out on his journey to Rome, and reached the city, borne in a litter, in January, 1633. During his stay in Rome he was treated as a prisoner of the Inquisition, but, certainly it must be said, was treated as such with unusual clemency. Twice, and in all seventeen days, he was in official custody, and then in a room in the palace of the Inquisition. He was never in a prison. The trial continued from the 12th of April to the end of July. The indictment ran, that he had defended the Copernican doctrine, which in 1616 had been declared false and unscriptural, and so had subjected himself to the charge of heresy. To his reply, that in his "Dialogue" he had developed the arguments for the Ptolemaic and the Copernican system, without teaching positively either, it was rejoined that he had at least represented the Copernican view as probable, and that an unscriptural opinion could not be probable. To the further plea of Galileo, that his book had been submitted to censorship, and

had been approved, it was replied that he had gained the approval surreptitiously, inasmuch as he had not informed the censor that in 1616 he had promised never to enter into any discussion of the Copernican system. Thereupon Galileo declared that he remembered only that Cardinal Bellarmine had in that year forbidden him *only to defend* the Copernican system, and that he thought he had not acted contrary to that prohibition; that he had no remembrance of any order to enter into no discussion of the system. At this stage of the trial there was put in evidence against the prisoner the alleged minute of the Inquisition record, according to which such a prohibition had been issued to Galileo on the 26th of February, 1616, in the presence of the notary and witnesses. The prisoner, however, protested that this prohibition had never been made to him. The publication of the documents of the trial clearly proves that on this head the prisoner was in the right and the tribunal in the wrong. In the first place, the minute has no signature to it nor any mark whatever of attestation, and is, therefore, without any legal validity; and it is incredible how it could have been used as evidence by a tribunal professing to be intelligent and honest. Besides, there is strong evidence against its genuineness. It is in manifest contradiction to two other documents, both unquestionably genuine, the one the protocol of the 3d of March, 1616, the other the certificate of Cardinal Bellarmine of the 26th of May of the same year. It is also contrary to Galileo's repeated assertions during the trial and in his written defense, and in his private letters. In addition, it is wholly incredible that if such a prohibition had been issued, and Galileo had promised to abide by it, the papal censors should have been ignorant of such an important fact. This minute has therefore been pronounced on these grounds by Gherardi, and by von Gebler and other writers, to be a forged document, fabricated after the first trial to make a secure basis of evidence for the second one. This questionable minute was, however, allowed to go into the case against the prisoner, and it entered largely into the ground of his conviction. Strong as are the above considerations against the genuineness of this document, it is difficult to believe that it was forged, and for the reason alleged, inasmuch as the Inquisition might have condemned Galileo without the commissary's prohibition, merely upon Bellarmine's admonition, as, by acquiescence in that, Galileo had promised to give up (*deserere*) the obnoxious opinion, contrary to reason and nature though such a

promise certainly was. It may be that the document is the first draft gotten ready by the notary, in expectation that Galileo would not acquiesce in the admonition, and that, instead of being destroyed, it was preserved, and, whether by *bona* or *mala fide* got into the record as a minute of a real and not an anticipated transaction. That the prohibition, however, was never given, and that Galileo never made the promise, and that the use in evidence of the minute was an illegal proceeding, no unprejudiced mind can entertain the slightest possible doubt. On the other side, the publication of the Vatican manuscript has acquitted the Inquisition of the traditional charge that Galileo was subjected to the judicial process of torture. The evidence clearly is that he was threatened with torture, but that the threat was not executed. But as we read this part of the record, we cannot but say, far better for himself and his after fame had he been put to the torture, and the truth of his real opinions thus have been elicited and even wrested from him. It is a most humiliating page on the record. He has just been examined on the question of his still holding or not to the Copernican doctrine and has put in a solemn negative. Then he was told that his "Dialogue" showed that he held to the doctrine, and that if he did not confess the truth he would be proceeded against by the fitting methods of law. The reply was: "I do not hold and have not held this opinion since I was admonished to give it up. I am here in your hands; do with me as you please." Then it was said again, and now plainly, that he must own the truth or be put to the torture. His reply was: "I am here to yield obedience; as I have said, I have not held to this opinion since the decision was made against it." The record then ends thus: "And as nothing further could be had in execution of the decree, he was remanded to his place, after subscribing his name to the record." But these words, and many others like them, which he had uttered, were too palpably untrue to be of any avail. On the following day, the 22d of June, 1633, the sentence of the Holy Office, bearing upon it the sanction of the Holy Father, was read to him in the Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva, the same church from whose high altar looks down the "Christ" of Galileo's great countryman, Michael Angelo. The sentence was for substance as follows: Galileo, in that he has believed and taught the false and unscriptural doctrine *that the sun is the centre of the world and does not move from east to west and that the earth moves*, has subjected himself to the suspi-

cion of heresy ; the penalties, however, affixed to such a transgression by the holy canons may be remitted, on condition that he abjure and curse and abhor the aforesaid heresy, and all other heresies. The "Dialogue" published by him is to be prohibited. He himself is condemned to imprisonment for such time as may hereafter be determined by the Holy Office, and moreover must for three years utter in prayer once a week the seven penitential psalms. Galileo's abjuration immediately followed. The form accords with the sentence, and with unimportant omissions runs as follows : —

"I swear that I have ever believed, and now believe, and with God's help ever will believe, all that the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church holds, preaches, and teaches. But because I have been suspected of heresy by the Holy Office, for believing that the sun is the centre of the world and is stationary, and the earth is not the centre and that it moves, therefore, in order to remove this suspicion, I abjure, condemn, and abhor the aforesaid heresy, and all other, and I furthermore swear that in future I will never maintain by writing or word of mouth, what may bring me under like suspicion, but that, on the contrary, if I shall know of any one as heretically inclined, I will report him to this Holy Office. I furthermore solemnly promise that I will completely fulfill all penalties already laid, or to be laid, upon me by this Holy Office. Should I ever violate these promises and oaths of mine, then I will subject to all penalties affixed to such offenses. So help me God, and these holy Gospels, which I here and now touch with my hands."

This form Galileo pronounced upon his knees. That, however, he was clothed in any dress of a penitent, or of a condemned malefactor, is one of the many fictions which later traditions have flung about this sad scene. Also, that on rising from his knees he uttered the words, "*Eppur si muove*," belongs to the same cycle of legends. On the day after, Galileo was allowed by the Pope to take up his abode in the house of the Tuscan ambassador. A week later, permission was given him to live in Siena, with an accompanying order not to leave that city without consent of the Inquisition. On the 1st of December, 1633, he was allowed to remove to his country estate, not far from Florence, under the condition that he was there to receive no visits. The petition which he submitted, not long after, to go to Florence for medical treatment, was refused, and he was bidden to refrain from any further

petition of that sort, on pain of being called back to his place of confinement in the Inquisition building at Rome. Five years later, in February, 1638, the inquisitor at Florence was charged to investigate Galileo's health, and to report upon the same, and also whether his return to Florence might lead to a renewal of heretical discussion. The inquisitor replied as follows: "The astronomer is quite blind, and is suffering from severe bodily ailment and perpetual sleeplessness. The physician thinks he will never recover. He looks more like a corpse than a living man." Thereupon Galileo had permission to live in his own house in Florence, under the express condition that he was neither to make or receive any visits. Another formal application needed to be made to the Holy Office to procure permission from the holy apostolic Catholic Church for this blind, feeble, dying old man to step out of his house to hear Mass in a neighboring church. But let me linger no longer on the sad details of the last years of his life. At the beginning of the year 1639 he was borne back to his place at Arcetri. There he died on the 8th of January, 1642, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, in the faith and under the comforting last offices of the church of which he had ever been a faithful member. His son and his two pupils, Viviani and Torricelli, were with him in his last hours, and officers of the Inquisition saw him close his eyes in death. But the ecclesiastical power which had persecuted him when living, pursued him also to his grave. His wish expressed in his will to be buried in his family tomb, in the Church of Santa Croce, was denied him; he was put away by himself in a side chapel, and by papal direction no stone was to mark the spot where he lay. This church ban lay upon the dead astronomer for nearly a century; till at last, in 1737, by the grace of the Inquisition, his remains were deposited in the family tomb, and a monument erected to his memory, and then, too, no inscription might be carved upon it till it had passed the Inquisition's inspection. But long before this tardy honor was done to the ashes of Galileo, the truths for which he had struggled and suffered had passed quite victoriously far beyond the *dictum* of Pope or church, into the knowledge and faith of the world. The church authorities at last gave up all opposition to it, but only when opposition was naught but a solecism. Not till the year 1757 did it seem to the Congregation of the Index that the right time had come to erase from the decree of the 5th of March, 1616, the general prohibition against all books which taught the mobility of the earth.

The learned and enlightened Pope, Benedict XIV., gladly gave his sanction to the proposition on the 11th of May of that year, and so the prohibition was removed. Nevertheless, the special prohibition of the original edition of Copernicus, of a book of Kepler, and the "Dialogue" of Galileo, remained in full force down to the present century. The last of these works appeared, indeed, in Padua, in 1744; but it was allowed to be published only with the sentence against Galileo prefixed to it, together with Galileo's abjuration. As late as 1820, Professor Settele of Rome wrote a book on astronomy, but the *imprimatur* of Padre Anfossio, the papal censor, was refused him, because in it he treated the Copernican views, not as hypotheses, but as ascertained facts. But the professor appealed to Pope Pius VII., who referred the matter to the Inquisition. The result was a formal decree, issued in 1822, under the sanction of the Pope, by which permission of publication was vouchsafed to all works which taught (I quote from the decree) "the universal opinion of modern astronomers touching the mobility of the earth and the immobility of the sun." In the next edition of the "Index," published in 1835, the books of Copernicus, Kepler, and Galileo were, for the first time, dropped out from the prohibited works. Thus it was that the declaration of the two congregations of the Inquisition and the Index, confirmed by the Pope's sanction, was published to the world, that both the Popes, Paul V. and Urban VIII., had been in error when they declared the Copernican doctrine to be a heresy. This radical change seems to bear quite decisively against the infallibility of the Catholic Church, and of its papal head; and it is of no avail to say that the Popes whose decision was thus reversed by their apostolical successor did not speak *ex cathedra*. The fact stands there, nevertheless, that the very same thing which was declared in the seventeenth century, by two Popes, to be a heresy, was declared by a Pope in the nineteenth century to be allowable doctrine. Cardinal Bellarmin, who communicated the admonition to Galileo, characterized the declaration of the heresy (I quote again his own words) "as a declaration given by our lord (the Pope), and published by the Congregation of the Index;" and after the condemnation of Galileo by a tribunal over which Urban VIII. presided, the sentence was sent abroad, by papal order, to all the papal nuncios in Europe, and to all bishops and inquisitors throughout Italy. From these can it be maintained that these two Popes acted in these proceedings only as *private persons*, and not *ex cathedra*?

But if it can be maintained, then it necessarily follows that the Copernican doctrine had never been pronounced a heresy, and so the whole process against Galileo for heresy rested on no ecclesiastical basis whatever. Certainly no ecumenical council had pronounced upon the subject, and neither the Inquisition nor the Index Congregation, nor both together, were competent to make a declaration of heresy, and so if Pope Paul V. did not, in this case, speak *ex cathedra*, then Galileo was tried and condemned contrary to the principles and usages of the Catholic Church. But only an extreme Catholic or an extreme Protestant may care to dwell on this part of this subject. For most students of ecclesiastical and scientific history, the great lesson taught here by the whole melancholy transaction is the unwisdom as well as impotence of any church authority in contending against the freedom of honest inquiry in matters of science, and especially in contending against laws which are the legitimate expression of general facts in nature. To use an Old Testament poetical expression, which, so far as I know, even mediæval theologians have never taken literally, it will only be another illustration of *the stars in their courses fighting against Sisera*.

But let us remember, in explanation, if not in excuse, of the proceedings against Galileo, that his astronomical views seemed to strike such a radical blow at the fundamental reigning conceptions of the Catholic Church, and indeed of Protestant churches as well, as to render their acceptance or toleration scarcely possible. If, as all men and all good Christians had believed, the earth was no more the centre of the universe, it seemed then that Christianity and the Christian church was no longer the centre of the world's history. If this planet were only a speck in the infinite space of nature, it seemed hardly tenable or credible that the Deity had come down into such an insignificant corner of creation, to become incarnate in man, and to live and die for the salvation of the human race. One cannot help recalling in contrast how such a view, put forward in later times by unbelievers, appeared to be so formidable an argument against the Christian system that its refutation was the occasion and the design of Dr. Chalmers' magnificent "Discourses on the Modern Astronomy." Let it also be added to this fact of the prevailing Christian conceptions at the time of Galileo, that the importance attached by the Catholic Church to the authority of tradition, and the proceedings against the innovating astronomer are further ex-

plained, though by no means justified. It was logically inconsistent with the very principles and usages of this church to tolerate a doctrine and its consequent interpretation of Scripture directly opposed to the doctrine and scriptural interpretation which hitherto had always and universally obtained. Here, if anywhere, was applicable, in fullest force, the dogma of *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus creditum est*, for until Copernicus what had been so universally and always and everywhere believed as the revolution of the sun around the earth? But yet is it not fair to say that if this trial and condemnation of Galileo was thus in logical consistency with Catholic principle and conduct, then so much the worse for that principle and its consequences. A church which, by its very constitution, must needs condemn the incontestible results of science, and cannot tolerate the unprejudiced observation of nature, nor the maintenance and discussion of physical laws, and yet must finally allow and concede by decree what by decree it has denied and condemned, — how can it defend its claim to be an infallible keeper of truth and the infallible guide of mankind? But apart from all consideration of Catholic principles, this condemning sentence of the Inquisition, considered simply as a prosecuting tribunal, must itself be condemned alike by law and by morality. In addition to the points which have been incidentally made in the course, it is enough for the legal condemnation of the entire prosecution, that the book for which Galileo was tried and sentenced had been previously submitted to the papal censorship, and had received its formal approbation. When the book was published in Florence it came into the world fortified by the *Imprimatur* of the *papal censor*, of the *Florentine General Inquisitor*, of the *Vicar-General of Florence*, and of two other subordinate authorities. These were the constituted authorities of the church, and it was their constitutional function to attend to this very business of deciding upon the orthodox character of books to be sent forth to the world. By giving their formal approbation to Galileo's work, they took upon themselves the responsibility of publication, and, through them as agents, the church itself and its head as the principal assumed the same responsibility, and the writer thereby was relieved of such responsibility. Further, it was simply an impertinence to say, as was said in the indictment and in the examination, that the accused had not told the censor that an order had been issued to him not to write such a book, and that he had promised to obey it,

and therefore that he had gained the permission surreptitiously. What an extraordinary idea, that the author should thus volunteer information to the constituted censor, and to teach him what he ought to know himself, if, indeed, it was a thing to be known at all! But finally, on this head, it is decisively to be added that, as we have already seen, the alleged order was never given to Galileo at all, and so there was nothing of the sort to be told, or to be known by Galileo or by any one else. It is manifest, therefore, that the offense of publishing the celebrated "Dialogue" was chargeable upon the censorship of the church, and upon the church itself, and not all upon the author of the book. The consent once formally given by the church authorities and the responsibility thus assumed, the utmost to be legally done afterwards, in case the book were judged to be heterodox, was to retract the consent and prohibit further publication; but no punishment might justly be inflicted upon the author himself. And yet this feeble old man, broken down in body and spirit by trouble and disappointment, was dragged through that tedious three months' trial, and condemned and sentenced for heresy, and in penalty thereof subjected to a restraint of all freedom of life and action, which lay upon him for nine weary years, till at last it wore him into his grave. But far more serious than all else are the moral grounds on which the condemnation of Galileo is to be condemned. He was sentenced by a Christian tribunal to abjure and curse as heresies in religion, truths in nature which he had reached by surest proof, and which he as firmly believed as his own existence. Consider in its bearings upon the members of the Holy Office the moral character of that transaction, — Galileo's abjuration. Of the seven cardinals who signed their names to the sentence, there was assuredly not one who believed in his heart that Galileo had changed his opinion touching the laws of the universe in consequence of their sentence. And yet, in presence of that Christian tribunal, the Pope its presiding head, and of an assemblage of Christian cardinals and prelates, at the bidding of a Christian ecclesiastical authority, Galileo kneels there in a Christian church and asserts in form of solemn oath, his hand upon the Holy Gospels, that the doctrine of the truth of which he had no doubt, after the sentence any more than before, he abjures (*abjuret*), curses (*maledicat*), and abhors (*et detestetur*) with sincere heart (*corde sincero*) and unfeigned faith (*et fide non ficta*). Thus, in honor of God and of Christ's Church, in accordance with the bidding of

the Holy Catholic Office, was a formal perjury uttered by the most learned man of Italy, who for more than forty years had achieved more in the cause of science than any man of his time.

And in this transaction a sad part indeed it is which is done by Galileo himself. From the very inception of the trial he abandons every thought of defending his own convictions; he feels himself given over to a power against which he cannot contend; his sole weapon is submission. But one may not judge him harshly, but rather try to see how such an end were possible of such a career. By nature his impulse to the investigation of truth was far greater than his moral courage; his character fell far below the endowments of his mind. We may compare him in this respect with his contemporary, Lord Bacon, in whom moral weakness and intellectual strength appear in a yet more marked contrast. And as Bacon doubtless suffered from the corrupting influences of the government under which he lived, so Galileo from the narrowing and weakening influence of the Catholic Church. So far from not being a good Catholic, as his enemies declared, Galileo was only too loyal and faithful a servant of the church. He grew up and lived and acted under far too submissive a faith in its claims upon his obedience. From the time that his discoveries and his convictions brought him into collision with the church, he labored under the delusion that the church would be won to the truth which had won his own mind and heart, and in this delusion he was ever striving to gain validity and adoption for his views, while yet he shrank from direct conflict with the church by endeavoring in all possible ways to render an outward and formal obedience to its will. When at last he was brought to the alternative of free inquiry and authority, he submitted to the latter; rather than defend the truth even to the death, he denied and abjured it, submitting his reason and his conscience to the will of an infallible church.

DEAN STANLEY ON BAPTISM.

WRITTEN FOR "THE WATCHMAN," 1879.

AMERICAN Baptists doubtless remember the gracious reception by the Dean of Westminster of the address presented to him when in this country by a delegation of Baptist ministers of New York and Brooklyn. He was pleased to remark that "it was not too much for him to say, that he regarded the great Baptist denomination with deep interest." With that courtly grace of speech with which the very reverend dean adorns everything which he touches, he then made mention of the "principal ceremony" of the denomination, "that of immersion," saying, "We ought to be grateful to you for having, almost alone in the Western Church, preserved intact this singular and interesting relic of primitive and apostolic times; which we," added the church historian, with a quiet, churchly dignity, "which we have, at least in our practice, wisely discarded." We have been reminded of these words of Dean Stanley in reading an essay of his on "Baptism," published in the "Nineteenth Century" for October. It illustrates his characteristic qualities as a theological writer, his learning, the charms of his style, the catholicity of his spirit, and especially the exceeding *broadness* of his views on matters of Christian faith and practice, and most of all his facile manner of setting aside what he himself declares to be the Scriptural mode of administering the ordinance of baptism. In regard, however, to the "original form" of the ordinance in apostolic times, and its inner and abiding significance, nothing could be stronger on the Baptist side of the subject than the views unfolded and illustrated by Dean Stanley in this essay. We are glad to put on record in our columns an abstract of these views, and to quote his words on some important points, as valuable testimony to the truth. The apostolic baptism he describes as expressive of a marvelous religious change, the greatest the world had ever known. Men and women in great multitudes, seized by a common impulse, acting from irresistible conviction, gave up all former habits, their family, their friends, and associates, to enter a new society. That society was one of "brothers," and yet bound

by ties closer than any earthly brotherhood; a society, all whose members were bound in remembrance and faith to One whom they loved with a love unspeakable. Now the act by which they passed into this new society was at once natural and expressive. It was "a plunge into the bath of purification," a rite long known among the Jews as a symbol of a change of life, and now retained by the command of Him into whose name his disciples were "baptized." The scene was sometimes a wayside spring, sometimes a rushing river, or some vast reservoir. The water, so significant of all that was pure, "closed over the heads of the converts," and "they rose to the light of heaven, new beings." It was an act that was figuratively described as a burial, a regeneration, a resurrection, "a new creation." The writer then considers the essential meaning of the ordinance, which he thinks still lives in the practice of the church, notwithstanding the changes in its form of administration. Three things belong to this essential meaning. And *first*, it is a sign of the purity which belongs to the Christian disposition and character. By choosing water and the use of the bath as the initiative Christian rite, the Saviour meant to teach that the Christian was to be "clean and pure in body and in soul and spirit." "Wash and be clean," was the prophet's command to the Syrian. "Cleanliness next allied to godliness" was the maxim of the Christian John Wesley. And this element of the significance of the rite still remains, notwithstanding all changes of its form. "Every time we see the drops of water poured over the face in baptism," they are "signs to us of the cleanly habits which our Master prized when He founded the rite." *Second*, the act of baptism, as "an entire submersion in the deep water," was a sign of a complete change of character. The apostles called it "the burial of the old former self and the rising up of the new self." "We are buried," said the Apostle Paul, "with Christ by baptism." This lesson, Dr. Stanley tells his readers, is "one which yet lives, though the essence of the material form is gone. It is but the few drops sprinkled," he says, but yet "the thing signified still keeps before us what Christians were intended to be." To a Baptist, the simplicity of this language is quite delightful. But, *third*, "the immersion in baptism" was also a sign of "the Christian profession," which was, "to follow Christ and be like to Him." This was expressed by the early Christians in two ways: 1, "when they came up from the waters," they were wrapped round with a white robe, an emblem of the moral fact that they

were “wrapped with the righteousness of Christ in deed and in truth;” and 2, this was what “made baptism a *sacrament* in the original sense of the word as an *oath of allegiance*.” As the Roman soldier, on his enlistment, took the oath of fealty to the emperor, so the Christian convert bound himself by the sacrament of baptism to follow his Master whithersoever He might lead him.

So much for the significance of baptism and its spiritual lessons. The learned writer thence passes to consider the changes in the administration of the rite, and the lessons which he derives from them. And here we are glad to give the dean’s testimony, chiefly in his own words. And first of the *mode* he says, that “for the first thirteen centuries the almost universal practice was that of the New Testament, and which is the very meaning of the word ‘baptize,’ that the baptized were immersed into the water. It had, no doubt, the sanction of the apostles and of their Master. It had the sanction, too, of the venerable churches of the early ages. Baptism by sprinkling was rejected by the whole ancient church as no baptism at all. In the Eastern Church, baptism by immersion is still continued, the cold climate of Russia being no obstacle to its continuance throughout that vast empire. In the Western Church it still lingers among the Roman Catholics in the solitary instance of the Cathedral of Milan, and among Protestants in the austere sect of the Baptists. In a version of the Bible which the Baptist church in America has made, it has been thought necessary — and *on philological grounds it is quite correct* [the italics are ours] — to translate John the Baptist by John the Immerser. With these exceptions the whole Western Church has now substituted for the ancient bath the ceremony of sprinkling a few drops of water on the face.” No one could ask for a better historical view of the ordinance than this, and “the Baptists” can well afford to be called “the austere sect” by the very reverend the dean of Westminster, when he describes them as following in the footsteps of “the glorious company of the apostles,” and of the whole Christian church of “the first thirteen centuries.” And now how does Dr. Stanley explain and justify this departure from the baptism of the New Testament and of the early church? His “obvious reason” is that “the practice of immersion, so suitable for southern and eastern countries, was unsuitable for the tastes and convenience of the countries of the west and north.” And what is the lesson to be learned? Why, it is

“a striking example of the triumph of common-sense and convenience over the bondage of form and custom. It shows the wisdom of not imposing customs of other nations and climates on those to whom they are not congenial.” And yet it was “a great change; the change from immersion to sprinkling has set aside the larger part of the language of the apostles regarding baptism, and has altered the very meaning of the word.” We quite agree with Dean Stanley in his concluding remark on this head, that this “substitution must have seemed to many at the time, as it now seems to the Baptists, a very dangerous innovation.”

But the change in respect to the *subjects* of baptism is next discussed, and in like manner. In the apostolic age, and in the next three centuries, it was “the general rule that those who came to baptism came in full age and of their own deliberate choice. We find a few cases of the baptism of children, and one of the baptism of infants. But such instances as Chrysostom and Augustine and Ambrose prove that the rite was not only not obligatory (for infants), but also not usual. The liturgical service of baptism was formed entirely for adult converts. But since the fifth century the whole Christian world have practiced infant baptism.” With like facility Dean Stanley justifies this new departure also. The justification is obviously found in “the Christian feeling that in a Christian household every member was consecrated.” The apostle taught in 1 Cor. vii. 14, “that the children were holy, because the parents were holy.” Of this passage the dean remarks, that while it “is conclusive against infant baptism in the apostolic age, it is a recognition of the permanent principle on which it is founded. It is the acknowledgment of the Christian saintliness and union of family life.” But infant baptism, he contends, is also “a recognition of the good which there is in children, as in every human soul.” In those little children of Galilee, on whom the Saviour laid blessing hands, “He saw the likeness of the kingdom of heaven. The substitution of infant baptism for adult baptism is thus a lesson of Christian charity. It is a standing testimony to the value and eternal significance of what Bishop Butler calls *natural religion*. It is the expression of the proper place (of children) in the Christian church and in the instincts of the civilized world.” We need not pass any judgment upon these views. Their statement is their own best refutation. If this is the best defense that the “Nineteenth Century” can make — and in the person of so learned an ecclesiastical historian as Dean

Stanley — of “sprinkling” and of “infant baptism,” we apprehend that they must continue to go undefended. But we fancy that some of our pedobaptist scholars, as they see the Dean of Westminster coming to the rescue with these weapons, will take up the lament of Hecuba : —

“Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis
Tempus eget.”

PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S BELFAST ADDRESS.

WRITTEN AS AN EDITORIAL FOR THE "PROVIDENCE JOURNAL."

THE seventh edition of Professor Tyndall's Belfast Address, as reprinted by the Messrs. Appleton, makes a volume of one hundred and twenty pages, about one half of which, in preface and appendix, consists of new matter. This edition contains also numerous additions silently inserted in the body of the address. In some of these Mr. Tyndall takes occasion to make still further liberal uses of Lange's "History of Materialism," a work to which he was indebted, as he very properly acknowledged, for a large part of the material of the address as it was at first written. We find one passage introduced (on page 58 of the American reprint), in the use of which we think that Mr. Tyndall has mistranslated the German, and misinterpreted his author. We beg to call attention to this new portion of the address, for the view of Lange is one of great value, and ought to be brought out with its unimpaired force of truth. Professor Tyndall introduces the quotation (we give his words) "to say a few words on the effects, as regards science, of the general introduction of monotheism among European nations." And here he draws — and no one can object to his doing so — from an admirable passage in Lange, which occurs on page 150 of the first volume of his work. Mr. Tyndall first says, and, on the whole, very truly, "Referring to the condition of the heathen, who sees a God behind every natural event, thus peopling the world with thousands of beings, whose caprices are incalculable, Lange shows the impossibility of any compromise between such notions and those of science, which proceeds on the assumption of never changing law and causality." "But," he continues with characteristic penetration (and now Mr. Tyndall translates Lange), "when the great thought of one God, acting as a unit upon the universe, has been seized, the connection of things in accordance with the law of cause and effect is not only thinkable, but it is a necessary consequence of the assumption. For when I see ten thousand wheels in motion, and know or believe that they are all driven by one, then I know that

I have before me a mechanism, the action of every part of which is determined by the plan of the whole. So much being assumed, it follows that I may investigate the structure of that machine and the various motions of its parts. For the time being, therefore, this conception renders scientific action free."

This translation is rather a free one throughout, as any one may see by comparing it with the original; but yet, in respect to correctness, it is open to serious criticism only in one place, and that is in the words "driven *by one*." Mr. Tyndall here represents Lange as putting the case that the "ten thousand wheels" are set in motion "by one" *wheel*; whereas, Lange's supposition really is that "only one single *being*" puts them all in motion — words which of course give a very different aspect to the figure, and to the truth which it is intended to teach. Lange's words are as follows: "Denn wenn ich irgendwo tausend und aber tausend Räder bewegt sähe, und *nur einen Einzigen* vermuthete, der sie zu treiben schiene, so würde ich u. s. w." Every one at all acquainted with German sees at once that the words "einen Einzigen" can mean nothing but *one single being*; and every reader must see also the bearing of the words upon the monotheistic view of the whole frame of nature, and of its government, which the supposition is intended to illustrate. But lest we may do Mr. Tyndall injustice by giving only his translation, we will add his interpretation, which he gives in his next two sentences, as follows: "In other words, were a capricious God at the circumference of every wheel, and at the end of each lever, the action of the machine would be incalculable by the methods of science. But the action of all its parts being rigidly determined by their connections and relations, and these being brought into play, by a *single self-acting driving-wheel* (the italics are ours, not Mr. Tyndall's), then, though this last prime mover may elude me, I am still able to comprehend the machinery which it sets in motion." Now this interpretation, so far from relieving the translation of the mistake, makes the mistake still worse. The "self-acting" is purely gratuitous on the part of the translator; it is not in the German at all. It is clear enough what view Mr. Tyndall wishes to convey by the use of that word, as well as by the words "though this last prime mover may elude me," but it is just as clear that the view is his own, and not Lange's. Both in the figure itself, and in the universe which it figuratively represents, Lange makes the agent not a mechanical, but a personal

one ; it is a person, and only one person ; and that is the central idea of the whole passage, and the idea which the translator quite fails to give his readers. But whether Mr. Tyndall be right or wrong in this matter, let us have Lange's idea in the full, undiminished force of its truth. He shows the unique relation which Christianity, as a pure monotheism, sustains to science. In contrast with all polytheistic religions, Christian monotheism, by its truth of one only God and his one uniform agency throughout the universe, makes "the causal connection of all things not only thinkable but necessary." It establishes the universal "reign of law," and gives free, unlimited scope to the progress of science.

FROUDE'S CÆSAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE FRIDAY CLUB, JANUARY 30, 1880.

MR. FROUDE has found a theme eminently suited to his literary genius in the Roman revolution and its master-spirit, Julius Cæsar. The period compassed by it is one of unrivaled historical importance in its many swift following events of world-wide significance with their rapid movement of affairs in politics, society, and war; and with the great men of marked individual character who figure in them in numerous and brilliant succession. It is a period, too, which, in its chief features, is peculiarly rich in dramatic interest. The fall of the Roman republic closes a grand drama of intensely real national life, the career of Cæsar marking the catastrophe, — his towering figure standing in conspicuous solitude, but only to linger for a brief while on the before crowded and tumultuous stage. Mr. Froude quickens his readers to a full consciousness of the dramatic character of all that memorable era by the power of imagination with which he conceives and represents it; it is all reproduced with such a vividness that, as it moves on over his pages, it affects the imagination and the passions, even as the scenes of some great tragedy which is instinct with the truth of history and real life. Indeed, it is not one tragedy alone that he puts upon his historic stage, but a series of three, as it were, after the manner of the Greek Dramatists, a trilogy of tragedies, as he takes into his plan all that in historical order prepared the way for Cæsar, and so combines with his fortunes those of the two Gracchi, and then of Marius and Sulla into a threefold action as they all enter into one and the same cycle of events which are moving on to a common catastrophe. Fortunate, thus, in the characteristic features of the theme itself, Mr. Froude is no less fortunate in the kindred character of authorities on which he relies for the representation of the chief personages and events. In the Commentaries of Cæsar and the speeches and letters of Cicero, he had access to full and authentic records which are valuable not merely because these writers were consummate masters of Latin prose, nor even because they were contemporary

with the events they record, and were also the chiefest actors in them; their quite inestimable value lies in the fact that they were written in such a spirit and with such ends and aims that they reveal and bring to immediate view all that is most characteristic of the period to which they belonged. The Commentaries of Cæsar on the Gallic and Civil Wars, though originally written as military dispatches to the Roman government, yet themselves illustrate some of the highest qualities of historical composition. As Cicero finely says of them in his "Brutus," they are straightforward and elegant, though divested of all needless ornaments. As their author designed them, he adds, to furnish the material for history, conceited writers thought to deck them out with the graces of style; but wise men discerned in them such models of pure and brilliant conciseness that they despaired of writing history at all. The conquests which the Gallic Commentaries narrate not only enlarged the dominions and resources of Rome, but also won for Cæsar an army and a great military name and power, and so opened the path before him more than aught else for the supremacy which he afterward attained. In this work, too, and in his work on the Civil War, Cæsar adroitly endeavored to put himself right with Rome and the world in respect to his conduct and its motives; to justify his aggressive wars against the Gallic and German tribes, and his attitude of hostility to Pompeius and the senate as well as to the constitution of his country. From Cicero no less than from Cæsar has Mr. Froude drawn most valuable material for the exposition and illustration of his theme. Cicero's numerous speeches, master as he was of Roman eloquence in every sphere of its exercise, the bar, the curia, and the rostra, touch or unfold or fully discuss well-nigh every great matter which was debated by the senate, every important movement set on foot by the people, the career and character of every man who was prominent in public life. But the letters of Cicero form an affluent and ever fresh source of knowledge for all that important part of the period in which Cæsar and Cicero were the prominent figures on the scene of Roman life. They furnish altogether the fullest and best materials for the history of the time as well as for the biography of Cæsar, and also of Cicero and of every notable Roman contemporary with them. We have here a correspondence extending over a period of twenty-five years, carried on perpetually and well-nigh daily, with all the chief statesmen of Rome, and in which, as the letters were not designed for pub-

lication, all measures and their promoters or opponents, all momentous events in every shifting phase of politics are most freely discussed, and the statements and opinions of their writers are expressed with entire unreserve. In these disclosures of men who, both by observation and experience, are best qualified to write of the affairs of the country, you not only get views of all that they have said and done in the air and light of public life, but you may follow them from the Campus Martius and the Forum into the interiors of their own homes whether in their villas or their city mansions, and see them there in their hours of seclusion amid their fluctuations of hope and fear, of triumph and disappointment, and listen to their most secret thoughts and purposes which they scarce dare whisper to themselves, and yet venture to voice in their confidential communications to trusted friends. One can readily imagine with what studious fondness Mr. Froude must have lingered amidst his labors on these most interesting remains of Roman letters, doubtless often turning aside from his main course of inquiry to delight himself with the exquisite diction of these writings or gaze upon the pictures of social and private life, the studies of friendship or individual character, and all the inner play of springs and motives of conduct which they constantly present. One cannot but notice the evidence which this extensive correspondence gives us of the highly cultivated Roman society of that generation, of the large number of its well-educated and literary men, and of the genuine *urbanitas*, to use a favorite word of his, which adorned and dignified their tone of conversation and their style of writing. We have here the letters of many men who were constantly occupied with professional and public business, and are not known to us as authors; but they all write in the same pure diction as Cicero himself. They have not, indeed, his copiousness and inimitable grace of speech, his absolute mastery of the Roman tongue, whether for soberest discussion or for flexible play of wit and fancy, but they all carry in their noble freedom of manner, their apt and rounded expression of their thought, the genuine stamp of literary training and taste. But it is, of course, the letters to Atticus, making up about one half of the eight hundred in the whole correspondence, which have the highest historical as well as literary value. We take less to heart the loss of so many of the "Orations," when we have this large collection of such letters safe in our hands, and may possess ourselves of their rich instruction and entertainment.

What makes these full memoirs of these times so interesting and valuable is the fact that being written by Cicero, a man of the liveliest imagination and warmest sympathies, to the receptive and congenial Atticus, whom he loved and perfectly trusted, they unfold and discuss the men and the measures, the plans and the acts of the passing days with no cautious side looks towards the public, but with the absolute *abandon* of one who feels only that he is saying what most interests him in the ear and heart of a sympathetic friend, and to whom he can say with entire confidence whatever he will, whether grave or trifling, and whether good or evil. Of the writer himself, and of the great part he bore in all that Roman life, of his innermost thoughts and the very secrets of his soul, these letters are self-revelations. Modern writers who dislike Cicero use these revelations as testimony against his character, but with all the weaknesses and faults they disclose, fair-minded readers honor and love him still. We may be sure that no contemporary statesman of Cicero could have borne such a severe ordeal so well as he. He has well in hand, perfectly under his command, even as his Cæsar mastered the situation in Gaul, all this mass of materials, which he had to mould and marshal into effective form; the great movements of the time, whether of Rome itself, in the crowded streets, the noisy Forum, or in far-off camps and battlefields, all pass before the reader in liveliest action, and the actors themselves become real and living persons to the mind. The story of the Gallic campaigns has been often told in modern times, but never more nearly after the original manner of the Commentaries themselves, Mr. Froude's noble English marching at no uneven pace through all the clear, swift narrative of plans and battles and conquests with the imperial Latin of Cæsar.

When we come to the delineation of the lives and characters of the leading men of that Roman period, there is room for divergence of opinion touching the merits of Mr. Froude's work. While all will feel and acknowledge here, too, the artistic skill with which his conceptions are wrought out, many will doubtless dissent from the truth of the conceptions themselves. Not that these views of Mr. Froude are new with him, except so far as they take new form and pressure from his own mind. They are the views of the school of writers to which Mr. Froude belongs, and of which Professor Mommsen has made himself by his learned and brilliant "Roman History" the acknowledged leader; writers

who are pronounced in favor of the popular element in the republican government of this period as against the aristocratic, and in favor of imperialism as against the republican government itself. These views begin to appear in Mommsen's treatment of the career of the unfortunate Gracchi, and, rising into greater prominence through all the scenes of the conflict between Marius and Sulla, at last find their highest and crowning illustration in Cæsar. Hence Mr. Froude, seeing in the uprising of the Gracchi the first sparks of the coming revolution, has words of warning for the tragic fate of Tiberius Gracchus, but no sympathy for Octavius, who had been illegally degraded from the tribuneship by Gracchus, and then well-nigh torn to pieces by the infuriated mob, or for the murder of Scipio Æmilianus, one of the ablest and best men of any Roman time, whose only offense was that he was honestly opposed to the Gracchian agrarian law. In his zeal, too, against the aristocracy he tells us that in this contest they had "made the first inroad on the constitution," forgetting that the first inroad had been made by Tiberius Gracchus in setting at naught the veto of Octavius as tribune. Mr. Mommsen, indeed, designates this act of Gracchus "as the first breach in the existing Roman constitution." I have not space to show in full how these leading opinions give complexion to Mr. Froude's view of the succeeding tragical scenes of the struggle between Marius and Sulla. Very lenient he evidently is to Marius, though it was he who instituted the protracted reign of terror in which Sulla reigned, to be sure, more terribly than himself; though he also was the first to raise a standing army in place of the old citizen soldiery of Rome, an army, too, made up from the dregs of the people, and so a ready instrument of their general's ambition, and though in one thing he was certainly worse than Sulla, with all Sulla's enormities, that he was willing to join to himself in his treasonable plans even the enemies of his country; but then Marius was the uncle of Cæsar, he was the popular leader in his day; the leader of that populace of Rome which Cæsar afterwards manipulated though with far more adroitness and success. But the delineations of these minor characters in Mr. Froude's picture of the Roman revolution are only foreshadowings of the boldly drawn sketch of the chief actor in that great event, of the central figure of his artistic work; the ideas which we see there only in germ and bud reach at length their "top and blossom" in his brilliant panegyric of the imperial character and career of Ju-

lius Cæsar. It is very strange to note the change of sentiment in recent times concerning the last defenders of the Roman republic and the triumphant founder of the empire. The time was, and not so long ago, when the conspirators of the Ides of March were extolled to the skies as brave men and true patriots, and their victim, surprised in the senate house and stabbed to death by three and twenty valiant daggers, was deemed to have met the deserved fate of a usurper and tyrant.

But now most enlightened writers, and in some cases men of liberal sentiments, instead of going back with Shakespeare to the sentiments of Greek Plutarch, stop very far on this side to join hands with the Italian Dante, and vie with him and with one another in consigning Brutus and his friends to a select place in the lowest round of the Inferno, while with like emulation they lift Cæsar not only to the highest pitch of human greatness and goodness, but even to divine rank and honor. It may be that this great change of sentiment, the extreme of which, I confess, I have just given, is due in part, and in its best part, to an improved historical criticism, which has caused a more discriminating treatment of the facts long known, and a more enlightened judgment. But for the most part it seems to have come from the rise of imperialism, especially in Germany, or from modern Cæsarism in France, or through tendencies philosophical or scientific, or the prevalence of material interests, from the worship of genius or of force, or of mere success, apart from all moral considerations. Not unfairly has the French writer, M. Boissier, said of Mr. Mommsen that, "carrying into his studies of antiquity all his modern prejudices, he assails in the Roman aristocracy the aspiring nobility of Prussia, and salutes in advance, in Cæsar, the *popular despot* whose strong hand gives *Germany its fantastic unity*." And an English critic says of Boissier's remark, "This may be a fair excuse for a *Prussian Cæsarean*, but Mr. Froude, an Englishman who has made English history the study of his life — 'What business has he on this galley?'" But whatever the origin of this historical school, Mr. Froude belongs to it, and generally second to its chief, and at no long interval; and sometimes leaping forward in advance of him. All will agree with Mr. Froude in his exalted estimate of the genius and various accomplishments of Cæsar. As a scholar, a writer, an orator, he was preëminent among his fellows. In a nation born to command — in a national senate called by an enemy of Rome "an assembly

of kings," he was gifted above all others with the kingly nature. He not only impressed men's minds by his greatness, but he could easily win men's hearts, and yet more the hearts of women, by the charm of his person and conversation, the kindliness of his disposition, and the courtesy and grace of his manners. He conquered all enemies in war — many of them he conquered over again by his clemency in peace. He founded the Roman Empire, and he reigned over it supreme. But all this, though multiplied an hundredfold, can nowise justify these Cæsarean writers in importing into modern thought the pagan conception of deification, and even a worse one than that expressed by the Roman epithet of *Divus Julius*. Mr. Mommsen vindicates Cæsar's aspiring, not only to the divine right of king, but even to the kingly right of deity. In very Teutonic manner he puts it in this wise: "Since the principle of the monarchy leads by logical sequence from its religious side to the king-god, we must recognize in Cæsar's procedure that thoroughness of thought and action which always assures for him his unique station in history." The late emperor of the French, in his biography of Cæsar, written all in the interests of French *Cæsarism*, declared that the men of Cæsar's time who combated his imperial claims were as blind and culpable as the Jews in crucifying their Messiah. Mr. Froude, while he nowhere gives utterance to just these ideas, yet with his insidious rhetoric insinuates similar ones, in forms no less offensive, and in his closing sentence, as though it were the culminating lesson of his theme, institutes a parallel between the life of Cæsar and the life of Jesus. As he approaches, in his narrative, the event of the Ides of March, he says: "The same evening, the 14th of March, Cæsar was at a 'Last Supper' at the house of Lepidus," — those words written with capitals and in quotation marks. On the next page he continues: "This familiar friend whom he trusted — the coincidence is striking — was employed to betray him." Next we find it written, after the assassination, "Cæsar was dead. But Cæsar still lived. 'It was not possible that the grave should hold him.'" And finally, he ventures upon what he truly calls a "strange and startling resemblance between the fate of the founder of the kingdom of this world and the Founder of the kingdom not of this world, for which the first was a preparation. Each was denounced for making himself a king; each was maligned as the friend of publicans and sinners; each was betrayed by those whom he had loved and cared for; each was put to death; and Cæsar also was

believed to have risen again, and ascended into heaven, and become a divine being." To dwell upon this passage were alike painful and needless. To speak of the founding of the Roman Empire as a great event, intended and employed by Providence by its extent and its unity to be preparatory and subsidiary to the extension of the kingdom of Christ, is to utter a truth which is often illustrated and worthy of constant remembrance; but such a parallel of personal history as Mr. Froude has thus started is repulsive to reason no less than to religion. One cannot comprehend how Mr. Froude could have written these words, when in the same chapter he had described, in language I do not care to quote, the extreme immorality of Cæsar, and only adding the very pale defense: "That Cæsar's morality was altogether superior to that of the average of his contemporaries is in a high degree improbable." What a contrast have we to this in those stern but just words of Dr. Arnold, of only a generation ago, "If, from the intellectual, we turn to the moral character of Cæsar, the whole range of history can hardly furnish a picture of greater deformity"!

Quite apart from such gross exaggerations as these, Mr. Froude's excessive admiration of Cæsar's genius and work blinds him, in his otherwise admirably clear view of Roman affairs, to the consideration of any elements or influences in the times unfavorable to his hero's claims to political and moral supremacy. His readers will agree with him that all things in the Roman state, during that period of about eighty years, were tending to the necessity of the empire, and that if the empire must needs come, Cæsar was pre-eminently fitted for the imperial place. Three times in that period had the effort been made to restore the old régime of the republic under which Rome had won her robust internal strength and her broad external dominion: twice in the interests of its popular element, the first time by the Gracchi, and the second by Marius, and once, in the interests of the aristocracy, by Sulla. But these efforts had each in its turn signally and utterly failed of any abiding success; each time had Rome, though set upright for a while from the one side or the other, fallen back and down again into internal disorder and violence. The integrity of that grand unit of government of the olden time, the *Senatus populusque Romanus* seemed to have been sundered fatally into fractions, and either half to have lost its wonted healthy capacity to exercise its great functions. The very greatness of Roman dominion had been im-

pairing, by its enormous temptations to corruption, that greatness of Roman character, which, especially in the wisdom and patriotism of the senate, had brought it into being; and the people, who had breathed in the corrupting atmosphere which settled down upon them from their superiors, were fast becoming a rabble of the comitia as well as of the streets.

After Marius and Sulla it was growing ever clearer that all orders must ere long succumb to the sway of a military monarchy, and the quick coming contest between Pompeius and Cæsar pointed surely to the ascendancy of Cæsar. Pompeius, during the most brilliant and every way best part of his career, aimed at the union of supreme power with loyalty to the laws and constitution of his country. This is as evident now as it was then, by his procedure on his return home after his five years' extraordinary achievements in the East, where he had secured the Roman supremacy in Pontus, Armenia, Syria, and Palestine. As he was on his way home and was nearing Italy, his coming was looked to with ominous apprehensions by all parties, as if he might reënact the part of Sulla. He was in reality the successor of Sulla in the full possession of military sovereignty, at the head of a victorious army, despotic power within his easy grasp. But he no sooner touched Italian soil at Brundisium than he disbanded his army, and though his journey through Italy was one continuous ovation, yet he entered the gates of Rome — and it happened to be on his birthday — surrounded only by toga-clad citizens, and only to claim and enjoy a well-earned triumph as a citizen general. What would Cæsar have done at such a moment? Mr. Froude does not touch this comparison, but Mr. Mommsen, in his worship of force and his indifference to right, sneers at Pompeius' conduct in missing his opportunity and ascribes it to a lack of courage. He says: "On those who lack courage the gods lavish every favor and every gift in vain. The parties breathed freely. Pompeius had abdicated a second time; his already vanquished competitors might once more begin the race, in which the strangest thing was that Pompeius was again a rival runner." But the truth is that Pompeius was not yet a "rival runner" at all, if it is meant by that that he was already a rival with Cæsar for absolute power. Up to this time, though fond as a soldier of military power and military honor, he had no thought of reaching it by unlawful means; he had not despaired of the republic, and, what was even more, he had not despaired of himself. This

double despairing came only to Pompeius by his coming into nearer contact with Cæsar, when, in a weak moment of disappointment and mortification at the refusal of the senate to ratify his acts in Asia, he yielded to Cæsar's insidious offers, and entered into the triumvirate with Cæsar and Crassus. This coalition was a private bargain between the three leading men of the state for the promotion by each of his own selfish ends by the aid of his partners. They pledged each other to put into a common stock their influence and resources, and to do and say nothing in politics except for the combined interests of the league, or, in modern phrase, the "ring." Pompeius was to get from the people all that the senate denied him; Crassus was to have consideration at home for himself and for the moneyed interests of the *equites*; and Cæsar was to have the consulship and then the province of Gaul. Cæsar's share in the bargain came first and directly; and it proved to be the lion's share. He won popular favor in the consulship, and then military glory in Gaul, by the side of which Pompeius' fame and popularity paled and waned. This connection was in every way mischievous to Pompeius; it led to all the after misfortunes and faults of his life, involving him in "difficulty, mortification, and shame." He found himself severed from his old friends; he saw, as Cæsar's plans matured, that he was lifting to greater influence a dangerous rival, and helping that rival create a power which periled the life of the republic; and, what was worse, he felt in him the risings of envy and jealousy and open ambition he had not had before; for, as Lucan truly said, "Cæsar could not brook a superior, nor Pompeius an equal." The connection soon fell apart, for it had no moral cohesion, and Pompeius went back to the constitutional party, and again became the champion of its interests. Then came the inevitable break between Cæsar and the government. Inevitable, too, the appeal to arms in the civil war, and that once begun, the course of events goes straight and swift, with but the single brief reverse at Dyrrachium, to Cæsar's victory at Pharsalia and himself the undisputed military master of Rome. Mr. Froude's view of this decisive contest, though strongly and on some points fairly put, yet is too Cæsarean for full acceptance for readers who are not themselves disciples of his school. He well tells us here that the senate undertook this war to evade the reforms which were intended by Cæsar if he reached his second consulship, and that consul, of course, he must be if he comes home from his prov-

ince. It might be enough, however, to say that nobody could know before the event what reforms he intended or whether he intended any at all, and that if he must be consul it must be by votes of citizens and not by the sword. On the other hand, Cæsar could urge that the senate had wronged him by recalling him before his term had expired, and by ordering him "to disband his army by a certain day, on pain of being declared a public enemy;" and still further by carrying their order in opposition to the veto of the tribunes. The truth seems to be that the lawful government had not in this crisis of affairs itself kept the law, while it was the irregular ambition of Cæsar which had produced the crisis. The senate had acted from a well-grounded fear of Cæsar's ambitious plans for his own elevation and greater power in the state; their decree was a virtual declaration of martial law: "that the consuls should provide for the safety of the state." But if we can waive all constitutional questions and look to the issue itself of this war in its bearings upon Rome and the world, we certainly cannot assert that "the safety of the state" would have been secured if, to reverse Lucan's memorable line, Cato's had been the winning and Cæsar's the losing cause on the plains of Pharsalia. Cicero, in his letters of this time, "speaks in the strongest terms of censure of the severities which would have followed the victory of the Constitutionalists, and declares that they would have ordered a general proscription as unsparing as that of Sulla." He is filled with horror at the uncompromising and revengeful spirit which he finds in Pompeius himself, and at the language he hears all about him in the Pompeian camp, of retribution to be visited to the utmost upon Cæsar's rebellious soldiers and their partisans in the state. The Pompeian army was not all composed of Ciceros and Catos, and the ascendancy of the profligate and corrupt wing of the aristocracy might have been far worse for the world than the victory of Cæsar and the establishment of his despotic rule. In this view of the subject Mr. Froude and his friends may well point us to the clemency of Cæsar to his opponents. This is indeed a noble feature in his policy, and, we may perhaps believe, also in his character. But the most difficult article of acceptance in all Mr. Froude's Cæsarean creed is, that Cæsar aimed to be a *reformer of the Roman constitution and a benefactor of mankind*. That it was possible to restore the old institutions and usages of the republic, to renew the dignity and manly wisdom and patriotism of the senate, and infuse a new and healthy vigor into the

people, it is not necessary to assert. But it is certain that Cæsar never made any trial if it *were* possible. He simply appropriated to himself all the powers and functions of government, aristocratic and popular alike, secular and sacred. So far from elevating the senate, he deliberately degraded it. With the purpose of putting into it new elements and widening its basis of influence, he raised the number of senators to nine hundred, introducing to its time-honored benches freedmen and foreigners, and among them his barbarian Gauls. The wits of the town made themselves merry over these upstart senators, who could hardly find their way about the city, and fairly lost themselves in the wilderness of columns and statues about the Forum; and placards were stuck up all around, proposing that no citizen should show these egregiously *new men* the way to the senate-house. What Cæsar wished and what he meant and what he secured was first revolution, then a military monarchy, and himself the head of it. We may allow that a man of his commanding genius, conscious of his superiority, might needs follow the instinct of his nature and possess himself of supreme power when it was within his grasp. It *may be, too*, that such a rule coincided with the interests of Rome and the world, that the sway of one man was at that crisis the best thing for mankind; in this sense we might accept Lucan's famous words, quoted and appropriated by Mr. Froude: "*Victrix causa deis placuit.*" At any rate, we can allow that it pleased Heaven that Cæsar's should be the victorious cause; but yet for all this we cannot admit that the victor vindicated for himself a place among those choice spirits who have lived not for themselves, but for the human race. No; we must hold that the career of Cæsar was a selfish one; his ruling passion and motive was ambition, and ambition of a like quality and proportion with his unique faculty of command. And it was this — not his administration, not his so-called reforms, as Mr. Froude declares, not his victories, not his rule in itself, — it was his despotic use of his victories and handling of his rule, it was his purpose to make himself a king in name as in thing that brought him to his tragic end. I believe that Shakespeare had the true insight into his great subject, though on his genius had never dawned the new lights of our modern Cæsareans; he saw and read all aright, where he makes Brutus say: "Tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and *death for his ambition.*" With a more dazzling rhetoric than even that of Shakespeare's Mark Antony, Mr. Froude may say: —

“The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious —

You all did see that on the Lupercal

I thrice presented him a kingly crown

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?”

but we remember and believe the rather the plain prose of “honest Casca,” himself also a witness of what he tells: “I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown; and he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would *fain have had it*. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again; but to my thinking, he was *very loath to lay his fingers off it*.” The great dramatist there reads out what lay in the inmost heart of the best thought of the last generation of republican Romans. They could not bear despotic rule; the name and state of a king was hateful and intolerable; it was to them not only un-Roman by the cherished traditions and sentiments of many generations, but it was illegal, for a Roman law declared accursed and devoted the life of any man who should attempt to make himself a king. A dictator they could bear, — they were bearing, — but kingship never, for it meant for them the degradation of personal and civil servitude. Whatever may be said of the perverse folly and ingratitude of Cæsar’s assassination, it was just as much a necessity of the times from the one side, as was from the other the empire itself. Shakespeare, following Plutarch, makes Brutus say, “As he was ambitious I slew him.” Cicero said with equal truth, “It was Antonius who slew him on the day of the Lupercalia, by offering him the crown, and letting everybody see that even in his refusal he meant to have it.” A word of Plutarch lets us into a view of the sentiments of Brutus and his party. Ligarius was one who had been pardoned by Cæsar for having been in arms against him at Pharsalia in Africa; he had been reproached for want of gratitude. Plutarch says that Ligarius did not so much feel grateful, as ‘oppressed by that *power that made him need to be pardoned*. But there is a passage in Cicero (Epp. ad Att. XV. 4.) which, while it shows the marvelous revelations he makes of himself to Atticus, and also the egregious political error of the assassination, yet also gives a truly awful illustration of the deep-seated hate even in a man of so much moderation. He is writing of the doings of Antonius as worse far than Cæsar’s, and breaks out thus: “If things run on thus, I like not the Ides of March. For either Cæsar should never have come back (after death), nor fear have

compelled us to ratify his acts; or else, so was I in favor with him — and yet may *heaven's curse light on him though dead* (*quem dii mortuum perduint*) — that seeing the master is slain and we are not freer, he was a master not to be rejected." And then, as if in affright and shame at himself, he adds: "I blush, believe me, but I have written it, and will not blot it out." Let us remember, too, so wide and real was this feeling of oppression, that after Cæsar was slain some of the best of his party at once came over to the republican party and now gave utterance to the feelings they had kept stifled within them. There were among them such men as Hirtius and Pansa, and Servilius, and Servius Sulpicius, and also Asinius Pollio, who had been close attached to the person of Cæsar. Very striking are the words of Sulpicius, written to Cicero, and written, too, in consolation, when Cicero had just lost his daughter: "We have seen," he says, "snatched from us those things which men should hold less dear than their children, — our country, our reputation, our dignity, everything which made life honorable. What can one blow more add to our pain?" And we might trace the remains of these sentiments far down into the empire, through the reigns of Augustus and Tiberius, in the lives of such men as Drusus and Germanicus, and others less known to fame, and discover how the republic lingered as a memory and a power long after itself was extinct. I have not time to discuss with any fullness Mr. Froude's delineation of other secondary characters to which allusion has been made in the course of this review of his book. But let me before I close my paper make some remarks suggested by his treatment of Cicero. It is with a real delight that we see Mr. Froude here following Mommsen only afar off. The extreme and quite unprincipled depreciation of the Roman orator's fame by Mommsen is a misfortune only paralleled by that earlier one of excessive adulation which it suffered from his biographer, Middleton. The German historian denies Cicero excellence of any kind, political, forensic, or even literary.

But such a judgment only damages the judge himself. Everybody knows that in a time remarkable for men of great ability Cicero rose to eminence by his talents, his various discipline and culture, and his eloquence. It is a plain verdict of fact that Cæsar himself at every stage of his career studiously sought to win and secure his influence, and that in this Cæsar was only the highest illustration of what was sought by every great party leader.

And as to his great merits as a scholar and a writer, which have been acknowledged in every civilized country since he ran his brilliant career, it seems a treason against the republic of letters for Professor Mommsen to deny them, who has himself reached an eminent literary position, and who derives his sole claim to the world's notice from his learning and scholarship. Cicero's weaknesses are all obvious enough, and every one admits them; but the truth is, they would never have been known and talked about except from his conspicuous abilities and virtues. It is refreshing and reassuring in these times to hear Mr. Froude declare that, after Cæsar, "Cicero is the second great figure in the history of the times," that his "splendid talents have bought forgiveness for his faults, and have given him a place in the small circle of the really great whose memory is not allowed to die," and "that his literary excellence will forever preserve his memory from too harsh judgment." But of course Mr. Froude, from his point of view, condemns Cicero because he refused to be of Cæsar's party, to plant himself by Cæsar's side, which he says was "his natural place." He ascribes this refusal to Cicero's "want of political principle," and also to his vanity, that having had "the first part as consul," he "could not bring himself to play a second part." But it is certain that vanity had nothing to do with Cicero's refusal to go with Cæsar. He was certainly willing to "play" a second part to Pompey — why not to Cæsar? It was exactly his *political principle* which kept him apart from Cæsar. As to the *first part* in Rome, he did not believe in it at all in the sense in which Mr. Froude takes it. He believed, with all the strength of deliberate, honest conviction, in a Rome where nobody could play the first part except in loyalty to law and liberty, and where everybody could play just that part to which he was entitled by his own intrinsic merits. There was no man of any prominence in Roman affairs whose political principles were more pronounced than Cicero's, or more consistently maintained. He laid them down in theory in his writings, and he defended them by his tongue and his life. He believed in the mixed constitutional government of consul, senate, and comitia, which Rome had not so much formed by written compact as reached by experience, in the early, long-continued struggles of the different orders in the state, which gradually came into fusion and union by concession and compromise, and so agreed upon a practical constitution for all, and which, with its imperfections, was yet the best and the most permanent one

the ancient world possessed. We may say now that such a régime belonged only to the past, that it was too good for the bad times in which Cicero lived. That is probably true, but it was to the honor of Cicero that he cherished its recollections, and clung to the possibility of its reconstruction, and would go with no man, with no set of men, who were trying to make such a reconstruction impossible. In his youth he looked with horror at the recent wild excesses of the democracy under Marius, and then, on his very entrance into public life, on the yet wilder excesses of the aristocracy under Sulla. It is his adhesion to these political views that alone explains Cicero's entire course through the great conflict between Pompeius and Cæsar. At first he was pronounced for Pompey, because he was then a pronounced republican. When he joined Cæsar in the triumvirate, Cicero lost confidence in him. When he broke with Cæsar, and came back to the constitutional party, Cicero stood by him again, but yet with mistrust and apprehension. When the crisis of civil war came, and while it was coming, he was in sore perplexity (Mr. Froude calls it vacillation) between his conviction that Cæsar was wrong and his fear that Pompeius was not right. It was really the perplexity of an honest man who wanted and meant to do only what he thought to be right. As his letters to Atticus show, he was indeed in a pitiable condition. He saw good reason to believe that Cæsar would use victory with the more moderation, and that inclined him to him and his camp. And yet he was ill at ease in the Pompeian camp on account of the revengeful spirit which reigned there; for his own remonstrances, indeed, and his expressed aversion to joining the Pompeian army at all, he narrowly escaped being killed by young Pompeius and his friends, who called him a traitor; and finally, though he believed that the cause of Pompeius was more nearly in the right, he left the camp at Dyrrachium and went back to Italy.

After Pharsalia, Cicero submitted to the inevitable with as good grace as he could command. Though treated with marked courtesy, yet he kept aloof for some time from public life, and in retirement found at once occupation and solace in his favorite literary studies. Yet he seems to have been not without something of hope, that if Cæsar did not restore "some kind of a free state," yet he might perhaps make it possible, by his administration, for public men to pursue a dignified and honorable career. In a letter to one of his friends he says, "Supposing Cæsar to desire the

existence of a free state, he may yet lack the power to create it." But such a hope was especially awakened by Cæsar's pardon of Marcellus, and was then expressed by the speech with which he broke his long silence in the senate, of thanks to the dictator for this signal act of grace. Marked as this speech is by dazzling compliments, set in courtliest Latin, it yet contains some free utterances worthy of Roman manhood. Addressing Cæsar, he says, "We read in your face a purpose to restore us to such remnants of liberty as have survived the war." And in another passage: "I grieve that the commonwealth, which ought to be immortal, should hang on the breath of one man." And yet more plainly he continues: "Should you leave the republic in the condition in which it now stands, consider, I pray you, whether your career will not seem famous indeed, but scarcely glorious. It remains for you to rebuild the constitution. Live till this is done." Delivered as this speech was, on the grateful impulse of the moment, as we know from a letter of Cicero (*Ad Div. IV. 4*), it shows that his tongue had not, by the silence of nearly two years, forgotten its eloquence. Let me now touch finally upon that last memorable year of Cicero's life, the one which followed the murder of Cæsar. There, certainly, in the contest with Antonius and the newly formed Cæsarean party, he showed no vacillation, no weakness, no lack of courage, and there, too, appeared his old devotion to his political convictions. He had left Rome, intending to join Atticus in Greece; but an ill wind drove him back to Rhegium. There he met Brutus, who persuaded him to go back to Rome and make another effort for his country. He reached Rome on the last day of August, 44. On the next day the senate were to meet at the consular summons of Antonius. Cicero did not attend, but sent a messenger to the consul, excusing his absence. Antonius was enraged at his absence, and declared that he would demolish his house on the Palatine if he stayed away from the senate. On the next day Cicero appeared in his place, but now the consul was himself absent. Cicero rose to speak, the old fire kindling in him by the genius itself of the place—the Temple of Concord, which had been the scene years before of his speeches against Catiline. He mildly alluded to yesterday's attack upon him by Antonius as unjust, he wished the consul were present; perhaps he was ill or fatigued by his effort; the senate would excuse him, though yesterday Antonius took no such excuse himself. He thus glided into his first Philippic. He arraigned the lawless policy of Anto-

nus since the first of June — no consultation of the senate — laws of his own forced through the comitia — his own creatures appointed to office, and for every new act of tyranny the will of the dead Cæsar pleaded. The attitude of Cicero was noble. He was finishing his public life in his age, just as he began it in early manhood, protesting alone against a dreaded power which brooked no resistance. Then it was Sulla, now it was Antonius whom he resisted. Courage is contagious. The senate listened at first with surprise, then passed swift to admiration, and finally broke forth into well-nigh continuous applause at the orator's telling words. Cicero followed up his speech with action. He gathered about him men of moderation of all parties, telling them that now there was but one ship for all honest men to sail in. These were joined by some of Cæsar's generals, who found that they would lose less in remaining citizens of a free state than in becoming subjects of Antonius.

But though there were chiefs at hand, there was a lack of soldiers. Antonius had gone to Brundisium, where he was waiting for the legions he had summoned from Macedonia. Furious at the unexpected resistance he encountered, he threatened pillage and murder. People were in terror; they looked about for help. Decimus Brutus was with his army in Gaul, Sextus Pompeius in Sicily, both of them far off, while the danger was nigh. It was at this crisis that the young Octavius appeared. The jealousy of Antonius and the distrust of the republicans had kept him aside; but hitherto impatiently biding his time, he now judged that time to have come. He traversed Rome and its environs, appealing to his uncle's veterans. His name, his largesses, and his promises brought many soldiers to his side. Then he applied to the chiefs of the senate, offering them and their cause the support of his troops. They dared not refuse his aid, and Cicero himself was at last won over by the young Cæsar. Mr. Froude, when writing of the affairs of two years before, has an admirable remark which explains the readiness which Octavius showed for this crisis, though only a youth of nineteen. He says: "In the unrecorded intercourse between the uncle [Cæsar] and his niece's child lies the explanation of the rapidity with which Octavius seized the reins when all was chaos." All that followed this coming of Octavius upon the scene is too familiar for repetition. But during most of this year Cicero was the soul of the republican party. His words and acts filled all with energy. In the

Forum echoed once more the well-nigh forgotten words of patriotism and freedom. From Rome the ardor spread to the municipal towns — all Italy was stirred. Cicero corresponded with the pro-consuls in their provinces, with the generals of the armies. He urges Brutus to possess himself of Greece, he applauds the efforts of Cassius to master Asia, he excites Cornificius to chase from Africa the followers of Antonius. He gives heart to Decimus Brutus in his resistance at Mutina. The services he solicits come in from all sides. Lepidus and Plancus protest anew their fidelity to the republic. Even Asinius Pollio writes him that he is an enemy of any man who shall attempt to be a king. Cicero's thirteen Philippics following one another in rapid succession keep the senate up to their duty, and inform the people of every movement, and, with no time for the orator to polish and elaborate his speeches, they are circulated just as they issue from his lips throughout Italy and the provinces, awakening everywhere the same emotion and action as in Rome. From distant countries even came back to Cicero the testimonies of the admiration they inspire. "Your toga is again more victorious than our arms," says one of his generals. "In you," writes another, "the ex-consul has outdone the consul." "My soldiers are all with you," writes a third. On the day when tidings reached Rome of the republican victory at Mutina, the people went in a body to Cicero's house, and brought him out, and marched him in triumph to the Capitol, and then listened with shouts of applause to his recital of the events of the battle. "That one *Capitol-day*," writes Cicero to Brutus, "has paid me for all my troubles in the past." But success is sometimes more fatal to a coalition than failure. When the common enemy is repulsed, then the different elements in it assert themselves again. The sequel proved that the young Octavius meant to weaken Antonius and to strengthen the republicans, only through both to reach his own ends. When he saw Antonius defeated and fleeing to the Alps, then he joined friendly arms with him, and the two with their united forces marched on Rome. Then it was left to Cicero, as to the worsted gladiators in the arena, only to seek to die well. Livy says of him: "Of all his misfortunes death is the only one which he bore as a man." He might have saved himself by flight, and for a moment he tried. He set sail for Greece, but after some days' sailing, suffering from sickness, tormented by regrets, he disembarked at Caieta and went back to his Formian villa, there to die. Much is it for a

man of his nervously sensitive nature that he met with such calm resolution the fate of a violent death. We forget his faults when we imagine to ourselves that tragic end, — that litter in which he was hurried away against his will by his faithful slaves down through those oft-trodden walks of his Formian grounds, Antonius' bloodhound assassins close on his track, when we hear him order his slaves to set down the litter and make no resistance, and then hear him, as he calmly offers his neck to the sword, bid the centurion strike sure at his mark, and finally see the assassin, in the clumsiness of his terror, hewing thrice at that venerable head ere he can sever it from the body. Obedient to their savage orders, the murderers hurried back to Rome with the head and the hands of their victim. They brought them straight to Antonius, who was just then on his tribunal in the Forum. He greedily gloated on the ghastly spectacle. He brought them to his wife as if the most precious gift he could give her. With the fierce hate of a revengeful woman, Fulvia took the head in her lap, and talked to it, as if alive, in words of malicious insult. She dragged out the tongue and pierced it through and through with her bodkin. The head and hands were then taken back to the Forum and nailed to the rostra, to be looked on with horror by the people who had so often listened to the living orator from that very spot. Such was the end of Cicero, of whom Julius Cæsar said: "His triumphs and laurels were so much the more glorious than those of war, as it is of vastly greater significance to have extended the limits of the Roman mind than of the Roman arms."

MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE FRIDAY CLUB, MARCH 11, 1881.

WE find it recorded of Marcus Aurelius by Julius Capitolinus, one of the writers of the "Historia Augusta," that on the day of his funeral the people had such a veneration for the goodness of their lost emperor, that they thought they ought not to mourn for him, so assured were they all that he had been only lent by the gods to bless mankind for a time, and now had gone back to his home in the skies. The sense of the personal worth of this Roman prince, thus expressed by his earliest biographer, has been shared with that biographer by all subsequent writers, ancient and modern, pagan and Christian. The historian Niebuhr pronounced him "the embodiment of human virtue;" "no character," he says, "so noble and spotless as his is known in all history;" and M. Renan, in his brilliant "Conference" delivered in London a few months ago, speaks of him as "the most godly of men," and of his "Meditations" as "a book resplendent with the divine life." I have then to ask you to contemplate with me for an hour this imperial figure of ancient virtue—at once of an emperor, the noblest of all the Roman line, and of a man, the worthiest of all the Roman people. This fact, so unique in history, by a singular coincidence stands out just as unique in art, in that grand statue of Marcus Aurelius which still crowns the piazza of the Capitol at Rome, the only entire equestrian statue in bronze which has come down to us from antiquity, and adjudged to be the finest equestrian statue in existence. It is also fortunate that in the remains of ancient letters we have preserved to us distinct images of this prince which show us what manner of person he was in successive periods of his life, even as there are extant in Italy so many busts representing him at different ages, from a boy of ten years old down to his death. We may see him in the "Augustan Histories" in his innocent boyhood, then in his own correspondence with his teacher Fronto, in that buoyant time of his youth when he was bounding forth to the attainment of knowledge and truth, and in his own golden

book of "Meditations" as he was in mature manhood, grave but yet kindly, and as cheerful as he might be in such a world as he had now reached and had come to know, filling the throne of the Cæsars with the humility of his lowliest subject, discharging the grandest human functions with the submission of a servant, and keeping for his own share of the supreme power he possessed hardly more than its cares and pains; and in that exalted station which he filled in the eye of the world, and in the midst of all its vast and exigent affairs, always having and cherishing that solitude of his own, where as in a sanctuary was the secret of his life, in which he daily strove by devout study and self-examination to keep himself in willing allegiance of duty to God and his fellow-men. Here is a picture at which we may look many times and from many points of view, and always and from every point with instruction and delight. The character itself of the man it is always good to contemplate whose singular virtue sets it apart amidst all the most conspicuous figures of that old Roman world, and, bright with a lustre undimmed by time or distance, inspires with every new sight of it a powerful interest. In studying such a character as this we seek eagerly to know on what basis of right thinking it rested, and what were the sentiments and principles which gave it form and pressure. Thus we come to study Marcus Aurelius, the *philosopher*, as he is usually called, to see in him the last and the worthiest representative of that Stoic philosophy which, with the Greeks, and still more with the Romans, was of more service than any other philosophical system in inspiring a love of virtue and a lofty sense of duty, and which, as softened in its tone by the pious soul of its imperial disciple and master, and enriched by the law of love to God and man which he taught and strove to fulfill, seemed to pass into the domain of religion and well-nigh to the borders of Christianity. In Marcus Aurelius, too, we see this philosophy taught no longer in theory in the Porch or other place of lecture and discourse, but illustrated in living practice in a broad open school of experience; in him it rises to the throne of the Roman Empire, and thence endeavors by its beneficent influence infused into all the high offices of government to achieve that task of the regeneration of the world of which it was incapable, but which was to be wrought out ere long by another spiritual force of divine origin and quality which was already on the earth, and far nearer Aurelius, both as philosopher and emperor, than he was himself

aware. The remarkable man whose life and character we are to survey in the light of all these important relations was born at Rome in the year 121 of the Christian era. His true name, as it came to him from his father, was M. Annius Verus, though in his childhood he was called by a name derived from his maternal grandfather, Catilius Severus. His ancestors on both sides had for several generations, through their personal merits, as well as by imperial favor, filled the highest offices of state. It is worth noting that these his ancestors were of that class of Roman families whose fortunes Tacitus is fond of illustrating, because alike under good and bad emperors they were distinguished for their personal virtues and their elevated political sentiments. As he lost his father in infancy, he was brought up by his mother, with the ever ready counsel of his grandfathers Verus and Catilius, all of whom he afterwards gratefully mentioned in his "Meditations" when he was recounting the good gifts of his early nurture and training. As a boy he won all hearts by his simplicity and earnestness and his eager love of knowledge and truth. By such qualities he very early drew to him the marked favor of the Emperor Hadrian, who bestowed upon him, when only six years old, a kind of Roman knighthood, by giving him a horse to be kept for him at the public charge. It was said of Hadrian that "his bad habits seemed to fall off from him when he looked on the sweetness of this innocent child." The young Marcus passed his boyhood under the shadow of the temple, and amid the images of religion and the teaching of philosophy. When only eight years of age he was entered a member of the Salian priesthood, and in this office was wont to chant the sacred hymns and figure in the solemn processions. At the age of twelve he was drawn as by a native bias to virtuous doctrine and practice to the strict tenets of the Stoic school, which with a quite precocious self-discipline he sought to apply to his own dispositions and manner of life, seeking the seclusion of reflection, wearing the Stoic mantle, and sleeping on bare boards or on the ground, rather than on the comfortable bed he might have in his mother's luxurious home. These early tendencies of the boy were by and by to be developed into what was most characteristic of the man. Meantime, under the auspices of his guardians, his education was conducted by the most eminent teachers of the time, in all departments of study, — grammar, rhetoric, poetry, philosophy, and also painting and music. Probably never had any teachers a pupil of finer instincts and aims, more fil-

ial and grateful, or yet more aspiring and independent. What a touching passage is that in his book, written as he records it himself off in the wilds of Pannonia, where he was carrying on one of his German campaigns, when, in one of those meditative hours he always managed every day to get, he thankfully reviewed what he owed to the gods for the education of his youth, and mentioned in detail all the good services done him by his various teachers. And he loved there to recall, not so much the knowledge he gained from these teachers, as the abiding influence he derived from their personal virtues and example. He gratefully remembers what kind of men they were, and what kind of a man they aimed to make of himself. Patience, firmness, gentleness, and sweetness of disposition, benevolence, truthfulness, uprightness of judgment and conduct, justice to men and fear of the gods — these are the virtues he saw in them, these the lessons they taught him. With like gratitude he recounts what he learned from parents, — from his father to be modest and manly, from his grandfather Verus to be candid, and from his mother to be religious, and to abstain not only from an evil act, but from any thought of it. The course of his education and culture, as it went on from youth far into manhood, we may trace in his correspondence with Fronto, his teacher in rhetoric. This collection of Latin letters, about one hundred and twenty in number, and about equally divided between the two writers, has been discovered and published only in recent times. Angelo Mai, when at work in the Ambrosian Library, at Milan, on a manuscript of the tenth century, found out one day that under the writing which he was deciphering there was another one. With a patient ingenuity of toil of which only such learned manuscript readers are capable, he finally brought to light from under the “Acts of the Council of Chalcedon” this correspondence in seven books between Cornelius Fronto and the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. This discovery created at the time a marked sensation in the learned world; and since that time the work has undergone several revisions, and in 1867 was published by Professor Naber, a German scholar, in a tolerably complete form and legible text. The literary merits of the work, however, fell far below the expectations which had been awakened; and readers who now come to it from the letters of Cicero or the younger Pliny are conscious of a descent to a much lower plane of Latin literature in respect both to thought and to style. Fronto was a man of erudition, and passed for the first rhetorician and

speaker of his day ; but he was too much of a pedant and of a martinet to achieve professional distinction of a high order. But his character was more than anything which he wrote or declaimed, for he was an unselfish and upright man and a faithful, pains-taking teacher ; and we need not account it as strange in him, as a Roman and a Roman rhetorician, that he judged eloquence to be the worthiest pursuit of a great man, and that he was fired with the ambition of making his pupil, as the heir apparent to the throne of the Cæsars, a great Roman orator.

The best testimony to his character as a teacher is found in the lifelong veneration cherished for him by his illustrious pupil. Notable, too, are the pupil's words of his teacher : "Fronto," he says, "my master in rhetoric, gave me knowledge of men, teaching me that envy, trickery, and dissimulation belong to tyrants ; and that those who are called people of quality have commonly not much nature in them." But the value of these letters comes from the insight which they give us into the education and character of Marcus Aurelius, the compass and method of his literary studies, and still more into that transition from rhetoric to philosophy which was the critical and decisive event of all his life. I have space for only a few notes on these points, which I have gathered from these letters. It appears that under his teacher's guidance Marcus Aurelius went through with a generous course of reading, of both Greek and Roman writers, though of the latter, rather those of the older times than of the Augustan age. Faithful disciple of his master, Marcus Aurelius diligently studied these older writers, and in his letters praises the justness of their sentiments and the manly energy of their diction. It is interesting to observe on the one hand the scrupulous fidelity with which Fronto criticises his pupil's Latin essays and declamations and also his numerous exercises of translation from Greek writers, and on the other hand the dutiful docility with which the pupil generally accepts his teacher's criticisms. At times, however, the pupil defends the words and phrases which are censured, and goes into a labored argument, accompanied with quotations from Latin writers, in support of his view. In one letter the pupil is profoundly grateful for a piece of advice which had been given him ; that was, that always in his speech, written or oral, he should keep to simplicity and truthfulness of expression. He thus writes : "Happy I have pronounced myself in having one at my side who teaches me to write concisely and elegantly ; but, after all, the great thing

for congratulation is, that you teach me to say always what is true. That," he adds, "the speaking of downright truth, is the hard thing for all men, and it would seem also for the gods; for I have noticed, in my Greek reading, that there is no oracular response but has something crooked in it, in which the reader gets entangled unawares." Thus did this youth love the truth. Nor strange was it that the Emperor Hadrian, who discerned in him this quality, was fond of playing upon his family name, *Verus*, and calling the boy Marcus *Verissimus*. Great was the joy of Fronto in his pupil's devotion to rhetoric; but alas! the worthy man was soon to see that devotion transferred to other studies; the glad dream of his life, to see eloquence crowned in Marcus Aurelius, was not to be fulfilled. With all his dutiful attention to rhetorical and literary pursuits, the young Marcus had never lost out of his heart that native love for philosophy which had shown itself with a precocious ardor in his boyish days, and now, with the growing thoughtfulness of early manhood, was to assert itself with the calm confidence of reason, as the ruling and shaping force of his character and life. We can see and study him at this crisis of his experience, both in his letters and in his "Meditations." We observe the influence of Fronto gradually giving way to that of another of his teachers, Junius Rusticus, a Stoic philosopher. Unlike Fronto, he was wont to dwell, in his instructions, more upon his pupil's imperfections than upon his merits, penetrating in the discovery of any fault and pitiless in exposing it to censure. Even the praises he sometimes vouchsafed always had in them some reserve. Notwithstanding his docility and patience, Marcus was sometimes repelled by this brusque style of teaching; but his moral instincts always carried him back to this honest master, who told him the truth with such inexorable strictness. This moral quality of his instruction Rusticus would at times carry also into lessons on the subject of speech, whether written or oral, criticising without mercy all artifices of ambitious rhetoric and everything that looked like exalting expression above thought. "It was Rusticus," he writes, "who put me on my guard against the delusions of sophistry and the charms of rhetoric and poetry, teaching me to cultivate honesty and veracity, first in thinking and feeling, and then in all expression by language and conduct." But this teacher conferred upon him his crowning service when he put into his hands one day a then new and ever since memorable book, the "Discourses" of Epictetus. The day when first he read that book,

so rich in the best vein of Stoic thought, might be set down in his spiritual biography as the birthday of Marcus Aurelius *the philosopher*, so deep and fruitful was its influence upon his character and life. Strange that a man who lived as a slave in a Roman family, and who bore on his body lifelong marks of a brutal master, yet carried in him a commanding, kingly soul, whose wise thoughts and words made a willing subject of the master of the world-wide household of the Roman Empire. The noble Stoicism of the book had its nearest and best illustration in the writer himself. This man who taught so boldly that he is the slave of nobody, who is master of himself, had already made convincing trial of his principles. His readers could believe his word, that the soul can, by its own force, deliver itself from all the humiliations which an outward lot inflicts, for he himself had achieved this deliverance. But the book spoke to the condition of Marcus Aurelius, for most, by its warm religious tone, not merely discoursing, like Zeno or Seneca, of conformity to nature, or the reason of things, or the order of the world, but telling of a living Providence in all human affairs, of a personal and benevolent Being who watches tenderly over men and never forsakes them. "When you have shut to your doors," he taught, "and made darkness in your closet, never think of saying you are alone; *for you are not alone*, God is with you there." In comparison with the studies opened to Marcus Aurelius in this book, all others now seemed to him of secondary moment.

He still corresponds with Fronto, and long after, when he was already emperor, he consults him when he has anything to write or to speak; but for the doctrines of Epictetus, of the government of one's soul, of moral self-possession, of the knowledge of God, and of man's destiny, he cared far more than for the choice of words or the balance of periods, or any nice distinctions of style in the older and the later writers. Doubtless he would have put on the Stoic mantle in mature manhood, and become, like Epictetus, a philosopher by profession, had not Hadrian destined him to the purple of the Cæsars and the imperial office. That emperor marked him for distinction by betrothing him when only fifteen years old to the daughter of Ceionius Commodus, whom he had adopted as his successor. On the death of Commodus the emperor took measures to secure the succession of Marcus by adopting, in place of Commodus, Titus Aurelius Antoninus, with the provision that Antoninus should adopt his nephew Marcus,

together with the son of the deceased Commodus. In consequence of this adoption Marcus now assumed the name of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. We are told by his biographer that so far from his being elated at his future on his entrance as a prince into the family of Hadrian, that he exchanged with sadness and dread his mother's house on the Cælian Hill for the imperial mansion on the Palatine. We may well understand that a youth of his tastes and principles, who had thus far kept the whiteness of his soul, would naturally shrink from entering the perilous precincts of the imperial mansion, from dwelling in a palace not yet cleared of the foul airs of a Nero's and a Domitian's licentious life. It may be, too, that now with the better and yet quite too lax living of Hadrian's court, the young prince did not quite escape the contagion. Where or when else could he have had such an experience as he records in these words : "Thank the gods that I got into no infamous correspondence with Benedicta, and that after having fallen into some amours I was cured" ? But soon there came a radical change into all that life on the Palatine, when Hadrian died and Antoninus Pius came to the throne. With this his adoptive father, Marcus Aurelius, now the heir-apparent, stood in a relation of confidence and affection most honorable to both, and perhaps without a parallel in the annals of rulers. The virtues of the father are gratefully recorded by the son ; his mildness and wisdom, united with justice and firmness, his piety free from all mixture of superstition, and his vigilant efforts for the elevation of the public morals ; the constancy of his friendships and the liberal spirit which he showed to others in social intercourse, together with his generous recognition of the personal merits of all ; the magnanimity with which he bore unmerited censure ; the sound judgment and feeling which he carried into all relations, and his vigorous executive ability in all affairs whether of his household or of the empire. These words reveal the secret of the reverent love for Antoninus Pius which was always so active a sentiment in Marcus Aurelius. He conformed himself, says his biographer Capitolinus, to the wishes of his father in all actions, words, and thoughts ; so constantly did he attach himself to his person, that during the whole reign he was only twice parted from him for a whole day. Antoninus, on his side, carried himself towards Marcus Aurelius with an affectionate confidence seldom shown by an emperor to his own son. He drew him in action into all affairs of government, heaped upon

him honors of every kind, and, to bind him to himself the more closely, gave him in marriage his daughter Faustina. Of course, creatures were not wanting in the court who tried by mischievous slanders to sow discord between the emperor and the prince; but natural as it might have seemed, if the emperor had some times been a little jealous of the youthful Cæsar, his faith in Marcus continued to the last as unshaken as was the filial regard of the latter to the man to whom he owed so much. For twenty-three years the Roman world had before it, in the relations of these two men, the unexampled spectacle of an absolute sovereign who lived with his successor in undisturbed harmony, and of an heir to the throne who had no ambition for imperial dominion as could tempt him to wish the day at hand when it should fall into his own grasp. Too soon, indeed, for Marcus Aurelius himself came the day when, on the death of Antoninus in 161, he assumed as his successor the sole sovereignty of the Roman Empire. No better successor, as was the universal testimony, could Antoninus Pius have had. Marcus Aurelius was now forty years of age; under his father he had fully availed himself of an education in the art of government which has seldom fallen to the lot of the most fortunate princes; and now, with a richly cultivated mind and a matured noble character, he set himself to the task of ruling the Roman world in the spirit and manner of his predecessor. He improved, with the aid of able jurists, legislation and the administration of justice, provided for the welfare of the capital by wise municipal measures and by limiting the prodigality of public shows and the barbarity of the gladiatorial contests. He carried forward the plans of Antoninus in the promotion of morals and of literature, and also in the enlarging and endowment of charity schools and other benevolent institutions. Men of learning he promoted to high positions, especially his old teachers, whose merits he knew from his own experience. But while he was conscientiously devoted to the interests of the state and all its citizens, he was singularly unassuming in aught that pertained to himself. Towards personal offenses or treasonous designs he was unusually mild; and in cases where men were capitally condemned for political crimes he was wont to substitute a milder penalty. Unlike a Tiberius or a Domitian he gave special honor to the senate, introducing into it only the worthiest citizens, preserving its independence, and widening its range of business. He never lost the conception, given him in his youth by his grandfather

Severus, of a monarchy which chiefly consulted the freedom of the subject. So it was that he came to realize more nearly than any other Roman emperor the ideal view ascribed by Tacitus to Galba in his speech on the adoption of Piso, of being a republican emperor, the best man of the commonwealth, the absolute sovereign, and insisting as such upon no other prerogative than that of being the faithful servant of all his subjects.

But the prosperity which fell to the lot of Antoninus as emperor was denied his successor. During the twenty-three years' reign of Antoninus the empire suffered no serious commotions of any kind, either within or without its borders, while during the reign of Aurelius it was marked everywhere by a continuous series of calamities. Lover of peace as he was, he must needs encounter obstinate wars, not only in the distant East, with the Parthians and Scythians, but also on the Rhine and the Danube with the German tribes, who, though often repulsed, were yet slowly though surely moving on to the catastrophe of the empire. While conducting these wars, his best thoughts and energies were also occupied in devising measures of relief from the ravages of famine in Italy, and also of a deadly plague which, brought into Europe by the army returning from Parthia, was spreading desolation from land to land throughout the western world. These burdens of government he bore with his wonted patience and fidelity, regretting ever that he was denied the coveted leisure for his studies, but consoling himself with the thought that he was fulfilling the duties of his calling. One public calamity, however, fell upon him like a personal grief, when his ablest and most trusted general, Avidius Cassius, the governor of Syria, raised the standard of rebellion, and aimed at the usurpation of the throne. This rebellion, which was stopped by the murder of Cassius by his own soldiers as soon as they understood his designs, illustrates not only the loyalty of the army to their emperor, but his own unselfish and forgiving nature. When warned before the outbreak of the disloyal spirit of Cassius, he replied that it would ill become him as an emperor to proceed on mere suspicion against the best general of the empire; and when, on his way to the scene of the rebellion, he was met by the tidings of the assassination of Cassius, he expressed his sorrow that the soldiers had robbed him of the pleasure of pardoning him. It was the lot of Aurelius to bear other grievous personal trials, in the unworthiness of those nearest to him and of his own family. An unspeakable burden he carried

in Lucius Verus, his adopted brother and a sharer of his throne, who proved to be a luxurious, dissolute man, worthy only the companionship of an emperor like Caligula or Nero. But in his own home he had far bitterer sources of trial. His wife Faustina, if we can accept the recorded rumors of the time, was perversely emulous, in her loose life, of her mother, the elder Faustina, indulging in excesses of vice which were the talk of the streets and the jest of the stage. Strange, if true, that in this mother and daughter were so soon reproduced in a Roman imperial house the vicious examples of the two Julias of the family of Augustus; and this time in the wife of Antoninus Pius and the wife of Marcus Aurelius the philosopher. We may believe the stories of the wife of Aurelius to be gross exaggerations, unworthy of her husband though she doubtless was; but of the depravity of his son Commodus, his successor on the throne, there is unfortunately no doubt to be entertained; he developed, even from boyhood, a nature so brutally coarse and cruel that the people believed him to be the son of some gladiator or pirate captain, and no child of Aurelius at all. These circumstances which I have mentioned as illustrating the trials of Aurelius' life, and the patience with which he bore them, yet also illustrate the weaker side of his character as a man and as a sovereign. With all his commanding merits, and, one might say, to some extent on account of these merits, he did not prove himself fully equal to the great responsibilities of his position. If he illustrated all that is true in the saying of Plato which was often on his lips, that states can flourish only when kings are philosophers or philosophers are kings, it must be confessed that he illustrated no less the fallacy of that famous *dictum*. The kingly state was so little to his taste that whenever he might he would gladly get away from it to the solitude of his own studies. Philosophy, he once said, was his mother and the court his stepmother, and he must be chiefly conversant with the former if he would find the latter tolerable. He was of a contemplative rather than a practical nature. While he gave himself to his calling with conscientious fidelity, yet he lacked the fondness and the energy for action which enters so largely into the greatness and success of a sovereign. Great as he was in his gentleness and mildness, in his generosity and philanthropy, fine as was his principle, which he so often maintained, that we are to pity bad men, not to be angry with them, yet he was better fitted to endure wrong and to pardon it than with vigorous hand to

repress it. The worthless Verus he endured as a colleague for eleven long years, and would have endured to his death had not Providence interposed. The unworthiness of his wife he seems to have borne at whatever cost of inward trial, yet so far as we know with silence of word as of action; either from a tenderness which seems to border upon weakness, or from his reverent memory of her father, Antoninus Pius, or in accordance with his principle that we must patiently bear what we cannot change. A far more serious reproach, however, is in his suffering his son Commodus to come to the throne, painfully aware as he was of his incorrigibly vicious nature. It is probable, too, that under a more rigid government the rebellion of Avidius Cassius had never arisen.

Cassius was a man of marked military ability and inexorably stern in his ideas of discipline; but he was incapable of any sympathy with the emperor's philosophy. But his words, as recorded by his biographer, though uttered in a disloyal spirit, have in them the ring of truth. "Marcus," he says, "though a very good man, in his very goodness lets men live whose life he disapproves. Where is Marcus Cato the censor? Where the discipline of our ancestors? While our good emperor is philosophizing about virtue and honor, bad men thrive and villains fatten on the empire's treasury." These words, though from an unfriendly source, may yet form for us now a fitting transition to a fuller consideration of that philosophy which trained Marcus Aurelius to his excellence of character and life, but hindered his undivided attention to his duties as a sovereign. As we find it in his book of "Meditations," it is the same in its essential principles as that Stoic philosophy which, as first taught by Zeno and his successors, had carried with it some of the noblest thinking and living of philosophic Greece, and which, when transplanted to Italy, was adopted by those men of Rome who, amid the civil wars of the declining republic and under the tyranny of the earlier emperors, sacredly preserved what yet remained of the old Roman manners and political sentiments. Indeed, Stoicism seems to have had a kind of elective affinity for the substance of Roman being. Its earnest view of the world, its rigid discipline, its aptitude for the rule of life, was far more congenial to the Roman mind than the idealism of Plato or the science of Aristotle. It was put to its utmost strain of trial in that company of Roman nobles who could not adjust themselves to the supreme power of Cæsar, and there it produced in Marcus Porcius Cato that example of unstained

honor and integrity which extorted the admiration of Cæsar himself, and drew from Cicero that fine testimony that Cato was of all Roman freemen the worthiest of Roman freedom (Phil. III. 4). And how many bright examples has Tacitus put upon his historic pages of men bred in this school who kept their souls upright and pure at the court of imperious and dissolute rulers, and showed even to the bitter end how they counted dishonor far worse than death. In his mention of the life and sad fortunes of one of these noble Romans, Helvidius Priscus, Tacitus has briefly stated the leading tenets of this school. "Helvidius followed," he says, "those teachers of philosophy who count virtue or moral good as the sole good, and vice or moral evil as the sole evil, and count power, rank, riches, and all the other things which are external to the soul as neither good nor evil, but indifferent." We have only to expand these principles to reach the whole of the Stoic philosophy. In relation to this only real antithesis of good and evil, wisdom and folly, and the consequent happiness or misery, all other human distinctions of nation, condition, sex, family, are of no account. All men are of like origin and nature, for all are beings of reason, having the Deity as father of all; they all have a like destiny, and are subject to the same law; all mankind constitute one people, the world one state, the sovereign of which is the Deity, its constitution the eternal law of reason. The more unconditionally men subject themselves to this law, the more exclusively they seek their happiness in virtue, so much the more satisfied are they in themselves, and the more ready to cherish a sense of fellowship with others, and more willing each, in respect to the whole of which each feels himself a part, to do his duty in all human relations. These the leading principles of Stoicism in Greece and in Rome, as taught by Seneca and Epictetus, we find also in the book of Marcus Aurelius which I have called his "Meditations." Its literal title is "The Things of Marcus Aurelius to Himself," and it is thus of the nature of a private diary, consisting of discourses to himself, his inmost thoughts in his most secluded hours set home directly to himself in his cherished practice of self-examination and self-confession. Every sentiment in the book is in the Stoic line of thought; every day and hour the writer seems to be reminding himself that he can attain to the moral freedom of the wise man only by seeking his highest good in submitting himself to the will of the Supreme Ruler of the world, and then by ceaseless endeavors to promote the welfare of others.

Yet we find here nothing like a theory of ethics; it is practical ethics in the form of a rule of life; and morality, as it is treated, comes far nearer to the mildness and warmth of religious meditation than in the philosophy of Zeno or even in that of Seneca or Epictetus. Marcus Aurelius felt too deeply the nothingness of earthly things, the moral weakness and helplessness of men, to be able to set himself to speculative views of the world. With him philosophy must bring rest to a troubled soul and healing to a diseased will; the philosopher, as a lover of true wisdom, must be a physician of souls, a priest and servant of God among men. He must show himself such most of all by a true love of men, so that he may cheerfully, without reserve and with a free will, be doing them good. On this head he thus discourses: "One man, when he has done a service to another, is ready to set it down to his account as a favor conferred. Another does not quite do this, but still in his own mind he thinks of the man as his debtor. But a third, in a manner, does not even know what he has done, but he is like a vine which has produced grapes, and seeks for nothing more after it has once produced its proper fruit." In another place he says: "Do you seek to be paid for the service you have done your fellow? Why, it is just as if the eye asked a recompense for seeing, or the feet for walking? All men," our philosopher teaches, "are related, all mankind is one body, and whoever cuts himself loose from a fellow-man, parts himself like a severed limb from the stock of humanity. Let us do good, not because it is seemly and of good report, but because doing good of itself is a joy." The erring, too, and the fallen, he tells himself to love, and to pardon the unthankful and evil-minded. Men offend and wrong others through ignorance of their true good, and we do not suffer in our own selves by others' wrong-doing, and, besides, we ourselves are not free from wrong-doing; instead then of returning with spite the spite of an enemy, let us rather overcome him with gentleness. Yet we are not to think of this gentle sovereign as a kind of quietist slumbering on the throne, or a dreamer of Utopian reveries about perfecting himself and mankind. On the contrary, the book is fresh and strong with the air of a wholesome good sense and vigilant action. The philosophic ruler loves his solitude, but he loves it for the strength it gives him for labor in the world. He says: "Constantly give to yourself this retreat, and there renew yourself; meditate again upon your principles, and they shall be sufficient to cleanse your soul and send you back to

men free from all discontent with daily work." And again: "Be-think you every hour that you are to act as a Roman and a man; make offering of yourself as a manly citizen, an emperor, a soldier at his post, and pursue the business in hand with vigor and application." Life is short, and one fruit of it is a pious disposition and the doing of what is useful to men. And so far from being a Utopian in politics, he says to himself, "Never hope for a republic like Plato's, that draft is too fine; and the morals of the world will not come up to it. Remember that a moderate reformation is a great point, and rest contented. Do what God requires of you, and trust for the issue and event." But it is after all the inner life of the man which most interests us in these "Meditations," the image it puts before us of that pagan soul so enamored of his conception of moral perfection that in that humble solitude of his into which he was as glad to retreat from the height and glare of his throne, he ever was laboring to form his soul after the ideal of virtue which his philosophy set before him, even as an artist bent upon finishing his masterpiece, and studiously retouching it without ceasing. "What," he asks himself, "are you to do with your soul to-day? Remember that you have within you something divine, that comes from God, and that you must live in communion with him who has his temple within you." In many passages you might think you were reading the diary of a Christian saint. "Oh, my soul," he exclaims, "when will you be truly good and simple in your goodness? Dress yourself in simplicity, in purity, and in indifference to all that is neither good nor evil." Tacitus says that the love of glory is the last of the passions which even a wise man puts off, a thought which Milton, too, expresses in his "fame — that last infirmity of noble minds." This passion Marcus Aurelius felt like other men, and well he might feel it as the sovereign of the world, with ample scope for its exercise in peace and in war; but this passion, with all others, he strives to put under and subdue. Sometimes he reminds himself how fallible and fickle are the judgments of the world. "What!" he exclaims, "is it in other men's opinions of you that you put your happiness? Why, you will find that men will bless you as a god to-morrow who curse you to-day as a beast." In other places he bids himself remember how fleeting is even the most durable renown, how the eulogist and eulogized appear on the stage one day and are gone forever the next day; how that which comes effaces directly that which

has just gone; that all things thus pass away, and then he asks: "What, then, is this coveted immortality? It is but vanity." Recalling, perhaps, his own wars and their victories, which taxed his time and energies for more than half his reign, and how little worth they all were and are, he says: "Consider how the ages gone by have known you, and how you will be just as unknown to the ages to come. Neither your power nor your fame has gone far among those barbarians; how many that never heard your name, and how many that laud you will soon blame you, or perhaps forget you altogether. In short, glory is worth no man's serious care, nor aught else external that men covet so much." A recent French writer (M. Martha) has remarked that the Roman philosophic emperor utters the same cry as the wise king of Hebrew Scripture, "Vanity of vanity, all is vanities," but that with Marcus Aurelius it comes out of a soul more pure, less uncertain, and less troubled. The Jewish king, sated with selfish indulgence, whether in sensual pleasure, or in power, or in knowledge, is disabused at last, and in despair turns him to his religious conclusion of the whole matter; while the Roman emperor, without any pique against pleasures, which to him have been ever indifferent, deems lightly of the world not because he has abused it, but because he knows something finer and better and less perishable, and so is drawn to God by the light of reason and the instincts of the heart. It seems to me that this is a sagacious and a just remark. Solomon had from his birth and education what Marcus Aurelius had not, the knowledge of Jehovah as the ever-living God; but ever the more for this difference between them must we admire and revere in the pagan Stoic not only his sincere renunciation of human grandeur and glory, but much more his submissive obedience to the will and laws of the Deity, whether conceived as god or gods, certainly as a divine power that ruled the world with reason and goodness. It is not easy, however, to determine from his writings what was really the conception of Deity which was entertained by Marcus Aurelius. Sometimes he speaks in the pantheistic terms of the earlier Stoicism of conformity to the universal reason, or of being in harmony with the soul of the universe; but for the most part, and especially when he speaks of worship and prayer, his words carry with them a belief in the personal existence of Deity as a moral Providence, and as the Father and protector of all men. Thus in one place he speaks of "that intelligent Being who governs the universe;" and in another

he says the particular effects in the world are all wrought by one Intelligent Nature, the universal cause; and again, "I adore the Governor of the world, and am easy in the prospect of his protection." A peculiar interest belongs to those passages in which this thoughtful and devout mind is turned to the subject of death. His book seems to be a manual of preparation for death quite as much as for the conduct of life, — if I may use the titles of Jeremy Taylor's manuals, — for "Holy Dying" as for "Holy Living." He seems often to anticipate the presence of death, to be training himself to look it in the face, and to render to it a good account. He makes haste to purify his soul, because he feels that he has but little time to live; he seeks to detach himself more and more from the world, because he will offer to the Deity at the last moment a complete submission void of all regrets. One must fulfill, he says, with irreproachable rectitude all the obligations which the divine reason imposes upon us, and not least that last one of all, to die well. But it is painfully sad to observe how with that act of dying well the Stoic faith fails him, with no place in it for the hope he seems to crave, but dares not assert, of a life beyond that act, and especially of a personal life. "How can it be," he asks, "that the gods who have ordered all things for the good of mankind have overlooked this alone, that men who, during all their lives, have had communion with the Deity should after all never live again, but be extinguished forever?" He straightway represses this murmur, and assures himself that however this may be it is all ordered for the best; but he leaves the impression that he is himself aspiring to a different future from that promised by the pantheism of the earlier Stoics.

As we thus inquire into the ideas of Marcus Aurelius on the great themes of God and immortality we cannot but remember that his career as emperor and philosopher fell in what we now call the second century of the Christian era. Exactly in all those moral and religious views in which he passed beyond the old Roman standpoint as well as that of the earlier Stoicism he seemed to come into very near relations to Christianity. That inward piety, that deep sense of the vanity of earthly things, and that feeling for human weakness and waywardness, that charity for all men which forgot not the thankless and unworthy, — all these marked features in the character of Aurelius were the virtues of the early Christians who were living in his time and in his dominions. And yet so far from his holding any friendly relations to Chris-

tianity or having any sympathy with it, or indeed any knowledge or even conception of its truths, we are confronted with the historical fact that the Christians suffered more from persecution under his reign than under any preceding reign since that of Nero. We need not ascribe to the emperor the spirit of inhumanity or of intolerance; he was proverbially lenient in respect to penal acts of every kind; but there can be no doubt that in his reign, and probably with his sanction, Christians in Smyrna and at Lyons were visited as Christians with penalties of imprisonment and of death. It must be conceded that Marcus Aurelius was not above the Roman prejudices against the Christian faith which showed themselves not only in the rage of popular indignation, but also in the severe expressions recorded in their works by such writers as Tacitus and the younger Pliny. Odious as were the imputations laid to the charge of the Christians of spreading a destructive superstition and of hating all mankind, it was nevertheless believed even by enlightened people that these imputations were well founded. When we remember how very late it was in the history of Christianity itself ere the idea even of toleration, to say nothing of religious freedom, dawned upon the Christian world, how for centuries down even to modern times Christians persecuted one another even to the direst forms of torture and death, we cannot be surprised that Marcus Aurelius, with all his humanity and virtue, could not, through the prejudices of his time and his race and his education, see Christianity as it really was, and so in his opinion and his conduct he did it the gravest injustice. But we must not forget that as emperor he could not but proceed against it as hostile and treasonable to the state of which he was the sovereign, and upon its profession as a crime, since Christianity looked upon the Roman state as a kingdom opposed to the kingdom of Christ, and destined with the pagan world itself to a swift-coming destruction. Probably it was as far from the conceptions of the Christians of that time, as of the Romans themselves, that ere long Christianity was soon to become the established religion of the Roman Empire. And how as a philosopher Marcus regarded the new faith appears from a single reference to the Christians in his "Meditations." It is a word uttered only incidentally, but shows all the more clearly with what a sad obliquity of vision he looked at the Christian character. He is speaking of the approach of death, and says: "The soul must be ready to meet it with dignity and fortitude, and not with *mere*

obstinacy like the Christians.” How painful it is to contemplate the errors of the most enlightened minds, the imperfections of the most virtuous men! That heroic Christian firmness which Marcus Aurelius thought to be mere obstinacy, it was not for him or his successors to withstand and subdue. That genuine Stoic word which the philosophic emperor once uttered of the treasonable designs of Avidius Cassius, “No prince ever destroyed his successor,” had a larger significance than he could imagine in the relations of that then persecuted faith to the persecuting empire. There, too, it was not possible for the present to destroy the powers of the future. Little as either Christians or pagans then knew, the future of the world belonged in reality to Christianity. That religion was triumphantly to outlive and to rise above the Roman state and the Roman gods. Impotent as well as monstrously wrong was the attempt to extinguish it in the blood of its confessors, and only a mournful impression does it make when we look back and see the pure-minded Aurelius in fellowship with an enterprise so unlike himself. But may we not say that he “did it ignorantly in unbelief,” even as was said of himself by the great Christian apostle, himself also by his own confession “a persecutor and injurious;” nay, the Jewish was worse than the Roman persecutor, for he in person “made havoc of the church,” “breathing out threatenings and slaughters against its disciples.” And may we not *believe* of the other what we *know* only of the one, that *he too* “obtained mercy”? He met the inevitable hour, not indeed with the triumphant faith of the Christian apostle, but yet with the composure of that Stoic belief to which he had been true during all his life. In that supreme moment he was true to the last Meditation he wrote in his book: “When the end comes depart with a peaceful heart, for he who dismisses you means you no harm.” Even thus did he depart himself, Marcus Aurelius the philosopher. Thus fulfilled his course, and finally went down to his setting, that brightest of all the lights of the old Roman world. And yet so enduring and so diffusive is all moral as well as all physical light, that even now and in our own far-off horizon there lingers yet something of the glow of that ancient Roman goodness; even as of late we have seen our western skies illumined with the richest twilight hues long after the bright sun has set.

THE RELIGION OF THE ROMANS.

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I AM to speak to you to-night of the religion of the Romans, first, in its primitive and always characteristic qualities, and secondly, in the changes which it underwent in the progress of intelligence, or, to put it in ancient phrase, through the influence of philosophy.

We have a ready point of departure for such a discussion as this in the deep and the general interest which is felt in our day in the study of the various religions of the world, and in the study of what is called comparative religion, as embracing the relations of all these religions to one another and to Christianity. Certainly in all the vast domain of knowledge there is no greater field, none nobler, none more inviting to inquiry than that which is opened to us by such studies as these. They have to do with what is highest and what is deepest in human nature and destiny; they disclose to us in the thoughts and beliefs and hopes of human souls of all races and ages, touching God and immortality, what is most vital in the spiritual experience of mankind. It may be that, living as we are in the full light of the Christian religion, the heirs and possessors of its priceless blessings, we are apt when we think of a pagan religion, as the Roman, to reduce it in our thought to a hardly appreciable value, alike in what it contained of faith or worship, and in the influence which it had upon character and life. Yet we cannot suppose that of all mankind only Jews and Christians are religious human beings, or alone have had or have a religious faith and life. We are taught by the Apostle to the Gentiles that God is not the God of the Jews only but also of the Gentiles. That same apostle also declared, and when preaching to a pagan people, to the Athenians, "God hath made of one blood all nations for to dwell on all the face of the earth; . . . that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us." Grant that the religion of the Romans was an imperfect one, that it was a false one, and that whatever in it was true had

not the hold upon the heart and life which it ought to have had, even as we must confess is the case with Christianity itself; yet it was the religion which they reached by what we call the light of nature; to quote again from the apostle, and now from his Epistle to the Romans, "God's everlasting power and divinity being perceived through the things that are made," and "the work of the law being written in their hearts." It was also a religion which belonged to Roman national life for a thousand years, and belonged to it just as really as their language, their jurisprudence, their eloquence, their dominion; and I think there is nothing more interesting in all the history of that wonderful people who have ruled the world, and in a sense are ruling it now, than to know how they conceived themselves and carried themselves as related to the Supreme Ruler of all men and all things, that is, to know what was their religion, the subject to which, without further introduction, I now ask your attention.

The religion of the Romans, as of all their kindred of the great Indo-European family of nations, was primarily a nature-worship; a worship of the invisible powers of nature, conceived as spiritual beings, pervading and ruling the material world and all the life of men. Above all others, it was the powers of light, the celestial powers, which the Romans worshiped, comprehending these in the supreme Jupiter, or, as the word literally means, the *Father of Light*, the god of the bright heavens. In like manner they ascribed a divine power to the forces which they conceived as living and ruling in all the phenomena of manifold earth, field and valley, wood and mountain, spring and stream, and bringing to pass in them all the reciprocal movements of production and growth and of decay and dissolution. Much of this worship of earth the Romans had in common with the Greeks, as of Ceres and Tellus, corresponding to Demeter and Gæa, and so of many others. Others, however, were of Roman origin, as Flora the goddess of flowers, and Vertumnus the god of spring, and Pales of shepherds, and most of all, and oldest of all, the worship of the earth under the name of the Bona Dea, or Dea Dia. To this worship belongs the institution of the *Fratres Arvales*, a rural fraternity or priesthood, that goes back to the mythic days of Romulus, whose annual service it was to offer prayers and sacrifices for the fruitfulness of the earth. This priesthood continued during all the Roman generations down to the fifth century of the empire, and passed away at last in its pagan form only with the establish-

ment of Christianity. With such tenacity, indeed, did this ancient service cling to the religion of the world that it was observed throughout the Middle Ages in the so-called *rogation* ceremonies of the Latin Church; and in England, the rural processions with prayers for the fruits of the earth went on annually, even to the Reformation, the three days of Whitsunweek, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, corresponding to the old Roman holy-days, the sixth, fourth, and third, before the Kalends of June (May 27, 29, 30). But these powers of nature reached a religious significance in the thought of the Romans from their being conceived, not so much as they were in themselves, but as they were related to human life. These Roman gods are indeed personifications of the forces of nature, but they become objects of worship only as they are considered as having a beneficent or a destructive influence upon human welfare. Thus we see that what was simply physical in this nature-worship passed over into what is moral and spiritual, and that it was these which invested it with a religious meaning. To the Roman, Jupiter was not merely the god of the heavens, but he was the ruler of human life and its destinies; he it was that shaped and guided all that was great and good; he was in himself and his government *Jupiter Optimus Maximus*, the best and the greatest; a name which at the first seems to have sprung from an instinctive conception of one God; and though it was afterwards broken up into many gods, yet in the Roman mind was ever getting back to the idea of the one all-ruling Deity.

Juno, a word of the same origin as Jupiter, was also the goddess of light; she was the goddess of birth and marriage, of house and home, and so the tutelary deity of women, the heavenly ideal of the Roman housewife and matron, the *materfamilias*. Domestic religion, however, had its special expression in the worship of Vesta, the goddess of the hearth, as the word literally means, the hearth as the centre of the Roman dwelling and all its home life; and the Vestal fire ever burning there was a visible symbol of the purity and the preservation of the household; an idea which was gradually taken up into the life of the whole people as one national household, the eternal fire which was burning on the altar of the Temple of Vesta, expressing both the nation's worship and its integrity and perpetuity. No less ethical in its nature was the worship of Mars. In the earlier life of the Romans, when agriculture was the most honorable pursuit, Mars was the god of the pastures and the fields and the woods; hence, the god of spring;

and from him the first month of spring had its name as the Mars-month, our March, and to him in early spring the first fruits were brought, both from the fields and the flocks. But gradually the thought of his presence and help was extended from the labors of man in tilling the soil to all that was manly in human life; and so, just as the word *virtus*, *manliness*, came to be used by the Roman for civil or for military service, as *virtue* or as *courage*, he was for the citizen the god of peace, and for the soldier the god of war. Thus it was that the place of all manly sports as well as of warlike exercises was called the Campus Martius, or the Field of Mars; and the more the Roman genius for war and dominion was developed, the more predominant became this *martial* significance of the name and worship of this god. If we should follow out this ethical tendency of the Roman faith, we should find it to become a kind of moral Pantheon, taking into itself, as deities, personifications of all human virtues, personal and social. We may reach this general result by contrast from a satirical passage of Juvenal, where in illustration of the national degeneracy he speaks of the well-nigh divine honors paid by the Romans of his day to riches: "Most sacred among us," he says, "is the majesty of Riches; although, destructive Money, thou dwellest not yet in a temple, no shrines have we yet raised to thee, like those in which we have ever worshiped Peace and Good Faith, and Victory and Virtue, and Concord." (Sat. I. 112 seq.) It is the existence of such temples reared up in honor of exalted virtues, conceived and adored as gods, which best illustrates the practical moral character of the Romans, and goes far towards explaining their greatness and their power. In their eyes such virtues seemed to lift up the human to a nearness to the divine nature, and to give to human life something of a divine meaning and worth. So, too, the living men who were the best patterns of these virtues, the Manlii and the Camilli, the Decii, the Curtii, the Curii and Fabricii, these were the Roman heroes of their generation, and they were the Roman saints for all after generations — *sancti* they were just as truly in pagan Latin as good men since have been in Latin of Christian times.

But in the worship of all these deities the Romans were given far more to the outward services of religion than to its inward beliefs and sentiments. A people born for action rather than contemplation, for duty than devotion, for law and precept rather than the free outgoings of emotion, they showed this legal practical

nature especially in their religion. It was a religion which created no such mythology as that of the imaginative Greeks; it had no power to create a religious art like the Greek, and to fashion the forms of the gods after human ideals; indeed for centuries the Romans, like the ancient Germans, used no images whatever in the worship of their gods. Whatever may be the radical meaning of the Latin word for *religion* (whether from *legere* or *ligare*), the religion itself, as you see it in action, is the observance of ceremonies of worship which are prescribed by a binding sense of dependence upon the will and rule of invisible divine powers. So far as the Romans conceived of these powers as moral beings to whom they had a conscious moral relation, the feeling awakened was a sense of moral obligation, and carried with it that conscientious regard for right which in the best days of Rome was a chief trait of Roman character. But so far as they thought of their gods only as supernatural powers, holding to them no clear relation of law, but controlling in some mysterious way all their fortunes, their religion always verged to superstition; it was a sense of painful restraint rather than of obligation; a sense of being obliged, from fear, to perform certain acts of worship. All about them, they felt, were invisible beings in the heavens and in the earth, on whom they were of necessity dependent; they must have their favor and their help; and to this end they must be scrupulously careful not only to keep their lives, public and private, in accord with the will of these supreme powers, by the observance of all that was required by their sacred books and usages, but also to discern in the phenomena of nature indications of the same divine will, and to follow them with a like punctilious performance of appointed sacred rites. Hence we find in the Roman religion, not only a ceremonial law, hardly less various and strict than the Jewish, a ritualism not surpassed in compass and minuteness by any Christian order of rites and forms, whether Protestant or Catholic, but also a vast and cumbrous system of divination, with all its details of auspices, portents, and prodigies, with their respective sacrificial appointments. Quite numberless were all these ceremonial appointments, and most exacting their observance, as the Roman, with all the native earnestness which he carried into every outward act of worship, yet had not learned to measure the worth of divine service by the dispositions of the heart and by its influence upon the character. All Roman life, private, domestic, and public, was thus strin-

gently bound and held in a vast and minute network of observance in prayers, libations, and sacrifices; in domestic life, birth, betrothal, marriage, death, as well as the daily recurrence of morning and evening, and the family meals; and in public life, the enacting of laws, the election of magistrates and their inauguration, the administration of justice, declarations of war, treaties of peace; all these, and no less the sports and games of the people of every kind, ever went on as under the eye and sanction of the gods, and were scrupulously observed by appointed supplications and gifts and offerings. When we contemplate this all-penetrating ritual of the Romans, we can understand how their writers of every generation were wont to celebrate the piety of their fathers, and also how the early Christian writers, less conciliating, perhaps less just than the Apostle Paul was to the Athenians when he conceded to them an extreme "carefulness in religion," were ever ready to denounce with vehement rebukes the excessive superstition of the Romans. In the performance of all these manifold religious rites nothing was left to the disposition or the will of the individual worshiper; all was determined and sanctioned to the last particular by precept and usage. The Roman sense for strict order and for inviolable statutes, the conservative maintenance of outward form and of inherited traditions, which we see in the rigid discipline of their arms, in the orderly course of government, and in the compact organism of the civil law, is no less conspicuous as a native controlling force in religion. Indeed, the Roman religion was a positive system in itself and its applications as truly as the Roman law; and some of the most eminent chief pontiffs in Roman history were also the most eminent judges and jurists of their time. Thus the services of religion were as exactly prescribed and as scrupulously observed as the rules and statutes of law. For every relation and every event in life, for every season, well-nigh for every day and hour, for every step which one could take, there were the appointed prayers and sacrifices, or the consultation in due form of the proper auspices; and if in any way the worshiper failed to follow the prescribed form, even if it were an involuntary violation or omission, the whole service was not only nugatory, but might bring with it some dreaded penalty. The sacrifice, whether for an individual, a family, or for the state, in order to be efficacious, must be offered in exact accordance with the pontifical law; the prayers, which were as formal as the formulas of jurisprudence, must be said in the very

words in which they were written in the sacred books ; the worshiper must pray with the exactest recognition of the name of the particular deity invoked and of his attributes and functions ; and for the surer attainment of clearness in the prayer and of certainty in the answer must often repeat the things prayed for with renewed emphasis ; and it was literally true that in his use of "vain repetitions" he thought he would be heard for his "much speaking." A ritual system so minute and so rigid as this was not only a yoke that could not be borne, but it was simply impracticable in the real life of the people. Hence, in some of its parts, it was directly abated of its severity by interpretations of the priests ; while in others, like all kinds of formalism and superstition which insist more upon the letter than upon the spirit, it allowed various casuistic inventions of evasion to save, in name at least, the integrity of a sacred ordinance, which in reality was broken. An illustration of the former of these classes may be drawn from the relaxation of the law in respect to holy time. The Roman calendar abounded in holy seasons, *feriae* as they were called, which sometimes lasted for several days, and together made requisition upon nearly half the year. On such days not only public business was suspended, but the people were enjoined to abstain, under heavy penalties, from all work. Such an injunction bore so heavily upon the interests of daily life, the labors of the field, and all kinds of trade and business, that it needed alleviating decisions from the pontiffs. The pontiff Scævola, on being asked what work might be done on a holy-day, replied, "All that cannot be neglected without injury or suffering," and another pontiff declared that all work was allowed which was needful to supply urgent wants of life. In particular the people were taught that if an ox should fall into a pit on such a day the owner might take it out, or if a house was liable to fall down it might be propped up ; and so of many other cases of a similar kind. Thus we may also see in literature that Virgil was no heterodox poet when he taught in his "Georgics" that even on holy-days alike human and divine laws allowed certain works to be done. No religion, he says, forbids you to irrigate the fields, to fence in the corn, to snare the birds, to burn out brambles, and plunge the bleating flocks in the health-giving stream. (I. 269.) But we find in Roman history the mention of incidents which show us how scruples of conscience were sometimes removed by quite evasive expedients. During the time of taking the auspices, it was

indispensable that absolute silence should be observed, and the slightest violation even by the utterance of a word was enough to vitiate the service. It is told of Cato the censor that one of his attendants had broken the silence while he as augur had been taking an auspice, and that he replied: "But I was not aware of it, and so I am not responsible; the auspice is a valid one." A more singular instance, however, of an evasion of the augural law is related by Livy of the consul L. Papirius. The Romans were at war with the Samnites; the two armies were near one another, and the consul was confident of victory if there should be a battle. The soldiers had caught the contagious enthusiasm of their leader, and were clamoring to be led forth to the fight. Even the augur shared the general ardor, and was so far carried away by it that he dared to falsify the auspices, and to report a good omen to the consul when he knew it was a bad one. With the utmost alacrity the consul gave the signal for battle. Just as the army was to march out, word was brought to a young officer, the consul's nephew, that there was something wrong about the auspices, and that he must report it to the consul. The youth, of whom the historian says that he was born before it was the fashion to despise the gods, was shocked at the intelligence, at once ascertained the facts in the case, and reported them to the commander-in-chief. *He*, however, was not to be moved from his purpose. After applauding his nephew's piety and fidelity, he decided the matter thus: "That is now the augur's affair. If he has lied, he will have to bear the penalty; as for me, a favorable auspice was duly announced to me, and I accept it as such." In the sequel, the augur was the first man killed; but the Romans carried the day, winning a brilliant victory. This consul could appeal to a pontiff's decision, who once said "that all days were good for saving one's life and the honor of one's country," words which remind us of Homer's Hector, who also when on the battlefield neglected a bad omen, uttering at the same time the noble sentiment, "The one best omen is to fight in defense of your country." (Iliad, 12, 243.)

A religion so ceremonial as the Roman, and entering so largely into public as well as private life, might give to a modern state an ecclesiastical character, through the predominance of the spiritual over the temporal powers. But from any such tendency or even its possibility the Romans were preserved by their native genius for government and the consequent ultimate union of their religion with their state. The Roman was a state religion; and it

was such in the sense that care for the worship of the gods was just as much the business of the state as care for the administration of justice or the enactment of laws. The life of the *civitas*, or community of citizens, comprehended in it things human and things divine,—in Roman phrase, *res humanæ et divinæ*,—and the government for both was one and the same; and as the life of the Romans knew no body of citizens as religious that was not at the same time political, so their language had no word for any such body. So the Roman state had no priestly caste and knew no distinction of laity and clergy. A citizen became an augur or a pontiff, not because of religious knowledge or character, but just as he became a prætor or a consul, on account of his abilities or his services in peace and in war; and he sat in the Senate or presided over it, or sat on the bench of judges, or on the prætor's tribunal, in the same way, and it might be on the same day that he had his seat in a college of augurs or of priests, or was its presiding officer. This practical union of religion with politics Cicero commended as a marked illustration of Roman wisdom. "Our ancestors," he says, "were never wiser or more inspired by the gods than when they provided that the same persons should conduct the ceremonies of religion and should govern the Republic. By this means it is that our magistrates and pontiffs, discharging their functions with like wisdom, unite together in the promotion of the welfare of the Republic." Yet this Roman provision developed great evils from which alike religion and government most seriously suffered, as the Roman constitution was itself developed and the public life became more complex in its relations. If it necessarily excluded all such conflicts of church and state as are known to modern times, it opened far worse conflicts of political parties within the state. This was notably illustrated in all the stages of that memorable contest of the plebeians with the patricians for civil and religious equality. In all this contest it was the sanctions of the national religion which the patricians employed, especially in the taking of the auspices, to keep down their uprising opponents. The religious as well as the civil offices were only held by the patricians; thus from the augural and all priestly functions the plebeians were for generations excluded, so that they could not conduct any ceremonies of public worship; a plebeian paterfamilias might be a priest for his own household, but not for the people in the temples. A very vigorous appeal on this head Livy puts in the mouth of the plebeian orator Publius Decius: "On the behalf

of the gods, yet more than on our own, do we demand that we who worship the gods in private may also worship them in public" (X. 7). We have to remember that before this contest began the gods of Rome were the gods of the patricians alone, for they alone were the Roman *populus*; and for an alien plebeian to hold office and as a magistrate to perform any religious service or as augur to consult the divine will, was to the patrician no less a profanation of religion than a violation of law. Hence, when the plebeians demanded a share in the management of the state, they were answered as in the name of religion: "How can you be Roman magistrates? You have not the right to take auspices," — *auspicia non habetis*. And whenever any popular law was to come up in the comitia, some augur was sure to find the signs in the heavens inauspicious, and the comitia could not be held. Hard was it for the plebeians to keep their respect for a religion which in its working was a monopoly for their enemies, and the patricians could scarcely be sincere in its service when they were conscious of using it for their own exclusive good. The whole plebeian argument in this contest is given by P. Decius in the speech from which I just quoted. The speech belongs to the year 300 B. C. The plebeians had already won all the civil offices and now were striving for admission to the augurate and pontificate. Decius argued the plebeian cause against Appius Claudius, the most patrician of all the patricians. He dexterously began by reminding the people how his plebeian father had sacrificed himself for his country in the Latin war. "Was not that sacrifice," he asked, "just as pure and pious to the gods as could have been that of his patrician colleague, Titus Manlius? And would the gods give less attention now to my prayers than of my colleague Appius? Or does he worship the gods more religiously than I do?" The orator then ran through the list of plebeians who had well won and worn the honors of curule office, and also the triumphal crown and laurel wreath; "and shall not such Romans as these add to their honors the insignia of augurs and pontiffs?" Then addressing Appius he said: "Be not ashamed to have a man your colleague in the priesthood who may be your colleague as a censor or a consul. Remember, too, that the first Appius Claudius, the founder of your house, was a Sabine, and an adventurer, and him the patricians of that day admitted to their number; do not then disdain to admit us into the number of your priests. Have you never heard it said that the men who were first created patricians

were not beings sent down from heaven, but were nothing more than free-born men? For myself I can say more than that; for my father was a consul. The truth is, too often have we heard, and too often have we answered, this argument for the patrician rights of ancestry, the patrician right of auspices; now it is heard again, and again refuted. Romans, I vote for this law which is to give the plebeians a place among the augurs and the priests." The law was carried — the so-called Apuleian law — and its passage made at last of the two orders one people, and united in their devotion to the religious as well as the civil interests of their common country.

Such in its chief features was the religion of the Romans during more than four centuries of their history. It was a polytheistic religion, as are all forms of nature-worship; it was born with the birth of the Roman people, it grew with its growth, it flowed in the blood of the national life; it was a religion of outward ceremonial forms rather than of doctrines; it was a state religion; it had in it a large mixture of superstition, as is abundantly shown by the list of prodigies in Livy's annals, continuously recorded as religiously recognized and expiated; it was not without inhuman practices, as is manifest from the occasional offering of human sacrifices. But yet it had in the heart of the people the power of a real faith. They believed that there were beings in the world higher and better than themselves, whom they called and worshiped as gods; beings to whom they were responsible, and who bound them to a strict moral account. It was a faith, too, that wrought itself into the life, in the nurture and practice of virtues personal, domestic, and national; first of all in that comprehensive Roman *pietas*, or sense of dutiful feeling and conduct towards parents and country, and the gods, which unfolded itself into filial affection, patriotism and piety; and then in honesty and good faith, in self-control and self-devotion, in frugality and charity, and in that discipline of home life, so finely expressed by the Roman word *mos patrius et disciplina*. In particular it is worthy of note that such was the sanctity of the marriage bond that for more than five centuries of Roman history not a single example of divorce occurred.

In passing now to the changes which came in upon this old faith of the Romans, I wish to indicate only those changes which it underwent when the people, hitherto absorbed only in politics and war, were now aroused and quickened to reflection by the stimulat-

ing influence of Greek literature, and especially Greek philosophy. As early as the end of the first Punic war we discover among the Romans some knowledge of Greek letters; but fifty years later, after the decisive victory over Hannibal, and the subsequent wars with Macedonia and Greece, began that extraordinary intellectual movement by which in a short period the Romans came as entirely under the intellectual sway of Greece as Greece came under the sway of Roman arms, when, as Horace has expressed it in verse,

“Captive Greece took captive by her arts her rude conqueror.”

This dominant influence of Greek culture was profoundly felt by the Roman religion in the new religious conceptions embodied both in Greek letters and Greek art. In the Greek poets the Romans became conversant with all the Olympic deities of Greek mythology, and the names of old Roman gods were mingled with those of the gods of Homer, and came gradually to take into them those unworthy conceptions of deity which Plato had denounced as unfit for any place in education in his ideal republic. So too, Greek art represented Greek ideals of the gods, and the Romans could not be familiar with the forms of the gods in the masterpieces of Phidias and Praxiteles without losing something of that superhuman idea which they were wont to attach to the gods of their own country. But a far more direct and positive way was it in which the philosophy of the Greeks acted upon the old Roman faith. For purely speculative inquiries the Romans had no native sense; as has been wittily said by Mommsen, nobody in Rome was given to speculation but the bankers and brokers. The Romans measured the worth of philosophy, as of all things else, by its practical uses; attaching no importance to philosophical opinions and systems which were remote from the interests of real life; they asked of philosophy, and asked in all earnestness, to teach them what was needful for the formation of character and the conduct of life; what were the real blessings (*vera bona*) needful to human welfare, and how these were to be attained. And it was exactly this more practical direction which philosophy had taken in the more recent Greek schools before its introduction at Rome; indeed, still earlier, by the teachings of Socrates, as we find it in some of the Dialogues of Plato, it had been brought into a close relation to religion and morals. In these Greek schools, too, it had appeared how the results of such philosophical inquiries were at variance with the ideas of the popular

religion. This religion held to the plurality of the gods and their likeness to men ; but philosophy was ever tending to the doctrine of one ultimate cause of all things, whether impersonal or personal, nature or the Supreme Reason, or one Supreme Being the ultimate cause, and, if personal, a being far above all human forms and human weaknesses. The religion as a positive system necessarily set the utmost value upon ceremonials, upon offerings and sacrifices, and the manifold modes of discovering the divine will ; but philosophy had declared by Plato and his successors that all these were of little worth, in comparison with moral dispositions and conduct. But Greek philosophy made its way into Roman thought and action not without serious conflict between those Romans who were conservative in their national views and those who were liberal, or, as we may distinguish them, the Romans of the old and Romans of the new school ; the former represented by such men as Cato the censor, and the other by the two Scipios, the elder Africanus and the younger. A signal illustration of this conflict is furnished by the reception at Rome of the Athenian embassy in the year 186 B. C., composed of Carneades of the New Academy, Critolaus the Peripatetic, and Diogenes the Stoic. These men, though professed philosophers, yet had come only on a political mission ; but this once executed, they took advantage of their visit to the great metropolis to deliver lectures on philosophical themes. These lectures created in Roman society an immense but a very divided interest. Young Rome was at once fascinated and profoundly impressed by the strange eloquence in word and thought of these learned Greeks, by the vigor and no less the sophistries of their logic, and by the consummate finish of their delivery ; but older and graver men looked on and listened with misgivings and at times with ill suppressed mutterings of discontent, and when at last Carneades, in the singular judicial style of his skepticism, discoursed one day against justice, with no less convincing force than the day before he had discussed in its favor, when he proved that justice was no virtue, but only a matter of social compact, the sturdy Censor Cato employed all the authority of his office as of his age and experience against such pernicious teaching, and carried a decree by a large vote in the senate, that these "philosophical ambassadors have an answer and a polite dismissal from the city as soon as possible." But right as was Cato in the action, both in patriotism and in morals, yet he was behind the times in the resistance he had hitherto made to all Greek cul-

ture; and it is the best of all evidence of this truth, that he himself at length gave up his resistance with as good grace as his rough but honest nature allowed, and became in his old age a zealous student of the Greek language and its great writers. There were three schools of Greek thought, which through their native masters and their Roman disciples gained a decisive hold upon the Roman mind — the Epicurean, the Academic, and the Stoic; the last two represented in the Athenian embassy just mentioned, the Academic by Carneades and the Stoic by Diogenes; and these schools, though holding different views, were yet all adverse in their influence to the Roman religion.

The Academic school had undergone many revolutions of opinion since the time of Plato, its original founder; and it counted now among its adherents men of different views. Plato, through his strong bias to a monotheistic faith, had insisted that the popular religion needed a radical reformation, which should purge it of its immoral influences. But Carneades, carrying to the utmost limits the principle of his school, that nothing could be comprehended and nothing could be known, subjected to a negative criticism not only the conceptions of popular faith, but all the theological proofs of the philosophers for the existence of the gods. More positive, however, and nearer to Plato, were later masters in this school, as Antiochus and Philo, who were favorite teachers of Cicero and other distinguished Romans in their youthful studies. It is in the writings of Cicero, who more than any one else brought the Romans into acquaintance with Greek philosophy, that we have the best illustration of this return in the later schools to the teachings of Plato. While in some of his dialogues Cicero presents in all their force the objections which the masters of the New Academy had raised against all positive theology, yet for himself he utters in clearest tone his faith in the existence of God, as the Supreme Creator and Ruler of all beings and all things, and in the immortality of the soul. Faith in God, he contends, is implanted in the spirit of man; it is taught by all the phenomena of the world in nature and in history, it is also practically indispensable, as alone forming the moral basis of human society. Difficult was it for Cicero, with his enlightened views, to uphold, though a statesman, the state religion of his country; quite impossible for him, though a leading member of the august augural college, to lend even the show of a belief to the Roman theory and practice of augury. We cannot doubt that in the merciless denunciation

by one of the speakers in his Dialogues on "Divination" of all forms of soothsaying, he meant to record his own belief that the whole system had quite lost out of it the old faith in indications of nature of the divine will, and now was subserving the purposed ends of politics, or with the many to satisfy the blind cravings of superstition. Like Cotta in the Dialogue on the "Nature of the Gods," he was attached to the popular faith not by religious but only by patriotic and political considerations. It was the Roman religion, the national religion; it was the religion of the people, and whatever there might be wrong or false in it, better was it for the people than irreligion or no religion at all. The opposition to superstition which Cicero and other Romans brought with them from the Academy was extended by the Epicureans to all religion itself, through their denial of the fundamental beliefs of religion, a Divine Providence and the immortality of the soul. The Epicureans had a place in their system, hardly definable however or intelligible, for beings whom they called gods; beings not superhuman in nature, but rather human beings of an exalted rank; beings living in undisturbed repose far away from earth in some unknown intermundial spaces, and having, as the very element of their blessedness, exemption from all providential rule, all oversight or even knowledge of human affairs. Such a deistic view of the gods the Epicurean teachers deemed to be essential to the welfare of men, inasmuch as it freed them from superstitious fears of divine agency and of death and future retribution. Many were the Romans who were attached to the Epicurean school, not so much from a real knowledge of its teachings as from an indifference to all higher human interests and from a fondness for a life of ease and freedom from restraint; but it found in Lucretius a diligent and intelligent student, and in his poem a valuable exposition and application of its principles, no less poetic than scientific. Adopting the Epicurean physics, Lucretius conceived the world in its origin and its government as only the result of mechanical agency, and the soul of man as material and mortal as his body, and bounded in its being by its brief earthly existence, and, true to the Epicurean ethics, he carried out his applications of his physical principles with a strict logical consequence, and enforced them with a passionate earnestness, convinced that only by such a philosophy could man be rid of his enslaving fears of the gods and of death. Religion he deemed to be the chief foe of man, and Epicurus he lauds as the greatest human benefactor,

in that by teaching the true knowledge of nature he wrought out man's deliverance and happiness. How different in all his thinking and feeling is Lucretius' contemporary, the poet Virgil, — how different all his poetry in its religious interpretation of nature and human life! Virgil is the worthiest illustration of his own expression, the *pius vates*, and his poetry the best expression of the best religious thought of his country and age. Endowed no less than Lucretius with a poet's sense for all that is grand and beautiful in the outward world, and with a poet's sympathy with all the mystery of man's life and being, yet unlike the philosophic poet he discerns in all natural phenomena a beneficent divine agency, and in the nature and the world of man he recognizes the superiority of the soul and all that is spiritual to the bodily and the material, and above and in the midst of all human beings and human affairs, the presence of the supreme Spiritual Power, guiding and controlling all in the interests of truth and mercy. While Lucretius breaks with the Roman and with all religion, Virgil clings to the instinctive religious convictions of his country and of mankind, while he seeks to unite them with the more enlightened sentiments of his own time. In his pastoral poetry he is in sympathy with the piety of the shepherds which looks upward in thankfulness for the protection of their flocks as they wander by the woods and the hillsides; in his "Georgics," while he seeks to revive the old Roman love of the land and of the toils of rural life, he aims to awaken in the struggling and hardy tillers of the soil some devout sense of their calling by showing how it is in the order of Providence that man, by his labor, should have dominion over the earth, and how by such labor man best fulfills his duty and promotes his welfare. And in his crowning national poem he teaches his countrymen and their august prince, at every stage of the Roman annals which he records in his verse, that this great structure of government, though built up by the human hands of many generations, was all appointed and guided by divine decree for the peace and good order of the world. And in the views disclosed in the sixth book of this poem, of the world to come — of the Tartarus of the lost and the Elysian abodes of the blest — how clear and impressive are the conceptions of the immortality of the soul and of a spiritual life after death, of the everlasting distinction between a righteous and an unrighteous life, and of a final award to men of happiness or misery according to the deeds done in the body. How Roman and how human are

the two classes of lives and characters to which are respectively assigned everlasting punishment and eternal life; in the one, haters of brothers and fathers, men without natural affection, men guilty of unnatural crimes, greedy and selfish misers, traitors, and betrayers of masters and friends; in the other, such as martyrs for their country's cause, holy priests, pious poets, and benefactors of their kind.

We have now only to consider the relations to the Roman religion of the last of the three schools of philosophy which I have named,—the philosophy of the Stoics. There was a religious and theological tone in the Stoic philosophy which set it in marked contrast to the Epicurean. While the Epicureans conceived of gods removed from all concern with the world, the Stoics on the contrary believed the world of nature and of man to be under the continuous agency and the providential rule of a supreme spiritual power; and in opposition to the polytheism of the Greek as of the Roman popular faith, they believed this supreme power to be one divine being, whom they called, in the pantheistic spirit of their school, the Soul of the Universe; and so far as they gave the name of gods to the forces of nature, they thought of them only as single manifestations of the one Deity. They also attached no worth to the rites and ceremonies of Roman worship, insisting that the true divine service consisted in the devout knowledge of God and in a pious and moral life. Yet the Stoic teachers were far from rejecting with the Epicureans the popular religion as mere superstition, or from fearing its influence upon human welfare. They held, in the religious spirit that was native to their whole manner of thinking, that a true fear of the gods and a spirit of sincere worship might dwell in the most unenlightened and even ignorant minds; and that an abandonment of the traditional religion and its worship might carry away with it all the sanctions of private and public morality. Generally and briefly stated, these were the chief Stoic views which came into close relation to the religion of the Romans, and they were taught especially by Panætius, who lived in Rome many years, was the founder of Roman Stoicism, and counted among his disciples and personal friends such Romans as the younger Scipio and his friend Lælius and the other choice spirits of that literary and philosophical circle of which those eminent men were the central figures. In his early years a contemporary of these men, but in his illustrious public career belonging to the next generation,

was Quintus Mucius Scævola, the first Roman who, as a thinker and a writer, subjected the religion of his country to a free criticism on the basis of Stoic principles. It was Scævola who originated at Rome the threefold view of religion which was afterwards more fully unfolded and defended by the celebrated Terentius Varro, known in Roman literature as the most learned of the Romans. This view represented religion as the poetical or mythical, the philosophical, and the political. Of the first his negative opinion was as pronounced as that of Plato of the Greek mythology; it was full of unworthy conceptions of the Deity, in that it ascribed to the gods in quality and in action what was not only unworthy of men as such, but could be true only of the worst and most contemptible. The philosophical was entirely free from such faults, but it was unfitted for popular uses, and at variance with the practical purposes of religion; it contained in it much that was either unintelligible or might easily be half understood or misunderstood, and so hurtful in practice. The third view, or the political, looked at the popular faith as a state institution, to be defended and upheld, apart from the truth either of doctrine or of worship, simply on the ground of political expediency. As Varro put this view, the religion of the nation must be taught and observed, however faulty and even false; it is indispensable as an institution of the state and for the stability and good order of society. These opinions were doubtless derived from Panætius, and are quite in harmony with Stoic utterances of the masters of the school, both Grecian and Roman. But they had a quite peculiar significance as taught by Scævola. He was not only a distinguished statesman, and, as Cicero describes him, the most eloquent of jurists and also the most learned jurist of the orators, but he was also the Pontifex Maximus, the ecclesiastical primate of Rome, and so the chief authority as well as magistrate in all matters of religious faith and practice. Yet by no one was he ever charged with heresy or heterodoxy; he was unmolested in his office and in all his public dignities, and to the end of his life was in fame as he was in character a man of the highest integrity and virtue. In substantial agreement with these opinions were some of the best as well as the most enlightened of the Romans in the last century of the republic; as thinking men they had lost faith in the national religion, but as conservative and patriotic Roman citizens they could still defend it and practice its rites. In the early empire, the Stoic thought, with its application to reli-

gion, drew to it more and more the ablest as well as the most thoughtful and noblest of the Romans; in the midst of the calamities which fell upon Roman life, with the incoming of imperial power and despotic rule, for such men Stoicism was the best religion they knew, and in its pure conceptions of Deity and more liberal views of humanity they found sources of strength and of consolation and hope. Their teacher, the representative teacher of this Roman Stoicism, was the philosopher Seneca. The theology of this philosopher was so pure and so true, his conception of God so clearly and justly embodies the attributes of wisdom, goodness, mercy, and love, and in the religion he teaches he dwells so earnestly upon the pious dispositions of the heart and the subjection of the will to truth and right, in short so Christian were his sentiments and language, that both in modern as well as in ancient times it has been believed, though on no sufficient evidence or reason, that he was directly indebted to Christianity for his ethical and religious ideas. Hence, too, he was so often claimed as a Christian by the early fathers, in the expression they used of him as "*noster Seneca*." The doctrines and spirit of Seneca were quite at variance with faith in the prevailing rites and beliefs of the Roman religion; and this variance he expressed in his writings with the utmost freedom. Especially did he condemn the fables of the poets concerning Jupiter and the other Olympian deities; and he rejected with scorn the ignoble crowd of gods, as he expressed it (*ignobilis deorum turba*), which had poured into Rome from all parts of the world. In like manner he condemns the use of images in worship and of all the sacrifices in the temples. "The *images*," he says, "people adore; why not rather adore the artisans who fashioned them; people smile at the sportive plays of children, but they are dealing with just such plays all their life long, and in the most serious matters that can possibly concern mortal men." And thus he speaks of sacrifices: "How are the gods worshiped? With slaughtered victims, as if the gods delighted in the blood of innocent beasts. The true worship is of the heart. You need not," he says, "go to the temples to seek God; God is near you, he is around you, he is in you. Not temples of stone let us rear up to his service, but rather the sanctuary of the heart; let us not serve him with the blood of victims, but with pure sentiments and right purposes. To know and be like God, that is the best divine service." Similar were the teachings of the later Roman Stoics, and especially of Epicurus and of Marcus Aurelius.

From the historical sketch which I have thus drawn, however imperfectly, it clearly appears that in the early period of the empire, the enlightened and educated mind of Rome was now quite estranged from the old fast-decaying national faith. But it was an inevitable result of this estrangement that this faith should gradually lose its hold upon the humbler and ignorant classes of the people, and be unable to maintain itself in their life against the manifold polytheistic beliefs and rites which were imported into Rome from all parts of the East; and all, incongruous and contradictory as they were, became strangely incorporated into the national worship. So it is that superstition makes willing captives and victims of individuals and nations who have lost or abandoned their religion. Such a bewildering maze and confusion finally came into Roman worship that we find the satirical poets and even grave writers sadly complaining that it was impossible for the people to know what gods to address in their prayers, and that they were compelled to address many in succession, and sometimes at the end to add the saving clause, "and any other god or goddess not yet named." And yet out of this chaos of "gods many and lords many" there was emerging that monotheistic faith, in its national origin also from the East, which, even while confined within its rigid Jewish limitations, was already winning converts in Rome itself, as in different parts of the empire, and was ere long, in the Christianity of which it had been the prophet and the precursor, to become the faith of the world. Not however from Rome, with all its tendencies to universality, was the destined being and sway of this faith; not from the Roman race, not forth from the proud Roman capital, was it to issue on its peaceful triumphant career. Already from out the most despised of all the Roman subject races, from the pettiest of all Roman subject provinces, had it arisen into being; it was coming onward, not like a worldly power, with observation; but as the kingdom of God, silently, gradually, but irresistibly as a divine spiritual force. And yet, for the Christian faith ere long to be the established faith of the empire, the Roman religion had been preparing the way, alike by what was good in it and what was bad; by the evil that needed to be corrected or eradicated, and the good that needed to be purified, and by the yearning for the true though unknown God which it expressed, and which needed to be fully satisfied. And a far greater service of preparation had it been given Rome to render: by her genius for conquest, assimilation,

and dominion she had made one people of all the peoples of the earth, so many, so diverse; and by her universal speech, and law, and government she had united all nations in one world-community, the one civilized world, of which Christianity was to be the one universal religion.

OLD AGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE FRIDAY CLUB, APRIL 13, 1883.

I HAVE been reading this term with one of my classes Cicero's "De Senectute," and I have been impressed more than ever before with the worth of this Latin essay, in the justness of its sentiments and in the finish of its diction. The tone is cheerful and genial, and yet calm and serious; the argument for age moves on at times with a moderate concession, but mostly with a happy ingenuity and glowing fervor of defense. It is Roman in its good sense and sober, practical spirit; it is Ciceronian in the fullness and richness of its ideas and illustrations, and it is human and humane in all its views of man's life and destiny. I have been so much interested in this reading of it, and more now than in earlier years perhaps, from a rather natural increase of fellow-feeling with the writer, that I have abandoned a subject in which I had made some progress, and decided to bring to you now some account of *the origin and conduct of this work of Cicero, with some reflections on the theme* which it discusses.

I need not unfold in detail the plan and contents of this Latin classic, with which you are all probably familiar. Who indeed has not read it? Who can read without instruction and delight what is taught in it on a subject of universal human interest by a thoughtful and cultivated Roman, the greatest orator and the most accomplished scholar of his country, and one of her chief statesmen, when, at the close of an exceptionally long and honored career in the great Roman world, with the downfall of the constitution and of liberty, public life in the old Roman sense now no longer existing, and all the grand scenes of its ambitions, its toils, and its honors now vanished forever, he betook himself to the seclusion of his villas, to find diversion and solace in occupation of thought and composition, with themes of supreme interest in ethics and religion. It was under these circumstances that Cicero wrote in the last two years of his life his "De Natura Deorum," "De Divinatione," "De Officiis," and the two companion essays the "De Amicitia," and the "De Senectute." In dedicating to

his life-long friend Atticus this last work, — with which we have now to do, — Cicero mentions the disordered state of public affairs as a cause of anxious distress to them both, for which at another time he would offer his friend some consolation; and then gives as the immediate motive of the present work his desire to lighten for both of them the burden of age, of the pressure of which, or at least of its near approach, they were already conscious; adding that when he first purposed to write on old age, Atticus immediately occurred to him as one worthy of a gift which both friends might use with common advantage. I might perhaps, in bringing a discussion of this subject to the Club, plead to some extent a like motive; for some of us I suppose are already at the mature age which Cicero and Atticus had then reached, and others may desery it at least approaching from whatever distance; and the youngest of our number may be drawn to it, with even some desire, by reading and discussing Cicero's book, if Montaigne's word of it be true, that "it gives one *an appetite* for growing old" (*il donne l'appetit de vieillir*).

The setting of the discourse, in the choice of the principal speaker and of his younger friends, was very happily conceived and wrought out by the writer. In this respect the Roman improved upon a similar work in Greek by the philosopher Aristo of Ceos, to which he alludes in the introduction, though we have no means of further comparison, as the Greek work has not come down to us. Aristo, in his Greek fondness for the poetic, and perhaps in his philosophic depreciation of age, had given his discourse in the person of the mythic Tithonus, for Tithonus, as the poets had sung, had been loved in his youthful bloom by the goddess Aurora, who had prayed and won for him from Jove the gift of perpetual life; but, alas for her unwisdom! she had forgotten to ask for a life of perpetual youth; so that when Tithonus had passed far beyond his prime, he lived on, to be sure, but worn and ever wasting in the decrepitude of never-ending age. But Cicero, with a fine human and Roman sense, chose for *his* fittest speaker to discourse upon age an historical person, a typical Roman, Marcus Porcius Cato, who had been conspicuous in youth and in manhood for all high qualities and achievements of Roman character and life, and in old age itself distinguished above all his fellows, and who had died at 85, his faculties strong to the last year, "his eye not dimmed nor his natural force abated." He was of an old family of the Porcian *gens*, but the first of that *gens* to be called

Cato, an old Sabine word for practical wisdom (*catus*), a quality expressed later by the Latin title which was given him of *Sapiens*, and which Cicero says he always had as a kind of *cognomen*. He is known as *Cato Major*, in distinction from his descendant the inflexible *Cato Minor* or *Uticensis*, of Cæsar's time. He had also the title of *Censor*, from the fidelity with which he discharged the duties of the censorship. Though averse in his earlier years to Greek philosophy and culture, yet when past sixty he became a zealous student of Greek and its great writers. At the age of eighty-one, when accused by an enemy of some charge, the nature of which is not recorded, he defended himself with full voice and unbroken strength. In the last year of his life, he conducted a prosecution against Sulpicius Galba for a flagrant breach of public faith, delivering a powerful speech, which he afterwards revised for insertion in a work on which he continued to labor till within a few weeks of his death.

Such was the man by whose lips Cicero here utters his sentiments on age. The other personages in the dialogue are the younger Scipio and Gaius Lælius, contemporaries and intimate friends, now about thirty-five years old, and both famous men, too, in their generation; Scipio, the son of Æmilius Paulus, the son-in-law of Cornelia the mother of the Gracchi, and grandson by adoption of the elder Scipio Africanus, whom he followed as a soldier with no uneven steps, completing in the destruction of Carthage the work which his grandfather had begun; a Roman of Romans, Cicero's ideal statesman in his "De Republica," and yet in scholarship and literary tastes the chief of the Hellenized Rome of his day; and Lælius, a good soldier, sharing with honor in Scipio's campaigns, and in the arts of peace his leader, an enthusiast in literary studies, an accomplished writer and speaker, and with Cicero in the "De Amicitia" a model for his countrymen in all higher culture.

These two friends come to Cato and begin the conversation by telling him that they have often admired his wisdom in other things, but most of all in his bearing old age so easily, a burden which they had heard other people say was quite odious and intolerable. The old man replies, that it is no such wonderful thing; men have only to follow the guidance of nature; then they will find old age no harder to bear than manhood or youth; nature has made all due provisions for the end as for the beginning and the middle of human life, for she is no dull poet, know-

ing how to order aright four acts of the play and then breaking down in the last act. He, too, has heard some old men complain of their lot, the decay of strength, the loss of pleasure, the vanity of the world. The fault, however, of such complaints lies, he thinks, not in the age, but in the character. The people who are querulous and ever croaking in old age, were querulous also in youth; they are croakers by constitution and by habit, too. Old age has, to be sure, its human troubles, but a wise man will know how to bear them, even as he bore the troubles of other periods. To complain of them is to fight against nature, and that were just as senseless and hapless a fight as the war of the giants with the gods. Here we have indicated the line of defense of old age in this essay of Cicero. Put on the defensive by the questionings of his young friend, our Cato Major, old in years but delightfully young in spirit, is drawn into a courageous protest against the view that old age is necessarily an unhappy season. He finds four seeming grounds for this view; *the first*, that old age withdraws men from active life; *the second*, that it weakens their physical powers; *the third*, that it robs them of nearly all pleasures, and *the fourth*, that it is not far off from death. These grounds he proceeds to show to be in his judgment untenable. The manner of proceeding is not quite free from special pleading, but on the whole is fair and just and quite as logical as need be. All readers will agree, at any rate, that it is very entertaining and instructive; its manly thoughts and brave words and bright illustrations casting their relieving lights along the evening of man's life on earth, and opening at last, through the passing shadow of death, clear glimpses of an after immortal life, and the glad reunions and societies there of the good of all ages and climes. From this general view of the plan and scope of Cicero's essay, I pass now to some reflections upon its theme, not following directly the train of thought, though often touching it at different points. Without refusing to look at the darker aspects of the subject, I purpose to dwell longest upon the brighter ones, and if I should be rather discursive or say too much upon the whole or any one part of it, I shall only prove what old Cato allowed for his own discourse, that age is rather given to rambling and loquacity, and shall show, as he did, that I do not defend it from all faults.

It is an interesting preliminary inquiry, at what point old age, as a period, is understood to begin, and, in accordance with this understanding, what are the preceding periods, and where they

begin and end. We are familiar with some conventional divisions of human life in literature as in popular speech, though the main divisions exist in the nature of the case. There is the fluctuation in the dividing line between manhood and old age as well as between youth and manhood. As we naturally distinguish the young and the old, we are mostly content with the general division of youth and age, even as in the year we are content with the broad divisions of summer and winter. Thus it is that Cicero in this piece sometimes makes the whole of life to consist of *adulescentia* and *senectus*. But soon an exacter division is a threefold one, with childhood, the Roman *pueritia*, preceding youth and age, even as we have spring before summer and winter. In one passage of this piece Cicero has this division; the *pueritia*, ending as late as 20; the *adulescentia*, at 45; and the *senectus* then beginning. Thus, too, in one of his letters he speaks of Octavian at 19 as *puer*, and Sallust calls Julius Cæsar *adulescentulus* at 35; and in Livy (30, 40), Hannibal at 50 is called *senex*. But further, as in the analogy the autumn comes in between summer and winter, so in man's life the second period is subdivided by the Romans into *adulescentia* and *juventus*, the latter the fruitful autumn, and so making the fourfold division of *pueritia*, *adulescentia*, *juventus*, and *senectus*. This is Horace's division in his well-known passage of the "Ars Poetica," only he calls the second period *juventus* and the third *ætas virilis*. We do not have in English convertible terms for *adulescens* and *juvenis*, the former meaning one *who is growing up*; the latter one *full-grown* or *adult*. But in Latin writers a still more common division is fivefold, which is made by putting farther off the beginning of *senectus*, by inserting between it and *juventus* the *ætas seniorum*; the *senectus* thus begins at 60.

But a still minuter analysis of man's life the Romans had in *seven ages*, the first three representing life as on the ascent as *infans*, *puer*, *adulescens*, the fourth *juvenis*, *young man*, as at the highest point, and for a while at a standstill, and the last three as life is on the decline, *vir*, *senex*, and *silicernius*, the last being the "second childishness" of Shakespeare's "Seven Ages," though otherwise the Roman and English divisions agree only in the number *seven*. But of old age, wherever in years it may be said to begin, Cicero well says no one can fix the point where it is to end; he contents himself with adding, that it may go on so long as one is adequate to his appointed work. He entered into no

speculation touching the natural term of human life, a curious question not infrequently discussed by modern writers, and for the most part only with curious results. The naturalist Buffon states as the conclusion of his investigations that the natural duration of man's life is "eighty or a hundred years," but he is far from claiming for his conclusion the absoluteness of a physical law. The French writer Flourens, in an elaborate work on "Human Longevity," adopts the latter figure of Buffon's conclusion, and determines, on what he considers a large induction, *one hundred years* to be the natural period of human existence. But the experience of the world seems to rest with assurance on the term of *threescore and ten* as set down in "the prayer of Moses, the man of God," the 90th Psalm, the oldest in the Psalter: "The days of our years are threescore years and ten, and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow, for it is soon cut off, and we fly away;" or, as we have the last clause, and I think better, in Coverdale's version, "so soon passeth it away, and we *are gone*." By the side of this conception of the shortness, at the most, of the span of human life let me give you a passage from Cicero, which in its truth is not unworthy such a place. He has just said of the youth and the old man, that "the one hopes to live *long*, the other has lived *long*;" and then he exclaims, as if in rebuke of himself, "Although, ye good gods! what is there *long* in man's life; for though our years were extended to the extremest measure, let their length be even as that of the king of Tarshish, yet naught may we call *long* which hath an end; and when that end cometh, then what has passed away is *gone forever*." Not to go back to antediluvian records, there are numerous recorded instances in different countries and generations of lives which have far exceeded the Psalmist's term of threescore and ten; but apart from the fortunate ones, to some of which I may by and by allude, his pathetic picture of "labor and sorrow" is probably true to human life in every time. The king Arganthonius, to whom Cicero alluded, lived to be a hundred and twenty years old. The elder Pliny, in his statistics of the census of Vespasian's reign, gives instances from Cisalpine Gaul of fifty-four persons who had reached the age of 100, fourteen of 110, two of 125, and three of 140. Terentia, Cicero's wife, long survived her husband, and lived to the age of 103. The actress Galeria appeared on the stage at 104 in Augustus' time, and that was ninety-one years after her first appearance.

A very interesting historic instance is recorded by Tacitus, of Junia Tertullia. She was the sister of Marcus Brutus, and the wife of Cassius; she lived sixty-four years after the republican battle of Philippi, which was fatal to both her husband and brother, and she died at 107 in the year 22 A. D., the eighth of Tiberius' reign, probably the last surviving witness in imperial Rome of the downfall of the republic. I might add other instances belonging to different countries in modern times, but what I have already said is rather digressive, as longevity is not my subject. But whatever may be the conventional or the natural *beginning* of age, whether in individuals it come, as come the preceding periods, earlier or later, owing to a stronger or a weaker constitution, yet as life goes on, come at some time that beginning must and does. Not always may it tarry; it makes known its approach, though oft unawares, by signs of its own, then ere long it is at hand, and presently at the door, and within, whether as an invited guest or an unwelcome intruder. Some men say, as Cicero truly observes, "but age steals in upon us sooner than we had reckoned." To such he puts the sharp question, "Ah! but who compelled you to make a false reckoning?" "For how does age steal in sooner upon manhood than manhood upon youth?" Such questioning may strike us as somewhat merciless, but probably it is not more merciless than truthful. Yet in all times have men been wont to give age at its coming an ill reception, accosting it with reproaches and complaints. So was it with the Greeks in their fondness for luxuriant life in nature and in man; so at least we may infer from some of their writers. Hesiod personifies age as "the daughter of night," with the epithet of "destructive;" and Homer, too, uses such epithets for it as "dismal," "hateful," and "grievous." With Euripides it is a burden "heavier than Ætna," and even with the calm Sophocles it is "friendless, wearisome, and hated by the gods." Like these last words are words of the Hebrew Psalmist, "For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled," and the wise Preacher of Israel describes age in contrast with youth as the "evil days;" "while the *evil days* come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." In Latin poetry, too, Virgil seemed to share this darker view, for in his pictures of the lower world he puts "sad old age" (*Tristis Senectus*), at its very gateway in the ominous companionship of pale Disease, and gaunt Want, and shaking Fear, and furious Discord, and deadly War.

And in modern poetry, too, we find similar conceptions, though its general tone is nobler and truer. Witness the unlovely and cheerless spectacle which Shakspeare put upon his stage of the world in the last two scenes of his "Seven Ages" of man! And what more dismal than that refrain from a later poet, far inferior to be sure, but never wanting in true pathos, "What can an old man do but die?" And so the poets sing of age on this minor key, though the sentiment lacks the harmony of consistency; for certainly men desire to reach age, though they may be averse to being old. For myself I listen rather to old Cato here; his pitch is on a higher and gladder note; and though the movement be not in measured verse, yet it has all the rhythm of Cicero's "numerous prose." Let us catch, if we may, this cheerful tone, and hold it too if we can. Let us be willing to look at the shades of the picture of age, but the lights as well, the ills that attend it and their kindly compensations.

It were unwise and idle to deny or to waive the enfeebling influence of increasing years upon the powers of body and of mind. There is a natural significance of truth in the old Tithonus myth, and this quite apart from any mistaken though loving Auroral prayers. So it is, that we carry over from nature to the life of man the familiar images of the "sere and yellow leaf," the fading flower, and the withering tree. The natural force that is so exultant in buoyant youth and in manhood calmly rejoices in its mature fullness, then begins, at first insensibly and slowly, and later on consciously and visibly, to abate and decline; the figure is not quite so erect, the step is less strong and firm, the feet take not so kindly as once to the upward grades of life's roads; one well on in the sixties is not so fond of mountain-climbing as he was in his youth, and is sometimes conscious of a strain upon him even when mounting hills in the town, aforetime so easy of ascent; the muscles and limbs are less pliant, less obedient to the will, and an over-exertion is apt to induce something like a twinge of pain or some ailment or indisposition, suggestive of a falling off of wonted strength and power of endurance. One may be reminded perhaps by a friendly jest or a reflection of the mirror of some change of outward aspect in the quality or hue of complexion, or of the color of the hair from black or blond to gray or white, or of some wrinkle invading the smoothness of the cheek or the brow. Men have to confess to some changes not for the better in the senses outer and inner, the eye less bright and clear,

and needing for its functions other lenses than nature's, the ear losing its fine sharpness, getting less sensitive to the utterances of sound, the melody and harmony of music, whether of song and cunning instrument, or, sweetest music of all, the once familiar voices of dear friends; and alas! such changes with growing infirmities sometimes utterly close these avenues to the soul, knowledge and "wisdom thus quite shut out." He might easily add to this list of the penalties of age, in losses and weaknesses from the other senses, tendencies to ailments of various sorts, and the pains and disabilities they bring with them, all which with some persons induce general discomfort and discontent, and even a weariness of life itself. But let us remember, in the first place, on this head, that it belongs to the course of nature and of human life; that if there is a falling off of strength in age, there is strength enough for all that is required of age. If less is now done or can be done, there is generally less to do or that is required to be done. Cato presently rallies his young friends with the reminder that strong as they are in their manhood, they are after all not so strong as the robust, burly centurion Titus Pontius, — some Samson-like Roman captain of that time. Yet they do not miss or require *his* strength any more than they do that of a bull or an elephant. Then, too, in some repulsive descriptions of old age there lurks ever the fallacy that all its possible ills and ails come together and in troops, and especially that they descend, falcon-like, in flocks, and at one swoop upon individual men. Such a gathering of infirmities is in reality exceptional, and belongs only to extreme cases. Indeed, is it not seldom that any persons suffer signal visitations of them in number or in kind? Then, too, consider that many of these bodily evils are not the peculiar lot of age but are common to all periods of life. As to the more violent attacks of disease, Cicero reminds us that the young are more liable to them than the old; they suffer from them more severely, and are healed with more difficulty. I am not sure that this is true, but certainly with the young, their keener sensibility and greater power of resistance must aggravate the ills of sickness and pain. It is worth while, too, to think of the compensations which lighten the burden of such of these evils as age is wont to suffer. The poet Gray, in describing the "Pleasure arising from Vicissitude," finely expresses the joy felt by one on recovery from illness; how the simplest things in nature touch the sensibilities with a quite strange delight: —

“The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise.”

I am inclined to think that such a glad experience belongs to age more than to youth. The lighter visitations of disease may come oftener and easier, but in the lucid intervals, when the “lost vigor is repaired,” and one “breathes and walks again,” there is a livelier sense of feeling and being well, and a purer, sweeter satisfaction with all that the world offers again, the bounteous riches of earth, air, and sky, the friendly sight of human faces, and the greetings and intercourse of friends. We may think, too, of the fact that in the sad evils of the loss or withdrawal of any of the senses, as in the calamities of deafness or blindness, there is an increase of activity and of perception through the other senses, and also a greater capacity of mental concentration, the mind thus, in its seclusion from the outer world, more intensely and fruitfully active in its inner chambers of thought or of imagination. Cato tells his youthful hearers of the achievements of the great Appius Claudius, when he was blind as well as old; how he found his way to his place in the curia in a great crisis of public affairs, and in a speech of burning eloquence dissuaded the Senate from consenting to a treaty of peace with Pyrrhus. This event in the life of a Roman statesman reminds us of the last oratorical effort of the English Chatham, when, not blind indeed, but old and infirm, he denounced in the House of Lords the treaty with France and the separation from England of the American colonies. But Cato might have cited from the domain of letters in antiquity a yet more illustrious name, — Homer, the blind bard of Scio, who in his sightless old age, yet as a poet and seer, produced those two great epics of Greek verse which were destined to a perpetual youth in the instruction and delight of men of all after times and tongues. By this great ancient name we can put a like great name in our English Milton, “cut off” by blindness for the last twenty-one years of his life from the sight of nature and “the human face divine,” yet bating not one jot of heart or hope, but steering right onward in the career of genius, and producing in those darkened years his two illustrious English epics.

The mention of these great names and of the achievements which thus made them great may give us an easy transition to what may be said on the brighter side of the influence of age on the intellectual powers. Alleviating conditions there certainly are to the weakening pressure of years upon the inner and finer

parts of man's nature. The memory is doubtless the first to suffer, especially in losing its hold upon names, and also upon events of more recent occurrence, while yet clinging with a fond tenacity to the scenes and associations of childhood. But, as Cato well says, the memory often suffers from sheer lack of use, or from a lack of interest in the things to be remembered. He never heard, he says, of any old man who had forgotten where he had buried his treasures, or who his debtors were, and how much they owed him. Our vigorous old Roman also affirms, with much truth, of the higher faculties, that they continue in force and in quality if only there be a continuance of their zealous and active exercise. Hence he will hear of no premature exemption from work as a privilege of age, and he illustrates his view by enumerating memorable instances of poets, philosophers, and statesmen who preserved their faculties to extreme old age by continuous and healthful occupation. Plato was at work on his "Dialogues" at eighty-one, Socrates wrote the finest of his orations at eighty-two; at ninety Sophocles composed his best tragedy, and indeed it was the best production of the Greek Tragic Muse, the "Œdipus at Colonus;" and Pindar and Simonides wrote some of their noblest lyrics at eighty and upwards. But instead of trying to exhaust Cato's list of aged celebrities, let us take some nearer illustrations of his point from names of men in modern times, who in letters and science and public life have been conspicuous by a prolonged career of usefulness and fame. Newton and Locke and Bacon produced some of their greatest works after they had passed the age of sixty; the German philosopher Kant reached the maturest results of his metaphysical studies after he was seventy, and Humboldt's "Cosmos" was written and published in the last ten years of his life, and he lived to be eighty-eight. The poet Goethe kept his faculties unclouded till eighty-six, always intensely busy, and in science as well as in art, finishing the last acts of his greatest poem after he was seventy-five. Wordsworth lived to be eighty, and Rogers to be ninety-two. We have all read Brougham's "Sketches of Statesmen of the time of George III." Nearly all the great men of that illustrious generation who were great jurists and lawyers as well as statesmen, maintained to advanced age at the bar or on the bench, and in Parliament by the living voice, and by their writings, the ability and the vigor and the capacity for eminent public service which had distinguished the years of their manhood. Sheridan and Burke were among the youngest, and

they lived, the one to be sixty-six and the other sixty-seven; Chat-ham died at seventy, Erskine at seventy-five, Lord Thurlow at seventy-four, Lord Mansfield at eighty-nine, and Brougham himself at the same age as Mansfield; while Lyndhurst, after an active career in law as well as in public office, died at ninety-one. Wellington's name, too, may be added, eminent alike in war and in peace, who died at eighty-three, of whom some one said at his death that "he had now exhausted Nature as he had before exhausted glory."

The French Talleyrand and the German Metternich may also swell though scarcely adorn this roll, who died, the former at eighty-four and the latter at eighty-six, after having played so prominent a part for nearly forty years in European diplomacy and politics, both of them in vigorous action at the front, on one side or the other, or on both sides, in the many political revolutions that marked their eventful times. Great American names there are, too, which illustrate my present point. Of our first six Presidents, the average age was eighty, the elder Adams reaching ninety-one years, and the younger eighty-one; and none of them betrayed a marked falling off of intellectual vigor. In letters also we may recall Irving, who began a new issue of his works and enjoyed a new popularity after he was sixty-seven, and he lived to be seventy-six. Bryant translated the Iliad at seventy-five and the Odyssey at seventy-seven; and Longfellow, who has just passed away at seventy-five, the sweet light of his genius undimmed, published his Dante at sixty-four; and for seven years after he sang that poem, memory and prophecy too, his "*Mortuarii Salutamus*," still moved among men, "his garland and singing robes yet about him." Our historian Bancroft is yet with us, at the age of eighty-two, vigorous in body and in mind, and still fruitful as a writer; and one of our number has just come back from assisting at a service of honor done to Oliver Wendell Holmes at an ovation given him in New York by his medical brethren after forty years' professional usefulness and distinction, which we shall doubtless hear was as grand a one, and certainly as well earned, as that which was given him in Boston by his brother poets and men of letters, when he reached two years ago the age of seventy.

But let me pass now to speak of some of the prevailing dispositions and habitudes of mind and character which belong to age; and here I think we shall find that time brings with it some

positive gains and blessings which overbalance any of the losses and pains it inflicts. Cato says, people tell us that old men are anxious and suspicious, they are irritable and morose, hard to please and get on with ; if we seek for them, they are even avaricious. We hear such complaints still, we read of them in literature, they are characters in plays. But is it not the truth that these vicious qualities belong, not to old men as such, but to such old men? Nay, as Cato says, they belong to character in general and to character in manhood and youth as much as in later periods of life. Like some bodily infirmities which come to age from a dissolute and intemperate youth, so these moral vices are often the inheritance in age from a morally vicious ill-disciplined youth ; and in all such cases it is so much the worse for youth. If one have a sullen and peevish temper in early life, and it be not checked and corrected, it must needs harden and knot itself later into moroseness ; for, as the old proverb has it, "The older the crab-tree the more crabs it bears." The truth seems to be, that with the discipline of years, in overcoming difficulties, bearing trials and burdens, in knowing men and the conditions of life better, and learning gradually to adjust one's self to all changes and chances, these faults rather abate than increase, and often give way to corresponding virtues of character. Men grow more kindly and tolerant, take their cares more lightly, learn to be silent and patient under offenses, when once they would have broken impetuously into angry words and acts. They may grow less credulous, less lavish of confidence, but not of necessity suspicious and irritable. If men and events are not as before seen in the rosy colors of fancy and hope, they are contemplated oftener in the white light of truth and reality. It is told of Theophrastus, the pupil and successor in philosophy of Aristotle, that when he was very aged — and he lived to be one hundred and seven — he remarked that he was now beginning to be wise and to see things *just as they really are*. As to avarice in age, we may well take up the word of Cato, "What an old man will have avarice for, I do not comprehend ; for can anything be more absurd than to be gathering the more provisions for the journey, just in proportion as there is less of the journey to travel?" And yet this is perhaps the passion which holds on in age with deadliest grasp to the soul of the man who has yielded to it in earlier life, and all others may fade and expire, but this dies only with life itself. Age never grows wise enough to get free of this deep-rooted folly.

But we may certainly reckon among the positive gains of increasing years those prime qualities of character which fit men for the conduct of life in all important relations, — such as foresight and prudence, caution and judgment, the practical wisdom that comes from reflection and experience. We are learning in our earlier years, but only later are we truly qualified to teach. This is true of teaching in the largest sense of the word, as it applies to all professions, all matters of business.

If the young are better fitted for enterprise and execution, it is to men in advanced years that we look for the counsel and instruction which are essential to success in everything which is to be undertaken and done. The teaching of earlier life, alike in the narrower and the wider significance of the word, is generally of more value to the teacher than to the taught. The teaching the world needs and wants on the education not only of youth but of all mankind in the great schools of the world, in communities and states, all institutions, civil, religious, social, is that of mature men who have come to be familiar by thought and practice with the general principles of being and action, and who know how to apply them to the promotion of all great interests of society. Especially is all this true in its application to the conduct of public affairs. Old Cato says, "Judgment and reason and wisdom are in old men; and without old men there would be no commonwealths at all." Hence, he continues, "it is natural that our ancestors called the highest deliberative assembly of the state the *Senate*, as the *Council of the Elders*"— a good remark, which we may apply in all its meaning to the fitting name of the supreme council in all modern states. He bids his young hearers study history, and they "will discover that the greatest states have been impaired by young men and upheld or restored by the old;" and he quotes them an apt passage from a play of Nævius: "Tell me," some one inquires, "tell me how is it that you have lost so great a state as yours?" And the answer is: "There came forth orators, new, foolish, youthful." As Cato said of ancient, so we may say of modern history that it illustrates the supremacy of age in the government of states. The instances are comparatively few in ancient or modern times of young men possessing supreme power, or exerting a commanding influence in shaping the destinies of nations. A notable one is Alexander the Great, who came to the throne at twenty, conquered the world in twelve years, and died at thirty-two. The Scipio of our book of Cicero was elected consul six

years in advance of the legal age, and in his consulship reduced Carthage and created the Roman province of Africa. William Pitt is also an instance, coming to highest political power at twenty-four, and ruling England like a dictator for nearly twenty years; but Pitt was never *young*, and he died at forty-seven. No less remarkable is the case of our Hamilton, the peer of Pitt in intellectual resources and his superior in wisdom, a member of Congress at twenty-five and there inferior to none in influence; at the head of the Treasury in Washington's Cabinet at thirty-two, and commander-in-chief at forty-two. It is a singular coincidence that Hamilton died at the same age as Pitt—forty-seven. But these are the exceptional instances in the annals of government. In general it is not till men are advanced in years that they reach, by the knowledge and wisdom which time and experience only can bring, the heights of political power; and then, too, their influence increases rather than declines with increasing years, the confidence in them of the world growing stronger with the growth and strength of their own resources and of their ability to employ them for the public good. The lives of statesmen of the past, which I adduced under another head, strongly illustrate this point also; and recent and contemporary history may readily furnish like signal illustrations. It was Thiers, then seventy-four years old, to whom all France looked for help in the time of dire extremity after the Prussian conquest; and who was chosen by Assembly and people alike as the chief of the state; and he by his abundant resources of political knowledge and wisdom saved the country from impending ruin. Gladstone was, perhaps, in some sense a stronger man twenty years ago than he is now at seventy-three; but he is far more fit to govern than he was then; and we have seen in all the congratulations and honors that poured in upon him when he reached the age of seventy and ever since that the people of England never had so much confidence in his power to rule them wisely and well as they have now. In general, the English statesmen who rank as leaders are generally accounted young at fifty-five and sixty; and at seventy and upwards they can be trusted at length with the responsibilities of sovereign power. Much that is said about old men being too conservative, living only in the past, and averse to change, is quite superficial and fallacious. Men that have lived long and observed and experienced much, are certainly conservative about things which are worth *conserving*; they "hold fast that which is

good." That fixedness of opinion which makes the evil of conservatism in the bad sense of the word is a vice of constitution or of circumstance, and is found in men at forty or fifty quite as often as at seventy or later; or if it exists in the old it is those whose knowledge is limited, whose horizon has been circumscribed, closing down a mile or two only beyond the place where they were born or where they have lived; but men that have moved in broad ranges of thought and observation and action are in reality the truest friends and promoters of conservative progress; they are willing "to prove all things," if only they are worth proving, and they are fitted to prove them aright by the tests of intelligence and truth. Thus we find in all the affairs of men, and not alone in public life, it is really the old more than the young who from their fuller knowledge of the past and their experience of the changes which they have witnessed and shared in are quickest to discern the new changes that are needed for the onward progress of mankind. And from this point let me pass on to say what a rich satisfaction falls to the lot of such men in their consciousness of growth and attainment and the consequent means of influence for the promotion of human welfare. Here is one source of satisfying delight which may well be set over against the pleasures they have lost in the loss of youth — for that we remember is one complaint against age, that it *deprives men of nearly all pleasures*. And though, as Cato says, not all men can be Scipiones and Fabii and Appii in guiding the affairs of state, yet to all who may have moved in less public, more retired paths of life there are open like sources of quiet satisfaction. If for youth there are the exciting pleasures of hope, the flush and glow of contending struggle and effort, age can repose in the calmer joys of remembrance, of looking back over races already run, and goals reached, and prizes won.

And as for even the pleasures of a more sensuous kind, to which Cato allows the young are more keenly alive, he yet mildly contends that age has some share in whatever of real good they can bestow. "Age," he says, "though it cannot enjoy immoderate feasts, yet can take delight in moderate entertainments." I suppose he means the "*simple refreshments*" which belong to all true club life; and he says that he, too, belonged to a club, and was wont to feast there with his fellows, but always with a mellow moderation; and then he gives us the golden word, that he measures his delight in such occasions, not by the pleasures of the

body, but by meeting his friends and enjoying their conversation. It is pleasant to listen to this old man of such a healthy nature, when he tells how in his love of social discourse he likes the usage of having the master of the feast appointed, and the intercourse of speech that goes on round the table at his bidding, of the small and dewy cups, as in the Symposium of Xenophon, and then most of all the general cheerful conversation protracted till deep in the night. The fine picture of Cato given us by Cicero is perhaps surpassed by that one drawn by Plato of the aged Cephalus in the introduction to the "Republic." The company in that dialogue meet at Cephalus' house, and among others Socrates comes in, and at once asks his host after his health and welfare. Cephalus, in replying, tells Socrates he ought to come and see him oftener, and talk with him; for, he says, "I find that at my time of life, as the pleasures and delights of the body fade away, the love of discourse grows upon me," and when further plied with questions after the manner of Socrates, about his feeling concerning age, he says among other good things, "Certainly, Socrates, old age has a great sense of calm and freedom; when the passions relax their hold, then you have escaped from the control of many masters." But the best ancient illustration of this fondness for social discourse we have in Plato's Symposium. A Greek symposium followed the supper, and was distinct from it; there was no drinking at the supper, but the symposium, as its name denotes, was a drinking party, always united, however, with conversation, or with music and dancing. Xenophon's symposium, as Cato says, had "its small and dewy cups," and in Plato's more famous one it was "agreed that drinking was not to be the order of the day;" for this alleged reason, however, it must be truthfully added, that the guests had all had a bout the day before, and had not yet recovered from it. But the pleasures of the feast were intellectual; it was "a feast of reason." Nowhere in letters, ancient or modern, do we read of another such; the guests, the choice and master spirits of Athens, and their discourse, so large and wise and witty, so profound and yet so delightful, and prolonged even to the gray of the morning; and then, as it was ending, Socrates was "insisting that the genius of comedy was the same as that of tragedy, and that the writer of tragedy ought to be a writer of comedy also." I am sure we shall agree with Cato and with Cephalus and with those masters of Attic wit and wisdom, that this love "of sweet discourse, the banquet of the mind," will

be reckoned among the pleasures of age. Nor let us leave out of account among the calm satisfactions of age the consideration ever paid to it in the family, the community, the state, by children and youth, citizens and people. Age is venerable in itself, and it inspires and receives veneration. This is a sentiment prompted by the instincts of human nature, it is the unwritten law of the heart, and it finds expression in the institutions and usages of nations; as Cicero aptly says, "it is observed in all states, just in proportion to the excellence of its manners" (De Senec. 18). How fine and how true is the old Mosaic precept, "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man." And Cicero mentions the same thing as a part of the Roman common law, "that one should rise up before the face of the elders" (De Inven. I. 30, 48), and a good word of the poet Ovid illustrates it in one aspect — "Who would dare to utter before an old man words that would bring a blush to the face?" (Fasti, V. 69). And when to age itself are added personal worth, great qualities of character, and services in life, yet profounder and more marked is the veneration felt and shown. "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness." That was a bitter ingredient of the cup put to the lips of Macbeth by his own murderous hand, that he "must not look to have"

"That which *should* accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends."

Cicero enumerates the honors paid to aged senators and magistrates, that they were "sought after, yielded to, escorted to and from the Forum, consulted, risen up to." In the college of augurs age always had precedence in speaking and in voting, the older augurs ranking not only the lower magistrates, but even consuls and dictators. He tells, too, the story, never too often told, illustrating the Spartan reverence for age as superior at least in practice to the Athenian. An old man came into the theatre at Athens, and in the assemblage no seat was offered him by his fellow citizens; but when he approached some Spartan ambassadors who had certain reserved seats, they all rose up in a body and received the old man to a place among them. The whole assembly applauded the act with vociferous cheers. Whereupon one of the Spartans quietly remarked, "The Athenians know what is right, but they are unwilling to do it." I remember witnessing a scene not unlike this, when I was in Berlin a few years ago. I went with a professor of the university to a session of the Royal

Academy of Sciences. The place was a large, well-appointed, quite academic hall, much longer than broad, and along the whole length ran a table with chairs for the members of the Academy. On one side over against the table was a dais for the President and other officers, and by the other sides were raised seats for guests. I had a seat given me near by the door, which was so placed that a large part of the company had their backs to it. While a member was reading the paper of the day, the door near by me softly opened, and in walked or rather glided, so softly that he was not at first heard or seen, the figure of a quite aged man, stooping, and with not very firm step, but of impressively venerable aspect. Directly one of the members caught a look of him, and he instinctively arose, then the President himself, and *he* rose up, too, and so one after another, as the old man was making his way slowly to his own seat, and before he reached it the reader of the paper had stopped, and the whole learned company were on their feet, all eyes turned respectfully to the aged comer, the patriarch of the Academy. It was Alexander Humboldt, then eighty-seven years old, but still vigorous in mind, the *facile princeps* in science of all these Berlin *savans*, who thus delighted to do him honor. I may not close without touching the last theme of Cato's discourse,—the complaint that old age is but one remove from the end of all man's life on earth. Here culminate the moral interest and value of Cicero's essay. The evil that seems to lie in the complaint is transfigured by Cato's cheerful hope of an immortal and blest hereafter into the crowning blessing of age. So pleasant is to him this thought of the end approaching, that he says it is, as it were, seeing land after a long voyage and now at last fast coming into port. He rehearses to his young friends the arguments for immortality he has often read in Plato's "Phædo," among others that from the capacities of the soul, as needing for their development an endless future life. He delights himself in recalling from Xenophon the last words of the elder Cyrus to his sons. The dying man would not have his sons imagine that when he had died his soul would cease to live, rather would he have them believe, with himself, that when the soul was freed from all connection with the body, then at length it would enjoy its own independent life. Cato might also have quoted from Plato's "Republic" the words of Cephalus to Socrates. "The man," he said, "who is conscious of a good life has in age a sweet hope, which, as Pindar charmingly says, is the nurse of his age and the

companion of all his journey." And then Cato gives utterance to his own long-cherished convictions. Always has he looked forward into the future with the faith that when he should depart from life, then at length he should begin truly to live. For nature has, he says, given us here only a place for a sojourn, not for an abiding home. And then he breaks forth into that exultant cry, "Oh glorious day, when shall I set out for that divine council and assemblage of souls, leaving behind me the crowd and turmoil of earth!" Such was the prospect of the hereafter which opened itself to this aged Roman who walked in the light of reason and trusted in the intuitions of the soul. With what a serene assurance of faith may a Christian man await the inevitable hour, who walks in the light of revelation and believes in Him who is the resurrection and the life! To such an one old age may be the best and happiest portion of man's days on earth, for it is "quite in the verge of heaven." Of such aged men have we read, such have we known; it may be we remember and recall them now and here. Of one such, I think, much has he been in my mind while writing these pages, who used to be with us in these our meetings, and who made so large a part of our club life. How often have I heard him of an evening repeat his favorite lines, as the reflection of another day's end, —

"Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home."

There was a happy and a truly venerable age, to the last both enjoying and blessing life, but ready with heart and lips for the last earthly word, *Domine, nunc dimittis!* I mourned him when he died; many times have I missed him since; but I always chide myself at such times with those words of Bryant, with which I will close my paper: —

"Why weep ye then for him, who having won
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,
Serenely to his final rest has passed;
While the soft memory of his virtues yet
Lingers like twilight hues, when the bright sun is set?"

JAMES CLERK MAXWELL.¹

WRITTEN FOR THE FRIDAY CLUB, JANUARY 4, 1884.

I HAVE to ask the indulgence of the Club that I venture, with my very limited knowledge of physical science, to present a paper on the life of a man of remarkable scientific genius, and who in his brief but brilliant career placed himself in the front rank of the men of science of our day. I may plead, however, that the biography of Professor Maxwell, which I make the basis of my paper, was written by a professor of Greek, Professor Lewis Campbell, of the University of St. Andrews. Let it be said, too, that it was not for men of science only that Professor Maxwell lived, and for whom he lives still in his writings and his character. Rare as was his genius for scientific research, he was also remarkable for his literary gifts and attainments, a good classical scholar from his earliest years, and especially a life-long student of Lucretius, well versed by fondly studious reading in the best English poets, and himself, though not a poet, yet a frequent contributor to "Blackwood's Magazine" of serio-comic verses, full of close thought, set in pointed diction, and sparkling with wit, verses which are great favorites with English university men, both scientific and literary. Indeed, whether in prose or in verse he is an attractive writer, not only for scientific men but for all men; admired by all, just in proportion to their capacity for appreciating him. His great ability in investigating truth was united to a corresponding ability in communicating it in written speech; the truth, as it passed through his own mind on its way to the minds of others, not only took clearness and vigor of form from his strong intellect, but it caught vividness and warmth from his cre-

¹ Professor Lincoln took unusual pleasure in preparing this essay. In the early life and in the character of Maxwell there were many things kindred to his own experience and nature. Both had saintly mothers very early removed by death, and fathers who were revered comrades to their sons; both united exact learning with liberal ideas, aptitude for intellectual labor with outdoor life, a serious turn of mind with a love of fun, marked tendencies to self-introspection with genial good-fellowship, and most of all fixed religious convictions with a charitable appreciation of others' beliefs.

ative imagination and fine sensibilities, so that as with the ideal writer of the Latin poet's criticism, who knows how to unite "the sweet with the useful," Maxwell, too, carries the suffrages of all readers. But above all it is the reverent spirit of the man, by which he trod ever with even step, the path alike of science and of religion, his unshaken faith in Christian truth so childlike in its simplicity, so manly in its matured strength of conviction, and his personal character, so unassuming and yet so conspicuous in its excellence, which profoundly interest every thoughtful reader of Maxwell's life. It is considerations such as these which have drawn me to the task I have set myself in this paper, and it is these which I will try to unfold and illustrate after I have drawn from Professor Campbell's biography of Maxwell some connected view of his friend's personal history.

James Clerk Maxwell came of Scotch blood and of gentle birth, born in Edinburgh, June 13, 1831, the son of John Clerk Maxwell, Esq., of Middlebie. His father was the son of Sir George Clerk, Baronet, of Penicuik, and was himself the Laird of Glenlair, Middlebie, an estate which he inherited together with the name of Maxwell from his grandmother, Lady Dorothea Maxwell. Though Maxwell was born in Edinburgh, where his parents spent part of the year, yet the home of the family was the estate at Glenlair, and there by the burns and amid the heathery braes and dingles of that part of Scotland, his childhood was spent. Being an only child, Master James was the pet of his parents, and his every movement was watched with fond eyes; and the prescience of parental love discerned and noted in "the child signs of the coming man." The father writes of him, when he was but three years old, that, "had great work with doors, locks, and keys," and that "show me how it *doos*" was never out of his mouth. Indeed, all through his childhood, of every new thing he saw his inquisitive Scotch question always was, "What's the go of that? what does it do?" and unwilling to be put off with a vague answer, he would follow up with the question, "But what's the *particular* go of it?" On a page of the biography is a woodcut taken from a sketch preserved in the family, representing a "barn-ball" at the harvest-home of 1837, when the boy was six years old; and there you see him standing by the violin player, and without looking at the dancers, only watching with curious eyes the movement of the bow in the player's hand, as if he was bent upon finding out the "particular go" of that stick. It is curious, too, to learn how even

in early boyhood his mind began to go out towards nature, and to take first impressions from all her forms, inanimate as well as living; how he would bring home from his walks with his nurse curious pebbles and grasses, and set them away till he could get his questions about them answered, how in walking by the riverside he would note the holes made in the banks and the lines worn in the hard rock, and ask what made them so; how he would catch insects and watch their movements, no live thing in its flight or jump or hop ever escaping his observant eye. Instructive, too, is it to notice that in these opening years his moral nature was tenderly nurtured by his mother, who was a woman of true Scotch intelligence and Scotch piety. She taught her keen-eyed boy "to look through Nature up to Nature's God." As he afterwards gratefully remembered, it was under her teaching that he came to know the Scriptures from a child, and with a knowledge both extensive and minute. He learned large portions of the Bible, especially from the Psalms, and could readily recite them; and we are told by his biographer that "these were not known merely by rote; they occupied his imagination, and sank deeper than anybody knew." It was the boy's misfortune to lose his mother in the ninth year of his age; but this great loss had a kind of compensation, for it drew his father nearer to him than before, and brought the two into a relation of sympathy even as of older and younger brother, which as you watch it in its after growth and outgoings is charmingly unique. The boy's school education began at the age of ten years, when his father took him to Edinburgh and entered him at the Edinburgh Academy. His first day in that academy, which has schooled many famous Scotchmen, brought a strain of trial to his nature, to which, all new as it was, he showed himself nowise unequal. His father, a plain man with no care for outward appearances, had brought him up to the city, and a city school, all in his country dress, a tunic of gray tweed, instead of a city boy's round, cloth jacket, shoes very square-toed, and fastened with brass clasps, and a frill about his neck instead of a round collar. Such a rustic spectacle produced a sensation in the Edinburgh schoolroom, and was too tempting to mischievous fun for "a parcel of rude boys in their teens." At the very first of recess they all came about the new comer like bees, and only to sting and annoy. Many were the questions asked, but especially this, "And who made those shoes?" The country boy was at first troubled, but he soon gathered himself and made good answer, exclaiming to the question in the broadest *patois*:—

“Div ye ken, ’t was a man,
And he lived in a house
In whilk was a mouse.”

Just what else took place and how was the transition from tongues to fists the biographer does not say, but only records that Master James appeared at his aunt's house, where he was to live, his tunic in rags, and minus the skirt, and his frill ruffled and torn, but himself vastly amused by his new experiences and with no sign of irritation. He had come off well from his first school ordeal. But his first school months and even years seem not to have been a time of progress. He took strongly to none of the studies, and got no quickening influence from the teachers. In the classes he was hesitating in his utterance, and strange in all his ways, so that he got the nickname of “Dafty,” which clung to him ever after in the school. Out of school he was shy of the boys, and seldom took part in any games; but would wander alone to any bit of woods or clump of trees he could find, or any green spot away from the city streets, where he could get something of the nature life he had had in the country home at Glenlair. But in his own room at his aunt's house he was always active in body and in mind. There in company with a cousin he took to drawing, and also to wood-cutting, in which he so far succeeded as to make a series of rude engravings, of which he writes with great interest to his father. The letters to his father at this time are singularly interesting, not only from their confidential tone, telling of everything he did, and of every thought or desire or fancy he had, but also because of the quaint drawings he wrought into them in illustration of all that he narrated, and the illuminated letters at the beginning and end, and the borders he traced around them. Facsimiles of some of these strange boy letters are given in the biography. I will quote only three sentences severally from three letters which give us a glimpse of the boy at ten and eleven, in his work at school and at home. In the first he tells his father, “As to my place in class I am No. 14 to-day, but hope to get up. Ovid (whom we are reading now) prophesies very well when the thing is over, but lately he gave us a prophecy of a victory which never came to pass.” In the second he writes, “I have just cast three seals of lead from the life, or rather from the death, one of a cockle and two of mussels; with one of these I shall seal this letter.” In the third he says, “I have made a tetrahedron, a dodecahedron, and two other hedrons

whose names I don't know." As to this last feat the biographer remarks that he had not yet begun geometry, and that he must have seen some account of the five solids in some books, and had so mastered them with his boyish imagination as to construct them out of pasteboard with approximate accuracy. About the middle of his school career, when he was thirteen, came a marked change both in his interest and his success in his school duties. He found Latin worth learning, and took kindly to his Greek Rudiments; and in English he won high rank and yet higher in Mathematics. He showed cleverness in writing Latin verses, and was so successful in English composition that he won the first prize in English and also the prize for English verse. But what pleased him most was the winning what was called the Mathematical Medal; of which he writes to his aunt in a tone of modest but undisguised triumph. To the same correspondent he writes a letter at about the same time, the opening sentence of which seems to show that he was fond of art as well as Mathematics. "I have drawn a picture of Diana (from the antique), and have also made an octahedron on a new principle and found out a lot of things in geometry." But the great event of his school life, and that which was the opening of his scientific career, we find in the fact that his father began to take him when he had reached the age of fifteen to the meetings of the Edinburgh Society of Arts and of the Edinburgh Royal Society. At that time a Mr. Hay, a decorative painter, was attracting attention by his attempts to reduce beauty in form and color to mathematical principles. These attempts strongly interested Maxwell, and especially the problem how to draw a perfect oval. He had just begun the study of Conic Sections, and he became eager to solve this problem. The result was that he wrote a paper, amply illustrated by diagrams, on "The Description of Oval Curves, and those having a plurality of Foci," which so pleased Professor Forbes of the University that he proposed to his father to have it brought before the Royal Society. This was accordingly done. It was communicated, however, by Professor Forbes, as it seemed hardly suitable for a boy of fifteen in round jacket to mount the rostrum of the Edinburgh Royal Society. The communication is printed in the "Proceedings" of the Society for 1846, with accompanying remarks of Professor Forbes, in which he compares Descartes' method of describing Ovals with that of Maxwell's, greatly to the advantage of Maxwell's. He left the Academy in 1847, when he was sixteen. In his last year,

though he was a twelvemonth younger than his competitors, he was first in English and in Mathematics, and came near to being first in Latin. Thus far, though the bent of his genius was manifestly to science, still, to use Professor Campbell's expression, he had not yet "specialized." The Professor adds that his friend said to him often in later years that the study of the classic writers he counted "one of the best means for training the mind." He tells us, too, that he has found among papers some of his exercises in Latin verse, and that like everything which he did they are stamped with his peculiar character. In the last year the class had lessons for the first time in Physical Science, and here Maxwell had for a competitor his friend P. G. Tait, now Professor of Physical Science in the University of Edinburgh. The biographer remarks that Maxwell and Tait, who were the two best mathematicians in the school, were thought by the boys to know more about the subject than the teacher did. Doubtless this was true, nor is it the only instance in the annals of education of a pupil being wiser than his master.

Maxwell's student life began at sixteen at the University of Edinburgh, where he spent three years, without, however, taking a regular course for a degree. His chief occupations here, both in lectures and in private study and experiments, were in Mathematics with Professor Kelland, Chemistry with Professor Gregory, and Natural Philosophy with Professor Forbes. By Professor Forbes he was at this time spoken of as a discoverer in Natural Philosophy and an original worker in Mathematics. His letters of this period, especially those to Professor Campbell, who was then at the University of Glasgow, are full of interesting accounts of the lectures he attended, of his own experiments, and also of his reading, which, to judge from the notes given to his friend of the books he read, was exact as well as various and extensive. During all this period he was allowed to work in the laboratories of physics and chemistry without supervision, and in this way he taught himself much by experiment which other men were learning with difficulty from lectures and books. Among the results of these labors were two elaborate papers read to the Edinburgh Royal Society, and printed in their "Transactions" of 1849 and 1850, the one on "The Theory of Rolling Curves," the other on the "Equilibrium of Elastic Bodies." From other courses of lectures, however, he gained both intellectual nutriment and stimulus. He attended Professor Wilson in Moral Phi-

losophy, but here he gained more advantage from his own reading and reflection than from the lecturer, who certainly achieved more in literature as Christopher North than as Professor Wilson in Ethics. Maxwell's *résumé*, in a letter to Campbell, of his studies in Moral Philosophy show what a firm grasp of the subject he had made at the age of nineteen; and his criticism of Wilson, given in a single sentence, is one that would do credit to an older head. He says: "Wilson's lectures on Moral Philosophy resolve themselves into three things, the excellence of happiness, the acquiredness of conscience, and general good humor, philanthropy, and *φιλανθρωπία*." But he was profoundly and permanently impressed by the lectures on Logic and Metaphysics of Sir William Hamilton, to whom he was strongly drawn, declared foe though Sir William was to the mathematical science. His admiration was excited by Hamilton's scholarship, and his curiosity was fed by his exhaustless learning, and especially was his mind quickened and stimulated by the Professor's speculative discussions. The effect thus produced by Sir William Hamilton upon the youthful mind of this one of his pupils well illustrates the Professor's view of the study of Metaphysics as "the best gymnastic of the mind." It proved to be a very productive discipline for Maxwell, as is shown by the exercises which he brought in while a member of the Logic and Metaphysics classes. One of these, a remarkable paper for a youth of seventeen, on the subject of the "Properties of Matter," is given in full in the biography.

Maxwell's next three years, from nineteen to twenty-two (1851-54), were spent in undergraduate life at Cambridge. He was first entered at Peterhouse, and kept his first term there; but he then migrated to Trinity, with the hope, in which he was not disappointed, that the larger college would afford him ampler opportunities for self-improvement. In his first year he was busy in lectures and private study with Classics and Mathematics. The college mathematical lectures he felt to be rather elementary; but he worked at hard problems with his friend Tait, and also his tutor Mr. Porter. In the Classics he studied Demosthenes and Tacitus; also the "Ajax" of Sophocles, the choral odes of which he translated into rhymed English verses. Towards the end of the year he was a pupil of the celebrated mathematical tutor Hopkins, and also attended the Physical Science lectures of Professor Stokes. Early in 1852 he passed the *little-go* examination, and in April of the same year passed successfully his exami-

nation for a scholarship. Now began his vigorous preparation for the Mathematical Tripos, under his tutor Hopkins. But in the midst of these occupations he contributed various papers to the "Cambridge and Dublin Mathematical Journal," and also found time to write two poems, the one the "Lay of King Numa," the other the most serious of his poems, entitled, "The Student's Evening-Hymn." In this year, too, he became a member of the Select Essay Club, composed of Cambridge choice spirits, a club which was familiarly known by the name of The Apostles, because limited to the number of twelve. Some of his contributions to this club for this year and several succeeding years are printed in his biography, and illustrate the activity and the fullness of his mind, and also the firm grasp with which he seized upon those great questions which hover on the borders of the physical and the moral and metaphysical sciences. From the biographer's words we readily see that Maxwell was in nothing behind the very chiefest of these Cambridge *Apostles*; he ranked indeed all the Cambridge men of his times, as has been distinctly asserted by one of his college contemporaries, Rev. Dr. Butler, the now distinguished headmaster of Harrow School. He says of him: "Maxwell's position among us was unique. He was the one acknowledged man of genius among the undergraduates" of our time. But I may not linger on this undergraduate period, and will only add what crowns its end, that at the Tripos examination in Mathematics he came out Second Wrangler, and in the yet higher ordeal of the Smith's Prizes for excellence in Natural Philosophy and Mathematics, he came out First Prize-man. Professor Tait gives us to understand that though Maxwell had Hopkins for his tutor, yet he always took his own way, and that he at last got his position by sheer strength of intellect and not at all by the usual technical training for prize work. Maxwell remained two years at Cambridge after taking his degree, having gained a Fellowship in 1855. These were years in which his many-sided nature was in full activity. As Fellow he lectured on Optics, and also had a large share in preparing undergraduates for their degree and honor examinations. He read, too, more widely than ever in Metaphysics and English Literature. He was elected a member of the Ray Club, "without, however, forsaking the assembling of the Apostles," contributing essays to both clubs. He also renewed and carried on his physical researches, especially in Electricity and Magnetism, and developed

the germs of his future work on these sciences in a celebrated paper on "Faraday's Lines of Force," which was printed in 1856 in the "Transactions of the Cambridge Philosophical Society."

In the year 1856 Maxwell entered upon his duties as Professor of Natural Philosophy at Marischal College, Aberdeen; and with this event closes his preparatory student life, and begins that career as professor and acknowledged master in physical science in which he went on with increasing usefulness and honor to the time of his death, in 1879, at the age of forty-seven. During this period of twenty-three years his life was incessantly devoted to the advancement of science by his teaching in the lecture-room, by his original investigations in the laboratory, and by his writings in the form both of scientific papers and treatises. For four years he was professor at Aberdeen, and for the five next following years he was professor in King's College, London. From this latter post he retired in 1865, partly to give himself to the care of his estate at Glenlair, but chiefly to get time to embody in permanent works the results of his physical researches. Glenlair was thus his home for five years, but during all these years he was either moderator or examiner in the Mathematical Tripos at Cambridge, where his influence was more and more felt; and his work at Cambridge in this interval proved to be directly preparatory to his appointment in 1871 to the chair of Experimental Physics then just created at Cambridge, and to his return to the place of his university education, and to those last eight years of his most active and fruitful labors in this conspicuous and important position. The reader pauses with the biographer at occasional breaks in the otherwise continuous narrative of busiest scientific work, which open to him views of Maxwell's personal history in the mention of events sometimes bright, sometimes sad, which throw their mingled lights and shades over the picture of his life. The place at Aberdeen had had for him a chief attraction in the thought that it would please his father, and that by the arrangement of term and vacation time he might be with him at Glenlair during a considerable part of the year. His father was equally interested in the plan, and in his declining years and in failing health he "was roused by the thought of it to something of his earlier vigor." But alas! for human hopes; when all seemed sure, and in immediate prospect, just before the son's election to the professorship, the father suddenly died. For the surviving son it was a grievous shock to his whole being, — the second great grief

of his life, second in time to the loss of his mother in his boyhood, hardly second, certainly more than equal, in the piercing sense of bereavement it brought him. It was a loss incalculable and irreparable. His letters of this time show how deeply it moved him, how he lived over in thought and feeling all the years of dear companionship with this father-friend, how he joined the memories of him with the now quickened memories of his mother lost long before, how in sleeping and in waking hours their mortal forms seemed to be hovering about him, their faces looking upon him, and bearing traces of the weakness and pain they suffered in their last days. A few months after, when his friend Campbell visited him at Glenlair, he put into his hands a poem in which his feelings had found some relief of expression, a few lines of which I will here quote :—

“ Yes, I know the forms that meet me are but phantoms of the brain,
For they walk in mortal bodies, and they have not ceased from pain.
Oh, the old familiar voices ! Oh, the patient waiting eyes !
Let me live with them in dreamland, while the world in slumber lies.
They will link the past and present into one continuous life ;
While I feel their hope, their patience, nerve me for the daily strife,
For it is not all a fancy that our lives and theirs are one,
And we know that all we see is but an endless work begun.
Part is left in nature’s keeping, part has entered into rest ;
Part remains to grow and ripen, hidden in some living breast.”

While the sense of this loss was still fresh, there came another in the death of a Mr. Pomeroy, an intimate friend in his Cambridge student days, and whom he had nursed there in a severe illness, who died in India, whither he had gone but a year before to take a position as magistrate in the East India Company’s service. Here, too, we see from his letters how keenly he felt this blow, and what profound thoughts of human life and destiny it awakened within him. But in our human life there comes at times a bright summer after the sharpest winter, and so it was with Clerk Maxwell. The old home at Glenlair, which for two years had been lonely and sad through the death of the father, became a new and glad one again for the son, when of a “ rare day ” in June, 1858, he brought to it his wife, to whom he had been married in Aberdeen early in that month. His wife was Katherine Dewar, daughter of Principal Dewar of the Marischal College at Aberdeen. He had made the acquaintance of Principal Dewar and his family soon after coming to Aberdeen, with whom he was brought into quick sympathy by the brightness of

his social nature, his deep and varied knowledge, and also by his religious views and character. In the September vacation of 1857 he had accepted an invitation to join Mr. Dewar and his daughter in a visit to the Principal's son-in-law at Dunoon, near Glasgow; and it seems to have been there that Maxwell's acquaintance with Miss Dewar ripened to mutual love. Let me stay here a moment to note how the varied experiences of life, the saddest and the brightest, make their own mark and find their own experience in a nature rich with gifts both of thought and sensibility. On my first taking up this volume of biography I opened upon a little poem by Maxwell, entitled, "The Song of the Atlantic Telegraph Company." From curiosity I read it through, to my amusement as well as instruction. Hitherto I had thought of Clerk Maxwell only as a grave man of science, always associating his name with atoms and molecules and molecular Physics. But here I read verses of his in a sportive and even rollicking movement, and yet the force of the movement all in science, showing me how in that mind there ran a vein of poetic feeling in the midst of all those rich veins of scientific genius. But it was not till I read the volume in course that I found out that the immediate impulse of these verses came from the heart, for they were written in the September vacation at Dunoon when there had just come to him that new joy which was to prove the deepening and abiding joy of all his after life. The poem occurs in a letter to his friend Campbell, which unlike those other letters of this period to which I have referred shows us Maxwell "in his brightest mood." He brings in the verses thus: I had been "writing," he says, "to Professor Thomson about the rings of Saturn, and lo! he was laying the telegraph which was to go to America, and bringing his obtrusive science to bear upon the engineers, so that they broke the cable with not following (it appears) his advice."¹

Maxwell's marriage was a true union of mutual affection, of sympathy in all great and good things, science, literature, religion, and in the personal experiences of life in joy and sorrow, in sickness and in health. Twice when he suffered from "severe illnesses, both of a dangerously infectious nature," Mrs. Maxwell was his nurse, and in the first of these, when he was attacked with small-

¹ This jingle consists of four verses, in each of which occurs twice the refrain: "Under the sea, under the sea." By way of combining algebra and poetry this is printed in each case: " $2(U)$;" *i. e.* $U =$ "Under the sea," and consequently " $2(U)$ " = "Under the sea, under the sea."

pox, "she was quite alone with him; and he has been heard to say that by her assiduous nursing she saved his life." In the last years of his life, when his wife was a sufferer from a painful and protracted illness, he was in turn her nurse, at one period not sleeping in a bed for three weeks, and yet conducting his work in lectures and the laboratory as usual. His letters to his wife, whenever he was away from home, are abundantly illustrative of his devotion to her, and, as his biographer says, of "the almost mystical manner in which he regarded the marriage tie." A single passage touching these letters I quote from Professor Campbell: "When attending meetings of scientific associations or conducting examinations at other universities, and when 'most pressed with the load of papers to be read,' he would write to her daily, sometimes twice a day, telling her of everything, however minute, which, if she had seen it, would have detained her eye, small social matters, grotesque or graceful, together with the lighter aspects of the examinations, and college customs, such as the 'grace-cup.' . . . And sometimes he falls into the deeper vein, which was never long absent from his communion with her, commenting on the portion of Scripture which he knew she was reading, and passing on to general meditations on life and duty." Of this last remark let me quote a single illustration from a sentence in one of these letters: "I am always with you in spirit, but there is One who is nearer to you and to me than we can ever be to each other, and it is only through Him and in Him that we really get to know each other. Let us try to realize the great mystery in Ephesians v., and then we shall be in our right position with respect to the world outside, the men and women whom Christ came to save from their sins." It was in his home at Glenlair, made happy by such a union in married life, that Maxwell spent the six years from 1865 to 1871, busied with most congenial work in experimental researches and in the composition of his scientific books, especially the three treatises, "Electricity and Magnetism," "Heat," and "Matter and Motion;" in active correspondence, too, with personal and scientific friends, older ones, such as Campbell, and Professors Forbes and Fleeming Jenkin, and Sir William Thomson, and others of later years, and especially Faraday and Tyndall, as well as men in other professional pursuits. Thus was he still occupied, and with no desire for any change, when in February, 1871, the chair of Experimental Physics was founded in the University of Cambridge. In October, 1870, the Duke of

Devonshire, who was chancellor of the University, had signified his desire to build and furnish a physical laboratory for Cambridge; and it was in connection with the acceptance of this offer that the new professorship was established by the Senate. On the question arising, who should be the first professor, Sir William Thomson's name was the first one before the university Senate, but on his declining to stand all interested in the question turned to Maxwell as the best man for the post. At first he was quite unwilling to leave his retirement for any academic position, but was finally induced to be a candidate, on condition that he might withdraw at the end of a year if he wished to do so. He was accordingly elected unanimously on the eighth of March. He was now within a few months of forty years of age, in the ripeness of his powers and his fame, and of ample experience in lecturing and teaching and in experimental work; and with such resources he immediately entered upon those labors which resulted in what has been called by Sir William Thomson "a revival of physical science at Cambridge." By the enactment of the Senate it was made the duty of the professor "to teach and illustrate the laws of heat, electricity, and magnetism; to apply himself to the advancement of the knowledge of those subjects, and to promote their study in the University." He began his lectures in the following October term, opening with an inaugural in which he set forth, to use his biographer's words, in luminous outline what he considered to be "the meaning and the tendency of the movement in the evolution of the University of Cambridge which was marked by the institution of the course of Experimental Physics and the erection of the Devonshire Laboratory."

This lecture and the lecture on "Color Vision" given by Maxwell the same year at the Royal Institution are pronounced by Professor Campbell to be the happiest of his literary efforts. Thereafter Maxwell gave annual courses of lectures on the subjects prescribed in his commission, on Heat and the Constitution of Bodies in the October term, Electricity in the Lent term, and Electro-Magnetism in the Easter term. For some time after his appointment, an important part of his work consisted in designing and superintending the erection of the laboratory, which was called by the Duke of Devonshire the Cavendish, in honor of his great-uncle, Henry Cavendish, and in commemoration of Cavendish's researches in physical science. Maxwell inspected the laboratories at Glasgow and Oxford, and embodied in the new structure the best features

of both; but its internal appointments, which are described as admirably adapted for physical investigations, are due to his inventive skill and thoughtful supervision. The building finished, the business of purchasing and then arranging a complete equipment of apparatus was also performed by him. His work reached its consummation in the spring of 1874, and on the 16th of June the chancellor formally presented his gift to the university. From this time forth Maxwell was regularly occupied, along with his lecturing and his own experiments, in superintending in the laboratory various courses of experiments undertaken by young men who were aspiring to scientific distinction; and many who were then his pupils now rank among the most efficient teachers of science throughout the United Kingdom. But besides this distinctly professional work, Maxwell's many-sided nature found occupation during the Cambridge period in many other labors, both scientific and literary. It was in 1873 that he delivered his discourse on molecules, at Bradford, before the British Association, which has, perhaps, become more generally known and is oftener quoted than any other of his writings. In 1875 he read before the Chemical Society a paper "On the Dynamical Evidence of the Molecular Constitution of Bodies;" in 1876 a lecture on thermo-dynamics, at the Loan Exhibition of Scientific Apparatus in London; and in 1878 his Cambridge Rede Lecture "On the Telephone," illustrating it with the aid of Mr. Gower's telephonic harp, a lecture which, if we may judge by the opening paragraph given in the biography, must have been highly entertaining as well as instructive.

During these years he also contributed numerous articles to the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," the most notable of which are those on "Atom" and "The Constitution of Bodies," and the article on "Faraday." In this later Cambridge period, as well as in the earlier, he was a member of a club called Erānus, differing little from "The Apostles," except that the men were older and the discussions turned generally on more serious themes. Dr. Lightfoot and Professors Hort and Westcott were among the members of this Erānus circle. Some of Maxwell's contributions, which are given in the volume, are discussions of speculative questions, which illustrate his ever-increasing soberness of spirit as the years went on; and yet, as Mr. Campbell remarks, this spirit made him no less bright as a companion, "but rather kept fresh the springs of cheerfulness and mirth that were in him." We may easily believe in this union in Professor Maxwell of earnest-

ness and humor; for we find that during these years, in intervals of very grave occasions, he indulged most in the playful impulses which gave birth to his most characteristic serio-comic verses. He was a member of a club called the "Red Lions," composed of members of the British Association who met for social relaxation after the sober work of the day. On these occasions he used to produce impromptu poems turning on the subjects just discussed, condensing the very pith of a scientific matter into a few pithy verses, and veiling sharp and witty satire of persons and opinions under a delightful *naïveté* of innocent admiration. Perhaps the best illustrations of these *jeux d'esprit* are those which belong to the meeting of the British Association (or as the "Red Lions" called it, the British Ass. meeting) at Belfast, in 1874. Mr. Tyn-dall was then president, and delivered his famous, somewhat materialistic address on the basis of the old atomic theory as treated by Lucretius. At one of the sessions Professor Maxwell read a learned paper "On the Application of Kirchoff's Rules for Electric Circuits to the Solution of a Geometrical Problem;" but in the evening, at the "Red Lions," when himself and his *confrères* were off duty, he read another paper hardly less learned but very much livelier, entitled "Notes on the President's Address." It was a poem, in hexameter verses, which treated the doctrines of the address with a wit which was very incisive but yet good-humored, and tempered with soberest truth. It was afterwards published in "Blackwood's Magazine;" and singularly enough it was translated by an enthusiastic English Hellenist into Greek hexameters, which are given, together with the poem itself, in the biography.

But the chief literary work of Maxwell during the last seven years of his life was the editing of the "Electrical Researches" of the Hon. Henry Cavendish, F. R. S. Mr. Cavendish died in 1810, leaving behind him twenty packets of manuscript on "Mathematical and Experimental Electricity." These manuscripts were committed to Maxwell by the Duke of Devonshire for editing and publication. It was a commission which cost Professor Maxwell protracted and exacting labors. He copied and prepared for the press nearly all the manuscripts; wrote numerous letters of consultation about them to scientific men, repeated many of Cavendish's experiments; and wrote an introduction and notes, which we are told by an eminent scientific critic "evidence much labor, patient investigation, and very extensive acquaintance with the

literature bearing on the subjects." The whole was finally published in a large octavo volume in October, 1879, only a few weeks before the editor's death. The task thus executed by Maxwell was acknowledged to be one of great service to science; but the thought cannot but occur, even to an unscientific reader of the narrative of this part of his life, that those precious years might better have been given to the prosecution of his own original researches. Professor Campbell mentions, that on a visit to his friend in 1877, Maxwell took out of his cabinet the manuscript of this book, and talked with him about it with great interest. "And what," asked Professor Campbell, "what of your own investigations?" "Ah!" he answered, "I have to give up -so many things;" and the words, adds the biographer, were uttered "with a sad look, which till then I had *never seen* in his eyes." Not strange is it that the biographer thus recalled and ever remembered that strange, "sad look" in those, to him, lifelong familiar eyes, when he afterwards learned that already his friend had felt the first symptoms of that malady which ere long was to be fatal to his earthly life. Maxwell's health had been good till the spring of that year, 1877, when he began to be troubled with dyspeptic symptoms, and especially a painfully choking sensation after eating. He gained temporary relief, however, and went on with his work without seeking medical advice. But early in 1879 the trouble had become too serious for longer silence, and he mentioned it to his physician, who began to prescribe for it. By this time his friends had begun to miss something of the elasticity of his step, something, too, of his wonted energy. At the end of the Cambridge spring term he went as usual to Glenlair, and during the summer seemed there to be better; but in September the symptoms returned with attacks of violent pain, he became dropsical, and his strength was rapidly failing. That he might be nearer his physician, Dr. Paget, it was decided to remove him to Cambridge, where he arrived with Mrs. Maxwell early in October. There his severer sufferings were somewhat relieved, but the disease made rapid progress. In answer to his question, how long he would probably live, he was sadly told by his physician, "Not longer than a month," words which he heard with entire composure, "the calmness of his mind," as his physician said, "being just the same in illness and in the face of death as it ever had been in health." Only one anxiety did he seem to have, and that was to provide for *her* comfort whom he now saw that he must leave

behind. Most touching is it to read how, in extreme bodily weakness, his mind continued active about all that had most interested him in health. A single little incident illustrates his habitual devout spirit as still blended with his passion for inquiry. On one of his last days, when he had been lying for some time with closed eyes, he looked up and repeated slowly the verse, "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above and cometh down from the Father of Lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning;" and then, as if seized with a suggestion for discovery, he said over the Greek of the first seven words, *πᾶσα δόσις ἀγαθὴ καὶ πᾶν δώρημα τέλειον*, with the question, "Do you know that that makes an hexameter? I wonder who composed it so." In the ebbing away of his bodily strength, his mind and memory remained clear to the last. A day or two before he died the parish rector came to administer the Lord's Supper to him; and while he was putting on his surplice Maxwell recalled and repeated to him George Herbert's lines on the priest's vestments, entitled "Aaron." In his last hour, when his voice was reduced to a whisper, he spoke some words close in the ear of his physician, but these related not to himself but to his wife. Those whispered words were his last, and he soon passed gently away, on the 5th of November, 1879. So ended his earthly life, an end in harmony in this as in all else with the whole, from its first conscious beginning.

The sketch I have thus given you of this life from the biographer's narrative may readily suggest what I am incompetent fully to discuss, the valuable services which Clerk Maxwell rendered to the world in the discovery and the diffusion of knowledge, and the precious gifts by the possession and use of which he was able to render them, and also what is of yet greater worth to the world, the character which illumined with its moral beauty all the bright career of this gifted servant in science. On the Sunday after Maxwell's funeral, in the university church of St. Mary's, it fell to the lot of one who had known him well when both were scholars of Trinity to give voice to his own and the general sense of loss, — Rev. Dr. Butler, the headmaster of Harrow School. In addressing the undergraduates he said: "There are blessings that come once in a lifetime. One of these is the reverence with which we look up to greatness and goodness in a college friend." Very attractive and impressive is this truth uttered, so simply and so nobly in the presence of the members of an ancient university, "the home" for generations "of thought and knowledge," con-

cerning one just passed away, who had been an ornament of that university alike as an undergraduate and a professor. That sentiment of reverence possessed so early by the speaker had been a cherished possession in all after years; and what he then thought of that college friend was the same as he drew of him now from the ever enlarging experience of all those years. And all that could be said of Clerk Maxwell by the most discerning student of his now completed life and labors would be only an unfolding of those comprehensive words — his “greatness and goodness.” He was born for science, endowed with rare powers for the investigation of the phenomena of nature and the discovery and teaching of nature’s laws, consecrated to such science by vocation and by choice, and always constant in the keeping of his consecration vows. But I find that by men eminent in the Mathematics, no less than by men equally eminent in Physics, he was respectively claimed as theirs, and by each as one of their chiefs. One writer describes him as being in clearness of mental vision, and especially in his habit of constructing a geometrical representation of every problem in which he was engaged, “a mathematician of the highest order.” In his aptitude for experimental work and his success in it he has been ranked with Faraday, for whom he always had the profoundest admiration and in whom he found a mind of his own type. In his preface to his treatise on electricity and magnetism he says that when he began the study of electricity he resolved to read nothing on the subject till he had worked through Faraday’s “Experimental Researches,” and he always advised his students to pursue this course. Let me quote here a sentence from the memoir of Maxwell published in the “Proceedings of the Royal Society:” “It is seldom,” says the writer, “that the faculties of invention and exposition, the attachment to physical science, and the capability of developing it mathematically, have been found existing in one mind to the same degree. It would, however, require powers akin to Maxwell’s own to describe the more delicate features of the works resulting from this combination, every one of which is stamped with the subtle but unmistakable impress of genius.” I have noticed many illustrations of this remark in criticisms of Maxwell’s scientific papers and treatises. It was said by Airy, the late astronomer-royal, of Maxwell’s essay on “Saturn’s Rings,” that “it was one of the most remarkable applications of Mathematics to Physics which he had ever seen.” His treatises on Physics are also all

in the line of the application of Mathematics to physical inquiries. These treatises are described as having as text-books the great merits of being not only models of condensed and clear exposition, but also as being original and fresh, containing the latest accessions to knowledge of the subjects of which they treat. Professor Tait says of them that they give the science of *to-day*, while most text-books in vogue give the science of twenty-five or more years ago. In respect to this last merit, I find a curious illustration of Maxwell's caution as well as readiness in setting down "the last results of science," in a letter which he wrote to Bishop Ellicott. The bishop had written to him, under date of November 21, 1876, to ask for the true scientific view of "the statement made on the theological side that the creation of the sun posterior to light involved no serious difficulty." Maxwell answers by return of post, saying, *first*, that there was a statement in most commentaries that the fact of light being created before the sun is in striking agreement with the last results of science, and that he had often wished to ascertain the date of the original appearance of the statement, as this would be the only way of finding out what "last result of science" it referred to. Then he proceeds to say: "If it were necessary to provide an interpretation of the text in accordance with the science of 1876 (which may not agree with that of 1896) it would be very tempting to say that the light of the first day means the all-embracing æther, and not actual light." But this, he adds, he cannot believe the idea meant to be conveyed by the author, as he uses *light* as relative to *darkness*. In the third place he suggests that "we naturally suppose those things most primeval which we find least subject to change," and as the æther which fills the interspaces between world and world is one of the most permanent objects we know, we should be "inclined to suppose that it existed before the formation of the systems of gross matter which now exist within it." *Finally*, he says that he should nevertheless be sorry if an interpretation founded on a scientific hypothesis should be fastened to the text, even if it should eliminate "the old statement of the commentators which has long ceased to be intelligible," because, on account of the rate of change in scientific hypotheses, "the interpretation founded on such an hypothesis may help to keep the hypothesis above ground long after it ought to be buried and forgotten."

As a lecturer, Professor Maxwell was remarkable for placing

abstruse principles in a new and clear light, and for illustrating his ideas by most suggestive comparisons. When, however, he spoke *extempore*, he was too rapid in his thinking and expression for most hearers; while his written addresses shared the merits of his treatises both in substance and in form. Of his distinctive qualities as a teacher less is said in the biography than we could wish; but we learn that he was assiduous in promoting the progress of his pupils and generous in the time and labor he gave to them out of class hours, and exact and exacting in his preparation and criticism of examination papers. In his letters we occasionally come upon sagacious practical remarks in regard to teaching. One of these I will quote, which some of us can especially appreciate just after a vacation. "I find," he says, "that the division (of pupils) into smaller classes is a great help to me and to them; but the total oblivion of them for definite intervals is a necessary condition of doing them justice at the proper time." With Maxwell, scientific pursuits, whether in lecturing or in writing, never narrowed his mind in its range of interest; as indeed I suppose they are never narrowing on a mind of so high an order as his. Such was his mind that it could not be limited to a single department of intellectual activity. So we find from his letters and his other published writings that he loved to stray away into fresh fields, literature, philosophy, and theology. I have already spoken of his intimate acquaintance with English literature, and especially English poetry. His favorite poets, from whom he was fond of reading aloud to his wife, were Shakespeare, Spenser, and Milton, and in sacred poetry, George Herbert and Keble. In one of his letters, where he has been telling a friend of some recent literary readings, he adds: "A little literature helps to chase away mathematics from the mind;" and in another letter occurs a similar expression, which also curiously shows his appreciation of Professor Tyndall as a writer. He is speaking of being busy on some lectures upon "Color," and he says in passing: "I have thus been Tyndalising my imagination up to the lecture point." On this head I will add only a remark made by a literary friend who knew him well: "His critical taste, founded as it was on his native sagacity and a keen appreciation of literary beauty, was so true and discriminating that his judgment was in such matters quite as valuable as on mathematical writings."

The interest in metaphysical studies which was first awakened in him in his Edinburgh student days by the teachings of Sir

William Hamilton he never ceased to cherish, and his writings gave many expressions to his distinct views of the relations between Metaphysics and Physics. One such expression I have read in his review in the English journal "Nature" of Professor Tait's lectures on "Recent Advances in Physical Science." He has been speaking of the contempt which Professor Tait pours upon the *a priori* Physics of non-experimental (transcendental) philosophers, and then goes on thus in his best vein of irony: "The study of this *a priori* Physics as found in Hegel and others is a source of recreation to all who are engaged in the less amusing researches of *experimental* Physics. In modern examinations, some students try to conceal their ignorance by giving apparently plausible answers (crammed from such pseudo-science), which relieve by their felicitous absurdities the tedious labors of the examiner. Only fancy instead of the weary examiner a vigorous man of science, and of the timorous candidate some great (absolute) philosopher before whose inner vision the whole world of being and non-being lies open; and then you will have some faint idea of the way in which such philosophers are destined to contribute to the merriment of the coming race." But then he proceeds to say in sober earnest: "There is a true science of Metaphysics which establishes the fundamental ideas of all knowledge in itself and its origin, and this, not by shutting out the facts of science, but by calling in all the evidence obtainable from the whole circle of science." In one of his letters he makes a correlative remark on the side of Physics: "With respect," he says, "to the 'material sciences,' they appear to me to be the appointed road to all *scientific* truth, whether metaphysical, mental, or social." . . . "Here are furnished materials more than anywhere else for the investigation of *the* great question, 'How does knowledge come?'"

In these times, when men's minds are often sorely tried by problems touching the relations of faith and knowledge, it is profoundly interesting to observe how Maxwell's mind, so scientific in bent and in habit, rested ever in the repose of sure conviction in the truths of religion alike natural and revealed. His discourse on molecules, to which I was first drawn by my studies in Lucretius, is not only instructive for men of science by its rich scientific matter, but also for all thoughtful readers in the belief which he so clearly expresses in the origin not only of the material universe, but also of its ultimate constituents in the creative power

of a Supreme Being. He agrees with Lucretius in believing in the existence of the atom or the atomic molecule as the indivisible and unchangeable basis of matter; like Lucretius, too, he opens to us sublime views of the phenomena of nature, whether in spaces near or in spaces immeasurably remote; but he parts company with Lucretius when he tries to explain from matter the origin of mind, and the origin of matter and mind, as one independent of the agency of a Divine Intelligence. On the contrary, Maxwell infers from the very properties of these units of all material things that they cannot be explained by any causes which we call natural, or by any theory of evolution; and so that they must have been created; and thus he lifts us to the conception of a Divine Creator of all worlds and of all beings in them.

But Clerk Maxwell was also a firm Christian believer. In his biographer's narrative, in his own essays, and in his correspondence, which frequently turns upon religious subjects, you find nowhere any appearance of a break or a disturbance in the continuous, calm current of his Christian faith. The faith of his mature age is the same as the faith of his childhood, only informed by a larger intelligence and deepened by a larger experience, that same faith which was born in him through his mother's instruction in word and in example, so that it was given him to continue in the things he had learned, knowing of whom he had learned them. He was brought up in the Scotch church, and was always in harmony with its belief and practice, and so far as it appears in the biography, never left its communion. But as his biographer remarks, "his deep though simple faith was not inclosed in any system;" and he once said himself that he "could not hold his faith in bondage to any set of opinions." Here as in science and everywhere else his mind was free, independent, open in action and in utterance. It would have been foreign to his whole nature to set off any province of thought or belief from the free exercise of his faculties. He said once in a letter to a friend that in Christianity alone of all religions all is free, and that it disavows any possessions except upon the tenure of freedom; and that he had no sympathy with any who would have what he called "tabooed grounds" in the Christian religion itself. He could always worship in any communion where he found Christian teaching and living. When he was at Glenlair or in any other part of Scotland he usually attended the Scotch church, but so early as his Edinburgh school days he often also attended the Episcopal

church, so that he grew up under the blended influence of catechism and preaching and services both of the Scotch and of the English church. In his residence at Cambridge he was a communicant and regular attendant at the Trinity Church, Episcopal; but when he was professor in King's College, London, he was wont to worship in a Baptist church. On this last fact I find a rather unexpected passage in one of his letters from London: "At Cambridge," he says, "I heard several sermons from excellent texts, but all either on other subjects or else right against the text. There is a Mr. Offord on this street, a Baptist, who knows his Bible, and preaches it as near as he can, and does what he can to let the statements in the Bible be understood by his hearers. We generally go to him when in London, though we believe ourselves baptized already." The freedom in all religious matters which he exercised for himself he freely accorded to others. He was unwilling to condemn men, hardly willing to judge them, for their doctrinal opinions; he always asked how they lived and behaved in their relations to their fellow-men. He used to say that "he had no nose to smell heresy;" and when the controversy was going on at Cambridge against Maurice for supposed heresy, his sympathies were with Maurice; not that he held to his opinions, but because Maurice was persecuted and deprived of his place for holding and expressing them. But Maxwell was equally an enemy to indifferentism, and did not believe in "ignoring differences or merging them in the haze of what was called a common Christianity." The parish minister at Cambridge, the rector of Trinity Church, who visited him and conversed with him almost daily during his last illness, gives us in a single sentence the chief elements of his Christian belief. Professor Maxwell's "illness," he says, "drew out the heart and soul and spirit of the man; his firm faith in the Incarnation and its results, in the full suffering of the Atonement, and the work of the Holy Spirit." But the character of the man was more than all his doctrinal or his scientific views, more than his intellectual gifts and attainments. His Glenlair physician says of him: "He was one of the best men I ever met, and a greater merit than his scientific attainments is his being . . . a most perfect example of a Christian gentleman." Many were the virtues of his personal character, simplicity, sincerity, humility, a thoughtful kindness for others, a gentleness of spirit, and of charity and of tenderness for all living things; but underlying all these and absorbing them all was his spirit of

piety. Not long before his death he said to a friend that he had been occupied in trying to gain truth, and that it was but little of all truth that man could gain, but that it was something to "*know whom we have believed.*" Clerk Maxwell has sometimes been compared with Faraday, to whom he was akin as a Christian no less than as a man of science. I have recently read a part of the "Eloge" upon Faraday pronounced before the French Academy of Science by M. Dumas, and I will close my paper by quoting the last sentence of that "Eloge," as one equally applicable to Maxwell: "I met him often in private life when his brilliant discoveries in science were attracting universal interest; but in my intercourse with him I forgot science in the scientist, my curiosity drawn away from the marvels unveiled by him in physical nature by my eager desire to discover the secret of the moral perfection which he manifested in all the movements of his soul."

THE HISTORIAN LEOPOLD VON RANKE.

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YOU will pardon me, I hope, if I open this lecture with some personal allusions, as these make the real introduction to it, and explain my choice of its subject. When I was in Europe two years ago, I spent some weeks in the city of Berlin, and revisited its university, that central seat of German learning and scholarship and education. It was with much feeling that I came back to this university, where more than forty years before I had been a student, and where, in attendance upon the lectures and instructions of eminent teachers, and in companionship with fellow-students of kindred spirit and aims, I shared the stimulating influence of the intensely intellectual life of the place; indeed, it was with a quickened step and a quickened beating of heart that I re-entered the gateway and the portal of the university building, traversed again the halls and stairs so familiar in those bygone days to my willing feet, and went into the old lecture-rooms and sat among the youth of the present generation, listening to their professors, from whom, in their day and in their turn, they were deriving lessons of wisdom and knowledge. Ah! with what a subtle charm of association does grateful memory invest the place which in our youth has been the seat of delightful studies, and where, under the guidance of inspiring teachers, we have had alluring vistas opened before us all bright with ideals of effort and attainment. And so it was that every time I found myself again within the precincts of that place, my thoughts were in the past; as I sat in the lecture-rooms, familiar, unchanged as they seemed to me, yet strange were the faces around me, and the voices from the cathedras, were they never so eloquent, were strange no less; and as I looked and listened I insensibly recalled the forms and features of the teachers of my own university days, and seemed again to hear their inspiring words. But gone were all these from the scenes of their labors, gone every one, most of them years before, as the philosopher Schelling, Neander the church historian,

and Boeckh the prince of classical philology in that day; but one, the peer of them, Leopold von Ranke, had passed away only in the preceding year, having lived on in his extraordinary intellectual career past the age of ninety, and even at that advanced age, with eye undimmed and mental force unabated, busied daily till within ten days of his death in the labor of historical composition. So recent had been his departure, and so fresh the sense of loss it had awakened, that his name was still often mentioned, and his life was the theme of conversation in university circles and of many memorial writings. With all that I thus heard and read I associated the memories of Ranke's lectures, which I had attended, so that soon after my return home I wrote the lecture which I am to offer you this morning. My subject then is, the historian Ranke's life and labors, to a general view of which I ask your attention this morning. Far from attempting the task of Ranke's biography, or a critical examination, or even a complete enumeration of his works, I purpose to speak of the decisive epochs of his life as we find them in the period of his school and university studies, and then in the stages of his career as an historical student, teacher, and writer; and to draw from these some lessons which have value in their relation, not alone to historical criticism, but also and yet more to literature and education.

Fortunate were the beginnings of Ranke's life in their auspicious preparation for his illustrious career. He was born in 1795, in the small but ancient town of Wiehe, in a valley of the river Unstrut, picturesquely nestled amid the wooded heights of the Kyffhäuser, in the Saxon Thüringen. The natural charms of the valley and its historic associations Ranke described with a fondness of family and patriotic pride, in some reminiscences of his youth which he recorded in advanced age. The whole region was full of traditions of the empire of the Saxon line. Wiehe itself had been in the eleventh century an imperial fortress, and near by was the cloister Memleben, where German emperors were buried, where also Henry I. and Otto the Great ended their eventful lives. Ranke came of a genuine Saxon family, which he traced back to the seventeenth century, and of which he writes: "The ancestors known to us were all clergymen." They were men of the best clerical type of their time, sound and solid in body and in mind, and no less in faith and character; liberally educated and devoted to their ministerial and pastoral labors. Ranke's father, however, while at the university chose legal studies rather than theological,

and subsequently practiced law, though uniting with it the care of a landed estate which he had inherited from his mother; but, as his son testified, his chief care was the moral and religious nurture of his children. Of his mother he wrote that she was intellectual, and with a "certain flush of poetry" in her nature, which, he adds, was foreign to the father; that she was of very kindly disposition, and indefatigable in her activity for her family. From the home of such parents the boy passed out at the age of twelve, to enter upon a seven years' course of classical studies, preparatory to the university, a period of prime significance in his life; it was the spring-time of the scholar, when were implanted in him the germs out of which blossomed and ripened in orderly growth all his after intellectual character. We seem to see a foreshadowing of the scholarly seclusion which was germane to his subsequent life, that these studies were pursued in cloister-schools, that is, in schools which at the Reformation were formed out of the secularized estates of mediæval monasteries; and afterwards, from their retired situation within their walls and gates, and from the traditional strictness of their discipline, had something of a monastic complexion and quality. At one of them, the school of Donndorf, only a few miles away from his father's house, he spent two years, busied with the rudiments of learning, and making much progress in Latin, and so much in Greek, he says, as to get some foretaste of Homeric poetry, and some dim visions of its heroic figures. But the most and the best of his early education he received at Schulpforta, that most celebrated of all the cloister-schools of Saxony; famed for its antiquity, for the beauty of its surroundings, for the wealth of its endowments, and for its still better wealth of generous discipline and humane culture. In his reminiscences he has described in his best manner its natural and historic features, the scholarship and teaching skill of its instructors, and the tone and glow of studious occupation, which pervaded all its atmosphere as a place of education. A genial place it must have been for a susceptible and aspiring youth, its venerable buildings towering up from among the hills and woods of Prussian Saxony, and its inner life rich in resources of instruction and private study, in regular commemorative services and cherished usages, and memories of generations of great and good men, once schoolboys within its walls. To some of his teachers here he was indebted for their reading with him, and interpretation of German poets, especially Klopstock, Schiller, and Goethe. But during his five years'

Schulpforta residence, his studies were chiefly devoted to the ancient classics, especially the poets, Ovid and Virgil of the Latin, and of the Greek, Homer and the great tragic trio, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. The Æneid he read many times, and committed it to memory. The Iliad and the Odyssey he read through three times. Of the differences of excellence in the Greek tragic poets his teacher had clear views, which he faithfully impressed upon his pupils. For Ranke himself, as he writes, Æschylus remained a strange writer during his school days; and, while he found delight in Euripides, his favorite poet was Sophocles, several of whose tragedies he translated into German Iambics; his translation of the "Electra" he sent to his father as a birthday gift. "In short," he writes, "the horizon of the ancient classic world compassed us about; we lived in it, heart and soul." But let me add, from his own testimony, that this young German student made also in these school days a Christian scholar's study of the Bible. "The Bible," he said at that time, "is the foundation of all culture; it breathes the air of the imperishable and eternal." Such words from a pupil of the Schulpforta remind one of the motto borne on the arms of its old abbey: "This is none other but the house of God and this is the *gate* of heaven" (the Pforta, *porta*). But not alone from the past, from the ancient, was his education in these years drawn. It derived, also, some determining influence from the present, and the intensely modern, the tumultuous movements and changes incident to those wars of Napoleon, which in the end reconstructed the politics of Europe. He saw and heard the array and tread of French regiments and troops as they swept by the doors of his peaceful cloister-school, bound on their march of devastation to the towns and cities of Germany. He saw, too, the retreat of the French army, now frightfully reduced, after the catastrophe of Moscow, and swift thereupon the advance of the allied armies on their way westward. When all Germany was aroused from its oppression, and the air was full of the cry for liberation, the young Ranke was reading in school the "Annals" and the "Agricola" of Tacitus; and the patriotic speeches of the British chiefs and of Queen Boadicea started in him the thought that that ancient conflict of oppressed and oppressor was now reversed in the relations of the Germans and the French; "and so," as he afterwards said, "within the cloister walls and in the midst of classical studies there first emerged to the view of my mind the modern world."

From the Schulpforta Ranke proceeded at the age of nineteen to the university of Leipsic, entering as student of theology and philology. In theology he studied the introductions to the Old and New Testaments and the interpretation of some of the Pauline Epistles, but it was a labor of love to which he gave himself in a rhythmical translation of the Psalms, together with notes in which he aimed to seize and express, as exactly as he could, the thoughts of every one of these remarkable remains of sacred Scripture. But he was not in sympathy with the then existing Leipsic theology; to his own positive faith its "rationalism seemed superficial and hollow." His chief work was with the professors of philology, and especially Daniel Beck and Gottfried Hermann. Beck was a man of erudition in history and literature; he attended his lectures and was a member of his philological seminary. But ever memorable for him were Hermann's lectures on Pindar, whose lyric muse he came thus for the first time to comprehend and love. Yet more was he occupied with the study of Thucydides, whom he read through, and with thoroughness; making extracts and notes of his political teachings; "a great and mighty genius," he says, "before whom I bowed low, without venturing to translate his words; the full impression of the original and its perfect understanding was what I purposed." From two modern sources, however, there came in upon his studies at this time a powerful influence. The one was Niebuhr's "Roman History," "the first German book which made an impression upon him." Niebuhr's skillful treatment of the early Roman annals, and his narratives breathing a true classic spirit, drew from him the hopeful word, "that in modern times, too, there might be great historians." A like influence was derived from Luther, whom he first studied, as he says, to learn German from him, and to make his own the literary diction of his writings; but afterwards he was powerfully drawn to his historic personality and the historic significance of his times. Von Ranke's university residence ended in 1817, when he took his degree of doctor of philosophy. In the following year, at the age of twenty-three, he began his vocation as a teacher in the position of upper master in the gymnasium of Frankfort on the Oder. Here he labored for the following six years, imparting to his pupils with enthusiasm and skill the resources of his own school studies. But in such leisure hours as he could command he was devoted to researches and literary labors for his first historical work, the plan

and scope of which he had already formed. For this his philological studies had been gradually preparing him. Various and intimate are the relations of classical philology to history; the philological sense is close akin to the historical, and the mental processes and habits of a well-trained classical scholar are a good preparation for the business of a student and writer of history. Since writing this sentence, I have met with a signal testimony to this opinion in words of the historian Professor Mommsen, addressed to Von Ranke at the commemoration of his ninetieth birthday. "What I would fain say," Professor Mommsen remarks, "applies to you not merely as historian, but also as philologist; for it is exactly this philological quality of critically testing, and so coming to know every separate writing and every separate writer, which is one of your finest and most prominent characteristics." So it was that Von Ranke's extended and exact reading of the ancient writers drew him, through the influence of Niebuhr and Luther, to the study of the literature of mediæval and then of that of modern times; there was stirring in him the ambition to do some worthy service as a literary man; and this grew into a purpose to attempt a work which should set forth the transition from mediæval to modern Europe. So singular alike was his love of work and his power to endure it, that within a few years he achieved the mastery of all European literatures so far as they had to do with the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and in 1824 his first work was completed and published, entitled "The Romanic and Teutonic Peoples, from 1494 to 1535." This work, published by the author at the age of twenty-nine, is the introduction to his historical works, and this not only in time but in the nature and bearings of the theme; for in the unity and the union of the fortunes of these two races he discerned and set forth the beginnings of modern history. It is also a work of great value for the study of Von Ranke as an historian; for in connection with the appendix, which is devoted to a criticism of modern writers of history, it contains at once a statement and an illustration of the principles and method of historical study and composition, which he had already adopted, and which he afterwards fully developed, as I shall have occasion to show by and by. He modestly confesses in the first sentence of the preface that his "book had seemed more perfect to him in manuscript than it seemed now in print." He had misgivings especially about its literary form, and felt that he had much to learn as a writer. He had read, with

admiration for their style, the works of Augustin Thierry, and had said, "Such writing we Germans cannot yet achieve." But he was positive and confident in his ideas of the mission and the method of history. While he was making his investigations for this work, he read the historical novels of Walter Scott; and, while he admired his creative genius, he took serious offense at his mixture of fiction with fact, and with the freedom with which he treated historical persons and events. For himself he determined to accept for the material of history nothing but authentic fact. From Niebuhr, also, he differed somewhat, in that he was more reserved in making history minister to ethical teaching. Thus he says in a pithy sentence: "It has been counted the office of history to judge the past, and to teach the present for the good of the future; this book of mine ventures upon no such lofty task; it will *only narrate the past, just as it actually occurred.*" But Niebuhr's critical principles, which he had employed in the treatment of the Roman annals, were now applied, and more consistently, to modern history, and indeed made available and essential to all historical study. And thus this first work of Von Ranke's was at once a sure prognostic of the rise of a great historian in Germany, and with him of the beginning of a new era for the scientific development of history.

Only a few months after the publication of this work its author was appointed to a professorship in the university of Berlin; so soon had the Prussian government become aware of his abilities and taken steps to appropriate them. It was a favorite remark of Johann Schulze, who then had the chief influence in the appointment of Berlin professors: "Ranke I discovered, and this star I drew into the orbit of our University." It was indeed a discovery, and of a bright particular star which moved in that Berlin orbit for a period of sixty-one years with unfading lustre. In 1825, March 13, Ranke entered upon his duties in Berlin as professor extraordinary, or, as we should say, assistant professor; in 1833 he was made professor in full. His career as professor went on for forty years, till 1865, when at the age of seventy he was relieved from lecturing, though retaining his office and its emoluments; but his career as historian continued without cessation or break throughout all the sixty-one years, even to the last week of his life. The transition from a remote provincial town to the capital of Prussia, to the university of Berlin, and so to the centre of German literary and scientific life, was a change of im-

mense moment for Ranke's culture and productive growth and development. At that time, unlike the present, politics knew no life or being in Berlin, no parliament to share with the university intellectual stir and interest; the German mind was actively busied with science, letters, art, law, philosophy; and seldom has any city had within its walls so many choice and master spirits in all these pursuits as the then existing Berlin. Hegel in philosophy, Schleiermacher in theology, Savigny in jurisprudence, William von Humboldt in politics and history, Boeckh in philology, Bopp in the science of language, and Karl Ritter in modern geography, — it was with these, and such as these, then lights and ornaments of Berlin, with whom he came into near intercourse at the university.

This intellectual atmosphere in which he here lived and moved wrought soon its genial influence upon a nature so susceptible and comprehensive as Ranke's. Especially was this influence exerted by Savigny and William von Humboldt, through their society and their writings, and also by Hegel through his philosophy of history. Thus he came to widen and deepen, in theory and in practice, his conception of the mission and aims of history, and also to win flexibility and elegance in his style of composition. Most of all, as some of his pupils have observed in criticising his next following works, was his progress manifest in his proceeding, from the mastery he had already shown in seizing and setting forth individual events, to the effort of discovering and representing the connections and ideal unity of things. In a passage written at this period he says: "History must not be content to exhibit the outward succession of events, each in its own figure and coloring, but it must pierce into the deepest and most secret movements of human life, it must discover what in every age the race has struggled for and attained; and this not by the way of philosophical speculation, but of the critical study of facts." But it was chiefly the literary treasures of the Royal Library that made his Berlin life so rich and fruitful, and which, indeed, along with kindred treasures in other libraries, made possible for him the writing of his historical works. Here he found and diligently mastered the manuscript dispatches of Venetian ambassadors, which were of inestimable value for the history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the period of his chosen historical labors. In those centuries, so important were the political relations of Venice, that she sent ambassadors to all the courts of Europe, who for-

warded their dispatches to the home government every fortnight. These ambassadors were the best diplomatists in Europe, and their dispatches contained the most trustworthy reports of political events. Copies of these dispatches found their way into Germany, and to the extent of forty-eight folios lay on the shelves of the Berlin Royal Library. The first result of Ranke's mastery of these sources of history was given to the world in 1827 in the first volume of his work on the "Princes and Peoples of Southern Europe in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries." This work deals with Ottoman and Spanish history, portraying the rulers and leading statesmen who figured in them, and the administration of their governments. But it was a work which, in its preparation, only lured him on with an irresistible attraction to plans of yet greater works; those costly manuscripts of the Venetian ambassadors awakened the desire to see for himself the archives of Venice, and to see Venice itself, and not Venice alone, but Florence, too, and, most of all, Rome; to see and know Italy, and not only for its collections of historic materials, but for all else so attractive in that storied land, beautiful no less in art and letters than its sunny skies. Like Goethe and many another poet and scholar, Ranke also, with all the great plans struggling in his mind, was not insensible to the fine refrain of Mignon's song, "Know'st thou the land?—know'st thou it well? Oh, there! 't is there I fain with thee would go." Yes, Ranke too yearned to see Italy, and he saw it and was glad. The government allowed him a leave of absence for three years to pursue his researches in foreign and chiefly in Italian and in Roman archives. Rich were the new acquisitions made by Ranke during these three years; and they were as various as are the domains in the vast realm of learned study open to the scholar in Rome; but of all the Muses whom he cultivated as rulers of these various domains it was the Muse of history to whom he was most devoted and with the amplest returns. He came back to Berlin in 1831, with ample material for his work, and prepared now more than ever before to write history, not from printed books, but from original documents in manuscript. He now settled down to his twofold life-work, that of an academic teacher and of an historical author. Ranke was not fitted in person or in delivery to be an attractive and popular university lecturer; for some time his lecture-room was thinly attended; but gradually the numbers increased as it became known how original he was in the method and results of his studies and in his talent

for communicating them in writing. At the time when I attended his lectures his room was daily crowded with attentive and interested pupils ; but the attention and interest seriously suffered from his strange eccentricities of person and manner. You looked on with a curious wonder as you saw his small and not well-proportioned figure, his large massive head covered with black, curling hair, his sharp features, and his great, piercing dark blue eyes. But the wonder grew as he spoke, at first seeming so inwardly full of his subject that the utterance was slow and scarcely articulate or even audible ; but soon and suddenly, loud and swift, the words at sadly uneven pace with the ideas, the sharp eyes with an upward gaze towards the ceiling, the face and body in restless movement, himself starting from the chair and then back again, as if he were possessed, as he indeed was, with a frenzy of thought. He had certainly the inspiration of the Sibyl, but her contortions too, and these were a serious drawback upon the reception of his lectures, finished though they were in preparation to the last detail both in conception and execution. But it is the testimony of his pupils, who are now the first historians in Germany, that Ranke's best educating work was done in his library, in his weekly historical exercises, with a select circle of those students who had chosen history as their professional specialty. These exercises, as he called them, and which he instituted in imitation of Beck's philological seminary, of which he was a member in Leipsic, proved to be the seminary of all the historical seminaries which have since been established in the German universities with such signal educating results. These favored students were brought into immediate relations with their master, and came to know at first hand his extensive knowledge, his many-sided culture, his quickness of apprehension, and his genial productive criticism. They saw him, as it were, in his own workshop, and watched him in the processes of his own work. The work there with the master himself and his pupils was the application of the right method to historical investigation ; and this was taught, not by abstract rules, but by practical exercises, whether it was in going through some subject he was investigating himself, or in subjecting their essays to his own criticism. The themes of such essays were sometimes set by himself, sometimes chosen by them, but the test rigidly applied to them was that of original independent work, and any violations of critical laws were condemned with merciless strictness. From two of his most distinguished

pupils, Heinrich von Sybel and Wilhelm von Giesebrecht, I have gained a view, which I will here present, of Ranke's often mentioned method of historical criticism, and also of historical writing. He described it as no newly discovered secret; on the contrary its principle is an old one, and, as soon as uttered, self-evident. Only, like any scientific rule, the simpler, it is the more various and the more difficult is its application. Whoever relates an event, he says, at first relates not the event itself, but the impression of it which he has received. In this relation there is, as all experience shows, a subjective element, and it is the business of historical criticism, by the removal of this element, to get and present the real picture of the matter of fact related. The subjective element is increased if the narrator gets his knowledge from several successive authorities; and so the critical method strives to get back to the first and original source of knowledge, and to draw from such writings as are themselves part and parcel of the event itself; as, for instance, if it is a battle, to get the knowledge, not out of the general's dispatches, but farther back, out of his orders before and during the battle. All this earlier historians have known, as Thucydides and Tacitus, but Niebuhr and Ranke have made an era in it, because in their applications they have raised the critical rule to a hitherto unattained mastery, and Ranke to a higher grade than Niebuhr. Still further, it is needful for the historian to reach an exhaustive knowledge of the outward position and of the inward personality of the writers who are his authorities; and such knowledge can be gained, not by the logical processes of science, but by the imaginative processes requisite in creative art. So it is the dictum of Ranke and of Ranke's historical school that true history is not merely a science, it is also an art; no great historian has ever lived who was only a man of critical learning; genuine historical writing grows out of the general union of the methodical investigation of the understanding with the reproductive energy of the imagination. Hence it is that (as Von Sybel tells us) Ranke always impressed it upon his pupils, in criticising their papers, that the critical method of research was not the end of history; THAT with nothing else would only lay the *foundation* for the historic structure; it was the means to the end, to the artistic representation of fact and truth in man's life and the progress of the world. Von Sybel adds yet another feature to the picture of Ranke's manner as a teacher. When he was in the midst of his family circle,

rejoicing in his children and his grandchildren, he used often to say: "But I have yet another family, my historical family, my pupils and my pupils' pupils." Such he had during his long life even to the third generation, eminent students and teachers and writers of history all over Germany, and he followed their successes in life with a fatherly and a grandfatherly affection. "In short," his pupil says, "in short, Ranke was by God's grace a teacher in head and also in heart."

During all these active labors in teaching, Ranke found time for his great literary works. The chief of these only is there time to mention, with brief remarks upon their character. First of all he completed his history of the "Princes and Peoples of Southern Europe," by the work in three volumes which he published in the years 1834-1837, entitled "The History of the Popes, their Church and their State, in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries;" which, of all his works, is perhaps best known and prized by English and American readers. The finished art with which the persons and events were portrayed, individually and together, the force and brilliancy of the style, wrought upon the reader with a peculiar charm; "it seemed," as Giesebrecht has said of it, "as if the brightness of the clear Italian sky rested upon its pages." When he completed the history of the Popes he had already finished the collecting and sifting of his materials for his next work, "German History in the Period of the Reformation;" the publication of it followed, in five volumes, in the years from 1839-1847. Here it was his purpose not to write the history of the Reformation, but the history of Germany in the reigns of Maximilian I. and Charles V.; but of necessity the Reformation came into the foreground of his historical picture, and was portrayed as the greatest event of all German history. This work was followed by two, closely connected with it, and, in the judgment of the author, necessary to its completion. These were his "French History in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," which appeared in the years 1852-56, in four volumes; and was closely followed in 1859 by the first volume of his English history of the same period, and this by successive volumes, till the seventh appeared in 1868. Other works he wrote during this period, but these are the principal ones, on which chiefly rests his fame. By the general consent of critics, they illustrate in a still higher degree the excellences of his earlier books. The researches on which they rest are always the same; exact, thorough, systematic, and with these the artistic

form of presentation keeps even pace in the conception and the expression. They illustrate, too, what Ranke taught and practiced, the objective procedure in the historical writers; the representation of the truth of fact, pure and simple, without pronouncing sentence, either of praise or of blame, upon the events and the persons. Yet sometimes he must needs yield to the dictate of nature, and mingle with the narrative expressions of sympathy, either of admiration or of abhorrence; and this, too, without impairing the judicial impartiality of the historian. His pupil Von Sybel gives us a fine criticism on this point. "When I read," he says, "Ranke's 'Princes and Peoples of Southern Europe,' or his 'History of the Popes,' I experience a delight like that which one has in going through a gallery of fine pictures and statues. Quite otherwise is it with me in reading his 'German History in the Time of the Reformation.' This work is thoroughly imbued with the inspiration of the German patriot for the greatest act of the German mind; we see how this history was not only thought, but lived through, in the heart and soul of the writer, and so it has a warm tone, and a liveliness and grandeur, reached nowhere else in the author's works." Till he was upwards of seventy years old, Ranke had enjoyed uninterrupted soundness of health. But in 1867, when on a journey to Munich, he incurred, by taking cold, a painful malady, which became chronic, and at intervals very serious in its effects. At that time he gave up his university lectures; he also withdrew from society, where he had always been sought after, the favorite of kings, princes, and scholars. His home was now much changed, as his wife had died and his children had grown up and left the paternal roof. But with these changes, his desire for work, his joy in creative thinking and writing, was unchanged and the same. He then began a new edition of his writings, with important revisions and improvements. New works also he published, some biographical, as "Wallenstein" and "Savonarola," "Frederic William IV." and "Hardenberg," others historical, "The Origin of the Seven Years' War," "Origin of the Revolutionary Wars in 1791, 1792," and the "History of Austria and Prussia between the Peace of Aix la Chapelle and Hubertsburg." In such labors his life went on till 1880, when he was eighty-five years old. His published works now numbered forty-eight volumes octavo. He had written, as Lord Acton has declared, "a larger number of excellent books than any man that ever lived;" and it was the testimony of a German writer, quoted

by Lord Acton, that "he alone among prose writers had furnished a masterpiece to every country." By critics of all countries he was adjudged the greatest of living historians. The influence of his writings pervaded the whole lettered world, and his pupils and pupils' pupils were the masters in history in Germany as teachers and as writers. But at the age of eighty-five, when, after the achievement of such labors and such fame, his literary career was supposed to be ended, it was discovered, to universal amazement, that he had planned and was writing a more comprehensive work than any he had written — a universal history. It seemed to him necessary to bring his historical studies to a well-rounded completion in a great work, which should present as on one grand canvas the entire course and progress of human development in historic times. Some new researches he was obliged to make for some parts of this vast undertaking, but for the most part he relied upon material already in possession. He had once given a course of lectures on universal history to King Maximilian of Bavaria, and this was taken as an outline of his new work. In the treatment of ancient history, it was a great joy to him to go back to the results of his classical studies of early years, and work over the materials gathered at Schulpforta and at Frankfort, in the shape of notes and observations and essays and abstracts, so that while he was living through the history of the world he was living through again his own life. As another has said of him, "Classical culture was the fountain-head of Ranke's historical learning, and it now came into full play." The first volume of this work appeared in 1881; this was followed by a new volume every year; he lived to publish, in 1886, the sixth volume; also to write seven chapters of the seventh, but that was published from his notes after his death, and it has since been followed by the eighth and ninth, also written and published by his secretaries from his notes.

During these last years Ranke was honored and revered in Germany as no one had been since Alexander von Humboldt. The German sovereigns vied with one another in bestowing upon him titles of honor. In Prussia he had been raised to the rank of nobility, and also made chancellor of the Prussian Order *pour le mérite*. All the academies of letters and sciences in Europe sent him diplomas. All academic Berlin celebrated in 1867 with enthusiasm the fiftieth anniversary of his doctor's degree, and in 1882 also the semi-centennial of his entrance into the Academy of

Sciences. So, too, the day which in 1885 marked the sixtieth anniversary of his professorship was made a municipal as well as academic holiday, and the municipality presented him with the honorary freedom of the city. But the culminating jubilee-day of his long life, the most impressive, too, of all the literary occasions Berlin has known, was that which commemorated the ninetyeth anniversary of his birth. In order to spare him a continuous exertion and excitement during the day, it was quietly agreed some time beforehand among his numerous friends that not separately but together and at the same hour they would all gather at his house and bring their congratulations and good wishes. A distinguished company assembled at the appointed hour, representing the university of Berlin and the Academy of Sciences, and the universities of Leipsic, Jena, Göttingen, and Strassburg, and warmly greeted the aged historian, who generously welcomed them to his home and his family, his children and grandchildren being gathered around him. Then followed from gentlemen speaking in behalf of these learned bodies a series of congratulatory addresses, the most notable of which were those of Professor Mommsen and Georg Waitz and Heinrich von Sybel. But the great feature of the occasion was Ranke's own address in reply, in which he reviewed the stages of his studies and labors, and the signal political movements of his life, and their connection with German historical writings. Numerous were also the written communications from all parts of the world which reached the historian on this memorable day. It is interesting to read among these a letter from George Bancroft, conveying the congratulations of the American Historical Association, and announcing the election of Ranke as the only honorary member of the association, which Mr. Bancroft characterizes as "a special homage to Ranke as the greatest living historian." Mr. Bancroft, himself at that time over eighty years of age, signs himself, "Your very affectionate and devoted scholar and friend." At the end of Ranke's address he expressed the ardent wish and hope that his life might be spared to complete his *Universal History*. He little knew how near was the end of his life. He labored on with well-nigh preternatural exertion, giving ten hours a day to his work, dictating to one of his two secretaries in the morning and to the other in the evening. So it went on day after after day with no apparent loss of mental vigor, until the 13th of May, when on awaking he discovered that effort either of body

or of mind was no longer possible. His long life-work was ended. The remaining days were only a struggle with death. Mostly he lay unconscious; in lucid moments he took leave of his children and friends, listened gladly to readings from the Bible, and calmly awaited the inevitable hour. He died on the 23d of May, 1886. In his own life he lived long; in his works he has lived for all times. There was in him a rare union of literary with scientific gifts, the capacity of large and exact research, with the power to communicate its results with artistic skill, a master alike in the art of observing sharply the individual and the particular, and in weaving them into a harmonious whole. Nor may I close without speaking of his character as described by those who knew him best. The minister who spoke the word over his open grave characterized him as a man of piety (*Pietüt*), taking that German word in its large German sense, as drawn from the Latin sense of the original word, the sense of dutiful affection for all to whom one may sustain human relations; such piety he had even to advanced age for his revered and loved parents; piety for the schools that nurtured and trained him; piety, too, for that Thüringen soil on which had stood his cradle. Very touching are the tones of this pious love for his birthplace and early home as in the last pages of the last volume of his World-history he has occasion to describe them in connection with his narrative of the Saxon emperors Henry I. and Otto I. These kings had lived there, and they died there, and their names and fortunes, with the site of their palaces and grounds, had been familiar to him in his boyhood, and it is with a singular interest that we find him at the end of his long life coming back as a writer to its very beginnings, his last words, his dying swan-song, uttered over his own cradle. But also for the German sovereigns of his own days as well as of those olden times had he ever in him this dutiful sense, this pious loyalty: for King Frederic William IV. and for his brother the Emperor and King William I., both of whom were in turn proud of him not only as a subject but also as a countryman and friend. For his country, too, whose history he wrote, he cherished the same dutiful spirit as a patriot. But piety was his also in its highest sense, — piety towards God. "This," as was said at his grave, "was the secret of his strength and his peace. He believed in Christ as his Lord and Saviour." His son said of him: "My father was a Christian not in name only, but in deed and in truth. In his works the religious thought was the decisive one

for the development of human history. In his personal and his family life religion was the ruling and controlling influence." Such he was in the judgment of his pastor and of his son. Such was his character. Is there not as much to remember and to prize in such a *man*, as even in such a *historian*?

APPENDIX.

COLLEGE INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

A HAZING THAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED.

AN incident of Professor Lincoln's Freshman year at Brown, and which is not mentioned in his diary, is thus told by his friend, Mr. E. H. Hazard:—

I first met Mr. Lincoln at the fall term of Brown University, in 1832. I then entered on my Junior and he on his Freshman year. In a few evenings commenced that proceeding which has always been a disgrace to every college in the land. I mean the hazing of Freshmen. The band of hazers on that evening was led by the late Hon. Nathan F. Dixon, then a Senior. He entered the rooms first and I last, and locked the door behind us. The first student we assailed roomed on the lower floor of the north division of Hope College. He was smart enough to get away from us, and never stopped running, I was told, until he reached the Friends' School. John Lincoln's room was on the second floor of University Hall, north division. When we were inside and I had locked the door, I was struck with the nice manner in which his apartments were furnished. He came up to me and gave me such a cordial greeting as took all the nonsense and rashness out of me. I stepped up to Mr. Dixon and said, "No hazing in this room. He is too much of a gentleman." After a few jokes, we bade him good-night. As my acquaintance began, so it continued to the day of his death.

THE REBELLION AGAINST "PARTS."

The Class of 1835 became quite famous in the history of Brown University as "The Rebel Class." This "rebellion" was not against compulsory attendance on college prayers nor against recitations on New Year's Day, which have been grievances in more modern and degenerate days. On the contrary, this class, in their Senior year, rebelled against what they were pleased to consider the unholy and unchristian system of "parts" adopted by the Faculty. By this system of "parts" each student's standing was scrupulously kept and made known. Undergraduate conscience was very rigid in those days, and the system of "parts" was too flagrant an appeal to worldly ambition and too unworthy an incen-

tive to study to be borne. Therefore the Class of 1835 stranded on this rock of high principle, and, with but three exceptions, left without their degrees. Of course the Class of 1836 could not be content with conscientious principles less lofty than those of their predecessors. In some instances this extra moral sensitiveness took the shape of neglect of study by way of public notice to all concerned that the individual declined to study for a "part." Class meetings were held on the "part" question, and a petition to the Corporation was drawn up requesting them to abolish the objectionable usage. This petition was, in the opinion of the class, eminently respectful as to manner and quite unanswerable as to matter. The class as a whole signed it, and Wm. L. Brown and John L. Lincoln, with beating hearts, carried it to the house of Dr. Crocker, who was at that time the Secretary of the Corporation. As he was not at home, the document was handed to the domestic who came to the door, and the deed was done. The Corporation met as usual, and gave no sign that the petition had ruffled their composure. The Commencement of 1835 came and passed without a word of reply; the next term ended, and no one presumed to ask Dr. Wayland the cause of his silence. This wholesome neglect cured the excitement, and matters went on as if there had never been such a thing as a petition until the college course was completed; then Dr. Wayland, with the grim humor characteristic of him, showed his appreciation of the petition by summoning Mr. Wm. L. Brown, who had been most prominent in the affair, and intrusting to his hands the assignment of "parts" for the class.

THE YOUTHFUL TUTOR.

There is a legend of the time of the beginning of Professor Lincoln's service as tutor at Brown, which will illustrate his extremely youthful appearance at the time. It is said that two about-to-be Freshmen, meeting him on the Campus with his books, naturally mistook him for a fellow classmate. On asking some questions as to how to dodge the new tutor and avoid excessive study, they were courteously informed that they were talking to the new tutor, who hoped they would be prepared. Quite incredulous, yet considering him possibly old enough to be a mischievous Sophomore, they are said to have asserted, in language more forcible than elegant, the impossibility of hoaxing them. In some versions of this story their verbiage is represented as being unduly ornamented, probably for the sake of greater vividness of contrast in depicting the chagrin of the young men when in the recitation-room they again met the new tutor.

THE OLD COMMONS HALL.

In Professor Lincoln's student days and for some time afterward one of the ground floor rooms of the "Old College" or University Hall was used

for the Chapel, and another room for the "College Commons." According to the recollection of one of Professor Lincoln's classmates, "Commons Hall" was quite a large room, with some six or eight long tables with plain benches, and plain but abundant and wholesome fare. The crockery was decidedly unornamental, and the silver knives and forks conspicuous by absence. The students were expected to be somewhat fond of boiled rice. There was no precise allotment of seats, but each one generally had his own place. Conversation was free, and one joke has been handed down as to the coffee: that the coffee-pot was slow of delivery because the coffee was too weak to run. No great formality of manners was required, but when mischievous students sought recreation in throwing crackers at less giddy and more hungry comrades, the stern authority of steward Elliott was felt, and the person suspected, whether guilty or innocent, had peremptory leave to withdraw. Occasionally some one who had, or thought he had, the gift of music, would stand up, rap on the table with the handle of his dining fork to attract attention, and sound out two or three notes of the gamut, in which quite a number would immediately unite; but the promptness with which this melody would be quieted demonstrated "Pluto's" eternal vigilance and lack of musical appreciation. At this time chapel prayers and the first recitation came before the commons breakfast.

ANECDOTES.

In this connection Professor Lincoln used to tell of a somewhat fast student who remonstrated against the change of time of the college prayers to eight o'clock, giving as his reason that he did not mind sitting up till six, but eight o'clock compelled him to keep too late hours. He also told an anecdote of a student of High Church tendencies, who was accustomed to study in chapel during prayer time, and on being taken to task for irreverence, furnished the more or less satisfactory excuse that it could not properly be considered irreverence because the building had never been regularly consecrated.

Another incident which he was fond of relating occurred as nearly as can be ascertained in his Freshman year. Some Sophomores locked the Freshman class and their tutor into the recitation-room and proceeded to squirt quantities of *aqua pura* through the keyhole with a syringe. The tutor was a man of utmost nicety of dress as well as of manners and language, and was somewhat discomfited at the consequences of an unsuccessful attempt on his part to open the door. At this juncture a very stalwart Freshman from some rural district at once cheered and horrified the tutor by remarking, "Mister Tutor, if yew will permit me, sir, I will yank that door open." The door was "yanked," the disturbers fled, and the inelegance of the expression was condoned by the thoroughness of execution.

Professor Lincoln remembered an inpromptu prank of two of his classmates, who had received from home by stage-coach a large quantity of "slip," or curdled milk, intended to eke out the college fare. This on arrival was found to be completely spoiled by the long, rough journey, and was thereupon deposited all over the stairs and entries. This practical pun on the name of the delicacy was sufficiently enjoyed by the victims. Professor Lincoln's only comment on this nonsense was, "Those silly fellows!"

Another exploit which he recalled was perpetrated by a member of the Class of 1834 upon one of the professors who was one of the kindest, least suspicious men that ever lived. The student by way of bravado rode down the college stairs on the professor's back, and then escaped the consequences by profuse expressions of regret for the unfortunate mistake. Tradition has improved this event by adding that on a wager the same student took another ride and escaped again in the same manner, but upon condition that no more mistakes should occur. Professor Lincoln could appreciate the ludicrous side of this piece of impudence, but he considered it a mean performance.

MOCK PROGRAMMES.

In speaking of the "mock programmes" which twenty or thirty years ago were a prominent feature of the old time "Junior Exhibitions," Professor Lincoln was often wont to remark, that they were the more "inexcusable" because of their lack of wit and their abundance of scurrility. He was always severe against vulgarity, and often in his old age repeated with appreciation the repartee attributed to General Grant, who, when some officer, beginning an indelicate story, said, "I believe there are no ladies here," was promptly silenced by the answer, "No, sir, only *gentlemen*."

RELIGION NOT GOODYNESS.

Professor Lincoln was fond of informal talks with his students outside of the recitation-room and upon practical topics of personal interest. In such a conversation with some members of the Class of 1870 the discussion touched on the somewhat popular misconception that religion in a college student presupposes a certain goody-goody disposition. Professor Lincoln had no sympathy with such a notion, and said that on the contrary it seemed to him that the Lord had the most use for men that had the most devil in them, so that the devil is put in subjection and kept under.

IN THE CLASS-ROOM.

In the recitation-room it occasionally happened that some student, anxious to be extremely correct, would give too literal a translation,

following exactly the Latin idiom and order of words. In such a case Professor Lincoln would put into practice the words of Horace —

“Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres” —

and the student would be requested to make his translations into the *English language*.

Students who used “ponies” were never safe. The Professor was well posted in the different texts and translations, and knew when the text followed by the “pony” differed from the edition used by the class. Without any change of manner or voice he would ask what was the Latin word which the student had rendered according to “pony;” or perhaps he would ask some question relating to the correct Latin word translated in the “pony,” which of course was nowhere to be found in the text used in the class. When the incautious student and the rest of the class as well had searched unsuccessfully for the word, the room would be pervaded by a sense that something or other had gone wrong.

In the old days of the English pronunciation some students had a preference for the Continental method, and when the attempt to pronounce according to their preference ended in a sort of composite *ad libitum* reading, they were glad to get off with the mild rebuke implied in the query as to which kind of pronunciation, on the whole, they preferred.

Perhaps the most exasperating draft on his fund of patience was when some blundering student, by a most unintentional anticipation of the modern pronunciation, would persist in murdering the name of that distinguished friend of learning, and the patron of the poet Horace, Mæcenas. “*Mycenas! Mycenas!*” he would repeat, “why do you call him that? spell it for yourself!”

There was a tradition in college concerning “Lincoln’s Livy,” which was more than half believed, that he himself and not Livy was the author of the Latin preface. Professor Lincoln was much amused when on the class-day of 18— one of the speakers at the tree, pursuing the time-honored practice of raking the faculty, accused him of writing Livy’s preface, and remonstrated with him for inflicting on overworked students a bit of Latin notoriously tougher than all the rest of the book.

A LATIN EPISTLE.

But although he did not write Livy’s preface, a Latin epistle has been preserved, written by him in reply to a request made in the same language by the Class of 1864 for a change in the hour of recitation to enable them to see a base-ball match between Harvard and Brown. This letter reads as follows :—

Domino Johanni Tetlow et Aliis.

Discipuli et commilitones carissimi, Vestras litteras recepi quibus ut ludo Sophomorico adsitis, recitationem Latinam die Mercurii hora post

preces academicas prima habitam velitis. Cui vestræ voluntati libenter obsequerer, si illa hora vacuus essem. Quoniam eo tempore apud meam scholam semper occupatus sum, vos crastino die nona hora (vel Anglice) tertia post meridiem hora, conveniam.

Valete

J. L. LINCOLN.

Scribebam ix Kal. Jul. MDCCCLXIII.

FROM "BROWN UNIVERSITY IN THE 'FIFTIES,"

Written for the "Brunonian," by Rev. Daniel Goodwin, of the Class of 1857.

What most impressed us about the lately departed and dearly beloved Professor of the Latin Language and Literature was his sheer earnestness. He worked himself, and he expected work. There was no nonsense about him. None others talked so little in the class-room, and none others secured quite such perfect order and decorum. We all had an utter belief in the absolute sincerity of the man. In his presence the most volatile became temporarily sedate. Work began at the first moment of the recitation hour and lasted to the closing one. But nobody fancied that Professor Lincoln, with all his gravity, was devoid of a sense of humor.

"M. Tull. Cicero," began a student to translate, one day. "M. Tull. ! M. Tull. !" exclaimed the Professor. "Why not give the gentleman the *whole* of his name?" and, without moving a muscle of his face, demanded, "How should *I* like to be called *Linc.*?" This was a little too much for even the hushed atmosphere of the Latin room, and brought down the house. Nine out of ten of the boys never called him anything else but *Linc.*, and he knew it, too, and no doubt did not dislike it, for it was a term of positive endearment. Woe, however, to the student who habitually neglected his work. He might expect no mercy. In a few clearly cut sentences he would be simply annihilated.

One day a youth, who loved his pony "not wisely, but too well," was construing a passage. Perhaps it was the line of the *Æneid*, *Demissum lapsi per funem, Acamasque, Thoasque*. At first he proceeded glibly enough, — "Having slid down by the lowered rope," — then he began to stumble, and appealed piteously to the Professor: "Please, sir, I have *forgotten* what *funem* means." In the condition in which the poor fellow soon found himself, after receiving an expression of the Professor's mind, "Acamas," or "Thoas," or even "dirus Ulixes," had they shared it, might well have wished themselves back in the "hollow horse." He might aptly have been said to be "at the end of his rope."

"Too soon called" could seldom have been written so fitly as concerning this most lovable and best of men. Of no one of the old Faculty will the memory be kept longer green.

COLLEGE AND SEMINARY ESSAYS.

Quite a number of essays are preserved written by Professor Lincoln when a student in Brown University. The titles of some of these are as follows : —

Fancy Fairs. 1834.

Juvenal. 1834.

Education of the Senses. 1834.

Influence of a Devotional Spirit upon Taste. 1835.

Importance of Acquaintance with Republican Institutions. 1835.

Witchcraft. 1835.

On Declamatory Exercises (designed for the meridian of Brown University). 1835.

Is it Right to Administer an Oath? 1835.

The Slow Progress of American Literature. 1835.

An Amiable Woman. 1835.

Poetical Writings of Thomas Moore. 1835.

Estimate of Intellectual Character. 1835.

Analyses of Arguments. 1835.

Civil Insubordination (for Senior Exhibition). 1835.

Has either House of Congress a Right to Expunge from its Journal any of its Proceedings? A Political Squib. 1836.

Economical Effects of the Invention of the Mariner's Compass. 1836.

The Result of the Use of Natural Agents upon the Lower Classes of Society. 1836.

The Means by which a Government may Promote Production. 1836.

The Ultimate Success of Great Minds. (Commencement Oration.) 1836.

There are also in existence among his papers three written at Columbian College in 1837, for the "Evangelical Society," on —

Missions in China.

The Connection between Colleges and Missions.

The Mutual Influences of Christians.

Also, Essays and Sermons written at Newton in 1839, among which are, —

On Prayer in Colleges.

The Sacred Writers Inspired.

Man before the Fall.

God and his Attributes.

The Omnipresence of God.

No Passions in God.

The Existence and Agency of Satan as an Evil Spirit.

The Moral Influence of Charitable Fairs.

The Relation of Ethics to Theology.

Indecision in Religion.

LATER WRITINGS.

In addition to the writings printed in this volume, Professor Lincoln wrote many magazine articles, and editorials and letters for denominational and secular newspapers, and also addresses on different occasions, besides essays and lectures which have not been printed. Among these writings are the following:—

A Review of Becker's Gallus, *Bibliotheca Sacra*. 1845.

On Roman Slavery, a Translation from Becker, *Bibliotheca Sacra*. 1845.

Roman Private Life, *Bibliotheca Sacra*. 1846.

A Review of Alschefski's Livy, *Bibliotheca Sacra*. 1847.

Anthon's Classical Editions, *North American Review*. 1850.

A Review of the Life of Francis Horner, *Christian Review*. 1854.

The Teacher's Preparation, printed for the Rhode Island Sunday School Convention. 1859.

Historical Address, Fiftieth Anniversary of the First Baptist Sunday School, printed 1869.

Commemorative Discourse, The Life and Services of Rev. Alexis Caswell, D. D., LL. D., printed 1877.

History of the First Baptist Sunday School, at the 250th Anniversary of the Church, printed 1889; and papers which have not been printed:

Schiller's William Tell, a Lecture written in connection with the Benefit Street School.

Iphigenia, a College Lecture. 1875-1877.

Roman Literature from 14 to 117 A. D., a College Lecture.

Professor Lincoln published editions of Latin classics:—

"Selections from Livy," 1847, new edition 1882. (44,000 copies printed.)

"The Works of Horace," 1851, new edition 1882. (16,400 copies printed.)

"Ovid," 1883. (About 4,200 copies printed.)

THE SNOW-STORM SUNDAY OF 1856.

Professor Lincoln was the superintendent of the First Baptist Sunday-school till the year 1876, a period of twenty-one years. During this time he kept a record of the attendance, collection, conversions, new scholars and teachers, and also of his own remarks to the school. The following is the record January 6, 1856: "This, the first Sunday of '56, deserves the distinction of *Snow-Storm Sunday*. All night it snowed fast and with intense cold and with no wind, so that in the morning the ground was covered about a foot and a half on a level. It was still snowing, together with wind and drifting, when the first bell rang, so that there was no chance for school. I was the first to be in the vestry, and there found

Charles Burrill (the sexton) trying to get the vestry and church warm. He had been there since four o'clock and driving the fires all the time; had used up two feet and a half of wood in kindling and keeping up the coal fire in the furnaces and the fires in the stoves. This comprises the list for the day: Teachers and officers, 4; Bible class, 3; boys, 2; total, 9."

Professor Lincoln adopted the plan of systematic Sunday-school lessons for each year, thus antedating the present arrangement of the national system by many years.

PROFESSOR LINCOLN'S VIEWS AS TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHING.

The following extract is from an essay entitled "The Sunday-school Teacher's Preparation for his Class," written by Professor Lincoln in 1859. This is interesting because it embodies something of his conception of teaching in general, and also appears to recall his own early religious thoughts:—

"In the proper business of instruction, it is all-important to *communicate clear and intelligible ideas of the truth*. It is recorded in Nehemiah that the sacred teachers read to the people in 'the law of God *distinctly*, and *gave the sense*, and caused them to understand the reading.' I do not know a better statement than this, of the point I am now considering. We too, as Sunday-school teachers, must give the sense of the passage, and cause the class to understand the meaning of what is read. Here, even more than anywhere else all vague notions are not only useless, but also most hurtful. All must be distinct and intelligible. And even when we have clear and accurate knowledge ourselves, we may fail to impart it, by not adapting it to the comprehension of a young mind. We may err, either in forms of conception, or of language, or of both. We need to put ourselves, by thought and memory, into the condition of a child; to call up the remembrances of our early life and experience, the wants of which we were conscious, the difficulties we used to feel, and the ways in which our difficulties were met, or failed to be fully met. I think we can all remember how, in our early years, we were often puzzled and bewildered by expressions of which we knew scarcely anything, except that they were *very hard words*. Is it probable that a child generally understands us, when we tell him that he must have 'a new heart,' or that he must be 'converted?' And so of other expressions, such as 'regeneration,' 'redemption,' and the like. These and many others like them, familiar as they are, are yet theological terms, or embody general or abstract conceptions, or else are so remote from the mental associations of children that they cannot comprehend them, except by special explanation. Such words, indeed, we need not shun; and if they are Bible words, let them, with the verses that contain them, be fixed in the memory and gotten by

heart: but let us teach their meaning as clearly as we can, that the young mind may associate with them clear and correct ideas."

PROFESSOR LINCOLN AS A CHURCH-MEMBER.

By Rev. T. Edwin Brown, D. D.

For more than fifty years the life of Professor Lincoln and that of the Old First Baptist Church flowed on together. It helped to form his spiritual character. He helped to make its history of influence. During his student days he sat in the gallery of the ancient edifice, and felt the glittering eye, the penetrating voice, the vitalizing touch of Doctor Pattison. He was the companion and helper of the sainted Granger. For twenty-two years he was a deacon, and for twenty-one years the superintendent of the Sunday-school. Of the untiring service, of the sympathy for the suffering, of the brightness gladdening childhood and youth, of the courage and patience infused into the hearts of his pastors, which these years represent, only they can form due estimate who knew the man and what gentleness, graciousness, persistence, thoroughness, and entire self-devotement he put into his work. The contagious enthusiasm of which his pupils speak characterized all he did.

Whenever he appeared in the prayer-meeting — and he was a faithful attendant, busy man though he was — his pastor was sure the meeting could not be dull. His very face was a benediction. How he opened to us the Scriptures, making old history march and countermarch before our eyes, setting forth psalm and gospel with new and living meanings, out of the treasures of his affluent learning and the riches of his ripening experience! And his prayers, how spiritual they were, how felicitous in expression, how childlike in temper, how suited to the occasion, how brotherly in their embrace, as if "the spirit of Thy most excellent charity," which he so often invoked, had taken him and his fellow-worshippers alike upon its broad and buoyant wings, and lifted us all into the presence of the living God. Oh it was good to be there! One, at least, of the little company who gathered in later years in the old vestry, felt that it was worth a long walk or a great sacrifice to hear Professor Lincoln speak or pray.

On the death of George I. Chace, Professor Lincoln was called to the vacant moderatorship of the Charitable Baptist Society, the legal corporation of the church. It was an honorable post. Such men as the Nicholas Browns and Samuel G. Arnold had filled it. It was a responsible trust. The very peace and prosperity of the church itself depended much on the tact, energy, integrity, and executive skill of the society's moderator. Everybody trusted the new leader. Everybody felt sure that his keen eyes would discern needs, his enthusiasm carry measures, his suavity reduce inevitable friction to the lowest point. He loved the old building, from its foundations to the vane on the steeple. Its walls

and timbers held for him as for others the sacred palimpsests recording the hallowed memories of many generations, and he cared for it all as if it were his own. He loved the spiritual body, whence he had drawn, into which he had poured, so much of his own life-blood, and he gave to it, gladly, this new service of his closing years. If a coat of paint was needed for the house, and extra money must be had; if an actual deficiency in the treasury must be met or guarantee provided against one possible, after consultation with his colleagues he started. Do you not see him now? The lithesome form, the springing gait, the cheery face, skipping into offices and up door-steps as briskly as if he were a boy of twenty, and were not wearing the silver crown! You never would think he had left his beloved Horace and Cicero and Livy behind him, that a pile of Latin exercises or examination papers were waiting his corrections, or that he was bent on the disagreeable errand of "collecting." Out comes the little book from his pocket. The face beams with winsomeness. "For our dear church, you know." A few clear words of explanation, and down goes your name for a good sum. You thank him for the privilege. You wish he would not hurry. But the light-bearer is off, leaving sunshine all around you, but carrying a plenty with him to the next place. Did he drop that little book from his ascension chariot, as Elijah did his mantle? Or was the secret his own, and incommunicable?

There are places left empty by Professor Lincoln's departure which have been filled. But no more than you can fill his place in the home can you fill his place in the prayer-meeting and in the social and aggressive life of the church, or in the heart of one he honored by his confidence, cheered by his hopefulness, guided by his sweet reasonableness, and who was so grateful and proud for eight happy years to know that he was the friend and pastor of so rare and radiant a soul.

"DE SENECTUTE!"

Some thirty years ago, or more, Professor Lincoln and his brother Heman spent the summer vacation, with their families, in a little village in the Massachusetts hills. As Rev. Heman Lincoln, although considerably the younger, was the minister, and preached Sundays in the village church, he was treated by the people as not only more reverend because of his office, but was supposed to be the more reverend as to age. With this mistaken impression the village pastor looked at Professor Lincoln with considerable condescension, and said to the Rev. Dr. Lincoln, "And this *young* man, does he know anything about Sunday-schools?"

THOLUCK'S ANECDOTE OF PROFESSOR LINCOLN.

In the year 1868 Rev. Henry S. Burrage was in Halle, and Tholuck spoke to him of the times when Professor Lincoln and Professor Hackett

were students at Halle. He said they were among the first Baptists to come to the University to study. Soon after their arrival they were invited to an evening company at one of the professors'. In the course of the evening, one of the company having heard that the two young Americans were Baptists, turned to Professor Lincoln and said, "I understand that you are a Baptist." "Yes," replied the Professor, "I am." "Well, then," it was added, "I suppose you can tell us the hour and the minute when you were converted?" "Yes," replied Professor Lincoln, "it was the time when religion became no longer a duty but a pleasure." Mr. Burrage said that he should never forget Dr. Tholuck's face as he related the story. "Eh," he exclaimed, "that was a magnificent answer! It made a profound impression on the company and a most favorable one for the Baptists."

RECOLLECTIONS OF NEANDER.

Professor Lincoln seldom spoke of the professors under whom he had studied in Berlin, with the exception of Neander, whose odd appearance he was fond of describing. Neander was accustomed, when lecturing, to stand behind a curious high desk, with an open framework and with holes and pegs for letting it up and down. His costume was a very long coat coming down to the tops of his great jack-boots, and with a collar which reached almost as high as his head as he bent over his desk, and with arms extended forward twirled in his fingers a quill pen. If this quill dropped there was a hiatus in the lecture until some one would pick it up and place it in his hands, and then the wonderful flow of learned discourse would proceed. It is said that Neander's sisters, who watched over him unceasingly, discovered one day that his trousers were safe at home while he was *en route* for the lecture-room, but on their running after him their anxiety was relieved, as, fortunately, he had on another pair. Another story was that when Neander came to Berlin he happened, in going from his home to the University for the first time, to be with a friend, who, for the sake of some errand, took a circuitous route, and for years he pursued the same course, and only by accident discovered that there was a shorter way. Neander, on one occasion, being jostled on a sidewalk, in order to pass the crowd, stepped off into the gutter with one foot, keeping the other foot on the curb-stone, and keeping on in this curious, uneven fashion, when he reached home, complained of being fatigued from the disordered condition of the streets.

TWO SUGGESTIVE LETTERS.

The following letters, written by Professor Lincoln, one in 1852, and the other in 1858, throw light upon his incessant activity, and also afford a hint of the advantages of a college professorship for amassing a fortune: —

PROVIDENCE, April 24, 1852.

As soon as I got back from Philadelphia I got directly into the college mill again, and have been going round ever since, in the Mantalini phrase, in one "dem'm'd [*sit venia verbo*] horrid grind." Time gets on most rapidly, and I can do hardly anything but attend to my class work, and accomplish some reading and writing which are absolutely indispensable. My work for the Review is all that I have done apart from my classes this term, and that I had to do mostly after 10 P. M. With three classes, three text-books to teach, and about 70 Latin compositions per week to correct, my hands are full enough. We are having just now considerable religious interest in college. There have been six or seven very interesting cases of conversion, and there is a marked seriousness and thoughtfulness in the demeanor of many, which we hope will end in the best results. We are making a Triennial, and I want to have everything right. If you have suggestions of any sort about the Catalogue, please let me have them as soon as possible. That is a thing which we must help to make perfect.

PROVIDENCE, Nov. 22, 1858.

I am glad enough to have a little recess. I have a private pupil this term, a young lady, to whom I give two hours' instruction every day; and thus I have what amounts to at least three hours additional work every day. The *per contra*, however, is good pay (*one dollar per hour*), and some variety of study and occupation. But work seems to be what we are here for, and we must do with all appointments as well as we may. Life is a hard problem to solve, and without religion it would be quite insoluble.

THE BENEFIT STREET SCHOOL.

During the years from 1859 to 1867 Professor Lincoln conducted in the school building beside his home on Benefit Street a school for young women. It was with no lack of loyalty to Brown University that he undertook this school, but wholly that he might owe no man anything. Then, as now, the income of the college was far behind the requirements. With characteristic devotion he proposed to the Corporation a reduction of his salary and began the school. During these years he was busy between the hours of nine and two in the school, with college recitations during the afternoon, and with his studies and the correction of mountains of school and college pupils' exercises often into the small hours of the night. In 1867, by taking the German professorship in addition to all the Latin classes, he was able to relinquish the school. Thus for about fifteen years he followed in the footsteps of his father, Ensign Lincoln, by doing two men's work. He had early in life acquired the habit of a ten-minutes after-dinner nap, seated in his library chair, and this seemed to give him a fresh fund of vigor and alertness.

Throughout his life he retained the same power of application, and many of his Friday Club papers and other writings were considered by him as affording pleasurable occupation to be indulged in after the day's work was done. These years of the school, although crowded with hardest work, were among the happiest of his life. He felt great interest also in the postgraduate careers of these alumnae, and carefully kept many of their essays and compositions. His little memorandum book contains a list of 255 pupils of this school. The Benefit Street schoolhouse, enlarged and improved, is now occupied by the "Women's College connected with Brown University." Thus this most recent enlargement of the scope and policy of the college may be viewed in some measure as following Professor Lincoln's example of more than a generation ago.

Of this school one of his pupils writes: "Never was there such a teacher. Every girl who was so fortunate as to sit under his instruction could not fail to take in something, no matter how stupid she might be. He had the wonderful faculty of making us learn from a wish to acquire knowledge for knowledge's sake. Every point was fully and clearly explained, and dull must the pupil have been who could not understand the matter under discussion. A gentle sarcasm was his only and severest mode of reproof, for whatever he said was so neatly put that it hit its mark each time. There was never an empty seat during the years he taught the female ideas how to shoot, and the waiting list was always full. The scholars were made to understand that the lessons to be learned were for their permanent good and not merely to gain high marks. All I know, and especially the power acquired over my memory, enabling me to continue to learn ever since my school days ended, is entirely due to Mr. Lincoln. Never do I stop to think of the whys and wherefores, but some of his methods suggest themselves to my mind, helping me to solve my difficulty."

A GOOD FATHER.

Professor Lincoln was always a kind father. To him may be applied with most exact truth his own description of his own father, given in his "Notes of my Life." He never once scolded and never was unfair; so that it seemed mean to disobey or grieve him. Even through the times of hardest work and smallest income he was always most generous in money matters to his children, and so cheerful meanwhile that they never suspected how hardly the money was earned. His constant prayer was that his children might "grow up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." It is doubtful if, during a period of more than forty years, a single day passed when he did not utter the petition once, twice, or thrice. During his last illness, when his step had become feeble and he knew the time of his departure was at hand, he used often to shut himself in his little dressing-room, where his voice could be heard as he was alone in prayer with his God.

OUTDOOR LIFE IN THE LONG VACATIONS.

Probably in the minds of many of Professor Lincoln's pupils his memory is associated with the recitation-room with its various maps and photographs of Rome and other classic places. But those who met him during the long vacations knew how he enjoyed outdoor life. Very early in the 'fifties he began to spend his summers at Narragansett Pier, when the "New Pier," now long since demolished by wintry gales, was in all its glory of new granite, and when the only inns for "city boarders" were two small farmhouses. Here he found unwearied pleasure in his favorite sport of fishing. About sunrise he would start to secure the best stations on the rocks, laden with tackle and menhaden for bait. Standing on the slippery ledges, with the surf boiling up around his feet, he would whirl the baited hook and throw the hand line in the good old-fashioned way. In later years, when the Pier had become a city of hotels and cottages, he often visited it, and enjoyed the sunshine and sea; but as for fishing, there was too conspicuous an absence of privacy on the rocks, in the presence of some hundreds of fashionably attired people.

Professor Lincoln was also one of the old-time frequenters of the White Mountains before the railroad whistle had echoed among them, and when staging instead of a stylish fad was a long reality. His favorite mountain home was Jackson, both before and after it had become famous for levying war against the United States. Here during many happy summers he climbed the mountains and waded the brooks. His nearsightedness used to annoy him while fishing, especially as, for reasons which those who feel the same way well understand, he rebelled against spectacles which have the merit of staying on, and preferred eye-glasses which dropped off. On such occasions the hook sometimes would be entangled in the bushes, and unconsciously he would be seeking the trout where his beloved Horace, in his Second Ode, puts the fish:

"Omne cum Proteus pecus egit altos
Visere montes,
Piscium et summa genus hæsit ulmo.
Nota quæ sedes fuerat columbis."

As he grew older his enjoyment of this outdoor mountain life increased, his strength seemed not to fail, and his vexatious nearsightedness passed away. Even after his hair had whitened he would take with glee the occasional practical illustrations, afforded by the smooth stones and slippery mosses of the Wildcat River, of the *facilis decensus*, and enjoyed his favorite brooks with all the self-forgetfulness of a schoolboy. Once when the morning's sport had been prolonged past noon, and in a friendly farmhouse with healthful hunger he relished a dinner of phenomenally knobby and unhomogeneous saleratus biscuits, all oblivious of the familiar

phrase, "*optimum condimentum fames est,*" he wondered whether it would be possible to have some just like them in the home at Providence.

He visited the top of Mount Washington a number of times, and once rode down the rack railway on the tender of the engine, which is a much more aerial experience than the usual ride in the car. On another occasion he was ascending the mountain by the carriage road with a party of friends in an open mountain wagon. His seat chanced to be on the inner side where the view down into the Great Gulf could not be seen to the best advantage. One of the ladies was sitting on the side next to the ravine and found the dizzy depths anything but enjoyable. When, however, it was proposed that they change seats, neither would yield to the other in politeness, she thinking it selfish to compel him to sit so close to the edge, and he not for an instant entertaining the thought of depriving her of the best seat. Both were content to be uncomfortable, but when the true state of things was understood the change was quickly made.

He also visited at different times other parts of the White Mountains, and enjoyed the fishing in Israel's River and other streams at Jefferson. At Moosilauke, too, he found inspiration in the wonderful view from the top of the mountain, and found in his trouting expeditions in Baker's River that, like the Valley of Baca in the Psalms, the rain filled the pools. But Jackson was his favorite resort, and after his return from his last visit to Europe, when his last sickness was upon him and wading in brooks was given up, he took pleasure, and often in company with the same genial landlord of over thirty years before, in the beautiful drives. Even then he daily read a portion of the Greek New Testament, just as he had for so many years been accustomed, except that he now used Alford's Gospels with its larger print instead of the little Greek testament which he had kept since his Sophomore days.

Professor Lincoln was quick to appreciate the merits of the revised version of the New Testament, but his criticism of it was that on the whole it was better Greek than English.

THE HERKOMER PORTRAIT.

When the Alumni, at the Commencement dinner in 1886, presented to the College his portrait by Herkomer, Professor Lincoln was deeply moved by this unprecedented token of affection and respect. Standing upon the platform in Sayles Memorial Hall, with the portrait just behind him, and with a voice tremulous with emotion, he said:—

"But what shall I, what can I say, for this overwhelming kindness with which you have received me. I would I could give sufficient return for the gratitude that is in my heart. In all this long period of fifty-four years since I have been in this University as tutor and professor, I have counted among my chief delights the friendship of my pupils. Their testimonies of grateful remembrance and affectionate esteem have been

sources of unspeakable joy to me, cheering my dark hours and gladdening my brightest, infusing new vigor and new strength. Here to-day my grateful joy has found its culmination in this crowning distinction that has found me worthy to be painted by a great artist and placed here on this wall, I may say this family wall, of the academic household. I shall cherish this among my choicest memories, and hand it down to my children as a precious legacy, because a token that their father's life work has not been all in vain. I must disagree with the gentleman's estimate of my services to our Alma Mater; but if they have made any approach to what he declares them, it is only because they were rendered to my Alma Mater; and they have been rendered to her, and her alone. I love the old college, and therefore it is that I have been able to do her any service as an instructor. If I have done any good, it is because of the subjects which I have been allowed to teach; it is because of the noble Latin, and in some part of my course the sister Greek; both noble and belonging to the true *nobilitas* of the literature of all ages. My faith in them remains unimpaired by time and by the adverse influence of other studies to which they have with all the grace that belongs to them given way. I have been glad to hear our President say that we shall give no less attention to Latin or Greek, but more attention.

"I want to say before I sit down, that whether or not such superficial things as the Latin salutatory and the conferring degrees are deposed, these languages and literatures are with us to stay, and the republic of letters is safe. I am also glad because it seems to me, as we were told by Dr. Murray, that these studies historically stand at the head. The masterpieces of our English tongue are on these very models.

"Thanking you all for your attention — these occasions come only once in fifty years — I hope that in the coming fifty years, and all subsequent, our Alma Mater will continue to dispense the same nurture that she has ministered so many years. These noble studies preserve, and alone can preserve, unbroken the chain of learning that unites us with remote generations."

HOW LATIN CAN BE TAUGHT.

From an Editorial in the New York Tribune, May, 1890.

President Andrews, of Brown University, in an article on "Improvements in College Education," written for "The Christian Union," complains because the study of Greek and Latin is usually made laborious, dry, philological, and abstract. The revolt from classical studies, in his opinion, is due to classical teachers themselves. "They have not sounded," he says, "the depths of riches lying at their feet. Students have asked for bread and they have given stones. Feed youth with classical food which shall be meat indeed, and they will find it a feast, praising you as a bountiful entertainer and never wishing to leave your table for

another's." The new president of Brown, in contending that larger play must be given to the elective system of studies if higher education is to be thorough, is following the precedent established by Dr. Wayland rather than continuing the policy of Dr. Sears and Dr. Robinson, his immediate predecessors. When he explains, however, how classical studies ought to be conducted at college, he is unconsciously drawing upon his own reminiscences of Professor Lincoln's class-room. One president after another has had his own notions respecting the merits of the elective system and the value of classical studies, but for half a century the teaching of Latin at Brown has been ideal.

Very much has been said during recent years about the importance of making higher education comprehensive, practical, and symmetrical. Theorists have their pedantic phrases and academic contentions, but every educated man knows in his heart that his largest debt of academic obligation is due to the teacher who succeeded in inspiring him with enthusiasm for study — with a genuine love of good letters. It is, perhaps, the chief merit of classical studies that they promote, under wise direction, the growth of that ardor for good literature — that passion for learning, without which higher education is unprofitable and disappointing. Students at Brown for fifty years have fallen under the influence of a teacher of the Arnold type, who, with one of these rugged, yet sympathetic natures, alike strong and mellow, too seldom found in colleges, has imparted his own enthusiasm for classical culture to his classes. Professor Lincoln has taught Latin, not as a dead language, with grammar and accidence to be acquired by persistent drudgery, but as a literature vitalized with profound thought and noble feeling, and containing all the assimilative elements needed for intellectual growth. To read Horace's "Odes" and the "Ars Poetica" under him was to sit at a bountiful feast, and, in President Andrews' phrase, never to wish to leave his table for another's. How his face was wont to light up when, at the close of the Latin course, as his custom was, he would quote Byron's "Farewell, Horace, whom I hated so; not for thy fault but mine." He taught Latin as a literature to be felt, as well as analyzed and understood — as a vital force which would create an undying love of good letters.

PROFESSOR LINCOLN'S LAST VISIT TO THOLUCK'S HOME.

In the year 1887 Professor Lincoln visited Halle for the last time. Here he found the widow of Professor Tholuck, with the same kind heart as the "Frau Rätlinn" of almost half a century before. Here she received him and his friends, and the old days were remembered when, on the Christmas Eve of 1841, Tholuck welcomed "the two Americans," and the presents and cakes were given to the students. It was inspiring to see how the good man's influence and memory had been kept ever fresh and helpful by Mrs. Tholuck's life of kind deeds to

deserving students. For their welfare she devoted both her income and her time, continuing their friend after their graduation, and following with gladness their success in the world. A singular example of the steadfastness and kindness of her character was seen in a bird, or what appeared to be the same bird, which had made a nest in her garden and had come to her window for crumbs for nearly thirty years.

GERMAN TROUT FISHING.

During this, his last European tour, Professor Lincoln found, in a little out-of-the-way German town, a reminder of his White Mountain fishing experiences. The landlord of the village inn, desiring to do honor to his guests, asked if they would be willing to have trout for supper, for if so, he would go and catch some. The travelers felt interested in the proposed sport and waited to see the landlord start out with trout rod and flies and creel in the proper sportsman's array, and lead the way to some brook tumbling down from the mountains. They were amused to see him walk out to the centre of the village square armed with a short-handled net, with which he dipped up from the basin of the fountain two olive-brown fish quite different in appearance, and in flavor as well, from White Mountain trout.

A RAILWAY ADVENTURE.

During this same journey he had a railroad adventure which he often related with great glee. The party was traveling in one of the usual little German railway carriages with the doors at the sides, when the train stopped at a station where there seemed to be a restaurant. They were told that the train would wait a few minutes, and so with American independence two of the party stepped out, crossed another track, and proceeded to the station. This infraction of German railway regulations thus far was unnoticed, but on the return an obstacle was found in the shape of another train between them and their car. The various railway personages appeared stolidly ignorant as to time tables. The train was too long to go around; the cars were unprovided with our convenient end platforms and steps, and the space beneath them was none too ample for a cat to go under; only one course remained — to go over the train. This seemed to be a somewhat simple matter, as the German cars are very small affairs compared with our own, and moreover are provided with a convenient ladder on each side for the use of the man who climbs up and puts the lamps down through a hole in the roof. Accordingly the start was made and the feat about half accomplished before it was noticed by the railway officials. Then began considerable commotion, and gesticulation and commands to come down. But by dint of explanations in the German language to the officials that coming down on the farther side was just as well as to return to the station, and of *sotto voce*

hints in the vernacular to his comrade to keep on going, the retreat was successfully covered and the railway carriage safely regained.

MODERN LATIN.

During this same visit to Europe Professor Lincoln and his party enjoyed a carriage ride up the valley of the Upper Rhine, in Switzerland. Here he became interested in the peculiar language of a part of the people, which is said to be Latin come down from the ancient Etruscans, or at the very latest from Roman legions stranded among the mountains in the times of Julius Cæsar. Critics of a skeptical turn have explained this Romansch language by the introduction of Latin words during the Middle Ages from the Romish ritual. But the Professor, during some five days' drive with a driver who spoke only this language, found it to be an unintelligible jargon bearing no resemblance in sound to Latin, whether comparing it with English, Italian, Continental, or any other system of pronunciation, and as much "Dutch" to the Germans as German is to us. Apparently there was but slender foundation for the oft-repeated legends of a linguistic Pompeii ready to be exhumed from Swiss glaciers.

THE LINCOLN FUND.

Probably the successful raising of the \$100,000 Lincoln Fund by the Brown Alumni was the event in his life that excited his profoundest gratitude. He kept a list of the contributors to this fund, which, during the days of his sickness, he often studied, and he knew each individual name by heart. Not many months before his death he made a careful memorandum of the salary paid him each year, beginning with his tutorship in 1839 at \$400. And, just as his life work was about to close, he writes against the year 1890-91: "\$3,000 by arrangement made with the Corporation by the graduates in their \$100,000 fund, namely, that I should have \$3,000 for the rest of my life, *whether I should continue to teach or not.*"

DECLINING YEARS.

"Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni, nec pietas moram
Rugis et instanti senectæ
Afferet indomitæque Morti."

Professor Lincoln was very slow to acknowledge or even to suspect that he could be growing old. In February, 1887, the newspapers, in giving an account of the dinner of the New York Alumni of Brown, described him as "the genial old gentleman, with gray beard and frosted hair." and his comment was that it was very strange that people should call him *old*. Even during the last few years of his life, when declining strength made it imperative for him to reduce the number of his recita-

tions, he was very loath to do so. In reply to the argument that it was only fair to give up the Freshmen and afford opportunity for some younger professor to become increasingly useful to the college, he urged the very ingenious argument, that it was always difficult at first for him to become well acquainted with each class, and if he learned to know them while they were Freshmen he was saved the labor of familiarizing himself with the names and faces of so many new Sophomores.

In the earlier stages of his illness he found it very difficult to obey the physician's advice and go upstairs slowly. He would run up several steps, briskly as had been his lifelong habit, and then, recollecting the new order of things, would proceed more deliberately, stepping up but one stair at a time. During the last year of his college service his recitation-room was changed to the ground floor, and when he became unable to walk or drive the short distance to the college he met his classes as long as his strength permitted at his home.

He had always been fond of walking for pleasure and exercise, not in a slow and meditative manner, but with alertness and with keen observation. When increasing feebleness of body compelled him to give up his walks he became almost as much attached to driving, and there were few country roads near Providence with which he was not familiar. Like his brother Heman, he took great interest in the students' athletic sports. He regularly drove into Lincoln Field and watched the baseball games. The students soon grew to expect his visits and keep their eyes on the big gate. And when the carriage entered the grounds the Professor was always greeted with a sound dear to his ears, the good old triple cheer of Brown. No one was more enthusiastic when Brown came out ahead. Even during the last weeks of his illness, when he could not leave his bed, he would listen, as the afternoons would wane, and when he heard the cheering would look up brightly and say, "Our boys are winning," or, if all was quiet, he would say, "I'm afraid our boys are not doing as well as usual."

During the last summer of his life Professor Lincoln was able to endure the journey to Petersham, Mass. Here he had the great pleasure of seeing all his grandchildren together as he watched them at their play. Here too he sat, well wrapped, upon the porch, as twilight came on, gazing at the beautiful sunsets. With these bright surroundings it seemed as if he gained strength of body as well as happiness of mind.

His favorite hymn, which he loved to join in singing to the good old tune of "Boylston," was, —

"Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise!
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes."

LAST DAYS.

In his last sickness, when extreme bodily weakness made continuous speech, and even consecutive thought difficult, he was troubled with what he called "vagaries," or unbidden thoughts, and with difficulty in recalling just the word he needed. As a refuge from these troubles, he would often listen to hymns, or would himself repeat verses from the Bible. Once, when he was seemingly exhausted and sleeping, he recited with vigor and emphasis that beautiful psalm, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," and making a slight mistake, would not be content until he had corrected it, and so continued, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil," and repeated all of the verses. Nothing but a lifelong love of the Bible could have brought in this time of utter weakness these comforting words to his lips. Only a few days before his death, when the old Sunday-school hymn, "There is rest for the weary," was sung to him, he joined with feeble but glad voice in the refrain, —

"On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for me,"

and the singers could hardly sing for realizing how near to him was that rest. Again, the singing of the hymn, "O Paradise! O Paradise!" in some strange way, through God's kindness, so lifted him above all sense of the extreme weariness of exhaustion peculiar to the disease (pernicious anæmia), that he broke out in exclamations of wonder and thanks, "O, such rapture! and the goodness of God that such a one as I should be permitted to enjoy it!" Among his last words that could clearly be distinguished were those from John's Gospel, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid," and then to those who stood around him the words, "Little children, love one another." He passed away very early in the morning, long before daylight, October 17, 1891.

EDITORIAL FROM "HARPER'S WEEKLY," OCTOBER, 1891, WRITTEN BY
THE LATE GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

The death of Professor Lincoln, of Brown University, was anticipated, for he had been long an invalid, but it brings a pang to a very widely scattered circle of his old pupils, and to all who knew the generous, candid, high-hearted, and accomplished man. He was in the true sense a scholar, a lover of learning and of literature, not subdued by scholarship nor by the conditions of teaching into a pedant or a formalist, but whose vitality transformed his learning into character and life.

For nearly fifty years he had been the most familiar figure at Brown,

his term of service, we believe, longer than that of any other teacher; and from the first to the last his influence and impression upon the students were most liberalizing and stimulating, so that every year a large body of young men passed from the college into every part of the country and into all active pursuits with hearts full of gratitude and affection for Professor Lincoln. It is a great power which such a teacher exercises, and no man can have a nobler monument than such a fond recollection.

The freshness of his mind and heart was wholly unwasted by the routine of daily duty. His interest in the classics which he taught, especially Latin, which was his chair, kindled the minds of the young men who had thought them hard and dry. His sympathy and humor overflowed the hour, and many a man owes much of the purest literary delight of his life to Professor Lincoln's kindly persistence and intelligence. A happy literary allusion, an apt quotation, a flowing line, or a noble metaphor gave him a pleasure which was inspiring to those of similar taste, who instinctively found in his smile and approval their happy reward. Professor Lincoln's health was never very robust, but his attendance at his post was interrupted only by two or three excursions to Europe, which he turned to the best account. Toward the end he was obliged reluctantly to relinquish his chair, and cheered by the tenderest affection his life tranquilly ended. But by one life how much more than its own individual activity is quickened! And a life like Professor Lincoln's is inwrought in how many lives like a fine gold thread in an endless tapestry!

FROM THE ADDRESS OF PROFESSOR ALBERT HARKNESS, PH. D., LL. D.,
AT THE NEW YORK BROWN ALUMNI DINNER, APRIL, 1892.

We come around this board to-night, my brothers, with mingled emotions, with glad memories, and yet with sad memories. We greet our friends with joy and with grateful hearts, but we miss from our number the genial countenance and joyous tones of one who in former years has been the life of these annual reunions. We cannot forget at such an hour as this that since we last assembled here the gifted and genial Lincoln, the beloved teacher and friend of so many of us, has rested from his labors. Even if our lips were silent, our hearts, I am sure, would pay a grateful tribute to his memory.

But in the years that are past the name of Professor Lincoln has been wont to awaken in our hearts only emotions of joy and gladness; so let it be here to-night; so he would have it. Dismissing, therefore, all thought of our own loss, we do well to think and speak only of the joy and the blessing which he has brought into all our lives, and into the lives of hundreds and thousands of his pupils scattered over the land, filling positions of trust and influence, stronger and better and happier

to-day because of the inspiring influence and the glad memories which they carried with them into life from that well-remembered room in old University Hall.

The name of Professor Lincoln, as instructor or professor, has adorned our Catalogue for fifty years, a term of service entirely unparalleled in the history of the University, and during this entire period he has given his very best thought and his most earnest endeavors to the welfare of his beloved Alma Mater. For her he has cherished the warmest affection; to her he has devoted his time, his talents, and his stores of learning.

Professor Lincoln was a born teacher. With quick and generous sympathies that brought him at once into close contact with all the members of his classes, he entered readily and heartily into all their youthful feelings, appreciated their difficulties, and gladly furnished them the needed encouragement and help. With a kind word of admonition for the wayward and indolent, he was ever ready to recognize and reward, not only marked success, but all honest effort. With high ideals and aspirations himself, full of zeal and enthusiasm, he soon imparted to his pupils something of his own love of excellence and truth.

Many of you remember, I am sure, what joy was wont to light up his countenance in the class-room when you gave an especially felicitous rendering of some striking passage in a favorite Latin author, and with what emphasis and tones he would utter these words, so dear to the faithful student's heart: "Very good, sir; *bene, optime.*"

Among all the fortunate and auspicious events that have marked the recent years of Professor Lincoln's life, the organization of the Brown University Alumni of New York deserves special and emphatic mention. For many of the proudest and happiest days of his life he was indebted to your kind and generous appreciation of his character and services. These annual reunions were to him seasons of unalloyed happiness. Here he felt himself, in the fullest sense, in the midst of brothers good and true, brothers to whom he was bound by more than Brunonian bonds. Your generosity and your kindly interest gladdened his heart when on that fiftieth anniversary of his graduation you aided in placing his bright and genial face, in a masterly work of art, among the worthies that adorn the walls of Sayles Memorial Hall. You again brought new joy and a new blessing into the closing years of his life by erecting that noble monument to his memory in the establishment of the Lincoln Fund, which will carry to distant generations his name and yours linked in perpetual brotherhood and associated with one of the noblest benefactions that have ever blessed our Alma Mater.

EDITORIAL FROM THE "PROVIDENCE JOURNAL," OCTOBER, 1891.

It is no reflection on other highly regarded instructors who in times past or present have been connected with Brown University to say that

Professor Lincoln was the best beloved of all those who have ever sat before the classes of that institution. Others have won respect for their learning and character, gratitude for their assistance, and even that affectionate regard which college boys are wont to bestow on their professors much after the fashion of the tendrils of growing vines which must cling around something, and naturally entwine the object that happens to be nearest. But Professor Lincoln had that rare felicity which is given to few men of inspiring a real, deep, and abiding love for himself in the hearts of all who came into contact with him, even though the relationship was not specially intimate nor the contact much more than passing. He made loving friends everywhere; he kept them always, and his death will bring a sense of personal grief to men whose very names he may have long ago forgotten, and of personal loss to those whom miles and years have long separated from their old Latin professor.

He won, in this exceptional degree, the affections of his pupils and of those who knew him in the social relationships of life, not by any unexplainable magnetism. What there was in his personality, his life, and his work that drew men towards him was patent enough to any eye. There was a broad humanity in his temperament and culture that opened out to sympathy with all mankind and a sunniness of disposition which enveloped him in all his work, and which as easily drew to him for comfort and advice the weak and discouraged as the strong and cheerful for good fellowship. There was no one to whom the college boys so readily went in their troubles and difficulties as to Professor Lincoln, and no one in the cultured circles of Providence with whom established and self-poised men more gladly associated in the pursuit of the pleasures of mental and social intercourse. He was a social and humane man in the best sense of these words — ready even as his own loved Horace was for gracious converse on every proper theme for discussion, and able to say, like Terence, “*Homo sum ; humani nihil a me alienum puto.*”

The studies of his profession had not dried up the sweet juices of humanity, nor had his deep knowledge of ancient life lessened the sympathy he felt for the present life around him. It was this sympathy which drew to him the love of others, and herein, too, was one of the secrets of his success in teaching. He could lead pupils up the rough road of knowledge by showing that he appreciated their difficulties. The other secret of his success was his own boundless love of broad literary culture and his abiding belief that in the study of Latin literature could be found a helpful means toward attaining that culture. It was with that belief constantly in mind that he read the Latin authors with his classes. He read them as literature, not as mere agencies for teaching boys to translate from one language to another, nor as pegs on which to hang dissertations on grammar and philology. There was ever present in his instruction the effort to bring to the perception of his pupils the

literary beauties of the works they were reading, and so to cultivate taste and inform the judgment. Many who had gone through the dry curriculum of classical and mathematical studies discovered in Professor Lincoln's class-room for the first time that the ancient languages were made for something more than for grammarians to analyze.

They learned there, if they used the opportunities offered, the first lessons of a genuine literary culture; they drew from the genial and learned man who led them through the ever-delightful pages of Horace something of his own love for the old-fashioned "Humanities," for sound learning, and high morality; they received an impress that made them something more than builders and traders and professional men all the rest of their lives. Professor Lincoln belonged, of course, to a school of classical instructors that is now fast giving place to a new generation with new and presumably better methods of instruction, and he may have put too high an estimate on the importance of classical studies in modern liberal education. But there are a great many of his old pupils who will recall with a sense of genuine gratitude that they learned something more than grammar in his class-room; that they were led by him to a knowledge and appreciation of the beauties of literature in whatever language preserved, and that it was his hand that opened for them the gates of an exceedingly pleasant land, whither, in intervals between the cares and labors of active life, it is still the privilege of the educated man to steal away for refreshment.

Of his personal character and of the high position he occupied in the esteem of the community it is needless to speak. For years that are many to count he has lived and labored in this city, sympathizing with all good works, though confining himself chiefly to the tasks of his own position at the University, and now, after a continuity of service which few men enjoy, he lays his armor down in the place where he put it on. His fellow-citizens outside the college have watched his long career among them with both admiration and pride. They have admired his culture and scholarship, the grace with which he united to the learning of the scholar the unfailing courtesy of the gentleman and the unaffected piety of the pure-minded believer. They have been proud of him as a citizen who reflected credit and dignity on the community. If they have not shown their admiration and pride by public offices and honors, it is because he himself was averse to receiving such manifestations of regard and confidence. Yet a great many men in this land of ours have been conspicuously honored and rewarded in one way and another who never rendered a tithe of the good service to the country that John Larkin Lincoln rendered while he was helping to fill the minds of fifty classes of young men with high thoughts, pure morality, and an abiding love of culture and sound learning of whatever kind or scope. "Quod enim munus reipublicæ afferre majus meliusve possumus quam si docemus atque erudimus juventutem?"

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

From the New York Evening Post, October, 1891. Written by Prof. William Carey Poland.

JOHN LARKIN LINCOLN, LL. D., professor of the Latin language and literature in Brown University since the year 1845, was born in Boston on the 23d of February, 1817. He was the son of Ensign and Sophia Oliver (Larkin) Lincoln. He came of a good ancestry. His father was a printer and publisher, a man of strong character, good education, sterling integrity, and fervent, unaffected piety. He was a prominent Baptist, and as a licensed preacher often officiated acceptably in the pulpit. He was benevolent, philanthropic, and hospitable. The life of the home of which he was the head was distinctly and firmly religious, and at the same time pervaded by a genial, affectionate spirit. The children of the family were interesting and intelligent and had the advantages of education in the excellent schools for which Boston even then was distinguished. A younger brother of Professor Lincoln was the Rev. Dr. Heman Lincoln, a graduate of Brown University in 1840, and for twenty years a professor in the Newton Theological Institution.

Professor Lincoln was prepared for college chiefly at the famous Public Latin School in Boston. He entered this school in 1826, when Mr. B. A. Gould was master. Among his classmates were his brother Joshua Lincoln, Henry Ward Beecher, Bishop J. B. Fitzpatrick, and Francis Minot Weld. Other pupils of his time were Professor H. W. Torrey, Rev. Dr. G. E. Ellis, John Lothrop Motley, William M. Evarts, Dr. H. J. Bigelow, Judge Charles Devens, Judge C. S. Bradley, and Edward Everett Hale. In 1832, when fifteen years old, he entered Brown University, then under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. Wayland, who had been four years in office. It was an interesting period in the history of the college. Dr. Wayland had established himself fully as the undisputed and admired head. The standard of scholarship had been raised, and the influences to which the young undergraduate was subjected were healthful and quickening. The faculty was not large, but it included honored names. Dr. Wayland himself, then thirty-six years old, was an inspiring teacher. The polished Goddard was senior professor. Other professors during Mr. Lincoln's undergraduate residence were Elton, Caswell, Peck, Chace, Gammell, and Hackett, all names revered by the sons of Brown.

Immediately after graduation in 1836 Mr. Lincoln was elected tutor in Columbian College, at Washington, D. C., where he remained during the academic year 1836-37. In the autumn of 1837 he entered the Baptist Theological Institution at Newton, Mass., where he remained two years. In 1839 he was elected tutor in Greek in Brown University, and held this office two years. In the autumn of 1841 he went abroad

for study, in the company of the late Professor H. B. Hackett, afterwards well known on both sides of the sea as a learned and skillful interpreter of the New Testament.

Mr. Lincoln was absent from America three years, spending this time to great permanent advantage in the German universities, in travel, and in residence and study in several foreign capitals. It was a period of rare and high enjoyment to him. It meant much to him and to those whose good fortune it was to enjoy his instruction in after years. To this period he always referred gratefully as a happy time, filled with joyous memories of men whom he loved and honored as friends and as teachers, and abounding in influences derived from nature, from science, and from art, which had proved to be fructifying in his intellectual life. To study abroad means a great deal now to an intelligent young American. In those days it was a rare privilege given to but few, and opening to them opportunities which, in contrast with those then existing at home, were even more strikingly superior than they would appear to-day.

The first year of foreign residence, 1841-42, he spent at Halle, as a student of theology and philology. He heard Tholuck and Julius Müller in theology, Gesenius in Hebrew, Bernhardt in classical philology. He lived in the family of Tholuck, who in July and August, 1842, made him his traveling companion in a vacation excursion through Switzerland and northern Italy. Tholuck, in his diary written at this time, in a part printed by his biographer Witte, says of the young Lincoln, "O how I love that nervous, humorous, intelligent boy!" In later years he once said that of all the Americans he had ever met he loved John Lincoln the most. The love which he felt, his pupil gave to him also. When he finally devoted himself to philology, it caused a moment of sorrow to Tholuck, who had hoped that he would become a theologian.

His second academic year abroad was spent in Berlin, where he studied church history under Neander, Old Testament history under Hengstenberg, and classical philology under Boeckh. After traveling during the next summer vacation, he went to Geneva in the autumn of 1843. Here he spent some time in the study of French. The winter of 1843-44 and a large part of the following spring he spent in Rome, studying classical literature and archæology. He enjoyed the privilege of attending the weekly meetings of the Archæological Society on the Capitoline Hill. Among his fellow students were Grote, the historian of Greece, Preller, celebrated for his researches in classical mythology, George Washington Greene, then American consul in Rome, Theodore Parker, William M. Hunt, Francis Parkman, and other eminent scholars. In May he went to Paris for a stay of a few weeks, and thence to London, on his way home to the United States.

He became assistant professor of the Latin language and literature in Brown University in the autumn of 1844, and at the close of his first year of service was promoted to the full professorship. This office he held through the rest of his life. From the year 1859 to 1867, being released from some of his teaching in the college, he gave a large part of his time to conducting a school for young women in Providence. In 1867 he retired from this school, in which he had won the gratitude and esteem of his many pupils. From 1867 to 1877 he added to his work in Latin five hours a week of instruction in German. He was the senior professor in the college faculty from the time of the retirement of Professor Chace in 1872. He carried for the greater part of his professorial life the burden of many hours of instruction. In the autumn of 1889 he first reduced his hours from twelve in the week to six. In the academic year 1889-90 an unusual honor was accorded him in the establishment of "The John Larkin Lincoln Fund." This fund of over \$100,000 was raised in that year among the sons and friends of Brown University, in sums ranging from one dollar to ten thousand, in order to do honor to his name while he was yet living, to secure to him a full salary for the rest of his life, whether he should teach or not, and to attach his name forever to the college through a permanent endowment. Another testimonial of his pupils may be mentioned here. In 1886, at the annual Commencement dinner, in honor of the semi-centennial of his graduation, his portrait, painted by Hubert Herkomer, R. A., was presented to the college by the alumni. The enthusiasm shown on this occasion spoke eloquently of the love which he had won in his years of devoted and faithful teaching. Four years later, at the Commencement dinner of 1890, when the fund in his name was completed, Sayles Memorial Hall again rang with even greater applause, when he, though feeble with illness, appeared for a few minutes among his brother alumni.

Twice in the course of his long term of service as professor he rested completely from academic work during term time. He was ill in 1857, and for this reason went abroad and was absent from his duties six months. On this occasion he visited Athens, and found in that classic city much to gratify the tastes which he so long had been cultivating. Thirty years later, in 1887, he went abroad again and remained a year, revisiting many of the places endeared to him by his residence in them in his earlier years. He spent his time largely in Germany and in Italy. The new archæological discoveries in Rome gave him great delight, especially as he had the privilege of studying them in the company of his friend, Professor Lanciani, director of the *Museo Urbano*, under whose direction much of the work of discovery had been accomplished. Though absent from his lecture-room at Brown, he did not forget the needs of the college. He performed at that time one service which deserves ever to be held in grateful remembrance. He selected and purchased, as the

agent of Mr. H. K. Porter, of Pittsburgh, Pa., a graduate of Brown (Class of 1860), a large number of excellent plaster casts of celebrated works of Greek and Roman art. These gifts of Mr. Porter were largely the germ of the Museum of Classical Archæology of Brown University, and have proved to be of great use in illustrating the history of Greece and of Rome. Professor Lincoln had been abroad once before, in the time between 1857 and 1887. In 1878 he employed the long summer vacation in a visit to England, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and France. For about half of this journey he was accompanied by one of his younger colleagues, a man of little more than half his age, but Professor Lincoln's enthusiasm and vigor were so indomitable that he often wearied his junior by his long and late-protracted walks in his eager and unjaded search for sights to delight the eye and to instruct the mind. At Rugby and at Cambridge in England, at Leyden in Holland, he enjoyed the opportunity of visiting renowned seats of learning, and of recalling the great names connected with them. In Germany he attended the university lectures of Bücheler at Bonn, of Johann Schmidt, Vahlen and Lepsius at Berlin, of Zarneke and Strümpell at Leipzig. He also called on Ernst Curtius at Berlin, whom he found exulting in the results of the excavations at Olympia, and on Georg Curtius at Leipzig, and was ready, on slight provocation, to begin a new career as student. He visited Halle, and while greatly saddened by the recent death of Tholuck, the friend and teacher of earlier days, he revived delightfully the memory of the past by a call on the Frau Rätthin, Tholuck's widow, who gave him her warmest welcome. The galleries and museums of Cambridge, London, Amsterdam, the Hague, Berlin, Dresden, and Paris gave him unending pleasure and refreshment. A trip up the Rhine and a short rest among the Alps of Switzerland satisfied his fondness for the genial and picturesque in nature.

Amid the pressure of his many hours of pedagogical work Professor Lincoln found the time for the preparation of three editions of the classics. The first of these was an edition of selections from Livy, published in 1847. It was revised in 1871. The second was an edition of the works of Horace, first published in 1851, and afterwards revised in 1882. In 1882 he also published an edition of selections from Ovid, with a vocabulary. In 1884 he revised this work. All these editions were thoroughly annotated, and those of Horace and of Ovid contained interesting lives of these authors. In general, while they possessed distinct pedagogic value, and were clear and discriminating on the philological side, they had a literary merit considerably above the ordinary school or college edition of a classical author. For the drier side of his science Professor Lincoln had less taste than for the study of the literary and spiritual characteristics of the authors and the periods to which he gave his attention. He was fond of literary occupation, and he wrote

articles of interest for the "North American Review," the "Christian Review," the "Baptist Quarterly," and the "Bibliotheca Sacra," besides frequent contributions to the daily and weekly newspapers, and lectures and addresses which he delivered before literary societies and other organizations. For a number of years he wrote the necrology of the alumni of Brown University for the "Providence Journal." Some of his later articles in the "Baptist Quarterly" deserve especial mention, as being the fruit of his riper years. These appeared at intervals from 1869 to 1877. The subjects were Goethe's *Faust*, Gladstone's *Juventus Mundi*, *The Platonic Myths*, *The Relation of Plato's Philosophy to Christian Truth*, *Life and Teachings of Sophocles*. Some of these, at least, were prepared at first to be read before the "Friday Evening Club," a company of the choicest men of his age in Providence. His "Discourse Commemorative of the Life and Services of Rev. Alexis Caswell, D. D., LL. D., delivered before the Alumni of Brown University, June 19, 1877," was a touching and eloquent tribute of affection to one whom he had known intimately as his teacher, fellow professor, and president of the college.

His work in connection with the church was earnest, long-continued, and conspicuous. Early in life he possessed a warm faith which, as he often devoutly said, he "thanked God that he had never lost." And although he turned from the distinctively theological and ecclesiastical career to which at one time he seemed to be destined, he was as eminently and characteristically a Christian *minister* as if he had upon him the vows of ordination. For twenty-one years he was superintendent of the Sunday-school of the First Baptist Church in Providence, and conducted a weekly meeting during a large part of that time for the teachers and the young people connected with the school. He was a deacon of that church for many years, president of the Charitable Baptist Society (the corporation of the church), president of the Rhode Island Baptist Sunday-school Convention, and prominently associated with nearly all public religious and philanthropic movements in Providence. Besides all this, he was ever ready to speak the affectionate and inspiring word of advice or comfort to any one in the parish, in the college, or elsewhere, concerning his highest spiritual concerns. His spirit, which was so marked by native shrewdness, wise discrimination, and tender sympathy, found nowhere else a more spontaneous and characteristic expression than in the varied phases of his religious life in his family, in the college, in the church, and in all his converse with his fellow-men.

Honors came to him, of course, as he gathered strength with the increasing years. In 1859 Brown University conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. Twice he might have become a college president — in the first instance, of Colby University; in the second, of Vassar College. But though he considered the opportunities thus offered,

he finally chose rather to serve to the end the college which had the homage of his heart from first to last. Could the right moment have come in season, it cannot be doubted that the alumni of his Alma Mater whom he served with so unswerving a loyalty would gladly have seen him placed in the presidency there. But better than all the rewards of office was the glowing love which his pupils felt and manifested towards him. Mention has been made of the portrait and of the fund which were so tangible tokens of this love. But all the way along and everywhere that a son of Brown could be found, the name of Professor Lincoln was uttered with affection and veneration. It is not the lot of many instructors of youth to win such reverence.

Professor Lincoln was an excellent instructor. He had a native gift for interpretation which forms so important a part of the work of the philologist. His knowledge of classical literature, in Greek as well as in Latin, was large and constantly growing. He always liked to have an author by him, even on his journeys. He felt the accuracy and the stateliness of his favorite Latin authors and strove to make his pupils appreciate these characteristics. With his love for accurate scholarship, and with his quick, mercurial temperament, he often must have been tortured by the work of slovens and dullards in his classes. In his earlier years of teaching, as he used himself to remark, he was sometimes quick and caustic with such youth. But he became more patient and enduring as the years went on, and though he would let no error pass uncorrected, he was content with rebuking carelessness with some dry, humorous criticism, the sting of which did not rankle in the mind of the one rebuked, though he might be careful to avoid a repetition of it. He was indefatigable as a corrector of tasks. When he was teaching sections of all four classes in college, his table often was piled with books of exercises in Latin composition, which he corrected with unusual care, erasing, substituting the right expression for the wrong one, and gladdening the hearts of the deserving with his appended "Bene" or "Optime." No one could be quicker than he to appreciate a pupil's merits. He never failed to approve a task well done, with a "That's well rendered, sir," or with a merry applauding laugh, if some witty turn made it clear that the pupil had caught the spirit of the author, in addition to divining his meaning. He was quick to feel and to point out the deeper philosophical ethical lesson which underlay the text that he might be reading with his classes. To him the classics were the "Humanities," and he taught them in that spirit, and used them as means to develop in his students a noble and refined ideal of manhood.

He entered with genuine sympathy into the undergraduate life of the college. He enjoyed seeing a good game of base-ball, and helped the athletic students with his advice and his purse, too. He rejoiced in all the victories of the college nine. He found delight in the perform-

ances of the musical societies, however crude. The earnest religious men found in him their best friend and counselor. For some years the annual reception of the college Christian association was held, as a matter of course, at his house. He seemed in some way to have the secret of perpetual youth. There was no one younger in heart than he to the last.

His home was the centre of much generous and genial hospitality. In turn he was one of the best of guests, for he had an exhaustless fund of good spirits, his conversation was entertaining and interesting, and in all his demeanor he was kindness and courtesy itself. Men and women, old and young, were attracted to him.

He had a gift for public speech. All that he said was marked by an exquisite taste in respect to thought and to diction. He had a poetic side to his mind, which, though it never sought expression in the poet's medium of verse, yet revealed itself in the sentiments to which he gave utterance as occasion prompted. This was as true of his unpremeditated speech as of his more formal public appearances. It showed itself in the edifying words which he might be led to speak in some ordinary prayer-meeting, in an after-dinner speech, or on some more select occasion. The power of sentiment was strong with him, and yet he was practical and wise in his speech, as well as in his judgments and actions. In all the inner affairs of the college, whether in matters of routine or of policy, his advice was sound and influential, and had great weight in determining the action of the faculty.

In person he was spare and rather short of stature. He was cast in the delicate mould of a gentleman, but his constitution was endowed with great powers of endurance. For over fifty years he was an assiduous toiler, teaching, studying, writing, serving in various official ways the interests of his college, his school, his church, the community in which he lived, or giving liberally his time, strength, and sympathy to all sorts of persons who resorted to him for help. He walked quickly and with a light, springing step until he passed into his seventy-third year. In the summer of 1889 he overtaxed himself in his long vacation rambles, and soon after his return to college he began to exhibit a lack of strength unusual for him. The academic year that followed was one of great anxiety to his family and friends. He felt his weakness, and though he maintained his cheerfulness, he was greatly at a loss to know how to accommodate himself to his changed condition. He continued to teach six hours a week when not too feeble. In the following summer the healthful air of the White Mountains gave him back much of his former vigor, and he returned to college duties with the old spirit upon him.

Professor Lincoln was no pedant, but he loved to lace his speech with a bit of sonorous Latin. A few words from his favorite Agricola of Tacitus can hardly be amiss here in summing up his personal character-

istics: "Quod si habitum quoque eius posterī noscere velint, decentior quam sublimior fuit; nihil metus in vultu; gratia oris supererat. Bonum virum facile crederes, magnum libenter. . . . quippe et vera bona, quae in virtutibus sita sunt, impleverat, et . . . quid aliud astruere fortuna poterat?" Truly his colleagues and disciples may continue the ancient eulogy and apostrophize their master with "Admiratione te potius quam temporalibus laudibus, et, si natura suppeditet, aemulatione decoremus. . . . Forma mentis aeterna, quam tenere et exprimere non per alienam materiam et artem, sed tuis ipse moribus possis."

LINCOLN GENEALOGY.

In the first half of the seventeenth century six Lincolns came to Hingham, Mass., from Hingham and Wymondham, England:—

Thomas Lincoln, weaver, before 1635.

Thomas Lincoln, cooper, 1636, or possibly 1633.

Thomas Lincoln, Jr., miller, 1636.

Samuel Lincoln.

Thomas Lincoln, husbandman, and his brother

STEPHEN Lincoln, husbandman, 1638.

Professor Lincoln was a descendant of

(I.) STEPHEN Lincoln, husbandman, who came from Windham (Wymondham) with his wife and son, STEPHEN, and died in 1658.

(II.) Stephen 2d married Elizabeth, daughter of Matthew Hawke, in 1660, and died in 1692. There were three sons:—

Stephen 3d, 1665–1717, a bachelor.

DAVID, 1668–1714.

James, 1681–1731.

(III.) DAVID married Margaret Lincoln, probably the daughter of Benjamin Lincoln, who was the son of Thomas Lincoln, cooper. This Benjamin Lincoln was great-grandfather of General Benjamin Lincoln of the Revolution. David and Margaret had children: Elizabeth, Margaret, DAVID 2d, Matthew, Isaac (Harvard College, 1722), and Job.

(IV.) DAVID 2d, 1694–1756, was married three times: In 1718 to Lydia, daughter of John Beal; she died in 1719. In 1721 to Leah, daughter of Lazarus Beal; she died in 1723, leaving one daughter, Margaret. In 1734 to Mary, daughter of James Hersey; to them were born several children, including DAVID, 1734–1814, and Nathan, 1738–1809.

(V.) DAVID 3d married Elizabeth Fearing, 1736–1804, of Wareham, in 1760, and had children:—

Elizabeth, 1761–1797.

Lydia, 1763–1855.

David, 1765, died in infancy.

David, 4th, 1767–1825.

Hawkes, 1769–1829.

Noah, 1772-1856.

Christiana, 1774-1850.

Perez, 1777-1811.

ENSIGN, 1779-1832.

(VI.) ENSIGN married, in 1808, Sophia Oliver Larkin, 1786-1821, the youngest but two of seventeen children of Ebenezer and Mary (Oliver) Larkin. Samuel Larkin, father of Ebenezer, came from England about the close of the seventeenth century, and six of his sons, including Ebenezer, were in the battle of June 17, 1775, and their houses were burned by the British soldiers.

ENSIGN Lincoln had nine children:—

Thomas Oliver, 1809-1877.

William Cowper, 1810-1832.

Sophia, 1812-1848.

Joshua, 1815-

JOHN LARKIN, 1817-1891.

Henry Ensign, 1818-

Heman, 1820-21.

Heman, 1821-1887.

ENSIGN LINCOLN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Ensign Lincoln, the father of Professor Lincoln, was the youngest of the nine children of David Lincoln, of Hingham, Mass. At the age of nineteen, in the year 1798, he began an autobiography, or "Private Memoirs." These "Memoirs," after some "Cursory Remarks" on the necessity of "cherishing gracious exercises and opposing the vicious propensities of nature," contain "A Retrospective View of Childhood and Youth," and a record of his early manhood to the year 1805. These "Memoirs" are interesting both as illustrating New England life and thought emerging from formalism, and before it had felt the slavery of modern "liberalism;" and also as throwing light on the sturdy character of Ensign Lincoln, which influenced in so great measure Professor Lincoln's whole life. Ensign Lincoln, like his son, had very early religious impressions. He was blessed with a good mother, of whom he says, "From her I was early taught the duty which I owed to my Creator, and in very early life was led to ruminate on the happy condition of those who were found in the exercise of religion." He also records that he "almost envied the happy condition of a young man," whose story his father related, and with whom David Lincoln had become acquainted when they were both in the Revolutionary army in sight of the enemy; "who, by his pious disposition, was accustomed to frequent visitations to the field, to adore and praise his Maker, and seek his divine direction. I felt solicitous to emulate his worthy example, and frequently attempted it when alone. The duty of prayer I had been taught in early childhood,

and the practice of it became familiar. I found it convenient to discontinue the forms which had been learnt, that I might express particular subjects." In describing his childhood he says: "On a certain occasion, being in company with a person who was addicted to profanity, I concluded I should initiate myself in his esteem if I were to imitate his example; I accordingly made some small attempts, which, however, sounded so awkwardly to myself, that I was convinced it was never a gift of nature, but an acquired art. From this time I was ever studious to avoid everything which bore the most distant appearance of the kind." Beside this innate distaste for profanity or vulgarity, he had in boyhood another trait which was also characteristic of his son. In describing himself at the age of thirteen, at the Dover Academy, he says: "The confidence which had marked my *early life* began to give place to timidity, which I found impossible to overcome. I was not furnished with sufficient courage for public speaking." At the age of fourteen he sought a position as an apprentice in the trade of printing, but "it was, however, a serious difficulty in my mind, as it was not customary in this business to be provided with cloathing, whether I should be capable of furnishing myself, free from an incumbrance to my parents, seeing a longer pecuniary dependence from that quarter was not my wish. I was, notwithstanding, encouraged to pursue my intention, having received the promise of one year's supply, hoping after that period I might by some means be able to provide for myself." In carrying out this intention he worked at night, earning as much as "six or eight cents of an evening" "to procure cloathing," and he records, "I am singularly pleased in not having had occasion to receive pecuniary aid from my parents, not even the first year's supply which I had been tendered." In the seven years of his apprenticeship he earned \$287.08 in money, besides \$112 worth of shoes and small clothes which were provided in accordance with the terms of agreement, and he had assets in hand an acknowledgment of \$20 loaned to his brother, half a church pew valued at \$20, and \$10 in good solid cash, so that "cloathes," books, and pocket expenses had amounted to nearly \$50 each year. May 20, 1793, he began his apprenticeship with Manning & Loring at Boston, then just beginning business, and the first book printed was "the celebrated treatise of bishop Butler's Analogy of Religion." He had been brought up a Unitarian, but on coming to Boston he boarded with a Baptist family and "attended the ministration of a Baptist preacher, whose manner of treating subjects was different from that to which I had been accustomed, and whose word was with power. So great, however, was my aversion to the denomination that I sparingly expressed my approbation; and in my first letter directed to my friends I communicated my resolution not to attend upon his ministration. But it was indeed true, that had a person inculcated sentiments from a new Bible, they would not have appeared more strange and foreign to my

former run of thought.¹ For although I had ever maintained some considerable respect for religion, yet I had never before considered that *'the carnal mind is enmity against God.'* I have no recollection that the necessity of regeneration ever occurred to my mind till after I attended Mr. Baldwin's preaching. I was then convinced that Christians had experienced something to which the world at large were strangers. Though I had often repeated the words of Christ to Nicodemus, yet I never attached any idea to them. My attention to religion began to be somewhat talked of among companions, and my attachment to the Baptists was reprobated among friends. My preceptor at the academy seriously advised me to avoid much intercourse with the "*flying Bapbists,*" but I had seen so much of sincerity and religion among them, that, as is the common conduct with mankind, I had now adopted the opposite extreme, conceiving them to be the only real Christians."

In many respects Ensign Lincoln's characteristics found repetition in his son. Of his conversion he says: "While walking one evening in the street and meditating with anxiety on my state as a sinner, and my future prospects, a new and pleasing sensation was excited in my mind. The world looked like nothing, and religion indescribably lovely, and there seemed to be a revolution in my mind, leaving my heart indissolubly attached to godliness."

He had a great capacity for hard work: "During this winter I probably exerted myself in work to the disadvantage of my health. It was not uncommon to rise at 2, 3, and 4 o'clock in the morning, and in the course of the day to perform double, and sometimes considerably more, than what was allotted as a day's work."

He exerted a personal influence for good upon his companions: "Eight apprentices now constituted our family, at all times to conduct prudently with whom I experienced it exceedingly difficult. Many obstacles presented to obstruct the plan of prayer which I had introduced, and it was consequently relinquished."

He was in early life unduly introspective. Saturday night, May 19, 1799, just before his baptism, he writes: "I had many melancholy reflections; my sleep for some time departed; my thousand wrong tempers of mind seemed to be presented to view; I was fearful that as the time for my making a public profession of religion approximated, my views of its importance and solemnity decreased. I at last reflected whether I should not rather confide in God than indulge my uneasy sensations, and whether it were not a subject of joy to have an opportunity of professing Christ; upon which I experienced greater serenity and calmly reposed myself in slumber."

¹ It may be noted, however, that a boy of nineteen who instinctively spells "Bible" with a large "B," and "bishop" with a small "b," and "denomination" with a small "d," would appear well adapted to become a Baptist.

He had great longings for friendship and was a devoted friend. His cousin, Deacon Heman Lincoln, was his lifelong friend; they were born on the same day, received infant baptism together, "and through the mistake of an aged minister their names were exchanged, on information of which the mistake was corrected;" they were apprentices in Boston at the same time; related their experience at the same church meeting, and together received Scripture baptism upon profession of faith.

He was most scrupulously exact and honest. He abandoned an intention of entering "mercantile" life through fear that in business competition he might be tempted to "pronounce some article good which was really indifferent."

He frequently meditated upon the possible nearness of death. "But it is not, in itself, any great object to live long, nor unhappiness to die soon; the great point is to die well."

When Ensign Lincoln's end drew near, and he was told that his time had come, he only said, "Well, if I had lived to be as old as Methusaleh, I suppose there never could have been a better time to die than now."

ENSIGN LINCOLN'S LETTER TO HIS CHILDREN.

On August 15, 1821, a little more than three months after the death of his young wife, Ensign Lincoln wrote a letter to his seven children. This contained "a brief memoir of their departed mother," as a legacy to them because she had been called from them by death before they had "arrived at mature years particularly to notice her conduct, appreciate her character, and enjoy the benefit of her instruction." It is "affectionately inscribed" to them "with the prayer that they may inherit her piety and virtues, meet her peaceful end, and hereafter mingle in her society in the skies." Doubtless this letter had a marked effect upon the boyhood of Professor Lincoln, as indeed may be traced throughout his student diary, as when he longs for "growth in character" and fitness "for the society of heaven." In this letter Ensign Lincoln tells his children of their mother's graces and virtues, and of their first meeting, and of their thirteen years of happy wedded life. "Her mind was stored with knowledge of the most useful kind, and her manners were formed to interest those with whom she had intercourse, to impart pleasure to her friends. Her countenance was open and engaging, her complexion fair, her movements moderate and graceful, and her mind calm, sedate, and cheerful. My acquaintance with her commenced when she was twenty years of age. I sought an interview with her, which was enjoyed first at the house of Mr. Oliver Holden, at a meeting of singers, in which pleasing gift Sophia much excelled; and again at the house of my friend Mr. Thomas Edmands. Her musical powers, cheerful discourse, and engagedness in religion apparent on this occasion much

interested my mind, and fixed the wish and intention to seek in her a companion for life.

“We were married on 12th of May, 1808, at which time I was 29 years of age, and Sophia 22.

“On entering the family state, it was our desire and aim to establish and pursue a mode of life becoming a Christian family; and our visits and associations were formed with a regard to religious enjoyment.

“The succeeding years of life passed on smoothly. We never experienced the least interruption of cordiality and friendship. The worship of the Lord was regularly enjoyed in our domestic circle, and we cheerfully repaired in company to the house of God.

“At the time of our marriage I was a member of a Baptist church and she of a Congregational church, but it was my intention to avoid naming the subject of baptism to her. However, in about six months she expressed her own conviction that the baptism of believers by immersion was the only baptism authorized in the gospel, and stated her wish to unite with the Baptist church. This was a circumstance pleasing to me, as I knew it resulted from her own conviction of duty, and would better ensure family unity. She accordingly wrote to the church in Charlestown, stating the change in her sentiments on this subject, and received an affectionate dismissal to the Third Baptist Church in Boston, and was baptized in December, 1808, by Rev. Mr. Blood.

“In 1810 the Lord in his Providence called me to public labors in the Christian ministry. In these services I was often absent from my family on the Lord's day, which greatly increased Sophia's labors and anxieties in taking charge of our rising family. For a time she felt much tried in relation to attending family worship in my absence; but appeared to obtain peace of mind on forming a conclusion not to omit the service.

“She had a great reverence for the Lord's day, and was peculiarly solicitous that the children committed to her charge should sacredly observe it, by abstaining from all employments inconsistent with its solemnity, by perusing the sacred Scriptures, and learning the great truths of the Christian religion. These anxieties greatly multiplied her cares and labors on that day, and probably lessened her personal enjoyment of its sacred hours.”

In her last sickness “the children occupied her thoughts most deeply. She was always an anxious mother, and was industriously and perseveringly engaged for their good. She expressed much solicitude for them, remarking that she had never been desirous for them to be great, but only that they might be good. Her mind was calm and happy in the prospect of dissolution. At favorable intervals of ease she was enabled to converse affectionately and faithfully with each of the family, and earnestly recommended to them that religion on which her own hopes

rested. She particularly urged the children to ask of the Lord a new heart to prepare them for heaven. On the morning of the day of her death she awoke and said she was going, but that death had no terrors to her. I engaged in prayer with her for the last time, and endeavored to commend her to the Lord, in whom she reposed her trust, while I cherished the consoling hope of again uniting in her society in the mansions of the blessed. I sat by her in company with our sisters and children during the forenoon; but said little to her, as I thought it unkind to disturb an expiring saint with numerous questions when it may be presumed the soul is committing itself to the blessed Redeemer, who has promised his people to be with them through the valley of the shadow of death, and be a light about them."

"Thus, my dear children, lived, and thus happily died, your dear and honored mother, whose life was devoted to your welfare, and whose last breath ascended in prayer for your immortal interests.

"As your affectionate mother is no more, and as the time of my departure is uncertain, let me most earnestly press on your minds the following counsels:—

"1. The son of a king was once entreated to perform no mean action, from the consideration of his honorable parents. So if any one endeavors to entice you to sin, let this consideration deter you from it,—I am the child of a pious mother, who is now in the heavenly world.

"2. Be diligent to read, with frequency and care, the pages of the sacred Scriptures. Remember that your departed mother loved the sacred Scriptures; and though she studied them much, yet she said on her dying pillow, 'I wish I had read the Scriptures more.'

"3. Pay a sacred regard to the Lord's day. The Almighty appointed a seventh part of time for religious use immediately after the creation; he has in all ages blessed the observance of it.

"4. Never be absent from the public worship, unless detained by indispensable necessity; and attend where the gospel is preached with the greatest faithfulness and fervency.

"5. If sinners entice you to mingle in their society, *consent not*. Your character will always be judged to correspond with your company. Call to mind that your dear departed mother, when she supposed herself to be summoned by death, expressed her deep solicitude that you might be guarded from evil associates.

"6. As you grow up into life be industriously engaged in some useful and honorable calling. It is disgraceful as well as sinful to live to no purpose; and industrious habits are a safeguard from innumerable dangers which beset the path of the young.

"7. Cultivate kind and fraternal affections towards each other. It was a wise admonition of Joseph to his brethren, 'See that ye fall not out by the way.' Thus may you assist and encourage each other on the journey of life.

“Finally, May the blessed influences of the Holy Spirit be granted to renew your hearts, sanctify your affections, enable you to love the Saviour and keep his commandments. In this way only can you hope happily to pass through life, and meet your departed mother in heaven. And consider what joy it may impart to her, to welcome you one after another, to the felicities and joys of the upper world. There may the parents who watched and prayed for your good, and you, the children of their affections, meet in one assembly, unitedly to admire redeeming grace and dying love, in a blessed immortality.”



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