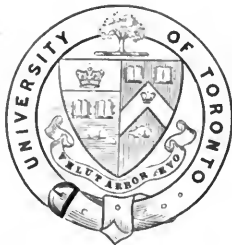


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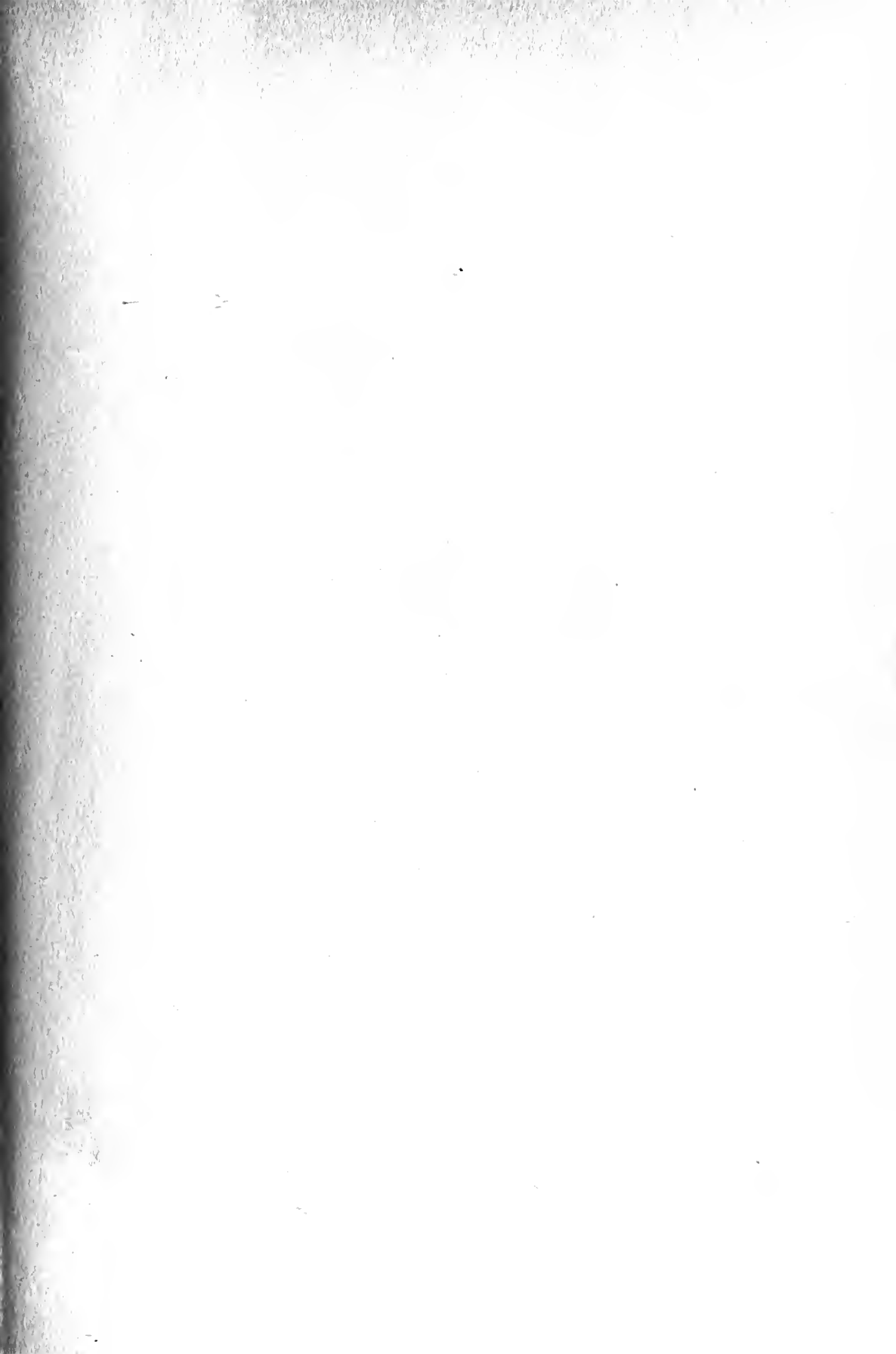


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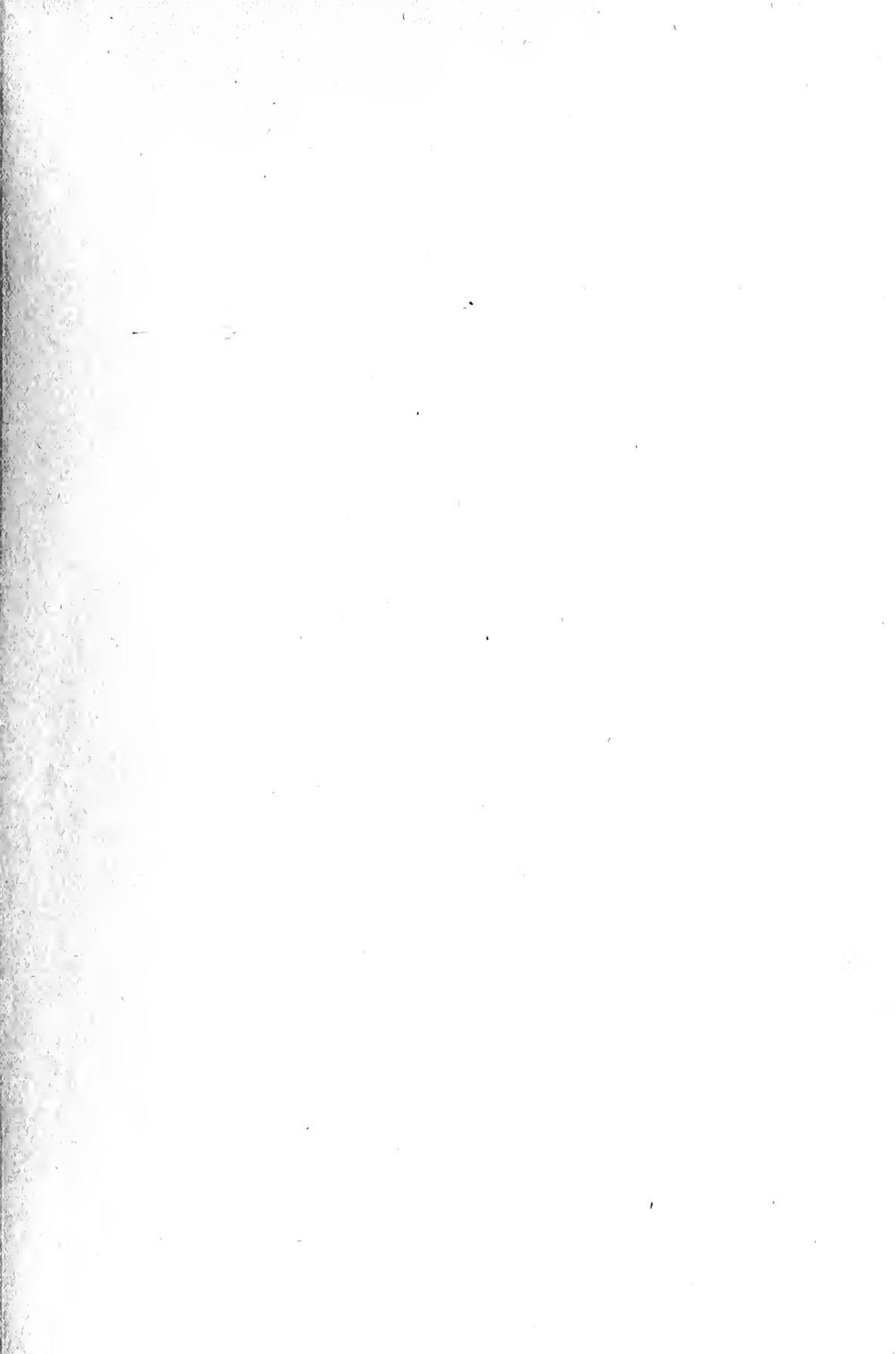


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# THE UNIVERSAL ANTHOLOGY

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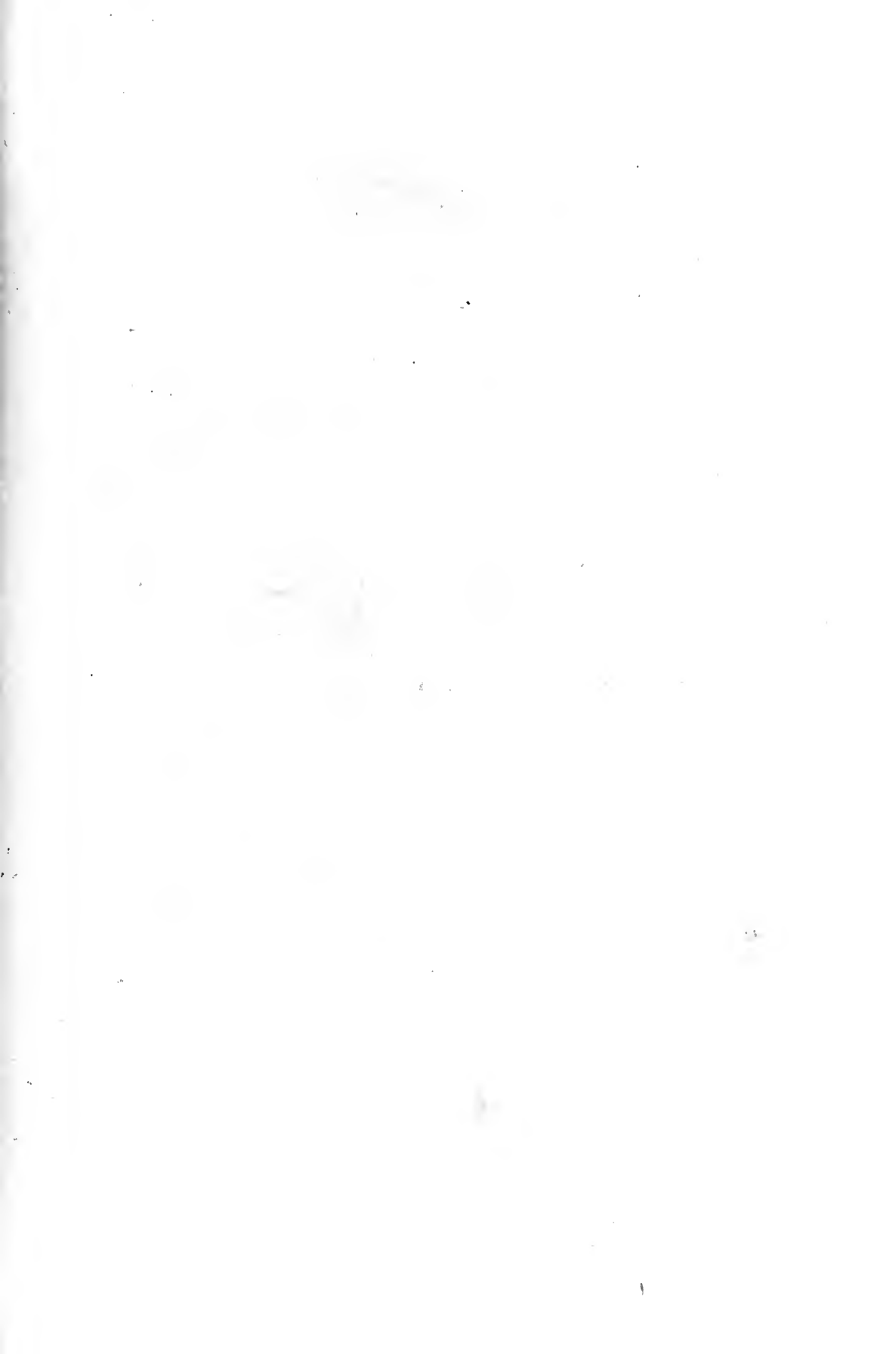
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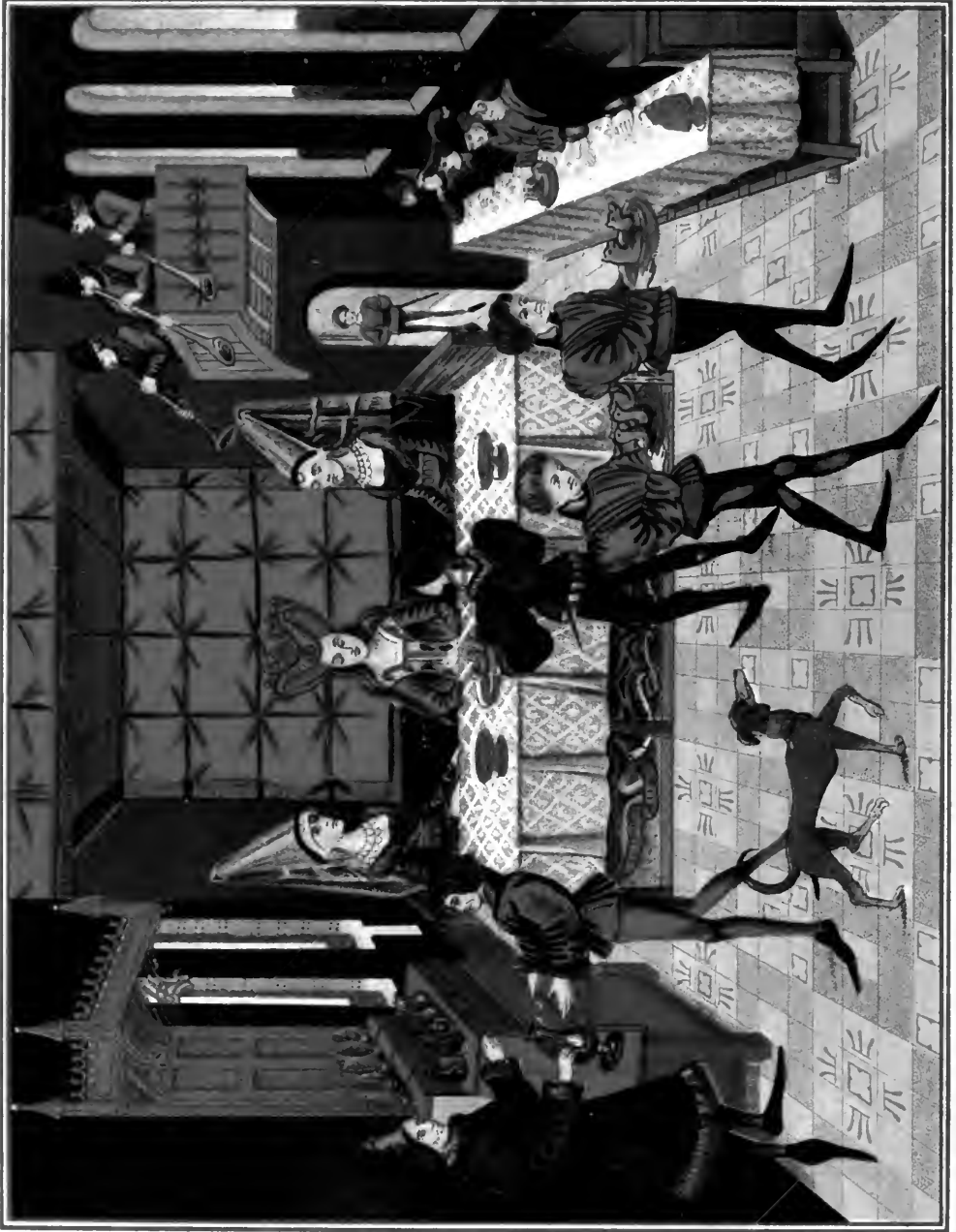


TABLE SERVICE OF A LADY OF QUALITY.

Fac-simile of a miniature from the *Romance of Renaud de Montauban*, a ms. of fifteenth century.

## Table Service of a Lady of Quality

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Table showing the results of the

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THE  
UNIVERSAL ANTHOLOGY

III

A COLLECTION OF THE BEST LITERATURE, ANCIENT, MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN,  
WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

EDITED BY

RICHARD GARNETT

KEEPER OF PRINTED BOOKS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON, 1851 TO 1899

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Volume Twenty  
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PUBLISHED BY

THE CLARKE COMPANY, LIMITED, LONDON  
MERRILL & BAKER, New York      EMILE TERQUEM, PARIS  
BIBLIOTHEK VERLAG, BERLIN

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Entered at Stationers' Hall  
London, 1899

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## POEMS AND SONGS OF BURNS.

[ROBERT BURNS, Scotch poet and song writer, was born January 25, 1759; the son of a struggling farmer, and himself hard-worked. Resolving to emigrate to Jamaica, he published his poems in 1786 to gain passage money; but the name they made him drew him to Edinburgh instead, and gained him an entrée into the best circles, where he made a deep impression; a second edition was issued in 1787. After that he never took money for any of his songs, and lived in voluntary hardship, though their sale would have put him at ease. He was made an exciseman in 1788, and took a farm also. His sympathies with the French Revolution hindered his promotion; and dissipated habits hastened his death, which occurred July 21, 1796.]

### TAM O' SHANTER.

WHEN chapman billies<sup>1</sup> leave the street,  
An' drouthy<sup>2</sup> neebors, neebors meet,  
As market days are wearing late,  
An' folk begin to tak the gate;<sup>3</sup>  
While we sit bousing at the nappy,<sup>4</sup>  
An' getting fou and unco happy,  
We thinkna on the lang Scots miles,  
The mosses, waters, slaps,<sup>5</sup> and styles,  
That lie between us and our hame,  
Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,  
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,  
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,  
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter;  
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses  
For honest men and bonie lasses).

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise  
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!  
She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,<sup>6</sup>  
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Pedlars.

<sup>2</sup> Thirsty.

<sup>3</sup> Road.

<sup>4</sup> Ale.

<sup>5</sup> Fence gaps.

<sup>6</sup> Blockhead.

<sup>7</sup> Gabbler.

That frae November till October,  
 Ae market day thou was nae sober;  
 That ilka melder,<sup>1</sup> wi' the miller,  
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;  
 That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,  
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;  
 That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,  
 Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday  
 She prophesied that, late or soon,  
 Thou wad be found deep drowned in Doon;  
 Or caught wi' warlocks<sup>2</sup> in the mirk,<sup>3</sup>  
 By Alloway's old haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars<sup>4</sup> me greet,<sup>5</sup>  
 To think how mony counsels sweet,  
 How mony lengthened, sage advices,  
 The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market night,  
 Tam had got planted unco right,  
 Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,  
 Wi' reaming swats,<sup>6</sup> that drank divinely;  
 And at his elbow, Souter<sup>7</sup> Johnie,  
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;  
 Tam lo'd him like a vera brither;  
 They had been fou for weeks thegither.  
 The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter;  
 And ay the ale was growing better:  
 The landlady and Tam grew gracious,  
 Wi' favors, secret, sweet, and precious:  
 The souter tauld his queerest stories;  
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:  
 The storm without might rair and rustle,  
 Tam didna mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,  
 E'en drowned himsel among the nappy:  
 As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,  
 The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure;  
 Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,  
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
 You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;  
 Or like the snow-fall in the river,  
 A moment white — then melts forever;  
 Or like the borealis race,  
 That flit ere you can point their place;

<sup>1</sup> Grinding time.<sup>2</sup> Wizards.<sup>3</sup> Dark.<sup>4</sup> Makes.<sup>5</sup> Weep.<sup>6</sup> Frothing ale.<sup>7</sup> Cobbler.

Or like the rainbow's lovely form,  
 Evanishing amid the storm. —  
 Nae man can tether time or tide ; —  
 The hour approaches Tam maun ride ;  
 That hour, o' night's black arch the keystone,  
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast in ;  
 And sic a night he takes the road in,  
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last ;  
 The rattling show'rs rose on the blast ;  
 The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed ;  
 Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellowed :  
 That night, a child might understand,  
 The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg, —  
 A better never lifted leg, —  
 Tam skelpit<sup>1</sup> on thro' dub and mire,  
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire ;  
 Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet ;  
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet ;  
 Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,  
 Lest boggles<sup>2</sup> catch him unawares ;  
 Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,  
 Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,  
 Where in the snaw the chapman smooored ;<sup>3</sup>  
 And past the birks<sup>4</sup> and meikle<sup>5</sup> stane,  
 Where drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane ;  
 And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,  
 Where hunters fand the murdered bairn ;  
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,  
 Where Mungo's mither hanged hersel.  
 Before him Doon pours all his floods ;  
 The doubling storm roars thro' the woods ;  
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole ;  
 Near and more near the thunders roll :  
 When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,  
 Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleeze ;  
 Thro' ilka bore<sup>6</sup> the beams were glancing ;  
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn !  
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn !  
 Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil ;  
 Wi' usquebae,<sup>7</sup> we'll face the devil ! —

<sup>1</sup> Scurried.<sup>2</sup> Goblins.<sup>3</sup> Smothered.<sup>4</sup> Birches.<sup>6</sup> Big.<sup>6</sup> Hole in the wall.<sup>7</sup> Whisky

The swats sae reamed in Tammie's noddle,  
 Fair play, he caredna deils a boddle.<sup>1</sup>  
 But Maggie stood right sair astonished,  
 Till, by the heel and hand admonished,  
 She ventured forward on the light;  
 And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!  
 Warlocks and witches in a dance;  
 Nae cotillion brent-new frae France,  
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,  
 Put life and mettle in their heels.  
 A winnock bunker<sup>2</sup> in the east,  
 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;  
 A towzie<sup>3</sup> tyke, black, grim, and large,  
 To gie them music was his charge:  
 He screwed the pipes and gart<sup>4</sup> them skirl,<sup>5</sup>  
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.  
 Coffins stood round like open presses,  
 That shawed the dead in their last dresses;  
 And by some devilish cantrip<sup>6</sup> slight  
 Each in its cauld hand held a light, —  
 By which heroic Tam was able  
 To note upon the haly table,  
 A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;<sup>7</sup>  
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns;  
 A thief, new-cuttet frae the rape,  
 Wi' his last gasp his gab<sup>8</sup> did gape;  
 Five tomahawks, wi' blude red rusted;  
 Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;  
 A garter, which a babe had strangled;  
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,  
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft,  
 The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;  
 Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',  
 Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowred, amazed and curious,  
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:  
 The piper loud and louder blew;  
 The dancers quick and quicker flew;  
 They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit,<sup>9</sup>  
 Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,  
 And coost<sup>10</sup> her duddies to the wark,  
 And linket at it in her sark!<sup>11</sup>

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans,  
 A' plump and strapping in their teens;

<sup>1</sup> Half-farthing coin.

<sup>2</sup> Window seat.

<sup>3</sup> Shaggy.

<sup>4</sup> Made.

<sup>5</sup> Scream.

<sup>6</sup> Charm.

<sup>7</sup> Irons.

<sup>8</sup> Mouth.

<sup>9</sup> Linked arms.

<sup>10</sup> Cast.

<sup>11</sup> Shirt.

Their sarks, instead o' creeshie<sup>1</sup> flannen,  
 Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen!  
 Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,  
 That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,  
 I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,<sup>2</sup>  
 For ae blink o' the bonie burdies!

But withered beldams, auld and droll,<sup>3</sup>  
 Rigwoodie<sup>4</sup> hags wad spean<sup>5</sup> a foal,  
 Lowping and flinging on a crummock,<sup>6</sup>  
 I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kend what was what fu' brawlie:  
 There was ae winsome wench and walie,<sup>7</sup>  
 That night enlisted in the core,  
 (Lang after kend on Carrick shore;  
 For mony a beast to dead she shot,  
 And perished mony a bonie boat,  
 And shook baith meikle corn and bear,<sup>8</sup>  
 And kept the country side in fear,)  
 Her cutty<sup>9</sup> sark, o' Paisley harn,<sup>10</sup>  
 That while a lassie she had worn,  
 In longitude tho' sorely scanty,  
 It was her best, and she was vauntie. —  
 Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie,  
 That sark she coft<sup>11</sup> for her wee Nannie,  
 Wi' twa pund Scots<sup>12</sup> ('twas a' her riches),  
 Wad ever graced a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cour;<sup>13</sup>  
 Sic flights are far beyond her power;  
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang,  
 (A souple jade she was, and strang,)  
 And how Tam stood, like ane bewitched,  
 And thought his very een enriched;  
 Even Satan glowred, and fided fu' fain,  
 And hotched<sup>14</sup> and blew wi' might and main:  
 Till first ae caper, syne anither,  
 Tam tint<sup>15</sup> his reason a'thegither,  
 And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"  
 And in an instant all was dark:  
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,  
 When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,<sup>16</sup>  
 When plundering herds assail their byke;<sup>17</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Greasy.      <sup>2</sup> Loins.      <sup>3</sup> Fantastic.      <sup>4</sup> Rope-harness = unshapely.  
<sup>5</sup> Wean.      <sup>6</sup> Crooked-headed staff.      <sup>7</sup> Beautiful.      <sup>8</sup> Barley.      <sup>9</sup> Short.  
<sup>10</sup> Coarse linen.      <sup>11</sup> Bought.      <sup>12</sup> Two shillings English.      <sup>13</sup> Droop.  
<sup>14</sup> Hitched about.      <sup>15</sup> Lost.      <sup>16</sup> Bustle.      <sup>17</sup> Hive.

As open pussie's mortal foes,  
 When, pop! she starts before their nose;  
 As eager runs the market crowd,  
 When, "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;  
 So Maggie runs, the witches follow,  
 Wi' monie an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!<sup>1</sup>  
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!  
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!  
 Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!  
 Now do thy speedy utmost, Meg,  
 And win the keystone of the brig:  
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,  
 A running stream they darena cross.  
 But ere the keystone she could make,  
 The fiend<sup>2</sup> a tail she had to shake!  
 For Nannie, far before the rest,  
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,  
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;<sup>3</sup>  
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle —  
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,<sup>4</sup>  
 But left behind her ain gray tail:  
 The carlin claut her by the rump,  
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,  
 Ilk man and mother's son, take heed:  
 Whene'er to drink you are inclined,  
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,  
 Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear —  
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

TO A MOUSE, ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST, WITH THE  
 PLOW, NOVEMBER, 1785.

Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,  
 O, what a panic's in thy breastie!  
 Thou needna start awa sae hasty,  
     Wi' bickerin' brattle!<sup>5</sup>  
 I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,  
     Wi' murd'rin' pattle!<sup>6</sup>

I'm truly sorry man's dominion  
 Has broken Nature's social union,  
 An' justifies that ill opinion  
     Which makes thee startle

<sup>1</sup> Present bought at a fair.

<sup>2</sup> Devil.

<sup>3</sup> Aim.

<sup>4</sup> Whole.

<sup>5</sup> Scamper.

<sup>6</sup> Plough-cleaning stick.



At me, thy poor earth-born companion  
An' fellow-mortal!

I doubtna, whiles, but thou may thieve:  
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!  
A daimen-icker<sup>1</sup> in a thrave<sup>2</sup>  
    'S a sma' request:  
I'll get a blessing wi' the lave,  
    And never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!  
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin;  
An' naething, now, to big<sup>3</sup> a new one,  
    O' foggage green!  
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,  
    Baith snell<sup>4</sup> an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,  
An' weary winter comin fast,  
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,  
    Thou thought to dwell,  
Till, crash! the cruel coulter past  
    Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble  
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!  
Now thou's turned out, for a' thy trouble,  
    But<sup>5</sup> house or hald,<sup>6</sup>  
To thole<sup>7</sup> the winter's sleety dribble,  
    An' cranreuch<sup>8</sup> cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,<sup>9</sup>  
In proving foresight may be vain:  
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men  
    Gang aft agley,<sup>10</sup>  
An' lea'e us naught but grief and pain,  
    For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!  
The present only toucheth thee:  
But, och! I backward cast my ee  
    On prospects drear!  
An' forward, tho' I canna see,  
    I guess an' fear!

<sup>1</sup> Occasional ear.      <sup>2</sup> Twenty-four sheaves.      <sup>3</sup> Build.      <sup>4</sup> Sharp.  
<sup>5</sup> Without.      <sup>6</sup> Holding.      <sup>7</sup> Endure.      <sup>8</sup> Hoar-frost.      <sup>9</sup> Not alone.  
<sup>10</sup> Askew.

## FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,  
 That hings his head, and a' that?  
 The coward-slave, we pass him by,  
 We dare be poor for a' that!  
 For a' that, and a' that!  
 Our toils obscure, and a' that;  
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp:  
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,  
 Wear hodden-gray<sup>1</sup> and a' that;  
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,  
 A man's a man for a' that.  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Their tinsel show, and a' that:  
 The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,  
 Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie<sup>2</sup> ca'd a lord,  
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;  
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,  
 He's but a coof<sup>3</sup> for a' that:  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 His riband, star, and a' that,  
 The man of independent mind,  
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,  
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;  
 But an honest man's aboon his might,  
 Guid faith — he mauna fa'<sup>4</sup> that!  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Their dignities, and a' that,  
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,  
 Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,  
 As come it will for a' that;  
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
 May bear the gree,<sup>5</sup> and a' that.  
 For a' that, and a' that  
 It's coming yet, for a' that,  
 That man to man, the world o'er,  
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

<sup>1</sup> Homespun.<sup>2</sup> Spark.<sup>3</sup> Blockhead.<sup>4</sup> Try.<sup>5</sup> Prize.

## ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID, OR THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

My son, these maxims make a rule,  
 And lump them aye thegither ;  
 The RIGID RIGHTEOUS is a fool,  
 The RIGID WISE anither :  
 The cleanest corn that e'er was dight,  
 May hae some pyles o' caff in ;  
 So ne'er a fellow-creature slight  
 For random fits o' daffin.<sup>1</sup>

SOLOMON. — Eccles. vii. 16.

O ye wha are sae guid yoursel,  
 Sae pious and sae holy,  
 Ye've naught to do but mark and tell  
 Your Neebor's fauts and folly !  
 Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,  
 Supplied wi' store o' water,  
 The heaped happer's ebbing still,  
 And still the clap plays clatter.

Hear me, ye venerable Core,<sup>2</sup>  
 As counsel for poor mortals,  
 That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door,  
 For glaikit<sup>3</sup> Folly's portals :  
 I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,  
 Would here propone defenses,  
 Their donsie<sup>4</sup> tricks, their black mistakes,  
 Their failings and mischances.

Ye see your state wi' their's compared,  
 And shudder at the niffer :<sup>5</sup>  
 But cast a moment's fair regard,  
 What maks the mighty differ ;  
 Discount what scant occasion gave  
 That purity ye pride in,  
 And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)  
 Your better art o' hiding.

Think, when your castigated pulse  
 Gies now and then a wallop,  
 What raging must his veins convulse,  
 That still eternal gallop :

<sup>1</sup> Skylarking.

<sup>2</sup> Corps.

<sup>3</sup> Giddy.

<sup>4</sup> Unlucky.

<sup>5</sup> Swap.

Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,  
 Right on ye scud your sea way;  
 But in the teeth o' baith to sail,  
 It makes an unco leeway.

See Social Life and Glee sit down,  
 All joyous and unthinking,  
 Till, quite transmugrified, they're grown  
 Debauchery and Drinking:  
 O would they stay to calculate  
 Th' eternal consequences;  
 Or your more dreaded hell to state,  
 Damnation of expenses!

Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames,  
 Tyed up in godly laces,  
 Before you gie poor Frailty names,  
 Suppose a change o' cases:  
 A dear loved lad, convenience snug,  
 A treacherous inclination —  
 But, let me whisper i' your lug,  
 Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother Man,  
 Still gentler sister Woman;  
 Tho' they may gang a kennin<sup>1</sup> wrang,  
 To step aside is human:  
 One point must still be greatly dark,  
 The moving *Why* they do it;  
 And just as lamely can ye mark,  
 How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone  
 Decidedly can try us;  
 He knows each chord its various tone,  
 Each spring its various bias:  
 Then at the balance let's be mute,  
 We never can adjust it;  
 What's *done* we partly may compute,  
 But know not what's *resisted*.

<sup>1</sup> Little bit.

## TO A LOUSE, ON SEEING ONE ON A LADY'S BONNET AT CHURCH.

Ha! where ye gaun, ye crawlin' ferlie!<sup>1</sup>  
 Your impudence protects you sairly:  
 I canna say but ye strunt rarely,  
     Owre gauze and lace;  
 Tho' faith, I fear ye dine but sparely  
     On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin', blastit wonner,  
 Detested, shunned by saunt an' sinner,  
 How dare ye set your fit upon her,  
     Sae fine a lady!  
 Gae somewhere else, and seek your dinner  
     On some poor body.

Swith,<sup>2</sup> in some beggar's haffet<sup>3</sup> squattle;  
 There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle  
 Wi' ithers kindred, jumping cattle,  
     In shoals and nations;  
 Where horn nor bane ne'er dare unsettle  
     Your thick plantations.

Now haud ye there, ye're out o' sight,  
 Below the fatt'rels,<sup>4</sup> snug an' tight;  
 Na, faith<sup>5</sup> ye yet! ye'll no be right  
     Till ye've got on it,  
 The vera tapmost, tow'ring height  
     O' Miss's bonnet.

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out,  
 As plump and gray as onie grozet;<sup>6</sup>  
 O for some rank, mercurial rozet,<sup>7</sup>  
     Or fell, red smeddum,<sup>8</sup>  
 I'd gie you sic a hearty doze o't,  
     Wad dress your droddum!<sup>9</sup>

I wadna been surprised to spy  
 You on an auld wife's flainen toy;<sup>10</sup>  
 Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,  
     On's wyliecoat;<sup>11</sup>  
 But Miss's fine Lunardi! fie,  
     How daur ye do't?

<sup>1</sup> Notable sight.<sup>2</sup> Quick.<sup>3</sup> Side of the head.<sup>4</sup> Ribbon-ends.<sup>5</sup> Trust.<sup>6</sup> Gooseberry.<sup>7</sup> Rosin.<sup>8</sup> Powder.<sup>9</sup> Breech.<sup>10</sup> Head-dress.<sup>11</sup> Flannel jacket.

O, Jenny, dinna toss your head,  
 An' set your beauties a' abroad!  
 Ye little ken what cursed speed  
     The blastie's makin!  
 Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread,  
     Are notice takin!

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us  
 To see oursels as others see us!  
 It wad frae monie a blunder free us,  
     And foolish notion:  
 What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,  
     And ev'n Devotion!

#### HIGHLAND MARY.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around  
 The castle o' Montgomery,  
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,  
 Your waters never drumlie!<sup>1</sup>  
 There simmer first unfauld her robes,  
 And there the langest tarry;  
 For there I took the last fareweel  
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,  
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,  
 As underneath their fragrant shade  
 I clasped her to my bosom!  
 The golden hours, on angel wings,  
 Flew o'er me and my dearie;  
 For dear to me, as light and life,  
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow, and locked embrace,  
 Our parting was fu' tender;  
 And, pledging aft to meet again,  
 We tore oursels asunder;  
 But oh! fell death's untimely frost,  
 That nipt my flower sae early!  
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay  
 That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,  
 I aft hae kissed sae fondly!

<sup>1</sup> Muddy.

And closed for aye the sparkling glance,  
 That dwelt on me sae kindly!  
 And mold'ring now in silent dust,  
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly!  
 But still within my bosom's core  
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

## DUNCAN GRAY.

Duncan Gray came here to woo,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
 On blythe yule night when we were fou,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
 Maggie coost<sup>1</sup> her head fu' high,  
 Looked asklent and unco skeigh,<sup>2</sup>  
 Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh:<sup>3</sup>  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleeched,<sup>4</sup> and Duncan prayed;  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
 Duncan sighed baith out and in,  
 Grat<sup>5</sup> his een baith bleer't and blin',<sup>6</sup>  
 Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn;<sup>7</sup>  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
 Slighted love is sair to bide,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
 Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,  
 For a haughty hizzie die?  
 She may gae to — France for me!  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes let doctors tell,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
 Meg grew sick — as he grew hale,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
 Something in her bosom wrings,  
 For relief a sigh she brings;  
 And O, her een, they spak sic things!  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

<sup>1</sup> Tossed.<sup>2</sup> Proud.<sup>3</sup> Shyly aside.<sup>4</sup> Begged.<sup>5</sup> Wept.<sup>6</sup> Bleared and blind.<sup>7</sup> Cataract.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,  
     Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
 Maggie's was a piteous case,  
     Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
 Duncan couldna be her death,  
 Swelling pity smoor'd <sup>1</sup> his wrath;  
 Now they're crouse and cantie <sup>2</sup> baith,  
     Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

## WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;  
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad:  
 Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,  
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when ye come to court me,  
 And comena unless the back-yett <sup>3</sup> be a-jee;  
 Syne up the back-stile, and let naeboddy see,  
 And come as you werena comin' to me,  
 And come as ye werena comin' to me.

*Chorus* — O whistle, etc.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,  
 Gang by me as tho' that ye caredna a flie:  
 But steal me a blink o' your bonie black ee,  
 Yet look as ye werena lookin' at me.  
 Yet look as ye werena lookin' at me.

*Chorus.*

Aye vow and protest that ye carena for me,  
 And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;  
 But courtna anither, tho' jokin ye be,  
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me,  
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.

*Chorus.*

## JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

John Anderson my jo, John,  
 When we were first acquent,  
 Your locks were like the raven,  
 Your bonie brow was brent; <sup>4</sup>  
 But now your brow is beld, John,  
 Your locks are like the snaw;

<sup>1</sup> Smothered.

<sup>2</sup> Cheerful and merry.

<sup>3</sup> Back gate.

<sup>4</sup> Smooth.



But blessings on your frosty pow,  
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,  
We clamb the hill thegither;  
And monie a canty day, John,  
We've had wi' ane anither:  
Now we maun totter down, John,  
But hand in hand we'll go,  
And sleep thegither at the foot,  
John Anderson my jo.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO WI' AN OLD MAN?

What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,  
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?  
Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie  
To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'!  
*Chorus*—Bad luck on the penny, etc.

He's always compleenin' frae mornin' to e'enin',  
He hosts<sup>1</sup> and he hirples<sup>2</sup> the weary day lang:  
He's doylt<sup>3</sup> and he's dozin', his bluid it is frozen,  
Oh, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!  
*Chorus.*

He hums and he hankers,<sup>4</sup> he frets and he cankers,  
I never can please him, do a' that I can;  
He's peevish, and jealous of a' the young fellows:  
Oh, dool<sup>5</sup> on the day I met wi' an auld man!  
*Chorus.*

My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity,  
I'll do my endeavor to follow her plan:  
I'll cross him, and rack him, until I heart-break him,  
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.  
*Chorus.*

I LOVE MY JEAN.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,  
I dearly like the west,  
For there the bonie lassie lives,  
The lassie I lo'e best:  
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,  
And monie a hill between;

<sup>1</sup> Coughs.

<sup>2</sup> Hobbles.

<sup>3</sup> Stupid.

<sup>4</sup> Wants this and that.

<sup>5</sup> Sorrow.

But day and night my fancy's flight  
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,  
I see her sweet and fair:  
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,  
I hear her charm the air:  
There's not a bonie flower that springs  
By fountain, shaw,<sup>1</sup> or green,  
There's not a bonie bird that sings,  
But minds me o' my Jean.

THE HAPPY TRIO.

Oh, Willie brewed a peck o' maut,  
And Rob and Allan cam to pree;<sup>2</sup>  
Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night,  
Ye wadna find in Christendie.

*Chorus* — We are na fou, we're no that fou,  
But just a drappie in our ee;  
The cock may craw, the day may daw,  
And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here we are met, three merry boys,  
Three merry boys, I trow, are we;  
And monie a night we've merry been,  
And monie mae we hope to be!

*Chorus.*

It is the moon, I ken her horn,  
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;  
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,  
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee!

*Chorus.*

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,  
A cuckold, coward loun is he!  
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',  
He is the King among us three!

*Chorus.*

<sup>1</sup> Grove.

<sup>2</sup> Taste.

## THE BANKS O' DOON.

Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon,  
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!  
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
 And I sae weary, fu' o' care!  
 Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,  
 That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:  
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,  
 Departed — never to return.

Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonie bird,  
 That sings beside thy mate,  
 For sae I sat, and sae I sang,  
 And wistna o' my fate.  
 Aft hae I roved by bonie Doon,  
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;  
 And ilka bird sang o' its luvè,  
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;  
 And my fause luvèr stole my rose,  
 But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.  
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose  
 Upon a morn in June;  
 And sae I flourished on the morn,  
 And sae was pu'd on noon.

## MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;  
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;  
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,  
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.  
 Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,  
 The birthplace of valor, the country of worth;  
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,  
 The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;  
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;  
 Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;  
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;  
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;  
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,  
 My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O!

A FRAGMENT.

*Chorus* — Green grow the rashes, O;  
 Green grow the rashes, O;  
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,  
 Are spent among the lasses, O!

There's naught but care on ev'ry han'  
 In ev'ry hour that passes, O;  
 What signifies the life o' man,  
 An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.  
*Chorus* — Green grow, etc.

The warly<sup>1</sup> race may riches chase,  
 An' riches still may fly them, O;  
 An' tho' at last they catch them fast,  
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.  
*Chorus* — Green grow, etc.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,  
 My arms about my dearie, O;  
 An' warly cares, an' warly men,  
 May a' gae tapsalteerie,<sup>2</sup> O!  
*Chorus* — Green grow, etc.

For you sae douse,<sup>3</sup> ye sneer at this,  
 Ye're naught but senseless asses, O:  
 The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,  
 He dearly loved the lasses, O.  
*Chorus* — Green grow, etc.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears  
 Her noblest work she classes, O;  
 Her prentice han' she tried on man,  
 An' then she made the lasses, O.  
*Chorus* — Green grow, etc.

<sup>1</sup> Worldly.

<sup>2</sup> Topsy-turvy.

<sup>3</sup> Sober.

## POEMS OF LADY NAIRNE.

[BARONESS CAROLINA OLIPHANT NAIRNE, song writer, was born in Perthshire, Scotland, August 16, 1766, and died there October 27, 1845. Her life was spent in Scotland, Ireland, and on the Continent. Her eighty-seven songs were written for the *Scottish Minstrel* (1821-1824), under the pen name B. B., or Mrs. Bogan of Bogan, and were posthumously published as "Lays from Strath-eam." Many of them are exquisite in form and sentiment, the most familiar being "Land o' the Leal," "Caller Herrin'," and "The Laird o' Cockpen."]

## THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

'Twas on a simmer's afternoon,  
A wee afore the sun gaed doun,  
A lassie wi' a braw new gown  
Cam' owre the hills to Gowrie.  
The rosebud washed in simmer's shower  
Bloomed fresh within the sunny bower;  
But Kitty was the fairest flower  
That e'er was seen in Gowrie.

To see her cousin she cam' there,  
An' oh! the scene was passing fair;  
For what in Scotland can compare

Wi' the Carse o' Gowrie?

The sun was setting on the Tay,  
The blue hills melting into gray,  
The mavis and the blackbird's lay  
Were sweetly heard in Gowrie.

O lang the lassie I had wooed,  
An' truth and constancy had vowed,  
But couldna speed wi' her I lo'ed,

Until she saw fair Gowrie.

I pointed to my faither's ha',  
Yon bonnie bield<sup>1</sup> ayont the shaw,  
Sae loun<sup>2</sup> that there nae blast could blaw,  
Wad she no bide in Gowrie?

Her faither was baith glad and wae;  
Her mither she wad naething say;  
The bairnies thocht they wad get play,

If Kitty gaed to Gowrie.

She whiles did smile, she whiles did greet,  
The blush and tear were on her cheek —  
She naething said, an' hung her head;  
But now she's Leddy Gowrie.

<sup>1</sup> Shelter.

<sup>2</sup> Sheltered.

## TAMMY.

I wish I kenned my Maggie's mind,  
 If she's for me or Tammy ;  
 To me she is but passing kind,  
 She's caulder still to Tammy.  
 And yet she lo'es me no that ill,  
 If I believe her granny ;  
 O sure she must be wond'rous nice,  
 If she'll no hae me or Tammy.

I've spiered her ance, I've spiered her twice,  
 And still she says she canna ;  
 I'll try her again, and that mak's thrice,  
 And thrice, they say, is canny.  
 Wi' him she'll hae a chaise and pair,  
 Wi' me she'll hae shanks naggie ;  
 He's auld and black, I'm young and fair,  
 She'll surely ne'er tak' Tammy.

But if she's a fule, and slightlies me,  
 I'se e'en draw up wi' Nancy ;  
 There's as gude fish into the sea  
 As e'er cam' out, I fancy.  
 And though I say't that shou'dna say't,  
 I'm owre gude a match for Maggie ;  
 Sae mak' up your mind without delay,  
 Are you for me, or Tammy ?

## THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'm wearin' awa', John,  
 Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John,  
 I'm wearin' awa'  
 To the land o' the leal.  
 There's nae sorrow there, John,  
 There's neither cauld nor care, John,  
 The day is aye fair  
 In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John,  
 She was baith gude and fair, John ;  
 And oh ! we grudged her sair  
 To the land o' the leal.  
 But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,  
 And joy's a-comin' fast, John,

The joy that's aye to last  
In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear that joy was bought, John,  
Sae free the battle fought, John,  
That sinfu' man e'er brought  
To the land o' the leal.

Oh! dry your glistening ee, John,  
My soul langts to be free, John,  
And angels beckon me  
To the land o' the leal.

Oh! haud ye leal and true, John,  
Your day it's wearin' through, John,  
And I'll welcome you  
To the land o' the leal.

Now fare-ye-weel, my ain John,  
This world's cares are vain, John,  
We'll meet, and we'll be fain  
In the land o' the leal.

#### CALLER HERRIN'.

Wha'll buy my caller [fresh] herrin' ?  
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin':  
Wha'll buy my caller herrin',  
New drawn frae the Forth ?

When ye were sleepin' on your pillows,  
Dreamed ye aught o' our poor fellows,  
Darklin' as they faced the billows,  
A' to fill the woven willows ?  
Buy my caller herrin',  
New drawn frae the Forth.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ?  
They're no brought here without brave darin'.  
Buy my caller herrin',  
Hauled through wind and rain.  
Wha'll buy my caller herrin',  
New drawn frae the Forth ?

Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ?  
Oh, ye may ca' them vulgar farin':  
Wives and mithers maist despairin'  
Ca' them lives of men.  
Wha'll buy my caller herrin',  
New drawn frae the Forth ?

When the creel o' herrin' passes,  
 Ladies, clad in silks and laces,  
 Gather in their braw pelisses,  
 Cast their heads and screw their faces.  
     Wha'll buy my caller herrin',  
     New drawn frae the Forth?

Caller herrin's no got lightly; —  
 Ye can trip the spring fu' tightly;  
 Spite o' tauntin', flauntin', flingin',  
 Gow<sup>1</sup> has set you a' a-singin'.  
     Wha'll buy my caller herrin',  
     New drawn frae the Forth?

Neebor wives, now tent<sup>2</sup> my tellin':  
 When the bonny fish ye're sellin',  
 At ae word be<sup>3</sup> in your dealin', —  
 Truth will stand when a' things's fallin'.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ?  
 They're bonny fish and haesome farin':  
     Wha'll buy my caller herrin',  
     New drawn frae the Forth?

#### THE HUNDRED PIPERS.

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',  
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',  
 We'll up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw,  
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',  
 Oh! it's owre the Border awa', awa',  
 It's owre the Border awa', awa',  
 We'll on an' we'll march to Carlisle ha',  
 Wi' its yetts,<sup>4</sup> its castell, an' a', an' a'.

Oh! our sodger lads looked braw, looked braw,  
 Wi' their tartans, kilts, an' a', an' a',  
 Wi' their bonnets, an' feathers, an' glitterin' gear,  
 An' pibrochs soundin' sweet an' clear.  
 Will they a' return to their ain dear glen?  
 Will they a' return, our Hieland men?  
 Second-sighted Sandy looked fu' wae,  
 And mothers grat<sup>5</sup> when they marched away,  
     Wi' a hundred pipers, an' a', an' a', etc.

<sup>1</sup> Gold.<sup>2</sup> Heed.<sup>3</sup> Keep to one statement.<sup>4</sup> Gates.<sup>5</sup> Wept.



Oh, wha is foremost o' a', o' a' ?  
 Oh, wha does follow the blaw, the blaw ?  
 Bonnie Charlie, the King o' us a', hurrah !  
 Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a',  
 His bonnet and feather he's wavin' high,  
 His prancin' steed maist seems to fly,  
 The nor' wind plays wi' his curly hair,  
 While the pipers blaw in an unco flare,  
     Wi' a hundred pipers, an' a', an' a', etc.

The Esk was swollen, sae red and sae deep,  
 But shouther to shouther the brave lads keep ;  
 Twa thousand swam owre to free English ground,  
 An' danced themselves dry to the pibroch's sound.  
 Dumfounded, the English saw — they saw —  
 Dumfounded, they heard the blaw, the blaw ;  
 Dumfounded, they a' ran awa, awa,  
 From the hundred pipers an' a', an' a'. — *Chorus.*

WOULD YOU BE YOUNG AGAIN ?

Would you be young again ?  
     So would not I —  
 One tear to memory given,  
     Onward I'd hie.  
 Life's dark flood forded o'er,  
 All but at rest on shore,  
 Say, would you plunge once more,  
     With home so nigh ?

If you might, would you now  
     Retrace your way ?  
 Wander through thorny wilds,  
     Faint and astray ?  
 Night's gloomy watches fled,  
 Morning all beaming red,  
 Hope's smiles around us shed,  
     Heavenward — away.

Where are they gone, of yore  
     My best delight ?  
 Dear and more dear, though now  
     Hidden from sight.  
 Where they rejoice to be,  
 There is the land for me :  
 Fly, time, fly speedily,  
     Come life and light.

## CASANOVA OUTWITS THE INQUISITION.

(From "The Escapes of Casanova and Latude from Prison": translation of Clara Bell.)

[GIOVANNI JACOPO CASANOVA, self-styled "de Seingalt," adventurer and impostor, was born 1725 in Venice, and studied for the Church; expelled from a seminary of priests, he wandered for many years among the European capitals from Constantinople to Paris, playing the violin, practicing medicine, taking up tricks and trades with astonishing versatility and facility, patronized by nobles and intimate with prominent authors, always in luxury and the best company at first, and always having to leave a place in evil odor after a short time. In 1761 at least he took up serious magic like Cagliostro, undertaking to turn an old woman into a young man. He died in Bohemia in 1803.]

[Imprisoned in Venice by the Inquisitors, he had been removed from a foul torture-hole of a cell to a comfortable room, though under the roof leads; it was soon discovered that he had cut through his floor to escape, which would have cost the jailer, Lorenzo, his life.]

I HEARD heavy steps, and presently Lorenzo appeared before me, his face distorted with fury, foaming with rage, and blaspheming God and all the saints. He stamped his feet, tore his hair, and rushed out like a madman. His people came back bringing me all my property, excepting my piece of marble and my lamp. Before leaving the corridor, and after locking my cell, he closed the two windows by which some fresh air came in. I thus found myself confined in a narrow space without a breath of air from anywhere. However, my situation did not trouble me particularly, for I confess on the whole I thought I had got off cheaply. In spite of his knowledge of his business, it had happily not occurred to him to turn my arm-chair bottom upward; and so, being still possessed of my bolt, I returned thanks to Providence, and believed I might still be allowed to regard it as the blessed instrument which, sooner or later, might procure me my deliverance.

I never shut an eye all night, partly from the heat and partly in consequence of the agitation I had gone through. At daybreak, Lorenzo brought me some abominable wine and water which I could not possibly drink. Everything else was to match: dried-up salad, putrid meat, and bread harder than English ship's biscuit. He did not have the room cleaned, and when I begged him to open the windows he pretended not to hear me; but an archer armed with an iron rod tapped all about the room, against the walls, and on the floor, especially

under my bed. I watched their proceedings with an air of indifference, but I did not fail to observe that the archer did not tap the ceiling.

"That is the way," said I to myself, "I must get out of this infernal place." However, to succeed in this plan, circumstances must be brought about over which I had no control; for I could do nothing which would not be seen. The cell was newly cleaned, and the smallest scratch would have struck the eyes of my keepers.

[He manages a secret correspondence with other prisoners, one a certain friar named Balbi.]

I informed him that I had a little crowbar, twenty inches in length; that with this tool he was to pierce a hole through the ceiling of his room, that then he was to pierce the floor over my head; thus he would be able to get at me, and then, after breaking through the ceiling, he was to help me to get out. "When that is done, your work will be done, and mine will begin. I will set you free, you and Count Asquino.

"All you have to think of is how I may best transmit to you the instrument of our safety, without giving the bearer of it the faintest suspicion. Meanwhile, get your jailer to bring you a couple of score of pictures of the saints, large enough to cover the walls and ceiling of your room. These pious images will rouse no suspicions in Lorenzo, and will avail to hide the gap you must make in the ceiling. It will take you some days to work the opening, and Lorenzo will not see what you have done each morning if you cover it up with a picture. If you ask me why I do not do this myself, I reply that I cannot, because I am an object of suspicion to our warder, and you will no doubt think this is a valid objection."

Although I had desired him to think of a plan for obtaining the tool, I was constantly trying to think of one myself; I had a happy inspiration, on which I acted forthwith. I desired Lorenzo to buy me a folio edition of the Bible which had been lately published; the Vulgate and the Septuagint together. I hoped to be able to slip my tool into the back of this volume and so send it to the monk; when I had it, I found that the bolt was two inches longer than the book.

This is what I contrived.

I told Lorenzo that I meant to keep St. Michael's day by having a dish of macaroni with cheese, and that as I wished to

do a little civility to the gentleman who had been so kind as to lend me the books, I wanted to send him a large dish of it, and to prepare it with my own hands. Lorenzo told me that the said gentleman was very curious to see the big book which had cost three sequins. This made matters easy. "Very good," said I, "I will send it to him with the macaroni; only, bring me the largest dish you have in the place, for I want to do things on a grand scale."

He promised to satisfy me. I wrapped my crowbar in paper and slipped it into the back of the Bible, taking note that it stuck out no more at one end than at the other. By placing a large dish of macaroni very full of melted butter on the book, I was sure that his eyes must be fixed on the rim of the dish to avoid spilling the grease on the book. I warned Father Balbi of all this, bidding him be careful how he took the dish, and above all to take both book and dish together and not one before the other.

On the day appointed Lorenzo came earlier than usual, with a saucepan full of boiling macaroni, and all the necessary ingredients for seasoning it. I melted a quantity of butter, and after putting the macaroni into the dish I poured butter on it till it reached the very edge. The dish was a huge one, much larger than the book on which I had placed it. All this I did at the door of my cell, Lorenzo standing outside.

When everything was ready I carefully lifted the Bible with the dish, taking care to turn the back of the volume to the bearer; and I bid Lorenzo hold his arms well apart and spread his hands, to take great care not to spill the grease on the book, and to carry it straight to its destination. As I gave him the precious burthen I looked him in the face, and was delighted to see that he never took his eyes off the butter for fear of spilling it. He said he had better take the dish first and come back for the book; but I said it would spoil all the value of the gift, and that it must all go together. Then he complained that I had put too much butter, and said with a laugh that if he spoilt it he would not be responsible for the damage.

As soon as I saw the Bible safe in the lout's hands I felt certain of success, for he could not see the ends of the bolt without lurching very much to one side; and I saw nothing to induce him to take his eyes off the dish, which he had to keep level. I watched him till he went into the outer cell, leading

to the monk's, and I heard Balbi blow his nose three times, the signal we had agreed on to show that everything had arrived safely. And in a minute Lorenzo returned to tell me so.

Balbi set to work forthwith, and by the end of a week he had made a large enough hole in the ceiling, which he covered with a print stuck fast with bread-crumbs. On the 8th of October he wrote that he had spent the whole night working at the wall which divided us, and that he had not been able to move a single brick. He expatiated on the difficulty of loosening the bricks, which were set in a very hard cement; but he promised to persevere, though he persisted in saying that we should only get ourselves into a worse plight than ever. I replied that I was sure of the contrary, and that he must take my word for it and work on.

Alas! I was not sure of anything of the kind, but I had to say so or give the whole thing up. I must get out of this hell where I was kept by the most detestable tyranny; this was all I knew: and all I thought of was to take steps to that end, determined either to succeed or never to give in till I had reached the point where I could go no farther. I had studied and learnt from the great book of experience that it is vain to take advice in great undertakings; that the only way is to put them into execution, and not to dispute with Fortune for her share in the ruling of human concerns. If I had communicated to Father Balbi any such high mysteries of philosophy, he would have said that I was a madman.

His difficulties were over after the first night, for the farther he worked the easier it became, and at last he had dislodged thirty-six bricks.

On the 16th of October, at ten in the morning, at the very moment when I was engaged in translating an ode of Horace, I heard above my head a stamping noise and three little taps. This was the signal we had agreed on to make sure that we were not mistaken. He worked on till nightfall, and next day he wrote that if my ceiling were not more than two planks thick his work would be finished that day. He told me he had taken care to make the excavation round, as I had advised him, and that he would not pierce the boards. This above all was needful, for the smallest symptom of a crack would have been fatal. The hole, he added, would be such that it would not take more than a quarter of an hour to finish it. I had fixed the hour for the next day but one, to escape from my

dungeon at night, never to return : for, with a companion, I felt sure of being able to make a hole in the roof of the Ducal palace in the course of three or four hours ; through this I meant to get outside, and then take any means that might offer to descend to the earth.

I was not at this point yet, however, for my ill-luck had more than one difficulty in store for me.

[A discredited Inquisition spy named Soradaci is put in with him ; Casanova gives him two decoy letters to deliver, on solemn oaths of fidelity, knowing he will turn them over to the Holy Office, and pretending utter despair when the breach of faith is discovered.]

I played my part to perfection in a comedy which I had planned in my head. During the night, I wrote to Balbi to come at exactly nineteen o'clock [about noon], not a minute before or after, to go on with his work, and to work exactly four hours, not a minute longer. Our release, said I, depends on your punctuality, and you have nothing to fear.

It was now the 25th of October, and the time was at hand when I must carry out my project or abandon it without hope. The State Inquisitors and the Secretary went every year to spend the first three days of November at some village on the *terra firma*. Lorenzo, taking advantage of the absence of his masters, never failed to get drunk every evening, and, sleeping longer in the morning, did not make his rounds till a good deal later. Knowing this, prudence counseled me to choose that time for my flight, sure that it would not be discovered till late in the day. But there was another reason for the haste which made me decide on this course, at a time when I could no longer doubt the villainy of my base companion, which is of sufficient importance to be communicated to my readers.

The greatest comfort to a man in suffering is the hope of a speedy release. He sighs for the moment when he shall see the end of his woes ; he fancies that his wishes can hasten it on, and would do anything on earth to know what hour is fixed for the cessation of his misery ; but no one can tell at what moment an event will happen which depends on the determination of another unless that person has announced it. But the sufferer, who is weak and impatient, is, as it were unconsciously, predisposed to be superstitious. "God," says he, "must know the very moment my pain will cease ; and God may permit that it should be revealed to me, never mind how." When he has once fallen in this train of argument, he no longer

hesitates to try his fortune by any means his fancy may dictate, if he is at all inclined to believe in the revelations of the oracle he happens to select. This frame of mind is not conspicuously unlike that of the greater number of those who were wont to consult the Pythia, or the oaks of Dodona, or of those who, even in our own day, study the Cabbala, or seek the revelation they hope for in a verse of the Bible or a line of Virgil — this indeed has made famous the “Sortes Virgilianæ,” of which many writers tell us; or, finally, of those who are firmly convinced that their difficulties will all be solved by the fortuitous or premeditated arrangement of a mere pack of cards.

I was in this state of mind. But not knowing what means to employ to compel Fate to reveal through the Bible the end in store for me, — that is to say, the hour at which I should recover the incomparable blessing of liberty, — I resolved to consult the divine poem of Messer Ludovico Ariosto, “Orlando Furioso,” which I knew by heart, and in which I delighted up in my cell. I worshiped the genius of that great poet, and thought him far better fitted than Virgil to tell me my fortune. With this idea I wrote down a question addressed to the imaginary Intelligence, asking in which canto of Ariosto’s poem I should find the day of my deliverance prophesied. Afterward I composed an inverted pyramid of the numbers derived from the words in the question, and by subtracting nine from each pair of figures I had nine for a remainder. I concluded that the prophecy I sought must be in the ninth canto. I pursued the same method to arrive at the line and stanza containing the oracle, and I found *seven* as the number of the stanza, and *one* for the line.

I took up the poem, my heart beating as though I really had the most entire confidence in this oracle. I opened it, turned over the leaves, and read these words:

“Fra il fin d’ Ottobre e il capo di Novembre.”

[Between the end of October and the beginning of November.]

The perfect appropriateness of the line struck me as so remarkable that, though I cannot say that I altogether believed in the oracle, the reader will forgive me if I confess that I did my utmost to verify it. The curious part of the matter is that between the last of October and the beginning of November, there is but the one instant of midnight; and it was exactly as

the clock struck midnight on the 31st of October that I quitted my prison, as the reader will presently learn.

At the same time I would beg him, in spite of these facts, not to think of me as more superstitious than other men, for it would be a mistake. I tell the tale because it is true, because it is extraordinary, and because if I had not trusted to it I might perhaps never have escaped. It may serve to teach those who are not too learned, that but for prophecies many things which have happened might never have occurred. The event serves the prophecy by verifying it, if the event does not happen the prophecy is void ; but I may refer the amiable reader to history, where he will find several events which never would have happened if they had not been foretold. I must now beg to be forgiven for this digression.

This was how I spent the morning till noon, to impress the mind of this vile and idiotic creature, to confuse his feeble brain and stultify him with terrible fancies, so as to render him incapable of doing me any injury. As soon as Lorenzo left us, I told Soradaci to come and eat his soup. The wretch was in bed, and had told Lorenzo that he was ill. He would not have dared approach me if I had not called him. He got up, and, throwing himself flat on his face at my feet, he kissed them and told me, weeping bitterly, that unless I forgave him he was a dead man in the course of the day, for that he already felt the Virgin's curse and vengeance which I had invoked on him. He felt devouring pains in his stomach, and his mouth was full of ulcers. In fact he opened it, and I saw that it was full of sores ; but whether he had them the day before I know not. I did not take any pains to ascertain whether he was telling me the truth : it was to my interest to seem to believe him, and let him hope for mercy. First of all, I must get him to eat and drink. The wretch intended, perhaps, to deceive me ; but as I was firmly resolved to deceive him, the point was to see which was the cleverer of the two. I had prepared a plan of attack which he would find it hard to evade.

So I put on an inspired look, and I said, "Sit down and eat this soup, and I will tell you of the good fortune that awaits you. The Virgin of the Rosary appeared to me this morning at daybreak, and bid me forgive you. You will not die ; you will leave this place with me." Quite dazed, and on his knees for lack of a chair, he ate his soup as I did mine ; then he sat down on his mattress to listen to me, and I spoke to this effect :



“The grief I experienced in consequence of your atrocious treachery kept me awake all night, for those letters will condemn me to end my days here. My sole consolation, I own, was the certainty of seeing you die before my eyes in less than three days. My head full of this notion — though unworthy of a Christian, since God bids us forgive — I at last dozed in sheer weariness, and during that blissful sleep I had a vision. I saw the Blessed Virgin, whose image you there behold, living before my eyes, and she spoke to me in these words: ‘Soradaci is a devotee of my Sacred Rosary and under my protection. I desire you will forgive him; then the curse now laid on him will cease to act. As the reward of your generosity, I will send one of my angels in human form to descend from heaven and open the roof of your prison and take you out in five or six days. The angel will begin his labors to-day exactly at noon, and cease at half an hour before sunset, for he must return to heaven by daylight. When you go, following the angel, take Soradaci with you, and provide for him, on condition of his giving up the business of a spy. Tell him all this.’ With these words she vanished and I awoke.”

Preserving perfect gravity and my prophetic tone, I kept an eye on the traitor’s face; he seemed quite petrified. I then took my Book of Hours, I sprinkled the cell with holy water and began to pretend to be praying, kissing the image of the Virgin from time to time. An hour later, this creature, who till now had not opened his lips, asked me point blank at what hour the angel would come down from heaven, and whether we should hear the noise he must make to open the cell. I replied that I was certain that he would come at noon precisely, and that we should hear him at work, and that he would stop at the hour specified by the Virgin.

“You may have been dreaming,” said he.

“I am sure I was not. Do you feel capable of vowing to renounce the business of a spy?”

But instead of answering me he fell asleep, and only awoke two hours later to ask whether he might put off taking the pledge I required of him.

“You may put it off,” said I, “until the angel comes in to release me; but if you then do not swear to renounce the atrocious trade which has brought you to this pass, and which will certainly bring you to the gallows, I shall leave you here; for so the Virgin has commanded, and she will deprive you of her protection.”

As I watched him, I read on his ugly face the satisfaction he felt, for he firmly believed that the angel would never come. He looked as though he pitied me. I only longed for the clock to strike; the whole farce amused me hugely, for I was sure that the arrival of the angel would utterly bewilder his miserable intellect. I knew that there could be no failure unless Lorenzo had forgotten to deliver the book, which was hardly possible.

An hour before noon I insisted on dining; I drank nothing but water, and Soradaci drank all the wine, and he afterwards ate all the garlic I had, which added to his excitability. The instant I heard the first stroke of nineteen, I fell on my knees, desiring him, in a voice of thunder, to do the same. He obeyed, looking at me wildly. When I heard the little noise of the priest behind the wall, "The angel is there!" cried I, lying down flat on my face, and giving him a vigorous punch to make him take the same attitude. The noise of scraping was loud, and for a quarter of an hour I had the patience to remain in my uncomfortable position. Under any other circumstances I should have laughed to see the creature lie like a log; but I did not laugh, for I did not forget my laudable purpose of driving the animal mad, or at least reducing him to helplessness. His perverted soul could only be recalled to decent humanity by abject terror. As soon as I rose I knelt down, allowing him to do the same, and for three hours and a half I kept him at his beads. He fell asleep now and then, fatigued by his position rather than by the monotony of his occupation; but he never once interrupted me. Now and then he raised a furtive eye to the ceiling, and with stupidity stamped on every feature he bowed and nodded to the image of the Virgin, and all in a way too comical for words. When the clock struck half-past twenty-three, "Fall on your face," said I, in a tone of solemn devotion; "the angel is departing."

Balbi went down into his cell again, and we heard no more.

On rising, I looked at the wretch's face, which was stamped with bewilderment and terror. I was delighted; I amused myself with talking to him for a few minutes to see what he would say. He wept copiously, and could talk only the most extravagant nonsense, his ideas having no consequence whatever. He spoke of his sins, of his private acts of devotion, of his zeal for Saint Mark, of his duties to the Republic — and to these various merits he ascribed the mercy of which he was the

object on the part of the Virgin Mary. I was compelled to listen with an air of compunction to a long story of the miracles of the Rosary which he had heard from his wife, whose confessor was a young Dominican. He said he could not imagine what I could do with such an ignorant fellow as he.

"You will be my servant, and have everything you can need without being obliged to follow the dangerous business of a spy."

"But we cannot remain in Venice?"

"Certainly not. The angel will guide us to some place which does not belong to Saint Mark. Are you ready now to pledge yourself to give up your old employment? And, if you swear it, will you perjure yourself a second time?"

"If I swear it I will keep my oath, that you may be very sure. At the same time, but for my perjury, you must allow you would never have obtained the special favor of the Blessed Virgin. My breach of faith has proved the origin of your good fortune; you ought to befriend me, therefore, and rejoice in my betrayal."

"Do you love Judas who betrayed Jesus Christ?"

"No."

"You see, then, we detest the traitor, even while we adore the Providence which brings good out of evil. Hitherto you have been simply a scoundrel; you have sinned against God and the Virgin, and I will not accept your vows till you have expiated your sins."

"How have I sinned?"

"You have sinned by pride, Soradaci, in fancying that I owed anything to you for having betrayed me by putting my letters into the Secretary's hands."

"How can I expiate that sin?"

"In this way. To-morrow, when Lorenzo comes, you must lie still on your mattress with your face to the wall without stirring, without even looking at him. If he speaks to you you must tell him, without looking at him, that you have been unable to sleep, and that you want rest. Will you promise me this?"

"I promise to do exactly as you bid me."

"Swear it before this holy image at once."

"I swear, Blessed Mother of God, that when Lorenzo comes in I will not look at him, nor stir on my mattress."

"And I, most Holy Mother, swear by your Sacred Son, that

if I see Soradaci make the smallest movement, or look at Lorenzo, I will rush on him and strangle him without mercy, to your honor and glory."

I relied quite as much on this threat as on his oath. Wishing, however, to be as secure as possible, I asked him whether he had any objection to raise to this pledge; and after a moment's reflection, he said that he was content.

Well pleased with myself, I gave him some supper, and then bid him go to bed, for that I needed sleep. As soon as he was asleep I wrote for two hours. I told Balbi the whole story, saying that if his work was far enough advanced he need only come to the ceiling of my cell, to break through the last boards, and come in. I notified to him that we were to escape on the night of the 31st of October, and that we should be four, including his messmate and mine. It was now the 28th.

On the next day the monk wrote that the communication was complete, and there was no more for him to do but to get out on the top of my cell and break through the lowest surface, which could be done in five minutes.

Soradaci was faithful to his word, making believe to be asleep; Lorenzo did not even speak to him. I never took my eyes off him, and I believe I should have killed him if he had made the smallest attempt to look at Lorenzo; for a mere treacherous wink would have been enough to betray me.

The rest of the day was devoted to lofty discourse and exaggerated phrases, which I pronounced with all the gravity I could command; and I had the pleasure of seeing his fanatical excitement grow greater and greater. I took care to enhance the effect of my mystical preaching by a copious exhibition of wine, of which I gave him large draughts from time to time; and I never left him in peace till I saw him dropping with drunkenness and torpor.

Although he had no notion of metaphysical speculation, and had never exercised his wits for any purpose but to devise some spy's tricks, the brute embarrassed me for an instant by saying that he could not imagine how an angel could need make so much work of opening our prison.

But I, raising my eyes to heaven — or rather to the ceiling of my dismal cell — replied: —

"The ways of God are inscrutable to mortals: besides, the messenger of Heaven does not work as an angel, for a mere breath would suffice; he labors as a man, having no doubt

taken the form of a man, since we are unworthy to endure the glorious presence of a celestial being. But indeed," I added, like a true Jesuit, able to take advantage of every trifle, "I foresee that to punish you for your evil thought, which is an offense to the Blessed Virgin, the angel will not come to-day. Wretched man! your thoughts are not those of an honest, pious soul, but of a vile sinner who is always dealing with Messer Grande and his servants."

I had hoped to make him miserable, and I had succeeded. He began to cry violently, and was choked with sobs when the clock had struck nineteen and he did not hear the angel. Far from soothing him, I tried to add to his despair by my own bitter lamentations. Next morning he was still obedient, for Lorenzo having inquired after his health, he replied without looking round. He behaved equally well next day, and at length I saw Lorenzo for the last time on the morning of the 31st of October. I gave him a book for Balbi, and desired the monk to come at about noon to pierce the ceiling. This time I feared no disaster, having learnt from Lorenzo that the Secretary and the Inquisitors had already gone into the country. I had no reason to fear the advent of a new messmate, and I need no longer try to hoodwink my rascally companion.

When Lorenzo had left us I told Soradaci that the angel would come to make the opening in the ceiling of our cell at about eleven o'clock.

"He will bring a pair of scissors," said I, "and you must trim my beard and his."

"An angel with a beard!"

"Yes. You will see. When that is done, we will get out and force our way through the roof of the palace; then we will get down into the Piazza of St. Mark, and from thence make our way to Germany."

He made no reply. He ate by himself, for my heart and mind were too full to allow of my eating. I had not even slept.

The hour strikes. Hark! the angel!

Soradaci was about to fall on his face, but I assured him that this was superfluous. In three minutes the hole was pierced through; the board fell at my feet, and Father Balbi slid into my arms.

"Your task is done," said I, "and now mine begins."

## CHARLES DIBDIN'S SEA SONGS.

[CHARLES DIBDIN, English songwright, playwright, and actor, was born at Southampton in 1745; died July 25, 1814. He managed a little theater in London, and was leading man in his own plays, which were interspersed with songs written and set to music by himself. He wrote many hundred songs, some fifty plays and operettas, two novels, a "History of the Stage," and his autobiography (1803).]

## POOR JACK.

Go patter to lubbers and swabs, do ye see,  
 'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;  
 A tight water boat and good sea room give me,  
 And it ent to a little I'll strike;  
 Though the tempest topgallant masts smack smooth should smite,  
 And shiver each splinter of wood,  
 Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bouse everything tight,  
 And under reefed foresail we'll scud:  
 Avast! nor don't think me a milksop so soft  
 To be taken for trifles aback;  
 For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,  
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

I heard our good chaplain palaver one day  
 About souls, heaven, mercy, and such;  
 And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay,  
 Why, 'twas just all as one as High Dutch:  
 For he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,  
 Without orders that come down below;  
 And a many fine things that proved clearly to me  
 That Providence takes us in tow:  
 "For," says he, "do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft  
 Take the topsails of sailors aback,  
 There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,  
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!"

I said to our Poll, for, d'ye see, she would cry,  
 When last we weighed anchor for sea —  
 "What argufies sniv'ling and piping your eye?  
 Why, what a damned fool you must be!  
 Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for us all,  
 Both for seamen and lubbers ashore?  
 And if to old Davy I should go, friend Poll,  
 You never will hear of me more:

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**The Sea**







What then? all's a hazard : come, don't be so soft;  
 Perhaps I may laughing come back,  
 For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,  
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!"

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch  
 All as one as a piece of the ship,  
 And with her brave the world without offering to flinch,  
 From the moment the anchor's atrip.  
 As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,  
 Naught's a trouble from duty that springs,  
 For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my friend's,  
 And as for my life, 'tis the king's:  
 Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft  
 As for grief to be taken aback,  
 For the same little cherub that sits up aloft  
 Will look out a good berth for poor Jack!

### YO, HEAVE, HO!

The boatswain calls, the wind is fair,  
 The anchor heaving,  
 Our sweethearts leaving,  
 We to duty must repair,  
 Where our stations well we know.  
 Cast off halyards from the cleats,  
 Stand by well, clear all the sheets;  
 Come, my boys,  
 Your handspikes poise,  
 And give one general huzza!  
 Yet sighing, as you pull away,  
 For the tears ashore that flow:  
 To the windlass let us go,  
 With yo, heave, ho!

The anchor coming now apeak,  
 Lest the ship, striving,  
 Be on it driving,  
 That we the tap'ring yards must seek,  
 And back the fore-topsail well we know.  
 A pleasing duty! From aloft  
 We faintly see those charms, where oft,  
 When returning,  
 With passion burning,

We fondly gaze, those eyes that seem,  
 In parting, with big tears to stream.  
 But come! lest ours as fast should flow,  
 To the windlass once more go,  
 With yo, heave, ho!

Now the ship is under way,  
 The breeze so willing  
 The canvas filling,  
 The pressed triangle cracks the stay,  
     So taught to haul the sheet we know.  
 And now in trim we gayly sail,  
 The massy beam receives the gale;  
 While freed from duty,  
 To his beauty  
 (Left on the less'ning shore afar)  
 A fervent sigh heaves every tar;  
 To thank those tears for him that flow,  
 That from his true love he should go,  
 With yo, heave, ho!

#### GRIEVING'S A FOLLY.

Spanking Jack was so comely, so pleasant, so jolly,  
 Though winds blew great guns, still he'd whistle and sing,  
 For Jack loved his friend, and was true to his Molly,  
 And, if honor gives greatness, was great as a king.  
 One night as we drove with two reefs in the mainsail,  
 And the scud came on low'ring upon a lee shore,  
 Jack went up aloft for to hand the topg'ant sail —  
 A spray washed him off, and we ne'er saw him more:  
     But grieving's a folly,  
     Come let us be jolly;  
 If we've troubles on sea, boys, we've pleasures on shore.

Whiffling Tom, still of mischief or fun in the middle,  
 Through life in all weathers at random would jog;  
 He'd dance, and he'd sing, and he'd play on the fiddle,  
 And swig with an air his allowance of grog:  
 'Longside of a Don, in the "Terrible" frigate,  
 As yardarm and yardarm we lay off the shore,  
 In and out whiffling Tom did so caper and jig it,  
 That his head was shot off, and we ne'er saw him more:  
     But grieving's a folly,  
     Come let us be jolly;  
 If we've troubles on sea, boys, we've pleasures on shore.

Bonny Ben was to each jolly messmate a brother,  
 He was manly and honest, good-natured and free;  
 If ever one tar was more true than another  
 To his friend and his duty, that sailor was he:  
 One day with the davit to weigh the kedje anchor,  
 Ben went in the boat on a bold craggy shore —  
 He overboard tipped, when a shark and a spanker  
 Soon nipped him in two, and we ne'er saw him more:  
 But grieving's a folly,  
 Come let us be jolly;  
 If we've troubles on sea, boys, we've pleasures on shore.

But what of it all, lads? shall we be downhearted  
 Because that mayhap we now take our last sup?  
 Life's cable must one day or other be parted,  
 And Death in safe moorings will bring us all up:  
 But 'tis always the way on't — one scarce finds a brother  
 Fond as pitch, honest, hearty, and true to the core,  
 But by battle, or storm, or some damned thing or other,  
 He's popped off the hooks, and we ne'er see him more!  
 But grieving's a folly,  
 Come let us be jolly;  
 If we've troubles on sea, boys, we've pleasures on shore.

#### HONESTY IN TATTERS.

This here's what I does — I, d'ye see, forms a notion  
 That our troubles, our sorrows and strife,  
 Are the winds and the billows that foment the ocean,  
 As we work through the passage of life.  
 And for fear on life's sea lest the vessel should founder,  
 To lament and to weep, and to wail,  
 Is a pop gun that tries to outroar a nine-pounder,  
 All the same as a whiff in a gale.  
 Why now I, though hard fortune has pretty near starved me,  
 And my togs are all ragged and queer,  
 Ne'er yet gave the bag to the friend who had served me,  
 Or caused ruined beauty a tear.

Now there t'other day, when my messmate deceived me,  
 Stole my rhino, my chest, and our Poll,  
 Do you think in revenge, while their treachery grieved me,  
 I a court-martial called? — Not at all.  
 This here on the matter was my way of arg'ing —  
 'Tis true they han't left me a cross;

A vile wife and false friend though are gone by the bargain,  
 So the gain d'ye see's more than the loss :  
 For though fortune's a jilt, and has pretty near starved me,  
 And my togs are all ragged and queer,  
 I ne'er yet gave the bag to the friend who had served me,  
 Or caused ruined beauty a tear.

The heart's all — when that's built as it should, sound and clever,  
 We go 'fore the wind like a fly,  
 But if rotten and crank, you may luff up forever,  
 You'll always sail in the wind's eye :  
 With palaver and nonsense I'm not to be paid off,  
 I'm adrift, let it blow then great guns,  
 A gale, a fresh breeze, or the old gemman's head off,  
 I takes life rough and smooth as it runs :  
 Content, though hard fortune has pretty near starved me,  
 And my togs are all ragged and queer ;  
 I ne'er yet gave the bag to the friend who had served me,  
 Or caused ruined beauty a tear.

#### NATURE AND NANCY.

Let swabs, with their vows, their palaver, and lies,  
 Sly flattery's silk sails still be trimming,  
 Swear their Polls be all angels dropped down from the skies —  
 I your angels don't like — I loves women.  
 And I loves a warm heart, and a sweet honest mind,  
 Good as truth, and as lively as fancy ;  
 As constant as honor, as tenderness kind ;  
 In short, I loves Nature and Nancy.

I read in a song about Wenus, I thinks,  
 All rigged out with her Cupids and Graces :  
 And how roses and lilies, carnations and pinks,  
 Was made paint to daub over their faces.  
 They that loves it may take all such art for their pains —  
 For mine 'tis another guess fancy ;  
 Give me the rich health, flesh and blood, and blue veins,  
 That pays the sweet face of my Nancy.

Why, I went to the play, where they talked well at least,  
 As to act all their parts they were trying ;  
 They were playing at soldiers, and playing at feast,  
 And some they were playing at dying.  
 Let 'em hang, drown, or starve, or take poison, d'ye see,  
 All just for their gig and their fancy ;

What to them was but jest is right earnest to me,  
For I live and I'd die for my Nancy.

Let the girls then, like so many Algerine Turks,  
Dash away, a fine gay painted galley,  
With their jacks, and their pennants, and gingerbread works,  
All for show, and just nothing for value —  
False colors throw out, decked by labor and art,  
To take of pert coxcombs the fancy ;  
They are all for the person, I'm all for the heart —  
In short, I'm for Nature and Nancy.

#### THE STANDING TOAST.

(The last song written by Mr. Dibdin.)

The moon on the ocean was dimmed by a ripple,  
Affording a checkered delight,  
The gay jolly tars passed the word for the tippie  
And the toast — for 'twas Saturday night:  
Some sweetheart or wife that he loved as his life,  
Each drank, while he wished he could hail her ;  
But the standing toast that pleased the most  
Was — The wind that blows, the ship that goes,  
And the lass that loves a sailor !

Some drank the king and his brave ships,  
And some the constitution,  
Some — May our foes and all such rips  
Own English resolution !  
That fate might bless some Poll or Bess,  
And that they soon might hail her :  
But the standing toast that pleased the most  
Was — The wind that blows, the ship that goes,  
And the lass that loves a sailor !

Some drank our queen, and some our land,  
Our glorious land of freedom !  
Some that our tars might never stand  
For our heroes brave to lead 'em !  
That beauty in distress might find  
Such friends as ne'er would fail her .  
But the standing toast that pleased the most  
Was — The wind that blows, the ship that goes,  
And the lass that loves a sailor !

## REMINISCENCES OF DR. JOHNSON.

BY JAMES BOSWELL.

[JAMES BOSWELL, celebrated as the friend and biographer of Dr. Johnson, was born at Edinburgh, October 29, 1740, the son of a judge of the Scottish Court of Session, and styled Lord Auchinleck. After studying law at the Scottish universities, he spent some time in continental travel, and met Voltaire, Rousseau, Paoli, the Corsican patriot, and other eminent men. In 1773 he accompanied Dr. Johnson, to whom he had been introduced ten years before, on a tour to the Hebrides, and became a member of the famous Literary Club. This select society of writers was instituted by Johnson, and included among its members Burke, Goldsmith, Reynolds, and Garrick. Boswell subsequently settled in London and was admitted to the English bar (1786). His death, which occurred May 19, 1795, was indirectly due to intemperance. Boswell's "Life of Johnson" (1791) had an immense success at the time of its publication, and is generally admitted to be the greatest biography in the English language. Other works by the same author are: "Journal of the Tour to the Hebrides," "An Account of Corsica," various political pamphlets, etc.]

IN the spring of this year [1768], having published my "Account of Corsica, with the Journal of a Tour to that Island," I returned to London, very desirous to see Dr. Johnson, and hear him upon the subject. I found he was at Oxford, with his friend Mr. Chambers, who was now Vinerian Professor, and lived in New Inn Hall. Having had no letter from him since that in which he criticised the Latinity of my Thesis, and having been told by somebody that he was offended at my having put into my book an extract of his letter to me at Paris, I was impatient to be with him, and therefore followed him to Oxford, where I was entertained by Mr. Chambers, with a civility which I shall ever gratefully remember. I found that Dr. Johnson had sent a letter to me to Scotland, and that I had nothing to complain of but his being more indifferent to my anxiety than I wished him to be. Instead of giving, with the circumstances of time and place, such fragments of his conversation as I preserved during this visit to Oxford, I shall throw them together in continuation.

I asked him whether, as a moralist, he did not think that the practice of the law, in some degree, hurt the nice feeling of honesty. *Johnson* — "Why no, Sir, if you act properly. You are not to deceive your clients with false representations of your opinion; you are not to tell lies to a judge." *Boswell* — "But what do you think of supporting a cause which you know to be bad?" *Johnson* — "Sir, you do not know it to be good



or bad till the judge determines it. I have said that you are to state facts fairly; so that your thinking, or what you call knowing, a cause to be bad must be from reasoning, must be from your supposing your arguments to be weak and inconclusive. But, Sir, that is not enough. An argument which does not convince yourself may convince the judge to whom you urge it; and if it does convince him, why, then, sir, you are wrong, and he is right. It is his business to judge; and you are not to be confident in your own opinion that a cause is bad, but to say all you can for your client, and then hear the judge's opinion." *Boswell*—"But, Sir, does not affecting a warmth when you have no warmth, and appearing to be clearly of one opinion when you are in reality of another opinion, does not such dissimulation impair one's honesty? Is there not some danger that a lawyer may put on the same mask in common life in the intercourse with his friends?" *Johnson*—"Why no, Sir. Everybody knows you are paid for affecting warmth for your client; and it is, therefore, properly no dissimulation: the moment you come from the bar you resume your usual behavior. Sir, a man will no more carry the artifice of the bar into the common intercourse of society, than a man who is paid for tumbling upon his hands will continue to tumble upon his hands when he should walk on his feet."

Talking of some of the modern plays, he said, "False Delicacy" was totally void of character. He praised Goldsmith's "Good-natured Man"; said it was the best comedy that had appeared since "The Provoked Husband," and that there had not been of late any such character exhibited on the stage as that of Croaker. I observed it was the *Suspicious* of his *Rambler*. He said, Goldsmith had owned he had borrowed it from thence. "Sir," continued he, "there is all the difference in the world between characters of nature and characters of manners; and *there* is the difference between the characters of Fielding and those of Richardson. Characters of manners are very entertaining; but they are to be understood by a more superficial observer than characters of nature, where a man must dive into the recesses of the human heart."

It always appeared to me that he estimated the compositions of Richardson too highly, and that he had an unreasonable prejudice against Fielding. In comparing those two writers he used this expression: "That there was as great a difference between them as between a man who knew how a watch was made and

a man who could tell the hour by looking on the dial plate." This was a short and figurative state of his distinction between drawing characters of nature and characters only of manners. But I cannot help being of opinion that the neat watches of Fielding are as well constructed as the large clocks of Richardson, and that his dial plates are brighter. Fielding's characters, though they do not expand themselves so widely in dissertation, are as just pictures of human nature, and, I will venture to say, have more striking features, and nicer touches of the pencil; and though Johnson used to quote with approbation a saying of Richardson's, "That the virtues of Fielding's heroes were the vices of a truly good man," I will venture to add that the moral tendency of Fielding's writings, though it does not encourage a strained and rarely possible virtue, is ever favorable to honor and honesty, and cherishes the benevolent and generous affections. He who is as good as Fielding would make him an amiable member of society, and may be led on by more regulated instructors to a higher state of ethical perfection.

Johnson proceeded: "Even Sir Francis Wronghead is a character of manners, though drawn with great good humor." He then repeated, very happily, all Sir Francis' credulous account to Manly of his being with "the great man" and securing a place. I asked him if "The Suspicious Husband" did not furnish a well-drawn character, that of Ranger. *Johnson*—"No, Sir; Ranger is just a rake, a mere rake, and a lively young fellow, but no *character*."

The great Douglas cause was at this time a very general subject of discussion. I found he had not studied it with much attention, but had only heard parts of it occasionally. He, however, talked of it, and said, "I am of opinion that positive proof of fraud should not be required of the plaintiff, but that the judges should decide according as probability shall appear to preponderate, granting to the defendant the presumption of filiation to be strong in his favor. And I think, too, that a good deal of weight should be allowed to the dying declarations, because they were spontaneous. There is a great difference between what is said without our being urged to it, and what is said from a kind of compulsion. If I praise a man's book without being asked my opinion of it, that is honest praise, to which one may trust. But if an author asks me if I like his book, and I give him something like praise, it must not be taken as my real opinion.

“I have not been troubled for a long time with authors desiring my opinion of their works. I used once to be sadly plagued with a man who wrote verses, but who literally had no other notion of a verse but that it consisted of ten syllables. *Lay your knife and your fork across your plate* was to him a verse :—

“Lay yōur knife ānd your fōrk acrōss your plāte.

As he wrote a good number of verses, he sometimes by chance made good ones, though he did not know it.”

He renewed his promise of coming to Scotland and going with me to the Hebrides, but said he would now content himself with seeing one or two of the most curious of them. He said, “Macaulay, who writes the account of St. Kilda, set out with a prejudice against prejudice, and wanted to be a smart modern thinker ; and yet affirms for a truth that when a ship arrives there all the inhabitants are seized with a cold.”

Dr. John Campbell, the celebrated writer, took a great deal of pains to ascertain this fact, and attempted to account for it on physical principles, from the effect of effluvia from human bodies. Johnson at another time praised Macaulay for his “*magnanimity*” in asserting this wonderful story, because it was well attested. A lady of Norfolk, by a letter to my friend Dr. Burney, has favored me with the following solution :—

Now for the explication of this seeming mystery, which is so very obvious as, for the reason, to have escaped the penetration of Dr. Johnson and his friend, as well as that of the author. Reading the book with my ingenious friend, the late Reverend Mr. Christian, of Dorking—after ruminating a little, “The cause,” said he, “is a natural one. The situation of St. Kilda renders a northeast wind indispensably necessary before a stranger can land. The wind, not the stranger, occasions an epidemic cold.” If I am not mistaken, Mr. Macaulay is dead ; if living, this solution might please him, as I hope it will Mr. Boswell, in return for the many agreeable hours his works have afforded us.

Johnson expatiated on the advantages of Oxford for learning. “There is here, Sir,” said he, “such a progressive emulation. The students are anxious to appear well to their tutors ; the tutors are anxious to have their pupils appear well in the college ; the colleges are anxious to have their students appear well in the university ; and there are excellent rules of disci-

pline in every college. That the rules are sometimes ill observed may be true, but is nothing against the system. The members of an University may, for a season, be unmindful of their duty. I am arguing for the excellency of the institution."

Of Guthrie, he said, "Sir, he is a man of parts. He has no great regular fund of knowledge; but by reading so long, and writing so long, he no doubt has picked up a good deal."

He said he had lately been a long while at Lichfield, but he had grown very weary before he left it. *Boswell*—"I wonder at that, Sir; it is your native place." *Johnson*—"Why, so is Scotland *your* native place."

His prejudice against Scotland appeared remarkably strong at this time. When I talked of our advancement in literature, "Sir," said he, "you have learnt a little from us, and you think yourselves very great men. Hume would never have written History, had not Voltaire written it before him. He is an echo of Voltaire." *Boswell*—"But, Sir, we have Lord Kames." *Johnson*—"You *have* Lord Kames. Keep him; ha, ha, ha! We don't envy you him. Do you ever see Dr. Robertson?" *Boswell*—"Yes, Sir." *Johnson*—"Does the dog talk of me?" *Boswell*—"Indeed, Sir, he does, and loves you." Thinking that I now had him in a corner, and being solicitous for the literary fame of my country, I pressed him for his opinion on the merit of Dr. Robertson's "History of Scotland." But to my surprise, he escaped. "Sir, I love Robertson, and I won't talk of his book."

It is but justice both to him and Dr. Robertson to add that, though he indulged himself in this sally of wit, he had too good taste not to be fully sensible of the merits of that admirable work.

An essay, written by Mr. Deane, a Divine of the Church of England, maintaining the future life of brutes, by an explication of certain parts of the Scriptures, was mentioned, and the doctrine insisted on by a gentleman who seemed fond of curious speculation—Johnson, who did not like to hear anything concerning a future state which was not authorized by the regular canons of orthodoxy, discouraged this talk; and being offended at its continuation, he watched an opportunity to give the gentleman a blow of reprehension. So, when the poor speculatist, with a serious, metaphysical, pensive face, addressed him, "But really, Sir, when we see a very sensible dog, we don't know what to think of him." Johnson, rolling

with joy at the thought which beamed in his eye, turned quickly round, and replied, "True, Sir; and when we see a very foolish *fellow*, we don't know what to think of *him*." He then rose up, strided to the fire, and stood for some time laughing and exulting.

I told him that I had several times, when in Italy, seen the experiment of placing a scorpion within a circle of burning coals; that it ran round and round in extreme pain, and finding no way to escape, retired to the center, and like a true stoic philosopher darted its sting into its head, and thus at once freed itself from its woes. "*This must end 'em*." I said this was a curious fact, as it showed deliberate suicide in a reptile. Johnson would not admit the fact. He said Maupertuis was of opinion that it does not kill itself, but dies of the heat; that it gets to the center of the circle, as the coolest place; that its turning its tail in upon its head is merely a convulsion, and that it does not sting itself. He said he would be satisfied if the great anatomist Morgagni, after dissecting a scorpion on which the experiment had been tried, should certify that its sting had penetrated into its head.

He seemed pleased to talk of natural philosophy. "That woodcocks," said he, "fly over the northern countries is proved, because they have been observed at sea. Swallows certainly sleep all the winter. A number of them conglobulate together, by flying round and round, and then all in a heap throw themselves under water, and lie in the bed of a river." He told us one of his first essays was a Latin poem upon the glowworm; I am sorry I did not ask where it was to be found.

Talking of the Russians and the Chinese, he advised me to read Bell's "Travels." I asked him whether I should read Du Halde's "Account of China." "Why, yes," said he, "as one reads such a book; that is to say, consult it." . . .

A gentleman talked to him of a lady whom he greatly admired and wished to marry, but was afraid of her superiority of talents. "Sir," said he, "you need not be afraid; marry her. Before a year goes about, you'll find that reason much weaker, and that wit not so bright." Yet the gentleman may be justified in his apprehension by one of Dr. Johnson's admirable sentences in his life of Waller: "He doubtless praised many whom he would have been afraid to marry; and, perhaps, married one whom he would have been ashamed to praise. Many qualities contribute to domestic happiness, upon

which poetry has no colors to bestow : and many airs and sallies may delight imagination, which he who flatters them never can approve."

He praised Signor Baretti. "His account of Italy is a very entertaining book ; and, Sir, I know no man who carries his head higher in conversation than Baretti. There are strong powers in his mind. He has not, indeed, many hooks ; but with what hooks he has, he grapples very forcibly." . . .

Upon his arrival in London, in May, he surprised me one morning with a visit at my lodging in Half-moon Street, was quite satisfied with my explanation, and was in the kindest and most agreeable frame of mind. As he had objected to a part of one of his letters being published, I thought it right to take this opportunity of asking him explicitly whether it would be improper to publish his letters after his death. His answer was, "Nay, Sir, when I am dead, you may do as you will."

He talked in his usual style with a rough contempt of popular liberty. "They make a rout about *universal* liberty, without considering that all that is to be valued, or indeed can be enjoyed by individuals, is *private* liberty. Political liberty is good only so far as it produces private liberty. Now, Sir, there is the liberty of the press, which you know is a constant topic. Suppose you and I and two hundred more were restrained from printing our thoughts ; what then ? What proportion would that restraint upon us bear to the private happiness of the nation ?"

This mode of representing the inconveniences of restraint as light and insignificant was a kind of sophistry in which he delighted to indulge himself, in opposition to the extreme laxity for which it has been fashionable for too many to argue, when it is evident, upon reflection, that the very essence of government is restraint ; and certain it is that as government produces rational happiness, too much restraint is better than too little. But when restraint is unnecessary, and so close as to gall those who are subject to it, the people may and ought to remonstrate ; and, if relief is not granted, to resist. Of this manly and spirited principle, no man was more convinced than Johnson himself. . . .

Swift having been mentioned, Johnson, as usual, treated him with little respect as an author. Some of us endeavored to support the Dean of St. Patrick's by various arguments.

One in particular praised his "Conduct of the Allies." *Johnson*— "Sir, his 'Conduct of the Allies' is a performance of very little ability." "Surely, Sir," said Dr. Douglas, "you must allow it has strong facts." *Johnson*— "Why, yes, Sir; but what is that to the merit of the composition? In the Sessions paper of the Old Bailey there are strong facts. House-breaking is a strong fact; robbery is a strong fact; and murder is a *mighty* strong fact: but is great praise due to the historian of those strong facts? No, Sir, Swift has told what he had to tell distinctly enough, but that is all. He had to count ten, and he has counted it right."— Then recollecting that Mr. Davies, by acting as an *informer*, had been the occasion of his talking somewhat too harshly to his friend Dr. Percy, for which, probably, when the first ebullition was over, he felt some compunction, he took an opportunity to give him a hit: so added, with a preparatory laugh, "Why, Sir, Tom Davies might have written the 'Conduct of the Allies.'" Poor Tom being thus dragged into ludicrous notice in presence of the Scottish Doctors, to whom he was ambitious of appearing to advantage, was grievously mortified. Nor did his punishment rest here; for upon subsequent occasions, whenever he, "statesman all o'er," assumed a strutting importance, I used to hail him,—" *The Author of the 'Conduct of the Allies.'*"

When I called upon Dr. Johnson next morning, I found him highly satisfied with his colloquial prowess the preceding evening. "Well," said he, "we had good talk." *Boswell*— "Yes, Sir, you tossed and gored several persons."

The late Alexander Earl of Eglintoune, who loved wit more than wine, and men of genius more than sycophants, had a great admiration of Johnson; but from the remarkable elegance of his own manners was, perhaps, too delicately sensible of the roughness which sometimes appeared in Johnson's behavior. One evening about this time, when his lordship did me the honor to sup at my lodgings with Dr. Robertson and several other men of literary distinction, he regretted that Johnson had not been educated with more refinement, and lived more in polished society. "No, no, my Lord," said Signor Baretti, "do with him what you would, he would always have been a bear." "True," answered the Earl, with a smile, "but he would have been a *dancing* bear."

To obviate all the reflections which have gone round the world to Johnson's prejudice by applying to him the epithet of

a *bear*, let me impress upon my readers a just and happy saying of my friend Goldsmith, who knew him well: "Johnson, to be sure, has a roughness in his manner; but no man alive has a more tender heart. *He has nothing of the bear but his skin.*" . . .

I told him that David Hume had made a short collection of Scotticisms. "I wonder," said Johnson, "that *he* should find them."

He would not admit the importance of the question concerning the legality of general warrants. "Such a power," he observed, "must be vested in every government to answer particular cases of necessity; and there can be no just complaint but when it is abused, for which those who administer government must be answerable. It is a matter of such indifference, a matter about which the people care so very little, that were a man to be sent over Britain to offer them an exemption from it at a halfpenny apiece, very few would purchase it." This was a specimen of that laxity of talking which I had heard him fairly acknowledge; for, surely, while the power of granting general warrants was supposed to be legal, and the apprehension of them hung over our heads, we did not possess that security of freedom congenial to our happy constitution, and which, by the intrepid exertions of Mr. Wilkes, has been happily established.

He said, "The duration of Parliament, whether for seven years or the life of the King, appears to me so immaterial that I would not give half a crown to turn the scale one way or the other. The *habeas corpus* is the single advantage which our government has over that of other countries."

On the 30th of September we dined together at the Mitre. I attempted to argue for the superior happiness of the savage life, upon the usual fanciful topics. *Johnson* — "Sir, there can be nothing more false. The savages have no bodily advantages beyond those of civilized men. They have not better health; and as to care or mental uneasiness, they are not above it, but below it, like bears. No, Sir; you are not to talk such paradox: let me have no more on't. It cannot entertain, far less can it instruct. Lord Monboddo, one of your Scotch judges, talked a great deal of such nonsense. I suffered *him*, but I will not suffer *you*." *Boswell* — "But, Sir, does not Rousseau talk such nonsense?" *Johnson* — "True, Sir; but Rousseau *knows* he is talking nonsense, and laughs at the world for staring at



him." *Boswell* — "How so, Sir?" *Johnson* — "Why, Sir, a man who talks nonsense so well, must know that he is talking nonsense. But I am *afraid* (chuckling and laughing) *Monboddo* does *not* know that he is talking nonsense." *Boswell* — "Is it wrong then, Sir, to affect singularity in order to make people stare?" *Johnson* — "Yes, if you do it by propagating error; and, indeed, it is wrong in any way. There is in human nature a general inclination to make people stare; and every wise man has himself to cure of it, and does cure himself. If you wish to make people stare by doing better than others, why, make them stare till they stare their eyes out. But consider how easy it is to make people stare by being absurd. I may do it by going into a drawing-room without my shoes. You remember the gentleman in *The Spectator* who had a commission of lunacy taken out against him for his extreme singularity, such as never wearing a wig, but a nightcap. Now, Sir, abstractedly, the nightcap was best; but, relatively, the advantage was overbalanced by his making the boys run after him."

Talking of a London life, he said, "The happiness of London is not to be conceived but by those who have been in it. I will venture to say there is more learning and science within the circumference of ten miles from where we now sit than in all the rest of the kingdom." *Boswell* — "The only disadvantage is the great distance at which people live from one another." *Johnson* — "Yes, Sir; but that is occasioned by the largeness of it, which is the cause of all the other advantages." *Boswell* — "Sometimes I have been in the humor of wishing to retire to a desert." *Johnson* — "Sir, you have desert enough in Scotland."

Although I had promised myself a great deal of instructive conversation with him on the conduct of the married state, of which I had then a near prospect, he did not say much upon that topic. Mr. Seward heard him once say that "a man has a very bad chance for happiness in that state, unless he marries a woman of very strong and fixed principles of religion." He maintained to me, contrary to the common notion, that a woman would not be the worse wife for being learned; in which, from all that I have observed of *Artemisias*, I humbly differed from him. That a woman should be sensible and well informed, I allow to be a great advantage, and think that Sir Thomas Overbury, in his rude versification, has very judiciously pointed

out that degree of intelligence which is to be desired in a female companion : —

Give me, next *good*, an *understanding wife*,  
 By Nature *wise*, not *learned* by much art;  
 Some *knowledge* on her side with all my life  
 More scope of conversation impart;  
 Besides, her inborne virtue fortifie;  
 They are most firmly good, who best know why.

When I censured a gentleman of my acquaintance for marrying a second time, as it showed a disregard of his first wife, he said, "Not at all, Sir. On the contrary, were he not to marry again, it might be concluded that his first wife had given him a disgust to marriage; but by taking a second wife he pays the highest compliment to the first by showing that she made him so happy, as a married man, that he wishes to be so a second time." So ingenious a turn did he give to this delicate question. And yet, on another occasion, he owned that he once had almost asked a promise of Mrs. Johnson that she would not marry again, but had checked himself. Indeed, I cannot help thinking that in his case the request would have been unreasonable; for if Mrs. Johnson forgot, or thought it no injury to the memory of her first love, — the husband of her youth and the father of her children, — to make a second marriage, why should she be precluded from a third, should she be so inclined? In Johnson's persevering fond appropriation of his *Tetty*, even after her decease, he seems totally to have overlooked the prior claim of the honest Birmingham trader. I presume that her having been married before had, at times, given him some uneasiness; for I remember his observing upon the marriage of one of our common friends, "He has done a very foolish thing; he has married a widow, when he might have had a maid."

We drank tea with Mrs. Williams. I had last year the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Thrale at Dr. Johnson's one morning, and had conversation enough with her to admire her talents, and to show her that I was as Johnsonian as herself. Dr. Johnson had probably been kind enough to speak well of me, for this evening he delivered me a very polite card from Mr. Thrale and her, inviting me to Streatham.

On the 6th of October I complied with this obliging invitation, and found, at an elegant villa, six miles from town, every

circumstance that can make society pleasing. Johnson, though quite at home, was yet looked up to with an awe, tempered by affection, and seemed to be equally the care of his host and hostess. I rejoiced at seeing him so happy.

He played off his wit against Scotland with a good-humored pleasantry, which gave me, though no bigot to national prejudices, an opportunity for a little contest with him. I having said that England was obliged to us for gardeners, almost all their good gardeners being Scotchmen — *Johnson* — “Why, Sir, that is because gardening is much more necessary amongst you than with us, which makes so many of your people learn it. It is *all* gardening with you. Things which grow wild here, must be cultivated with great care in Scotland. Pray now,” throwing himself back in his chair, and laughing, “are you ever able to bring the *sloe* to perfection?”

I boasted that we had the honor of being the first to abolish the inhospitable, troublesome, and ungracious custom of giving vails to servants. *Johnson* — “Sir, you abolished vails because you were too poor to be able to give them.”

Mrs. Thrale disputed with him on the merit of Prior. He attacked him powerfully; said he wrote of love like a man who had never felt it: his love verses were college verses; and he repeated the song “Alexis shunned his fellow-swains,” etc., in so ludicrous a manner, as to make us all wonder how any one could have been pleased with such fantastical stuff. Mrs. Thrale stood to her gun with great courage in defense of amorous ditties, which Johnson despised, till he at last silenced her by saying, “My dear lady, talk no more of this. Nonsense can be defended but by nonsense.”

Mrs. Thrale then praised Garrick’s talents for light, gay poetry; and, as a specimen, repeated his song in “Florizel and Perdita,” and dwelt with peculiar pleasure on this line: —

I’d smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

*Johnson* — “Nay, my dear lady, this will never do. Poor David! Smile with the simple. What folly is that? And who would feed with the poor that can help it? No, no; let me smile with the wise, and feed with the rich.” I repeated this sally to Garrick, and wondered to find his sensibility as a writer not a little irritated by it. To soothe him, I observed that Johnson spared none of us; and I quoted the passage in Horace,

in which he compares one who attacks his friends for the sake of a laugh, to a pushing ox, that is marked by a bunch of hay put upon his horns : "*fœnum habet in cornu.*" "Ay," said Garrick, vehemently, "he has a whole *mow* of it."

Talking of history, Johnson said : "We may know historical facts to be true, as we may know facts in common life to be true. Motives are generally unknown. We cannot trust to the characters we find in history, unless when they are drawn by those who knew the persons ; as those, for instance, by Sallust and by Lord Clarendon."

He would not allow much merit to Whitfield's oratory. "His popularity, Sir," said he, "is chiefly owing to the peculiarity of his manner. He would be followed by crowds were he to wear a nightcap in the pulpit, or were he to preach from a tree." . . .

Dr. Johnson shunned to-night any discussion of the perplexed question of fate and free will, which I attempted to agitate : "Sir," said he, "we *know* our will is free, and *there's* an end on't."

He honored me with his company at dinner on the 16th of October, at my lodgings in Old Bond Street, with Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Garrick, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Bickerstaff, and Mr. Thomas Davies. Garrick played round him with a fond vivacity, taking hold of the breasts of his coat, and, looking up in his face with a lively archness, complimented him on the good health which he seemed then to enjoy ; while the sage, shaking his head, beheld him with a gentle complacency. One of the company not being come at the appointed hour, I proposed, as usual upon such occasions, to order dinner to be served, adding, "Ought six people to be kept waiting for one?" "Why, yes," answered Johnson, with a delicate humanity, "if the one will suffer more by your sitting down than the six will do by waiting." Goldsmith, to divert the tedious minutes, strutted about bragging of his dress, and I believe was seriously vain of it, for his mind was wonderfully prone to such impressions. "Come, come," said Garrick, "talk no more of that. You are perhaps the worst—eh, eh!" Goldsmith was eagerly attempting to interrupt him, when Garrick went on, laughing ironically, "Nay, you will always *look* like a gentleman ; but I am talking of being well or *ill drest.*" "Well, let me tell you," said Goldsmith, "when my tailor brought home my bloom-colored coat, he said, 'Sir, I have a favor to beg of

you. When anybody asks you who made your clothes, be pleased to mention John Filby, at the harrow, in Water Lane.'” *Johnson* — “Why, Sir, that was because he knew the strange color would attract crowds to gaze at it, and thus they might hear of him, and see how well he could make a coat, even of so absurd a color.”

After dinner our conversation first turned upon Pope. *Johnson* said his characters of men were admirably drawn, those of women not so well. He repeated to us, in his forcible melodious manner, the concluding lines of the “*Dunciad*.” While he was talking loudly in praise of those lines, one of the company ventured to say, “Too fine for such a poem : a poem on what ?” *Johnson* (with a disdainful look) — “Why, on *dunces*. It was worth while being a dunce then. Ah, Sir, hadst *thou* lived in those days ! It is not worth while being a dunce now, when there are no wits.” *Bickerstaff* observed, as a peculiar circumstance, that Pope’s fame was higher when he was alive than it was then. *Johnson* said his “*Pastorals*” were poor things, though the versification was fine. He told us, with high satisfaction, the anecdote of Pope’s inquiring who was the author of his “*London*,” and saying he will be soon *déterré*. He observed that in *Dryden*’s poetry there were passages drawn from a profundity which Pope could never reach. He repeated some fine lines on love, by the former (which I have now forgotten), and gave great applause to the character of *Zimri*. *Goldsmith* said that Pope’s character of *Addison* showed a deep knowledge of the human heart. *Johnson* said that the description of the temple, in “*The Mourning Bride*,” was the finest poetical passage he had ever read ; he recollected none in *Shakspeare* equal to it. — “But,” said *Garrick*, all alarmed for “the God of his idolatry,” “we know not the extent and variety of his powers. We are to suppose there are such passages in his works. *Shakspeare* must not suffer from the badness of our memories.” *Johnson*, diverted by this enthusiastic jealousy, went on with great ardor : “No, Sir ; *Congreve* has *nature*” (smiling on the tragic eagerness of *Garrick*) ; but composing himself, he added, “Sir, this is not comparing *Congreve* on the whole with *Shakspeare* on the whole, but only maintaining that *Congreve* has one finer passage than any that can be found in *Shakspeare*. Sir, a man may have no more than ten guineas in the world, but he may have those ten guineas in one piece, and so may have a finer piece than a man who has ten thousand

pounds ; but then he has only one ten-guinea piece. — What I mean is that you can show me no passage, where there is simply a description of material objects without any intermixture of moral notions, which produces such an effect.” Mr. Murphy mentioned Shakspeare’s description of the night before the battle of Agincourt ; but it was observed it had *men* in it. Mr. Davies suggested the speech of Juliet, in which she figures herself awakening in the tomb of her ancestors. Some one mentioned the description of Dover Cliff. *Johnson* — “No, Sir ; it should be all precipice — all vacuum. The crows impede your fall. The diminished appearance of the boats and other circumstances are all very good description, but do not impress the mind at once with the horrible idea of immense height. The impression is divided : you pass on by computation, from one stage of the tremendous space to another. Had the girl in ‘The Mourning Bride’ said she could not cast her shoe to the top of one of the pillars in the temple, it would not have aided the idea, but weakened it.”

Talking of a barrister who had a bad utterance, some one (to rouse Johnson) wickedly said that he was unfortunate in not having been taught oratory by Sheridan. *Johnson* — “Nay, Sir, if he had been taught by Sheridan, he would have cleared the room.” *Garrick* — “Sheridan has too much vanity to be a good man.” — We shall now see Johnson’s mode of *defending* a man ; taking him into his own hands, and discriminating. *Johnson* — “No, Sir. There is, to be sure, in Sheridan, something to reprehend and everything to laugh at ; but, Sir, he is not a bad man. No, Sir ; were mankind to be divided into good and bad, he would stand considerably within the ranks of good. And, Sir, it must be allowed that Sheridan excels in plain declamation, though he can exhibit no character.” . . .

Politics being mentioned, he said : “This petitioning is a new mode of distressing government, and a mighty easy one. I will undertake to get petitions either against quarter guineas or half guineas, with the help of a little hot wine. There must be no yielding to encourage this. The object is not important enough. We are not to blow up half a dozen palaces, because one cottage is burning.”

The conversation then took another turn. *Johnson* — “It is amazing what ignorance of certain points one sometimes finds in men of eminence. A wit about town, who wrote Latin bawdy verses, asked me how it happened that England and

Scotland, which were once two kingdoms, were now one ; and Sir Fletcher Norton did not seem to know that there were such publications as the *Reviews*." . . .

"The ballad of 'Hardyknute' has no great merit, if it be really ancient. People talk of nature. But mere obvious nature may be exhibited with very little power of mind."

On Thursday, October 19, I passed the evening with him at his house. He advised me to complete a Dictionary of words peculiar to Scotland, of which I showed him a specimen. "Sir," said he, "Ray has made a collection of north-country words. By collecting those of your country, you will do a useful thing towards the history of the language." He bade me also go on with collections which I was making upon the antiquities of Scotland. "Make a large book—a folio." *Boswell*—"But of what use will it be, Sir?" *Johnson*—"Never mind the use ; do it."

I complained that he had not mentioned Garrick in his Preface to Shakspeare, and asked him if he did not admire him. *Johnson*—"Yes, as 'a poor player who frets and struts his hour upon the stage'—as a shadow." *Boswell*—"But has he not brought Shakspeare into notice?" *Johnson*—"Sir, to allow that, would be to lampoon the age. Many of Shakspeare's plays are the worse for being acted: 'Macbeth,' for instance." *Boswell*—"What, Sir! is nothing gained by decoration and action? Indeed, I do wish that you had mentioned Garrick." *Johnson*—"My dear Sir, had I mentioned him, I must have mentioned many more: Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Cibber, —nay, and Mr. Cibber too: he, too, altered Shakspeare." *Boswell*—"You have read his apology, Sir?" *Johnson*—"Yes, it is very entertaining. But as for Cibber himself, taking from his conversation all that he ought not to have said, he was a poor creature. I remember when he brought me one of his 'Odes,' to have my opinion of it, I could not bear such nonsense, and would not let him read it to the end: so little respect had I for *that great man!* (laughing). Yet I remember Richardson wondering that I could treat him with familiarity."

I mentioned to him that I had seen the execution of several convicts at Tyburn, two days before, and that none of them seemed to be under any concern. *Johnson*—"Most of them, Sir, have never thought at all." *Boswell*—"But is not the fear of death natural to man?" *Johnson*—"So much so, Sir, that the whole of life is but keeping away the thoughts of it." He

then, in a low and earnest tone, talked of his meditating upon the awful hour of his own dissolution, and in what manner he should conduct himself upon that occasion: "I know not," said he, "whether I should wish to have a friend by me, or have it all between GOD and myself. Talking of our feeling for the distresses of others—" *Johnson* — "Why, Sir, there is much noise made about it, but it is greatly exaggerated. No, Sir, we have a certain degree of feeling to prompt us to do good; more than that, providence does not intend. It would be misery to no purpose." *Boswell* — "But suppose now, Sir, that one of your intimate friends were apprehended for an offense for which he might be hanged." *Johnson* — "I should do what I could to bail him, and give him any other assistance; but if he were once fairly hanged, I should not suffer." *Boswell* — "Would you eat your dinner that day, Sir?" *Johnson* — "Yes, Sir, and eat it as if he were eating with me. Why, there's Baretto, who is to be tried for his life to-morrow; friends have risen up for him on every side; yet if he should be hanged, none of them will eat a slice of plum pudding the less. Sir, that sympathetic feeling goes a very little way in depressing the mind."

I told him that I had dined lately at Foote's, who showed me a letter which he had received from Tom Davies, telling him that he had not been able to sleep from the concern he felt on account of "*this sad affair of Baretto*," begging of him to try if he could suggest anything that might be of service, and, at the same time, recommending to him an industrious young man who kept a pickle shop. *Johnson* — "Ay, Sir, here you have a specimen of human sympathy: a friend hanged, and a cucumber pickled. We know not whether Baretto or the pickle man has kept Davies from sleep, nor does he know himself. And as to his not sleeping, Sir, Tom Davies is a very great man; Tom has been upon the stage, and knows how to do those things: I have not been upon the stage, and cannot do those things." *Boswell* — "I have often blamed myself, Sir, for not feeling for others as sensibly as many say they do." *Johnson* — "Sir, don't be duped by them any more. You will find these very feeling people are not very ready to do you good. They pay you by feeling."

*Boswell* — "Foote has a great deal of humor." *Johnson* — "Yes, Sir." *Boswell* — "He has a singular talent of exhibiting character." *Johnson* — "Sir, it is not a talent—it is a vice; it is what others abstain from. It is not comedy, which ex-



hibits the character of a species, as that of a miser gathered from many misers: it is farce, which exhibits individuals." *Boswell*—"Did not he think of exhibiting you, Sir?" *Johnson*—"Sir, fear restrained him; he knew I would have broken his bones. I would have saved him the trouble of cutting off a leg; I would not have left him a leg to cut off." *Boswell*—"Pray, Sir, is not Foote an infidel?" *Johnson*—"I do not know, Sir, that the fellow is an infidel; but if he be an infidel, he is an infidel as a dog is an infidel; that is to say, he has never thought upon the subject." *Boswell*—"I suppose, Sir, he has thought superficially, and seized the first notions which occurred to his mind." *Johnson*—"Why then, Sir, still he is like a dog that snatches the piece next him. Did you never observe that dogs have not the power of comparing? A dog will take a small bit of meat as readily as a large, when both are before him." . . .

"Buchanan," he observed, "has fewer *centos* than any modern Latin Poet. He has not only had great knowledge of the Latin language, but was a great poetical genius. Both the Scaligers praise him."

He again talked of the passage in Congreve with high commendation, and said: "Shakspeare never has six lines together without a fault. Perhaps you may find seven; but this does not refute my general assertion. If I come to an orchard and say, there's no fruit here, and then comes a poring man, who finds two apples and three pears, and tells me, 'Sir, you are mistaken, I have found both apples and pears,' I should laugh at him: what would that be to the purpose?"

*Boswell*—"What do you think of Dr. Young's 'Night Thoughts,' Sir?" *Johnson*—"Why, Sir, there are very fine things in them." *Boswell*—"Is there not less religion in the nation now, Sir, than there was formerly?" *Johnson*—"I don't know, Sir, that there is." *Boswell*—"For instance, there used to be a chaplain in every great family, which we do not find now." *Johnson*—"Neither do you find any of the state servants which great families used formerly to have. There is a change of modes in the whole department of life."

Next day, October 20, he appeared, for the only time I suppose in his life, as a witness in a court of justice, being called to give evidence to the character of Mr. Baretti, who, having stabbed a man in the street, was arraigned at the Old Bailey for murder. Never did such a constellation of genius enlighten

the awful Sessions House, emphatically called Justice Hall: Mr. Burke, Mr. Garrick, Mr. Beauclerk, and Dr. Johnson; and undoubtedly their favorable testimony had due weight with the court and jury. Johnson gave his evidence in a slow, deliberate, and distinct manner, which was uncommonly impressive. It is well known that Mr. Barette was acquitted.

On the 26th of October, we dined together at the Mitre Tavern. He found fault with Foote for indulging his talent of ridicule at the expense of his visitors, which I colloquially termed making fools of his company. *Johnson* — “Why, Sir, when you go to see Foote, you do not go to see a saint; you go to see a man who will be entertained at your house, and then bring you on a public stage; who will entertain you at his house for the very purpose of bringing you on a public stage. Sir, he does not make fools of his company; they whom he exposes are fools already: he only brings them into action.”

Talking of trade, he observed: “It is a mistaken notion that a vast deal of money is brought into a nation by trade. It is not so. Commodities come from commodities; but trade produces no capital accession of wealth. However, though there should be little profit in money, there is a considerable profit in pleasure, as it gives to one nation the productions of another: as we have wines and fruits, and many other foreign articles brought to us.” *Boswell* — “Yes, Sir, and there is a profit in pleasure by its furnishing occupation to such numbers of mankind.” *Johnson* — “Why, Sir, you cannot call that pleasure to which all are averse, and which none begin but with the hope of leaving off, — a thing which men dislike before they have tried it, and when they have tried it.” *Boswell* — “But, Sir, the mind must be employed, and we grow weary when idle.” *Johnson* — “That is, Sir, because others being busy, we want company; but if we were all idle, there would be no growing weary; we should all entertain one another. There is, indeed, this in trade: it gives men an opportunity of improving their situation. If there were no trade, many who are poor would always remain poor. But no man loves labor for itself.” *Boswell* — “Yes, Sir, I know a person who does. He is a very laborious judge, and he loves the labor.” *Johnson* — “Sir, that is because he loves respect and distinction. Could he have them without labor, he would like it less.” *Boswell* — “He tells me he likes it for itself.” — “Why, Sir, he fancies so, because he is not accustomed to abstract.” . . .

There was a pretty large circle this evening. Dr. Johnson was in a very good humor, lively, and ready to talk upon all subjects. Mr. Fergusson, the self-taught philosopher, told him of a new-invented machine which went without horses; a man who sat in it turned a handle, which worked a spring that drove it forward. "Then, Sir," said Johnson, "what is gained is, the man has his choice whether he will move himself alone, or himself and the machine too." Dominicetti being mentioned, he would not allow him any merit. "There is nothing in all this boasted system. No, Sir: medicated baths can be no better than warm water: their only effect can be that of tepid moisture." One of the company took the other side, maintaining that medicines of various sorts, and some too of most powerful effect, are introduced into the human frame by the medium of the pores; and, therefore, when warm water is impregnated with salutiferous substances, it may produce great effects as a bath. This appeared to me very satisfactory. Johnson did not answer it; but talking for victory, and determined to be master of the field, he had recourse to the device which Goldsmith imputed to him in the witty words of one of Cibber's comedies: "There is no arguing with Johnson; for when his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt end of it." He turned to the gentleman, "Well, Sir, go to Dominicetti, and get thyself fumigated; but be sure that the steam be directed to thy *head*, for *that* is the *peccant part*." This produced a triumphant roar of laughter from the motley assembly of philosophers, printers, and dependents, male and female.

I know not how so whimsical a thought came into my mind, but I asked, "If, Sir, you were shut up in a castle, and a new-born child with you, what would you do?" *Johnson* — "Why, Sir, I should not much like my company." *Boswell* — "But would you take the trouble of rearing it?" He seemed, as may well be supposed, unwilling to pursue the subject; but upon my persevering in my question, replied, "Why, yes, Sir, I would; but I must have all conveniences. If I had no garden, I would make a shed on the roof, and take it there for fresh air. I should feed it, and wash it much, and with warm water to please it, not with cold water to give it pain." *Boswell* — "But, Sir, does not heat relax?" *Johnson* — "Sir, you are not to imagine the water is to be very hot. I would not *coddle* the child. No, Sir, the hardy method of treating children does no good. I'll take you five children from Lon-

don, who shall cuff five Highland children. Sir, a man bred in London will carry a burden, or run, or wrestle, as well as a man brought up in the hardest manner in the country." *Boswell* — "Good living, I suppose, makes the Londoners strong." *Johnson* — "Why, Sir, I don't know that it does. Our chairmen from Ireland, who are as strong men as any, have been brought up upon potatoes. Quantity makes up for quality." *Boswell* — "Would you teach this child, that I have furnished you with, anything?" *Johnson* — "No, I should not be apt to teach it." *Boswell* — "Would not you have a pleasure in teaching it?" *Johnson* — "No, Sir, I should *not* have a pleasure in teaching it." *Boswell* — "Have you not a pleasure in teaching men? *There* I have you. You have the same pleasure in teaching men that I should have in teaching children." *Johnson* — "Why, something about that."

*Boswell* — "Do you think, Sir, that what is called natural affection is born with us? It seems to me to be the effect of habit, or of gratitude for kindness. No child has it for a parent whom it has not seen." *Johnson* — "Why, Sir, I think there is an instinctive natural affection in parents towards their children."

Russia being mentioned as likely to become a great empire, by the rapid increase of population — *Johnson* — "Why, Sir, I see no prospect of their propagating more. They can have no more children than they can get. I know of no way to make them breed more than they do. It is not from reason and prudence that people marry, but from inclination. A man is poor; he thinks, 'I cannot be worse, and so I'll e'en take Peggy.'" *Boswell* — "But have not nations been more populous at one period than another?" *Johnson* — "Yes, Sir; but that has been owing to the people being less thinned at one period than another, whether by emigration, war, or pestilence, not by their being more or less prolific. Births at all times bear the same proportion to the same number of people." *Boswell* — "But to consider the state of our own country, does not throwing a number of farms into one hand hurt population?" *Johnson* — "Why, no, Sir; the same quantity of food being produced, will be consumed by the same number of mouths, though the people may be disposed of in different ways. We see, if corn be dear and butchers' meat cheap, the farmers all apply themselves to the raising of corn, till it becomes plentiful and cheap, and then butchers' meat becomes dear; so that

an equality is always preserved. No, Sir, let fanciful men do as they will, depend upon it, it is difficult to disturb the system of life." *Boswell* — "But, Sir, is it not a very bad thing for landlords to oppress their tenants by raising their rents?" *Johnson* — "Very bad. But, Sir, it can never have any general influence; it may distress some individuals. For, consider this: landlords cannot do without tenants. Now, tenants will not give more for land than land is worth. If they can make more of their money by keeping a shop, or any other way, they'll do it, and so oblige landlords to let land come back to a reasonable rent in order that they may get tenants. Land in England is an article of commerce. A tenant who pays his landlord his rent thinks himself no more obliged to him than you think yourself obliged to a man in whose shop you buy a piece of goods. He knows the landlord does not let him have his land for less than he can get from others, in the same manner as the shopkeeper sells his goods. No shopkeeper sells a yard of ribbon for sixpence when sevenpence is the current price." *Boswell* — "But, Sir, is it not better that tenants should be dependent on landlords?" *Johnson* — "Why, Sir, as there are many more tenants than landlords, perhaps, strictly speaking, we should wish not. But if you please, you may let your lands cheap, and so get the value, part in money and part in homage. I should agree with you in that." *Boswell* — "So, Sir, you laugh at schemes of political improvement." *Johnson* — "Why, Sir, most schemes of political improvement are very laughable things." . . .

When we were alone, I introduced the subject of death, and endeavored to maintain that the fear of it might be got over. I told him that David Hume said to me he was no more uneasy to think he should *not be* after his life, than that he *had not been* before he began to exist. *Johnson* — "Sir, if he really thinks so, his perceptions are disturbed; he is mad. If he does not think so, he lies. He may tell you he holds his finger in the flame of a candle, without feeling pain; would you believe him? When he dies, he at least gives up all he has." *Boswell* — "Foote, Sir, told me that when he was very ill, he was not afraid to die." *Johnson* — "It is not true, Sir. Hold a pistol to Foote's breast, or to Hume's breast, and threaten to kill them, and you'll see how they behave." *Boswell* — "But may we not fortify our minds for the approach of death?" — Here I am sensible I was in the wrong to bring before his view

what he ever looked upon with horror; for, although when in a celestial frame of mind in his "Vanity of Human Wishes," he has supposed death to be "kind Nature's signal for retreat" from this state of being to "a happier seat," his thoughts upon this awful change were in general full of dismal apprehensions. His mind resembled the vast amphitheater, the Coliseum at Rome. In the center stood his judgment, which, like a mighty gladiator, combated those apprehensions that, like the wild beasts of the arena, were all around in cells, ready to be let out upon him. After a conflict, he drives them back into their dens; but not killing them, they are still assailing him. To my question, whether we might not fortify our minds for the approach of death, he answered, in a passion, "No, Sir, let it alone. It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives. The act of dying is not of importance, it lasts so short a time." He added (with an earnest look), "A man knows it must be so, and submits. It will do him no good to whine."

I attempted to continue the conversation. He was so provoked that he said, "Give us no more of this;" and was thrown into such a state of agitation that he expressed himself in a way that alarmed and distressed me; showed an impatience that I should leave him, and when I was going away, called to me sternly, "Don't let us meet to-morrow."

I went home exceedingly uneasy. All the harsh observations which I had ever heard made upon his character crowded into my mind; and I seemed to myself like the man who had put his head into the lion's mouth a great many times with perfect safety, but at last had it bit off.

Next morning I sent him a note, stating that I might have been in the wrong, but it was not intentionally; he was therefore, I could not help thinking, too severe upon me. That, notwithstanding our agreement not to meet that day, I would call on him in my way to the city, and stay five minutes by my watch. "You are," said I, "in my mind, since last night, surrounded with cloud and storm. Let me have a glimpse of sunshine, and go about my affairs in serenity and cheerfulness."

Upon entering his study, I was glad that he was not alone, which would have made our meeting more awkward. There were with him Mr. Steevens and Mr. Tyers, both of whom I now saw for the first time. My note had, on his own reflection, softened him, for he received me very complacently; so that I

unexpectedly found myself at ease, and joined in the conversation.

He said the critics had done too much honor to Sir Richard Blackmore, by writing so much against him. That in his "Creation" he had been helped by various wits, — a line by Phillips, and a line by Tickell; so that by their aid, and that of others, the poem had been made out.

I defended Blackmore's supposed lines, which have been ridiculed as absolute nonsense: —

A painted vest Prince Vortiger had on,  
Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won.

I maintained it to be a poetical conceit. A Pict being painted, if he is slain in battle, and a vest is made of his skin, it is a painted vest won from him, though he was naked.

Johnson spoke unfavorably of a certain pretty voluminous author, saying, "He used to write anonymous books, and then other books commending those books, in which there was something of rascality."

I whispered him, "Well, Sir, you are now in good humor." *Johnson* — "Yes, Sir." I was going to leave him, and had got as far as the staircase. He stopped me and, smiling, said, "Get you gone *in*:" a curious mode of inviting me to stay, which I accordingly did for some time longer.

This little incidental quarrel and reconciliation, which, perhaps, I may be thought to have detailed too minutely, must be esteemed as one of many proofs which his friends had that though he might be charged with *bad humor* at times, he was always a *good-natured* man; and I have heard Sir Joshua Reynolds, a nice and delicate observer of manners, particularly remark that when upon any occasion Johnson had been rough to any person in company, he took the first opportunity of reconciliation by drinking to him, or addressing his discourse to him; but if he found his dignified indirect overtures sullenly neglected, he was quite indifferent, and considered himself as having done all that he ought to do, and the other as now in the wrong.

## DR. JOHNSON.

BY AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

[AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, English essayist, was born at Wavertree, near Liverpool, January 19, 1850, the son of a Baptist minister, and graduated with distinction at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. He was called to the bar (1875), and was returned to Parliament for West Fife in 1889, and again in 1892. "Obiter Dicta" (1884 and 1887), consisting of literary and biographical essays, is his chief work. He has also published "Res Judicata," essays; a life of Charlotte Brontë; and "Men, Women, and Books" (1895).]

IF we should ever take occasion to say of Dr. Johnson's Preface to Shakspeare what he himself said of a similar production of the poet Rowe, "that it does not discover much profundity or penetration," we ought in common fairness always to add that nobody else has ever written about Shakspeare one half so entertainingly. If this statement be questioned, let the doubter, before reviling me, re-read the Preface, and if, after he has done so, he still demurs, we shall be content to withdraw the observation, which, indeed, has only been made for the purpose of introducing a quotation from the Preface itself.

In that document, Dr. Johnson, with his unrivaled stateliness, writes as follows: "The poet of whose works I have undertaken the revision may now begin to assume the dignity of an ancient, and claim the privilege of established fame and prescriptive veneration. He has long outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit."

The whirligig of time has brought in his revenges. The Doctor himself has been dead his century. He died on the 13th of December, 1784. Come, let us criticise him.

Our qualifications for this high office need not be investigated curiously.

"Criticism," writes Johnson in the 60th *Idler*, "is a study by which men grow important and formidable at a very small expense. The power of invention has been conferred by nature upon few, and the labor of learning those sciences which may by mere labor be obtained is too great to be willingly endured; but every man can exert such judgment as he has upon the works of others; and he whom nature has made weak, and idleness keeps ignorant, may yet support his vanity by the name of a critic."

To proceed with our task by the method of comparison is



to pursue a course open to grave objection, yet it is forced upon us when we find, as we lately did, a writer in the *Times* newspaper, in the course of a not very discriminating review of Mr. Froude's recent volumes, casually remarking, as if it admitted of no more doubt than the day's price of consols, that Carlyle was a greater man than Johnson. It is a good thing to be positive. To be positive in your opinions and selfish in your habits is the best receipt, if not for happiness, at all events for that far more attainable commodity, comfort, with which we are acquainted. "A noisy man," sang poor Cowper, who could not bear anything louder than the hissing of a tea urn, "a noisy man is always in the right," and a positive man can seldom be proved wrong. Still, in literature it is very desirable to preserve a moderate measure of independence, and we, therefore, make bold to ask whether it is as plain as the "old hill of Howth," that Carlyle was a greater man than Johnson? Is not the precise contrary the truth? No abuse of Carlyle need be looked for here or from me. Why a man of genius and of letters happens to have any striking virtues, such as purity, temperance, honesty, the novel task of dwelling on them has such attraction for us, that we are content to leave the elucidation of his faults to his personal friends, and to stern, unbending moralists like Mr. Edmund Yates and the *World* newspaper. To love Carlyle is, thanks to Mr. Froude's superhuman ideal of friendship, a task of much heroism, almost meriting a pension; still it is quite possible for the candid and truth-loving soul. But a greater than Johnson he most certainly was not.

There is a story in Boswell of an ancient beggar woman who, whilst asking an alms of the Doctor, described herself to him, in a lucky moment for her pocket, as "an old struggler." Johnson, his biographer tells us, was visibly affected. The phrase stuck to his memory, and was frequently applied to himself. "I, too," so he would say, "am an old struggler." So, too, in all conscience, was Carlyle. The struggles of Johnson have long been historical; those of Carlyle have just become so. We are interested in both. To be indifferent would be inhuman. Both men had great endowments, tempestuous natures, hard lots. They were not amongst Dame Fortune's favorites. They had to fight their way. What they took they took by storm. But — and here is a difference indeed — Johnson came off victorious, Carlyle did not.

Boswell's book is an arch of triumph, through which, as we read, we see his hero passing into eternal fame, to take up his place with those —

Dead but scepter'd sovereigns who still rule  
Our spirits from their urns.

Froude's book is a tomb over which the lovers of Carlyle's genius will never cease to shed tender but regretful tears.

We doubt whether there is in English literature a more triumphant book than Boswell's. What materials for tragedy are wanting? Johnson was a man of strong passions, unbending spirit, violent temper, as poor as a church mouse, and as proud as the proudest of church dignitaries; endowed with the strength of a coal heaver, the courage of a lion, and the tongue of Dean Swift, he could knock down booksellers and silence bargees; he was melancholy almost to madness, "radically wretched," indolent, blinded, diseased. Poverty was long his portion; not that genteel poverty that is sometimes behind-hand with its rent, but that hungry poverty that does not know where to look for its dinner. Against all these things had this "old struggler" to contend; over all these things did this "old struggler" prevail. Over even the fear of death, the giving up of this "intellectual being," which had haunted his gloomy fancy for a lifetime, he seems finally to have prevailed, and to have met his end as a brave man should.

Carlyle, writing to his wife, says, and truthfully enough, "The more the devil worries me the more I wring him by the nose;" but then if the devil's was the only nose that was wrung in the transaction, why need Carlyle cry out so loud? After buffetting one's way through the storm-tossed pages of Froude's *Carlyle* — in which the universe is stretched upon the rack because food disagrees with man and cocks crow — with what thankfulness and reverence do we read once again the letter in which Johnson tells Mrs. Thrale how he has been called to endure, not dyspepsia or sleeplessness, but paralysis itself: —

"On Monday I sat for my picture, and walked a considerable way with little inconvenience. In the afternoon and evening I felt myself light and easy, and began to plan schemes of life. Thus I went to bed, and, in a short time, waked and sat up, as has long been my custom; when I felt a confusion in my head which lasted, I suppose, about half a minute; I was alarmed, and prayed God that however much he might afflict

my body, He would spare my understanding. . . . Soon after I perceived that I had suffered a paralytic stroke, and that my speech was taken from me. I had no pain, and so little dejection, in this dreadful state, that I wondered at my own apathy, and considered that perhaps death itself, when it should come, would excite less horror than seems now to attend it. In order to rouse the vocal organs I took two drams. . . . I then went to bed, and, strange as it may seem, I think, slept. When I saw light, it was time I should contrive what I should do. Though God stopped my speech, He left me my hand. I enjoyed a mercy which was not granted to my dear friend Lawrence, who now perhaps overlooks me, as I am writing, and rejoices that I have what he wanted. My first note was necessarily to my servant, who came in talking, and could not immediately comprehend why he should read what I put into his hands. . . . How this will be received by you I know not. I hope you will sympathize with me ; but perhaps

“My mistress, gracious, mild, and good,  
Cries — Is he dumb? ’Tis time he shou’d.

“I suppose you may wish to know how my disease is treated by the physicians. They put a blister upon my back, and two from my ear to my throat, one on a side. The blister on the back has done little, and those on the throat have not risen. I bullied and bounced (it sticks to our last sand), and compelled the apothecary to make his salve according to the Edinburgh dispensatory, that it might adhere better. I have now two on my own prescription. They likewise give me salt of hartshorn, which I take with no great confidence ; but I am satisfied that what can be done is done for me. I am almost ashamed of this querulous letter, but now it is written let it go.”

This is indeed tonic and bark for the mind.

If, irritated by a comparison that ought never to have been thrust upon us, we ask why it is that the reader of Boswell finds it as hard to help loving Johnson as the reader of Froude finds it hard to avoid disliking Carlyle, the answer must be that whilst the elder man of letters was full to overflowing with the milk of human kindness, the younger one was full to overflowing with something not nearly so nice ; and that whilst Johnson was preëminently a reasonable man, reasonable in all his demands and expectations, Carlyle was the most unreasonable

mortal that ever exhausted the patience of nurse, mother, or wife.

Of Dr. Johnson's affectionate nature nobody has written with nobler appreciation than Carlyle himself. "Perhaps it is this Divine feeling of affection, throughout manifested, that principally attracts us to Johnson. A true brother of men is he, and filial lover of the earth."

The day will come when it will be recognized that Carlyle, as a critic, is to be judged by what he himself corrected for the press, and not by splenetic entries in diaries, or whimsical extravagances in private conversation.

Of Johnson's reasonableness nothing need be said, except that it is patent everywhere. His wife's judgment was a sound one — "He is the most sensible man I ever met."

As for his brutality, of which at one time we used to hear a great deal, we cannot say of it what Hookham Frere said of Landor's immorality, that it was —

Mere imaginary classicity  
Wholly devoid of criminal reality.

It was nothing of the sort. Dialectically the great Doctor was a great brute. The fact is he had so accustomed himself to wordy warfare, that he lost all sense of moral responsibility, and cared as little for men's feelings as a Napoleon did for their lives. When the battle was over, the Doctor frequently did what no soldier ever did that I have heard tell of, apologized to his victims and drank wine or lemonade with them. It must also be remembered that for the most part his victims sought him out. They came to be tossed and gored. And after all, are they so much to be pitied? They have our sympathy, and the Doctor has our applause. I am not prepared to say, with the simpering fellow with weak legs whom David Copperfield met at Mr. Waterbrook's dinner table, that I would sooner be knocked down by a man with blood than picked up by a man without any; but, argumentatively speaking, I think it would be better for a man's reputation to be knocked down by Dr. Johnson than picked up by Mr. Froude.

Johnson's claim to be the best of our talkers cannot, on our present materials, be contested. For the most part we have only talk about other talkers. Johnson's is matter of record. Carlyle no doubt was a great talker — no man talked against

talk or broke silence to praise it more eloquently than he, but unfortunately none of it is in evidence. All that is given us is a sort of Commination Service writ large. We soon weary of it. Man does not live by curses alone.

An unhappier prediction of a boy's future was surely never made than that of Johnson's by his cousin, Mr. Cornelius Ford, who said to the infant Samuel, "You will make your way the more easily in the world as you are content to dispute no man's claim to conversation excellence, and they will, therefore, more willingly allow your pretensions as a writer." Unfortunate Mr. Ford! The man never breathed whose claim to conversation excellence Dr. Johnson did not dispute on every possible occasion, whilst, just because he was admittedly so good a talker, his pretensions as a writer have been occasionally slighted.

Johnson's personal character has generally been allowed to stand high. It, however, has not been submitted to recent tests. To be the first to "smell a fault" is the pride of the modern biographer. Boswell's artless pages afford useful hints not lightly to be disregarded. During some portion of Johnson's married life he had lodgings, first at Greenwich, afterwards at Hampstead. But he did not always go home o' nights; sometimes preferring to roam the streets with that vulgar ruffian Savage, who was certainly no fit company for him. He once actually quarreled with "Tetty," who, despite her ridiculous name, was a very sensible woman with a very sharp tongue, and for a season, like stars, they dwelt apart. Of the real merits of this dispute we must resign ourselves to ignorance. The materials for its discussion do not exist; even Croker could not find them. Neither was our great moralist as sound as one would have liked to see him in the matter of the payment of small debts. When he came to die, he remembered several of these outstanding accounts; but what assurance have we that he remembered them all? One sum of £10 he sent across to the honest fellow from whom he had borrowed it, with an apology for his delay; which, since it had extended over a period of twenty years, was not superfluous. I wonder whether he ever repaid Mr. Dilly the guinea he once borrowed of him to give to a very small boy who had just been apprenticed to a printer. If he did not, it was a great shame. That he was indebted to Sir Joshua in a small loan is apparent from the fact that it was one of his three dying requests to the

great man that he should release him from it, as, of course, the most amiable of painters did. The other two requests, it will be remembered, were to read his Bible, and not to use his brush on Sundays. The good Sir Joshua gave the desired promises with a full heart, for these two great men loved one another; but subsequently discovered the Sabbatical restriction not a little irksome, and after a while resumed his former practice, arguing with himself that the Doctor really had no business to extract any such promise. The point is a nice one, and perhaps ere this the two friends have met and discussed it in the Elysian fields. If so, I hope the Doctor, grown "angelical," kept his temper with the mild shade of Reynolds better than on the historical occasion when he discussed with him the question of "strong drinks."

Against Garrick, Johnson undoubtedly cherished a smoldering grudge, which, however, he never allowed any one but himself to fan into flame. His pique was natural. Garrick had been his pupil at Edial, near Lichfield; they had come up to town together with an easy united fortune of fourpence — "current coin o' the realm." Garrick soon had the world at his feet and garnered golden grain. Johnson became famous too, but remained poor and dingy. Garrick surrounded himself with what only money can buy, good pictures and rare books. Johnson cared nothing for pictures — how should he? he could not see them; but he did care a great deal about books, and the pernickety little player was chary about lending his splendidly bound rarities to his quondam preceptor. Our sympathies in this matter are entirely with Garrick; Johnson was one of the best men that ever lived, but not to lend books to. Like Lady Slattern, he had a "most observant thumb." But Garrick had no real cause for complaint. Johnson may have soiled his folios and sneered at his trade, but in life Johnson loved Garrick, and in death embalmed his memory in a sentence which can only die with the English language: "I am disappointed by that stroke of death which has eclipsed the gayety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure."

Will it be believed that puny critics have been found to quarrel with this colossal compliment on the poor pretext of its falsehood? Garrick's death, urge these dullards, could not possibly have eclipsed the gayety of nations, since he had retired from the stage months previous to his demise. When

will mankind learn that literature is one thing, and sworn testimony another?

Johnson's relations with Burke were of a more crucial character. The author of "Rasselas" and "The English Dictionary" can never have been really jealous of Garrick, or in the very least desirous of "bringing down the house"; but Burke had done nobler things than that. He had made politics philosophical, and had at least tried to cleanse them from the dust and cobwebs of party. Johnson, though he had never sat in the House of Commons, had yet, in his capacity of an unauthorized reporter, put into the mouths of honorable members much better speeches than ever came out of them, and it is no secret that he would have liked to make a speech or two on his own account. Burke had made many. Harder still to bear, there were not wanting good judges to say that, in their opinion, Burke was a better talker than the great Samuel himself. To cap it all, was not Burke a "vile Whig"? The ordeal was an unusually trying one. Johnson emerges triumphant.

Though by no means disposed to hear men made much of, he always listened to praise of Burke with a boyish delight. He never wearied of it. When any new proof of Burke's intellectual prowess was brought to his notice, he would exclaim exultingly, "Did we not always say he was a great man?" And yet how admirably did this "poor scholar" preserve his independence and equanimity of mind! It was not easy to dazzle the Doctor. What a satisfactory story that is of Burke, showing Johnson over his fine estate at Beaconsfield, and expatiating in his exuberant style on its "liberties, privileges, easements, rights, and advantages," and of the old Doctor, the tenant of "a two-pair back" somewhere off Fleet Street, peering cautiously about, criticising everything, and observing with much coolness,—

Non equidem invideo, miror magis.

A friendship like this could be disturbed but by death, and accordingly we read:—

"Mr. Langton one day during Johnson's last illness found Mr. Burke and four or five more friends sitting with Johnson. Mr. Burke said to him, 'I am afraid, sir, such a number of us may be oppressive to you.' 'No, sir,' said Johnson, 'it is not so; and I must be in a wretched state indeed when your company would not be a delight to me.' Mr. Burke, in a

tremulous voice, expressive of being very tenderly affected, replied, 'My dear sir, you have always been too good to me.' Immediately afterwards he went away. This was the last circumstance in the acquaintance of these two eminent men."

But this is a well-worn theme, though, like some other well-worn themes, still profitable for edification or rebuke. A hundred years can make no difference to a character like Johnson's, or to a biography like Boswell's. We are not to be robbed of our conviction that this man, at all events, was both great and good.

Johnson the author is not always fairly treated. Phrases are convenient things to hand about, and it is as little the custom to inquire into their truth as it is to read the letterpress on bank notes. We are content to count bank notes and to repeat phrases. One of these phrases is, that whilst everybody reads Boswell, nobody reads Johnson. The facts are otherwise. Everybody does not read Boswell, and a great many people do read Johnson. If it be asked, "What do the general public know of Johnson's nine volumes octavo? I reply, Beshrew the general public! What in the name of the Bodleian has the general public got to do with literature? The general public subscribes to Mudie, and has its intellectual, like its lacteal, sustenance sent round to it in carts. On Saturdays these carts, laden with "recent works in circulation," traverse the Uxbridge Road; on Wednesdays they toil up Highgate Hill, and if we may believe the reports of travelers, are occasionally seen rushing through the wilds of Camberwell and bumping over Blackheath. It is not a question of the general public, but of the lover of letters. Do Mr. Browning, Mr. Arnold, Mr. Lowell, Mr. Trevelyan, Mr. Stephen, Mr. Morley, know their Johnson? "To doubt would be disloyalty." And what these big men know in their big way, hundreds of little men know in their little way. We have no writer with a more genuine literary flavor about him than the great Cham of literature. No man of letters loved letters better than he. He knew literature in all its branches — he had read books, he had written books, he had sold books, he had bought books, and he had borrowed them. Sluggish and inert in all other directions, he pranced through libraries. He loved a catalogue; he delighted in an index. He was, to employ a happy phrase of Dr. Holmes, at home amongst books, as a stable boy is amongst horses. He cared intensely about the future of literature and the fate of literary men. "I



respect Millar," he once exclaimed; "he has raised the price of literature." Now Millar was a Scotchman. Even Horne Tooke was not to stand in the pillory: "No, no, the dog has too much literature for that." The only time the author of "Rasselas" met the author of the "Wealth of Nations" witnessed a painful scene. The English moralist gave the Scotch one the lie direct, and the Scotch moralist applied to the English one a phrase which would have done discredit to the lips of a costermonger; but this notwithstanding, when Boswell reported that Adam Smith preferred rhyme to blank verse, Johnson hailed the news as enthusiastically as did Cedric the Saxon the English origin of the bravest knights in the retinue of the Norman king. "Did Adam say that?" he shouted: "I love him for it. I could hug him!" Johnson no doubt honestly believed he held George III. in reverence, but really he did not care a pin's fee for all the crowned heads of Europe. All his reverence was reserved for "poor scholars." When a small boy in a wherry, on whom had devolved the arduous task of rowing Johnson and his biographer across the Thames, said he would give all he had to know about the Argonauts, the Doctor was much pleased, and gave him, or got Boswell to give him, a double fare. He was ever an advocate of the spread of knowledge amongst all classes and both sexes. His devotion to letters has received its fitting reward, the love and respect of all "lettered hearts."

Considering him a little more in detail, we find it plain that he was a poet of no mean order. His resonant lines, informed as they often are with the force of their author's character, — his strong sense, his fortitude, his gloom, — take possession of the memory, and suffuse themselves through one's entire system of thought. A poet spouting his own verses is usually a figure to be avoided; but one could be content to be a hundred and thirty next birthday to have heard Johnson recite, in his full, sonorous voice, and with his stately elocution, "The Vanity of Human Wishes." When he came to the following lines, he usually broke down, and who can wonder? —

Proceed, illustrious youth,  
 And virtue guard thee to the throne of truth!  
 Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat  
 Till captive science yields her last retreat;  
 Should reason guide thee with her brightest ray,

And pour on misty doubt resistless day ;  
 Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,  
 Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright ;  
 Should tempting novelty thy cell refrain,  
 And sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain ;  
 Should beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,  
 Nor claim the triumph of a lettered heart ;  
 Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,  
 Nor melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade ;  
 Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,  
 Nor think the doom of man reversed for thee.  
 Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,  
 And pause awhile from letters to be wise ;  
 There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,  
 Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail.  
 See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,  
 To buried merit raise the tardy bust.  
 If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,  
 Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

If this be not poetry, may the name perish !

In another style, the stanzas on the young heir's majority have such great merit as to tempt one to say that the author of "The Jolly Beggars," Robert Burns, himself, might have written them. Here are four of them : —

Loosened from the minor's tether,  
 Free to mortgage or to sell ;  
 Wild as wind and light as feather,  
 Bid the sons of thrift farewell.

Call the Betseys, Kates, and Jennies,  
 All the names that banish care.  
 Lavish of your grandsire's guineas,  
 Show the spirit of an heir.

Wealth, my lad, was made to wander,  
 Let it wander as it will ;  
 Call the jockey, call the pander,  
 Bid them come and take their fill.

When the bonny blade carouses,  
 Pockets full and spirits high —  
 What are acres ? what are houses ?  
 Only dirt — or wet or dry.

Johnson's prologues and his lines on the death of Robert Levet are well known. Indeed, it is only fair to say that our respected friend, the General Public, frequently has Johnsonian tags on its tongue: —

Slow rises worth by poverty depressed.  
 The unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain.  
 He left the name at which the world grew pale,  
 To point a moral or adorn a tale.  
 Death, kind nature's signal of retreat.  
 Panting time toiled after him in vain.

All these are Johnson's, who, though he is not, like Gray, whom he hated so, all quotations, is yet oftener in men's mouths than they perhaps wot of.

Johnson's tragedy, "Irene," need not detain us. It is unreadable; and to quote his own sensible words, "It is useless to criticise what nobody reads." It was indeed the expressed opinion of a contemporary, called Pot, that "Irene" was the finest tragedy of modern times; but on this judgment of Pot's being made known to Johnson, he was only heard to mutter, "If Pot says so, Pot lies," as no doubt he did.

Johnson's Latin Verses have not escaped the condemnation of scholars. Whose have? The true mode of critical approach to copies of Latin verse is by the question — How bad are they? Croker took the opinion of the Marquess Wellesley as to the degree of badness of Johnson's Latin Exercises. Lord Wellesley, as became so distinguished an Etonian, felt the solemnity of the occasion, and, after bargaining for secrecy, gave it as his opinion that they were all very bad, but that some perhaps were worse than others. To this judgment I have nothing to add.

As a writer of English prose, Johnson has always enjoyed a great, albeit a somewhat awful, reputation. In childish memories he is constrained to be associated with dust and dictionaries, and those provoking obstacles to a boy's reading — "long words." It would be easy to select from Johnson's writings numerous passages written in that essentially vicious style to which the name Johnsonese has been cruelly given; but the searcher could not fail to find many passages guiltless of this charge. The characteristics of Johnson's prose style are colossal good sense, though with a strong skeptical bias,

good humor, vigorous language, and movement from point to point which can only be compared to the measured tread of a well-drilled company of soldiers. Here is a passage from the Preface to Shakspeare: "Notes are often necessary, but they are necessary evils. Let him that is yet unacquainted with the powers of Shakspeare, and who desires to feel the highest pleasure that the drama can give, read every play from the first scene to the last, with utter negligence of all his commentators. When his fancy is once on the wing, let it not stoop at correction or explanation. When his attention is strongly engaged, let it disdain alike to turn aside to the name of Theobald and of Pope. Let him read on, through brightness and obscurity, through integrity and corruption; let him preserve his comprehension of the dialogue and his interest in the fable. And when the pleasures of novelty have ceased, let him attempt exactness and read the commentators."

Where are we to find better sense, or much better English?

In the pleasant art of chaffing an author Johnson has hardly an equal. De Quincey too often overdoes it. Macaulay seldom fails to excite sympathy with his victim. In playfulness Mr. Arnold perhaps surpasses the Doctor, but then the latter's playfulness is always leonine, whilst Mr. Arnold's is surely, sometimes, just a trifle kittenish. An example, no doubt a very good one, of Johnson's humor must be allowed me. Soame Jenyns, in his book on the "Origin of Evil" had imagined that, as we have not only animals for food, but choose some for our diversion, the same privilege may be allowed to beings above us, "who may deceive, torment, or destroy us for the ends only of their own pleasure."

On this hint writes our merry Doctor as follows:—

"I cannot resist the temptation of contemplating this analogy, which I think he might have carried farther, very much to the advantage of his argument. He might have shown that these 'hunters, whose game is man,' have many sports analogous to our own. As we drown whelps or kittens, they amuse themselves now and then with sinking a ship, and stand round the fields of Blenheim, or the walls of Prague, as we encircle a cockpit. As we shoot a bird flying, they take a man in the midst of his business or pleasure, and knock him down with an apoplexy. Some of them perhaps are virtuosi, and delight in the operations of an asthma, as a human philosopher in the effects of the air pump. Many a merry bout have these frolic beings at the

vicissitudes of an ague, and good sport it is to see a man tumble with an epilepsy, and revive, and tumble again, and all this he knows not why. The paroxysms of the gout and stone must undoubtedly make high mirth, especially if the play be a little diversified with the blunders and puzzles of the blind and deaf. . . . One sport the merry malice of these beings has found means of enjoying, to which we have nothing equal or similar. They now and then catch a mortal, proud of his parts, and flattered either by the submission of those who court his kindness, or the notice of those who suffer him to court theirs. A head thus prepared for the reception of false opinions, and the projection of vain designs, they easily fill with idle notions, till, in time, they make their plaything an author; their first diversion commonly begins with an ode or an epistle, then rises perhaps to a political irony, and is at last brought to its height by a treatise of philosophy. Then begins the poor animal to entangle himself in sophisms and to flounder in absurdity."

The author of the philosophical treatise, "A Free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil," did not at all enjoy this "merry bout" of the "frolic" Johnson.

The concluding paragraphs of Johnson's Preface to his Dictionary are historical prose; and if we are anxious to find passages fit to compare with them in the melancholy roll of their cadences and in their grave sincerity and manly emotion, we must, I think, take a flying jump from Dr. Johnson to Dr. Newman.

For sensible men the world offers no better reading than the "Lives of the Poets." They afford an admirable example of the manner of man Johnson was. The subject was suggested to him by the booksellers, whom as a body he never abused. Himself the son of a bookseller, he respected their calling. If they treated him with civility, he responded suitably. If they were rude to him, he knocked them down. These worthies chose their own poets. Johnson remained indifferent. He knew everybody's poetry, and was always ready to write anybody's Life. If he knew the facts of a poet's life, — and his knowledge was enormous on such subjects, — he found room for them; if he did not, he supplied their place with his own shrewd reflections and somber philosophy of life. It thus comes about that Johnson is every bit as interesting when he is writing about Sprat, or Smith, or Fenton, as he is when he has got Milton or Gray in hand. He is also much

less provoking. My own favorite "Life" is that of Sir Richard Blackmore.

The poorer the poet the kindlier is the treatment he receives. Johnson kept all his rough words for Shakspeare, Milton, and Gray.

In this trait, surely an amiable one, he was much resembled by that eminent man the late Sir George Jessel, whose civility to a barrister was always in inverse ratio to the barrister's practice; and whose friendly zeal in helping young and nervous practitioners over the stiles of legal difficulty was only equaled by the fiery enthusiasm with which he thrust back the Attorney and Solicitor-General and people of that sort.

As a political thinker Johnson has not had justice. He has been lightly dismissed as the last of the old-world Tories. He was nothing of the sort. His cast of political thought is shared by thousands to this day. He represents that vast army of electors whom neither canvasser nor caucus has ever yet cajoled or bullied into a polling booth. Newspapers may scold, platforms may shake; whatever circulars can do may be done, all that placards can tell may be told; but the fact remains that one third of every constituency in the realm shares Dr. Johnson's "narcotic indifference," and stays away.

It is, of course, impossible to reconcile all Johnson's recorded utterances with any one view of anything. When crossed in conversation or goaded by folly he was, like the prophet Habakkuk (according to Voltaire), *capable du tout*. But his dominant tone about politics was something of this sort. Provided a man lived in a state which guaranteed him private liberty and secured him public order, he was very much of a knave or altogether a fool if he troubled himself further. To go to bed when you wish, to get up when you like, to eat and drink and read what you choose, to say across your port or your tea whatever occurs to you at the moment, and to earn your living as best you may — this is what Dr. Johnson meant by private liberty. Fleet Street open day and night — this is what he meant by public order. Give a sensible man these, and take all the rest the world goes round. Tyranny was a bugbear. Either the tyranny was bearable, or it was not. If it was bearable, it did not matter; and as soon as it became unbearable the mob cut off the tyrant's head, and wise men went home to their dinner. To views of this sort he gave emphatic utterance on the well-known occasion when he gave

Sir Adam Ferguson a bit of his mind. Sir Adam had innocently enough observed that the Crown had too much power. Thereupon Johnson :—

“Sir, I perceive you are a vile Whig. Why all this childish jealousy of the power of the Crown? The Crown has not power enough. When I say that all governments are alike, I consider that in no government power can be abused long; mankind will not bear it. If a sovereign oppresses his people, they will rise and cut off his head. There is a remedy in human nature against tyranny that will keep us safe under every form of government.”

This is not and never was the language of Toryism. It is a much more intellectual “ism.” It is indifferentism. So, too, in his able pamphlet, “The False Alarm,” which had reference to Wilkes and the Middlesex election, though he no doubt attempts to deal with the constitutional aspect of the question, the real strength of his case is to be found in passages like the following :—

“The grievance which has produced all this tempest of outrage, the oppression in which all other oppressions are included, the invasion which has left us no property, the alarm that suffers no patriot to sleep in quiet, is comprised in a vote of the House of Commons, by which the freeholders of Middlesex are deprived of a Briton’s birthright—representation in Parliament. They have, indeed, received the usual writ of election; but that writ, alas! was malicious mockery; they were insulted with the form, but denied the reality, for there was one man excepted from their choice. The character of the man, thus fatally excepted, I have no purpose to delineate. Lampon itself would disdain to speak ill of him of whom no man speaks well. Every lover of liberty stands doubtful of the fate of posterity, because the chief county in England cannot take its representative from a jail.”

Temperament was of course at the bottom of this indifference. Johnson was of melancholy humor and profoundly skeptical. Cynical he was not—he loved his fellow-men; his days were full of

Little, nameless, unremembered acts  
Of kindness and of love.

But he was as difficult to rouse to enthusiasm about humanity as is Mr. Justice Stephen. He pitied the poor devils, but he

did not believe in them. They were neither happy nor wise, and he saw no reason to believe they would ever become either. "Leave me alone," he cried to the sultry mob bawling "Wilkes and Liberty." "I at least am not ashamed to own that I care for neither the one nor the other."

No man, however, resented more fiercely than Johnson any unnecessary interference with men who were simply going their own way. The Highlanders only knew Gaelic, yet political wiseacres were to be found objecting to their having the Bible in their own tongue. Johnson flew to arms: he wrote one of his monumental letters; the opposition was quelled, and the Gael got his Bible. So too the wicked interference with Irish enterprise, so much in vogue during the last century, infuriated him. "Sir," he said to Sir Thomas Robinson, "you talk the language of a savage. What, sir! would you prevent any people from feeding themselves, if by any honest means they can do so?"

Were Johnson to come to life again, total abstainer as he often was, he would, I expect, denounce the principle involved in "Local Option." I am not at all sure he would not borrow a guinea from a bystander and become a subscriber to the "Property Defence League"; and though it is notorious that he never read any book all through, and never could be got to believe that anybody else ever did, he would, I think, read a larger fraction of Mr. Spencer's pamphlet, "Man *versus* the State," than of any other "recent work in circulation." The state of the Strand, when two vestries are at work upon it, would, I am sure, drive him into open rebellion.

As a letter writer Johnson has great merits. Let no man despise the epistolary art. It is said to be extinct. I doubt it. Good letters were always scarce. It does not follow that, because our grandmothers wrote long letters, they all wrote good ones, or that nobody nowadays writes good letters because most people write bad ones. Johnson wrote letters in two styles. One was monumental — more suggestive of the chisel than the pen. In the other there are traces of the same style, but, like the old Gothic architecture, it has grown domesticated, and become the fit vehicle of plain tidings of joy and sorrow — of affection, wit, and fancy. The letter to Lord Chesterfield is the most celebrated example of the monumental style. From the letters to Mrs. Thrale many good examples of the domesticated style might be selected. One must suffice: —



“Queeney has been a good girl, and wrote me a letter. If Burney said she would write, she told you a fib. She writes nothing to me. She can write home fast enough. I have a good mind not to tell her that Dr. Bernard, to whom I had recommended her novel, speaks of it with great commendation, and that the copy which she lent me has been read by Dr. Lawrence three times over. And yet what a gypsy it is. She no more minds me than if I were a Branghton. Pray, speak to Queeney to write again. . . . Now you think yourself the first writer in the world for a letter about nothing. Can you write such a letter as this? So miscellaneous, with such noble disdain of regularity, like Shakspeare’s works; such graceful negligence of transition, like the ancient enthusiasts. The pure voice of Nature and of Friendship. Now, of whom shall I proceed to speak? of whom but Mrs. Montague? Having mentioned Shakspeare and Nature, does not the name of Montague force itself upon me? Such were the transitions of the ancients, which now seem abrupt, because the intermediate idea is lost to modern understandings.”

But the extract had better end, for there are (I fear) “modern understandings” who will not perceive the “intermediate idea” between Shakspeare and Mrs. Montague, and to whom even the name of Branghton will suggest no meaning.

Johnson’s literary fame is, in our judgment, as secure as his character. Like the stone which he placed over his father’s grave at Lichfield, and which, it is shameful to think, has been removed, it is “too massy and strong” to be ever much affected by the wind and weather of our literary atmosphere. “Never,” so he wrote to Mrs. Thrale, “let criticisms operate upon your face or your mind; it is very rarely that an author is hurt by his critics. The blaze of reputation cannot be blown out; but it often dies in the socket. From the author of ‘Fitzosborne’s Letters’ I cannot think myself in much danger. I met him only once, about thirty years ago, and in some small dispute soon reduced him to whistle.” Dr. Johnson is in no danger from anybody. None but Gargantua could blow him out, and he still burns brightly in his socket.

How long this may continue who can say? It is a far cry to 1985. Science may by that time have squeezed out literature, and the author of the “Lives of the Poets” may be dimly remembered as an odd fellow who lived in the Dark Ages, and had a very creditable fancy for making chemical experiments.

On the other hand, the Spiritualists may be in possession, in which case the Cock Lane Ghost will occupy more of public attention than Boswell's hero, who will, perhaps, be reprobated as the profane utterer of these idle words: "Suppose I know a man to be so lame that he is absolutely incapable to move himself, and I find him in a different room from that in which I left him, shall I puzzle myself with idle conjectures that perhaps his nerves have by some unknown change all at once become effective? No, sir, it is clear how he got into a different room — he was *carried*."

We here part company with Johnson, bidding him a most affectionate farewell, and leaving him in undisturbed possession of both place and power. His character will bear investigation and some of his books perusal. The latter, indeed, may be submitted to his own test, and there is no truer one. A book, he wrote, should help us either to enjoy life or to endure it. His frequently do both.



## THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

By SAMUEL ROGERS.

[SAMUEL ROGERS : an English poet, born at Newington Green, London, July 30, 1763 ; died in London, December 18, 1855. He was carefully educated by private tutors, and when about seventeen years old entered his father's bank, where he remained during the rest of his life, succeeding his father as proprietor in 1793. His best-known poem, "The Pleasures of Memory" (1792), passed through many editions. His other works include "The Voyage of Columbus" (1812), "Jacqueline" (1813), "Human Life" (1819), and "Italy" (1822).]

SWEET MEMORY, wafted by thy gentle gale,  
Oft up the tide of Time I turn my sail,  
To view the fairy haunts of long-lost hours,  
Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.

Ages and climes remote to Thee impart  
What charms in Genius, and refines in Art;  
Thee, in whose hand the keys of Science dwell,  
The pensive portress of her holy cell;  
Whose constant vigils chase the chilling damp  
Oblivion steals upon her vestal lamp.

The friends of Reason, and the guides of Youth,  
Whose language breathe the eloquence of Truth;

Whose life, beyond perceptive wisdom, taught  
 The great in conduct, and the pure in thought;  
 These still exist, by Thee to fame consigned,  
 Still speak and act, the models of mankind.

From Thee sweet Hope her airy coloring draws;  
 And Fancy's flights are subject to thy laws.  
 From Thee that bosom spring of rapture flows,  
 Which only Virtue, tranquil Virtue, knows.

When Joy's bright sun has shed his evening ray,  
 And Hope's delusive meteors cease to play;  
 When clouds on clouds the smiling prospect close,  
 Still thro' the gloom thy star serenely glows:  
 Like yon fair orb, she gilds the brow of night  
 With the mild magic of reflected light.

The beauteous maid, that bids the world adieu,  
 Oft of that world will snatch a fond review;  
 Oft at the shrine neglect her beads, to trace  
 Some social scene, some dear familiar face,  
 Forgot, when first a father's stern control  
 Chased the gay visions of her opening soul:  
 And ere, with iron tongue, the vesper bell,  
 Bursts thro' the cypress walk, the convent cell,  
 Oft will her warm and wayward heart revive,  
 To love and joy still tremblingly alive;  
 The whispered vow, the chaste caress prolong,  
 Weave the light dance, and swell the choral song;  
 With rapt ear drink the enchanting serenade,  
 And, as it melts along the moonlight glade,  
 To each soft note return as soft a sigh,  
 And bless the youth that bids her slumbers fly.

\* \* \* \* \*

From Guinea's coast pursue the lessening sail,  
 And catch the sounds that sadden every gale.  
 Tell, if thou canst, the sum of sorrows there,  
 Mark the fixt gaze, the wild and frenzied glare,  
 The racks of thought, and freezings of despair!  
 But pause not then — beyond the western wave,  
 Go, view the captive bartered as a slave!  
 Crushed till his high, heroic spirit bleeds,  
 And from his nerveless frame indignantly recedes.

Yet here, even here, with pleasures long resigned,  
 Lo! MEMORY bursts the twilight of the mind:  
 Her dear delusions soothe his sinking soul,  
 When the rude scourge presumes its base control;  
 And o'er Futurity's blank page diffuse  
 The full reflection of their vivid hues.  
 'Tis but to die, and then, to weep no more,  
 Then will he wake on Congo's distant shore;  
 Beneath his plantain's ancient shade, renew  
 The simple transports that with freedom flew;  
 Catch the cool breeze that musky Evening blows,  
 And quaff the palm's rich nectar as it glows;  
 The oral tale of elder time rehearse,  
 And chant the rude traditionary verse,  
 With those, the loved companions of his youth,  
 When life was luxury, and friendship truth.

Ah! why should Virtue dread the frowns of Fate?  
 Hers what no wealth can win, no power create!  
 A little world of clear and cloudless day,  
 Nor wrecked by storms, nor moldered by decay;  
 A world, with MEMORY's ceaseless sunshine blest,  
 The home of Happiness, an honest breast.

But most we mark the wonders of her reign,  
 When Sleep has locked the senses in her chain.  
 When sober Judgment has his throne resigned,  
 She smiles away the chaos of the mind;  
 And, as warm Fancy's bright Elysium glows,  
 From Her each image springs, each color flows.  
 She is the sacred guest! the immortal friend!  
 Oft seen o'er sleeping Innocence to bend,  
 In that dead hour of night to Silence given,  
 Whispering seraphic visions of her heaven.

\* \* \* \* \*

But can her smile with gloomy Madness dwell?  
 Say, can she chase the horrors of his cell?  
 Each fiery flight on Frenzy's wing restrain,  
 And mold the coinage of the fevered brain?  
 Pass but that grate, which scarce a gleam supplies,  
 There in the dust the wreck of Genius lies!  
 He whose arresting hand sublimely wrought  
 Each bold conception in the sphere of thought;

Who from the quarried mass, like PHIDIAS, drew  
Forms ever fair, creations ever new!

But, as he fondly snatched the wreath of Fame,  
The specter Poverty unnerved his frame.  
Cold was her grasp, a withering scowl she wore:  
And Hope's soft energies were felt no more.  
Yet still how sweet the soothings of his art!  
From the rude stone what bright ideas start!  
Even now he claims the amaranthine wreath,  
With scenes that glow, with images that breathe!  
And whence these scenes, these images, declare.  
Whence but from Her who triumphs o'er despair?

Awake, arise! with grateful fervor fraught,  
Go, spring the mine of elevated thought.  
He who, thro' Nature's various walks, surveys  
The good and fair her faultless line portrays;  
Whose mind, profaned by no unhallowed guest,  
Culls from the crowd the purest and the best;  
May range, at will, bright Fancy's golden clime,  
Or, musing, mount where Science sits sublime,  
Or wake the spirit of departed Time.  
Who acts thus wisely, mark the moral muse,  
A blooming Eden in his life reviews!  
So richly cultured every native grace,  
Its scanty limits he forgets to trace:  
But the fond fool, when evening shades the sky,  
Turns but to start, and gazes but to sigh!  
The weary waste, that lengthened as he ran,  
Fades to a blank, and dwindles to a span!

Ah! who can tell the triumphs of the mind,  
By truth illumined, and by taste refined?  
When age has quenched the eye and closed the ear,  
Still nerved for action in her native sphere,  
Oft will she rise — with searching glance pursue  
Some long-loved image vanished from her view;  
Dart thro' the deep recesses of the past,  
O'er dusky forms in chains of slumber cast;  
With giant grasp fling back the folds of night,  
And snatch the faithless fugitive to light.

So through the grove the impatient mother flies,  
Each sunless glade, each secret pathway tries;

Till the light leaves the truant boy disclose,  
Long on the wood moss stretched in sweet repose.

Nor yet to pleasing objects are confined  
The silent feasts of the reflective mind.  
Danger and death a dread delight inspire ;  
And the bald veteran glows with wonted fire,  
When, richly bronzed by many a summer sun,  
He counts his scars, and tells what deeds were done.

\* \* \* \* \*

But is Her magic only felt below ?  
Say, thro' what brighter realms she bids it flow ;  
To what pure beings, in a nobler sphere,  
She yields delight but faintly imaged here :  
All that till now their rapt researches knew,  
Not called in slow succession to review ;  
But, as a landscape meets the eye of day,  
At once presented to their glad survey !

Each scene of bliss revealed, since chaos fled,  
And dawning light its dazzling glories spread ;  
Each chain of wonders that sublimely glowed,  
Since first Creation's choral anthem flowed ;  
Each ready flight, at Mercy's smile divine,  
To distant worlds that undiscovered shine ;  
Full on her tablet flings its living rays,  
And all, combined, with blest effulgence blaze.

There thy bright train, immortal friendship, soar ;  
No more to part, to mingle tears no more !  
And, as the softening hand of Time endears  
The joys and sorrows of our infant years,  
So there the soul, released from human strife,  
Smiles at the little cares and ills of life ;  
Its lights and shades, its sunshine and its showers ;  
As at a dream that charmed her vacant hours !

Oft may the spirits of the dead descend,  
To watch the silent slumbers of a friend ;  
To hover round his evening walk unseen,  
And hold sweet converse on the dusky green ;  
To hail the spot where first their friendship grew,  
And heaven and nature opened to their view !

Oft, when he trims his cheerful hearth, and sees  
 A smiling circle emulous to please ;  
 There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,  
 And bless the scene they loved in life so well !

O thou ! with whom my heart was wont to share  
 From Reason's dawn each pleasure and each care ;  
 With whom, alas ! I fondly hoped to know  
 The humble walks of happiness below ;  
 If thy blest nature now unites above  
 An angel's pity with a brother's love,  
 Still o'er my life preserve thy mild control,  
 Correct my views, and elevate my soul ;  
 Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,  
 Devout yet cheerful, active yet resigned ;  
 Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no disguise,  
 Whose blameless wishes never aimed to rise,  
 To meet the changes Time and Chance present,  
 With modest dignity and calm content.  
 When thy last breath, ere Nature sunk to rest,  
 Thy meek submission to thy God expressed ;  
 When thy last look, ere thought and feeling fled,  
 A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed ;  
 What to thy soul its glad assurance gave,  
 Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave ?  
 The sweet Remembrance of unblemished youth,  
 The inspiring voice of Innocence and Truth !

Hail, MEMORY, hail ! in thy exhaustless mine  
 From age to age unnumbered treasures shine !  
 Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,  
 And Place and Time are subject to thy sway !  
 Thy pleasures most we feel, when most alone ;  
 The only pleasures we can call our own.  
 Lighter than air, Hope's summer visions die,  
 If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky ;  
 If but a beam of sober Reason play,  
 Lo, Fancy's fairy frostwork melts away !  
 But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power  
 Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour ?  
 These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,  
 Pour round her path a stream of living light ;  
 And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,  
 Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest !

PERNICIOUS EFFECTS OF WOMEN'S MIS-  
EDUCATION.

BY MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT.

[MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT, the first formulator of the modern theories of woman's social independence, was born in London, 1759. Early compelled to bear the burden of supporting and placing herself and her sisters, — a shiftless dissipated father dragging the family about England and squandering all of a good property, — she did needlework, kept a private school, became a governess, finally reader and translator for Johnson the publisher, and a brilliant and charming figure in literary society; wrote "Mary, a Fiction" (1787), "Original Stories from Real Life" (1790), and in 1792 the epoch-making "Vindication of the Rights of Woman" — a very mild and conservative book, not assailing marriage or the conventional home, and urging little change beyond equality of education, but greatly shocking general prejudices and causing a fearful outcry. In 1792 she went to Paris to watch the Revolution; was there through the Reign of Terror; and formed an unofficial union with one Gilbert Imlay, a roving American speculator, who had a daughter (Fanny) by her, but tired of the connection, drove her to an attempt at suicide, and in 1796 left her, then in London. About this time she met and mated with William Godwin, and a few months later induced him to forego his strong prejudices against the marriage ceremony. They were married March 29, 1797; August 30 a daughter was born (Mary, afterward Shelley's wife); September 10 the mother died. She was essentially an idealist and enthusiast, sweet-natured and generous, disillusioned but not embittered by a bitter life.]

EDUCATED in the enervating style recommended by the writers on whom I have been animadverting, and not having a chance, from their subordinate state in society, to recover their lost ground, is it surprising that women everywhere appear a defect in Nature? Is it surprising, when we consider what a determinate effect an early association of ideas has on the character, that they neglect their understandings and turn all their attention to their persons?

This habitual slavery to first impressions has a more baneful effect on the female than the male character, because business and other dry employments of the understanding tend to deaden the feelings and break associations that do violence to reason. But females, who are made women of when they are mere children, and brought back to childhood when they ought to leave the go-cart forever, have not sufficient strength of mind to efface the superinductions of Art that have smothered Nature.

Everything they see or hear serves to fix impressions, calls forth emotions, and associates ideas that give a sexual character to the mind. False notions of beauty and delicacy stop the



growth of their limbs, and produce a sickly soreness rather than delicacy of organs ; and thus weakened by being employed in unfolding, instead of examining, the first associations forced on them by every surrounding object, how can they attain the vigor necessary to enable them to throw off their factitious character ? Where find strength to recur to reason, and rise superior to a system of oppression that blasts the fair promises of spring ? This cruel association of ideas which everything conspires to twist into all their habits of thinking, or, to speak with more precision, of feeling, receives new force when they begin to act a little for themselves, for they then perceive that it is only through their address to excite emotions in men, that pleasure and power are to be obtained. Beside, the books professedly written for their instruction, which make the first impression on their minds, all inculcate the same opinions. Educated, then, in worse than Egyptian bondage, it is unreasonable, as well as cruel, to upbraid them with faults that can scarcely be avoided, unless a degree of native vigor be supposed that falls to the lot of very few amongst mankind.

For instance, the severest sarcasms have been leveled against the sex, and they have been ridiculed for repeating "a set of phrases learned by rote," when nothing could be more natural, considering the education they receive, and that their "highest praise is to obey unargued" the will of man. If they be not allowed to have reason sufficient to govern their own conduct, why, all they learn must be learned by rote. And when all their ingenuity is called forth to adjust their dress, "a passion for a scarlet coat" is so natural that it never surprised me ; and, allowing Pope's summary of their character to be just, that "every woman is at heart a rake," why should they be bitterly censured for seeking a congenial mind, and preferring a rake to a man of sense ?

Rakes know how to work on their sensibility ; while the modest merit of reasonable men has, of course, less effect on their feelings ; and they cannot reach the heart by the way of the understanding, because they have few sentiments in common.

It seems a little absurd to expect women to be more reasonable than men in their *likings*, and still to deny them the uncontrolled use of reason. When do men *fall in love* with sense ? When do they, with their superior powers and advantages, turn from the person to the mind ? And how can they,

then, expect women, who are only taught to observe behavior and acquire manners rather than morals, to despise what they have been all their lives laboring to attain? Where are they suddenly to find judgment enough to weigh patiently the sense of an awkward, virtuous man, when his manners, of which they are made critical judges, are rebuffing, and his conversation cold and dull, because it does not consist of pretty repartees or well-turned compliments? In order to admire or esteem anything for a continuance, we must at least have our curiosity excited by knowing in some degree what we admire; for we are unable to estimate the value of qualities and virtues above our comprehension. Such a respect, when it is felt, may be very sublime; and the confused consciousness of humility may render the independent creature an interesting object in some points of view; but human love must have grosser ingredients, and the person very naturally will come in for its share — and an ample share it mostly has.

Love is, in a great degree, an arbitrary passion, and will reign, like some other stalking mischiefs, by its own authority, without deigning to reason; and it may also be easily distinguished from esteem — the foundation of friendship — because it is often excited by evanescent beauties and graces; though, to give an energy to the sentiment, something more solid must deepen their impression and set the imagination to work to make the most fair — the first good.

Common passions are excited by common qualities. Men look for beauty and the simper of good-humored docility, women are captivated by easy manners; a gentlemanlike man seldom fails to please them, and their thirsty ears eagerly drink the insinuating nothings of politeness, while they turn from the unintelligible sounds of the charmer — reason, charm he never so wisely. With respect to superficial accomplishments the rake certainly has the advantage, and of these females can form an opinion, for it is their own ground. Rendered gay and giddy by the whole tenor of their lives, the very aspect of wisdom or the severe graces of virtue must have a lugubrious appearance to them, and produce a kind of restraint from which they and love, sportive child, naturally revolt. Without taste, excepting of the lighter kind — for taste is the offspring of judgment — how can they discover that true beauty and grace must arise from the play of the mind? And how can they be expected to relish in a lover what they do not, or very imper-

fectly, possess themselves? The sympathy that unites hearts and invites to confidences in them is so very faint, that it cannot take fire and thus amount to passion. No, I repeat it, the love cherished by such minds must have grosser fuel!

The inference is obvious: till women are led to exercise their understandings they should not be satirized for their attachment to rakes, or even for being rakes at heart, when it appears to be the inevitable consequence of their education. They who live to please must find their enjoyments, their happiness, in pleasure! It is a trite yet true remark that we never do anything well unless we love it for its own sake.

Were women more rationally educated, could they take a more comprehensive view of things, they would be contented to love but once in their lives, and after marriage calmly let passion subside into friendship—into that tender intimacy which is the best refuge from care, yet is built on such pure, still affections, that idle jealousies would not be allowed to disturb the discharge of the sober duties of life, or to engross the thoughts that ought to be otherwise employed. This is a state in which many men live, but few, very few, women. And the difference may easily be accounted for without recurring to a sexual character. Men, for whom we are told women were made, have too much occupied the thoughts of women, and this association has so entangled love with all their motives of action—and, to harp a little on an old string, having been solely employed either to prepare themselves to excite love, or actually putting their lessons in practice—they cannot live without love. But when a sense of duty or fear of shame obliges them to restrain this pampered desire of pleasing beyond certain lengths—too far for delicacy, it is true, though far from criminality—they obstinately determine to love (I speak of the passion) their husbands to the end of the chapter; and then, acting the part which they foolishly exacted from their lovers, they become abject wooers and fond slaves.

Men of wit and fancy are often rakes; and fancy is the food of love. Such men will inspire passion. Half the sex, in its present infantine state, would pine for Lovelace—a man so witty, so graceful and so valiant; and can they *deserve* blame for acting according to principles so constantly inculcated?

It is vain to expect virtue from women till they are in some degree independent of men; nay, it is vain to expect that

strength of natural affection which would make them good wives and mothers. While they are absolutely dependent on their husbands they will be cunning, mean, and selfish ; and the men who can be gratified by the fawning fondness of spaniel-like affection have not much delicacy, for love is not to be bought, in any sense of the word : its silken wings are instantly shriveled up when anything beside a return in kind is sought. Yet while wealth enervates men, and women live, as it were, by their personal charms, how can we expect them to discharge those ennobling duties which equally require exertion and self-denial ?

Destructive, however, as riches and inherited honors are to the human character, women are more debased and cramped, if possible, by them than men, because men may still, in some degree, unfold their faculties by becoming soldiers and statesmen.

There are some loopholes out of which a man may creep, and dare to think and act for himself ; but for a woman it is a Herculean task, because she has difficulties peculiar to her sex to overcome which require almost superhuman powers.

A truly benevolent legislator always endeavors to make it the interest of each individual to be virtuous ; and thus, private virtue becoming the cement of public happiness, an orderly whole is consolidated by the tendency of all the parts toward a common center. But the private or public virtue of woman is very problematical ; for Rousseau and a numerous list of male writers insist that she should all her life be subjected to a severe restraint, that of propriety. Why subject her to propriety — blind propriety, if she be capable of acting from a nobler spring, if she be an heir of immortality ? Is sugar always to be produced by vital blood ? Is one-half of the human species, like the poor African slaves, to be subject to prejudices that brutalize them, when principles would be a surer guard, only to sweeten the cup of man ? Is not this indirectly to deny woman reason ? For a gift is a mockery, if it be unfit for use.

Women are, in common with men, rendered weak and luxurious by the relaxing pleasures which wealth procures ; but, added to this, they are made slaves to their persons, and must render them alluring that man may lend them his reason to guide their tottering steps aright. Or, should they be ambitious, they must govern their tyrants by sinister tricks ; for without rights there cannot be any incumbent duties. The laws respecting woman, which I mean to discuss in a future part, make an absurd unit of a man and his wife ; and then, by the

easy transition of only considering him as responsible, she is reduced to a mere cipher.

The being who discharges the duties of its station is independent: and, speaking of women at large, their first duty is to themselves as rational creatures, and the next in point of importance, as citizens, is that which includes so many, of a mother. The rank in life which dispenses with their fulfilling this duty necessarily degrades them by making them mere dolls. Or, should they turn to something more important than merely fitting drapery upon a smooth block, their minds are only occupied by some soft, platonic attachment, or the actual management of an intrigue may keep their thoughts in motion: for, when they neglect domestic duties, they have it not in their own power to take the field and march and counter-march, like soldiers, or wrangle in the senate, to keep their faculties from rusting.

To render her really virtuous and useful, she must not, if she discharge her civil duties, want, individually, the protection of civil laws; she must not be dependent upon her husband's bounty for her subsistence during his life or support after his death: for how can a being be generous who has nothing of its own? or virtuous, who is not free? The wife, in the present state of things, who is faithful to her husband, and neither suckles nor educates her children, scarcely deserves the name of a wife, and has no right to that of a citizen. But take away natural rights, and duties become null.

Women, then, must be considered as only the wanton solace of men when they become so weak in mind and body that they cannot exert themselves, unless to pursue some frothy pleasure or to invent some frivolous fashion. What can be a more melancholy sight to a thinking mind than to look into the numerous carriages that drive helter-skelter about this metropolis in a morning, full of pale-faced creatures who are flying from themselves? I have often wished, with Dr. Johnson, to place some of them in a little shop, with half-a-dozen children looking up to their languid countenances for support. I am much mistaken if some latent vigor would not soon give health and spirit to their eyes; and some lines drawn, by the exercise of reason, on the blank cheeks, which before were only undulated by dimples, might restore lost dignity to the character, or rather enable it to attain to the true dignity of its nature. Virtue is not to be acquired even by speculation,

much less by the negative supineness that wealth naturally generates.

Beside, when poverty is more disgraceful than even vice, is not morality cut to the quick? Still, to avoid misconstruction, though I consider that women in the common walks of life are called to fulfill the duties of wives and mothers by religion and reason, I cannot help lamenting that women of a superior cast have not a road open by which they can pursue more extensive plans of usefulness and independence. I may excite laughter by dropping a hint which I mean to pursue some future time; for I really think that women ought to have representatives, instead of being arbitrarily governed without having any direct share allowed them in the deliberations of government.

In the superior ranks of life every duty is done by deputies, as if duties could ever be waived; and the vain pleasures which consequent idleness forces the rich to pursue, appear so enticing to the next rank, that the numerous scramblers for wealth sacrifice everything to tread on their heels. The most sacred truths are then considered as sinecures, because they were procured by interest, and only sought to enable a man to keep *good company*. Women, in particular, all want to be ladies — which is simply to have nothing to do, but listlessly to go they scarcely care where, for they cannot tell what.

But what have women to do in society (I may be asked) but to loiter with easy grace? Surely you would not condemn them all to “suckle fools and chronicle small beer”? No! Women might certainly study the art of healing, and be physicians as well as nurses. And midwifery, decency seems to allot to them; though, I am afraid, the word “midwife” in our dictionaries will soon give place to “*accoucheur*,” and one proof of the former delicacy of the sex be effaced from the language.

They might also study politics, and settle their benevolence on the broadest basis; for the reading of history will scarcely be more useful than the perusal of romances, if read as mere biography — if the character of the times, the political improvements, arts, etc., be not observed — in short, if it be not considered as the history of man, and not of particular men who filled a niche in the temple of fame, and dropped into the black rolling stream of time, that silently sweeps all before it into the shapeless void called eternity — for shape can it be called “that shape hath none”?

Business of various kinds they might likewise pursue, if

they were educated in a more orderly manner, which might save many from common and legal prostitution. Women would not then marry for a support, as men accept of places under government, and neglect the implied duties; nor would an attempt to earn their own subsistence—a most laudable one!—sink them almost to the level of those poor abandoned creatures who live by prostitution. For, are not milliners and mantua-makers reckoned the next class? The few employments open to women, so far from being liberal, are menial; and when a superior education enables them to take charge of the education of children as governesses, they are not treated like the tutors of sons—though even clerical tutors are not always treated in a manner calculated to render them respectable in the eyes of their pupils, to say nothing of the private comfort of the individual. But as women educated like gentlewomen are never designed for the humiliating situations which necessity sometimes forces them to fill, these situations are considered in the light of a degradation; and they know little of the human heart who need to be told that nothing so painfully sharpens sensibility as such a fall in life.

Some of these women might be restrained from marrying by a proper spirit of delicacy, and others may not have had it in their power to escape in this pitiful way from servitude. Is not that government, then, very defective, and very unmindful of the happiness of one half of its members, that does not provide for honest, independent women, by encouraging them to fill respectable stations? But in order to render their private virtue a public benefit, they must have a civil existence in the State, married or single; else we shall continually see some worthy woman, whose sensibility has been rendered painfully acute by undeserved contempt, droop like “the lily broken down by a plowshare.”

It is a melancholy truth—yet such is the blessed effect of civilization—the most respectable women are the most oppressed; and, unless they have understandings far superior to the common run of understandings, taking in both sexes, they must, from being treated like contemptible beings, become contemptible. How many women thus waste life away, the prey of discontent, who might have practiced as physicians, regulated a farm, managed a shop, and stood erect, supported by their own industry, instead of hanging their heads surcharged with the dew of sensibility, that consumes the beauty

to which it at first gave luster—nay, I doubt whether pity and love are so near akin as poets feign, for I have seldom seen much compassion excited by the helplessness of females, unless they were fair; then, perhaps, pity was the soft handmaid of love, or the harbinger of lust!

How much more respectable is the woman who earns her own bread by fulfilling any duty, than the most accomplished beauty! Beauty! did I say? So sensible am I of the beauty of moral loveliness, or the harmonious propriety that attunes the passions of a well-regulated mind, that I blush at making the comparison; yet I sigh to think how few women aim at attaining this respectability by withdrawing from the giddy whirl of pleasure, or the indolent calm that stupefies the good sort of women it sucks in.

Proud of their weakness, however, they must always be protected, guarded from care and all the rough toils that dignify the mind. If this be the fiat of fate, if they will make themselves insignificant and contemptible, "sweetly to waste life away," let them not expect to be valued when their beauty fades, for it is the fate of the fairest flowers to be admired and pulled to pieces by the careless hand that plucked them. In how many ways do I wish, from the purest benevolence, to impress this truth on my sex; yet I fear that they will not listen to a truth that dear-bought experience has brought home to many an agitated bosom, nor willingly resign the privileges of rank and sex for the privileges of humanity, to which those have no claim who do not discharge its duties!

Those writers are particularly useful, in my opinion, who make man feel for man, independent of the station he fills, or the drapery of fictitious sentiments. I, then, would fain convince reasonable men of the importance of some of my remarks; and prevail on them to weigh dispassionately the whole tenor of my observations. I appeal to their understandings; and, as a fellow-creature, claim, in the name of my sex, some interest in their hearts. I entreat them to assist to emancipate their companion, to make her a *help meet* for them.

Would men but generously snap our chains, and be content with rational fellowship instead of slavish obedience, they would find us more observant daughters, more affectionate sisters, more faithful wives, more reasonable mothers—in a word, better citizens. We should then love them with true affection, because we should learn to respect ourselves.



## PROGRESS TOWARDS EQUALIZATION OF PROPERTY.

BY WILLIAM GODWIN.

(From "Political Justice.")

[WILLIAM GODWIN, English radical, was born in 1756, son of a dissenting minister and becoming one also in 1777 to 1782, when he lost his beliefs through French influence and left preaching for literature. He was an ardent Rousseauite, carried on a propaganda of Jacobin principles, and advocated community of goods and women; but at Mary Wollstonecraft's wish married her regularly in 1797. His only remembered works are the "Inquiry concerning Political Justice" (1793) and the novel "Caleb Williams" (1794); but he wrote also more novels, some general histories, a "History of the Commonwealth," a "Pantheon," and a book of fables. He died in 1836.]

HAVING considered what it is that belongs in such a crisis to the enlightened and wise, let us next turn our attention to a very different class of society, the rich and great. And here in the first place it may be remarked, that it is a very false calculation that leads us universally to despair of having these for the advocates of equality. Mankind are not so miserably selfish as satirists and courtiers have supposed. We never engage in any action without inquiring what is the decision of justice respecting it. We are at all times anxious to satisfy ourselves that what our inclinations lead us to do is innocent and right to be done. Since, therefore, justice occupies so large a share in the contemplations of the human mind, it cannot reasonably be doubted that a strong and commanding view of justice would prove a powerful motive to influence our choice. But that virtue which for whatever reason we have chosen, soon becomes recommended to us by a thousand other reasons. We find in it reputation, eminence, self-complacence, and the divine pleasures of an approving mind.

The rich and great are far from callous to views of general felicity, when such views are brought before them with that evidence and attraction of which they are susceptible. From one dreadful disadvantage their minds are free. They have not been soured with unrelenting tyranny, or narrowed by the perpetual pressure of distress. They are peculiarly qualified to judge of the emptiness of that pomp and those gratifications which are always most admired when they are seen from a distance. They will frequently be found considerably indifferent to these things, unless confirmed by habit and rendered invet-

erate by age. If you show them the attractions of gallantry and magnanimity in resigning them, they will often be resigned without reluctance. Wherever accident of any sort has introduced an active mind, there enterprise is a necessary consequence; and there are few persons so inactive as to sit down forever in the supine enjoyment of the indulgences to which they were born. The same spirit that has led forth the young nobility of successive ages to encounter the hardships of a camp might easily be employed to render them champions of the cause of equality; nor is it to be believed that the circumstance of superior virtue and truth in this latter exertion will be without its effect.

But let us suppose a considerable party of the rich and great to be actuated by no view but to their emolument and ease. It is not difficult to show them that their interest in this sense will admit of no more than a temperate and yielding resistance. Much, no doubt, of the future tranquillity or confusion of mankind depends upon the conduct of this party. To them I would say: "It is in vain for you to fight against truth. It is like endeavoring with the human hand to stop the inroad of the ocean. Retire betimes. Seek your safety in concession. If you will not go over to the standard of political justice, temporize at least with an enemy whom you cannot overcome. Much, inexpressibly much, depends upon you. If you be wise, if you be prudent, if you would secure at least your lives and your personal ease amidst the general shipwreck of monopoly and folly, you will be unwilling to irritate and defy. Unless by your rashness, there will be no confusion, no murder, not a drop of blood will be spilt, and you will yourselves be made happy. If you brave the storm and call down every species of odium on your heads, still it is possible, still it is to be hoped, that the general tranquillity may be maintained. But, should it prove otherwise, you will have principally to answer for all the consequences that shall ensue.

"Above all, do not be lulled into a rash and headlong security. We have already seen how much the hypocrisy and instability of the wise and enlightened of the present day, those who confess much, and have a confused view of still more, but dare not examine the whole with a steady and unshrinking eye, are calculated to increase this security. But there is a danger still more palpable. Do not be misled by the unthinking and seeming general cry of those who have no fixed principles.

Addresses have been found in every age a very uncertain criterion of the future conduct of a people. Do not count upon the numerous train of your adherents, retainers, and servants. They afford a very feeble dependence. They are men, and cannot be dead to the interests and claims of mankind. Some of them will adhere to you as long as a sordid interest seems to draw them in that direction. But the moment yours shall appear to be the losing cause, the same interest will carry them over to the enemy's standard. They will disappear like the morning dew.

“May I not hope that you are capable of receiving impression from another argument? Will you feel no compunction at the thought of resisting the greatest of all benefits? Are you content to be regarded by the most enlightened of your contemporaries, and to be handed down to the remotest posterity, as the obstinate adversaries of philanthropy and justice? Can you reconcile it to your own minds, that, for a sordid interest, for the cause of general corruption and abuse, you should be found active in stifling truth, and strangling the newborn happiness of mankind?” Would to God it were possible to carry home this argument to the enlightened and accomplished advocates of aristocracy! Would to God they could be persuaded to consult neither passion, nor prejudice, nor the flights of imagination, in deciding upon so momentous a question! “We know that truth does not stand in need of your alliance to secure her triumph. We do not fear your enmity. But our hearts bleed to see such gallantry, such talents, and such virtue enslaved to prejudice, and enlisted in error. It is for your sakes that we expostulate, and for the honor of human nature.”

To the general mass of the adherents of the cause of justice it may be proper to say a few words. “If there be any force in the arguments of this work, thus much at least we are authorized to deduce from them, that truth is irresistible. If man be endowed with a rational nature, then whatever is clearly demonstrated to his understanding to have the most powerful recommendations, so long as that clearness is present to his mind, will inevitably engage his choice. It is to no purpose to say that mind is fluctuating and fickle; for it is so only in proportion as evidence is imperfect. Let the evidence be increased, and the persuasion will be made firmer, and the choice more uniform. It is the nature of individual mind to be perpetually adding to the stock of its ideas and knowledge.

Similar to this is the nature of general mind, exclusively of casualties which, arising from a more comprehensive order of things, appear to disturb the order of limited systems. This is confirmed to us, if a truth of this universal nature can derive confirmation from partial experiments, by the regular advances of the human mind from century to century, since the invention of printing.

“Let then this axiom of the omnipotence of truth be the rudder of our undertakings. Let us not precipitately endeavor to accomplish that to-day which the dissemination of truth will make unavoidable to-morrow. Let us not anxiously watch for occasions and events: the ascendancy of truth is independent of events. Let us anxiously refrain from violence: force is not conviction, and is extremely unworthy of the cause of justice. Let us admit into our bosoms neither contempt, animosity, resentment, nor revenge. The cause of justice is the cause of humanity. Its advocates should overflow with universal good will. We should love this cause, for it conduces to the general happiness of mankind. We should love it, for there is not a man that lives who in the natural and tranquil progress of things will not be made happier by its approach. The most powerful cause by which it has been retarded, is the mistake of its adherents, the air of ruggedness, brutishness, and inflexibility which they have given to that which in itself is all benignity. Nothing less than this could have prevented the great mass of inquirers from bestowing upon it a patient examination. Be it the care of the now increasing advocates of equality to remove this obstacle to the success of their cause. We have but two plain duties, which, if we set out right, it is not easy to mistake. The first is an unwearied attention to the great instrument of justice, reason. We must divulge our sentiments with the utmost frankness. We must endeavor to impress them upon the minds of others. In this attempt we must give way to no discouragement. We must sharpen our intellectual weapons; add to the stock of our knowledge; be pervaded with a sense of the magnitude of our cause; and perpetually increase that calm presence of mind and self-possession which must enable us to do justice to our principles. Our second duty is tranquillity.”

It will not be right to pass over a question that will inevitably suggest itself to the mind of the reader. “If an equalization of property be to take place, not by law, regulation, or

public institution, but only through the private conviction of individuals, in what manner shall it begin?" In answering this question it is not necessary to prove so simple a proposition as that all republicanism, all equalization of ranks and immunities, strongly tends towards an equalization of property. Thus, in Sparta this last principle was completely admitted. In Athens the public largesses were so great as almost to exempt the citizens from manual labor; and the rich and eminent only purchased a toleration for their advantages by the liberal manner in which they opened their stores to the public. In Rome, agrarian laws, a wretched and ill-chosen substitute for equality, but which grew out of the same spirit, were perpetually agitated. If men go on to increase in discernment, and this they certainly will with peculiar rapidity, when the ill-constructed governments which now retard their progress are removed, the same arguments which showed them the injustice of ranks, will show them the injustice of one man's wanting that which, while it is in the possession of another, conduces in no respect to his well-being.

It is a common error to imagine, that this injustice will be felt only by the lower orders who suffer from it; and hence it would appear that it can only be corrected by violence. But in answer to this it may, in the first place, be observed that all suffer from it, the rich who engross as well as the poor who want. Secondly, it has been clearly shown in the course of the present work, that men are not so entirely governed by self-interest as has frequently been supposed. It has been shown, if possible, still more clearly, that the selfish are not governed solely by sensual gratification or the love of gain, but that the desire of eminence and distinction is in different degrees an universal passion. Thirdly and principally, the progress of truth is the most powerful of all causes. Nothing can be more absurd than to imagine that theory, in the best sense of the word, is not essentially connected with practice. That which we can be persuaded clearly and distinctly to approve, will inevitably modify our conduct. Mind is not an aggregate of various faculties contending with each other for the mastery, but on the contrary the will is in all cases correspondent to the last judgment of the understanding. When men shall distinctly and habitually perceive the folly of luxury, and when their neighbors are impressed with a similar disdain, it will be impossible that they should pursue the means of it with the same avidity as before.

It will not be difficult, perhaps, to trace, in the progress of modern Europe from barbarism to refinement, a tendency towards the equalization of property. In the feudal times, as now in India and other parts of the world, men were born to a certain station, and it was nearly impossible for a peasant to rise to the rank of a noble. Except the nobles there were no men that were rich; for commerce, either external or internal, had scarcely an existence. Commerce was one engine for throwing down this seemingly impregnable barrier and shocking the prejudices of nobles, who were sufficiently willing to believe that their retainers were a different species of beings from themselves. Learning was another and more powerful engine. In all ages of the church we see men of the basest origin rising to the highest eminence. Commerce proved that others could rise to wealth beside those who were cased in mail; but learning proved that the low-born were capable of surpassing their lords. The progressive effect of these ideas may easily be traced by the attentive observer. Long after learning began to unfold its powers, its votaries still submitted to those obsequious manners and servile dedications, which no man reviews at the present day without astonishment. It is but lately that men have known that intellectual excellence can accomplish its purposes without a patron. At present, among the civilized and well-informed a man of slender wealth, but of great intellectual powers and a firm and virtuous mind, is constantly received with attention and deference; and his purse-proud neighbor who should attempt to treat him superciliously, is sure to be discountenanced in his usurpation. The inhabitants of distant villages, where long-established prejudices are slowly destroyed, would be astonished to see how comparatively small a share wealth has in determining the degree of attention with which men are treated in enlightened circles.

These no doubt are but slight indications. It is with morality in this respect as it is with politics. The progress is at first so slow as for the most part to elude the observation of mankind; nor can it indeed be adequately perceived but by the contemplation and comparison of events during a considerable portion of time. After a certain interval, the scene is more fully unfolded, and the advances appear more rapid and decisive. While wealth was everything, it was to be expected that men would acquire it, though at the expense of character

and integrity. Absolute and universal truth had not yet shown itself so decidedly, as to be able to enter the lists with what dazzled the eye or gratified the sense. In proportion as the monopolies of rank and companies are abolished, the value of superfluities will not fail to decline. In proportion as republicanism gains ground, men will come to be estimated for what they are, not for what force has given, and force may take away.

Let us reflect for a moment on the gradual consequences of this revolution of opinion. Liberality of dealing will be among its earliest results, and of consequence accumulation will become less frequent and less enormous. Men will not be disposed, as now, to take advantage of each other's distresses, and to demand a price for their aid, not measured by a general standard, but by the wants of an individual. They will not consider how much they can extort, but how much it is reasonable to require. The master tradesman who employs laborers under him will be disposed to give a more ample reward to their industry, which he is at present enabled to tax chiefly by the neutral circumstance of having provided a capital. Liberality on the part of his employer will complete in the mind of the artisan what ideas of political justice will probably have begun. He will no longer spend the little surplus of his earnings in that dissipation which is at present one of the principal causes that subject him to the arbitrary pleasure of a superior. He will escape from the irresolution of slavery and the fetters of despair, and perceive that independence and ease are scarcely less within his reach than that of any other member of the community. This is a natural step towards the still further progression, in which the laborer will receive entire whatever the consumer may be required to pay, without having a middleman, an idle and useless monopolizer, as he will then be found, to fatten upon his spoils.

The same sentiments that lead to liberality of dealing, will also lead to liberality of distribution. The trader, who is unwilling to grow rich by extorting from his employer or his workmen, will also refuse to become rich by the not inferior injustice of withholding from his poor neighbor the supply he wants. The habit which was created in the former case of being contented with moderate gains, is closely connected with the habit of being contented with slender accumulation. He that is not anxious to add to his heap, will not be reluctant by a benevolent distribution to prevent his increase. Wealth was

once almost the single object of pursuit that presented itself to the gross and uncultivated mind. Various objects will hereafter divide men's attention: the love of liberty, the love of equality, the pursuits of art, and the desire of knowledge. These objects will not, as now, be confined to a few, but will gradually be laid open to all. The love of liberty obviously leads to the love of man: the sentiment of benevolence will be increased, and the narrowness of the selfish affections will decline. The general diffusion of truth will be productive of general improvement; and men will daily approximate towards those views according to which every object will be appreciated at its true value. Add to which, that the improvement of which we speak is general, not individual. The progress is the progress of all. Each man will find his sentiments of justice and rectitude echoed, encouraged, and strengthened by the sentiments of his neighbors. Apostasy will be made eminently improbable, because the apostate will incur, not only his own censure, but the censure of every beholder.

One remark will suggest itself upon these considerations. "If the inevitable progress of improvement insensibly lead towards an equalization of property, what need was there of proposing it as a specific object to men's consideration?" The answer to this objection is easy. The improvement in question consists in a knowledge of truth. But our knowledge will be very imperfect so long as this great branch of universal justice fails to constitute a part of it. All truth is useful; can this truth, which is perhaps more fundamental than any, be without its benefits? Whatever be the object towards which mind spontaneously advances, it is of no mean importance to us to have a distinct view of that object. Our advances will thus become accelerated. It is a well-known principle of morality, that he who proposes perfection to himself, though he will inevitably fall short of what he pursues, will make a more rapid progress than he who is contented to aim only at what is imperfect. The benefits to be derived in the interval from a view of equalization, as one of the great objects towards which we are tending, are exceedingly conspicuous. Such a view will strongly conduce to make us disinterested now. It will teach us to look with contempt upon mercantile speculations, commercial prosperity, and the cares of gain. It will impress us with a just apprehension of what it is of which man is capable and in which his perfection consists; and will fix



our ambition and activity upon the worthiest objects. Mind cannot arrive at any great and illustrious attainment, however much the nature of mind may carry us towards it, without feeling some presages of its approach; and it is reasonable to believe that, the earlier these presages are introduced, and the more distinct they are made, the more auspicious will be the event.



## A FIGHT WITH A CANNON.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

(From "Ninety-three.")

[VICTOR MARIE HUGO, French novelist, poet, dramatist, and miscellaneous writer, was born at Besançon, February 26, 1802. He followed his father, one of Napoleon's generals, from place to place in Europe, studying privately or in local schools. From the age of eleven he poured out streams of literary product, won several prizes before he was eighteen, and was called by Châteaubriand "The Sublime Child." He was elected to the Academy in 1845. He entered political life in 1848; became an opponent of Louis Napoleon; was proscribed by him after the *coup d'état* of 1851, and remained in exile till Napoleon's fall in 1870, when he returned and was made senator. He died May 22, 1885. Of his enormously prolific genius the best-known products are the novels "Notre Dame de Paris," "Les Misérables," "The Toilers of the Sea," "Ninety-three," and "L'Homme Qui Rit" (The Grinning Man); the plays "Hernani," "Ruy Blas," and "Les Burgraves"; "The History of a Crime," an account of the *coup d'état*; "The Last Day of a Condemned One"; the poems "Legend of the Ages," "Contemplations," "The Chastisements," "The Pope," and "The Art of Being a Grandfather," besides several miscellaneous volumes of verse.]

LA VIEUVILLE'S words were suddenly cut short by a desperate cry, and at the same instant they heard a noise as unaccountable as it was awful. The cry and this noise came from the interior of the vessel.

The captain and lieutenant made a rush for the gun deck, but could not get down. All the gunners were hurrying frantically up.

A frightful thing had just happened.

One of the carronades of the battery, a twenty-four-pounder, had got loose.

This is perhaps the most formidable of ocean accidents. Nothing more terrible can happen to a vessel in open sea and under full sail.

A gun that breaks its moorings becomes suddenly some indescribable supernatural beast. It is a machine which transforms itself into a monster. This mass turns upon its wheels, has the rapid movements of a billiard ball; rolls with the rolling, pitches with the pitching; goes, comes, pauses, seems to meditate; resumes its course, rushes along the ship from end to end like an arrow, circles about, springs aside, evades, rears, breaks, kills, exterminates. It is a battering-ram which assaults a wall at its own caprice. Moreover, the battering-ram is metal, the wall wood. It is the entrance of matter into liberty. One might say that this eternal slave avenges itself. It seems as if the power of evil hidden in what we call inanimate objects finds a vent and bursts suddenly out. It has an air of having lost patience, of seeking some fierce, obscure retribution; nothing more inexorable than this rage of the inanimate. The mad mass has the bounds of a panther, the weight of the elephant, the agility of the mouse, the obstinacy of the ax, the unexpectedness of the surge, the rapidity of lightning, the deafness of the tomb. It weighs ten thousand pounds, and it rebounds like a child's ball. Its flight is a wild whirl abruptly cut at right angles. What is to be done? How to end this? A tempest ceases, a cyclone passes, a wind falls, a broken mast is replaced, a leak is stopped, a fire dies out; but how to control this enormous brute of bronze? In what way can one attack it?

You can make a mastiff hear reason, astound a bull, fascinate a boa, frighten a tiger, soften a lion; but there is no resource with that monster, — a cannon let loose. You cannot kill it, — it is dead; at the same time it lives. It lives with a sinister life bestowed on it by Infinity.

The planks beneath it give it play. It is moved by the ship, which is moved by the sea, which is moved by the wind. This destroyer is a plaything. The ship, the waves, the blasts, all aid it; hence its frightful vitality. How to assail this fury of complication? How to fetter this monstrous mechanism for wrecking a ship? How foresee its comings and goings, its returns, its stops, its shocks? Any one of these blows upon the sides may stave out the vessel. How divine its awful gyrations! One has to deal with a projectile which thinks, seems to possess ideas, and which changes its direction at each instant. How stop the course of something which must be avoided? The horrible cannon flings itself about, advances, recoils, strikes

to the right, strikes to the left, flees, passes, disconcerts ambushes, breaks down obstacles, crushes men like flies. The great danger of the situation is in the mobility of its base. How combat an inclined plane which has caprices? The ship, so to speak, has lightning imprisoned in its womb which seeks to escape; it is like thunder rolling above an earthquake.

In an instant the whole crew were on foot. The fault was the chief gunner's; he had neglected to fix home the screw nut of the mooring chain, and had so badly shackled the four wheels of the carronade that the play given to the sole and frame had separated the platform, and ended by breaking the breeching. The cordage had broken, so that the gun was no longer secure on the carriage. The stationary breeching which prevents recoil was not in use at that period. As a heavy wave struck the port the carronade, weakly attached, recoiled, broke its chain, and began to rush wildly about. Conceive, in order to have an idea of this strange sliding, a drop of water running down a pane of glass.

At the moment when the lashings gave way the gunners were in the battery, some in groups, others standing alone, occupied with such duties as sailors perform in expectation of the command to clear for action. The carronade, hurled forward by the pitching, dashed into this knot of men, and crushed four at the first blow; then, flung back and shot out anew by the rolling, it cut in two a fifth poor fellow, glanced off to the larboard side, and struck a piece of the battery with such force as to unship it. Then rose the cry of distress which had been heard. The men rushed toward the ladder; the gun deck emptied in the twinkling of an eye. The enormous cannon was left alone. She was given up to herself. She was her own mistress, and mistress of the vessel. She could do what she willed with both. This whole crew, accustomed to laugh in battle, trembled now. To describe the universal terror would be impossible.

Captain Boisberthelot and Lieutenant Vieuville, although both intrepid men, stopped at the head of the stairs, and remained mute, pale, hesitating, looking down on the deck. Some one pushed them aside with his elbow and descended.

It was their passenger, the peasant,—the man of whom they had been speaking a moment before.

When he reached the foot of the ladder, he stood still.

The cannon came and went along the deck. One might

have fancied it the living chariot of the Apocalypse. The marine lantern, oscillating from the ceiling, added a dizzying whirl of lights and shadows to this vision. The shape of the cannon was undistinguishable from the rapidity of its course; now it looked black in the light, now it cast weird reflections through the gloom.

It kept on its work of destruction. It had already shattered four other pieces, and dug two crevices in the side, fortunately above the water line, though they would leak in case a squall should come on. It dashed itself frantically against the framework; the solid tiebeams resisted, their curved form giving them great strength, but they creaked ominously under the assaults of this terrible club, which seemed endowed with a sort of appalling ubiquity, striking on every side at once. The strokes of a bullet shaken in a bottle would not be madder or more rapid. The four wheels passed and repassed above the dead men, cut, carved, slashed them, till the five corpses were a score of stumps rolling about the deck; the heads seem to cry out; streams of blood twisted in and out of the planks with every pitch of the vessel. The ceiling, damaged in several places, began to gape. The whole ship was filled with the awful tumult.

The captain promptly recovered his composure, and at his order the sailors threw down into the deck everything which could deaden and check the mad rush of the gun, — mattresses, hammocks, spare sails, coils of rope, extra equipments, and the bales of false assignats of which the corvette carried a whole cargo, — an infamous deception which the English considered a fair trick in war.

But what could these rags avail? No one dared descend to arrange them in any useful fashion, and in a few instants they were mere heaps of lint.

There was just sea enough to render an accident as complete as possible. A tempest would have been desirable, — it might have thrown the gun upside down; and the four wheels once in the air, the monster could have been mastered. But the devastation increased. There were gashes and even fractures in the masts, which, imbedded in the woodwork of the keel, pierce the decks of ships like great round pillars. The mizzenmast was cracked, and the mainmast itself was injured under the convulsive blows of the gun. The battery was being destroyed. Ten pieces out of the thirty were disabled; the

breaches multiplied in the side, and the corvette began to take in water.

The old passenger, who had descended to the gun deck, looked like a form of stone stationed at the foot of the stairs. He stood motionless, gazing sternly about upon the devastation. Indeed, it seemed impossible to take a single step forward.

Each bound of the liberated carronade menaced the destruction of the vessel. A few minutes more and shipwreck would be inevitable.

They must perish or put a summary end to the disaster. A decision must be made — but how ?

What a combatant — this cannon !

They must check this mad monster. They must seize this flash of lightning. They must overthrow this thunderbolt.

Boisberthelot said to La Vieuville : —

“Do you believe in God, Chevalier ?”

La Vieuville replied : —

“Yes. No. Sometimes.”

“In a tempest ?”

“Yes ; and in moments like this.”

“Only God can aid us here,” said Boisberthelot.

All were silent : the cannon kept up its horrible fracas.

The waves beat against the ship ; their blows from without responded to the strokes of the cannon.

It was like two hammers alternating.

Suddenly, into the midst of this sort of inaccessible circus, where the escaped cannon leaped and bounded, there sprang a man with an iron bar in his hand. It was the author of this catastrophe, — the gunner whose culpable negligence had caused the accident ; the captain of the gun. Having been the means of bringing about the misfortune, he desired to repair it. He had caught up a handspike in one fist, a tiller rope with a slipping noose in the other, and jumped down into the gun deck.

Then a strange combat began, a Titanic strife, — the struggle of the gun against the gunner ; a battle between matter and intelligence ; a duel between the inanimate and the human.

The man was posted in an angle, the bar and rope in his two fists ; backed against one of the riders, settled firmly on his legs as on two pillars of steel, livid, calm, tragic, rooted as it were in the planks, he waited.

He waited for the cannon to pass near him.

The gunner knew his piece, and it seemed to him that she must recognize her master. He had lived a long while with her. How many times he had thrust his hand between her jaws! It was his tame monster. He began to address it as he might have done his dog.

"Come!" said he. Perhaps he loved it.

He seemed to wish that it would turn toward him.

But to come toward him would be to spring upon him. Then he would be lost. How to avoid its crush? There was the question. All stared in terrified silence.

Not a breast respired freely, except perchance that of the old man who alone stood in the deck with the two combatants, a stern second.

He might himself be crushed by the piece. He did not stir.

Beneath them, the blind sea directed the battle.

At the instant when, accepting this awful hand-to-hand contest, the gunner approached to challenge the cannon, some chance fluctuation of the waves kept it for a moment immovable, as if suddenly stupefied.

"Come on!" the man said to it. It seemed to listen.

Suddenly it darted upon him. The gunner avoided the shock.

The struggle began,—struggle unheard of. The fragile matching itself against the invulnerable. The thing of flesh attacking the brazen brute. On the one side blind force, on the other a soul.

The whole passed in a half light. It was like the indistinct vision of a miracle.

A soul,—strange thing; but you would have said that the cannon had one also,—a soul filled with rage and hatred. This blindness appeared to have eyes. The monster had the air of watching the man. There was—one might have fancied so at least—cunning in this mass. It also chose its moment. It became some gigantic insect of metal, having, or seeming to have, the will of a demon. Sometimes this colossal grasshopper would strike the low ceiling of the gun deck, then fall back on its four wheels like a tiger upon its four claws, and dart anew on the man. He, supple, agile, adroit, would glide away like a snake from the reach of these lightning-like movements. He avoided the encounters; but the blows which he escaped fell upon the vessel and continued the havoc.

An end of broken chain remained attached to the carronade. This chain had twisted itself, one could not tell how, about the screw of the breech button. One extremity of the chain was fastened to the carriage. The other, hanging loose, whirled wildly about the gun and added to the danger of its blows.

The screw held it like a clinched hand, and the chain, multiplying the strokes of the battering-ram by its strokes of a thong, made a fearful whirlwind about the cannon,—a whip of iron in a fist of brass. This chain complicated the battle.

Nevertheless, the man fought. Sometimes, even, it was the man who attacked the cannon. He crept along the side, bar and rope in hand, and the cannon had the air of understanding, and fled as if it perceived a snare. The man pursued it, formidable, fearless.

Such a duel could not last long. The gun seemed suddenly to say to itself, "Come, we must make an end!" and it paused. One felt the approach of the crisis. The cannon, as if in suspense, appeared to have, or had,—because it seemed to all a sentient being,—a furious premeditation. It sprang unexpectedly upon the gunner. He jumped aside, let it pass, and cried out with a laugh, "Try again!" The gun, as if in a fury, broke a carronade to larboard; then, seized anew by the invisible sling which held it, was flung to starboard toward the man, who escaped.

Three carronades gave way under the blows of the gun; then, as if blind and no longer conscious of what it was doing, it turned its back on the man, rolled from the stern to the bow, bruising the stem and making a breach in the plankings of the prow. The gunner had taken refuge at the foot of the stairs, a few steps from the old man, who was watching.

The gunner held his handspike in rest. The cannon seemed to perceive him, and, without taking the trouble to turn itself, backed upon him with the quickness of an ax stroke. The gunner, if driven back against the side, was lost. The crew uttered a simultaneous cry.

But the old passenger, until now immovable, made a spring more rapid than all those wild whirls. He seized a bale of the false assignats, and at the risk of being crushed, succeeded in flinging it between the wheels of the carronade. This maneuver, decisive and dangerous, could not have been executed with

more adroitness and precision by a man trained to all the exercises set down in Durosels's "Manual of Sea Gunnery."

The bale had the effect of a plug. A pebble may stop a log, a tree branch turn an avalanche. The carronade stumbled. The gunner, in his turn, seizing this terrible chance, plunged his iron bar between the spokes of one of the hind wheels. The cannon was stopped.

It staggered. The man, using the bar as a lever, rocked it to and fro. The heavy mass turned over with a clang like a falling bell, and the gunner, dripping with sweat, rushed forward headlong and passed the slipping noose of the tiller-rope about the bronze neck of the overthrown monster.

It was ended. The man had conquered. The ant had subdued the mastodon; the pygmy had taken the thunder-bolt prisoner.

The marines and the sailors clapped their hands.

The whole crew hurried down with cables and chains, and in an instant the cannon was securely lashed.

The gunner saluted the passenger.

"Sir," he said to him, "you have saved my life."

The old man had resumed his impassible attitude, and did not reply.

The man had conquered, but one might say that the cannon had conquered also. Immediate shipwreck had been avoided, but the corvette was by no means saved. The dilapidation of the vessel seemed irremediable. The sides had five breaches, one of which, very large, was in the bow. Out of the thirty carronades, twenty lay useless in their frames. The carronade which had been captured and rechained was itself disabled; the screw of the breech button was forced, and the leveling of the piece impossible in consequence. The battery was reduced to nine pieces. The hold had sprung a leak. It was necessary at once to repair the damages and set the pumps to work.

The gun deck, now that one had time to look about it, offered a terrible spectacle. The interior of a mad elephant's cage could not have been more completely dismantled.

However great the necessity that the corvette should escape observation, a still more imperious necessity presented itself,—immediate safety. It had been necessary to light up the deck by lanterns placed here and there along the sides.

But during the whole time this tragic diversion had lasted, the crew were so absorbed by the one question of life or death



that they noticed little what was passing outside the scene of the duel. The fog had thickened; the weather had changed; the wind had driven the vessel at will; it had got out of its route, in plain sight of Jersey and Guernsey, farther to the south than it ought to have gone, and was surrounded by a troubled sea. The great waves kissed the gaping wounds of the corvette, — kisses full of peril. The sea rocked her menacingly. The breeze became a gale. A squall, a tempest perhaps, threatened. It was impossible to see before one four oars' length.

While the crew were repairing summarily and in haste the ravages of the gun deck, stopping the leaks and putting back into position the guns which had escaped the disaster, the old passenger had gone on deck.

He stood with his back against the mainmast.

He had paid no attention to a proceeding which had taken place on the vessel. The Chevalier La Vieuville had drawn up the marines in line on either side of the mainmast, and at the whistle of the boatswain the sailors busy in the rigging stood upright on the yards.

Count du Boisberthelot advanced toward the passenger.

Behind the captain marched a man, haggard, breathless, his dress in disorder, yet wearing a satisfied look under it all. It was the gunner who had just now so opportunely shown himself a tamer of monsters, and who had got the better of the cannon.

The count made a military salute to the unknown in peasant garb, and said to him: —

“General, here is the man.”

The gunner held himself erect, his eyes downcast, standing in a soldierly attitude.

Count du Boisberthelot continued: —

“General, taking into consideration what this man has done, do you not think there is something for his commanders to do?”

“I think there is,” said the old man.

“Be good enough to give the orders,” returned Boisberthelot.

“It is for you to give them. You are the captain.”

“But you are the general,” answered Boisberthelot.

The old man looked at the gunner.

“Approach,” said he.

The gunner moved forward a step. The old man turned

toward Count du Boisberthelot, detached the cross of Saint Louis from the captain's uniform and fastened it on the jacket of the gunner.

"Hurrah!" cried the sailors.

The marines presented arms. The old passenger, pointing with his finger toward the bewildered gunner, added:—

"Now let that man be shot."

Stupor succeeded the applause.

Then, in the midst of a silence like that of the tomb, the old man raised his voice. He said:—

"A negligence has endangered this ship. At this moment she is perhaps lost. To be at sea is to face the enemy. A vessel at open sea is an army which gives battle. The tempest conceals, but does not absent itself. The whole sea is an ambushade. Death is the penalty of any fault committed in the face of the enemy. No fault is reparable. Courage ought to be rewarded and negligence punished."

These words fell one after the other, slowly, solemnly, with a sort of inexorable measure, like the blows of an ax upon an oak.

And the old man, turning to the soldiers, added:—

"Do your duty."

The man upon whose breast shone the cross of Saint Louis bowed his head.

At a sign from Count du Boisberthelot, two sailors descended between decks, then returned, bringing the hammock winding sheet. The ship's chaplain, who since the time of sailing had been at prayer in the officers' quarters, accompanied the two sailors; a sergeant detached from the line twelve marines, whom he arranged in two ranks, six by six; the gunner, without uttering a word, placed himself between the two files. The chaplain, crucifix in hand, advanced and stood near him.

"March!" said the sergeant.

The platoon moved with slow steps toward the bow. The two sailors who carried the shroud followed.

A gloomy silence fell upon the corvette. A hurricane moaned in the distance.

A few instants later there was a flash; a report followed, echoing among the shadows; then all was silent; then came the thud of a body falling into the sea.

The old passenger still leaned back against the mainmast with folded arms, thinking silently.

Boisberthelot pointed toward him with the forefinger of his left hand, and said in a low voice to La Vieuville : —

“The Vendée has found a head !”



## THE HASTY PUDDING.

BY JOEL BARLOW.

[JOEL BARLOW, American author and public man, was born in Redding, Conn., in 1754; graduated at Yale, and delivered the commencement poem; became a chaplain in the Continental army; settled in Hartford as a lawyer after the peace; with another, founded the weekly *American Mercury*, and wrote satires, being one of the “Hartford wits”; edited a psalmody, with original versions; in 1787 published the “Vision of Columbus,” gaining wide American celebrity; became agent of the Scioto Land Company, for which he went to France in 1788: was an active Girondist partisan and writer in 1789–1791; 1791–1793 lived in London, one of a group of ardently republican writers and artists; published “Advice to the Privileged Orders,” proscribed by government, assailed by Burke, and eulogized by Fox; took refuge in France, helped annex Savoy, was candidate for deputy from there, and wrote “Hasty Pudding” there; made a fortune trading and speculating in Paris; was United States consul at Algiers 1795–1796; returned to Paris, lived as a littérateur, wrote the “Columbiad,” gathered material for histories of the American and French revolutions, and mediated between France and America by influential writings; returned to America in 1805, published the “Columbiad,” 1807; in 1811 took the post of minister to France to avert imminent Franco-American war, went to Wilna, Poland, in 1812, to meet Napoleon and sign a treaty, was involved in the retreat from Moscow, and died in Poland of the hardships, December 24.]

YE ALPS, audacious thro’ the heav’ns that rise  
 To cramp the day and hide me from the skies;  
 Ye Gallic flags, that o’er their heights unfurled,  
 Bear death to kings, and freedom to the world,  
 I sing not you. A softer theme I choose,  
 A virgin theme, unconscious of the Muse,  
 /But fruitful, rich, well suited to inspire  
 The purest frenzy of poetic fire.

Despise it not, ye Bards to terror steeled,  
 Who hurl your thunders round the epic field;  
 Nor ye, who strain your midnight throats to sing  
 Joys that the vineyard and the still-house bring.  
 Or on some distant Fair your notes employ,  
 And speak of raptures that you ne’er enjoy.  
 I sing the sweets I know, the charms I feel,  
 My morning incense, and my evening meal,  
 The sweets of Hasty Pudding. Come, dear bowl!

Glide o'er my palate, and inspire my soul.  
 The milk beside thee, smoking from the kine,  
 Its substance mingled, married in with thine,  
 Shall cool and temper thy superior heat,  
 And save the pains of blowing while I eat.

Oh! could the smooth, the emblematic song  
 Flow like thy genial juices o'er my tongue,  
 Could those mild morsels in my numbers chime,  
 And as they roll in substance, roll in rhyme,  
 No more thy awkward, unpoetic name  
 Should shun the Muse, or prejudice thy fame;  
 But rising graceful to the accustomed ear,  
 All Bards should catch it, and all realms reverse!

Assist me first with pious toil to trace  
 Thro' wrecks of time thy lineage and thy race.  
 Declare what lovely Squaw, in days of yore  
 (Ere great Columbus sought thy native shore),  
 First gave thee to the world; her works of fame  
 Have lived indeed, but lived without a name.  
 Some tawny Ceres, goddess of her days,  
 First learned with stones to crack the well-dried maize,  
 Through the rough sieve to shake the golden show'r,  
 In boiling water stir the yellow flour:  
 The yellow flour, bestrewed and stirred with haste,  
 Swells at the flood, and thickens to a paste,  
 Then puffs and wallops, rises to the brim,  
 Drinks the dry knobs that on the surface swim.  
 The knobs at last the busy ladle breaks,  
 And the whole mass its true consistence takes.

Dear hasty pudding, what unpromised joy  
 Expands my heart to meet thee in Savoy!  
 Doomed o'er the world through devious paths to roam,  
 Each clime my country, and each house my home,  
 My soul is soothed, my cares have found an end,  
 I greet my long-lost, unforgotten friend.

For thee, through Paris, that corrupted town,  
 How long in vain I wandered up and down,  
 Where shameless Bacchus, with his drenching horde  
 Cold from his cave usurps the morning board.  
 London is lost in smoke, and steeped in tea;  
 No Yankee there can lisp the name of thee;  
 The uncouth word, a libel on the town,  
 Would call a proclamation from the crown.  
 For climes oblique, that fear the sun's full rays,  
 Chilled in their fogs exclude the generous maize;

A grain whose rich luxuriant growth requires  
 Short gentle showers, and bright ethereal fires.  
 But here, though distant from our native shore,  
 With mutual glee we meet and laugh once more.  
 The same! I know thee by that yellow face,  
 That strong complexion of true Indian race,  
 Which time can never change, nor soil impair,  
 Nor Alpine snows, nor Turkey's morbid air;  
 For endless years, through every mild domain,  
 Where grows the maize, there thou art sure to reign.

But man, more fickle, the bold license claims,  
 In different realms to give thee different names.  
 Thee, the soft nations round the warm Levant  
*Polanta* call. — The French, of course, *Polante*;  
 Ev'n in thy native regions, how I blush  
 To hear the Pennsylvanians call thee *Mush*!  
 On Hudson's banks, while men of Belgic spawn  
 Insult and eat thee, by the name of *Suppawn*!  
 All spurious appellations, void of truth;  
 I've better known thee from my earliest youth;  
 Thy name is *Hasty Pudding*! Thus our sires  
 Were wont to greet thee fuming from their fires;  
 And while they argued in thy just defense,  
 With logic clear they thus explained the sense:  
 "In *haste* the boiling cauldron o'er the blaze  
 Receives and cooks the ready-powdered maize;  
 In *haste* 'tis stirred, and then in equal *haste*,  
 With cooling milk, we make the sweet repast:  
 No carving to be done, no knife to grate  
 The tender ear and wound the stony plate;  
 But the smooth spoon just fitted to the lip,  
 And taught with art the yielding mass to dip,  
 By frequent journeys to the bowl well stored  
 Performs the *hasty* honors of the board."  
 Such is thy name, significant and clear,  
 A name, a sound to every Yankee dear,  
 But most to me; whose heart and palate chaste  
 Preserve my pure hereditary taste.

Let the green succotash with thee contend,  
 Let beans and corn their sweetest juices blend,  
 Let butter drench them in its yellow tide,  
 And a long slice of bacon grace their side,  
 Not all the plate, how famed so'er it be,  
 Can please my palate like a plate of thee.

Some talk of Hoe-cake, fair Virginia's pride,  
 Rich Johnny-cake this mouth has often tried;  
 Both please me well, their virtues much the same,  
 Alike their fabric, as allied their fame.  
 Except in dear New England, where the last  
 Receives a dash of pumpkin in the paste,  
 To give it sweetness and improve the taste.  
 But place them all before me, smoking hot,  
 The big round dumpling rolling from the pot;  
 The pudding of the bag, whose quivering breast,  
 With suet lined, leads on the Yankee feast;  
 The Charlotte brown, within whose crusty sides,  
 A belly soft the pulpy apple hides;  
 The yellow bread, whose face like amber glows,  
 And all of Indian that the bake-pan knows —  
 Ye tempt me not — my fav'rite greets my eyes —  
 To that loved bowl my spoon by instinct flies.

The days grow short; but tho' the fallen sun  
 To the glad swain proclaims his day's work done,  
 Night's pleasant shades his various tasks prolong,  
 And yield new subjects to my various song.  
 For now, the cornhouse filled, the harvest home,  
 Th' invited neighbors to the husking come;  
 A frolic scene, where work and mirth and play  
 Unite their charm to chase the hours away.

Where the huge heap lies centered in the hall,  
 The lamp suspended from the cheerful wall,  
 Brown corn-fed nymphs, and strong hard-handed beaux,  
 Alternate ranged, extend in circling rows,  
 Assume their seats, the solid mass attack;  
 The dry husks rustle and the corn-cobs crack;  
 The song, the laugh, alternate notes resound,  
 And the sweet cider trips in silence round.

The laws of husking every wight can tell;  
 And sure no laws he ever keeps so well;  
 For each red ear a general kiss he gains,  
 With each smut ear he smuts the luckless swains;  
 But when to some sweet maid a prize is cast,  
 Red as her lips and taper as her waist,  
 She walks the rounds, and culls one favored beau,  
 Who leaps the luscious tribute to bestow.  
 Various the sports, as are the wits and brains  
 Of well-pleased lasses and contending swains,  
 Till the vast mound of corn is swept away,  
 And he that gets the last ear wins the day.

Meanwhile the housewife urges all her care  
 The well-earned feast to hasten and prepare.  
 The sifted meal already waits her hand,  
 The milk is strained, the bowls in order stand,  
 The fire flames high ; and, as a pool (that takes  
 The headlong stream that o'er the milldam breaks)  
 Foams, roars, and rages with incessant toils,  
 So the vext cauldron rages, roars, and boils.

First with clean salt she seasons well the food,  
 Then strews the flour, and thickens all the flood.  
 Long o'er the simmering fire she lets it stand :  
 To stir it well demands a stronger hand ;  
 The husband takes his turn ; and round and round  
 The ladle flies ; at last the toil is crowned ;  
 When to the board the thronging huskers pour,  
 And take their seats as at the corn before.

I leave them to their feast. There still belong  
 More copious matters to my faithful song.  
 For rules there are, tho' ne'er unfolded yet,  
 Nice rules and wise, how pudding should be eat.

Some with molasses line the luscious treat,  
 And mix, like Bards, the useful with the sweet.  
 A wholesome dish, and well deserving praise,  
 A great resource in those bleak, wintry days,  
 When the chilled earth lies buried deep in snow,  
 And raging Boreas dries the shivering cow.

Blest cow ! thy praise shall still my notes employ,  
 Great source of health, the only source of joy ;  
 Mother of Egypt's God — but sure for me,  
 Were I to leave my God, I'd worship thee.  
 How oft thy teats these pious hands have prest !  
 How oft thy bounties proved my only feast !  
 How oft I've fed thee with my fav'rite grain !  
 And roared like thee, to find thy children slain !

Ye swains who know her various worth to prize,  
 Ah ! house her well from Winter's angry skies.  
 Potatoes, pumpkins, should her sadness cheer,  
 Corn from your crib, and mashes from your beer ;  
 When Spring returns she'll well acquit the loan,  
 And nurse at once your infants and her own.

Milk, then, with pudding I should always choose ;  
 To this in future I confine my Muse,  
 Till she in haste some farther hints unfold,  
 Well for the young, nor useless to the old.  
 First in your bowl the milk abundant take ;

Then drop with care along the silver lake  
 Your flakes of pudding ; these at first will hide  
 Their little bulk beneath the swelling tide ;  
 But when their growing mass no more can sink,  
 When the soft island looms above the brink,  
 Then check your hand ; you've got the portion due ;  
 So taught our sires, and what they taught is true.

There is a choice in spoons. Tho' small appear  
 The nice distinction, yet to me 'tis clear.  
 The deep-bowled Gallic spoon contrived to scoop  
 In ample draughts their thin diluted soup,  
 Performs not well in those substantial things,  
 Whose mass adhesive to the metal clings ;  
 Where the strong labial muscles must embrace  
 The gentle curve, and sweep the hollow space.  
 With ease to enter and discharge the freight,  
 A bowl less concave but still more dilate,  
 Becomes the pudding best. The shape, the size,  
 A secret rest unknown to vulgar eyes,  
 Experienced feeders can alone impart  
 A rule so much above the lore of art.  
 These tuneful lips, that thousand spoons have tried,  
 With just precision could the point decide,  
 Tho' not in song ; the muse but poorly chimes  
 In cones and cubes and geometric lines.  
 Yet the true form, as near as she can tell,  
 Is that small section of a goose-egg-shell,  
 Which in two equal portions shall divide  
 The distance from the center to the side.

Fear not to slaver ; 'tis no deadly sin.  
 Like the free Frenchman, from your joyous chin  
 Suspend the ready napkin, or, like me,  
 Poise with one hand your bowl upon your knee ;  
 Just in the zenith your wise head project,  
 Your full spoon rising in a line direct,  
 Bold as a bucket, heed no drops that fall,  
 The wide-mouthed bowl will surely catch them all.



## WILLIAM BLAKE'S POEMS.

[WILLIAM BLAKE, English artist and poet, was born in London, November 28, 1757. He became an illustrator, engraver, print-seller, and Royal Academician, and wrote many volumes of poetry illustrated by himself. He was a child-like mystic, who believed himself inspired by spirits. He published: "Poetical Sketches" (1783), "Songs of Innocence" and "Prophetic Books" (1789), "Marriage of Heaven and Hell" (1790), "Songs of Experience" and "Book of Orizen" (1794), "Book of Los" (1795), "Book of Aharia" (1795), "Jerusalem" and "Milton" (1804), etc. He died August 12, 1827.]

## TRUE LOVE DOTH PASS AWAY.

MY SILKS and fine array,  
 My smiles and languished air,  
 By love are driven away;  
 And mournful lean Despair  
 Brings me yew to deck my grave:  
 Such end true lovers have.

His face is fair as heaven  
 When springing buds unfold;  
 Oh, why to him was't given  
 Whose heart is wintry cold?  
 His breast is love's all-worshipped tomb  
 Where all love's pilgrims come.

Bring me an ax and spade,  
 Bring me a winding sheet;  
 When I my grave have made,  
 Let winds and tempest beat;  
 Then down I'll lie as cold as clay.  
 True love doth pass away!

## STREAM REVERIE.

Memory, hither come  
 And tune your merry notes;  
 And while upon the wind  
 Your music floats,  
 I'll pore upon the stream  
 Where sighing lovers dream,  
 And fish for fancies as they pass  
 Within the watery glass.

## INTRODUCTION TO "SONGS OF INNOCENCE."

Piping down the valleys wild,  
 Piping songs of pleasant glee,  
 On a cloud I saw a child,  
 And he laughing said to me:—

"Pipe a song about a lamb:"  
 So I piped with merry cheer.  
 "Piper, pipe that song again:"  
 So I piped; he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,  
 Sing thy songs of happy cheer:"  
 So I sung the same again,  
 While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write  
 In a book that all may read,"—  
 So he vanished from my sight;  
 And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,  
 And I stained the water clear,  
 And I wrote my happy songs,  
 Every child may joy to hear.

## THE MENTAL TRAVELER.

I traveled through a land of men,  
 A land of men and women too;  
 And heard and saw such dreadful things  
 As cold earth wanderers never knew.

For there the babe is born in joy  
 That was begotten in dire woe;  
 Just as we reap in joy the fruit  
 Which we in bitter tears did sow.

And if the babe is born a boy,  
 He's given to a woman old,  
 Who nails him down upon a rock,  
 Catches his shrieks in cups of gold.

She binds iron thorns around his head,  
 She pierces both his hands and feet,

She cuts his heart out at his side,  
To make it feel both cold and heat.

Her fingers number every nerve  
Just as a miser counts his gold;  
She lives upon his shrieks and cries,  
And she grows young as he grows old.

Till he becomes a bleeding youth,  
And she becomes a virgin bright;  
Then he rends up his manacles,  
And binds her down for his delight.

He plants himself in all her nerves  
Just as a husbandman his mold,  
And she becomes his dwelling place  
And garden fruitful seventyfold.

An aged shadow soon he fades,  
Wandering round an earthly cot,  
Full-filled all with gems and gold  
Which he by industry had got.

And these are the gems of the human soul,  
The rubies and pearls of a lovesick eye,  
The countless gold of the aching heart,  
The martyr's groan and the lover's sigh.

They are his meat, they are his drink;  
He feeds the beggar and the poor;  
To the wayfaring traveler  
Forever open is his door.

His grief is their eternal joy,  
They make the roofs and walls to ring;  
Till from the fire upon the hearth  
A little female babe doth spring.

And she is all of solid fire  
And gems and gold, that none his hand  
Dares stretch to touch her baby form,  
Or wrap her in his swaddling band.

But she comes to the man she loves,  
If young or old or rich or poor;  
They soon drive out the aged host,  
A beggar at another's door.

He wanders weeping far away,  
 Until some other take him in;  
 Oft blind and age-bent, sore distressed,  
 Until he can a maiden win.

And, to allay his freezing age,  
 The poor man takes her in his arms;  
 The cottage fades before his sight,  
 The garden and its lovely charms.

The guests are scattered through the land;  
 For the eye altering alters all;  
 The senses roll themselves in fear,  
 And the flat earth becomes a ball.

The stars, sun, moon, all shrink away,  
 A desert vast without a bound,  
 And nothing left to eat or drink,  
 And a dark desert all around.

The honey of her infant lips,  
 The bread and wine of her sweet smile,  
 The wild game of her roving eye,  
 Do him to infancy beguile.

For as he eats and drinks he grows  
 Younger and younger every day,  
 And on the desert wild they both  
 Wander in terror and dismay.

Like the wild stag she flees away;  
 Her fear plants many a thicket wild,  
 While he pursues her night and day,  
 By various arts of love beguiled;

By various arts of love and hate,  
 Till the wild desert's planted o'er  
 With labyrinths of wayward love,  
 Where roam the lion, wolf, and boar.

Till he becomes a wayward babe,  
 And she a weeping woman old;  
 Then many a lover wanders here,  
 The sun and stars are nearer rolled;

The trees bring forth sweet ecstasy  
 To all who in the desert roam;

Till many a city there is built,  
 And many a pleasant shepherd's home.

But, when they find the frowning babe,  
 Terror strikes through the region wide:  
 They cry — "The babe — the babe is born!"  
 And flee away on every side.

For who dare touch the frowning form,  
 His arm is withered to its root:  
 Bears, lions, wolves, all howling flee,  
 And every tree doth shed its fruit.

And none can touch that frowning form  
 Except it be a woman old;  
 She nails him down upon the rock,  
 And all is done as I have told.

#### THE HUMAN ABSTRACT.

Pity would be no more  
 If we did not make somebody poor,  
 And Mercy no more could be  
 If all were as happy as we.

And mutual fear brings Peace,  
 Till the selfish loves increase;  
 Then Cruelty knits a snare,  
 And spreads his baits with care.

He sits down with holy fears,  
 And waters the ground with tears;  
 Then Humility takes its root  
 Underneath his foot.

Soon spreads the dismal shade  
 Of Mystery over his head,  
 And the caterpillar and fly  
 Feed on the Mystery.

And it bears the fruit of Deceit,  
 Ruddy and sweet to eat,  
 And the raven his nest has made  
 In its thickest shade.

The gods of the earth and sea  
 Sought through nature to find this tree,

But their search was all in vain:  
There grows one in the human Brain.

SEED SOWING.

"Thou hast a lapful of seed,  
And this is a fair country.  
Why dost thou not cast thy seed,  
And live in it merrily?"

"Shall I cast it on the sand,  
And turn it into fruitful land?  
For on no other ground can I sow my seed  
Without tearing up some stinking weed."

THE TIGER.

Tiger, tiger, burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And, when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,  
And watered heaven with their tears,  
Did He smile his work to see?  
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

## ROUND MY ROOM.

BY COUNT XAVIER DE MAISTRE.

[COUNT XAVIER DE MAISTRE was born at Chambéry, Savoy, in 1763; brother of Joseph; served in the Piedmont army; while under arrest for a duel, wrote the "Journey round my Room," in Sterne's manner; after the annexation of Piedmont by France in 1797, took part in that year's campaign; then went to Russia and rose to be major-general, dying there in 1852. He wrote also "The Leper of the City of Aosta" (1812), "The Young Siberienne" (1815), "Prisoners of the Caucasus" (1815), "Nocturnal Expedition around my Chamber" (1825).]

BEFORE I jumped into my *traveling coat*, I held it for a time in my hands, looking at it with real delight, and concluded it was my duty to describe it to my kind readers, though it may cost them the trouble of reading a chapter more. The form and utility of this garment being generally known, I will examine it more especially in regard to the influence it exercises upon the mind of the traveler. My winter traveling coat is made of the softest and the warmest material I could find, and it covers me from the head to the feet. I can therefore easily be mistaken for the statue of Vishnu when I sit in my elbow-chair and hold my hands in my pockets. I know that many will sarcastically smile at the influence which I ascribe to such a coat; but I am convinced that I should deserve to be laughed at if I were to advance one step in *my journey round my room* dressed in full regimentals, armed cap-a-pie, or if I were to show myself in company in a nightgown. With my uniform on my back, my sash and my sword, I should not only be unable to continue my pilgrimage, but even to read the preceding pages, and to understand their meaning.

I will explain myself. Have you never felt ill before you shaved, and when a jaundiced friend chose to tell you that you did not look well? Clothes have so much influence on our disposition that persons in a state of convalescence, after a severe illness, imagine that they make a quicker progress in their recovery as soon as they put on a new coat and a well-powdered wig; and many there are who in this manner cheat themselves and the public by their tailor's and hair-dresser's skill so effectually that they die in clothes of the newest fashions, and well perfumed, without fear of astonishing their friends by their sudden exit.

I could name an officer who was unable to be on duty if he was not informed, at least on the preceding day, that his turn was coming. When the orderly neglected to inform him some days before, and called on him only at sunrise on his day of duty, the necessity, or rather the idea, of rising, dressing, and turning out, without having thought of it, at least during the preceding four and twenty hours, put him into such an ill humor that he would rather report himself ill, and undergo a voluntary inconvenience, than do that which his principles and his duty urged him to do. As often as he fell into such a contradiction with himself, he put on his nightgown, and remained the whole day undressed. This neglect of the duties of the toilet made him look so pale and changed that his wife and his whole family felt uneasy about him. "Really," said he, "I do not feel well." He said so to everybody, either from false conviction or from false shame. But insensibly his nightgown produced its effect as powerfully as the tunic of Nessus, and at length he was compelled to go to bed. In the evening his physician found his pulse hard, and advised bleeding on the next day. Had the call to duty lasted a month, no physician on earth nor any remedy in the world would have saved him from journeying to those regions where he would have been rid forever of orderlies, sickness, physicians, and apothecaries.

Who will, after such an instance, doubt the influence of a riding coat on a traveler, since my good friend Count — was so near his last pilgrimage from wrapping himself up in his nightgown?

I was sitting near my fireplace after dinner, muffled in my above-mentioned traveling coat, and abandoning myself without the least resistance to its powerful influence, waiting for the hour of starting for my next stage, when the vapors of digestion, by rising up into the brain, obstructed to such a degree the roads and channels through which the ideas proceed into it from the workshop of the senses, that all communication was intercepted; and, by a necessary consequence, the brain was unable to transmit the electric fluid which animates the senses, and by means of which the ingenious Valli resuscitates frogs.

After these prefatory remarks, the reader will easily conceive how it happened that my head nodded, and that the



muscles of the thumb and of the forefinger of my right hand, being no longer excited by the aforesaid fluid, became so relaxed that they let slip a volume of Marquis Carraccioli's lively works on the hearth, without my volition.

Some friends called upon me, and we chatted about the celebrated Dr. Cigna, whose recent death was the source of general regret: he was not only an able physician, but a real *savant*, a distinguished botanist, and indefatigable in the cultivation of science.

When I found myself again alone, I pondered upon his several claims to fame; and yet, said I within myself, if I could call from the "vasty deep" all the souls he has dispatched into the other world, who knows if his reputation would not be lessened?

Unawares I dipped into a dissertation on the curative art, and on the progress which it has made since Hippocrates. I asked myself whether the famous personages of antiquity who expired in their beds, such as Pericles, Plato, the celebrated Aspasia, and Hippocrates himself, died of a putrid, inflammatory, or worm fever — if they were ever bled and doctored like other people?

I am altogether unable to give any good reason for having remembered these personages rather than a thousand others. Who can explain the mysteries of dreams? But I know positively that my soul conjured up the physicians of Cos and Turin, and the great statesman who immortalized himself by his great actions and his great blunders. But I humbly confess, that Pericles' beautiful, learned, and accomplished mistress was raised by *the other*. On reflecting, however, more on this conjuration, I am apt to feel proud for having summoned but one beauty against four wise and great men, which, as every one will allow, is no small merit in a young officer.

Be this as it may, whilst I gave myself up to these reflections, I fell asleep; but though my eyes were closed, the images of those of whom I had been thinking remained painted on that delicate canvas which we call memory, and were associated in my brain with the idea of incantation and of invocations to the dead. I soon beheld Hippocrates walking along in procession with Plato, Pericles, Aspasia, and Dr. Cigna with a wig upon his cranium. They seated themselves around my fireplace on the chairs which my visitors had occupied, with the exception of Pericles, who remained standing to read the newspapers.

“Were the discoveries you mention true,” said Hippocrates to the Piedmontese doctor, “and were they as useful to medicine as you affirm them to be, I should have seen the number of arrivals in the somber regions decrease daily, whereas Minos’s register presents exactly the same returns as it did in remote ages.”

Dr. Cigna, turning round to me, observed, “You have undoubtedly heard of the new discoveries; you recollect Harvey’s on the circulation of the blood, and the immortal Spallanzani’s on digestion, of which we are now able to trace the whole mechanism.” He continued speaking, entering into much detail, about the late discoveries in Physic, and the numberless remedies furnished by the sister science, Chemistry; and he made a most academical peroration on the supereminent excellence of the modern school.

“Shall I then believe,” quoth I, “that these great men (pointing to the three sitting around my fireplace) were not aware of all you have told them, or that Nature can still possess arcana to these souls, which matter keeps no longer enchained?”

“How mistaken you are,” said the Peloponnesian physician; “the mysteries of Nature are as obscure to the dead as to the living. He who is the Creator of everything, and who governs everything, knows alone the great secret which men seek in vain to discover. This is the greatest lesson we are taught on the shores of the river Styx: and follow my advice,” said he, turning towards the doctor, “cast off all the prejudices of your brotherhood, which you have brought with you from the abode of mortals, and persuade yourself that if the exertions of thousands of generations, and all the discoveries made during that long interval of time, have not been able to prolong the existence of man one single minute, and if Charon still conducts in his boat the same number of souls over the Styx and the Acheron, we must forbear to defend an art, which besides would be of no utility among those with whom we now dwell.” Thus to my utter astonishment spake Hippocrates.

Dr. Cigna smiled; and since spirits cannot forbear admitting and acknowledging truth, he not only yielded to the Peloponnesian’s opinion, but confessed, with such a blush as may be expected from unearthly beings, that he had, during his whole life, feared that he should at last come to the same conclusion.

Pericles, who had retired near the window, fetched a deep

sigh, and I easily guessed the reason, for he was reading a Parisian newspaper which proved that the arts and sciences were in a rapid decay in France; that men who had acquired an immortal glory by their sublime speculations and their great discoveries, were busied in inventing and practicing new atrocities, and that a crew of cannibals compared themselves to the heroes of generous and noble Greece, whilst they sent to the scaffold, without remorse or shame, women, children, and venerable men, and committed with the greatest composure the most atrocious and unnecessary crimes.

Plato, who had listened the whole time, without uttering a single word, observing that our conversation was so suddenly stopped, rose and said: "I conceive how it happens that medicine has not profited from the discoveries made by your greatest philosophers; for physic can never infringe upon the laws of nature, without sacrificing the lives which are committed to its care. But moral and political science must certainly be benefited by modern wisdom. The discoveries of Locke on the nature of the human mind; the invention of the art of printing; the experience of ages illustrated by history; so many works in which the highest branches of sciences are brought down to the level of the most common understandings; all the means of moral and intellectual excellence must have greatly improved mankind; and the happy and wise Republic of Utopia, which the vices of the time in which I lived caused me to consider as a mere beautiful vision, must needs exist on earth at present." Dr. Cigna cast his eyes down, and left Plato to read his answer in his tears; and in trying to brush them away with his handkerchief, his wig was turned out of its proper position, and concealed half his face. "Immortal gods!" cried Aspasia, with a loud scream, "what a strange face! Must I number among your improvements that which induces one man to wear the scalp of another?"

Aspasia, who had yawned while the philosophers disputed, and had taken a *Journal des Modes* which lay upon the mantel-piece, was running hastily over it, when the Doctor's misadventure drew from her the above exclamation; and her rickety straw-bottomed chair not affording her a commodious seat, she stretched her legs, decked only with buskins, on a stool that stood between her and myself, and rested her elbow upon one of Plato's square shoulders. "I wear no man's scalp, madam," replied the Doctor, throwing his wig upon the embers. "This

is or was a wig, madam, and I wonder that I did not cast this ridiculous ornament into the gulf of Tartarus, on my way to meet you here; but folly and prejudice take so deep a root in our corrupt natures that they stick to us for a long time, even on this side of the grave." I was delighted to see the Doctor give up in a few minutes both his science and his periwig.

"I can assure you," returned Aspasia, "that most of the head-dresses represented in the *Journal* which I hold in my hands, deserve no better fate than yours, Doctor, for they are not less extravagant and ridiculous." The fair Athenian lady was vastly amused with the plates, and greatly astonished at the variety and oddness of the "newest fashions." She was particularly struck with a design representing a young lady, coiffed in the best style, as Aspasia herself confessed, except that the hair was disproportionably high; but she was perfectly at a loss what to make of a prodigious piece of gauze, which rose so much above the bosom that scarcely half the face was visible. Aspasia was not acquainted with the wonders which starch can perform; for she might have censured the deficiency where starch made her imagine a superabundance.

"Pray tell me," continued she, "why your present women wear raiments which are more fit for concealment than for dress? they scarcely show their faces, which nevertheless are the distinctive signs of their sex, for their shape is invisible under the fantastic folds of their numberless garments. Not one of the beauties represented in these sheets shows either her neck or her arms or her leg. Pray tell me, why have not your young heroes outlawed such fashions? Probably," added she after a short pause, "modern female virtue, which is so well authenticated by these dresses, exceeds the virtues of the times in which I lived."

Aspasia's bright eyes rested upon my face, tasking me for an answer; but I seemed not to be aware of it; and the better to conceal my embarrassment, I pushed deeper into the fire some remains of the Doctor's wig, which lay upon the hearth. Noticing after this that one of the bandages of Aspasia's buskins was loose, "Allow me, beautiful lady," said I—and stooping down, I laid my hands upon the chair, where I hoped to find the two fair limbs which once caused such disturbance to the well-regulated mind of the greatest Philosopher of Greece.

I am convinced that I was, on this occasion, in a perfect state of somnambulism, for I actually stretched forth my hands;

but Rosina, who was slumbering upon the chair, considering that movement of mine as directed to her, jumped into my arms, driving back into the lower regions the venerable shades which my riding coat had conjured up.

Delightful regions of the imagination ! which a beneficent being has created to console man for the bitterness of reality, I must now depart from ye ! To-day, certain gentlemen who fancy they have a right to dispose of my liberty, are good enough to restore it to me, as if in reality they had ever been able to withhold it ; or as if it were in the power of any human creature to rob me of my freedom, and my rambles in the vast space which I find always open to my researches. They had power enough to prevent my walking through this or that city, and going to this or that place ; but they could not avoid leaving unbarred the whole universe, with its eternity and immensity.

I am free to-day, they say : I should rather say, I go into my prison. The yoke of society will weigh upon me again. I shall not make one step which will not be regulated either by duty, or some minute conventional rule : still thrice happy I, if some capricious goddess does not resolve to make me forget both ; and if I escape a new but more real and more dangerous captivity.

Alas ! why have they not left me to finish my journey ? Did they really confine me with a view of punishing me ? Did they purposely shut me up in a room while I was the inhabitant of a country abounding with the richest gifts ? They will make me believe that they are shrewd enough to confine rats in granaries.

Never before, however, had I so much leisure as I had now to discover my twofold nature. At the same time that I bewailed the loss of my imaginary pleasures, I was soothed in spite of myself, and carried away by an invisible power, stronger than myself, which whispered that I needed fresh air and its restoring influences, and that solitude was like death.

I am now dressed, my door is opened : I ramble under the spacious porticos of the *Strada del Po* ; a thousand agreeable visions flutter before my eyes. Yes ! this is the house ; this the door, this the marble staircase. I tremble with pleasure : — Thus you taste the acid ere you have finished cutting your lemon.

Oh ! thou beast of mine ! poor beast, take heed !

## A DIALOGUE OF THE GODS.

BY WIELAND.

[CHRISTOPH MARTIN WIELAND, a leading German eighteenth-century critic and man of letters, was born 1733 near Biberach, a clergyman's son. He was a precocious poet; studied law at Tübingen, but gave his heart to letters, especially Greek. Under Klopstock's influence his writings for some years were steeped in pious mysticism. He lived in Zürich 1752-1759; was tutor in Bern a year, in 1760 took a law-court place in Biberach. Here he returned to classic interests, publishing part of a hero-epic, "Cyrus," never finished, and the romance "Araspe and Panthea" (1761), based on Xenophon; and to general literature, translating Shakespeare (1762-1766), and writing a Don Quixote romance, "Don Sylvio van Rosalva" (1764), and "Humorous Tales" (1766). Through Count von Stadion he became imbued with French philosophy, and mingling it with the Greek spirit, wrote the poem "Nadine," the romance "Agathon" (1766-1767), the didactic poems "Musarion" and "Idris" (1768), and "The Impeachment of Love" (1769). In 1769 he became professor of philosophy at Erfurt; in 1772 tutor to the duchess's sons at Weimar, and for the rest of his life one of the illustrious literary group there. "The Graces" and "The New Amadis" appeared in 1770 and 1771. He now took up serious purpose-writing; wrote "The Golden Mirror" (1772), and founded the quarterly *German Mercury* (1773-1810), developing his critical theories. In or out of this he published very many poems and tales, the most notable being the Vaudeville "Alceste," the lyric drama "The Choice of Hercules" (1773); "The Abderitis," a satire on parish pettinesses (1774); the poems "Gandelin" (1776) and "Geron the Noble" (1777); his poetic masterpiece, "Oberon" (1780); and the translations (with commentaries) of Horace and Lucian, with the imitation of the latter, "New Dialogues of the Gods." He wrote "Aristippe" (1800) to give his view of the Greek world; and published the "Attic Museum" (1796-1804) and "New Attic Museum" (1805-1809). He died in 1813.]

JUPITER, NUMA, *afterwards* AN UNKNOWN [CHRIST].

JUPITER — How happens it, Numa, that we have not seen you now, for several days, at the table of the gods?

NUMA — The accounts which Mercury lately brought us from Rome left me no rest until I had seen with my own eyes how matters stood.

JUPITER — And how did you find them?

NUMA — I say it with heavy heart, Jupiter, but probably I tell you nothing new when I say that your authority with mortals appears to be irrecoverably lost.

JUPITER — Did you not hear what Apollo said at table the other day?

NUMA — He gave you very distant consolation, Jupiter; and even this consolation turns at last on a verbal quibble. It is just as if a Chaldean soothsayer had comforted Alexander the Great, when about to die of a miserable fever at Babylon in

the midst of the enjoyment of his conquests, with the assurance that two thousand years after his death a noble descendant of the great Wittekind would wear his picture in a ring. Such a thought may be very agreeable as long as one is in good condition, but it is a poor indemnification for the loss of the first throne in the world.

*Jupiter*—I should have thought, friend Numa, that your residence in Olympus would have corrected your notions of such things!

*Numa*—I know very well that a decree of the senate at Rome cannot deprive you of the influence which you have on the affairs of the world below; but—

*Jupiter (smiling)*—Speak out plainly what you think! My ear has grown patient of late—“But” what!

*Numa*—Your influence, after all, cannot be very considerable; or else I cannot conceive how you could suffer yourself to be deprived of the divine authority and the high privileges which you have enjoyed for so many centuries throughout the Roman world, without so much as stirring a finger.

*Jupiter*—I can pardon my flamen for not comprehending a thing of this sort; but you, Numa!—

*Numa*—To speak candidly, Jupiter, although I may be considered in some sort the founder of the old Roman religion, it was never my intention to give more nourishment to the superstition of the rude Romans than was absolutely necessary to polish them. I did not, indeed, make any essential change in the service of those gods which a primeval, popular belief had long established in the possession of the public veneration. Nevertheless, it was my aim to keep the way open, so to speak, to a purer knowledge of the Supreme Being, and at least to prevent the coarsest kind of idolatry by not allowing the Godhead to be represented in the temples, neither in the likeness of beasts, nor even of men. I regarded even then the different persons and names, which the faith of the forefathers had exalted into gods, either as symbols of the invisible and unfathomable Arch-power of Nature, or as men whom the gratitude of posterity, for great services conferred on social and civil life, had raised to the rank of publicly worshipped guardian spirits.

*Jupiter*—And ocular evidence has taught you that you did not err greatly, in this latter notion at least, although I am not of your opinion as it regards the images of the gods.

*Numa* — Had there been Phidiases and Alkameneses in Latium in my day, it is probable that these artists might have led me too to a different way of thinking.

*Jupiter* — If, then, you have never held us for anything else than we are, whence your surprise that we are quite willing to let it pass, when the inhabitants of the earth have also advanced so far as to regard us in the same light ?

[*Jupiter* explains that the early earth was inhabited by "gods" — *i.e.* men of inconceivably greater strength, intellect, beauty, and nobility than the present; that a few of them survived, in their primitive excellence, enormous physical catastrophes to the earth which reduced the descendants of the rest to bestial savagery, at length dispersed themselves among the latter, introduced civilization, arts, sciences, civil society, laws, refinements among them, and thence were honored as guardian gods. He goes on to say:]

You will further comprehend, that they who once conferred so many and such great benefits on mortals, after their transition to a higher mode of life, should still find pleasure in caring for men who had received from them all that made them men, and in general to watch over the preservation of all that of which they had been, in some sense, the creators.

*Numa* — Now, suddenly, everything which before I had seen only as in a mist, is made clear to me.

*Jupiter* — And now too, it will be clear to you, I hope, why I said I was very willing that men should become sufficiently enlightened to regard us as nothing more than we actually are. Superstition and priestcraft, powerfully supported by poets, artists, and mythologians, had gradually converted the service which was paid us, and which we accepted only on account of its beneficial influence on Humanity, into a mad idolatry which neither could nor ought to continue, which was necessarily undermined by an ever-growing culture, and like all human things must finally fall back into itself. How could I desire that that should not ensue, which, according to the eternal laws of necessity, must needs ensue ?

*Numa* — But these fanatical innovators are not contented with merely purifying a service so ancient and founded on such important benefits; they destroy, they annihilate it! They rob you of that which they actually owe to you; and far from reducing the ideas of the nations respecting the gods of their fathers to the standard of truth, they carry the madness of their impious insolence so far as to pronounce you evil demons and hellish spirits, and to treat you as such.



*Jupiter* — Do not be angry, good Numa ! Was I not also forced, while my altars yet smoked, to endure every coarse and indecent tale with which the poets entertained their gaping hearers at my expense ? What does it signify to me what is thought or said of me there below, since the period has once for all arrived when the service of Jupiter has ceased to be beneficial to men ? Shall I force them with thunderbolts to have respect for me ? Of what importance can it be to me, whether they assign Olympus or Tartarus to me for a dwelling ? Am I not secure against all the consequences of their opinion ? Or will Ganymede pour out for me one cup the less of nectar on their account ?

*Numa* — But it is of importance to them, Jupiter, not to deprive themselves of all the benefits which the world has hitherto enjoyed under your government, by the abandonment of all communion between themselves and you, into which they are now suffering themselves to be betrayed.

*Jupiter* — I thank you for your good opinion of my government, friend Pompilius ! There are certain wise people below there, who do not think quite so highly of my influence in human things, and — strictly considered — they may not be so far out of the way. One cannot do more for people than they are receptive of. I have never liked to employ myself with working miracles, and so everything goes its natural course — mad enough, as you see, and yet, on the whole, not so bad but that one may get on with it. And so it will remain for the future, I think. Whatever I can contribute to the common good, without sacrificing my repose, I shall always be pleased to do. But as to playing the enthusiast and letting myself be crucified for ingrates and fools — that is not in Jupiter's line, my good Numa !

*The Unknown appears.*

*Unknown* — Is it permitted me to take part in your conversation ? I confess it has drawn me hither from a considerable distance.

*Jupiter* — You know already, then, whereof we were speaking ?

*Unknown* — I possess the faculty of being where I wish to be ; and where two are inquiring after truth I seldom fail, visibly or invisibly, to make the third.

*Numa* [to JUPITER, shaking his head softly] — A queer customer !

*Jupiter* [to *Unknown*, without minding *NUMA*] — In that case you are an excellent companion! I rejoice to make your acquaintance.

*Numa* [to *Unknown*] — May I ask your name? and whence you come?

*Unknown* — Neither the one nor the other has anything to do with the subject-matter which you were discussing.

*Jupiter* — We were speaking merely of facts. And these, as you know, appear differently to each observer, according to his standpoint and the quality of his eyes.

*Unknown* — And yet each thing can be seen correctly only from one point of view.

*Numa* — And that is —?

*Unknown* — The center of the whole. . . .

*Numa* — And seen from this point of view, how do you find the subject of which we were speaking when you came — the great catastrophe which in these days, without respect or mercy, has overthrown everything that for so many centuries was most venerable and sacred to the human race?

*Unknown* — It followed necessarily, for it had been a long while preparing; and it needs at last, as you know, but a single blast to overthrow an old, ill-joined, thoroughly ruinous fabric, and one moreover which was founded on the sand.

*Numa* — But it was such a magnificent structure, so venerable in its antiquity, possessing so much simplicity with all its variety, so beneficent in the protection which Humanity, the laws, the security of the states, enjoyed so long under its lofty arches! Would it not have been better to repair than to destroy it? Our philosophers at Alexandria had formed such beautiful projects not merely to restore its former authority, but even to give it a far greater splendor, and especially a symmetry, a beauty, a convenience which it never had before! It was a pantheon of such great extent and such ingenious construction that all the religions in the world — even this new one, if it would only be peaceable — might have found space enough within its walls.

*Unknown* — It is a pity that with all these advantages it was nevertheless built only on the movable sand! And as to peaceableness! — how can you expect that, in a matter of such great importance, truth and delusion should agree together?

*Numa* — That is a very easy matter, if only mankind will agree among themselves. They are never more grossly deluded

than when they imagine themselves in exclusive possession of the truth.

*Unknown* — If it is not their destination to be deceived, — and that, surely, you will not maintain, — then it cannot and will not be their lot to wander forever in error and delusion, like sheep without a shepherd. Between darkness and light, twilight and half-light is certainly better than complete night! but only as a transition from that to pure, all-irradiating daylight. The day has now dawned, and would you lament that night and twilight are past?

*Jupiter* — You love allegory, I perceive, young man! I for my part love to speak roundly and plainly. I suppose you mean to say that men will be made happier by this new order of things? I hope they may, but as yet I see very poor preparations for it.

*Unknown* — Without fail the condition of these poor mortals will be better, and infinitely better. Truth will put them in possession of that freedom which is the most indispensable condition of happiness; for truth alone makes free.

*Jupiter* — Bravo! I heard that five hundred years ago, in the Stoa at Athens, until I was sick of it. Propositions of this kind are just as indisputable, and contribute just as much to the welfare of the world, as the great truth that once one is one. As soon as you will bring me intelligence that the foolish people below there have become better men than their fathers, since that a great part of them believe differently from their fathers, I will call you the messenger of very good tidings.

*Unknown* — The corruption of mankind was so great that even the most extraordinary provisions could not remedy the evil at once. But assuredly they will grow better when truth shall have made them free.

*Jupiter* — I believe so too, but it seems to me that that is saying no more than if you should say, that as soon as all men are wise and good they will cease to be foolish and perverse; or that when the Golden Age arrives in which every man shall have abundance, no one will suffer hunger any more.

*Unknown* — I see the time actually coming when all who do not purposely close their hearts to the truth will, by means of it, attain to a perfection of which your philosophers never dreamed.

*Jupiter* — Have you been initiated in the mysteries of Eleusis?

*Unknown* — I know them as well as if I had been.

*Jupiter* — Then you know what is the ultimate aim of those mysteries.

*Unknown* — To live happily and to die with the hope of a better life.

*Jupiter* — You seem to be a great philanthropist ; do you know anything more salutary for mortals than this ?

*Unknown* — Yes.

*Jupiter* — Let me hear it, if I may ask.

*Unknown* — To give them in reality what those mystagogues at Eleusis promised.

*Jupiter* — I fear that is more than you or I will be able to perform.

*Unknown* — You have never tried, Jupiter.

*Jupiter* — Who likes to speak of his services ? But you may easily suppose that I could not have attained to the honor which has been paid me by so many great and powerful nations for several thousand years, without having served them to some extent.

*Unknown* — That may have been a long while ago. He who is unwilling to do more for man than he can do "*without sacrificing his repose*" will not accomplish much in their behalf. I confess I have labored long.

*Jupiter* — I like you, young man. At your years, this amiable enthusiasm which sacrifices itself for others is a real merit. Who can offer himself up for mankind without loving them ? And who can love them without thinking better of them than they deserve ?

*Unknown* — I think neither too well nor too ill of them. I pity their misery. I see that they may be helped ; and they shall be helped.

*Jupiter* — It is even as I said. You are full of courage and good will, but you are still young ; the folly of earth's people has not yet made you tender. When you are as old as I am, you will sing a different song ! . . . You mean to remodel them, to give them a new and better form. The model is there : you have only to form them after yourself. But that is not all that is required. Nature must furnish the clay for your creation ; and you will have to take that as it is. Think of me, my friend ! You will take all possible pains with your pottery, and when it comes out of the furnace you will see yourself disgraced by it.

*Unknown* — The clay — to continue your figure — is not so bad in itself as you think. It can be purified and made as plastic as I require it, in order to make new and better men out of it.

*Jupiter* — I rejoice to hear it. Have you made the experiment?

*Unknown* — I have.

*Jupiter* — On a large scale, I mean. For success in one piece out of a thousand does not decide the matter.

*Unknown* [*after hesitation*] — If the experiment on a large scale has not yet succeeded according to my mind, I know at least why it could not be otherwise. It will be better in time.

*Jupiter* — In time? Yes, to be sure! we always hope the best from time. And who would undertake anything great without that hope? We shall see how time will fulfill your expectations. I can promise you little good for the next thousand years.

*Unknown* — You have a small scale, I see, old king of Crete! What are a thousand years, compared with the period required for the completion of the great work of making a single family of good and happy beings out of the whole human race? . . . Suffice it that the time will come at last —

*Jupiter* [*somewhat vexed*] — Well, then! we will let it come; and the poor fools to whom you are so kindly disposed must see, meanwhile, how they can help themselves! As I said, my sight does not extend far enough to judge of so far-working and complicated a plan as yours. The best of it is that *we* are immortal, and therefore may hope to see the result at last, however many platonic ages we have to wait for it.

*Unknown* — My plan, great as it is, is at bottom the simplest in the world. The way in which I am sure of effecting the general happiness is the same by which I conduct each individual to happiness; and the pledge of its safety is, that there is no other. For the rest, I end as I began: it is impossible not to be deceived, so long as one regards things fragmentarily and as they appear in the particular. They are in reality nothing but what they are in the whole; and the perfection which unites all in one, toward which everything tends and in which everything will finally rest, is the only view-point from which everything is seen aright. And herewith fare ye well! [*Vanishes.*]

*Numa* [*to JUPITER*] — What say you to this apparition, Jupiter?

*Jupiter* — Ask me again fifteen hundred years hence.

FAREWELL ADDRESS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON,  
PRESIDENT, TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED  
STATES, SEPTEMBER 17, 1796.

[GEORGE WASHINGTON, the celebrated American general and first President of the United States, was born in Westmoreland County, Va., February 22, 1732. He received an ordinary school education, and for a time was employed by Lord Fairfax to survey vast tracts of territory in the Alleghany Mountains. Appointed major of provincial militia at nineteen, he was sent on a mission by Governor Dinwiddie to the French authorities on the Ohio, and as aid-de-camp on Braddock's staff conducted the retreat after the disastrous battle of the Monongahela (1755). He held the command of the Virginian troops until 1758, when he resigned, married Martha Custis, a wealthy widow, and engaged in the improvement of his estate at Mount Vernon. Shortly after the outbreak of the Revolution he assumed command of the Continental forces under the historic elm tree at Cambridge, July 2, 1775, and, although often compelled by superior forces to retreat and at times reduced to desperate straits by lack of men and supplies, brought the war to a successful termination. After the conclusion of the treaty of peace he handed in his commission as commander in chief and retired to Mount Vernon; in 1789 he was elected the first President of the United States, was unanimously reelected (1793), and resigned in 1797. His death occurred at Mount Vernon, December 14, 1799.]

*Friends and Fellow-citizens, —*

The period for a new election of a citizen to administer the Executive Government of the United States being not far distant, and the time actually arrived when your thoughts must be employed in designating the person who is to be clothed with that important trust, it appears to me proper, especially as it may conduce to a more distinct expression of the public voice, that I should now apprise you of the resolution I have formed, to decline being considered among the number of those out of whom a choice is to be made.

I beg you, at the same time, to do me the justice to be assured that this resolution has not been taken without a strict regard to all the considerations appertaining to the relation which binds a dutiful citizen to his country; and that, in withdrawing the tender of service, which silence, in my situation, might imply, I am influenced by no diminution of zeal for your future interest; no deficiency of grateful respect for your past kindness; but am supported by a full conviction that the step is compatible with both.

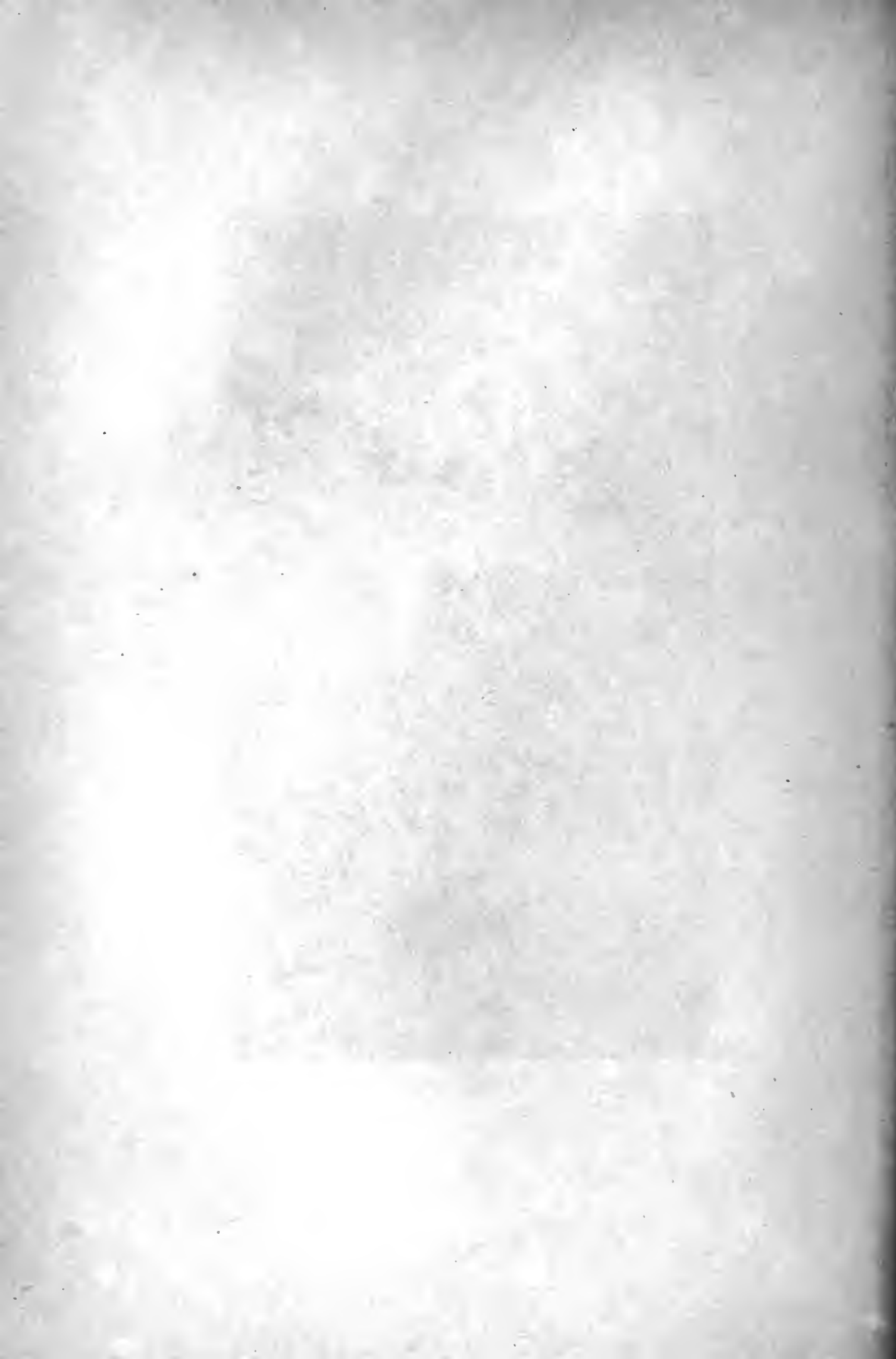
The acceptance of, and continuance hitherto in, the office to which your suffrages have twice called me, have been a uniform sacrifice of inclination to the opinion of duty, and to a defer-

1875

## Inauguration of Washington







ence for what appeared to be your desire. I constantly hoped that it would have been much earlier in my power, consistently with motives which I was not at liberty to disregard, to return to that retirement from which I had been reluctantly drawn. The strength of my inclination to do this, previous to the last election, had even led to the preparation of an address to declare it to you; but mature reflection on the then perplexed and critical posture of our affairs with foreign nations, and the unanimous advice of persons entitled to my confidence, impelled me to abandon the idea.

I rejoice that the state of your concerns, external as well as internal, no longer renders the pursuit of inclination incompatible with the sentiment of duty or propriety; and am persuaded, whatever partiality may be retained for my services, that, in the present circumstances of our country, you will not disapprove my determination to retire.

The impressions with which I first undertook the arduous trust were explained on the proper occasion. In the discharge of this trust, I will only say, that I have with good intentions contributed towards the organization and administration of the Government the best exertions of which a very fallible judgment was capable. Not unconscious in the outset of the inferiority of my qualifications, experience, in my own eyes, — perhaps still more in the eyes of others, — has strengthened the motives to diffidence of myself; and every day the increasing weight of years admonishes me, more and more, that the shade of retirement is as necessary to me as it will be welcome. Satisfied that if any circumstances have given peculiar value to my services, they were temporary, I have the consolation to believe that, while choice and prudence invite me to quit the political scene, patriotism does not forbid it.

In looking forward to the moment which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country for the many honors it has conferred upon me; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment, by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, and as an instructive example in our annals, that, under cir-

cumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead; amidst appearances sometimes dubious, vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging; in situations in which, not unfrequently, want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism,—the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts, and a guarantee of the plans, by which they were effected. Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to my grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing vows, that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence; that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual; that the free Constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained; that its administration, in every department, may be stamped with wisdom and virtue; that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete, by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and the adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.

Here, perhaps, I ought to stop; but a solicitude for your welfare, which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger natural to that solicitude, urge me, on an occasion like the present, to offer to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments, which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all-important to the permanency of your felicity as a people. These will be afforded to you with the more freedom, as you can only see in them the disinterested warnings of a parting friend, who can possibly have no personal motive to bias his counsel; nor can I forget, as an encouragement to it, your indulgent reception of my sentiments on a former and not dissimilar occasion.

Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment.

The unity of government, which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence—the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad, of your safety, of your prosperity, of that very liberty which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee that, from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices

employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed,—it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can, in any event, be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens, by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of *American*, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism, more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles. You have, in a common cause, fought and triumphed together; the independence and liberty you possess are the work of joint counsels and joint efforts, of common dangers, sufferings, and successes.

But these considerations, however powerfully they address themselves to your sensibility, are greatly outweighed by those which apply more immediately to your interest; here every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guarding and preserving the union of the whole.

The North, in an unrestrained intercourse with the South, protected by the equal laws of a common government, finds, in the productions of the latter, great additional resources of maritime and commercial enterprise, and precious materials of manufacturing industry. The South, in the same intercourse, benefiting by the agency of the North, sees its agriculture grow, and its commerce expand. Turning partly into its own channels the seamen of the North, it finds its particular navigation invigorated; and while it contributes, in different ways, to nourish and increase the general mass of the national

navigation, it looks forward to the protection of a maritime strength to which itself is unequally adapted. The East, in like intercourse with the West, already finds, and in the progressive improvement of interior communication, by land and water, will more and more find, a valuable vent for the commodities which it brings from abroad, or manufactures at home. The West derives from the East supplies requisite to its growth and comfort; and what is perhaps of still greater consequence, it must, of necessity, owe the secure enjoyment of indispensable outlets for its own productions, to the weight, influence, and the future maritime strength of the Atlantic side of the Union, directed by an indissoluble community of interest as one nation. Any other tenure by which the West can hold this essential advantage, whether derived from its own separate strength, or from an apostate and unnatural connection with any foreign power, must be intrinsically precarious.

While, then, every part of our country thus feels an immediate and particular interest in union, all the parts combined cannot fail to find, in the united mass of means and efforts, greater strength, greater resource, proportionably greater security from external danger, a less frequent interruption of their peace by foreign nations; and what is of inestimable value, they must derive from union an exemption from those broils and wars between themselves, which so frequently afflict neighboring countries, not tied together by the same government; which their own rivalships alone would be sufficient to produce, but which opposite foreign alliances, attachments, and intrigues would stimulate and embitter. Hence, likewise, they will avoid the necessity of those overgrown military establishments, which, under any form of government, are inauspicious to liberty, and which are to be regarded as particularly hostile to republican liberty; in this sense it is that your union ought to be considered as a main prop of your liberty, and that the love of the one ought to endear to you the preservation of the other.

These considerations speak a persuasive language to every reflecting and virtuous mind, and exhibit the continuance of the Union as a primary object of patriotic desire. Is there a doubt, whether a common government can embrace so large a sphere? Let experience solve it. To listen to mere speculation, in such a case, were criminal. We are authorized to hope, that a proper organization of the whole, with the auxiliary agency of governments for the respective subdivisions, will afford a happy issue.

to the experiment. It is well worth a fair and full experiment. With such powerful and obvious motives to Union, affecting all parts of our country, while experience shall not have demonstrated its impracticability, there will always be reason to distrust the patriotism of those who, in any quarter, may endeavor to weaken its bands.

In contemplating the causes which may disturb our Union, it occurs, as a matter of serious concern, that any ground should have been furnished for characterizing parties by geographical discriminations — Northern and Southern — Atlantic and Western : whence designing men may endeavor to excite a belief that there is a real difference of local interests and views. One of the expedients of party to acquire influence within particular districts, is to misrepresent the opinions and aims of other districts. You cannot shield yourselves too much against the jealousies and heartburnings which spring from these misrepresentations ; they tend to render alien to each other those who ought to be bound together by fraternal affection. The inhabitants of our western country have lately had a useful lesson on this head ; they have seen in the negotiation by the Executive, and in the unanimous ratification by the Senate, of the treaty with Spain, and in the universal satisfaction at that event throughout the United States, a decisive proof how unfounded were the suspicions propagated among them, of a policy in the General Government, and in the Atlantic States, unfriendly to their interests in regard to the Mississippi: they have been witnesses to the formation of two treaties — that with Great Britain, and that with Spain, which secure to them everything they could desire in respect to our foreign relations, towards confirming their prosperity. Will it not be their wisdom to rely for the preservation of these advantages on the Union by which they were procured ? Will they not henceforth be deaf to those advisers, if such there are, who would sever them from their brethren, and connect them with aliens ? . . .

Towards the preservation of your Government, and the permanency of your present happy state, it is requisite, not only that you steadily discountenance irregular oppositions to its acknowledged authority, but also that you resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretexts. One method of assault may be to effect, in the forms of the Constitution, alterations which will impair the energy of the system, and thus to undermine what cannot be directly

overthrown. In all the changes to which you may be invited, remember that time and habit are at least as necessary to fix the true character of governments as of other human institutions; that experience is the surest standard by which to test the real tendency of the existing constitution of a country; that facility in changes, upon the credit of mere hypothesis and opinion, exposes to perpetual change, from the endless variety of hypothesis and opinion. . . .

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation *desert* the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition, that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles.

It is substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular Government. The rule, indeed, extends with more or less force to every species of free Government. Who, that is a sincere friend to it, can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a Government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

As a very important source of strength and security, cherish public credit. One method of preserving it is to use it as sparingly as possible; avoiding occasions of expense by cultivating peace, but remembering also that timely disbursements to prepare for danger, frequently prevent much greater disbursements to repel it; avoiding, likewise, the accumulation of debt, not only by shunning occasions of expense, but by vigorous exertions in time of peace to discharge the debts which unavoid-



able wars may have occasioned ; not ungenerously throwing upon posterity the burden which we ourselves ought to bear. The execution of these maxims belongs to your representatives, but it is necessary that public opinion should coöperate. To facilitate to them the performance of their duty, it is essential that you should practically bear in mind, that towards the payment of debts there must be revenue ; that to have revenue there must be taxes ; that no taxes can be devised, which are not more or less inconvenient and unpleasant ; that the intrinsic embarrassment inseparable from the selection of the proper objects (which is always a choice of difficulties) ought to be a decisive motive for a candid construction of the conduct of the Government in making it, and for a spirit of acquiescence in the measures for obtaining revenue, which the public exigencies may at any time dictate.

Observe good faith and justice towards all nations ; cultivate peace and harmony with all ; religion and morality enjoin this conduct ; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it ? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it ? Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue ? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas ! is it rendered impossible by its vices ?

In the execution of such a plan, nothing is more essential than that permanent inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachments for others, should be excluded ; and that, in place of them, just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated. The nation which indulges towards another an habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness, is, in some degree, a slave. It is a slave to its animosity or to its affection ; either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interest. Antipathy in one nation against another, disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage, and to be haughty and intractable, when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur. Hence frequent collisions, obstinate,

envenomed, and bloody contests. The nation, prompted by ill will and resentment, sometimes impels to war the Government, contrary to the best calculations of policy. The Government sometimes participates in the national propensity, and adopts, through passion, what reason would reject; at other times it makes the animosity of the nation subservient to projects of hostility, instigated by pride, ambition, and other sinister and pernicious motives. The peace often, sometimes perhaps the liberty, of nations has been the victim.

So, likewise, a passionate attachment of one nation to another produces a variety of evils. Sympathy for the favorite nation, facilitating the illusion of an imaginary common interest, in cases where no real common interest exists, and infusing into one the enmities of the other, betrays the former into a participation in the quarrels and wars of the latter, without adequate inducement or justification. It leads also to concessions to the favorite nation of privileges denied to others, which is apt doubly to injure the nation making the concessions; by unnecessarily parting with what ought to have been retained, and by exciting jealousy, ill will, and a disposition to retaliate, in the parties from whom equal privileges are withheld; and it gives to ambitious, corrupted, or deluded citizens (who devote themselves to the favorite nation) facility to betray or sacrifice the interest of their own country, without odium; sometimes even with popularity; gliding with the appearance of a virtuous sense of obligation, a commendable deference for public opinion, or a laudable zeal for public good, the base or foolish compliances of ambition, corruption, or infatuation.

As avenues to foreign influence in innumerable ways, such attachments are particularly alarming to the truly enlightened and independent patriot. How many opportunities do they afford to tamper with domestic factions, to practice the art of seduction, to mislead public opinion, to influence or awe the public councils! Such an attachment of a small or weak, towards a great and powerful nation, dooms the former to be the satellite of the latter.

Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence (I conjure you to believe me, fellow-citizens) the jealousy of a free people ought to be *constantly* awake; since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican Government. But that jealousy, to be useful, must be impartial; else it becomes the instrument of the very

influence to be avoided, instead of a defense against it. Excessive partiality for one foreign nation, and excessive dislike for another, cause those whom they actuate to see danger only on one side, and serve to veil, and even second, the arts of influence on the other. Real patriots, who may resist the intrigues of the favorite, are liable to become suspected and odious; while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people, to surrender their interests.

The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient Government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon, to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humor, or caprice?

It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world; so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it; for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine

sense. But, in my opinion, it is unnecessary, and would be unwise, to extend them.

Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, on a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

Harmony, and a liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand; neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors or preferences; consulting the natural course of things; diffusing and diversifying, by gentle means, the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing; establishing, with powers so disposed, in order to give trade a stable course, to define the rights of our merchants, and to enable the Government to support them, conventional rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinions will permit, but temporary, and liable to be, from time to time, abandoned or varied, as experience and circumstances shall dictate; constantly keeping in view, that it is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another; that it must pay, with a portion of its independence, for whatever it may accept under that character; that by such acceptance it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favors, and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can be no greater error than to expect, or calculate upon, real favors from nation to nation. It is an illusion which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard.

In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish; that they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations; but if I may even flatter myself that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good; that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigues, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism; this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare by which they have been dictated.

How far, in the discharge of my official duties, I have been guided by the principles which have been delineated, the public records, and other evidences of my conduct, must witness

to you and the world. To myself, the assurance of my own conscience is, that I have at least believed myself to be guided by them.

In relation to the still subsisting war in Europe, my proclamation of the 22d of April, 1793, is the index to my plan. Sanctioned by your approving voice, and by that of your Representatives in both Houses of Congress, the spirit of that measure has continually governed me, uninfluenced by any attempts to deter or divert me from it.

After deliberate examination, with the aid of the best lights I could obtain, I was well satisfied that our country, under all the circumstances of the case, had a right to take, and was bound in duty and interest to take, a neutral position. Having taken it I determined, as far as should depend upon me, to maintain it with moderation, perseverance, and firmness.

The considerations which respect the right to hold this conduct, it is not necessary on this occasion to detail. I will only observe, that, according to my understanding of the matter, that right, so far from being denied by any of the belligerent powers, has been virtually admitted by all.

The duty of holding a neutral conduct may be inferred, without anything more, from the obligation which justice and humanity impose on every nation, in cases in which it is free to act, to maintain inviolate the relations of peace and amity towards other nations.

The inducements of interest, for observing that conduct, will best be referred to your own reflections and experience. With me, a predominant motive has been to endeavor to gain time to our country to settle and mature its yet recent institutions, and to progress, without interruption, to that degree of strength and consistency which is necessary to give it, humanly speaking, the command of its own fortunes.

Though in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am, nevertheless, too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope, that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and that, after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this, as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love towards it which is so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations, I anticipate, with pleasing expectation, that retreat in which I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow-citizens, the benign influence of good laws under a free Government—the ever favorite object of my heart—and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors, and dangers.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

*United States, 17th September, 1796.*



## THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

By THOMAS JEFFERSON.

I THINK I knew General Washington intimately and thoroughly, and were I called on to delineate his character, it should be in terms like these:—

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order, his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke; and as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in readjustment. The consequence was, that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and New York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence; never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt, but, when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known, no mo-

tives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the words, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high-toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If ever, however, it broke its bounds, he was most tremendous in his wrath. In his expenses he was honorable, but exact; liberal in contribution to whatever promised utility, but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections; but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it. His person, you know, was fine, his stature exactly what one could wish, his deportment easy, erect, and noble; the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback. Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors. On the whole, his character was, in its mass, perfect, in nothing bad, in few points indifferent; and it may truly be said that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit, of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of a government, new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.

## WILHELM BEGINS HIS APPRENTICESHIP.

By GOETHE.

(From "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship.")

[JOHANN WOLFGANG GOETHE was born August 28, 1749; went to Leipsic University in 1769; shortly after began to write dramas and songs; in 1771 took a doctor's degree at Strasburg and became an advocate at Frankfort; wrote "Götz von Berlichingen" in 1771, as also "The Wanderer" and "The Wanderer's Storm Song"; settled in Wetzlar for law practice in 1772, but had to fly on account of a love intrigue; in 1773 wrote "Prometheus," some farce satires, the comedy "Erwin and Elmira," and began "Faust"; "The Sorrows of Young Werther" and "Clavigo" in 1774; in 1775 settled in Weimar, became a privy councillor to the duke, and a most useful public official; studied and made valuable discoveries in natural science; began "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" in 1777; wrote "Iphigenia" in prose 1779, in verse 1786; completed "Egmont" in 1787, and "Tasso" in 1789; was director of the court theater at Weimar, 1791; 1794-1805 was associated with Schiller, and they conducted the literary review *Horen* together; he finished "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" in 1796, "Hermann and Dorothea," 1797, "Elective Affinities," 1809, "Doctrine of Color," 1810, and his autobiography, "Fancy and Truth," 1811. In 1815 he issued the "Divan of East and West," a volume of poems; in 1821 "Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjähre," a *mélange* of various pieces put together by his secretary. In 1831 he finished the second part of "Faust." He died March 22, 1832.]

HAPPY years of youth! happy time of first and earliest love! Man is then like a boy, who for hours can be delighted with an echo, who can sustain unaided the whole burden of conversation, and is abundantly satisfied if the unseen spirit with whom he converses repeats but the final sounds of the words which he has uttered.

Such was Wilhelm's condition in the earlier, and more especially in the later, period of his love for Mariana, he had endowed her with the whole wealth of his own emotions, and considered himself as a very pauper who subsisted on her charity. And as a landscape derives its greatest or indeed its entire charm from the brilliancy of the sunshine, so in his eyes was everything beautified, and embellished by the relation which it bore to her.

How often, in order to gaze on her, had he taken his post behind the scenes of the theater, a privilege for which he had entreated the permission of the manager! Truly the magic of perspective had then disappeared, but the more powerful magic of love had already commenced its work. He would stand for



hours beside the dingy footlights, breathing the vapor of the lamps, gazing upon his beloved; and when, upon her return, she looked kindly upon him, he became lost in delight, and though surrounded by mere laths and scenic framework, he thought himself in Paradise. The sorry scenery, the wretched flocks and herds, the tin waterfalls, the pasteboard rose trees, and the one-sided thatched cabins excited in his mind charming poetic visions of ancient pastoral times. Even the ballet dancers, who, upon close inspection, were ordinary mortals enough, were not repulsive to him when he beheld them on the same stage with the beloved of his soul. So certain is it that love, which lends enchantment to rose bowers, myrtle groves, and moonlight, can also impart an appearance of animated nature to fragments of wood and to cuttings of paper. And thus a strong seasoning can lend a flavor to insipid and unpalatable fare.

A seasoning of this kind was in truth necessary that Wilhelm might tolerate the condition in which he usually found both Mariana's apartment and herself.

Brought up in the house of a refined citizen, order and cleanliness were essential elements of his existence, and having inherited a share of his father's love of finery, he had been accustomed, from his earliest years, gorgeously to furnish his own chamber, which he had always considered as his little kingdom. The curtains of his bed were suspended in thick folds, and fastened with tassels such as are used to ornament thrones. A carpet adorned the center of his room and one of a finer quality was placed before his table, and he had so arranged his books and various ornaments that a Dutch painter might have taken good sketches therefrom for drawings of still life. His dress was a white cap, which stood erect like a turban upon his head, and he had caused the arms of his dressing gown to be slashed in the oriental fashion. In justification of this peculiarity, he asserted that long wide sleeves were an impediment to writing. In the evening, when he was alone and no longer apprehended interruption, he usually wore a silk scarf round his body, and he is said to have frequently fixed in his girdle a dagger which he had taken from an old armory, and thus to have studied and rehearsed his tragic characters, and in the same garb, kneeling upon the carpet, to have repeated his prayers.

How happy in those days did he consider the actors whom

he beheld in the possession of such varied and costly wardrobes, accouterments, and arms, and skilled in the unvarying practice of a stately bearing, whose spirit seemed to present a mirror of all that was noble and glorious, according to the opinions and passions of mankind. And thus did Wilhelm form his estimate of an actor's private life; he looked upon it as a succession of exalted pursuits and employments of which the appearance on the boards was the culminating point, just as silver which has been long agitated in the crucible assumes at length a bright and beautiful hue to the eye of the workman, proving that the metal has been finally purified from all impure dross.

He was therefore amazed at first when he found himself in the presence of his love, and looked down through the cloud of bliss by which he was surrounded, upon the tables, chairs, and floor. The fragments of her temporary ornaments, light and false, lay around, like the shining scales of a scraped fish, mixed together in confusion and disorder. Articles appropriated to personal cleanliness, combs, soap, and towels, were no more concealed than the evidences of their use. Music, play books and shoes, washes and Italian flowers, needlecases, hairpins, rouge pots and ribbons, books and straw hats, in no wise ashamed of their proximity to each other, were confounded in an element common alike to all, powder and dust. But as Wilhelm, in her company, thought little of any other object, and as everything which belonged to her, or which she had touched, was hallowed in his eyes, he found at length in this confused system of house-keeping a charm which he had never experienced in the neat arrangements of his economy. When at one time he put away her bodice that he might approach the piano, and at another placed her gown upon the bed that he might provide himself with a chair, he felt as if in all this he were every moment approaching nearer to her, and as if the union between them were being cemented by an invisible bond.

But he could not so easily reconcile with his earlier impressions the conduct of the other actors, whom he sometimes met, when he first visited at her house. Busy with idleness, they appeared to think but little of their calling or profession. He never heard them discuss the poetic merits of a play, or pronounce an opinion upon their value or worthlessness; the only question was, "How much would it bring? Is it a stock piece? How long will it last? How often may it be performed?" with other inquiries and observations of the same nature.

Then they commonly discussed the character of the manager, commenting upon his parsimony, the lowness of his salaries, and his injustice towards particular individuals. They then turned to the public, observing that the latter seldom rewarded the most meritorious actor with their approbation, that the national theater was daily improving, that the professional actor was gradually rising in public esteem according to his true merits, and that he never could be esteemed and honored enough. They also discoursed much of coffeehouses and wine gardens, and of the occurrences there; how much debt one of their comrades had contracted, and what deduction from his pay he must consequently endure; of the inequality of their weekly salaries; and of the cabals of some rival company; then, finally, they would again consider the great and deserved attention of the public towards themselves, not forgetting the influence which the theater was calculated to exercise upon the country and upon the world at large.

All these things, which had formerly cost Wilhelm many a weary hour, thronged again upon his memory, as his steed bore him slowly homewards, and as he revolved in his mind the various incidents which had occurred upon his journey. He had himself actually witnessed the commotion which the elopement of a young maiden can occasion, not only in the family of a respectable citizen, but even in an entire village. The scenes upon the highroad, and at the police office, the sentiments of Melina, and all the various circumstances which had happened, appeared again before him and excited in his keen and anxious mind so much inquietude that he could bear it no longer, but giving spurs to his horse, he hastened towards the city.

But by this course he only encountered new vexations. Werner, his friend and intended brother-in-law, was waiting for him, in order to commence a serious, important, and unexpected conversation.

Werner was one of those tried individuals of firm principles whom we usually designate cold beings, because they are not quickly or visibly excited by the occurrences of life. His intercourse with Wilhelm was one never-ending dispute, which only served however to strengthen their affection, for in spite of discordant dispositions, each derived advantage from his intercourse with the other. Werner was satisfied that he was able to restrain with bit and bridle the superior but somewhat extravagant spirit of Wilhelm, and the latter frequently won a

splendid triumph when he succeeded in carrying his companion with him in his moments of enthusiasm. Thus each found mental exercise in the company of the other, they were accustomed to meet daily, and it might well have been said that their anxiety to converse together was heightened by their utter impossibility to comprehend each other. But in reality, as they were both worthy men, they associated together because they had one common end in view, and neither could ever understand why he could not convert his friend to his own peculiar views.

Werner observed that Wilhelm's visits had for some time back been less frequent, also, that in his favorite subjects of conversation he had become short and inattentive, and that he had ceased to engage in vivid accounts of his own peculiar impressions, things which afford an unmistakable evidence of a mind finding repose and satisfaction in the society of a friend. The precise and thoughtful Werner endeavored first to examine his own conduct for the origin of the fault which he had observed; but certain rumors soon set him on the right track, rumors in fact which some imprudences of Wilhelm soon reduced to certainty. He had commenced an inquiry, and learned that he had for some time past openly visited an actress, that he had conversed with her upon the stage, and had actually accompanied her to her house. He became inconsolable when he was made aware of their nightly meetings, for he understood that Mariana was a seductive girl, who was in all probability extracting money from his friend, whilst she herself was supported by another dissipated lover.

When his suspicions had almost attained certainty, he determined to speak to Wilhelm upon the subject, and had already arranged his plan for the purpose, when the latter returned, disappointed and dejected, from his journey.

Werner that same evening stated to him all that he had learnt, first in a calm tone, and then with the serious earnestness of well-intentioned friendship. He left no topic unexplained, and allowed his friend a full taste of all the bitterness which cold-hearted men can with virtuous malice so abundantly dispense to persons in love. But he effected little, as one may easily imagine. Wilhelm answered with deep emotion, but with perfect self-composure: "You do not know the girl. Appearances are, perhaps, against her, but I am as confident of her faith and virtue as I am of my own love."

Werner adhered to his accusations, and proposed to adduce proofs and witnesses. Wilhelm rejected them, and parted from his friend in a spirit of discontent and sorrow, resembling a man whose decayed but firmly fixed tooth has been seized and vainly pulled at by some unskillful dentist.

Wilhelm was beyond measure distressed that the image of Mariana had been darkened, and almost defaced, in his imagination, first, by the fancies which he had indulged upon his journey, and then by the unfriendliness of Werner. He therefore adopted the most certain means of restoring it in all its pristine purity and beauty, for that very night he hastened along the well-known pathway to find shelter in Mariana's arms. She received him with transports of joy, for as she had seen him pass her house on his way into town, she expected him at nightfall, and we may easily suppose that every doubt was soon effaced from his heart. In truth her tenderness unlocked all his confidence, and he related to her how excessively, not only the public, but even his friend had sinned against her.

Some cheerful conversation led them to advert to the first season of their acquaintance, a recurrence to which topic never fails to form one of the most delightful entertainments of two lovers. The first steps which have introduced us to the labyrinth of love are so pleasant, the first views so captivating, that we always retain them in our memory with delight. Each claims an advantage over the other: each one first felt the pangs of devoted love, and in this contest each would rather appear to be the vanquished than the victor.

Wilhelm repeated to Mariana once more what she had so often heard on the stage, that she had soon succeeded in attracting his attention from the performance to herself, that her figure, her acting, and her voice had so completely captivated him, that at length he only attended those plays in which she performed, that he had often gone behind the scenes, and had stood near her unobserved: and then he spoke with delight of that happy evening upon which he had found an opportunity to render her a service, and to engage her in conversation.

But Mariana denied that she had left him so long unnoticed: she assured him she had often watched him on the promenade, and in evidence thereof she described the dress which he had worn upon those occasions; she assured him that he had attracted her even then more than any other person, and that she had long ardently desired his acquaintance.

How joyfully did Wilhelm believe it all! How easily was he persuaded that when he approached she had felt herself drawn towards him by an irresistible charm, that she had joined him intentionally behind the scenes in order that she might see him nearer and have an opportunity of making his acquaintance, and that at length, when his reserve and bashfulness could not be overcome, she had herself found an opportunity, and compelled him to hand her a glass of lemonade.

The hours passed rapidly away in this endearing contest, for they pursued it through every little circumstance of their romantic attachment, and Wilhelm at length left his beloved, with his tranquillity fully restored, and with the firm resolution of putting his plan in execution without delay.

His father and mother had made the arrangements necessary for his journey, but certain trifling preparations which were still required for his outfit delayed his departure for a few days. Wilhelm availed himself of this time to write a letter to Mariana, with a view of bringing to a decision the business upon which she had hitherto avoided communicating with him. The letter was in these terms:—

“In the sweet obscurity of night, which has so often sheltered me in thine arms, I sit and think and write to thee, and all my thoughts and feelings are wholly thine. O Mariana! I who am the happiest of mortals feel like a bridegroom who stands within the festive chamber, contemplating the new world which will soon open before him, and during the sacred ceremony imagines himself, in deep transport, to stand before the mysterious curtain, from whence the rapture of love whispers out to him.

“I have persuaded myself not to see thee for a few days, and I have found satisfaction for this privation in the hope of soon being forever with thee, of remaining entirely thine. Shall I repeat my wishes? Yes, I feel I must, for it seems as if hitherto thou hadst never understood me.

“How often in that low voice of affection which, whilst it desires to possess all, ventures to utter but little, have I searched in thy heart to discover thy wish for a lasting union. Thou hast certainly understood me. For the same desire must have ripened in thine own heart, and thou must have comprehended me in that kiss, in the balmy peacefulness of that happy evening. I learnt then to value thy modesty, and

how did such a feeling increase my love! When another woman would have acted with artifice, in order to ripen by unnecessary sunshine the resolution of her lover's heart, to induce a proposal and secure a promise, you drew back, silenced the half-expressed intentions of your lover, and sought by an apparent indifference to conceal your real feelings! What a being must I have been had I failed to recognize in such tokens that pure and disinterested affection which cares only for its object. Trust to me and be calm! We belong to each other, and by living for each other, we shall neither of us forsake or lose anything.

"Accept then this hand. With solemnity I offer this unnecessary pledge. Do not make inquiries — cast aside care — fortune protects love; and the more certainly, as love is easily contented.

"My heart has long since abandoned my paternal dwelling. It belongs to thee as truly as my spirit lives upon the stage. Fate allows no other man so to attain his every wish. Sleep abandons my eyes, and like the glow of an ever new Aurora, thy love and thy happiness rise up perpetually before me.

"Scarcely can I prevent myself from rushing to thy side, and constraining thy consent to our union, and commencing on the morrow's dawn my career in the world. But no, I will restrain myself. I will not adopt an ill-advised, rash, and foolish course, my measures are taken and I will execute them calmly.

"I am acquainted with the manager Serlo. The journey I contemplate will lead me directly to him. For a whole year he has wished that his company of actors possessed some portion of my animation and enthusiasm for the stage. Doubtless he will receive me well. More reasons than one forbid that I should join thy company, and Serlo's theater is so far from hence, that I shall be able at first to conceal my project. I shall thus find sufficient to support me at once. I shall make general inquiries, become acquainted with the actors, and return for thee.

"Thou seest, Mariana, what I compel myself to do, in order certainly to obtain thee. Since it can afford me no pleasure to be so long separated from thee, and to know that thou art alone. But when I once more recall thy love, which to me is everything, if thou wilt concede my prayer before we part, and give me thy hand in the eye of heaven, I can go in

peace. Between us it can be but a form, but then a form so sweet — the blessing of heaven joined to the blessing of earth ! It can be celebrated sweetly and expeditiously in the Prince's neighboring chapel.

“I have money sufficient to begin with. Let us divide it. It will suffice for both; before it is expended heaven will assist us further.

“Dearest love, I have no apprehension. So joyful a commencement must end happily. I have never doubted that any man who is earnest can succeed in the world; and I feel confidence enough to win a sufficient maintenance for two persons, or for more if necessary. It is often said that the world is ungrateful — for my part I have never yet known it to be thankless when one has discovered the proper mode of rendering it a service. My whole soul is fired at the thought that I shall at last be able to address the hearts of men in a strain which they have long been anxious to hear. A thousand times have I been utterly distressed in my inmost soul, keenly sensitive as I am for the honor of the stage, when I have witnessed the performance of some deluded being who has fancied himself competent to stir the hearts of men with words of power. The very tone of a pipe is more musical and nobler to the ear. It is incredible what profanity men in their utter ignorance can commit.

“The theater has often warred with the pulpit. They should not, I think, be at strife. How ardently I wish that in both, the honor of nature and of God were celebrated by none but noble men. These are not dreams, my love. As thy heart tells me that thou dost love. — I seize the brilliant thought, and I affirm — no, I do not affirm, but I hope and trust, that we shall appear to mankind as a pair of noble spirits, to open their hearts, to move their natures, to present them with heavenly enjoyments, as sure as those joys were heavenly which I have experienced when reclining upon thy bosom, because they withdrew us from ourselves, and exalted us above ourselves.

“I cannot conclude. I have already said too much, and yet I know not whether I have as yet exhausted all that concerns you, for no words can express the tumult which rages in my bosom.

“But accept this letter, my love; I have read and re-read it, and find that I ought to have begun it differently — and yet it



contains all that is needful for thee to know, what must be my course before I can return to thy bosom in the rapture of delicious love. I feel like a prisoner who is secretly engaged in filing off his chains within his dungeon. To my unconscious sleeping parents, I bid good night. Farewell, dearest, farewell! At length I conclude. My eyes have closed repeatedly — it is already far in the night.”

The day seemed long, while Wilhelm, with his letter carefully folded in his pocket, felt consumed with anxiety to visit Mariana, and it was scarcely dark when, contrary to his custom, he proceeded stealthily to her dwelling. He had intended to announce himself for the night, and then to leave her for a short time, but he had resolved before his departure to place his letter in her hand, and upon his return at midnight either to obtain her answer and her consent, or to force it from her by the warmth of his caresses. He flew to her arms, and as he pressed himself to her bosom, could scarcely contain himself for joy. The ardor of his own emotions concealed from him at first that she did not receive him with her accustomed cheerfulness; but as she could not long hide her painful embarrassment, so she pleaded a slight indisposition in excuse. She complained of headache, and would not consent to his proposal to return again at midnight. He suspected no evil, and ceased to insist, but he felt that this was not the moment to deliver his letter. He kept it, therefore, and as her repeated uneasiness and remarks politely suggested the propriety of his departure, in the tumult of insatiable love he seized one of her handkerchiefs, thrust it into his pocket, and reluctantly quitted her embraces and her house. He returned home, but was unable to remain there long; whereupon he dressed himself, and once more went into the air.

After wandering up and down several streets, a stranger accosted him, who inquired the way to a certain hotel. Wilhelm offered to show him the house. The stranger asked the name of the street, and the names of the persons who occupied several large mansions which they passed, and criticised the nature of certain police regulations of the town. They thus became engaged in a highly interesting conversation, when they finally reached the door of the hotel. The stranger compelled his guide to enter to drink a glass of punch; he then communicated his own name, and the name of his native

town; he also stated the nature of the business which had brought him hither, and requested a similar mark of confidence from Wilhelm. The latter at once mentioned his name, and his place of abode.

"Are you then a relation of that Meister who once possessed a splendid collection of works of art?" inquired the stranger.

"Yes, I am," replied the other. "I was ten years old at the decease of my grandfather, and it grieved me exceedingly to be obliged to witness the sale of so many beautiful objects."

"But your father realized a large sum of money by them."

"You know all about it then?"

"O yes; I visited those treasures whilst they were yet in your house. Your grandfather was not only a collector, but a person well acquainted with art. In his earlier happier years he had been in Italy, and had brought back many treasures with him from that country, which money cannot now procure. He was the owner of some splendid pictures by the best masters. Inspecting his drawings, you could scarcely have believed your eyes. Amongst his collection of marbles were several matchless fragments, he had a set of bronzes instructive and select, his coins were illustrative of art and history, and his few gems were entitled to the highest praise. His whole collection was well arranged, although the rooms and apartments of the old house were not symmetrically built."

"You may imagine how much we children lost when all those treasures were taken down and packed up for removal. It was the first sorrowful moment of my existence. I cannot describe how empty the chambers appeared as we witnessed the several objects disappear one after another, which had delighted us from our childhood, and which we had considered as secure as the house or even as the town itself."

"If I am not mistaken, your father placed the produce of the sale in the hands of a neighbor with whom he commenced a sort of partnership in business."

"Quite right, and their joint speculations succeeded admirably. Within the last twelve years they have largely increased their fortune, and are on that account all the more devoted to business. Old Werner too has a son far more inclined towards such a pursuit than I am."

"I am sorry indeed that this neighborhood has lost such a treasure as your grandfather's cabinet. I saw it shortly before

it was disposed of, and I believe I may say that I was the cause of the sale which took place. A rich nobleman who was a great amateur, but who in so important a matter did not rely upon his own unaided judgment, sent me hither and solicited my advice. During six days I inspected the cabinet, and on the seventh I advised my friend to pay the sum demanded without hesitation. You, who were at that time a lively youth, frequently accompanied me; you explained to me the subjects of the paintings, and were able to give a good account of the whole cabinet."

"I remember such a person, but I should not have recognized him in you."

"It is to be sure a long time ago, and we all change more or less with time. If I remember well, there was a favorite picture of yours in the collection, from which you would scarcely permit me to look away."

"Quite right; it represented the story of the king's son, who pined for love of his father's wife."

"It was not by any means the best picture either in composition, in tone of color, or in treatment."

"Of those qualities I am no judge. I do not understand them. It is the subject which charms me in a picture, not the painter's art."

"Your grandfather was of a different opinion in such matters, for the greater part of his collection consisted of admirable pieces in which one could not help admiring the execution of the artist, let the subjects have been what they might. This identical picture hung in the outermost chamber, a sign that he placed but little value upon it."

"Yes, it was in that spot where we children were always permitted to play, and where this picture made an indelible impression upon me, which not even your criticism, highly as I respect it, would be able to efface, if we only now stood before it. How I pity a youth who is compelled to bury in his bosom the sweet impulse, the blessed inheritance, which nature has imparted to him, and who must conceal within himself that fire which should warm and animate others, so that he consumes away under unspeakable pain! How I pity the unfortunate maiden who is compelled to devote herself to another, when her heart has already found an object worthy of her true and pure affection!"

"But in truth these feelings are very unlike the emotions

by which a lover of art is accustomed to investigate the works of great painters, and probably had the cabinet continued to be the property of your family, a taste for such performances would have sprung up within you, and you would have learnt to consider some other object than yourself and your individual fancies, in estimating works of art."

"Indeed, the sale of that cabinet afflicted me exceedingly, and I have often missed it since, in my more mature years; but when I recollect that the loss was indispensable to the unfolding of a talent within me, which will affect my career more strongly than those inanimate pictures could have done, I feel contented and reverence fate, who knows so well how to accomplish what is good for me and for others."

"It grieves me again to hear that word 'fate' uttered by a youth who is now at the very age when men usually ascribe their ungovernable propensities to the determination of the higher powers."

"Then do you not believe in fate? Is there no power which rules over us and converts everything to our good?"

"The question here is not of my faith, nor is this the place to unfold how I have sought to form an idea of things which are incomprehensible to us all—the question here is only how we may consider them to our greatest advantage. The web of life is woven of necessity and chance. Man's reason stands between them and governs both, treating necessity as the foundation of its being and at the same time guiding the operation of chance to its own advantage, for man only deserves to be called a god of this earth, as long as in the exercise of his reason he stands firm and immovable. Woe then to him who has been accustomed from youth to confound necessity with arbitrary will, and to ascribe to chance a sort of reason, which it seems a kind of religious duty to obey! What is this but to renounce our own judgment and to allow unopposed sway to our inclinations. We deceive ourselves with the belief that it is an act of piety to pursue our course without reflection, to submit to the guidance of agreeable accidents, and finally to dignify the result of such a fluctuating life with the appellation of a heavenly guidance."

"Have you never been in a position where some trifling occurrence has caused you to adopt a certain line of conduct, where some accident has happened to you, and a train of unlooked-for events has finally led to a result which you yourself

could scarcely have foreseen? Should not this inspire a confidence in fate, a trust in some such destiny?"

"With such opinions as these no maiden could preserve her virtue, and no man could keep his money in his purse, since there are opportunities enough for getting rid of both. That mortal alone is worthy of esteem who knows what is advantageous to himself and to others, and who labors to conquer his own self-will. Every man is master of his own happiness, as the artist is of the raw material which he would mold into a certain form. But the art of attaining happiness resembles all other arts, the capacity alone is born within us,—it needs to be cultivated, and practiced with the greatest care."

These and other subjects were discussed between them till at length they separated, without appearing to have precisely convinced each other; but they appointed a place of meeting for the following day.

Wilhelm continued to pursue his course through several streets. At length he heard the sweet echoes of clarionets, of horns, and of bassoons, and his heart beat joyously within him. The sounds proceeded from some traveling musicians, who were playing several delicious airs with admirable taste. He addressed them, and for a small sum of money they agreed to accompany him to Mariana's house. A clump of tall trees ornamented the open space before her dwelling, and under these he placed his serenaders. He himself reclined upon a seat at some distance, and abandoned himself to the influence of the soothing melody, which filled the air in the cool and balmy night. Stretched at length beneath the lovely stars, his whole existence resembled a golden dream. "And she listens to these sweet sounds," he said within his heart, "and she knows whose remembrance of her, whose love, it is that makes the night thus musical; even in absence we are united by these sweet strains, as in every separation we are joined together by the delicious concord of love. Two loving hearts resemble two magnetic needles, the same influence which sways the one directs the other also, for it is only one power which works in both, one feeling that actuates them: clasped in her embrace then can I conceive the possibility of ever being dis-united from her? and yet I must leave her, to seek a sanctuary for our love where she may be forever mine. How often has it happened to me during our absence, when my thoughts have been fixed upon her, that I have touched a book, a dress, or

some other object, of hers, it seemed as if I had touched her hand, so completely have I been lost in the apprehension of her presence. And to remember those moments of rapture which have recoiled alike from the light of day, and from the eye of the cold spectator, for the joyful remembrance of which the gods themselves would be content to abandon their happy state of pure felicity, as if the recollection could renew the delight of that cup of joy, which carries our senses beyond this earth, and wraps our souls in the purest bliss of heaven. And her form——” He became lost in contemplation, his peace was converted into longing—he leaned against a tree, and cooled his warm cheek against the bark, whilst the eager night wind wafted away the breath which issued in sighs from the depths of his pure bosom. He sought for the handkerchief which he had taken from her—his search was in vain—he had forgotten it. His lips were parched, and his whole frame trembled with desire.

The music ceased; and it seemed as if he had suddenly descended from the lofty regions to which his emotion had exalted him. His agitation increased as the feelings of his heart were no longer supported and refreshed by the sounds of soothing melody. He took his seat upon the threshold, and became once more tranquil. He kissed the brass knocker of the door, he kissed the entrance over which her feet passed daily, and he warmed it with the pressure of his bosom. Then he sat silent once more for a short time, and his fancy pictured her behind her curtains, attired in the white nightdress with the rose-colored ribbon encircling her head, and he imagined himself so near to her that he thought she must be dreaming of him. His thoughts were lovely like the spirits of the evening, peace and desire rose alternately within him, love ran its tremulous hand in a thousand varying moods over all the chords of his soul, and it seemed as if the music of the spheres remained silent above him, to listen to the soft melody of his heart.

If he had had his master key about him, with which he was accustomed to open Mariana’s door, he could not have restrained himself, but would have entered the temple of love. But he retired slowly, and with dreamy steps he turned in among the trees; his object was to proceed homewards, and yet he paused and looked round repeatedly. At length having summoned up resolution, he proceeded forwards, but on reaching the

corner of the street, he turned round once more, when it appeared to him as if Mariana's door opened and a dark figure issued from the house. He was too far off to see distinctly, and before he had time to collect himself and to observe accurately, the figure disappeared in the darkness, but he thought he saw it once more passing before a white house. He stood still and looked eagerly, but before he could determine to pursue the phantom, it had vanished. Through what street had the man gone, if he were a man?

As a person whose path has been suddenly illuminated by a flash of lightning immediately afterwards seeks in vain with dazzled eyes to find in the succeeding darkness those forms which had accompanied him and the connection of the road — so all seemed obscure to the vision and to the heart of Wilhelm. And as a midnight spirit which at first creates unspeakable alarm, in the calm moments which succeed is considered only as the child of fear, and the wild apparition creates endless doubt within the soul, in the same manner was Wilhelm overpowered with agitation and suspense, as leaning against a pillar he paid but little heed to the dawning of the morning or the crowing of the cocks, until the early tradespeople began to stir and dismissed him home.

On his way he succeeded in effacing from his imagination his strange illusion by the most satisfactory reasons, but that sweet harmonious stillness of the night, to which he now looked back as to an unreal vision, had also fled. To ease his heart and to impress a seal upon his returning faith in Mariana, he now drew her handkerchief from the pocket of his coat. The rustling of a note which fell caused him to withdraw the handkerchief from his lips — he opened the note and read: —

“By the love I feel for thee, little simpleton, what was the matter last night? I will come to thee this evening. I can well suppose thou art sorry to leave this place, but have patience, I will come for thee before the fair. But listen, do not wear that dark-colored dress any more, it makes thee look like the witch of Endor. Did I not send thee the charming white nightgown, that I might enfold a snowy lambkin in my arms? Always send your notes by the old Sibyl. The devil himself has chosen her for our Iris.”

## WILHELM AND THE DRAMATIC COMPANY.

BY GOETHE.

(From "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship.")

Know'st thou the land where the lemon tree blows —  
 Where deep in the bower the gold orange grows?  
 Where zephyrs from Heaven die softly away,  
 And the laurel and myrtle tree never decay?  
 Know'st thou it? Thither, oh! thither with thee,  
 My dearest, my fondest! with thee would I flee.

Know'st thou the hall with its pillared arcades,  
 Its chambers so vast and its long colonnades?  
 Where the statues of marble with features so mild  
 Ask, "Why have they used thee so harshly, my child?"  
 Know'st thou it? Thither, oh! thither with thee,  
 My guide, my protector! with thee would I flee.

Know'st thou the Alp which the vapor enshrouds,  
 Where the bold muleteer seeks his way thro' the clouds?  
 In the cleft of the mountain the dragon abides,  
 And the rush of the stream tears the rock from its sides;  
 Know'st thou it? Thither, oh! thither with thee,  
 Leads our way, father — then come, let us flee.

When Wilhelm, on the following morning, searched for Mignon through the house, he was unable to find her; he was informed that she had already gone out with Melina, the latter having risen at an early hour to take possession of the wardrobe and of the other apparatus belonging to the theater.

After the lapse of a few hours, Wilhelm heard the sound of music before his door. He fancied at first that the harper had returned, but he presently distinguished the notes of a cithern, accompanied by a voice which, as soon as the singing commenced, he recognized to be that of Mignon. Wilhelm opened the door, whereupon the child entered, and sang the song which we have given above.

The melody and expression delighted our friend extremely, although he was not able precisely to understand the words. He caused her to repeat and to explain the stanzas — upon which he wrote them down and translated them into German. But he could only faintly imitate the original turn of the vari-



ous ideas. The pure simplicity of the thoughts disappeared as the broken phraseology in which they were expressed was rendered uniform, and as the connection of the various parts was thus restored. Moreover, it was impossible to convey any idea of the exquisite nature of the melody.

She commenced each verse in a solemn measured tone, as if she had intended to direct attention to something wonderful, and had some important secret to communicate. At the third line, her voice became lower and fainter — the words, “Know’st thou it?” were pronounced with a mysterious thoughtful expression, and the “Thither, oh, thither!” was uttered with an irresistible feeling of longing, and at every repetition of the words “Let us flee!” she changed her intonation. At one time she seemed to entreat and to implore, and at the next to become earnest and persuasive. After having sung the song a second time, she paused for a moment, and attentively surveying Wilhelm, she asked him, “Know’st thou the land?” “It must be Italy!” he replied, “but where did you learn the sweet little song?” “Italy!” observed Mignon, thoughtfully; “if you are going thither, take me with you, I am too cold here.” “Have you ever been there, darling?” asked Wilhelm — but Mignon made no reply, and could not be induced to converse further.

Melina, who now entered, observing the cithern, seemed pleased that it had been so quickly repaired. The instrument had been found amongst the theatrical property, but Mignon had entreated that she might be allowed to keep it, and had carried it to the old harper. She now displayed a degree of skill in its use, for which no one had previously given her credit.

Melina had already taken possession of the theatrical wardrobe, with all its appendages, and some members of the Town Council had promised to obtain permission for him to commence his performances without much loss of time. He accordingly returned to his companions with a glad heart and cheerful countenance. He appeared to have been changed into a new personage — he had grown mild and polite, and was even engaging and attractive. He said he considered himself happy in being able to provide continuous occupation for his friends, who had hitherto been unemployed, and in embarrassed circumstances; but he felt sorry that he was not yet able to reward the excellent actors with whom fortune had provided him,

according to their merits and talents, as he felt it was indispensable that he should in the first place discharge the debt which he owed to his generous friend, Wilhelm.

"I cannot express to you," said Melina to Wilhelm, "how deeply I appreciate the value of your friendship, which has enabled me to undertake the direction of a theater. When I first met you I was indeed in a strange predicament. You will, doubtless, remember how strongly I then expressed my aversion to the theater, and yet, after my marriage, a love for my wife compelled me to seek for an engagement, as she expected to derive both pleasure and applause from such an occupation. I was, however, unsuccessful—that is, I could procure no constant employment—but by good fortune I came in contact with some men of business who needed the occasional assistance of persons skillful with the pen, conversant with the French language, and having some knowledge of accounts. Thus I supported myself for a time, and being adequately remunerated, I was enabled to procure many necessary articles of which I stood in need, and had no reason to feel ashamed of my position. But in a short time my patrons no longer required my services, they could give me no permanent employment; and my wife therefore became more and more anxious that I should resume my connection with the stage, though at present her condition is not the most favorable for her own personal display in public. But I trust that the undertaking which you have enabled me to commence will form a good beginning for myself and for my family, though whatever be the result, I feel that I shall be indebted to you alone for my future happiness."

Wilhelm heard these observations with pleasure, and the whole company of performers were sufficiently satisfied with the promises of their manager; they were secretly overjoyed at their unexpected engagement, and were satisfied at first with a small salary, especially as most of them considered the event itself as a piece of extreme good fortune, which they could hardly have expected to occur. Melina lost no time in availing himself of the temper of his actors—he sounded each of them in private, and changed his tone according to each person's disposition, until, at last, they all agreed to enter into an agreement, without reflecting much upon the nature of the conditions; calculating that they might, under any circumstances, dissolve their contract at the expiration of a month.

The terms were now about to be reduced to writing, and

Wilhelm was engaged in reflecting upon the performance with which he should first attract the public, when a courier suddenly arrived and announced to the Stallmeister that his lord and his suite were immediately expected — whereupon the horses were ordered out without delay.

A traveling carriage well packed with luggage soon drove up to the hotel, and two servants sprang nimbly from the box. Philina, according to her custom, was the first to make her appearance, and had taken her post at the door.

“Who are you?” inquired the Countess, as she entered the hotel.

“An actress, your Excellency!” was the reply, whilst the artful girl, with a modest look and humble countenance, bowed obsequiously and kissed the lady’s gown.

The Count, who observed some other persons standing near, and having learned that they were actors, made some inquiries about the strength of the company, their last place of residence, and the name of the manager. “Had they been a French company,” he remarked to his wife, “we might have surprised the Prince with an unexpected pleasure, and provided him with his favorite entertainment.”

“But it might, perhaps, be as well,” observed the Countess, “to engage these people though unfortunately they are only Germans, to perform at the castle whilst the Prince remains with us. They cannot be wholly devoid of talent. A theatrical performance is the best possible amusement for a large company, and the Baron will not fail to support them.”

So saying, she ascended the stairs, and Melina soon appeared before them as the manager. “Assemble your company of actors,” said the Count, “place them before me, that I may see what is in them. Furnish me, moreover, with a list of the pieces they perform.”

With a profound bow, Melina hastened from the apartment, and speedily returned with his company of actors. They advanced in confusion and disorder. Some of them were awkward from their great desire to please, and others were no better, from their air of assumed carelessness. Philina paid great respect to the Countess, who evinced the utmost possible condescension and kindness. The Count, meanwhile, was busily engaged in examining the whole body.

He questioned each of them about his peculiar qualities, admonished Melina that he should be particular in confining

every one to his own department; a piece of advice which the manager received with the greatest deference.

The Count then explained to each of the actors the precise point which he ought particularly to study, how he should seek to improve his action and his attitudes, showing clearly in what points the Germans were usually deficient, and exhibiting such profound knowledge of art that they all stood around in deep humility, and scarcely dared to breathe in the presence of so brilliant a critic and honorable a patron.

“Who is that man in the corner?” inquired the Count, looking at a person who had not yet been presented to him. A lean figure approached, attired in a garb which had seen better days—his coat was patched at the elbows, and a sorry wig covered the head of the humble subject of inquiry.

This man, in whom from the last book of our story, we may recognize the favorite of Philina, was accustomed to act the character of pedants, of schoolmasters and poets, and usually to take those parts where a beating or a ducking was to be endured in the course of the entertainment. It was always his habit to bow in a certain obsequious, ridiculous, and timid manner, and his faltering mode of speech was in complete unison with the characters he performed, and never failed to excite laughter. He was considered a useful member of the company, being upon all occasions active and ready to oblige. He approached the Count in his own peculiar style, saluted him, and answered every inquiry just as he would have done upon the stage. The Count surveyed him for some time with attention and with pleasure, and then addressing the Countess, he exclaimed, “My child, observe this man particularly—I could lay a wager that he is an eminent actor at present, or at least that he is capable of becoming one.” The man, hereupon, in the excess of his delight made a ridiculous sort of bow, at which the Count could not refrain from laughing, and observed, “He acts his part to perfection—this man can, doubtless, perform any character he pleases, and it is a pity that he has not hitherto been better employed.”

An encomium so unusual was distressing to the other actors. Melina, however, did not share the general feeling, but rather coincided with the Count. He said with a respectful look, “It is indeed too true, and both he and many of us have long needed the proper appreciation of so excellent a judge as we perceive your Excellency to be.”

“Is the whole company present?” inquired the Count.

“Several members are absent,” replied the artful Melina, “but if we could calculate upon receiving support we should soon be able to complete our company without going far.”

During this time Philina remarked to the Countess, “There is a very handsome young man upstairs, who will doubtless soon become a first-rate amateur.”

“Why does he not show himself?” inquired the Countess.

“I will call him,” answered Philina, and she immediately disappeared.

She found Wilhelm still engaged with Mignon, and she persuaded him to descend. He accompanied her with some reluctance, but curiosity induced him to comply, for having heard that some persons of rank had arrived, he was anxious to know something further about them. When he entered the apartment, his eyes at once encountered the look of the Countess, which was fixed upon him. Philina presented him to the lady, whilst the Count in the mean time was engaged with the rest of the company. Wilhelm bowed respectfully, but it was not without embarrassment that he answered the various inquiries of the charming Countess. Her beauty and youth, her grace and elegance, as well as her accomplished manners, produced the most delightful impression upon him, especially as her conversation and her looks were somewhat timid and embarrassed. Wilhelm was presented to the Count likewise, but the latter bestowed less attention upon him, but turning to the window where his lady was standing, he appeared to make some inquiries of her. It was easy to perceive that they agreed perfectly in opinion, and that she sought by her earnest entreaties to confirm him in his intentions, whatever they might be.

He turned soon afterwards to the company and said, “I cannot stay any longer at the present moment, but I will send a friend to you, and if you are moderate in your demands and will exert yourselves to the utmost, I have no objection that you should perform at the castle.”

The whole company testified their joy at this announcement, and in particular Philina, who thereupon kissed the hand of the Countess with the greatest emotion. “See, little one!” said the Countess, at the same time patting the cheek of the light-hearted girl, “See, child, you must visit me again; I will keep my promise to you, but in the mean time you must dress yourself better.” Philina observed, by way of excuse, that she had

not much money to spend upon her wardrobe, whereupon the Countess ordered her maid to give her an English bonnet and a silk handkerchief, articles which could be unpacked without difficulty. The Countess herself arranged them on Philina, who continued very cleverly both by her conduct and demeanor to support her claims to a saintlike sinless character.

The Count took his lady's hand and conducted her downstairs. As she passed the company she saluted them all in the most gracious manner, and turning to Wilhelm, she said to him in the kindest way, "We shall soon meet again."

The company felt cheered by these happy prospects, and each one allowed free scope to his hopes, to his wishes, and his fancies, suggested the character which he would like to perform, and spoke of the applause which he expected to receive. Melina in the mean time was considering whether he could not manage by means of a few hasty performances to extract a little money from the inhabitants of the town, and so to afford his company an opportunity for practicing their parts. Some of the others in the mean time made their way to the kitchen, where they ordered a better dinner than they had lately been accustomed to enjoy.

After a few days the Baron arrived, and Melina received him with some little trepidation. The Count had announced him as a critic, and the whole company apprehended that he might soon discover their inefficiency, and perceive that they were not a regular company of actors, as in point of fact they were scarcely able to perform a single play properly; but the fears of the manager and of the others were soon allayed upon finding that the Baron patronized the stage of his native land, and always gave a cordial welcome to every member of the profession. He saluted them with dignity, and expressed the happiness he felt in meeting so unexpectedly with a German company, in becoming connected with them, and in introducing the native Muses to the castle of his relative. He then drew a manuscript from his pocket, whereupon Melina fancied he was about to read the terms of the contract; but it turned out to be something of a wholly different nature. The Baron requested that they would listen attentively whilst he read to them a play of his own composing, which he was anxious they should perform. They at once formed a circle round him and

seemed delighted at the prospect of so easily securing the friendship of so important a patron, but they could not help feeling a simultaneous shudder at the thickness of the manuscript. They had good reason for their apprehensions, for the play consisted of five acts, and every act seemed interminable.

The hero of the piece was distinguished for his virtue and generosity, but was a misunderstood and persecuted man; finally, however, he proved victorious over his enemies, from whom the strictest poetical justice would have been exacted if he had not pardoned them upon the spot.

During the rehearsal of this piece, each of the audience found occasion to reflect upon his own particular circumstances, to recover from his previous depression of spirits, and to experience a sensation of the happiest self-contentment at the pleasant prospects which were opening in the future. Those who found no characters in the piece adapted for themselves, silently condemned the composition, and considered the Baron as an unsuccessful author, whilst, on the other hand, those who discovered an occasional passage which they thought would elicit the applause of an audience praised it in the most extravagant manner, and thus abundantly satisfied the vanity of the author.

The business was soon completed. Melina succeeded in concluding a most profitable engagement with the Baron, which he carefully concealed from the other members of the company.

In the course of conversation Melina mentioned Wilhelm's name to the Baron, described him as possessing qualities for dramatic composition and talents for succeeding as an actor. The Baron immediately sought Wilhelm's acquaintance as a colleague, and Wilhelm thereupon produced some small pieces of his own composition which with a few other trifles had escaped on that day when he had committed the greater part of his writings to the flames. The Baron praised not only the pieces, but Wilhelm's recitation of them, and he took it for granted that the latter would join the others in their visit to the castle, promising upon his departure that they should all experience the greatest hospitality, enjoy comfortable quarters, good fare, and receive an abundance of applause and of presents, to which Melina added the promise of a small pecuniary donation as pocket money.

We may conjecture how the spirits of the company were

revived by this visit. All parties were relieved from the apprehension of poverty and misfortune, and they were restored to the hope of honor and enjoyment. They lost no time in practically realizing their expectations, and they all from that moment considered it discreditable to keep a single farthing in their purse.

Wilhelm was in the mean time considering with himself whether he ought not to accompany the others to the castle, and for more than one reason he determined to do so. Melina hoped that this advantageous engagement would enable him to pay off a part of his debt, and Wilhelm, whose great object was to study mankind, felt unwilling to lose such an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the great world where he trusted to acquire so much experience of life in general, as well as of himself and of dramatic art. He was unwilling to admit his extreme desire to find himself once more in company with the beautiful Countess. He wished rather to impress upon himself the great value of becoming acquainted with persons in an exalted sphere of life. His mind was filled with visions of the Count, the Countess, and the Baron, he thought of the ease, the grace, and the propriety of their manners, and when he found himself alone, he exclaimed with enthusiasm, "Happy, thrice happy they who are raised by their birth above the lower ranks of mankind, who never even in a transient manner experience those difficulties which oppress many good men during the whole course of their lives. From their exalted position their view is extensive and commanding, and each step of their progress in life is easy. From the moment of their birth they embark as it were in a ship, and in the voyage of life which we all have to make, they profit by the favorable breeze, and overcome the adverse gale, more fortunate than others, who are condemned to waste their strength in swimming, deriving no advantage from the prosperous wind, and who when the storm arises become exhausted, and miserably perish. What ease, what a natural grace is theirs, who are born to hereditary fortune! How secure is mercantile enterprise when established on the basis of a solid capital, when the failure of some chance speculations cannot reduce the whole to ruin! Who can better understand the value and the worthlessness of earthly things than he who has enjoyed them from his youth, — who can earlier train his spirit to the pursuit of the useful, the necessary, and the true than he who is able to correct his



errors at an age when his strength is fresh to commence a new career !”

In such terms did Wilhelm congratulate the denizens of the higher regions, and not them only, but all who were privileged to approach their circle and to draw comfort from their fountain of refreshment. And he thanked his destiny for the prospect he saw before him of ascending to those spheres.

In the mean time Melina had taken much trouble to arrange the company according to the talents of each actor, that each might produce his proper effect. But when in pursuance of his own views and of the Count's commands, he had made many exertions for this purpose, he was obliged to feel satisfied when he came to execute his plans, with permitting the actors to take those parts for which they deemed themselves best adapted. In general therefore Laertes played the lover, Philina the attendant, whilst the two young ladies divided between them the characters of artless tender maidens—but the boisterous old man played his part the best. Melina considered himself competent to act the cavalier, whilst his wife to her great disappointment was forced to content herself with the character of a young wife or an affectionate mother ; and as the modern plays rarely introduce the poet or the pedant in a ridiculous point of view, the Count's favorite usually personated a president or a minister of state, and they were generally represented as knaves and severely handled in the fifth act. Melina also as chamberlain or chamberlain's assistant took pleasure in repeating the absurdities which some worthy German authors introduce into certain plays—he was partial to these characters, because they afforded him an opportunity for assuming a fashionable dress, and practicing the airs of a courtier, which he fancied he could play with great perfection.

The company was soon joined by some other actors who arrived from different parts of the neighborhood, and who were engaged without undergoing a very strict examination, and without having to submit to very burdensome conditions.

Wilhelm, who had been more than once vainly entreated by Melina to perform as an amateur, evinced the greatest interest for the success of the enterprise, without however receiving the slightest recognition of his services from the new director. The latter indeed seemed to imagine that the assumption of his new office imparted to him the necessary qualities for filling it properly.

## HERMANN AND HIS PARENTS.

By GOETHE.

(From "Hermann and Dorothea.")

WHEN now the well-formed son came into the parlor and joined  
them,

Keen and direct were the glances with which the vicar surveyed  
him,

And remarked his manner, and scanned the whole of his bearing  
With the observing eye which easily reads through each feature:  
Then he smiled, and with words of cordial purport addressed him:

"Surely, an altered man you come in! I never have seen you  
Look so sprightly before, with a gleam of such animation.

Joyous you come and gay; 'tis clear you divided your presents  
Able amongst the poor, and received in return their rich blessing."

Quickly then the son with words of earnestness answered:

"Whether I merited praise, I know not; but my own feelings  
Bade me to do what I now wish to relate to you fully.

Mother, you rummaged so long your old stores in searching and  
choosing,

That it was not till late that the bundle was all got together,  
And the wine and the beer were slowly and carefully packed up.

When to the gate at length, and along the street I proceeded,  
Streaming back came the mass of the townsmen, with women and  
children,

Right in my way; and now far off was the train of the exiles.

Therefore I held on faster, and quickly drove to the village,

Where they would halt, as I heard, for the night, and rest their  
poor bodies.

"When now, as I went on, I reached the new road through the valley,  
There was a wagon in sight, constructed with suitable timbers,

Drawn by two oxen, the largest and strongest that foreigners boast of.  
Close by its side with steps full of strength was walking a maiden,

Guiding with a long rod the pair of powerful cattle,

Urging on now, and again holding back, as she skillfully led them.

Soon as the maiden saw me, she calmly came near to my horses,

Saying: 'It is not always we've been in such doleful condition

As you behold us to-day along these roads of your country.

Truly I am not accustomed to ask the donations of strangers,

Which they oft grudgingly give, to be rid of the poor man's  
petitions:

But I am urged to speak by necessity. Stretched on the straw here,

Newly delivered, the wife of a once rich proprietor lieth, [wagon.  
Whom, with child as she was, I scarce saved with the steers and the  
Slowly we follow the rest, while in life she hath hardly continued.  
Naked now on her arm the new-born infant is lying,  
And with but scanty means our people are able to help us,  
If in the village hard by, where we think of resting, we find them ;  
Though I am greatly in fear they already are gone along past it.  
If from these parts you come, and a store of superfluous linen  
Anywhere have at command, on the poor it were kind to bestow it.'

"Thus she spake; and, faint and pale, from the straw the poor woman,  
Rising showed herself to me; when thus in return I addressed  
them :

'Good men, surely, oft are warned by a spirit from heaven,  
So that they feel the need which o'er their poor brother is hanging :  
For my mother, your trouble thus feeling beforehand, a bundle  
Gave me, wherewith at once to supply the wants of the naked.'  
Then I untied the knots of the cord, and the dressing-gown gave her,  
Once our father's, and with it I gave the chemises and flannel,  
And she thanked me with joy, and exclaimed : 'The prosperous  
think not

Miracles still are wrought; for man in misery only  
Sees God's hand and finger, which good men guideth to good men.  
What through you He is doing to us, may He do to you likewise!'  
And I saw the glad mother the different pieces of linen  
Handling, but most of all, the gown's soft lining of flannel.  
Then said the maiden to her : 'Now speed we on to the village,  
Where for the night our people already are halting and resting.  
There the baby-clothes, one and all, I'll quickly attend to.'  
Then she greeted me, and thanks the most cordial expressing,  
Drove on the oxen, and so the wagon went forward. I waited,  
Still holding back my horses; for doubt arose in my bosom,  
Whether with hurrying steeds I should go to the village, the viands  
'Mongst the rest of the crowd to dispense, or here to the maiden  
All deliver at once, that she with discretion might share it,  
But within my heart I quickly decided, and gently  
After her went, and o'ertook her soon, and quickly said to her,  
''Tis not linen alone, good maiden, to bring in the carriage,  
That my mother gave me, wherewith to cover the naked ;  
But she added thereto both meat and drink in abundance,  
And I have plenty thereof packed up in the box of the carriage,  
But now I feel inclined these presents, as well as the others,  
Into thy hand to give, thus best fulfilling my mission :  
Thou wilt dispense them with judgment, while I by chance must be  
Then replied the maiden : 'With all fidelity will I [guided.'  
There dispose of your gifts, and the poor will richly enjoy them.'

Thus she spake, and quickly I opened the box of the carriage,  
 Bringing out therefrom the loaves, and the hams weighing heavy,  
 Bottles of wine and beer, and all the rest, to give to her.  
 More would I fain have given her still, but the box was now empty.  
 Then she packed them all by the feet of the mother, and so went  
 Onward, while with all speed to the town I came back with my  
 horses."

When now Hermann had ended, at once the talkative neighbor,  
 Taking up the discourse, exclaimed: "Oh, that man is happy,  
 Who in these days of flight and confusion alone in his house lives,  
 Having nor wife nor children to cringe before him in terror.  
 Happy I feel myself now; nor would I to-day for much money  
 Bear the title of father, and have wife and children to care for.  
 Often ere now about flight have I thought with myself, and have  
 packed up  
 All the best of my goods together—the chains and the old coins  
 Of my late mother, whereof not a thing has been sold to this  
 moment.  
 Much, to be sure, would be left behind not easy to furnish;  
 Even my simples and roots, collected there with much trouble,  
 I should be sorry to lose, though things of no very great value.  
 Still, only let the dispenser remain, and I go with some comfort.  
 Let me but rescue my cash and my body, and all is then rescued.  
 Easiest from such troubles escapes the man that is single."

"Neighbor," replied thereupon young Hermann, with emphasis  
 speaking,  
 "Not at all do I think as thou, and thy speech I must censure.  
 Is, then, he the best man, who in prosperous days and in adverse  
 Thinks of himself alone, and to share his joys and his sorrows  
 Knows not, nor feels thereto in his heart the least inclination?  
 Sooner now than ever could I determine to marry.  
 Many a good maid now stands in need of a man to protect her:  
 Many a man needs a wife to cheer him when troubles are  
 threatening."

Smiling, said thereupon the father: "I hear thee with gladness;  
 Such a sensible word in my presence thou seldom hast spoken."

But the mother at once chimed in, her part quickly taking;  
 "Son, in good truth thou art right; and thy parents set the  
 example.  
 For they were no days of joy in which we chose one another,  
 And our most sorrowful hour but joined us the closer together.

Next Monday morning—I know it full well; for the day before  
happened

That most terrible fire which gave our dear town to destruction—

It will be twenty years. It was, like to-day, on a Sunday;

Hot and dry was the season, and in the place little water.

All the people were out, taking walks in their holiday clothing,

Scattered about the hamlets, and in the mills and the taverns.

Then at the end of the town the fire commenced, and the flames ran

Quickly through the streets, with the wind themselves had created,

And the barns were burnt, with the rich and new-gathered harvest.

And the streets were burnt; right up to the market; my father

Lost his house hard by, and this one soon perished with it.

Little saved we in flight. I sat the sorrowful night through

Out of the town, on the green, taking care of the beds and the

boxes.

Sleep at length fell o'er me; and when the cold of the morning,

Falling down ere the sun was up, from my slumber awoke me;

There I saw the smoke, and the flame, and the old walls and

chimneys.

Then was my heart in anguish, until, more splendid than ever,

Up came the sun once more, and into my soul shed new courage.

Then I arose with haste, for I longed the spot to examine,

Where our dwelling had stood, and see if the fowls had been

rescued,

Which I so fondly loved; for childish still were my feelings.

As, then, I thus stepped on, o'er the ruins of house and of home-

stead,

Smoking still, and so found my home, and beheld its destruction;

Thou, too, searching the spot, camest up in the other direction,

Thou hadst a horse buried there in his stall; the timbers and

rubbish

Glimmering lay upon him, and naught could be seen of the poor

beast.

Thoughtful thus and sad we stood o'er against one another;

For the wall was fallen which erst had divided our houses.

Then by the hand thou took'st me, and saidst: 'Louisa, poor

maiden,

How camest thou here? Go thy way! thou art burning thy soles

in the rubbish;

For it is hot, and singes e'en these strong boots I am wearing.'

And thou didst lift me up, and carry me through thine own

homestead.

Still there was standing the gate of the house, with its high vaulted

ceiling,

As it now stands; but that alone of all was remaining.

“And thou didst set me down, and kiss me, although I forbade it.  
 But upon that thou spakest with kindly words full of meaning:  
 ‘See, the house lies low. Stay here, and help me to build it;  
 And let me help, in return, to build thy father’s up likewise.’  
 Yet did I not understand thee, until to my father thou sentest,  
 And through my mother full soon the vows of glad wedlock were  
 plighted.

Joyfully still to this day I remember the half-consumed timbers,  
 And still joyfully see the sun arise in his splendor:  
 For it was that day gave me my husband; the son of my youth was  
 First bestowed upon me by those wild times of destruction.  
 Therefore I praise thee, Hermann, that thou, with bright trust in the  
 future,  
 In these sorrowful times of a maid for thyself, too, art thinking,  
 And hast courage to woo in the war, and over its ruins.”

Quickly then the father replied, with much animation:

“Laudable is the feeling, and true, too, each word of the story,  
 Mother, dear, which thou hast told, for so it happened exactly;  
 But what is better is better. It is not becoming that each one  
 Should from the past be content to form his whole life and  
 condition,

Nor should every one choose, as we did, and others before him.  
 Oh, how happy is he, to whom his father and mother  
 Leave the house well furnished, and who with success then adorns it,  
 Every beginning is hard — the beginning of housekeeping hardest.  
 Things of many a kind man wants, and all things grow daily  
 Dearer; then let him in time provide for increasing his money;  
 And thus I cherish a hope of thee, my Hermann, that quickly  
 Into the house thou wilt bring thy bride with fine marriage-portions,  
 For a high-spirited man deserves a well-endowed maiden;  
 And it gives so much pleasure, when with the dear wife of his  
 wishes

Come in the useful presents, too, in baskets and boxes!  
 ’Tis not in vain that the mother through many a year is preparing  
 Linen of ample store, of web fine and strong, for her daughter.  
 ’Tis not in vain that sponsors present their silver donations,  
 And that the father lays by in his desk a gold piece, though seldom,  
 For in due time shall she thus delight with her goods and her  
 presents

That young man who has made her, before all others, his chosen.  
 Yes, I know, in her house how pleasant the dear wife must find it  
 Both in kitchen and parlor, to see her own furniture standing,  
 And herself her own bed, herself her own board, to have covered.  
 May I but see in the house the bride that is handsomely portioned!

For the poor one at last is only despised by her husband,  
And as a servant she's treated, who, servant-like, came with a  
bundle.

Men continue unjust, and the season of love passeth by them.  
Yes, my Hermann, thou wouldst to my age grant highest enjoyment,  
If to my house ere long thou shouldst bring me a dear little daughter  
From the neighborhood here — from the house painted green over  
yonder.

Rich is the man, that's sure; and his trade and factories make him  
Daily richer; for what does not turn to gain for the merchant?  
And there are only three daughters to share his possessions amongst  
them.

Won already, I know, is the eldest, and promised in marriage;  
But the second and third may be had, though not long may they  
be so.

Had I been in your place, till now I would not have tarried,  
One of the girls myself to bring here, as I did your mother."

Modestly then the son to his august father made answer:  
"Truly, my wish, too, was, as yours is, one of the daughters  
Of our neighbor to choose; for we all were brought up together;  
Round the spring in the market in former times have we sported,  
And from the town boys' rudeness I often used to protect them.  
But that was long ago; and girls at length, when they grow up,  
Stay, as is proper, at home and avoid such wild sportive meetings.  
Well brought up they are, to be sure; still, from former acquaintance,  
As you wished it, I went from time to time over yonder:  
But in their conversation I never could feel myself happy,  
Since they would always be finding fault, which taxed my endurance.  
Quite too long was my coat, the cloth was too coarse, and the color  
Quite too common; and then my hair was not cut and curled rightly;  
So that at last I thought of bedecking myself like the shopboys  
Over there, who on Sundays are always displaying their figures,  
And whose lappets in summer, half silk, hang so loosely about  
them.

But I observed soon enough that they always to ridicule turned me;  
Which offended me much, for my pride was wounded. More deeply  
Still did it vex me to find they misunderstood the kind feeling  
Which I cherished for *them* — especially Minnie, the youngest.  
For I went the last time at Easter to pay them a visit,  
And had donned my new coat, which now hangs up in the wardrobe,  
And my hair I had got well curled, like the rest of the fellows.  
When I went in they tittered; but I to myself did not take it.  
At the piano sat Minnie; her father also was present,  
Hearing his dear daughter sing — entranced and in excellent spirits,

Much was expressed in the songs that surpassed my poor comprehension,

But I heard a great deal of Pamina and of Tamino;  
But since I did not like to sit dumb, as soon as she finished,  
Questions I asked on the words and the two chief characters in them.

Then they all at once were silent, and smiled; but the father  
Said, 'Our friend, sure, with none but Adam and Eve is acquainted.'  
No one then refrained, but loud was the laugh of the maidens,  
Loud the laugh of the boys, while the old man held tightly his stomach.

Then I let fall my hat through embarrassment, and the rude titter  
Still went on and on, in spite of the singing and playing.  
Then did I hurry back to my home in shame and vexation,  
Hung up my coat in the wardrobe, and drew my hair with my fingers

Down to my head, and swore never more to pass over the threshold.  
And I was perfectly right; for vain they all are and loveless,  
And I hear that with them my name is always Tamino."

Then replied the mother, "Thou shouldst not, Hermann, so long time

Angry be with children, for children they are all together.  
Minnie is certainly good, and for thee always showed an affection,  
And but lately she asked after thee; thou oughtest to choose her."

Thoughtfully then the son replied, "I know not; that insult  
Hath so deep an impression made on me that truly I wish not  
At the piano again to see her, and list to her singing."

Then the father broke out, and spoke with wrathful expressions:  
"Slight is the joy I receive from thee; I have ever asserted  
That thou couldst show no taste but for horses and field operations.  
Just what a servant does for a man of ample possessions,  
That dost thou; and meanwhile the son must be missed by the father,  
Who still showed himself off to his honor before all the townsmen.  
Early thus with vain hope of thee did thy mother deceive me,  
When in the school never progressed thy reading and writing and learning

As did that of the rest, but thy place was always the lowest.  
That must happen, of course, when no ambition is stirring  
In the breast of a youth, and he cares not to raise himself higher.  
Had my father for me shown the care which on thee I have lavished,  
Had he sent me to school, and for me engaged the best masters,  
Then had I been something else than the host of the Golden Lion."



But the son rose up and approached the door in deep silence,  
 Slow, and without any noise; while the father, with wrath still  
 increasing,  
 After him called: "Aye, begone! I know thine obstinate temper;  
 Go, and attend henceforth to business, or fear my displeasure.  
 But never think thou shalt bring, as a daughter-in-law to thy father,  
 Into the house where he lives, a boorish girl and a trollop.  
 Long have I lived, and with men I know how to deal as I should do,  
 Know how to treat both ladies and gentlemen, so that they leave me  
 Gratified — know how to flatter, as is always welcome to strangers.  
 But now at length I must find a dear daughter-in-law to assist me,  
 And to sweeten the toil which I still shall bear in abundance.  
 On the piano, too, must she play to me, while we are assembled,  
 Listening around her with pleasure, our burghers, the best and the  
 fairest,  
 As on Sunday is done in the house of our neighbor." Then Hermann  
 Softly lifted the latch, and so went out of the parlor.



## THE RIFT IN THE LUTE.

By JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

(From "Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces.")

[JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER: A German philosopher and satirist; born at Wunsiedel, Bavaria, March 21, 1763; died at Bayreuth, November 14, 1825. He fitted for college at the gymnasium at Hof, and matriculated as a theological student at the University of Leipsic in 1781. His course was cut short by financial reverses, and he devoted himself to literary work; his first book, "Grönländische Processe" (Greenland Lawsuits), being published in two parts (1783-1784). In 1784 he was obliged to leave Leipsic to escape imprisonment for debt, and thereafter eked out his income by tutoring. His subsequent literary success rendered him free from care, and in 1804 he settled in Bayreuth, receiving in 1808 a pension of one thousand florins. The University of Heidelberg conferred upon him the degree of Ph.D. in 1817, and in 1820 he was elected a member of the Bavarian academy of sciences. His most notable books include "The Invisible Lodge" (1793), "Hesperus" (1795), "Biographical Recreations under the Cranium of a Giantess" (1796), "The Life of Quintus Fixlein" (1796), "Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces" (1797), "The Jubilating Senior" (1797), "The Country Valley" (1797), "Titan" (1803), "Wild Oats" (1804), "Introduction to Æsthetics" (1805), "Levana; or, Theory of Education" (1807), and "Selina; or, On the Immortality of the Soul," left unfinished.]

WITH a sick mind and a sick heart, and without money, Siebenkæs begun the last day of the year. The day itself had put on its most beautiful summer dress — one of Berlin blue;

it was as cerulean as Krishna, or the new sect of Grahamites, or the Jews in Persia. It had had a fire lighted in the balloon stove of the sun, and the snow, delicately candied upon the earth, melted into wintergreen, like the sugar on some cunningly devised supper dish, as soon as the hills were brought within reach of its warmth. The year seemed to be saying good-by to Time as if with a cheerful warmth, attended with joyful tears. Firmian longed to run and sun himself upon the moist, green sward; but he had Professor Lang, of Bayreuth, to review first.

He wrote reviews as many people offer up prayers — only in time of need. It was like the water carrying of the Athenian, done that he might afterwards devote himself to the studies of his choice without dying of hunger. But when he was reviewing, he drew his satiric sting into its sheath, constructing his criticisms of material drawn only from his store of wax and his honey-bag. "Little authors," he said, "are always better than their works, and great ones are worse than theirs. Why should I pardon moral failings — *e.g.* self-conceit — in the genius, and not in the dunce? Least of all should it be forgiven the genius. Unmerited poverty and ugliness do not deserve to be ridiculed; but they as little deserve it when they *are merited* — though I am aware Cicero is against me here — for a moral fault (and consequently its punishment) can, of a certainty, not be made greater by a chance physical consequence, which sometimes follows upon it, and sometimes does not. Can it? Does an extravagant person who chances to come to poverty deserve a severer punishment than one who does not? If anything, rather the reverse." If we apply this to bad authors, from whose own eyes their lack of merit is hidden by an impenetrable veil of self-conceit, and at whose unoffending heart the critic discharges the fury which is aroused in him by their (offending) heads, we may, indeed, direct our bitterest irony against *the race*, but the *individual* will be best instructed by means of gentleness. I think it would be the gold test, the trial by crucible, of a morally great and altogether perfect scholar to give him a bad, but celebrated book to review.

For my own part, I will allow myself to be reviewed by Dr. Merkel throughout eternity if I digress again in this chapter. Firmian worked in some haste at his notice of Lang's essay, entitled "Præmissa Historiæ Superintendentium Genera-

lium Bairuthi non Specialium — Continuazione XX." It was quite essential that he should get hold of a dollar or two that day, and he also longed to go and take a walk, the weather was so motherly, so *hatching*. The new year fell on the Saturday, and as early as the Thursday (the day before the one we are writing of) Lenette had begun the holding of preliminary feasts of purification (she now washed daily more and more *in advance* of actual necessities); but to-day she was keeping a regular feast of ingathering among the furniture, etc. The room was being put through a course of derivative treatment for the clearing away of all impurities. With her eye on her *index expurgandorum*, she thrust everything that had wooden legs into the water, and followed it herself with balls of soap; in short, she paddled and bubbled, in the Levitical purification of the room, in her warm, native element, for once in her life to her heart's full content. As for Siebenkæs, he sat bolt upright in purgatorial fire, already beginning to emit a smell of burning.

For, as it happened, he was rather madder than usual that day, to begin with. Firstly, because he had made up his mind that he would pawn the striped calico gown in the afternoon, though whole nunneries were to shriek their loudest at it, and because he foresaw that he would have to grow exceedingly warm in consequence. And this resolve of resolves he had taken on this particular day, because (and this is at the same time the second reason why he was madder than usual) — because he was sorry that their good days were all gone again, and that their music of the spheres had all been marred by Lenette's funereal Misereres.

"Wife!" he said, "I'm reviewing for money now, recollect." She went on with her scraping. "I have got Professor Lang before me here — the seventh chapter of him, in which he treats of the sixth of the Superintendents General of Bayreuth, Herr Stockfleth." She was going to stop in a minute or two, but just then, you know, she really *could* NOT. Women are fond of doing everything "by and by" — they like putting a thing off just for a minute or two, which is the reason why they put off even their arrival in this world a few minutes longer than boys do. "This essay," he continued, with forced calmness, "ought to have been reviewed in the *Messenger* six months ago, and it'll never do for the *Messenger* to be like the "Universal German Library" and the Pope, and canonize people a century or so after date."

If he had only been able to maintain his forced calmness for one minute longer, he would have got to the end of Lenette's buzzing din; however, he couldn't. "Oh! the devil take me, and you, too, and the *Messenger of the Gods* into the bargain," he burst out, starting up and dashing his pen on the floor. "I don't know," he went on, suddenly resuming his self-control, speaking in a faint, piteous tone, and sitting down, quite unnerved, feeling something like a man with cupping glasses on all over him — "I don't know a bit what I'm translating, or whether I'm writing Stockfleth or Lang. What a stupid arrangement it is that an advocate mayn't be as deaf as a judge. If I were deaf, I should be exempt from torture then. Do you know how many people it takes to constitute a tumult by law? Either ten, or you by yourself in that washing academy of music of yours." He was not so much inclined to be reasonable as to do as the Spanish innkeeper did, who charged the noise made by his guests in the bill. But now, having had her way, and gained her point, she was noiseless in word and deed.

He finished his critique in the forenoon, and sent it to Stiefel, his chief, who wrote back that he would bring the money for it himself in the evening, for he now seized upon every possible opportunity of paying a visit. At dinner Firmian (in whose head the sultry, fetid vapor of ill temper would not dissolve and fall), said, "I can't understand how you come to care so very little about cleanliness and order. It would be better even if you rather *overdid* your cleanliness than otherwise. People say what a pity it is such an orderly man as Siebenkæs should have such a slovenly kind of wife!" To irony of this sort, though she knew quite well it *was* irony, she always opposed regular formal arguments. He could never get her to enjoy these little jests instead of arguing about them, or join him in laughing at the masculine view of the question. The fact is, a woman abandons her opinion as soon as her husband adopts it. Even in church, the women sing the tunes an octave higher than the men that they may differ from them in all things.

In the afternoon the great, the momentous, hour approached in which the ostracism, the banishment from house and home, of the checked calico gown was at last to be carried out — the last and greatest deed of the year 1785. Of this signal for fight, this Timour's and Muhammed's red battle flag, this Ziska's hide, which always set them by the ears, his very soul was

sick : he would have been delighted if somebody would have stolen it, simply to be quit of the wearisome, threadbare idea of the wretched rag for good and all. He did not hurry himself, but introduced his petition with all the wordy prolixity of an M. P. addressing the house (at home). He asked her to guess what might be the greatest kindness, the most signal favor which she could do him on this last day of the old year. He said he had an hereditary enemy, an anti-Christ, a dragon, living under his roof; tares sown among his wheat by an enemy, which she could pull up if she chose; and, at last, he brought the checked calico gown out of the drawer, with a kind of twilight sorrow: "*This*," he said, "is the bird of prey which pursues me; the net which Satan sets to catch me; his sheepskin my martyr robe, my Cassim's slipper. Dearest, do me but this one favor—send it to the pawn shop!"

"Don't answer just yet," he said, gently laying his hand on her lips; "let me just remind you what a stupid parish did when the only blacksmith there was in it was going to be hanged in the village. This parish thought it preferable to condemn an innocent master tailor or two to the gallows, because they could be better spared. Now, a woman of your good sense must surely see how much easier and better it would be to let me take away this mere piece of tailor's stitch work, than metal things which we eat out of every day; the mourning calico won't be wanted, you know, as long as I'm alive."

"I've seen quite clearly for a long while past," she said, "that you've made up your mind to carry off my mourning dress from me, by hook or by crook, whether I will or no. But I'm not going to let you have it. Suppose I were to say to you, Pawn your watch, how would you like that?" Perhaps the reason why husbands get into the way of issuing their orders in a needlessly dictatorial manner is, that they generally have little effect, but rather confirm opposition than overcome it.

"Damnation!" he cried; "that'll do, that's quite enough! I'm not a turkey cock, nor a bonassus neither, to be continually driven into a frenzy by a piece of colored rag. It goes to the pawn shop to-day, as sure as my name's Siebenkæs."

"Your name is Leibgeber as well," said she.

"Devil fly away with me, if that calico remains in this house!" said he. On which she began to cry, and lament the bitter fortune which left her nothing now, not even the very

clothes for her back. When thoughtless tears fall into a seething masculine heart, they often have the effect which drops of water have when they fall upon bubbling molten copper ; the fluid mass bursts asunder with a great explosion.

“Heavenly, kind, gentle Devil,” said he, “do please come and break my neck for me. May God have pity on a woman like this ! Very well, then, keep your calico ; keep this Lenten altar cloth of yours to yourself. But may the Devil fly away with me if I don’t cock the old deer’s horns that belonged to my father on to my head this very day, like a poacher on the pillory, and hawk them about the streets for sale in broad daylight. Ay. *I give you my word of honor*, it shall be done, for all the fun it may afford every soul in the place. And I shall simply say that it is your doing ; I’ll do it, as sure as there’s a devil in hell.”

He went, gnashing his teeth, to the window, and looked into the street, seeing vacancy. A rustic funeral was passing slowly by ; the bier was a man’s shoulder, and on it tottered a child’s rude coffin.

Such a sight is a touching one, when one thinks of the little, obscure, human creature, passing over from the fetal slumber to the slumber of death, from the amnion membrane in this life to the shroud, that amnion membrane of the next ; whose eyes have closed at their first glimpse of this bright earth, without looking on the parents who now gaze after it with theirs so wet with tears ; which has been loved without loving in return ; whose little tongue molders to dust before it has ever spoken ; as does its face ere it has smiled upon this odd, contradictory, inconsistent orb of ours. These cut buds of this mold will find a stem on which great destiny will graft them, these flowers which, like some besides, close in sleep while it is still early morning, will yet feel the rays of a morning sun which will open them once more. As Firmian looked at the cold, shrouded child passing by, in this hour, when he was ignobly quarreling about the mourning dress (which should mourn for *him*) — now, when the very last drops of the old year were flowing so fast away, and his heart, now becoming so terribly accustomed to these passing fainting fits, forbade him to hope that he could ever complete the new one — now, amid all these pains and sorrows, he seemed to hear the unseen river of Death murmuring under his feet (as the Chinese lead rushing brooks under the soil of their gardens), and the thin, brittle crust of

ice on which he was standing seemed as if it would soon crack and sink with him into the watery depths. Unspeakably touched, he said to Lenette, "Perhaps you may be quite right, dear, after all, to keep your mourning dress; you may have some presentiment that I am not going to live. Do as you think best, then, dear; I would fain not imbitter this last of December any more; I don't know that it may not be *my* last in another sense, and that in another year I may not be nearer to that poor baby than you. I am going for a walk now."

She said nothing; all this startled and surprised her. He hurried away, to escape the answer which was sure to come eventually; his absence would, in the circumstances, be the most eloquent kind of oratory. All persons are better than their outbreaks (or ebullitions)—that is, than their *bad* ones; for all are worse than their *noble* ones, also—and when we allow the former an hour or so to dissipate and disperse, we gain something better than our point—we gain our opponent. He left Lenette a very grave subject for cogitation, however,—the stag's horns and his word of honor.

\* \* \* \* \*

Firmian walked slowly home with a heart all conciliation, and eyes which, now that it was dark, he did not take the pains to dry. He went over in his mind everything which could possibly be adduced in his Lenette's excuse. He strove to win himself over to her side of the question by reflecting that she could not (like him) arm herself against the shocks, the stumbling-stones, of life, by putting on the Minerva's helm, the armor of meditation, philosophy, authorship. He thoroughly determined (he had determined the same thing thirty times before) to be as scrupulously careful to observe in all things the outside *politesse*s of life with *her* as with the most absolute stranger;<sup>1</sup> nay, he already enveloped himself in

<sup>1</sup> NOTE BY JEAN PAUL.—The husband should always play the lover by rights—and the lover the husband. It is impossible to describe the amount of soothing influence which little acts of politeness and innocent flatteries exercise upon just the very people who usually expect, and receive, none—wives, sisters, relations—and this even when they quite understand what this politeness really amounts to. We ought to be applying this emollient pomade to our rude, rough lips all day long, even if we have only three words to speak,—and we should have a similar one for our hands, to soften down their actions. I trust that I shall always keep my resolution never to flatter any woman, not

the fly net or mail shirt of patience, in case he should really find the checked calico untranslated at home. This is how we men continually behave — stopping our ears tight with both hands, trying our hardest to fall into the siesta, the midday sleep, of a little peace of mind (if we can only anyhow manage it); thus do our souls, swayed by our passions, reflect the sunlight of truth as one dazzling spot (like mirrors or calm water), while all the surrounding surface lies but in deeper shade.

How differently all fell out! He was received by Peltzstiefel, who advanced to meet him, all solemnity of deportment, and with a church-visitation countenance full of inspection sermons. Lenette scarcely turned her swollen eyes towards the windward side of her husband as he came in at the door. Stiefel kept the strings tight which held the muscles of his knit face, lest it might unbend before Firmian's, which was all beaming soft with kindness, and thus commenced: "Mr. Siebenkæs, I came to this house to hand you the money for your review of Professor Lang; but friendship demands of me a duty of a far more serious and important kind, that I should exhort you and constrain you to conduct yourself towards this poor unfortunate wife of yours here like a true Christian man to a true Christian woman." "Or even better, if you like," he said. "What is it all about, wife?" She preserved an embarrassed silence. She had asked Stiefel's advice and assistance, less for the sake of obtaining them than to have an opportunity of telling her story. The truth was, that when the Schulrath came unexpectedly in, while her burst of crying was at its bitterest, she had really just that very moment sent her checked, spiny, outer caterpillar skin (the calico dress, to wit) away to the pawn shop; for her husband having pledged his honor, she felt sure that, beyond a doubt, he would stick those preposterous horns on his head and really go and hawk them all over the town, for she well knew how sacredly he kept his word, and also how utterly he disregarded "appearances," — and that both of these peculiarities of his were always at their fellest pitch at a time of domestic difficulty like the present. Perhaps she would have told her ghostly counselor and adviser nothing about the matter, but contented her-

even my own wife, but I know I shall begin to break it four months and a half after my betrothal, and go on breaking it all my life.



self with having a good cry when he came, if she had had her way (and her dress); but, having sacrificed both, she needed compensation and revenge. At first she had merely reckoned up difficulties in indeterminate quantities to him; but when he pressed her more closely, her bursting heart overflowed and *all* her woes streamed forth. Stiefel, contrarily to the laws of equity (and of several universities), always held the complainant in any case to be in the right, simply because he spoke *first*; most men think impartiality of heart is impartiality of head. Stiefel swore that he would tell her husband what he ought to be told, and that the calico should be back in the house that very afternoon.

So this father confessor began to jingle his bunch of binding-and-loosing keys in the advocate's face, and reported to him his wife's general confession and the pawning of the dress. When there are two diverse actions of a person to be given account of, — a vexatious and an agreeable one, — the effect depends on which is spoken of the first; it is the first narrated one which gives the ground tint to the listener's mind, and the one subsequently portrayed only takes rank as a subdued accessory figure. Firmian should have heard that Lenette pawned the dress *first*, while he was still out of doors, and of her tale-bearing not till afterwards. But you see how the devil brought it about, as it really did all happen. "What!" (Siebenkæs *felt*, if not exactly *thought*) "What! She makes my rival her confidant and my judge! I bring her home a heart all kindness and reconciliation, and she makes a fresh cut in it at once, distressing and annoying me in this way, on the very last day of the year, with her confounded chattering and tale telling." By this last expression he meant something which the reader does not yet quite understand; for I have not yet told him that Lenette had the bad habit of being — rather ill bred; wherefore she made common people of her own sex, such as the book-binder's wife, the recipients of her secret thoughts — the electric discharging rods of her little atmospheric disturbances; while, at the same time, she took it ill of her husband that, though he did not, indeed, admit serving men and maids and "the vulgar" into his own mysteries, he yet accompanied them into theirs.

Stiefel (like all people who have little knowledge of the world, and are not gifted with much tact, — who never assume anything as granted in the first place, but always go through every subject *ab initio*) now delivered a long, theological,

matrimonial-service sort of exhortation concerning love as between Christian husband and wife, and ended by insisting on the recall of the calico (his Necker, so to say). This address irritated Firmian, and that chiefly because (irrespective of *it*) his wife thought he had not any religion, or, at all events, not so much as Stiefel. "I remember" (he said) "seeing in the history of France that Gaston, the first prince of the blood, having caused his brother some little difficulties or other of the warlike sort on one occasion, in the subsequent treaty of peace bound himself, in a special article, to love Cardinal Richelieu. Now I think there's no question but that an article to the effect that man and wife shall love one another ought to be inserted as a distinct, separate, secret clause, in all contracts of marriage; for though love, like man himself, is by origin eternal and immortal, yet, thanks to the wiles of the serpent, it certainly becomes mortal enough within a short time. But, as far as the calico's concerned, let's all thank God that *that* apple of discord has been pitched out of the house." Stiefel, by way of offering up a sacrifice, and burning a little incense before the shrine of his beloved Lenette, *insisted* on the return of the calico, and did so very firmly; for Siebenkæs' gentle, complaisant readiness to yield to him, up to this point, in little matters of sacrifice and service, had led him to entertain the deluded idea that he possessed an irresistible authority over him. The husband, a good deal agitated now, said, "We'll drop the subject, if you please." "Indeed, we'll do nothing of the kind," said Stiefel; "I must really *insist* upon it that your wife has her dress back." "It can't be done, Herr Schulrath." "I'll advance you whatever money you require," cried Stiefel, in a fever of indignation at this striking and unwonted piece of disobedience. It was now, of course, more impossible than ever for the advocate to retire from his position; he shook his head eighty times. "Either *you* are out of your mind," said Stiefel, "or *I* am; just let me go through my reasons to you once more." "Advocates," said Siebenkæs, "*were* fortunate enough, in former times, to have private chaplains of their own; but it was found that there was no converting any of them, and therefore they are now exempt from being preached at."

Lenette wept more bitterly — Stiefel shouted the louder on that account; in his annoyance at his ill success, he thought it well to repeat his commands in a ruder and blunter form; of course Siebenkæs resisted more firmly. Stiefel was a pedant,

a class of men which surpasses all others in a barefaced, blind, self-conceit, just like an unceasing wind blowing from all the points of the compass at once (for a pedant even makes an ostentatious display of his own personal idiosyncrasies). Stiefel, like a careful and conscientious player, felt it a duty to thoroughly throw himself into the part he was representing, and carry it out in all its details, and say "Either" "Or": "Mr. Siebenkæs, either the mourning gown comes, or *I go, aut-aut*. My visits cannot be of much consequence, it's true, still they have, I consider, a certain value, if it were but on Mrs. Siebenkæs' account." Firmian, doubly irritated, firstly at the impetuous rudeness and conceit of an alternative of the sort, and secondly at the lowness of the market price for which the Rath abandoned their society, could but say, "Nobody can influence your decision on that point now but yourself. *I* most certainly cannot. It will be an easy matter for you, Herr Schulrath, to give up our acquaintance — though there is no real reason why you should — but it will not be easy for me to give up yours, although I shall have no choice." Stiefel, from whose brow the sprouting laurels were thus so unexpectedly shorn — and that, too, in the presence of the woman he loved — had nothing to do but take his leave; but he did it with three thoughts gnawing at his heart — his vanity was hurt, his dear Lenette was crying, and her husband was rebellious and insubordinate, and resisting his authority.

And as the Schulrath said farewell forever, a bitter, bitter sorrow stood fixed in the eyes of his beloved Lenette — a sorrow which, though the hand of time has long since covered it over, I still see there in its fixity; and she could not go downstairs, as at other times, with her sorrowing friend, but went back into the dark, unlighted room, alone with her overflowing, breaking heart.

Firmian's heart laid aside its hardness, though not its coldness, at the sight of his persecuted wife in her dry, stony grief at this falling to ruin of every one of her little plans and joys; and he did not add to her sorrow by a single word of reproach. "You see," was all he said, "that it is no fault of mine that the Schulrath gives up our acquaintance; he ought never to have been told anything about the matter, — however, it's all over now." She made no reply. The hornet's sting (which makes a triple stab), the dagger, thrown as by some revengeful Italian, was left sticking firm in her wound, which therefore could not

bleed. Ah! poor soul; thou hast deprived thyself of so much! Firmian, however, could not see that he had anything to accuse himself of; he being the gentlest, the most yielding of men under the sun, always ruffled all the feathers on his body up with a rustle in an instant at the slightest touch of *compulsion*, most especially if it concerned his honor. He *would* accept a present, it is true, but only from Leibgeber, or (on rare occasions) from others in the warmest hours of soul communion; and his friend and he both held the opinion that, in friendship, not only was a farthing of quite as much value as a sovereign, but that a sovereign was worth just as little as a farthing, and that one is bound to accept the most splendid presents just as readily as the most trifling; and hence he counted it among the unrecognized blessings of childhood that children can receive gifts without any feeling of shame.

In a mental torpor he now sat down in the armchair, and covered his eyes with his hand; and then the mists which hid the future all rolled away, and showed in it a wide dreary tract of country, full of the black ashy ruins of burnt homesteads, and of dead bushes of underwood, and the skeletons of beasts lying in the sand. He saw that the chasm, or landslip, which had torn his heart and Lenette's asunder, would go on gaping wider and wider; he saw, oh! so clearly and cheerlessly, that his old beautiful love would never come back, that Lenette would never lay aside her self-willed pertinacity, her whims, the habits of her daily life; that the narrow limits of her heart and head would remain fixed firmly forever; that she would as little learn to understand him, as get to love him; while, again, her repugnance to him would get the greater the longer her friend's banishment endured, and that her fondness for the latter would increase in proportion. Stiefel's money, and his seriousness, and religion, and attachment to herself combined to tear in two the galling bond of wedlock by the pressure of a more complex and gentle tie. Sorrowfully did Siebenkæs gaze into a long prospect of dreary days, all constrained silence, and dumb hostility and complaint.

Lenette was working in her room in silence, for her wounded heart shrunk from a word or a look as from a cold fierce wind. It was now very dark, she wanted no light. On a sudden, a wandering street-singing woman began to play a harp, and her child to accompany her on a flute, somewhere in the house downstairs. At this our friend's bursting heart seemed to have

a thousand gashes inflicted on it to let it bleed gently away. As nightingales love to sing where there is an echo, so our hearts speak loudest to music. As these tones brought back to him his old hopes, almost irrecognizable now, — as he gazed down at his Arcadia now lying hidden deep, deep, beneath the stream of years, and saw himself down in it, with all his young fresh wishes, amid his long-lost friends, gazing with happy eyes round their circle, all confidence and trust, his growing heart hoarding and cherishing its love and truth for some warm heart yet to be met in the time to come; and as he now burst into that music with a dissonance, crying, “And I have never found that heart, and now all is past and over,” and as the pitiless tones brought pictures of blossomy springs and flowery lands, and circles of loving friends to pass, as in a camera obscura, before him — *him* who had nothing, not one soul in all the land to love him; his steadfast spirit gave way at last, and sank down on earth to rest as quite overdone, and nothing soothed him now but that which pained. Suddenly this sleep-walking music ceased, and the pause clutched, like a speechless nightmare, tighter at his heart. In the silence he went into the room and said to Lenette, “Take them down what little we have left.” But over the latter words his voice broke and failed, for he saw (by the flare of some potash burning which was going on opposite) that all her glowing face was covered with streaming, undried tears, though when he came in she pretended to be busily wiping the window pane dimmed by her breath. She laid the money down on the window. He said, more gently yet, “Lenette, you will have to take it to them now, or they will be gone.” She took it; her eyes worn with weeping met his (which were worn with weeping too); she went, and then their eyes grew well-nigh dry, so far apart were their two souls already.

They were suffering in that terrible position of circumstances when not even a moment of mutual and reciprocal emotion can any longer reconcile and warm two hearts. His whole heart swelled with overflowing affection, but hers belonged to his no more; he was urged at once by the wish to love her, and the feeling that it was now impossible, by the perception of all her shortcomings and the conviction of her indifference to him. He sat down in the window seat, and leaned his head upon the sill, where it rested, as it chanced, upon a handkerchief which she had left there, and which was moist and cold with tears.

She had been solacing herself, after the long oppression of the day, with this gentle effusion, much as we have a vein opened after some severe contusion. When he touched the handkerchief, an icy shudder crept down his back, like a sting of conscience, but immediately after it there came a burning glow as the thought flashed to his mind that her weeping had been for another person than himself altogether. The singing and the flute now began again (without the harp this time), and floated in the rising, falling waves of a slow-timed song, of which the verses ended always with the words, "Gone is gone, and dead is dead." Sorrow now clutched him in her grasp, like some mantle fish, casting around him her dark and suffocating folds. He pressed Lenette's wet handkerchief to his eyes hard, and heard (but less distinctly), "Gone is gone, and dead is dead." Then of a sudden his whole soul melted and dissolved at the thought that perhaps that halting heart of his would let him see no other new year save that of the morrow, and he thought of himself as dying; and the cold handkerchief, wet with his own tears now as well as hers, lay cool upon his burning brow, while the notes of the music seemed to mark like bells each stroke of time, so that its rapid flight was made distinguishable by the ear, and he saw himself asleep in a quiet grave, like one in the Grotto of the Serpents, but with worms in place of the serpents, licking off the burning poison of life.

The music had ceased. He heard Lenette moving in the next room and getting a light; he went to her and gave her her handkerchief. But his heart was so pained and bleeding that he longed to embrace some one, no matter whom; he was impelled to press his Lenette to his heart, his Lenette of *the past* if not of *the present*, his *suffering*, if no longer his loving, Lenette; at the same time he could not utter one word of affection, neither had he the slightest wish to do so. He put his arms round her slowly, unbent, and held her to him, but she turned her head quickly and coldly away as from a kiss which was not proffered. This pained him greatly, and he said, "Do you suppose I am any happier than you are yourself?" He laid his face down on her averted head, pressed her to him again, and then let her away; and this vain embrace at an end, his heart cried, "Gone is gone, and dead is dead."

The silent room in which the music and the words had ceased to sound was like some unhappy village from whence the enemy has carried off all the bells, and where there is

nothing but silence all the day and night, and the church tower is mute as if time itself were past.

As Firmian laid him down on his bed, he thought, "A sleep closes the old year as if it were one's last, and ushers in the new as it does our own lives; and I sleep on towards a future all anxiety, vague of form, and darkly veiled. Thus does man sleep at the gate behind which the dreams are barred; but although his dreams are but a step or two—a minute or two—within that gate, he cannot tell *what* dreams await him at its opening; whether in the brief, unconscious night beasts of prey with glaring eyes are lying in wait to dash upon him, or smiling children to come trooping round him in their play; nor if, when the cloudy shapes beyond that mystic door come about him, their clasp is to be the fond embrace of love or the murderous clutch of death."



## KUBLA KHAN.

BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

[SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, English metaphysician and poet, was born October 21, 1772, at Ottery St. Mary; graduated at Jesus College, Cambridge, 1792. With Southey and others he formed a scheme of communism in foreign parts, to be called "Pantisocracy"; but remained in England for a literary life. After various wanderings and visits to other parts of Europe, in 1810 he settled permanently in London. His first volume of poems was in 1794; the "Ancient Mariner" formed part of the volume "Lyrical Ballads," chiefly Wordsworth's, in 1798; "Christabel" and "Kubla Khan" are the chief of the others. He edited *The Friend* in 1809. "Biographia Literaria," "Lay Sermons," "Aids to Reflection," and the posthumously collected "Table Talk" are his main prose works. He died July 25, 1834.]

IN XANADU did Kubla Khan

A stately pleasure-dome decree;

Where Alph, the sacred river, ran

Through caverns measureless to man,

Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground

With walls and towers were girdled round,

And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills

Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;

And here were forests ancient as the hills,

Infolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted  
 Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!  
 A savage place! as holy and enchanted  
 As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted  
 By woman wailing for her demon-lover!  
 And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,  
 As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,  
 A mighty fountain momently was forced;  
 Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst  
 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,  
 Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:  
 And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever  
 It flung up momently the sacred river.  
 Five miles meandering with a mazy motion,  
 Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,  
 Then reached the caverns measureless to man,  
 And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:  
 And 'mid this tumult, Kubla heard from far  
 Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
 Floated midway on the waves;  
 Where was heard the mingled measure  
 From the fountain and the caves.  
 It was a miracle of rare device,  
 A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer  
 In a vision once I saw:  
 It was an Abyssinian maid,  
 And on her dulcimer she played,  
 Singing of Mount Abora.  
 Could I revive within me  
 Her symphony and song,  
 To such a deep delight 'twould win me  
 That with music loud and long,  
 I would build that dome in air,  
 That sunny dome! those caves of ice!  
 And all who heard should see them there,  
 And all should cry, "Beware! Beware!  
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair!  
 Weave a circle round him thrice,  
 And close your eyes with holy dread,  
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
 And drunk the milk of Paradise."



## BROKEN FRIENDSHIP.

(From Coleridge's "Christabel.")

ALAS! they had been friends in youth:  
 But whispering tongues can poison truth;  
 And constancy lives in realms above;  
 And life is thorny; and youth is vain;  
 And to be wroth with one we love  
 Doth work like madness on the brain. . .  
 Each spoke words of high disdain  
 And insult to his heart's best brother;  
 They parted — ne'er to meet again!  
 But never either found another  
 To free the hollow heart from paining —  
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;  
 A dreary sea now flows between; —  
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,  
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,  
 The marks of that which once hath been.



## THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

BY COLERIDGE.

## PART THE FIRST.

It is an ancient Mariner,  
 And he stoppeth one of three:  
 "By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,  
 Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

An ancient Mari-  
 ner meeteth three  
 Gallants bidden to  
 a wedding feast,  
 and detaineth one.

"The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,  
 And I am next of kin;  
 The guests are met, the feast is set:  
 Mayst hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,  
 "There was a ship," quoth he.  
 "Hold off! unhand me, graybeard loon!"  
 Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye —  
 The Wedding Guest stood still,  
 And listens like a three years' child:  
 The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding  
 Guest is spell-  
 bound by the eye  
 of the old sea-  
 faring man, and  
 constrained to  
 hear his tale.

The Wedding Guest sat on a stone;  
 He cannot choose but hear;  
 And thus spake on that ancient man,  
 The bright-eyed Mariner: —

The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,  
 Merrily did we drop  
 Below the kirk, below the hill,  
 Below the lighthouse top.

The Mariner tells  
 how the ship  
 sailed southward  
 with good wind  
 and fair weather,  
 till it reached the  
 Line.

The Sun came up upon the left,  
 Out of the sea came he!  
 And he shone bright, and on the right  
 Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,  
 Till over the mast at noon —  
 The Wedding Guest here beat his breast,  
 For he heard the loud bassoon.

The Wedding  
 Guest heareth the  
 bridal music; but  
 the Mariner con-  
 tinueth his tale.

The bride hath paced into the hall,  
 Red as a rose is she;  
 Nodding their heads before her goes  
 The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding Guest here beat his breast,  
 Yet he cannot choose but hear;  
 And thus spake on that ancient man,  
 The bright-eyed Mariner: —

The ship drawn  
 by a storm toward  
 the south pole.

And now the Storm Blast came, and he  
 Was tyrannous and strong:  
 He struck with his o'ertaking wings,  
 And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,  
 As who pursued with yell and blow  
 Still treads the shadow of his foe  
 And forward bends his head,  
 The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,  
 And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,  
 And it grew wondrous cold:  
 And ice, mast high, came floating by,  
 As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts  
 Did send a dismal sheen :  
 Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken —  
 The ice was all between.

The land of ice,  
 and of fearful  
 sounds, where no  
 living thing was  
 to be seen.

The ice was here, the ice was there,  
 The ice was all around :  
 It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,  
 Like noises in a swound !

At length did cross an Albatross :  
 Through the fog it came ;  
 As if it had been a Christian soul,  
 We hailed it in God's name.

Till a great sea  
 bird called the  
 Albatross came  
 through the snow  
 fog and was  
 received with  
 great joy and  
 hospitality.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,  
 And round and round it flew.  
 The ice did split with a thunder fit ;  
 The helmsman steered us through !

And a good south wind sprung up behind ;  
 The Albatross did follow,  
 And every day, for food or play,  
 Came to the mariners' hollo !

And lo ! the  
 Albatross proveth  
 a bird of good  
 omen, and follow-  
 eth the ship as it  
 returneth north-  
 ward, through fog  
 and floating ice.

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,  
 It perched for vespers nine ;  
 Whiles all the night, through fog smoke white,  
 Glimmered the white Moonshine.

“ God save thee, ancient Mariner !  
 From the fiends, that plague thee thus ! —  
 Why look'st thou so ? ” — With my crossbow  
 I shot the Albatross.

The ancient Mari-  
 ner inhospitably  
 killeth the pious  
 bird of good omen.

#### PART THE SECOND.

The Sun now rose upon the right ;  
 Out of the sea came he,  
 Still hid in mist, and on the left  
 Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,  
 But no sweet bird did follow,  
 Nor any day, for food or play,  
 Came to the mariners' hollo !

His shipmates  
cry out against  
the ancient Mari-  
ner, for killing the  
bird of good luck.

And I had done an hellish thing,  
And it would work 'em woe:  
For all averred, I had killed the bird  
That made the breeze to blow.  
Ah, wretch! said they, the bird to slay,  
That made the breeze to blow!

But when the fog  
cleared off, they  
justified the same,  
and thus make  
themselves  
accomplices  
in the crime.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,  
The glorious Sun uprist:  
Then all averred, I had killed the bird  
That brought the fog and mist.  
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,  
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze  
continues; the  
ship enters the  
Pacific Ocean and  
sails northward,  
even till it reaches  
the Line.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,  
The furrow followed free:  
We were the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea.

The ship hath  
been suddenly  
becalmed.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,  
'Twas sad as sad could be;  
And we did speak only to break  
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,  
The bloody Sun, at noon,  
Right up above the mast did stand,  
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,  
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;  
As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.

And the Albatross  
begins to be-  
avenged.

Water, water, everywhere,  
And all the boards did shrink;  
Water, water, everywhere,  
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!  
That ever this should be!  
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs  
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout  
The death fires danced at night;  
The water, like a witch's oils,  
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

And some in dreams assured were  
Of the spirit that plagued us so:  
Nine fathom deep he had followed us  
From the land of mist and snow.

A spirit had  
followed them;  
one of the invisible  
inhabitants of  
this planet, neither  
departed souls  
nor angels;

concerning whom the learned Jew Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

And every tongue, through utter drought,  
Was withered at the root;  
We could not speak, no more than if  
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! welladay! what evil looks  
Had I from old and young!  
Instead of the cross, the Albatross  
About my neck was hung.

The shipmates in  
their sore distress  
would fain throw  
the whole guilt on  
the ancient Mari-  
ner: in sign  
whereof they hang  
the dead sea bird  
round his neck.

#### PART THE THIRD.

There passed a weary time. Each throat  
Was parched, and glazed each eye.  
A weary time! a weary time!  
How glazed each weary eye,  
When looking westward I beheld  
A something in the sky.

The ancient Mari-  
ner beholdeth a  
sign in the  
element afar off.

At first it seemed a little speck,  
And then it seemed a mist:  
It moved and moved, and took at last  
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!  
And still it neared and neared:  
As if it dodged a water sprite,  
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,  
We could not laugh nor wail;  
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!  
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,  
And cried, A sail! a sail!

At its nearer  
approach it  
seemeth him to be  
a ship; and at a  
dear ransom he  
freeth his speech  
from the bonds of  
thirst.

A flash of joy.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,  
 Agape they heard me call :  
 Gramercy! they for joy did grin,  
 And all at once their breath drew in,  
 As they were drinking all.

And horror follows. For can it be a ship that comes onward without wind or tide?

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!  
 Hither to work us weal;  
 Without a breeze, without a tide,  
 She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all aflame,  
 The day was well-nigh done!  
 Almost upon the western wave  
 Rested the broad bright Sun;  
 When that strange ship drove suddenly  
 Betwixt us and the Sun.

It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,  
 (Heaven's Mother send us grace!)  
 As if through a dungeon grate he peered,  
 With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud,)  
 How fast she nears and nears!  
 Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun,  
 Like restless gossameres?

And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the setting Sun. The specter woman and her death-mate, and no other on board the skeleton ship. Like vessel, like crew!

Are those *her* ribs through which the Sun  
 Did peer, as through a grate?  
 And is that Woman all her crew?  
 Is that a Death? and are there two?  
 Is Death that Woman's mate?

*Her* lips were red, *her* looks were free,  
 Her locks were yellow as gold:  
 Her skin was as white as leprosy,  
 The Nightmare Life-in-Death was she,  
 Who thicks man's blood with cold.

Death and Life-in-Death have dined for the ship's crew, and she (the latter) winneth the ancient Mariner.

The naked hulk alongside came,  
 And the twain were casting dice;  
 "The game is done! I've won, I've won!"  
 Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The Sun's rim dips ; the stars rush out :  
 At one stride comes the dark ;  
 With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,  
 Off shot the specter bark.

No twilight within  
 the courts of the  
 Sun.

We listened and looked sideways up !  
 Fear at my heart, as at a cup,  
 My lifeblood seemed to sip !  
 The stars were dim, and thick the night,  
 The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white ;  
 From the sails the dew did drip —  
 Till clombe above the eastern bar  
 The horned Moon, with one bright star  
 Within the nether tip.

At the rising of  
 the Moon,

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,  
 Too quick for groan or sigh,  
 Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,  
 And cursed me with his eye.

One after another,

Four times fifty living men  
 (And I heard nor sigh nor groan),  
 With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,  
 They dropped down one by one.

His shipmates  
 drop down dead ;

The souls did from their bodies fly, —  
 They fled to bliss or woe !  
 And every soul, it passed me by,  
 Like the whizz of my crossbow !

But Life-in-Death  
 begins her work  
 on the ancient  
 Mariner.

#### PART THE FOURTH.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner !  
 I fear thy skinny hand !  
 And thou art long, and lank, and brown,  
 As is the ribbed sea sand.

The Wedding  
 Guest feareth that  
 a spirit is talking  
 to him ;

"I fear thee, and thy glittering eye,  
 And thy skinny hand, so brown." —  
 Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding Guest !  
 This body dropt not down.

But the ancient  
 Mariner assureth  
 him of his bodily  
 life, and pro-  
 ceedeth to relate  
 his horrible pen-  
 ance.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
 Alone on a wide, wide sea !  
 And never a saint took pity on  
 My soul in agony.

He despiseth the  
creatures of the  
calm,

The many men, so beautiful!  
And they all dead did lie;  
And a thousand thousand slimy things  
Lived on; and so did I.

And envieth that  
they should live,  
and so many lie  
dead.

I looked upon the rotting sea,  
And drew my eyes away;  
I looked upon the rotting deck,  
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to Heaven, and tried to pray  
But or ever a prayer had gusht,  
A wicked whisper came, and made  
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,  
And the balls like pulses beat;  
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,  
Lay like a load on my weary eye,  
And the dead were at my feet.

But the curse  
liveth for him in  
the eye of the  
dead men.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,  
Nor rot nor reek did they:  
The look with which they looked on me  
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to Hell  
A spirit from on high;  
But oh! more horrible than that  
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!  
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,  
And yet I could not die.

In his loneliness  
and fixedness he  
yearneth towards  
the journeying  
Moon, and the  
stars that still  
sojourn, yet still

move onward; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

The moving Moon went up the sky,  
And nowhere did abide:  
Softly she was going up,  
And a star or two beside —

Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,  
Like April hoarfrost spread;  
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,  
The charmed water burnt alway  
A still and awful red.



Beyond the shadow of the ship,  
I watched the water snakes :  
They moved in tracks of shining white,  
And when they reared, the elfish light  
Fell off in hoary flakes.

By the light of the  
Moon he beholdeth  
God's creatures of  
the great calm.

Within the shadow of the ship  
I watched their rich attire:  
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,  
They coiled and swam; and every track  
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue  
Their beauty might declare :  
A spring of love gushed from my heart,  
And I blessed them unaware!  
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,  
And I blessed them unaware.

Their beauty and  
their happiness.

He blesseth them  
in his heart.

The selfsame moment I could pray;  
And from my neck so free  
The Albatross fell off, and sunk  
Like lead into the sea.

The spell begins  
to break.

#### PART THE FIFTH.

O sleep! it is a gentle thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole!  
To Mary Queen the praise be given!  
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,  
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,  
That had so long remained,  
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;  
And when I woke, it rained.

By grace of the  
holy Mother, the  
ancient Mariner is  
refreshed with  
rain.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,  
My garments all were dank;  
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,  
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:  
I was so light — almost  
I thought that I had died in sleep,  
And was a blessed ghost.

He heareth  
sonads, and seeth  
strange sights and  
commotions in the  
sky and the  
element.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:  
It did not come anear;  
But with its sound it shook the sails,  
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!  
And a hundred fire flags sheen,  
To and fro they were hurried about!  
And to and fro, and in and out,  
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,  
And the sails did sigh like sedge;  
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;  
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still  
The Moon was at its side:  
Like waters shot from some high crag,  
The lightning fell with never a jag,  
A river steep and wide.

The bodies of the  
ship's crew are  
inspired, and the  
ship moves on.

The loud wind never reached the ship,  
Yet now the ship moved on!  
Beneath the lightning and the Moon  
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,  
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;  
It had been strange, even in a dream,  
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;  
Yet never a breeze up blew;  
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,  
Where they were wont to do:  
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools —  
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son  
Stood by me, knee to knee:  
The body and I pulled at one rope,  
But he said naught to me.

“I fear thee, ancient Mariner !”  
 Be calm, thou Wedding Guest !  
 ’Twas not those souls that fled in pain,  
 Which to their corse came again,  
 But a troop of spirits blest :

But not by the  
 souls of the men,  
 nor by demons of  
 earth or middle  
 air, but by a  
 blessed troop of  
 angelic spirits,  
 sent down by the  
 invocation of the  
 guardian saint.

For when it dawned — they dropped their arms,  
 And clustered round the mast ;  
 Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,  
 And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,  
 Then darted to the Sun ;  
 Slowly the sounds came back again ;  
 Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a dropping from the sky  
 I heard the skylark sing ;  
 Sometimes all little birds that are,  
 How they seemed to fill the sea and air  
 With their sweet jargoning !

And now ’twas like all instruments,  
 Now like a lonely flute ;  
 And now it is an angel’s song,  
 That makes the Heavens be mute.

It ceased ; yet still the sails made  
 A pleasant noise till noon,  
 A noise like of a hidden brook  
 In the leafy month of June,  
 That to the sleeping woods all night  
 Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,  
 Yet never a breeze did breathe :  
 Slowly and smoothly went the ship,  
 Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,  
 From the land of mist and snow,  
 The spirit slid : and it was he  
 That made the ship to go.  
 The sails at noon left off their tune,  
 And the ship stood still also.

The lonesome  
 spirit from the  
 south pole carries  
 on the ship as far  
 as the Line, in  
 obedience to  
 the angelic troop,  
 but still requireth  
 vengeance.

The Sun, right up above the mast,  
 Had fixed her to the ocean :  
 But in a minute she 'gan stir,  
 With a short uneasy motion —  
 Backwards and forwards half her length  
 With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,  
 She made a sudden bound ;  
 It flung the blood into my head,  
 And I fell down in a swoond.

How long in that same fit I lay,  
 I have not to declare ;  
 But ere my living life returned,  
 I heard and in my soul discerned  
 Two voices in the air.

“Is it he ?” quoth one, “Is this the man ?  
 By Him who died on cross,  
 With his cruel bow he laid full low,  
 The harmless Albatross.

“The spirit who bideth by himself  
 In the land of mist and snow,  
 He loved the bird that loved the man  
 Who shot him with his bow.”

The other was a softer voice,  
 As soft as honeydew :  
 Quoth he, “The man hath penance done,  
 And penance more will do.”

#### PART THE SIXTH.

##### *First Voice.*

But tell me, tell me! speak again,  
 Thy soft response renewing —  
 What makes that ship drive on so fast ?  
 What is the Ocean doing ?

##### *Second Voice.*

Still as a slave before his lord,  
 The Ocean hath no blast ;  
 His great bright eye most silently  
 Up to the Moon is cast —

The Polar Spirit's  
 fellow-demons,  
 the invisible in-  
 habitants of the  
 element, take part  
 in his wrong ;  
 and two of them  
 relate, one to the  
 other, that pen-  
 ance long and  
 heavy for the  
 ancient Mariner  
 hath been accorded  
 to the Polar Spirit,  
 who returneth  
 southward.

If he may know which way to go ;  
 For she guides him smooth or grim.  
 See, brother, see ! how graciously  
 She looketh down on him.

*First Voice.*

But why drives on that ship so fast,  
 Without or wave or wind ?

*Second Voice.*

The air is cut away before,  
 And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly ! more high, more high !  
 Or we shall be belated :  
 For slow and slow that ship will go,  
 When the Mariner's trance is abated.

I woke, and we were sailing on  
 As in a gentle weather :  
 'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high ;  
 The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,  
 For a charnel dungeon fitter :  
 All fixed on me their stony eyes,  
 That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,  
 Had never passed away :  
 I could not draw my eyes from theirs,  
 Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt: once more  
 I viewed the ocean green,  
 And looked far forth, yet little saw  
 Of what had else been seen —

Like one that on a lonesome road  
 Doth walk in fear and dread,  
 And having once turned round walks on  
 And turns no more his head ;  
 Because he knows a frightful fiend  
 Doth close behind him tread.

The Mariner hath  
 been cast into a  
 trance ; for the  
 angelic power  
 causeth the vessel  
 to drive north-  
 ward faster than  
 human life could  
 endure.

The supernatural  
 motion is re-  
 tardated ; the Mari-  
 ner awakes, and  
 his penance be-  
 gins anew.

The curse is finally  
 expiated.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,  
Nor sound nor motion made:  
Its path was not upon the sea,  
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek  
Like a meadow gale of spring —  
It mingled strangely with my fears,  
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,  
Yet she sailed softly too:  
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze —  
On me alone it blew.

And the ancient  
Mariner beholdeth  
his native country.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed .  
The lighthouse top I see?  
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?  
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbor bar,  
And I with sobs did pray —  
O let me be awake, my God!  
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbor bay was clear as glass,  
So smoothly it was strewn!  
And on the bay the moonlight lay,  
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,  
That stands above the rock:  
The moonlight steeped in silentness  
The steady weathercock.

The angelic spirits  
leave the dead  
bodies,

And the bay was white with silent light,  
Till rising from the same,  
Full many shapes, that shadows were,  
In crimson colors came.

And appear in  
their own forms  
of light.

A little distance from the prow  
Those crimson shadows were:  
I turned my eyes upon the deck —  
O Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,  
 And, by the holy rood!  
 A man all light, a seraph man,  
 On every corse there stood.

This seraph band, each waved his hand:  
 It was a heavenly sight!  
 They stood as signals to the land,  
 Each one a lovely light:

This seraph band, each waved his hand,  
 No voice did they impart—  
 No voice; but oh! the silence sank  
 Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,  
 I heard the Pilot's cheer;  
 My head was turned perforce away,  
 And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot, and the Pilot's boy,  
 I heard them coming fast:  
 Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy  
 The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third — I heard his voice:  
 It is the Hermit good!  
 He singeth loud his godly hymns  
 That he makes in the wood.  
 He'll shrive my soul, he'll wash away  
 The Albatross's blood.

#### PART THE SEVENTH.

This Hermit good lives in that wood  
 Which slopes down to the sea.  
 How loudly his sweet voice he rears!  
 He loves to talk with marineres  
 That come from a far countree.

The Hermit of the  
 Wood.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—  
 He hath a cushion plump:  
 It is the moss that wholly hides  
 The rotted old oak stump.

The skiff boat neared: I heard them talk,  
 "Why, this is strange, I trow!  
 Where are those lights so many and fair,  
 That signal made but now?"

Approacheth the  
 ship with wonder.

"Strange, by my faith!" the Hermit said —  
 "And they answered not our cheer!  
 The planks look warped! and see those sails  
 How thin they are and sere!  
 I never saw aught like to them,  
 Unless perchance it were

"Brown skeletons of leaves that lag  
 My forest brook along;  
 When the ivy tod is heavy with snow,  
 And the owlet whoops to the wolf below  
 That eats the she-wolf's young."

"Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look  
 (The Pilot made reply) —  
 I am afeard" — "Push on, push on!"  
 Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,  
 But I nor spake nor stirred;  
 The boat came close beneath the ship,  
 And straight a sound was heard.

The ship suddenly  
 sinketh.

Under the water it rumbled on,  
 Still louder and more dread:  
 It reached the ship, it split the bay;  
 The ship went down like lead.

The ancient  
 Mariner is saved  
 in the Pilot's boat.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,  
 Which sky and ocean smote,  
 Like one that hath been seven days drowned  
 My body lay afloat;  
 But swift as dreams, myself I found  
 Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,  
 The boat spun round and round;  
 And all was still, save that the hill  
 Was telling of the sound.



I moved my lips — the Pilot shrieked  
 And fell down in a fit ;  
 The holy Hermit raised his eyes  
 And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars : the Pilot's boy,  
 Who now doth crazy go,  
 Laughed loud and long, and all the while  
 His eyes went to and fro.  
 "Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see,  
 The Devil knows how to row."

And now, all in mine own countree,  
 I stood on the firm land!  
 The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,  
 And scarcely he could stand.

"O shrive me, shrive me, holy man!"  
 The Hermit crossed his brow.  
 "Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say —  
 What manner of man art thou?"

The ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the Hermit to shrive him; and the penance of life falls on him.

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched  
 With a woeful agony,  
 Which forced me to begin my tale;  
 And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,  
 That agony returns;  
 And till my ghastly tale is told,  
 This heart within me burns.

And ever and anon throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land,

I pass, like night, from land to land;  
 I have strange power of speech;  
 That moment that his face I see,  
 I know the man that must hear me:  
 To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from the door!  
 The wedding guests are there:  
 But in the garden bower the bride  
 And bridemaids singing are;  
 And hark the little vesper bell,  
 Which biddeth me to prayer!

## THE LIBRARY.

O Wedding Guest! this soul hath been  
 Alone on a wide, wide sea:  
 So lonely 'twas, that God himself  
 Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage feast,  
 'Tis sweeter far to me,  
 To walk together to the kirk  
 With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,  
 And all together pray,  
 While each to his great Father bends,  
 Old men, and babes, and loving friends,  
 And youths and maidens gay!

And to teach, by  
 his own example,  
 love and reverence  
 to all things that  
 God made and  
 loveth.

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell  
 To thee, thou Wedding Guest!  
 He prayeth well, who loveth well  
 Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best  
 All things both great and small;  
 For the dear God who loveth us,  
 He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,  
 Whose beard with age is hoar,  
 Is gone: and now the Wedding Guest  
 Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,  
 And is of sense forlorn:  
 A sadder and a wiser man,  
 He rose the morrow morn.



## THE LIBRARY.

By GEORGE CRABBE.

[For biographical sketch, see Vol. 19, page 306.]

FIRST let us view the Form, the Size, the Dress,  
 For these the Manners, nay, the Mind express;

Handwritten text, possibly a signature or name, located in the center of the page.

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### The Chain Library

Wimborne Minster

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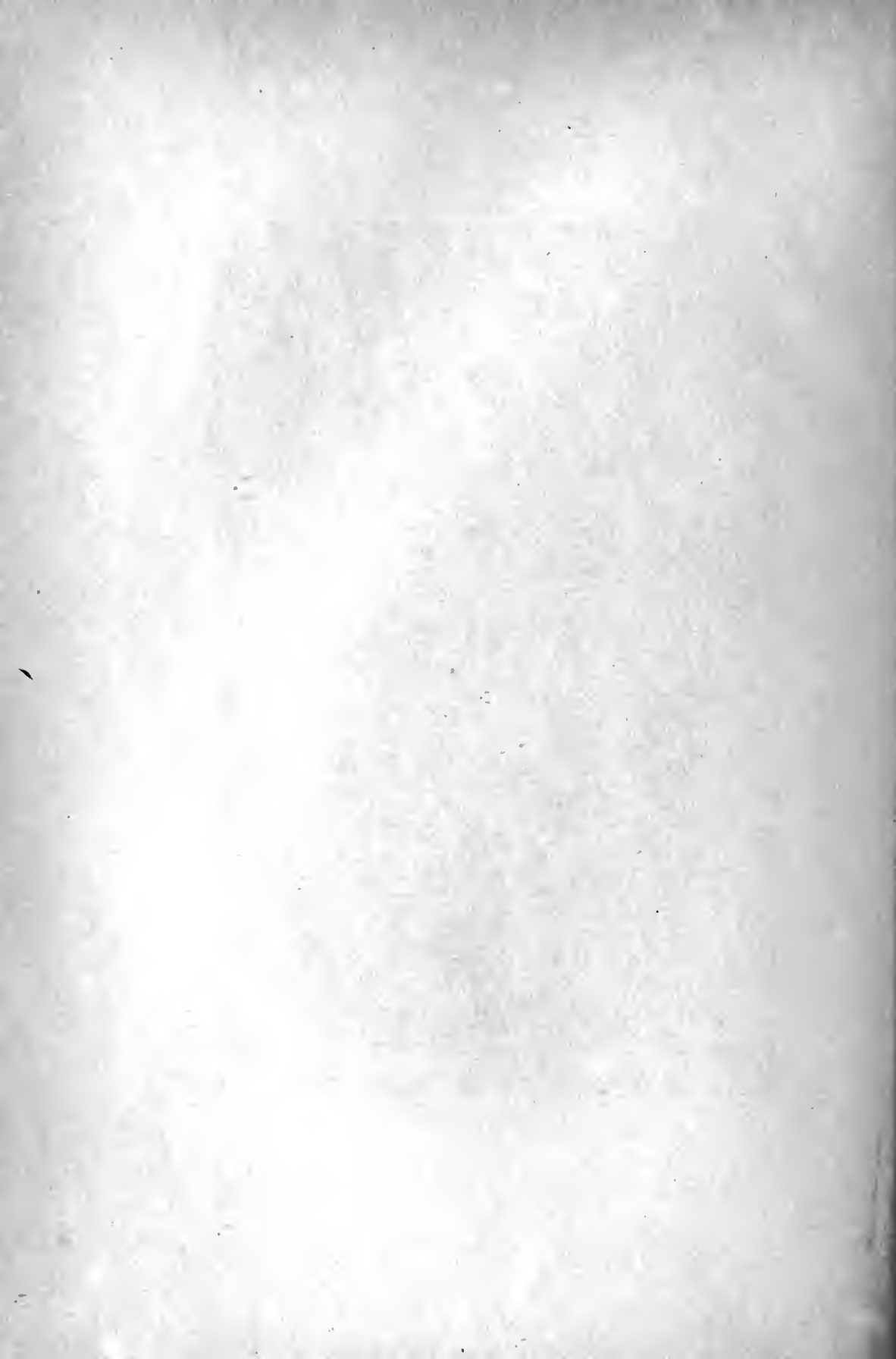
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#### The Chain Library

Wimborne Minster

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That weight of wood, with leathern coat o'erlaid,  
 Those ample clasps, of solid metal made;  
 The close-press leaves, unclosed for many an age,  
 The dull red edging of the well-filled page;  
 On the broad back the stubborn ridges rolled,  
 Where yet the title stands, in tarnished gold:—  
 These all a sage and labored work proclaim,  
 A painful candidate for lasting fame;  
 No idle wit, no trifling verse can lurk  
 In the deep bosom of that weighty work;  
 No playful thoughts degrade the solemn style,  
 Nor one light sentence claims a transient smile.

Hence, in these times, untouched the pages lie,  
 And slumber out their Immortality;—  
 They *had* their day, when, after all his toil,  
 His morning study and his midnight oil,  
 At length an author's ONE great work appeared,  
 By patient hope and length of days endeared;  
 Expecting nations hailed it from the press,  
 Poetic friends prefixed each kind address;  
 Princes and Kings received the pond'rous gift,  
 And ladies read the work they could not lift.

Fashion, though Folly's child, and guide of fools,  
 Rules e'en the wisest, and in learning rules;  
 From crowds and courts to Wisdom's Seat she goes,  
 And reigns triumphant o'er her Mother's foes.  
 For lo! these favorites of the ancient mode  
 Lie all neglected like the Birthday Ode;  
 Ah! needless now this weight of massy chain:  
 Safe in themselves the once-loved works remain;  
 No readers now invade their still retreat;  
 None try to steal them from their parent seat;  
 Like ancient beauties, they may now discard  
 Chains, Bolts, and Locks, and live without a guard.  
 Our patient Fathers, trifling themes laid by,  
 And rolled o'er labored works th' attentive eye;  
 Page after page the much-enduring Men  
 Explored the deeps and shallows of the pen;  
 Till, every former note and comment known,  
 They marked the spacious margin with their own;  
 Minute corrections proved their studious care;  
 The little index pointing, told us where;  
 And, many an emendation proved, the age  
 Looked far beyond the Rubric Title-page.

## BURLESQUES FROM THE ANTIJACOBIN.

[*The Antijacobin*, or *Weekly Examiner*, was a Tory periodical skit issued from November 20, 1797, to July 9, 1798, by George Canning, aided by John Hookham Frere, William Gifford, and others, to counteract the Whig *Rolliad* and ridicule the republican principles coming in from France. It contained the "Loves of the Triangles," burlesquing Erasmus Darwin's "Loves of the Plants," and other fair wit, of which the travesties given below, mainly by Canning and Frere, are alone remembered.

GEORGE CANNING was born 1770; graduated from Christ Church, Oxford; entered Parliament 1793; was secretary for foreign affairs 1807-1809 and 1822-1827, president of the Board of Control 1816-1820, and prime minister 1827, when he died.

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE was born 1769; graduated from Caius College, Cambridge; entered Parliament 1796; was under-secretary in the foreign office 1799, envoy and plenipotentiary at Lisbon 1800, at Madrid 1802-1804, 1808-1809, when he retired from public life on account of unjust blame. He died at Malta in 1846. His chief works are "King Arthur's Round Table" (see Vol. 8), and the matchless translations of Aristophanes (see Vols. 3 and 4).]

## ROGERO IN THE DUNGEON.

[From "The Rovers, or the Double Arrangement" — the name and one or two items suggested by Schiller's "Robbers," but most of it a travesty on Kotzebue and the other German dramatists of the time.]

*Scene changes to a subterranean vault in the Abbey of Quedlinburg, with coffins, 'scutcheons, death's-heads and crossbones. — Toads and other loathsome reptiles are seen traversing the obscurer parts of the stage. — ROGERO appears in chains, in a suit of rusty armor, with his beard grown, and a cap of a grotesque form upon his head; beside him a crock, or pitcher, supposed to contain his daily allowance of sustenance. — A long silence, during which the wind is heard to whistle through the caverns. — ROGERO rises, and comes slowly forward, with his arms folded.*

*Rogero* — Eleven years! it is now eleven years since I was first immured in this living sepulchre — the cruelty of a minister — the perfidy of a monk — yes, Matilda! for thy sake — alive amidst the dead — chained — confined — confined — cut off from the converse of my fellow-men. Soft! what have we here! [*Stumbles over a bundle of sticks.*] This cavern is so dark that I can scarcely distinguish the objects under my feet. Oh, the register of my captivity. Let me see; how stands the account? [*Takes up the sticks, and turns them over with a melancholy air; then stands silent for a few minutes, as if absorbed in calculation.*] — Eleven years and fifteen days! Hah! the twenty-eighth of August! How does the recollection of it vibrate on my heart!



It was on this day that I took my last leave of my Matilda. It was a summer evening; her melting hand seemed to dissolve in mine, as I prest it to my bosom. Some demon whispered me that I should never see her more. I stood gazing on the hated vehicle which was conveying her away forever. The tears were petrified under my eyelids. My heart was crystallized with agony. Anon—I looked along the road. The diligence seemed to diminish every instant; I felt my heart beat against its prison, as if anxious to leap out and overtake it. My soul whirled round as I watched the rotation of the hinder wheels. A long trail of glory followed after her, and mingled with the dust; it was the emanation of Divinity, luminous with love and beauty, like the splendor of the setting sun; but it told me that the sun of my joys was sunk forever. Yes, here in the depths of an eternal dungeon, in the nursing cradle of hell, the suburbs of perdition, in a nest of demons, where despair in vain sits brooding over the putrid eggs of hope; where agony woos the embrace of death; where patience, beside the bottomless pool of despondency, sits angling for impossibilities. Yet, even *here*, to behold her, to embrace her! Yes, Matilda, whether in this dark abode, amidst toads and spiders, or in a royal palace, amidst the more loathsome reptiles of a court, would be indifferent to me; angels would shower down their hymns of gratulation upon our heads, while friends would envy the eternity of suffering love. . . . Soft, what air was that? it seemed a sound of more than human warblings. Again. [*Listens attentively for some minutes.*] Only the wind; it is well, however; it reminds me of that melancholy air which has so often solaced the hours of my captivity. Let me see whether the damps of this dungeon have not yet injured my guitar. [*Takes his guitar, tunes it, and begins the following air, with a full accompaniment of violins from the orchestra.*]

[*Air, "Lanterna Magica."*]

*Song by Rogero.*

I.

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view  
 This dungeon that I'm rotting in,  
 I think of those companions true  
 Who studied with me at the U-  
     -niversity of Göttingen —  
     -niversity of Göttingen.

*Weeps and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he wipes his eyes ;  
gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds —*

## II.

Sweet kerchief check'd with heavenly blue,  
Which once my love sat knotting in ! —  
Alas ! Matilda then was true !  
At least I thought so at the U-  
-niversity of Göttingen —  
-niversity of Göttingen.

*At the repetition of this line ROGERO clanks his chains in cadence.*

## III.

Barbs ! Barbs ! alas ! how fleet you flew,  
Her neat post-wagon trotting in !  
Ye bore Matilda from my view ;  
Forlorn I languish'd at the U-  
-niversity of Göttingen —  
-niversity of Göttingen.

## IV.

This faded form ! this pallid hue !  
This blood my veins is clotting in !  
My years are many — they were few  
When first I entered at the U-  
-niversity of Göttingen —  
-niversity of Göttingen.

## V.

There first for thee my passion grew,  
Sweet, sweet Matilda Pöttingen !  
Thou wast the daughter of my tu-  
-tor, law professor at the U-  
-niversity of Göttingen —  
-niversity of Göttingen.

## VI.

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu,  
That kings and priests are plotting in :  
Here doom'd to starve on water gru-  
-el, never shall I see the U-  
-niversity of Göttingen —  
-niversity of Göttingen.

*During the last stanza ROGERO dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his prison; and finally so hard as to produce a visible contusion: he then throws himself on the floor in an agony. The curtain drops; the music still continuing to play till it is wholly fallen.*

[This song is a joke on Sir Robert Adair, who studied at Göttingen, and fell in love with the daughter of his tutor. The last verse is said to have been written by William Pitt the younger, who was shown the other verses and was intensely amused by them. He had evidently not read the entire play, as Rogero's food is more substantial.]

#### THE NEEDY KNIFE-GRINDER.

[The poem quoted below and travestied was by Robert Southey.]

#### THE WIDOW.

##### *Sapphics.*

COLD was the night wind; drifting fast the snows fell;  
Wide were the downs, and shelterless and naked;  
When a poor wand'rer struggled on her journey,  
Weary and way-sore.

Drear were the downs, more dreary her reflections;  
Cold was the night wind, colder was her bosom:  
She had no home, the world was all before her,  
She had no shelter.

Fast o'er the heath a chariot rattled by her:  
"Pity me!" feebly cried the poor night wanderer.  
"Pity me, strangers! lest with cold and hunger  
Here I should perish.

"Once I had friends — but they have all forsook me!  
Once I had parents — they are now in heaven!  
I had a home once — I had once a husband —  
Pity me, strangers!

"I had a home once — I had once a husband —  
I am a widow, poor and broken-hearted!"  
Loud blew the wind, unheard was her complaining;  
On drove the chariot.

Then on the snow she laid her down to rest;  
She heard a horseman: "Pity me!" she groaned out.  
Loud was the wind, unheard was her complaining;  
On went the horseman.

Worn out with anguish, toil, and cold and hunger,  
 Down sunk the wanderer; sleep had seized her senses:  
 There did the traveler find her in the morning—  
 God had released her.

This is enough, unless the reader should wish to be informed  
 how—

Fast o'er the bleak heath rattling drove a chariot;

Or how, not long after,—

Loud blew the wind, unheard was her complaining—  
 On went the horseman.

We proceed to give our IMITATION, which is of the *Amæ-  
 bæan* or *Collocutory* kind.

*Sapphics.*

THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

*Friend of Humanity—*

“Needy Knife-grinder! whither are you going?  
 Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order—  
 Bleak blows the blast; your hat has got a hole in 't,  
 So have your breeches!

“Weary Knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,  
 Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-  
 -road, what hard work 'tis crying all day ‘Knives and  
 Scissors to grind O!’

“Tell me, Knife-grinder, how you came to grind knives?  
 Did some rich man tyrannically use you?  
 Was it the squire, or parson of the parish?  
 Or the attorney?

“Was it the squire, for killing of his game? or  
 Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining?  
 Or guish lawyer, made you lose your little  
 All in a lawsuit?

“(Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom Paine?)  
 Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,  
 Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your  
 Pitiful story.”

*Knife-grinder*—

“Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir,  
Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,  
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were  
Torn in a scuffle.

“Constables came up for to take me into  
Custody; they took me before the justice;  
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-  
stocks for a vagrant.

“I should be glad to drink your Honor’s health in  
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;  
But for my part, I never love to meddle  
With politics, sir.”

*Friend of Humanity*—

“I give thee sixpence! I will see thee damned first—  
Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance,  
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,  
Spiritless outcast!”

[*Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a transport of republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.*]



## CASABIANCA.

BY FELICIA D. HEMANS.

[FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE, by marriage HEMANS, was born at Liverpool in 1793, died in Ireland, 1835. Besides her famous short lyrics, she wrote “The Vespers of Palermo” (1823), “The Siege of Valencia” and “The Lost Constantine” (1828), “The Forest Sanctuary” (1827), and others.]

[Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the admiral of the *Orient*, remained at his post in the battle of the Nile (1798) after the ship had taken fire and all the guns had been abandoned, and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.]

THE boy stood on the burning deck  
Whence all but him had fled;  
The flame that lit the battle’s wreck  
Shone round him o’er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,  
 As born to rule the storm —  
 A creature of heroic blood,  
 A proud though childlike form.

The flames rolled on — he would **not** go  
 Without his father's word ;  
 That father, faint in death below,  
 His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud, " Say, father, say  
 If yet my task is done ! "  
 He knew not that the chieftain lay  
 Unconscious of his son.

" Speak, father ! " once again he cried,  
 " If I may yet be gone ! "  
 And but the booming shots replied,  
 And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,  
 And in his waving hair,  
 And looked from that lone post of death  
 In still yet brave despair ;

And shouted but once more aloud,  
 " My father ! must I stay ? "  
 While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,  
 The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapped the ship in splendor wild,  
 They caught the flag on high,  
 And streamed above the gallant child  
 Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound —  
 The boy — oh ! where was he ?  
 Ask of the winds that far around  
 With fragments strewed the sea ! —

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,  
 That well had borne their part ;  
 But the noblest thing that perished there  
 Was that young faithful heart !

## THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

By ROBERT SOUTHEY.

[ROBERT SOUTHEY, English man of letters, was born in Bristol, August 12, 1774. He was a precocious bookworm, but at cross-purposes with all his schools, which ended at Balliol, Oxford. After toying with a communistic scheme called "Pantisocracy," traveling somewhat, and making essays in the "learned professions," he settled down to the life of a literary producer in all forms, in a permanent home at Greta Hall, where Coleridge's family came to live with him. He was made poet laureate in 1813, and died March 21, 1843. His poems fill ten volumes and his prose works some forty, few of them remembered now, though his name is part of familiar literary history. Of his prose, the "Lives" of Nelson, Cowper, and Wesley are best; of his poems, a few short ones — "The Battle of Blenheim," "The Cataract of Lodore," "You are Old, Father William," etc. — are stock pieces, while "Thalaba," "The Curse of Kehama," and "The Vision of Judgment" are familiar names from the burlesques they incited.]

It was a summer evening,  
 Old Kaspar's work was done,  
 And he before his cottage door  
 Was sitting in the sun,  
 And by him sported on the green  
 His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin  
 Roll something large and round,  
 Which he beside the rivulet  
 In playing there had found;  
 He came to ask what he had found,  
 That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,  
 Who stood expectant by;  
 And then the old man shook his head,  
 And with a natural sigh,  
 "'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,  
 "Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,  
 For there's many here about;  
 And often when I go to plow,  
 The plowshare turns them out!  
 For many thousand men," said he,  
 "Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"  
 Young Peterkin he cries;

## THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

And little Wilhelmine looks up  
 With wonder-waiting eyes;  
 "Now tell us all about the war,  
 And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,  
 "Who put the French to rout;  
 But what they fought each other for,  
 I could not well make out;  
 But everybody said," quoth he,  
 "That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,  
 Yon little stream hard by;  
 They burnt his dwelling to the ground,  
 And he was forced to fly;  
 So with his wife and child he fled,  
 Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round  
 Was wasted far and wide,  
 And many a childing mother then,  
 And new-born baby died;  
 But things like that, you know, must be  
 At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight  
 After the field was won;  
 For many thousand bodies here  
 Lay rotting in the sun;  
 But things like that, you know, must be  
 After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,  
 And our good Prince Eugene."  
 "Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"  
 Said little Wilhelmine.  
 "Nay . . . nay . . . my little girl," quoth he,  
 "It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the Duke  
 Who this great fight did win."  
 "But what good came of it at last?"  
 Quoth little Peterkin.  
 "Why, that I cannot tell," said he,  
 "But 'twas a famous victory."



## THE ABDUCTION OF AMANDA.

By REGINA MARIA ROCHE.

(From "The Children of the Abbey.")

[MRS. REGINA MARIA ROCHE: An Irish novelist; born of parents named Dalton, in the south of Ireland, about 1764; died at Waterford, May 17, 1846. She was the author of sixteen novels, of which only "The Children of the Abbey" (1798) has survived.]

FROM that evening, to the day destined for the ball, nothing material happened. On the morning of that day, as Amanda was sitting in the drawing room with the ladies, Lord Mortimer entered. Lady Euphrasia could talk of nothing else but the approaching entertainment, which, she said, was expected to be the most brilliant thing that had been given that winter.

"I hope your ladyship," said Amanda, who had not yet declared her intention of staying at home, "will be able to-morrow to give me a good description of it." "Why, I suppose," cried Lady Euphrasia, "you do not intend going without being able to see and hear yourself?" "Certainly," replied Amanda, "I should not, but I do not intend going." "Not going to the ball to-night?" exclaimed Lady Euphrasia. "Bless me, child," said Lady Greystock, "what whim has entered your head to prevent your going?" "Dear Lady Greystock," said Lady Euphrasia, in a tone of unusual good humor, internally delighted at Amanda's resolution, "don't tease Miss Fitzalan with questions." "And you really do not go?" exclaimed Lord Mortimer, in an accent expressive of surprise and disappointment. "I really do not, my lord." "I declare," said the marchioness, even more delighted than her daughter at Amanda's resolution, as it favored a scheme she had long been projecting, "I wish Euphrasia was as indifferent about amusement as Miss Fitzalan: here she has been complaining of indisposition the whole morning, yet I cannot prevail on her to give up the ball."

Lady Euphrasia, who never felt in better health and spirits, would have contradicted the marchioness, had not an expressive glance assured her there was an important motive for this assertion.

"May we not hope, Miss Fitzalan," said Lord Mortimer, "that a resolution so suddenly adopted as yours may be as

suddenly changed?" "No, indeed, my lord, nor is it so suddenly formed as you seem to suppose."

Lord Mortimer shuddered as he endeavored to account for it in his own mind; his agony became almost insupportable; he arose and walked to the window where she sat.

"Amanda," said he, in a low voice, "I fear you forget your engagement to me."

Amanda, supposing this alluded to her engagement for the ball, replied "she had not forgotten it." "For your inability or disinclination to fulfill it, then," said he, "will you not account?" "Most willingly, my lord." "When?" asked Lord Mortimer, impatiently, for unable longer to support his torturing suspense, he determined, contrary to his first intention, to come to an immediate explanation relative to Belgrave. "To-morrow, my lord," replied Amanda, "since you desire it, I will account for not keeping my engagement, and I trust," a modest blush mantling her cheeks as she spoke, "that your lordship will not disapprove of my reasons for declining it."

The peculiar earnestness of his words, Lord Mortimer imagined, had conveyed their real meaning to Amanda.

"Till to-morrow, then," sighed he, heavily, "I must bear disquietude."

His regret, Amanda supposed, proceeded from disappointment at not having her company at the ball: she was flattered by it, and pleased at the idea of telling him her real motive for not going, certain it would meet his approbation, and open another source of benevolence to poor Rushbrook.

In the evening, at Lady Euphrasia's particular request, she attended at her toilet, and assisted in ornamenting her ladyship. At ten she saw the party depart, without the smallest regret for not accompanying them: happy in self-approbation, a delightful calm was diffused over her mind: a treacherous calm, indeed, which, lulling her senses into security, made the approaching storm burst with redoubled violence on her head; it was such a calm as Shakespeare beautifully describes:—

We often see against some storm  
A silence in the heavens; the rack stand still,  
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below  
As hush as death.

She continued in Lady Euphrasia's dressing room, and took up the beautiful and affecting story of Paul and Mary, to amuse

herself. Her whole attention was soon engrossed by it ; and, with Paul, she was soon shedding a deluge of tears over the fate of his lovely Mary, when a sudden noise made her hastily turn her head, and with equal horror and surprise she beheld Colonel Belgrave coming forward. She started up, and was springing to the door, when, rushing between her and it, he caught her in his arms, and forcing her back to the sofa, rudely stopped her mouth.

“Neither cries nor struggles, Amanda,” said he, “will be availing ; without the assistance of a friend, you may be convinced, I could not have entered this house, and the same friend will, you may depend on it, take care that our *tête-à-tête* is not interrupted.”

Amanda shuddered at the idea of treachery ; and being convinced, from what he said, she could not expect assistance, endeavored to recover her fainting spirits, and exert all her resolution.

“Your scheme, Colonel Belgrave,” said she, “is equally vile and futile. Though treachery may have brought you hither, you must be convinced that, under the Marquis of Roslin’s roof, who, by relationship, as well as hospitality, is bound to protect me, you dare not, with impunity, offer me any insult. The marquis will be at home immediately ; if, therefore, you wish to preserve the semblance of honor, retire without further delay.” “Not to retire so easily,” exclaimed Belgrave, “did I take such pains, or watch so anxiously for this interview. Fear not any insult ; but, till I have revealed the purpose of my soul, I will not be forced from you. My love, or rather adoration, has known no abatement by your long concealment : and now that chance has so happily thrown you in my way, I will not neglect using any opportunity it may offer.” “Gracious Heavens !” said Amanda, while her eyes flashed with indignation, “how can you have the effrontery to avow your insolent intentions — intentions which long since you must have known would ever prove abortive ?” “And why, my Amanda,” said he, again attempting to strain her to his breast, while she shrunk from his grasp, “why should they prove abortive ? why should you be obstinate in refusing wealth, happiness, the sincere, the ardent affection of a man who, in promoting your felicity, would constitute his own ? My life, my fortune, would be at your command ; my eternal gratitude would be yours for any trifling sacrifice the world might think

you made me. Hesitate no longer about raising yourself to affluence, which, to a benevolent spirit like yours, must be so peculiarly pleasing. Hesitate not to secure independence to your father, promotion to your brother; and, be assured, if the connection I formed in an ill-fated hour, deceived by a specious appearance of perfection, should ever be dissolved, my hand, like my heart, shall be yours." "Monster!" exclaimed Amanda, beholding him with horror, "your hand, was it at your disposal, like your other offers, I should spurn with contempt. Cease to torment me," she continued, "lest, in my own defense, I call upon those who have power, as well as inclination, to chastise your insolence. Let this consideration, joined to the certainty that your pursuit must ever prove unavailing, influence your future actions; for, be assured, you are in every respect an object of abhorrence to my soul."

As she spoke, exerting all her strength, she burst from him, and attempted to gain the door. He flung himself between her and it, his face inflamed with passion, and darting the most malignant glances at her.

Terrified by his looks, Amanda tried to avoid him; and when he caught her again in his arms, she screamed aloud. No one appeared; her terror increased.

"O Belgrave!" cried she, trembling, "if you have one principle of honor, one feeling of humanity remaining, retire. I will pardon and conceal what is past, if you comply with my request." "I distress you, Amanda," said he, assuming a softened accent, "and it wounds me to the soul to do so, though you, cruel and inexorable, care not what pain you occasion me. Hear me calmly, and be assured I shall attempt no action which can offend you."

He led her again to the sofa, and thus continued:—

"Misled by false views, you shun and detest the only man who has had sufficient sincerity to declare openly his intentions; inexperience and credulity have already made you a dupe to artifice. You imagined Sir Charles Bingley was a fervent admirer of yours, when, be assured, in following you he only obeyed the dictates of an egregious vanity, which flattered him with the hope of gaining your regard, and being distinguished by it. Nothing was farther from his thoughts, as he himself confessed to me, than seriously paying his addresses to you; and had you appeared willing, at last, to accept them, be assured he would soon have contrived some scheme to

disengage himself from you. The attentions of Lord Mortimer are prompted by a motive much more dangerous than that which instigated Sir Charles. He really admires you, and would have you believe his views are honorable ; but beware of his duplicity. He seeks to take advantage of the too great confidence you repose in him. His purpose once accomplished, he would sacrifice you to Lady Euphrasia ; and I know enough of her malevolent disposition to be convinced she would enjoy her triumph over so lovely a victim. Ah, my dear Amanda, even beauty and elegance like yours would not, on the generality of mankind, have power to make them forego the advantages annexed to wealth — on Lord Mortimer, particularly, they would fail of that effect. His ambition and avarice are equal to his father's ; and though his heart and soul, I am confident, revolt from the mind and person of Lady Euphrasia, he will unite himself to her, for the sake of possessing her fortune, and thus increasing his own power of procuring the gratifications he delights in. As my situation is known, I cannot be accused of deception, and whatever I promise will be strictly fulfilled. Deliberate therefore no longer, my Amanda, on the course you shall pursue." "No," cried she, "I shall, indeed, no longer deliberate about it."

As she spoke she started from her seat. Belgrave again seized her hand. At this moment a knocking was heard at the hall door, which echoed through the house. Amanda trembled, and Belgrave paused in a speech he had begun. She supposed the marquis had returned. It was improbable he would come to that room ; and even if he did, from his distrustful and malignant temper, she knew not whether she should have reason to rejoice at or regret his presence. But how great was her confusion when, instead of his voice, she heard those of the marchioness and her party ! In a moment the dreadful consequences which might ensue from her present situation rushed upon her mind. By the forced attentions of the marchioness and Lady Euphrasia, she was not long deceived, and had reason to believe, from the inveterate dislike they bore her, that they would rejoice at an opportunity like the present for traducing her fame ; and with horror she saw that appearances, even in the eyes of candor, would be against her. She had positively, and unexpectedly, refused going to the ball. She had expressed delight at the idea of staying at home. Alas ! would not all these circumstances be dwelt upon ?

What ideas might they not excite in Lord Mortimer, who already showed a tendency to jealousy? Half wild at the idea, she clasped her hands together and exclaimed, in a voice trembling with anguish: "Merciful Heaven, I am ruined forever!"

"No, no," cried Belgrave, flinging himself at her feet; "pardon me, Amanda, and I never more will molest you. I see your principles are invincible. I admire, I revere your purity, and nevermore will I attempt to injure it. I was on the point of declaring so when that cursed knock came to the door. Compose yourself, and consider what can be done in the present emergency. You will be ruined if I am seen with you. The malicious devils you live with would never believe our united asseverations of your innocence. Conceal me, therefore, if possible, till the family are settled; the person who let me in will then secure my retreat, and I swear solemnly nevermore to trouble you."

Amanda hesitated between the confidence her innocence inspired, and the dread of the unpleasant construction malice might put on her situation. She heard the party ascending the stairs. Fear conquered her reluctance to concealment, and she motioned to Belgrave to retire to a closet adjoining the dressing room. He obeyed the motion, and closed the door softly after him.

Amanda, snatching up her book, endeavored to compose herself; but the effort was ineffectual — she trembled universally — nor was her agitation diminished when, from the outside of the door, Lady Euphrasia called to her to open it. She tottered to it, and almost fainted on finding it locked — with difficulty she opened it, and the whole party, followed by the marquis, entered.

"Upon my word, Miss Fitzalan," said the marchioness, "you were determined no one should disturb your meditations. I fear we have surprised you; but poor Euphrasia was taken ill at the ball, and we were obliged to return with her." "Miss Fitzalan has not been much better, I believe," said Lady Euphrasia, regarding her attentively. "Good Lord, child!" cried Lady Greystock, "what is the matter with you? Why, you look as pale as if you had seen a ghost." "Miss Fitzalan is fond of solitude," exclaimed the marquis, preventing her replying to Lady Greystock. "When I returned home about an hour ago, I sent to request her company in the parlor, which honor, I assure you, I was refused."

The message, indeed, had been sent, but never delivered to Amanda.

“I assure you, my lord,” said she, “I heard of no such request.” “And pray, child, how have you been employed all this time?” asked Lady Greystock. “In reading, madam,” faltered out Amanda, while her deathlike paleness was succeeded by a deep blush. “You are certainly ill,” said Lord Mortimer, who sat beside her, in a voice expressive of regret at the conviction. “You have been indulging melancholy ideas, I fear,” continued he, softly, and taking her hand, “for surely—surely to-night you are uncommonly affected.”

Amanda attempted to speak. The contending emotions of her mind prevented her utterance, and the tears trickled silently down her cheeks. Lord Mortimer saw she wished to avoid notice, yet scarcely could he forbear requesting some assistance for her.

Lady Euphrasia now complained of a violent headache. The marchioness wanted to ring for remedies. This Lady Euphrasia opposed; at last, as if suddenly recollecting it, she said, “in the closet there was a bottle of eau de luce, which she was certain would be of service to her.”

At the mention of the closet, the blood ran cold through the veins of Amanda; but when she saw Lady Euphrasia rise to enter it, had death, in its most frightful form, stared her in the face, she could not have betrayed more horror. She looked toward it with a countenance as expressive of wild affright as Macbeth’s, when viewing the chair on which the specter of the murdered Banquo sat. Lord Mortimer, observing the disorder of her looks, began to tremble. He grasped her hand with a convulsive motion, and exclaimed:—

“Amanda, what means this agitation?”

A loud scream from Lady Euphrasia broke upon their ears, and she rushed from the closet, followed by Belgrave.

“Gracious Heaven!” exclaimed Lord Mortimer, dropping Amanda’s hand, and rising precipitately.

Amanda looked around—she beheld every eye fastened on her with amazement and contempt. The shock was too much for her to support. A confused idea started into her mind that a deep-laid plot had been concerted to ruin her; she faintly exclaimed, “I am betrayed,” and sank back upon the sofa.

Lord Mortimer started at her exclamation. “Oh, Heavens!”

cried he, as he looked toward her; unable to support the scene that would ensue in consequence of this discovery, he struck his forehead in agony, and rushed out of the room. In the hall he was stopped by Mrs. Jane, the maid appointed by the marchioness to attend Amanda.

“Alackaday, my lord,” said she, in a whimpering voice, “something dreadful, I am afraid, has happened above stairs. Oh, dear! what people suffer sometimes by their good nature. I am sure, if I thought any harm would come of granting Miss Fitzalan’s request, she might have begged and prayed long enough before I would have obliged her.” “Did she desire you to bring Colonel Belgrave to this house?” asked Lord Mortimer. “Oh, to be sure she did, my lord, or how should I ever have thought of such a thing? She has been begging and praying long enough for me to contrive some way of bringing him here; and she told me a piteous story, which would have softened a stone, of his being a sweetheart of hers before he was married.” “Merciful powers!” cried Lord Mortimer, clasping his hands together, “how have I been deceived.”

He was hurrying away, when Mrs. Jane caught his coat. “I shall lose my place,” said she, sobbing, “that I shall, most certainly; for my lord and lady never will forgive my bringing any one in such a way into the house. I am sure I thought no great harm in it, and did it quite from good nature; for, indeed, how could one resist the poor, dear young lady; she cried, and said she only wanted to bid farewell to her dear Belgrave.”

Lord Mortimer could bear no more. He shook her from him, and hurried from the house.

Amanda’s faculties suffered but a momentary suspension; as she opened her eyes, her composure and fortitude returned.

“I am convinced,” said she, rising and advancing to the marquis, “it will shock your lordship to hear that it is the treachery of some person under your roof has involved me in my present embarrassing situation. For my own justification, ’tis necessary to acknowledge that I have long been the object of a pursuit from Colonel Belgrave as degrading to his character as insulting to mine. When he broke so unexpectedly upon me to-night, he declared—even with effrontery—declared he had a friend in this house who gave him access to it. As your guest, my lord, I may expect your lordship’s protection; also that an immediate inquiry be made for the abettor



in this scheme against me, and a full discovery of it extorted — that should the affair be mentioned, it may be explained, and my fame cleared of every imputation.” “That, madam,” said the marquis, with a malicious sneer, “would not be so easy a matter as you may perhaps suppose. Neither the world nor I am so credulous as you imagine. Your story, madam, by no means hangs well together. There is no person in my house would have dared to commit the act you accuse them of, as they must know the consequence of it would be immediate dismissal from my service. Had not Colonel Belgrave been voluntarily admitted, he never would have been concealed; no, madam, you would have rejoiced at the opportunity our presence gave you of punishing his temerity. Innocence is bold; ’tis guilt alone is timorous.”

The truth of part of his speech struck forcibly on Amanda; but how could she explain her conduct? — how declare it was her dread of the marchioness and Lady Euphrasia’s malice which had made her consent to conceal him.

“Oh, I see,” said she, in the agony of her soul — “I see I am the dupe of complicated artifice.” “I never in my life,” cried the marchioness, “met with such assurance — to desire the marquis to be her champion.” “As she was intrusted to my care, however,” exclaimed Lady Greystock, “I think it necessary to inquire into the affair. Pray, sir,” turning to the colonel, “by what means did you come here?”

The colonel, with undiminished assurance, had hitherto stood near the fatal closet, leaning on a chair.

“That, madam,” replied he, “I must be excused revealing. Let me, however, assure your ladyship ’tis not on my own account I affect concealment.” Here he glanced at Amanda. “Those parts of my conduct, however, which I choose to conceal, I shall always be ready to defend.” “Sir,” cried the marquis, haughtily, “no explanation or defense of your conduct is here required; I have neither right nor inclination to interfere in Miss Fitzalan’s concerns.”

The colonel bowed to the circle, and was retiring, when Amanda flew to him and caught his arm. “Surely, surely,” said she, almost gasping for breath, “you cannot be so inhuman as to retire without explaining this whole affair. O Belgrave, leave me not a prey to slander. By all your hopes of mercy and forgiveness hereafter, I conjure you to clear my fame.”

“My dear creature,” said he, in a low voice, yet loud enough

to be heard by the whole party, "anything I could say would be unavailing. You find they are determined not to see things in the light we wish them viewed. Compose yourself, I beseech you, and be assured, while I exist, you never shall want comfort or affluence."

He gently disengaged himself as he spoke, and quitted the room, leaving her riveted to the floor in amazement at his insolence and perfidy.

"I am sure," said Lady Greystock, "I shall regret all my life the hour in which I took her under my protection; though indeed, from what I heard soon after my arrival in London, I should have dispatched her back to her father, but I felt a foolish pity for her. I was in hopes, indeed, the society I had introduced her to would have produced a reformation, and that I might be the means of saving a young creature from entire destruction." "From what I have already suffered by her family, nothing should have tempted me to take her under my roof," exclaimed the marchioness. "Was she my relation," cried the marquis, "I should long since have come to a determination about her; as yours, madam," turning to the marchioness, "I shall not attempt forming one; I deem it, however, absolutely necessary to remove Lady Euphrasia Sutherland from the house till the young lady chooses to quit it. I shall, therefore, order the carriage to be ready at an early hour for the villa."

"I shall certainly accompany your lordship," cried the marchioness, "for I cannot endure her sight; and though she deserves it, it shall not be said that we turned her from the house." "The only measure she should pursue," exclaimed Lady Greystock, "is to set off as soon as possible for Ireland; when she returns to obscurity the affair may die away." "It may, however," said Amanda, "be yet revived to cover with confusion its contrivers. To Heaven I leave the vindication of my innocence. Its justice is sure, though sometimes slow, and the hour of retribution often arrives when least expected. Much as I have suffered—much as I may still suffer, I think my own situation preferable to theirs who have set their snares around me. The injurer must ever feel greater pangs than the injured—the pangs of guilt and remorse. I shall return to my obscurity, happy in the consciousness that it is not a shelter from shame, but a refuge from cruelty I seek. But can I be surprised at meeting cruelty from those who have long since waived

the ties of kindred!—from those,” and she glanced at Lady Greystock, “who have set aside the claims of justice and humanity?”

The marchioness trembled with rage at this speech, and as Amanda retired from the room, exclaimed, “Intolerable assurance.”

Amanda repaired immediately to her chamber. She tottered as she walked, and the housekeeper and Mrs. Jane, who, with some other servants, had assembled out of curiosity near the door, followed her thither.

The emotions she had so painfully suppressed now burst forth with violence. She fell into an agony of tears and sobs which impeded her breathing. The housekeeper and Jane loosened her clothes and supported her to the bed. In a short time she was sufficiently recovered to be able to speak, and requested they would engage a carriage for her against the next day, at an early hour, that she might commence her journey to Ireland. This they promised, and at her desire retired.

Success, but not happiness, had crowned the marchioness' scheme. She triumphed in the disgrace she had drawn upon Amanda, but feared that disgrace was only temporary. She had entangled her in a snare, but she dreaded not having secured her in it. She distrusted those who had assisted her designs—for the guilty will ever suspect each other. They might betray her, or Colonel Belgrave might repent; but such evils, if they did ever arrive, were probably far distant. In the interim, all she desired to accomplish might be effected. Long had she been meditating on some plan which should ruin Amanda forever—not only in the opinion of Lord Mortimer, but in the estimation of the world. With the profligacy of Colonel Belgrave she was well acquainted, and inclined from it to believe that he would readily join in any scheme which could give him a chance of possessing Amanda. On discovering her residence, he had ordered his valet, who was a trusty agent in all his villainies, to endeavor to gain access to the house, that he might discover whether there was a chance of introducing him there. The valet obeyed his orders, and soon attached himself to Mrs. Jane, whom the marchioness had placed about Amanda, from knowing she was capable of any deceitful part. She was introduced to Belgrave, and a handsome present secured her in his interest.

She communicated to the marchioness the particulars of

their interview. From that period they had been seeking to bring about such a scene as was at last acted ; for the conduct of Amanda had hitherto defeated their intentions. Her staying from the ball at last gave the wished-for opportunity.

Lady Euphrasia was apprised of the whole plot, and the hint of her indisposition was given in the morning, that no suspicion might be entertained in the evening, when mentioned as a plea for returning home earlier than was intended.

Colonel Belgrave was introduced into the closet by Mrs. Jane, through a door that opened from the lobby ; and while Amanda sat pensively reading, he stole out, and secured the other door, as already mentioned.

When Lady Euphrasia declared she was too ill to continue at the ball, Lord Mortimer offered to attend her home. Had he not done so, the marchioness intended to have asked him.

The marquis was persuaded that Amanda was an artful and dangerous rival to his daughter, and he hated her from that consideration. The laws of hospitality obliged him to treat her with politeness, but he gladly seized the first opportunity that offered for expressing his dislike.

Lady Greystock saw through the plot, but she professed her belief of Amanda's guilt, which was all the marchioness required.

The marquis left the ladies together, while he went to give orders about his early journey. Soon after his departure a loud knocking was heard, which announced a visitor ; and from the lateness of the hour, they conjectured, and were right in doing so, that it must be Lord Mortimer.

After traversing several streets, in an agony no language could describe, he returned to Portman Square. His fancy presented Amanda to his view, overwhelmed with shame, and sinking beneath the keen reproaches leveled at her. In the idea of her sufferings, all resentment for the supposed perfidy was forgotten. Human nature was liable to err, and the noblest effort that nature could make was to pardon such errors. To speak comfort to this fallen angel, he felt would relieve the weight which pressed upon his own breast. Pale and disordered he entered the room, and found the ladies apparently much affected.

"My dear lord," said the marchioness, "I am glad you are come back. As a friend of the family, you may perhaps honor us with your advice on the present occasion." "Indeed," ex-

claimed Lady Greystock, "I suppose his lordship is at as great a loss to know what can be done as we are. Was the colonel in a situation to make any reparation — but a married man, only think, how horrible!" "Execrable monster!" cried Lord Mortimer, starting from his seat, and traversing the room, "it were a deed of kindness to mankind to extirpate him from the earth; but say," continued he, and his voice faltered as he spoke, "where is the unfortunate ——" he could not pronounce the name of Amanda. "In her own room," replied the marchioness. "I assure you, she behaved with not a little insolence, on Lady Greystock advising her to return home. For my part, I shall let her act as she pleases."

She then proceeded to mention the marquis' resolution of leaving the house till she had quitted it, and that he insisted on their accompanying him.

"To return to her father is certainly the only eligible plan she can pursue," said Lord Mortimer; "but allow me," continued he, "to request that your ladyship will not impute to insolence any expression which dropped from her. Pity her wounded feelings, and soften her sorrows." "I declare," cried Lady Euphrasia, "I thought I should have fainted from the pity I felt for her." "You pitied her, then," said Lord Mortimer, sitting down by her ladyship, "you pitied and soothed her afflictions?" "Yes, indeed," replied she.

If ever Lady Euphrasia appeared pleasing in the eyes of Lord Mortimer it was at this moment, when he was credulous enough to believe she had shed the tear of pity over his lost Amanda. He took her hand. "Ah! my dear Lady Euphrasia," said he, in an accent of melting softness, "perhaps even now she needs consolation. A gentle female friend would be a comfort to her wounded heart."

Lady Euphrasia immediately took the hint, and said she would go to her.

He led her to the door. "You are going," cried he, "to perform the office of an angel — to console the afflicted. Ah! well does it become the young and gentle of your sex to pity such misfortunes."

Her ladyship retired, but not indeed to the chamber of the forlorn Amanda. In her own she vented the rage of her soul in something little short of execrations against Lord Mortimer, for the affection she saw he still retained for Amanda.

[Mortimer returns later for a final interview with Amanda, in which she faints, and he consigns her still insensible to the housekeeper, with a letter to be given her; engaging also to send a carriage and attendant for her journey. The housekeeper opens the letter, finds a £500 note in it, confiscates it, and hurries off Amanda before Mortimer's carriage can arrive. After four hours' traveling, they arrive at an ill-looking road-house about noon.]

Amanda was unwilling to enter; but the horses were here to be changed, and she was shown into a dirty parlor, where, almost sinking with weakness, she ordered tea to be immediately brought in. She was much astonished, as she sat at the tea table, to see Nicholas [the footman] enter the room with a familiar air, and seat himself by her. She stared at him at first, supposing him intoxicated; but perceiving no signs of this in his countenance, began to fear that the insults she had received at the marquis' made him think himself authorized to treat her with this insolence. She rose abruptly, and, summoning all her resolution to her aid, desired him to retire, adding, "If his attendance was requisite she would ring for him."

Nicholas also quitted his seat, and following her, caught her in his arms, exclaiming, "Bless us, how hoity-toity you are grown!"

Amanda shrieked, and stamped on the floor in an agony of terror and indignation.

"Why, now really," said he, "after what happened at home, I think you need not be so coy with me." "Oh, save me, Heaven, from this wretch!" was all the affrighted Amanda could articulate.

The door opened. A waiter appeared, and told Nicholas he was wanted without. Nicholas released Amanda, and ran directly from the room. Amanda sunk upon a chair, and her head turned giddy at the idea of the danger with which she was surrounded. She saw herself in the power of a wretch—perhaps wretches, for the house seemed a proper place for scenes of villainy—without the means of delivering herself. She walked to the window. A confused idea of getting through it, and running from the house, darted into her mind, but she turned from it in agony at seeing a number of countrymen drinking before it. She now could only raise her feeble hands to heaven to supplicate its protection.

She passed some minutes in this manner, when the lock turned and made her shudder, but it was the landlady alone

who entered. She came, she said, with Nicholas' respectful duty and he was sorry he was obliged to go back to town without seeing her safe to her journey's end.

"Is he really gone?" asked Amanda, with all the eagerness of joy. "Yes," the woman said; "a person had followed him from London on purpose to bring him back." "Is the carriage ready?" cried Amanda. She was informed it was. "Let me fly, then." The landlady impeded her progress to tell her the bill was not yet settled. Amanda pulled out her purse, and besought her not to detain her. This the woman had no desire to do. Things were therefore settled without delay between them, and Amanda was driven with as much expedition as she could desire from the terrifying mansion. The chaise had proceeded about two miles, when, in the middle of a solitary road, or rather lane, by the side of a wood, it suddenly stopped. Amanda, alarmed at every incident, hastily looked out, and inquired what was the matter; but how impossible to describe her terror when she beheld Colonel Belgrave, and Nicholas standing by him! She shrunk back, and entreated the postilion to drive on; but he heeded not her entreaty. Nicholas opened the door, and Belgrave sprang into the carriage. Amanda attempted to burst open the door at the opposite side; but he caught her to his bosom, and the horses set off at full speed. Colonel Belgrave's valet had been secreted by Mrs. Jane the preceding night in the house, that he might be able to give his master intelligence of all that passed within it in consequence of his being discovered in the closet. On hearing the family were gone to the marquis' villa, Belgrave believed he could easily prevail on the domestics to deliver up Amanda to him. Elated with hope, he reached the house, attended by his valet, just after she had quitted it. The housekeeper hesitated to inform him of the road she had taken till she had procured what she knew would be the consequence of her hesitation—a large bribe. Horses were then immediately procured, and Belgrave and his servant set off in pursuit of Amanda. The sight of a traveling chaise, at the little inn already mentioned, prompted their inquiries; and on finding the chaise waited for Amanda, the colonel retired to a private room, sent for Nicholas, and secured him in his interest. It was settled they should repair to the wood, by which the postilion was bribed to pass, and from thence proceed to a country house of the colonel's. Their scheme accomplished, Nicholas, happy in the service he

had done, or rather the reward he had obtained for that service, again turned his face toward London.

The carriage and attendants Lord Mortimer procured for Amanda arrived even earlier than the housekeeper had expected, and she blessed her lucky stars for the precipitancy with which she had hurried off Amanda. They were followed by his lordship himself, whose wretched heart could not support the idea of letting Amanda depart without once more beholding her. Great was his dismay, his astonishment, when the housekeeper informed him she was gone.

"Gone!" he repeated, changing color.

The housekeeper said that, without her knowledge, Miss Fitzalan had a chaise hired, and the moment it came to the door stepped into it, notwithstanding she was told his lordship meant to provide everything proper for her journey himself. "But she said, my lord," cried the housekeeper, "she wanted none of your care, and that she could never get fast enough from a house, or from people, where and by whom she had been so illtreated."

Lord Mortimer asked if she had any attendant, and whether she took the letter.

The housekeeper answered both these questions in the affirmative. "Truly, my lord," she continued, "I believe your lordship said something in that letter which pleased her, for she smiled on opening it, and said, 'Well, well, this is something like comfort.'" "And was she really so mean?" he was on the point of asking, but he timely checked a question which was springing from a heart that sickened at finding the object of its tenderest affections unworthy in every respect of possessing them. Every idea of this kind soon gave way to anxiety on her account. His heart misgave him at her undertaking so long a journey under the protection of a common servant; and, unable to endure his apprehensions, he determined instantly to pursue and see her safe himself to the destined port.

The woman, who had hitherto sat in the chaise, was ordered to return home. He entered it with eagerness, and promised liberally to reward the postillions if they used expedition. They had changed horses but once when Lord Mortimer saw Nicholas approaching, whom, at the first glance, he knew. He stopped the carriage, and called out, "Where have you left Miss Fitzalan?" "Faith, my lord," cried Nicholas, instantly stopping and taking off his hat, "in very good company. I



left her with Colonel Belgrave, who was waiting by appointment on the road for her." "Oh! horrible infatuation!" said Lord Mortimer, "that nothing can snatch her from the arms of infamy."

The postilion desired to know whether he should return to London.

Lord Mortimer hesitated, and at last desired him to go on according to his first directions. He resolved to proceed to Parkgate and discover whether Amanda had returned to Ireland. They had not proceeded far when they overtook a traveling chaise. As Lord Mortimer passed, he looked into it, and beheld Amanda, reclining on the bosom of Belgrave. He trembled universally, closed his eyes, and sighed out the name of the perfidious Amanda. When they had got some way before the other chaise, he desired the postilion to strike off into another road, which by a circuit of a few miles would bring them back to London. Amanda, it was evident, had put herself under the protection of Belgrave, and to know whether she went to Ireland was now of little consequence to him, as he supposed her unreclaimable. But how impossible to describe his distress and confusion when almost the first object he beheld, on alighting in St. James' Square, was his aunt, Lady Martha Dormer, who, in compliance with his urgent request, had hastened to London. Had a specter crossed his sight he could not have been more shocked.

"Well, my dear Frederick," said her ladyship, "you see I lost no time in obeying your wishes. I have flown hither, I may indeed say, on the wings of love. But where is this little divinity of thine? I long to have a peep at her goddessship."

Lord Mortimer, inexpressibly shocked, turned to the window.

"I shall see, to be sure," cried her ladyship, "quite a little paragon. Positively, Frederick, I will be introduced this very evening." "My dear aunt, my Lady Martha," said Lord Mortimer, impatiently, "for Heaven's sake spare me!" "But tell me," she continued, "when I shall commence this attack upon your father's heart?" "Never! never!" sighed Mortimer, half distracted. "What! you suppose he will prove inflexible? But I do not despair of convincing you to the contrary. Tell me, Frederick, when the little charmer is to be seen?" "O God!" cried Mortimer, striking his forehead. "She is lost," said he, "she is lost forever!"

Lady Martha was alarmed. She now, for the first time, noticed the wild and pallid looks of her nephew. "Gracious Heaven!" she exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

The dreadful explanation Lord Mortimer now found himself under a necessity of giving; the shame of acknowledging he was so deceived, the agony he suffered from that deception, joined to the excessive agitation and fatigue he had suffered the preceding night, and the present day, so powerfully assailed him at this moment, that his senses suddenly gave way, and he actually fainted on the floor.

What a sight for the tender Lady Martha! She saw something dreadful had happened, and what this was Lord Mortimer, as soon as he recovered, informed her.

He then retired to his chamber. He could neither converse nor bear to be conversed with. His fondest hopes were blasted, nor could he forego the sad indulgence of mourning over them in solitude. He felt almost convinced that the hold Amanda had on his affections could not be withdrawn; he had considered her as scarcely less than his wife, and had she been really such, her present conduct could not have given him more anguish. Had she been snatched from him by the hand of death, had she been wedded to a worthy character, he could have summoned fortitude to his aid; but to find her the prey of a villain was a shock too horrible to bear, at least for a long period, with patience.



## THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

By THOMAS CAMPBELL.

[THOMAS CAMPBELL: A Scotch poet and author; born July 27, 1777, in Glasgow, where he attended the university, and made great local fame by his translations of Greek poetry and drama. During his travels on the Continent (1800-1811) he was an eyewitness of the battle of Hohenlinden. He settled in England; edited the *New Monthly Magazine* (1820-1830); was lord rector of Glasgow University (1827-1829); died at Boulogne, June 15, 1844, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Campbell's chief poems are: "The Pleasures of Hope" (1799), "Gertrude of Wyoming," "The Exile of Erin," "Ye Mariners of England," "Lochiel's Warning," "Hohenlinden," "O'Connor's Child," "The Battle of the Baltic," "The Soldier's Dream," "Lord Ullin's Daughter."]

At SUMMER eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow  
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,  
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,  
Whose sun-bright summit mingles with the sky?

Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear  
 More sweet than all the landscape smiling near? —  
 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,  
 And robes the mountain in its azure hue.  
 Thus, with delight, we linger to survey  
 The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;  
 Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene  
 More pleasing seems than all the past hath been,  
 And every form, that Fancy can repair  
 From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.  
 What potent spirit guides the raptured eye  
 To pierce the shades of dim futurity?  
 Can Wisdom lend, with all her heavenly power,  
 The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?  
 Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man —  
 Her dim horizon bounded to a span;  
 Or, if she hold an image to the view,  
 'Tis Nature pictured too severely true.  
 With thee, sweet HOPE! resides the heavenly light,  
 That pours remotest rapture on the sight:  
 Thine is the charm of life's bewildered way,  
 That calls each slumbering passion into play.  
 Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band,  
 On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,  
 And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,  
 To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career.

Primeval HOPE, the Aōnian Muses say,  
 When Man and Nature mourned their first decay;  
 When every form of death, and every woe,  
 Shot from malignant stars to earth below;  
 When Murder bared her arm, and rampant War  
 Yoked the red dragons of her iron car;  
 When Peace and Mercy, banished from the plain,  
 Sprung on the viewless winds to Heaven again;  
 All, all forsook the friendless, guilty mind,  
 But HOPE, the charmer, lingered still behind.

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare  
 From Carmel's heights to sweep the fields of air,  
 The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,  
 Dropt on the world — a sacred gift to man.

Auspicious HOPE! in thy sweet garden grow  
 Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe;  
 Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,  
 The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;  
 There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,

What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring!  
 What viewless forms th' Æolian organ play,  
 And sweep the furrowed lines of anxious thought away.

Angel of life! thy glittering wings explore  
 Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest shore.  
 Lo! to the wintry winds the pilot yields  
 His bark careering o'er unfathomed fields;  
 Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,  
 Where Andes, giant of the western star,  
 With meteor standard to the winds unfurled,  
 Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world!

Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer smiles,  
 On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles:  
 Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,  
 From wastes that slumber in eternal snow;  
 And waft, across the waves' tumultuous roar,  
 The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.

Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,  
 Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form!  
 Rocks, waves, and winds, the shattered bark delay;  
 Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.

But HOPE can here her moonlight vigils keep,  
 And sing to charm the spirit of the deep:  
 Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,  
 Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul;  
 His native hills that rise in happier climes,  
 The grot that heard his song of other times,  
 His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,  
 His glassy lake, and broomwood-blossomed vale,  
 Rush on his thought; he sweeps before the wind,  
 Treads the loved shore he sighed to leave behind;  
 Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,  
 And flies at last to Helen's long embrace;  
 Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear!  
 And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear!  
 While, long neglected, but at length caressed,  
 His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,  
 Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)  
 His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.

Friend of the brave! in peril's darkest hour,  
 Intrepid Virtue looks to thee for power;  
 To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,  
 On stormy floods, and carnage-covered fields,  
 When front to front the bannered hosts combine,  
 Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line.

When all is still on Death's devoted soil,  
 The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil!  
 As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high  
 The dauntless brow, and spirit-speaking eye,  
 Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,  
 And hears thy stormy music in the drum!

And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore  
 The hardy Byron to his native shore—  
 In horrid climes, where Chiloe's tempests sweep  
 Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep,  
 'Twas his to mourn Misfortune's rudest shock,  
 Scourged by the winds, and cradled on the rock,  
 To wake each joyless morn and search again  
 The famished haunts of solitary men;  
 Whose race, unyielding as their native storm,  
 Know not a trace of Nature but the form;  
 Yet, at thy call, the hardy tar pursued,  
 Pale, but intrepid, sad, but unsubdued,  
 Pierced the deep woods, and, hailing from afar  
 The moon's pale planet and the northern star,  
 Paused at each dreary cry, unheard before,  
 Hyenas in the wild, and mermaids on the shore;  
 Till, led by thee o'er many a cliff sublime,  
 He found a warmer world, a milder clime,  
 A home to rest, a shelter to defend,  
 Peace and repose, a Briton and a friend!

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Where is the troubled heart consigned to share  
 Tumultuous toils, or solitary care,  
 Unblest by visionary thoughts that stray  
 To count the joys of Fortune's better day!  
 Lo, nature, life, and liberty relume  
 The dim-eyed tenant of the dungeon gloom,  
 A long-lost friend, or hapless child restored,  
 Smiles at his blazing hearth and social board;  
 Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow,  
 And virtue triumphs o'er remembered woe.

Chide not his peace, proud Reason! nor destroy  
 The shadowy forms of uncreated joy,  
 That urge the lingering tide of life, and pour  
 Spontaneous slumber on his midnight hour.  
 Hark! the wild maniac sings, to chide the gale  
 That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail;  
 She, sad spectatress, on the wintry shore,  
 Watched the rude surge his shroudless corse that bore,

Knew the pale form, and, shrieking in amaze,  
 Clasped her cold hands, and fixed her maddening gaze:  
 Poor widowed wretch! 'twas there she wept in vain,  
 Till memory fled her agonizing brain;—  
 But Mercy gave, to charm the sense of woe,  
 Ideal peace, that Truth could ne'er bestow;  
 Warm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam,  
 And aimless HOPE delights her darkest dream.

Oft when yon moon has climbed the midnight sky,  
 And the lone sea bird wakes its wildest cry,  
 Piled on the steep, her blazing fagots burn  
 To hail the bark that never can return;  
 And still she waits, but scarce forbears to weep  
 That constant love can linger on the deep.

And, mark the wretch, whose wanderings never knew  
 The world's regard, that soothes, though half untrue;  
 Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,  
 But found not pity when it erred no more.  
 Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye  
 Th' unfeeling proud one looks—and passes by,  
 Condemned on Penury's barren path to roam,  
 Scorned by the world, and left without a home—  
 Even he, at evening, should he chance to stray  
 Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way,  
 Where, round the cot's romantic glade, are seen  
 The blossomed bean field, and the sloping green,  
 Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while—  
 Oh! that for me some home like this would smile,  
 Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form  
 Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm!  
 There should my hand no stinted boon assign  
 To wretched hearts with sorrow such as mine!—  
 That generous wish can soothe unpitied care,  
 And HOPE half mingles with the poor man's prayer.

HOPE! when I mourn, with sympathizing mind,  
 The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,  
 Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see  
 The boundless fields of rapture yet to be;  
 I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan,  
 And learn the future by the past of man.

Come, bright Improvement! on the car of Time,  
 And rule the spacious world from clime to clime;  
 Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,  
 Trace every wave, and culture every shore.  
 On Erie's banks, where tigers steal along,

And the dread Indian chants a dismal song,  
 Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,  
 And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk,  
 There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,  
 And shepherds dance at Summer's opening day;  
 Each wandering genius of the lonely glen  
 Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men,  
 And silent watch, on woodland heights around,  
 The village curfew as it tolls profound.

In Libyan groves, where damnèd rites are done,  
 That bathe the rocks in blood, and veil the sun,  
 Truth shall arrest the murderous arm profane,  
 Wild Obi flies — the veil is rent in twain.

Where barbarous hordes on Scythian mountains roam,  
 Truth, Mercy, Freedom, yet shall find a home;  
 Where'er degraded Nature bleeds and pines,  
 From Guinea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines,  
 Truth shall pervade th' unfathomed darkness there,  
 And light the dreadful features of despair. —  
 Hark! the stern captive spurns his heavy load,  
 And asks the image back that Heaven bestowed!  
 Fierce in his eye the fire of valor burns,  
 And, as the slave departs, the man returns.

Oh! sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased awhile,  
 And HOPE, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile.  
 When leagued Oppression poured to Northern wars  
 Her whiskered pandours and her fierce hussars,  
 Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,  
 Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet horn;  
 Tumultuous Horror brooded o'er her van,  
 Presaging wrath to Poland — and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her height surveyed,  
 Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid, —  
 Oh! Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save! —  
 Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?  
 Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,  
 Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!  
 By that dread name, we wave the sword on high!  
 And swear for her to live! — with her to die!

He said, and on the rampart heights arrayed  
 His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;  
 Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,  
 Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;  
 Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,  
 Revenge, or death, — the watchword and reply;

Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,  
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm!—

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!  
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew:—  
Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,  
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;  
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,  
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!  
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,  
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career;—  
HOPE, for a season, bade the world farewell,  
And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciusko fell!

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,  
Tumultuous Murder shook the midnight air—  
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,  
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;  
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,  
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!  
Hark! as the smoldering piles with thunder fall,  
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!  
Earth shook—red meteors flashed along the sky,  
And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry!

Oh! righteous Heaven; ere Freedom found a grave,  
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?  
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy rod,  
That smote the foes of Zion and of God;  
That crushed proud Ammon, when his iron car  
Was yoked in wrath, and thundered from afar?  
Where was the storm that slumbered till the host  
Of blood-stained Pharaoh left their trembling coast;  
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,  
And heaved an ocean on their march below?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!  
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!  
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,  
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!  
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,  
And make her arm puissant as your own!  
Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return  
The patriot TELL—the BRUCE OF BANNOCKBURN!

Yes! thy proud lords, unpitied land! shall see  
That man hath yet a soul—and dare be free!  
A little while, along thy saddening plains,  
The starless night of Desolation reigns;  
Truth shall restore the light by Nature given,



And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heaven!  
 Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurled,  
 Her name, her nature, withered from the world!

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Unfading HOPE! when life's last embers burn,  
 When soul to soul, and dust to dust return!  
 Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!  
 Oh! then, thy kingdom comes! Immortal Power!  
 What though each spark of earthborn rapture fly  
 The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!  
 Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey  
 The morning dream of life's eternal day —  
 Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,  
 And all the phenix spirit burns within!

Oh! deep-enchanting prelude to repose,  
 The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!  
 Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,  
 It is a dread and awful thing to die!  
 Mysterious worlds, untraveled by the sun!  
 Where Time's far wandering tide has never run,  
 From your unfathomed shades and viewless spheres  
 A warning comes, unheard by other ears.  
 'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,  
 Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!  
 While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,  
 The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;  
 And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod  
 The roaring waves, and called upon his God,  
 With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,  
 And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss!

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illumine  
 The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb;  
 Melt, and dispel, ye specter doubts that roll  
 Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul!  
 Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of Dismay,  
 Chased on his night steed by the star of day!  
 The strife is o'er — the pangs of Nature close,  
 And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.  
 Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,  
 The noon of Heaven undazzled by the blaze,  
 On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,  
 Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;  
 Wild as that hallowed anthem sent to hail  
 Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,  
 When Jordan hushed his waves, and midnight still  
 Watched on the holy towers of Zion hill!

Soul of the just! companion of the dead!  
 Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled?  
 Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,  
 Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose;  
 Doomed on his airy path awhile to burn,  
 And doomed, like thee, to travel, and return. —  
 Hark! from the world's exploding center driven,  
 With sounds that shook the firmament of Heaven,  
 Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,  
 On bickering wheels, and adamantine car;  
 From planet whirled to planet more remote,  
 He visits realms beyond the reach of thought;  
 But wheeling homeward, when his course is run,  
 Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun!  
 So hath the traveler of earth unfurled  
 Her trembling wings, emerging from the world;  
 And o'er the path by mortal never trod,  
 Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God.

Oh! lives there, Heaven, beneath thy dread expanse,  
 One hopeless, dark idolater of Chance,  
 Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined,  
 The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind;  
 Who, moldering earthward, 'reft of every trust,  
 In joyless union wedded to the dust,  
 Could all his parting energy dismiss,  
 And call this barren world sufficient bliss? —  
 There live, alas! of heaven-directed mien,  
 Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,  
 Who hail thee, Man! the pilgrim of a day,  
 Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay,  
 Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,  
 Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower;  
 A friendless slave, a child without a sire,  
 Whose mortal life and momentary fire  
 Light to the grave his chance-created form,  
 As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm;  
 And, when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,  
 To night and silence sink for evermore! —

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,  
 Lights of the world, and demigods of Fame?  
 Is this your triumph — this your proud applause,  
 Children of Truth, and champions of her cause?  
 For this hath Science searched, on weary wing,  
 By shore and sea — each mute and living thing!  
 Launched with Iberia's pilot from the steep,

To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep?  
 Or round the cope her living chariot driven,  
 And wheeled in triumph through the signs of Heaven.  
 Oh! Star-eyed science, hast thou wandered there,  
 To waft us home the message of despair?  
 Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,  
 Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit!  
 Ah me! the laureled wreath that Murder rears,  
 Blood-nursed, and watered by the widow's tears,  
 Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,  
 As waves the nightshade round the skeptic head.  
 What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain?  
 I smile on death, if Heavenward HOPE remain!  
 But, if the warring winds of Nature's strife  
 Be all the faithless charter of my life,  
 If Chance awaked, inexorable power,  
 This frail and feverish being of an hour;  
 Doomed o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,  
 Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,  
 To know Delight but by her parting smile,  
 And toil, and wish, and weep a little while;  
 Then melt, ye elements, that formed in vain  
 This troubled pulse, and visionary brain!  
 Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom,  
 And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb.  
 Truth, ever lovely, — since the world began,  
 The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man, —  
 How can thy words from balmy slumber start  
 Reposing Virtue, pillowed on the heart!  
 Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder rolled,  
 And that were true which Nature never told,  
 Let Wisdom smile not on her conquered field;  
 No rapture dawns, no treasure is revealed!  
 Oh! let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,  
 The doom that bars us from a better fate;  
 But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,  
 Weep to record, and blush to give it in!

And well may Doubt, the mother of Dismay,  
 Pause at her martyr's tomb, and read the lay.  
 Down by the wilds of yon deserted vale,  
 It darkly hints a melancholy tale!  
 There as the homeless madman sits alone,  
 In hollow winds he hears a spirit moan!  
 And there, they say, a wizard orgy crowds,  
 When the Moon lights her watchtower in the clouds.

Poor lost Alonzo! Fate's neglected child!  
 Mild be the doom of Heaven—as thou wert mild!  
 For oh! thy heart in holy mold was cast,  
 And all thy deeds were blameless, but the last.  
 Poor lost Alonzo! still I seem to hear  
 The clod that struck thy hollow-sounding bier!  
 When Friendship paid, in speechless sorrow drowned,  
 Thy midnight rites, but not on hallowed ground!  
 Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,  
 But leave—oh! leave the light of HOPE behind!  
 What though my wingèd hours of bliss have been,  
 Like angel visits, few and far between,  
 Her musing mood shall every pang appease,  
 And charm—when pleasures lose the power to please!  
 Yes; let each rapture, dear to Nature, flee:  
 Close not the light of Fortune's stormy sea—  
 Mirth, Music, Friendship, Love's propitious smile,  
 Chase every care, and charm a little while,  
 Ecstatic throbs the fluttering heart employ,  
 And all her strings are harmonized to joy!—  
 But why so short is Love's delighted hour?  
 Why fades the dew on Beauty's sweetest flower?  
 Why can no hymnèd charm of music heal  
 The sleepless woes impassioned spirits feel?  
 Can Fancy's fairy hands no veil create,  
 To hide the sad realities of fate?—

No! not the quaint remark, the sapient rule,  
 Nor all the pride of Wisdom's worldly school,  
 Have power to soothe, unaided and alone,  
 The heart that vibrates to a feeling tone!  
 When stepdame Nature every bliss recalls,  
 Fleet as the meteor o'er the desert falls;  
 When, 'reft of all, yon widowed sire appears  
 A lonely hermit in the vale of years;  
 Say, can the world one joyous thought bestow  
 To Friendship, weeping at the couch of Woe?  
 No! but a brighter soothes the last adieu,—  
 Souls of impassioned mold, she speaks to you!  
 Weep not, she says, at Nature's transient pain,  
 Congenial spirits part to meet again! . . .

Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be,  
 The tears of Love were hopeless, but for thee!  
 If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,  
 If that faint murmur be the last farewell,  
 If Fate unite the faithful but to part,  
 Why is their memory sacred to the heart?

Why does the brother of my childhood seem  
 Restored awhile in every pleasing dream?  
 Why do I joy the lonely spot to view,  
 By artless friendship blessed when life was new?  
 Eternal HOPE! when yonder spheres sublime  
 Pealed their first notes to sound the march of Time,  
 Thy joyous youth began — but not to fade. —  
 When all the sister planets have decayed;  
 When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,  
 And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;  
 Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,  
 And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.



## MINOR POEMS OF CAMPBELL.

## LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

*Seer* —

Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day  
 When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!  
 For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,  
 And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight:  
 They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;  
 Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!  
 Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,  
 And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.  
 But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,  
 What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?  
 'Tis thine, O Glenullin! whose bride shall await,  
 Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.  
 A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;  
 But its bridle is red with the sign of despair!  
 Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!  
 Oh, weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead;  
 For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave —  
 Culloden, that reeks with the blood of the brave!

*Lochiel* —

Go preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!  
 Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,  
 Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,  
 This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright!

*Seer* —

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?  
 Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!  
 Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth  
 From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the North?

Lo! the death shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode  
 Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;  
 But down let him stoop, from his havoc on high!  
 Ah! home let him speed, — for the spoiler is nigh.  
 Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast  
 Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?  
 'Tis the fire shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven  
 From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.  
 O crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,  
 Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,  
 Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;  
 Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!  
 For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,  
 And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood!

*Lochiel* —

False wizard, avaunt! I have marshaled my clan,  
 Their swords are a thousand, — their bosoms are one!  
 They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,  
 And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.  
 Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!  
 Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!  
 But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,  
 When Albin her claymore indignantly draws!  
 When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,  
 Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,  
 All plaided and plumed in their tartan array —

*Seer* —

Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day!  
 For dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,  
 But man cannot cover what God would reveal.  
 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,  
 And coming events cast their shadows before.  
 I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring  
 With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.  
 Lo! anointed by heaven with the vials of wrath,  
 Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!  
 Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my sight;  
 Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight! —  
 'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors, —  
 Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.  
 But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?  
 For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.  
 Say, mounts he the ocean wave, banished, forlorn,  
 Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?  
 Ah! no; for a darker departure is near;  
 The war drum is muffled, and black is the bier;

His death bell is tolling ; O mercy, dispel  
 Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell !  
 Life flutters, convulsed, in his quivering limbs,  
 And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims !  
 Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,  
 Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,  
 With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

*Lochiel*—

Down, soothless insulter ! I trust not the tale !  
 For never shall Albin a destiny meet  
 So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.  
 Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,  
 Like ocean weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,  
 Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,  
 While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,  
 Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,  
 With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe !  
 And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,  
 Look proudly to heaven from the deathbed of fame !

#### HOHENLINDEN, 1800.

On Linden, when the sun was low,  
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,  
 And dark as winter was the flow  
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,  
 When the drum beat at dead of night,  
 Commanding fires of death to light  
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,  
 Each horseman drew his battle blade,  
 And furious every charger neighed,  
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,  
 Then rushed the steed to battle driven,  
 And louder than the bolts of heaven,  
 Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,  
 On Linden's hills of stained snow,  
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun  
 Can pierce the war clouds, rolling dun,  
 Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,  
 Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
 Who rush to glory, or the grave!  
 Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave!  
 And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet!  
 The snow shall be their winding sheet,  
 And every turf beneath their feet  
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

**YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND. A NAVAL ODE**

Ye Mariners of England  
 That guard our native seas,  
 Whose flag has braved a thousand years  
 The battle and the breeze!  
 Your glorious standard launch again  
 To match another foe,  
 And sweep through the deep,  
 While the stormy winds do blow;  
 While the battle rages loud and long,  
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers  
 Shall start from every wave!—  
 For the deck it was their field of fame,  
 And Ocean was their grave:  
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell  
 Your manly hearts shall glow,  
 As ye sweep through the deep,  
 While the stormy winds do blow;  
 While the battle rages loud and long,  
 And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,  
 No towers along the steep;  
 Her march is o'er the mountain waves,  
 Her home is on the deep,  
 With thunders from her native oak  
 She quells the floods below—



As they roar on the shore,  
 When the stormy winds do blow ;  
 When the battle rages loud and long,  
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England  
 Shall yet terrific burn,  
 Till danger's troubled night depart  
 And the star of peace return.  
 Then, then, ye ocean warriors !  
 Our song and feast shall flow  
 To the fame of your name,  
 When the storm has ceased to blow ;  
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC, 1801.

Of Nelson and the North  
 Sing the glorious day's renown !  
 When to battle fierce came forth  
 All the might of Denmark's Crown,  
 And her arms along the deep proudly shone :  
 By each gun the lighted brand  
 In a bold determined hand,  
 And the Prince of all the land  
     Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat  
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine  
 While the sign of battle flew  
 On the lofty British line :  
 It was ten of April morn by the chime.  
 As they drifted on their path  
 There was silence deep as death,  
 And the boldest held his breath  
     For a time.

But the might of England flushed  
 To anticipate the scene ;  
 And her van the fleeter rushed  
 O'er the deadly space between :  
 " Hearts of oak ! " our captains cried : when each gun  
 From its adamantine lips  
 Spread a death shade round the ships,

Like the hurricane eclipse  
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!  
And the havoc did not slack  
Till a feebler cheer the Dane  
To our cheering sent us back;  
Their shots along the deep slowly boom;—  
Then ceased;—and all is wail,  
As they strike the shattered sail,  
Or in conflagration pale  
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the Victor then,  
As he hailed them o'er the wave:  
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!  
And we conquer but to save,—  
So peace instead of death let us bring!  
But yield, proud foe! thy fleet,  
With the crews, at England's feet,  
And make submission meet  
To our king!"

Then Denmark blessed our chief,  
That he gave her wounds repose:  
And the sounds of joy and grief  
From her people wildly rose,  
As Death withdrew his shades from the day;  
While the sun looked smiling bright  
O'er a wide and woeful sight  
Where the fires of funeral light  
Died away.

Now joy, Old England! raise  
For the tidings of thy might,  
By the festal cities' blaze  
Whilst the wine cup shines in light!  
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,  
Let us think of them that sleep,  
Full many a fathom deep,  
By thy wild and stormy steep,  
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride,  
Once so faithful and so true,  
On the deck of Fame that died  
With the gallant good Riou:

Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!  
 While the billow mournful rolls,  
 And the mermaid's song condoles,  
 Singing Glory to the souls  
   Of the Brave!

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A Chieftain to the Highlands bound  
 Cries "Boatman, do not tarry!  
 And I'll give thee a silver pound  
 To row us o'er the ferry!"

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle  
 This dark and stormy water?"  
 "O I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,  
 And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men  
 Three days we've fled together,  
 For should he find us in the glen,  
 My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride—  
 Should they our steps discover,  
 Then who will cheer my bonny bride  
 When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight—  
 "I'll go, my chief, I'm ready:  
 It is not for your silver bright,  
 But for your winsome lady:—

"And by my word! the bonny bird  
 In danger shall not tarry;  
 So though the waves are raging white  
 I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,  
 The water wraith was shrieking;  
 And in the scowl of heaven each face  
 Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind  
 And as the night grew drearer,  
 Adown the glen rode armèd men,  
 Their trampling sounded nearer.

## ROSE AYLNER.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,  
 "Though tempests round us gather;  
 I'll meet the raging of the skies,  
 But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,  
 A stormy sea before her, —  
 When O! too strong for human hand  
 The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar  
 Of waters fast prevailing:  
 Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore, —  
 His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismayed, through storm and shade  
 His child he did discover: —  
 One lovely hand she stretched for aid,  
 And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,  
 "Across this stormy water:  
 And I'll forgive your Highland chief,  
 My daughter! — O my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,  
 Return or aid preventing:  
 The waters wild went o'er his child,  
 And he was left lamenting.



## ROSE AYLNER.

By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

[1775-1864.]

AH! WHAT avails the scepter'd race!  
 Ah! what the form divine!  
 What every virtue, every grace!  
 Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes  
 May weep, but never see,  
 A night of memories and sighs  
 I consecrate to thee.

## CASTLE RACKRENT.

BY MARIA EDGEWORTH.

[MARIA EDGEWORTH, English novelist, was born at Black Bourton, Oxfordshire, January 1, 1767, the daughter of Richard Lovell Edgeworth. Her first novel, "Castle Rackrent," a picture of Irish manners, appeared in 1798, and she then published from year to year other novels, moral tales, and treatises on education. Her best works are: "Castle Rackrent," "Belinda," "Leonora," "Patronage," and "Ormond." She died at Edgeworthstown, May 22, 1849.]

[Supposed to be told by Thady Quirk, an old tenant.]

THE family of the Rackrents is, I am proud to say, one of the most ancient in the kingdom. Everybody knows this is not the old family name, which was O'Shaughlin, related to the kings of Ireland—but that was before my time. My grandfather was driver to the great Sir Patrick O'Shaughlin, and I heard him, when I was a boy, telling how the Castle Rackrent estate came to Sir Patrick; Sir Tallyhoo Rackrent was cousin-german to him, and had a fine estate of his own, only never a gate upon it, it being his maxim that a car was the best gate. Poor gentleman! he lost a fine hunter and his life, at last, by it, all in one day's hunt. But I ought to bless that day, for the estate came straight into *the* family, upon one condition, which Sir Patrick O'Shaughlin at the time took sadly to heart, they say, but thought better of it afterwards, seeing how large a stake depended upon it: that he should, by Act of Parliament, take and bear the surname and arms of Rackrent.

Now it was that the world was to see what was *in* Sir Patrick. On coming into the estate he gave the finest entertainment ever was heard of in the country: not a man could stand after supper but Sir Patrick himself, who could sit out the best man in Ireland, let alone the three kingdoms itself. He had his house, from one year's end to another, as full of company as ever it could hold, and fuller; for rather than be left out of the parties at Castle Rackrent, many gentlemen, and those men of the first consequence and landed estates in the country—such as the O'Neills of Ballynagrotty, and the Moneygawls of Mount Juliet's Town, and O'Shannons of New Town Tullyhog—made it their choice, often and often, when there was no room to be had for love nor money, in long winter nights, to sleep in the chicken-house, which Sir Patrick had fitted up for the purpose of accommodating his

friends and the public in general, who honored him with their company unexpectedly at Castle Rackrent; and this went on I can't tell you how long. The whole country rang with his praises! Long life to him!

I'm sure I love to look upon his picture now, opposite to me; though I never saw him, he must have been a portly gentleman—his neck something short, and remarkable for the largest pimple on his nose, which, by his particular desire, is still extant in his picture, said to be a striking likeness, though taken when young. He is said also to be the inventor of raspberry whisky, which is very likely, as nobody has ever appeared to dispute it with him, and as there still exists a broken punch-bowl at Castle Rackrent, in the garret, with an inscription to that effect—a great curiosity. A few days before his death he was very merry; it being his honor's birthday, he called my grandfather in—God bless him!—to drink the company's health, and filled a bumper himself, but could not carry it to his head, on account of the great shake in his hand; on this he cast his joke, saying: "What would my poor father say to me if he was to pop out of the grave, and see me now? I remember, when I was a little boy, the first bumper of claret he gave me after dinner, how he praised me for carrying it so steady to my mouth. Here's my thanks to him—a bumper toast." Then he fell to singing the favorite song he learned from his father—for the last time, poor gentleman—he sung it that night as loud and as hearty as ever, with a chorus:—

He that goes to bed, and goes to bed sober,  
Falls as the leaves do, falls as the leaves do, and dies in October;  
But he that goes to bed, and goes to bed mellow,  
Lives as he ought to do, lives as he ought to do, and dies an honest fellow.

Sir Patrick died that night: just as the company rose to drink his health with three cheers, he fell down in a sort of fit, and was carried off; they sat it out, and were surprised, on inquiry in the morning, to find that it was all over with poor Sir Patrick. Never did any gentleman live and die more beloved in the country by rich and poor. His funeral was such a one as was never known before or since in the country! All the gentlemen in the three counties were at it; far and near, how they flocked! my great-grandfather said, that to see all the women, even in their red cloaks, you would have taken them for the army drawn out. Then such a fine whillaluh! you might have heard it to the farthest end of the

county, and happy the man who could get but a sight of the hearse !

But who'd have thought it? Just as all was going on right, through his own town they were passing, when the body was seized for debt. A rescue was apprehended from the mob ; but the heir, who attended the funeral, was against that, for fear of consequences, seeing that those villains who came to serve acted under the disguise of the law : so, to be sure, the law must take its course, and little gain had the creditors for their pains. First and foremost, they had the curses of the country : and Sir Murtagh Rackrent, the new heir, in the next place, on account of this affront to the body, refused to pay a shilling of the debts, in which he was countenanced by all the best gentlemen of property, and others of his acquaintance ; Sir Murtagh alleging in all companies that he all along meant to pay his father's debts of honor, but the moment the law was taken of him, there was an end of honor to be sure. It was whispered (but none but the enemies of the family believe it) that this was all a sham seizure to get quit of the debts which he had bound himself to pay in honor.

It's a long time ago, there's no saying how it was, but this for certain, the new man did not take at all after the old gentleman ; the cellars were never filled after his death, and no open house, or anything as it used to be ; the tenants even were sent away without their whisky. I was ashamed myself, and knew not what to say for the honor of the family ; but I made the best of a bad case, and laid it all at my lady's door, for I did not like her anyhow, nor anybody else ; she was of the family of the Skinflints, and a widow ; it was a strange match for Sir Murtagh ; the people in the country thought he demeaned himself greatly, but I said nothing : I knew how it was. Sir Murtagh was a great lawyer, and looked to the great Skinflint estate ; there, however, he overshot himself ; for though one of the coheireses, he was never the better for her, for she outlived him many's the long day — he could not see that, to be sure, when he married her. I must say for her, she made him the best of wives, being a very notable, stirring woman, and looking close to everything. But I always suspected she had Scotch blood in her veins ; anything else I could have looked over in her, from a regard to the family.

She was a strict observer, for self and servants, of Lent, and all fast days, but not holidays. One of the maids having

fainted three times the last day of Lent, to keep soul and body together we put a morsel of roast beef into her mouth, which came from Sir Murtagh's dinner, who never fasted, not he ; but somehow or other it unfortunately reached my lady's ears, and the priest of the parish had a complaint made of it the next day, and the poor girl was forced, as soon as she could walk, to do penance for it, before she could get any peace or absolution, in the house or out of it. However, my lady was very charitable in her own way. She had a charity school for poor children, where they were taught to read and write gratis, and where they were kept well to spinning gratis for my lady in return ; for she had always heaps of duty yarn from the tenants, and got all her household linen out of the estate from first to last ; for after the spinning, the weavers on the estate took it in hand for nothing, because of the looms my lady's interest could get from the Linen Board to distribute gratis. Then there was a bleach-yard near us, and the tenant dare refuse my lady nothing, for fear of a lawsuit Sir Murtagh kept hanging over him about the water course.

With these ways of managing, 'tis surprising how cheap my lady got things done, and how proud she was of it. Her table the same way, kept for next to nothing ; duty fowls, and duty turkeys, and duty geese, came as fast as we could eat 'em, for my lady kept a sharp lookout, and knew to a tub of butter everything the tenants had, all round. They knew her way, and what with fear of driving for rent and Sir Murtagh's lawsuits, they were kept in such good order, they never thought of coming near Castle Rackrent without a present of something or other — nothing too much or too little for my lady — eggs, honey, butter, meal, fish, game, grouse, and herrings, fresh or salt, all went for something. As for their young pigs, we had them, and the best bacon and hams they could make up, with all young chickens in spring ; but they were a set of poor wretches, and we had nothing but misfortunes with them, always breaking and running away.

This, Sir Murtagh and my lady said, was all their former landlord Sir Patrick's fault, who let 'em all get the half-year's rent into arrear ; there was something in that to be sure. But Sir Murtagh was as much the contrary way ; for let alone making English tenants<sup>1</sup> of them, every soul, he was always driving and driving, and pounding and pounding, and canting [auction-

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.* exacting the rent the day it was due, and forcing the payment of all arrears.



ing] and canting, and replevying and replevying, and he made a good living of trespassing cattle ; there was always some tenant's pig, or horse, or cow, or calf, or goose trespassing, which was so great a gain to Sir Murtagh, that he did not like to hear me talk of repairing fences. Then his heriots and duty work brought him in something, his turf was cut, his potatoes set and dug, his hay brought home, and in short, all the work about his house done for nothing ; for in all our leases there were strict clauses heavy with penalties, which Sir Murtagh knew well how to enforce ; so many days' duty work of man and horse, from every tenant, he was to have, and had, every year ; and when a man vexed him, why, the finest day he could pitch on, when the cratur was getting in his own harvest or thatching his cabin, Sir Murtagh made it a principle to call upon him and his horse ; so he taught 'em all, as he said, to know the law of landlord and tenant.

As for law, I believe no man, dead or alive, ever loved it so well as Sir Murtagh. He had once sixteen suits pending at a time, and I never saw him so much himself : roads, lanes, bogs, wells, ponds, eel-weirs, orchards, trees, tithes, vagrants, gravel-pits, sandpits, dunghills, and nuisances, everything upon the face of the earth furnished him good matter for a suit. He used to boast that he had a lawsuit for every letter in the alphabet. How I used to wonder to see Sir Murtagh in the midst of the papers in his office ! Why, he could hardly turn about for them. I made bold to shrug my shoulders once in his presence, and thanked my stars I was not born a gentleman to so much toil and trouble ; but Sir Murtagh took me up short with his old proverb, " Learning is better than house or land." Out of forty-nine suits which he had, he never lost one but seventeen ; the rest he gained with costs, double costs, treble costs sometimes ; but even that did not pay. He was a very learned man in the law, and had the character of it ; but how it was I can't tell, these suits that he carried cost him a power of money ; in the end he sold some hundreds a year of the family estate ; but he was a very learned man in the law, and I know nothing of the matter, except having a great regard for the family ; and I could not help grieving when he sent me to post up notices of the sale of the fee simple of the lands and appurtenances of Timoleague.

" I know, honest Thady," says he, to comfort me, " what I'm about better than you do ; I'm only selling to get the

ready money wanting to carry on my suit with spirit with the Nugents of Carrickashaughlin."

He was very sanguine about that suit with the Nugents of Carrickashaughlin. He could have gained it, they say, for certain, had it pleased Heaven to have spared him to us, and it would have been at the least a plump two thousand a year in his way; but things were ordered otherwise — for the best to be sure. He dug up a fairy mount against my advice, and had no luck afterwards. Though a learned man in the law, he was a little too incredulous in other matters. I warned him that I heard the very Banshee that my grandfather heard under Sir Patrick's window a few days before his death. But Sir Murtagh thought nothing of the Banshee, nor of his cough, with a spitting of blood, brought on, I understand, by catching cold in attending the courts, and overstraining his chest with making himself heard in one of his favorite causes. He was a great speaker with a powerful voice; but his last speech was not in the courts at all.

He and my lady, though both of the same way of thinking in some things, and though she was as good a wife and great economist as you could see, and he the best of husbands, as to looking into his affairs, and making money for his family; yet I don't know how it was, they had a great deal of sparring and jarring between them. My lady had her privy purse; and she had her weed ashes, and her sealing money upon the signing of all the leases, with something to buy gloves besides; and besides, again often took money from the tenants, if offered properly, to speak for them to Sir Murtagh about abatements and renewals. Now the weed ashes and the glove money he allowed her clear perquisites; though once when he saw her in a new gown saved out of the weed ashes, he told her to my face (for he could say a sharp thing) that she should not put on her weeds before her husband's death. But in a dispute about an abatement my lady would have the last word, and Sir Murtagh grew mad; I was within hearing of the door, and now I wish I had made bold to step in. He spoke so loud, the whole kitchen was out on the stairs. All on a sudden he stopped, and my lady too. Something has surely happened, thought I; and so it was, for Sir Murtagh in his passion broke a blood vessel, and all the law in the land could do nothing in that case. My lady sent for five physicians, but Sir Murtagh died, and was buried. She had a fine jointure settled upon her,

and took herself away, to the great joy of the tenantry. I never said anything one way or the other whilst she was part of the family, but got up to see her go at three o'clock in the morning.

"It's a fine morning, honest Thady," says she; "good-by to ye." And into the carriage she stepped without a word more, good or bad, or even half a crown; but I made my bow, and stood to see her safe out of sight for the sake of the family.

Then we were all bustle in the house, which made me keep out of the way, for I walk slow and hate a bustle; but the house was all hurry-skurry, preparing for my new master. Sir Murtagh, I forgot to notice, had no childer; so the Rackrent estate went to his younger brother, a young, dashing officer, who came amongst us before I knew for the life of me whereabouts I was, in a gig or some of them things, with another spark along with him, and led horses, and servants, and dogs, and scarce a place to put any Christian of them into; for my late lady had sent all the feather beds off before her, and blankets and household linen, down to the very knive-cloths, on the cars to Dublin, which were all her own, lawfully paid for out of her own money. So the house was quite bare, and my young master, the moment ever he set foot in it out of his gig, thought all those things must come of themselves, I believe, for he never looked after anything at all, but harum-scarum called for everything as if we were conjurers, or he in a public-house. . . .

A fine life we should have led, had he stayed amongst us, God bless him! He valued a guinea as little as any man: money to him was no more than dirt, and his gentleman and groom, and all belonging to him, the same; but the sporting season over, he grew tired of the place, and having got down a great architect for the house, and an improver for the grounds, and seen their plans and elevations, he fixed a day for settling with the tenants, but went off in a whirlwind to town, just as some of them came into the yard in the morning. A circular letter came next post from the new agent, with news that the master was sailed for England, and he must remit £500 to Bath for his use before a fortnight was at an end; bad news still for the poor tenants, no change still for the better with them. Sir Kit Rackrent, my young master, left all to the agent; and though he had the spirit of a prince, and lived away to the honor of his country abroad, which I was proud to hear of, what

were we the better for that at home? The agent was one of your middlemen, who grind the face of the poor, and can never bear a man with a hat upon his head; he ferreted the tenants out of their lives: not a week without a call for money, drafts upon drafts from Sir Kit: but I laid it all to the fault of the agent; for, says I, what can Sir Kit do with so much cash, and he a single man?

But still it went. Rents must be all paid up to the day, and afore; no allowance for improving tenants, no consideration for those who had built upon their farms; no sooner was a lease out, but the land was advertised to the highest bidder; all the old tenants turned out, when they spent their substance in the hope and trust of a renewal from the landlord. All was now let at the highest penny to a parcel of poor wretches, who meant to run away, and did so, after taking two crops out of the ground. Then fining down the year's rent [renting very low for cash] came into fashion—anything for the ready penny; and with all this and presents to the agent and the driver [impounder of cattle for rent], there was no such thing as standing it. . . . About this time we learnt from the agent, as a great secret, how the money went so fast, and the reason of the thick coming of the master's drafts: he was a little too fond of play: and Bath, they say, was no place for no young man of his fortune, where there were so many of his own countrymen, too, hunting him up and down, day and night, who had nothing to lose. At last, at Christmas, the agent wrote over to stop the drafts, for he could raise no more money on bond or mortgage, or from the tenants, or anyhow, nor had he any more to lend himself, and desired at the same time to decline the agency for the future, wishing Sir Kit his health and happiness, and the compliments of the season, for I saw the letter before ever it was sealed, when my son copied it.

When the answer came there was a new turn in affairs, and the agent was turned out; and my son Jason, who had corresponded privately with his honor occasionally on business, was forthwith desired by his honor to take the accounts into his own hands, and look them over, till further orders. It was a very spirited letter to be sure: Sir Kit sent his service, and the compliments of the season, in return to the agent, and he would fight him with pleasure to-morrow, or any day, for sending him such a letter, if he was born a gentleman, which he was sorry (for both their sakes) to find (too late) he was not. Then, in

a private postscript, he condescended to tell us that all would be speedily settled to his satisfaction, and we should turn over a new leaf, for he was going to be married in a fortnight to the grandest heiress in England, and had only immediate occasion at present for £200, as he would not choose to touch his lady's fortune for traveling expenses home to Castle Rackrent, where he intended to be, wind and weather permitting, early in the next month; and desired fires, and the house to be painted, and the new building to go on as fast as possible, for the reception of him and his lady before that time; with several words besides in the letter, which we could not make out because, God bless him! he wrote in such a flurry.

My heart warmed to my new lady when I read this: I was almost afraid it was too good news to be true; but the girls fell to scouring, and it was well they did, for we soon saw his marriage in the paper, to a lady with I don't know how many tens of thousand pounds to her fortune: then I watched the post-office for his landing; and the news came to my son of his and the bride being in Dublin, and on the way home to Castle Rackrent. We had bonfires all over the country, expecting him down the next day, and we had his coming of age still to celebrate, which he had not time to do properly before he left the country; therefore, a great ball was expected, and great doings upon his coming, as it were, fresh to take possession of his ancestors' estate. I never shall forget the day he came home; we had waited and waited all day long till eleven o'clock at night, and I was thinking of sending the boy to lock the gates, and giving them up for that night, when there came the carriages thundering up to the great hall door. I got the first sight of the bride; for when the carriage door opened, just as she had her foot on the steps, I held the flam [flambeau] full in her face to light her, at which she shut her eyes, but I had a full view of the rest of her, and greatly shocked I was, for by that light she was little better than a blackamoor, and seemed crippled; but that was only sitting so long in the chariot.

"You're kindly welcome to Castle Rackrent, my lady," says I (recollecting who she was). "Did your honor hear of the bonfires?"

His honor spoke never a word, nor so much as handed her up the steps—he looked to me no more like himself than nothing at all; I know I took him for the skeleton of his honor. I was not sure what to say next to one or t'other, but seeing she

was a stranger in a foreign country, I thought it but right to speak cheerful to her ; so I went back again to the bonfires.

“ My lady,” says I, as she crossed the hall, “ there would have been fifty times as many ; but for fear of the horses, and frightening your ladyship, Jason and I forbid them, please your honor.”

With that she looked at me a little bewildered.

“ Will I have a fire lighted in the state-room to-night ? ” was the next question I put to her, but never a word she answered ; so I concluded she could not speak a word of English, and was from foreign parts. The short and the long of it was, I couldn't tell what to make of her ; so I left her to herself, and went straight down to the servants' hall to learn something for certain about her. Sir Kit's own man was tired, but the groom set him a-talking at last, and we had it all out before ever I closed my eyes that night. The bride might well be a great fortune — she was a *Jewish* by all accounts, who are famous for their great riches. I had never seen any of that tribe or nation before, and could only gather that she spoke a strange kind of English of her own, that she could not abide pork or sausages, and went neither to church or mass. Mercy upon his honor's poor soul, thought I ; what will become of him and his, and all of us, with his heretic blackamoor at the head of the Castle Rackrent estate ? I never slept a wink all night for thinking of it ; but before the servants I put my pipe in my mouth, and kept my mind to myself, for I had a great regard for the family ; and after this, when strange gentlemen's servants came to the house, and would begin to talk about the bride, I took care to put the best foot foremost, and passed her for a nabob in the kitchen, which accounted for her dark complexion and everything.

The very morning after they came home, however, I saw plain enough how things were between Sir Kit and my lady, though they were walking together arm in arm after breakfast looking at the new building and the improvements.

“ Old Thady,” said my master, just as he used to do, “ how do you do ? ”

“ Very well, I thank your honor's honor,” said I ; but I saw he was not well pleased, and my heart was in my mouth as I walked along after him.

“ Is the large room damp, Thady ? ” said his honor.

“ Oh damp, your honor ! how should it be but as dry as a bone,” says I, “ after all the fires we have kept in it day and

night? It's the barrack-room [visitor's room with several beds] your honor's talking on."

"And what is a barrack-room, pray, my dear?" were the first words I ever heard out of my lady's lips.

"No matter, my dear," said he, and went on talking to me, ashamed-like I should witness her ignorance. To be sure, to hear her talk one might have taken her for an innocent, for it was, "What's this, Sir Kit?" and "What's that, Sir Kit?" all the way we went. To be sure, Sir Kit had enough to do to answer her.

"And what do you call that, Sir Kit?" said she; "that — that looks like a pile of black bricks, pray, Sir Kit?"

"My turf-stack, my dear," said my master, and bit his lip.

"Where have you lived, my lady, all your life, not to know a turf-stack when you see it?" thought I; but I said nothing. Then by and by she takes out her glass, and begins spying over the country.

"And what's all that black swamp out yonder, Sir Kit?" says she.

"My bog, my dear," says he, and went on whistling.

"It's a very ugly prospect, my dear," says she.

"You don't see it, my dear," says he, "for we've planted it out; when the trees grow up in summer-time —" says he.

"Where are the trees," said she, "my dear?" still looking through her glass.

"You are blind, my dear," says he; "what are these under your eyes?"

"These shrubs?" said she.

"Trees," said he.

"Maybe they are what you call trees in Ireland, my dear," said she; "but they are not a yard high, are they?"

"They were planted out but last year, my lady," says I, to soften matters between them, for I saw she was going the way to make his honor mad with her: "they are very well grown for their age, and you'll not see the bog of Allyballycarrick-o'shaughlin at-all-at-all through the screen, when once the leaves come out. But, my lady, you must not quarrel with any part or parcel of Allyballycarrick-o'shaughlin, for you don't know how many hundred years that same bit of bog has been in the family; we would not part with the bog of Allyballycarrick-o'shaughlin upon no account at all: it cost the late Sir Mur-

tagh two hundred good pounds to defend his title to it and boundaries against the O'Learys, who cut a road through it."

Now one would have thought this would have been hint enough for my lady, but she fell to laughing like one out of their right mind, and made me say the name of the bog over for her to get it by heart, a dozen times; then she must ask me how to spell it, and what was the meaning of it in English — Sir Kit standing by whistling all the while. I verily believed she laid the corner stone of all her future misfortunes at that very instant; but I said no more, only looked at Sir Kit.

There were no balls, no dinners, no doings; the country was all disappointed — Sir Kit's gentleman said in a whisper to me, it was all my lady's own fault, because she was so obstinate about the cross.

"What cross?" says I; "is it about her being a heretic?"

"Oh, no such matter," says he; "my master does not mind her heresies, but her diamond cross — it's worth I can't tell you how much, and she has thousands of English pounds concealed in diamonds about her, which she as good as promised to give up to my master before he married; but now she won't part with any of them, and she must take the consequences."

Her honeymoon, at least her Irish honeymoon, was scarcely well over, when his honor one morning said to me, "Thady, buy me a pig!" and then the sausages were ordered, and here was the first open breaking-out of my lady's troubles. My lady came down herself into the kitchen to speak to the cook about the sausages, and desired never to see them more at her table. Now my master had ordered them, and my lady knew that. The cook took my lady's part, because she never came down into the kitchen, and was young and innocent in house-keeping, which raised her pity; besides, said she, at her own table, surely my lady should order and disorder what she pleases. But the cook soon changed her note, for my master made it a principle to have the sausages, and swore at her for a Jew herself, till he drove her fairly out of the kitchen; then, for fear of her place, and because he threatened that my lady should give her no discharge without the sausages, she gave up, and from that day forward always sausages, or bacon, or pig meat in some shape or other, went up to table: upon which my lady shut herself up in her own room, and my master said she might stay there, with an oath; and to make sure of her, he turned the key in the door, and kept it ever after in his pocket.



We none of us ever saw or heard her speak for seven years after that: he carried her dinner himself. Then his honor had a great deal of company to dine with him, and balls in the house, and was as gay and gallant, and as much himself as before he was married; and at dinner he always drank my Lady Rackrent's good health and so did the company, and he sent out always a servant with his compliments to my Lady Rackrent, and the company was drinking her ladyship's health, and begged to know if there was anything at table he might send her, and the man came back, after the sham errand, with my Lady Rackrent's compliments, and she was very much obliged to Sir Kit—she did not wish for anything, but drank the company's health. The country, to be sure, talked and wondered at my lady's being shut up, but nobody chose to interfere or ask any impertinent questions, for they knew my master was a man very apt to give a short answer himself, and likely to call a man out for it afterwards; he was a famous shot, had killed his man before he came of age, and nobody scarce dared look at him whilst at Bath.

Sir Kit's character was so well known in the country that he lived in peace and quietness ever after, and was a great favorite with the ladies, especially when in process of time, in the fifth year of her confinement, my Lady Rackrent fell ill and took entirely to her bed, and he gave out that she was now skin and bone, and could not last through the winter. In this he had two physicians' opinions to back him (for now he called in two physicians for her), and tried all his arts to get the diamond cross from her on her deathbed, and to get her to make a will in his favor of her separate possessions; but there she was too tough for him. He used to swear at her behind her back after kneeling to her face, and call her in the presence of his gentleman his stiff-necked Israelite, though before he married her that same gentleman told me he used to call her (how he could bring it out, I don't know) "my pretty Jessica!" To be sure it must have been hard for her to guess what sort of a husband he reckoned to make her.

When she was lying, to all expectation, on her deathbed of a broken heart, I could not but pity her, though she was a Jewish, and considering too it was no fault of hers to be taken with my master, so young as she was at the Bath, and so fine a gentleman as Sir Kit was when he courted her; and considering too, after all they had heard and seen of him as a husband,

there were now no less than three ladies in our county talked of for his second wife, all at daggers drawn with each other, as his gentleman swore, at the balls, for Sir Kit for their partner — I could not but think them bewitched, but they all reasoned with themselves that Sir Kit would make a good husband to any Christian but a Jewish, I suppose, and especially as he was now a reformed rake : and it was not known how my lady's fortune was settled in her will, nor how the Castle Rackrent estate was all mortgaged, and bonds out against him, for he was never cured of his gaming tricks ; but that was the only fault he had, God bless him !

My lady had a sort of fit and it was given out that she was dead, by mistake : this brought things to a sad crisis for my poor master. One of the three ladies showed his letters to her brother, and claimed his promises, whilst another did the same. I don't mention names. Sir Kit, in his defense, said he would meet any man who dared to question his conduct ; and as to the ladies, they must settle it amongst them who was to be his second, and his third, and his fourth, while his first was still alive, to his mortification and theirs.

Upon this, as upon all former occasions, he had the voice of the country with him, on account of the great spirit and propriety he had acted with. He met and shot the first lady's brother : the next day he called out the second, who had a wooden leg, and their place of meeting by appointment being in a new-ploughed field, the wooden-leg man stuck fast in it. Sir Kit, seeing his situation, with great candor fired his pistol over his head ; upon which the seconds interposed, and convinced the parties there had been a slight misunderstanding between them : thereupon they shook hands cordially, and went home to dinner together. This gentleman, to show the world how they stood together, and by the advice of the friends of both parties, to reestablish his sister's injured reputation, went out with Sir Kit as his second, and carried his message next day to the last of his adversaries : I never saw him in such fine spirits as that day he went out — sure enough he was within ames-ace of getting quit handsomely of all his enemies ; but unluckily, after hitting the toothpick out of his adversary's finger and thumb, he received a ball in a vital part, and was brought home, in little better than an hour after the affair, speechless on a handbarrow to my lady.

We got the key out of his pocket the first thing we did, and

my son Jason ran to unlock the barrack-room, where my lady had been shut up for seven years, to acquaint her with the fatal accident. The surprise bereaved her of her senses at first, nor would she believe but we were putting some new trick upon her, to entrap her out of her jewels, for a great while, till Jason bethought himself of taking her to the window, and showed her the men bringing Sir Kit up the avenue upon the handbarrow, which had immediately the desired effect; for directly she burst into tears, and pulling her cross from her bosom, she kissed it with as great devotion as ever I witnessed, and lifting up her eyes to heaven, uttered some ejaculation, which none present heard; but I take the sense of it to be, she returned thanks for this unexpected interposition in her favor when she had least reason to expect it.

My master was greatly lamented: and there was no life in him when we lifted him off the barrow, so he was laid out immediately, and "waked" the same night. The country was all in an uproar about him, and not a soul but cried shame upon his murderer, who would have been hanged surely, if he could have been brought to his trial, whilst the gentlemen in the country were up about it; but he very prudently withdrew himself to the Continent before the affair was made public. As for the young lady who was the immediate cause of the fatal accident, however innocently, she could never show her head after at the balls in the county or any place; and by the advice of her friends and physicians, she was ordered soon after to Bath, where it was expected, if anywhere on this side of the grave, she would meet with the recovery of her health and lost peace of mind.

As a proof of his great popularity, I need only add that there was a song made upon my master's untimely death in the newspapers, which was in everybody's mouth, singing up and down through the country, even down to the mountains, only three days after his unhappy exit. He was also greatly bemoaned at the Curragh [great racing grounds], where his cattle were well known; and all who had taken up his bets were particularly inconsolable for his loss to society. His stud sold at the cant [auction] at the greatest price ever known in the county; his favorite horses were chiefly disposed of amongst his particular friends, who would give any price for his sake: but no ready money was required by the new heir, who wished not to displease any of the gentlemen of the neigh-

borhood just upon his coming to settle amongst them ; so a long credit was given where requisite, and the cash has never been gathered in from that day to this.

But to return to my lady. She got surprisingly well after my master's decease. No sooner was it known for certain that he was dead, than all the gentlemen within twenty miles of us came in a body, as it were, to set my lady at liberty, and to protest against her confinement, which they now for the first time understood was against her own consent. The ladies too were as attentive as possible, striving who should be foremost with their morning visits ; and they that saw the diamonds spoke very handsomely of them, but thought it a pity they were not bestowed, if it had so pleased God, upon a lady who would have become them better. All these civilities wrought little with my lady, for she had taken an unaccountable prejudice against the country, and everything belonging to it, and was so partial to her native land that after parting with the cook, which she did immediately upon my master's decease, I never knew her easy one instant, night or day, but when she was packing up to leave us.

Had she meant to make any stay in Ireland, I stood a great chance of being a great favorite with her ; for when she found I understood the weathercock, she was always finding some pretense to be talking to me, and asking me which way the wind blew, and was it likely, did I think, to continue fair for England. But when I saw she had made up her mind to spend the rest of her days upon her own income and jewels in England, I considered her quite as a foreigner, and not at all any longer as part of the family. She gave no vails to the servants at Castle Rackrent at parting, notwithstanding the old proverb of "as rich as a Jew," which she, being a Jewish, they built upon with reason. But from first to last she brought nothing but misfortunes amongst us ; and if it had not been all along with her, his honor, Sir Kit, would have been now alive in all appearance. Her diamond cross was, they say, at the bottom of it all ; and it was a shame for her, being his wife, not to show more duty, and to have given it up when he condescended to ask so often for such a bit of a trifle in his distresses, especially when he all along made it no secret he married for money. But we will not bestow another thought upon her. This much I thought it lay upon my conscience to say, in justice to my poor master's memory.

## OVER THE BRINK OF TREASON.

By SCHILLER.

[JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER, the famous German poet and dramatist, was born at Marbach, Würtemberg, November 10, 1759. He studied law and medicine at Stuttgart and was appointed surgeon to a Würtemberg regiment. Objecting to the restraint imposed upon him by the Duke of Würtemberg in consequence of the production of his first play, "The Robbers" (1782), he left the army and went to Mannheim, Leipsic, Dresden, Jena, and Weimar, where he became the firm friend of Goethe. From 1789 to 1799 Schiller held a professorship at Jena, and during this period published "The History of the Thirty Years' War." He died at Weimar, May 9, 1805, of an affection of the lungs. Besides the works already mentioned, Schiller wrote "The History of the Revolt of the Netherlands"; the dramas "Mary Stuart," "Maid of Orleans," "Bride of Messina," "William Tell"; and the trilogy of "Wallenstein." Among his lyric pieces are: "The Ring of Polykrates," "The Diver," "The Knight of Toggenburg," and "The Song of the Bell."]

(From Coleridge's translation.)

[Wrangel, a Swedish officer, has approached Wallenstein with splendid offers to betray the Emperor's cause in the Thirty Years' War, which he, resentful of the Emperor's ingratitude and jealousy, has not repelled.]

*Present:* WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY (*his brother-in-law*), and ILLO (*field-marshal*).

*Illo* —

Is't all right?

*Tertsky* —

Are you compromised?

*Illo* —

This Swede

Went smiling from you. Yes! you're compromised.

*Wallenstein* —

As yet is nothing settled: and (well-weighed)

I feel myself inclined to leave it so.

*Tertsky* —

How? What is that?

*Wallenstein* —

Come on me what will come,

The doing evil to avoid an evil

Cannot be good!

*Tertsky* —

Nay, but bethink you, Duke!

*Wallenstein* —

To live upon the mercy of these Swedes!

Of these proud-hearted Swedes! I could not bear it.

*Illo* —

Goest thou as fugitive, as mendicant?

Bringest thou not more to them than thou receivest?

*Enter the COUNTESS TERTSKY.*

*Wallenstein* —

Who sent for you? There is no business here  
For women.

*Countess* — I come to bid you joy.

*Wallenstein* —

Use thy authority, Tertsy, bid her go. . . .

*Countess* [*to the others*] —

Ha! what new scruple?

*Tertsy* —

The Duke will not.

*Countess* —

He will not what he must!

*Illo* —

It lies with you now. Try. For I am silenced  
When folks begin to talk to me of conscience,  
And of fidelity.

*Countess* — How? then, when all

Lay in the far-off distance, when the road  
Stretched out before thine eyes interminably,  
Then hadst thou courage and resolve; and now,  
Now that the dream is being realized,  
The purpose ripe, the issue ascertained,  
Dost thou begin to play the dastard now?  
Planned merely, 'tis a common felony;  
Accomplished, an immortal undertaking:  
And with success comes pardon hand in hand;  
For all event is God's arbitrament. . . .

*Wallenstein* —

If there were yet a choice! if yet some milder  
Way of escape were possible — I still  
Will choose it, and avoid the last extreme.

*Countess* —

Desir'st thou nothing further? Such a way  
Lies still before thee. Send this Wrangel off.  
Forget thou thy old hopes, cast far away  
All thy past life; determine to commence  
A new one. Virtue hath her heroes, too,  
As well as Fame and Fortune. — To Vienna —  
Hence — to the Emperor — kneel before the throne;  
Take a full coffer with thee — say aloud,  
Thou didst but wish to prove thy fealty;  
Thy whole intention but to dupe the Swede.

*Illo* —

For that too, 'tis too late. They know too much.  
He would but bear his own head to the block.

*Countess* —

I fear not that. They have not evidence  
 To attain him legally, and they avoid  
 The avowal of an arbitrary power.  
 They'll let the Duke resign without disturbance.  
 I see how all will end. The King of Hungary  
 Makes his appearance, and 'twill of itself  
 Be understood, and then the Duke retires.  
 There will not want a formal declaration.  
 The young King will administer the oath  
 To the whole army; and so all returns  
 To the old position. On some morrow morning  
 The Duke departs; and now 'tis stir and bustle  
 Within his castles. He will hunt, and build,  
 Superintend his horses' pedigrees;  
 Creates himself a court, gives golden keys,  
 And in fine proportions, and nice etiquette;  
 Keeps open table with high cheer; in brief  
 Commenceth mighty King — in miniature.  
 And while he prudently demeans himself,  
 And gives himself no actual importance,  
 He will be let appear whate'er he likes;  
 And who dares doubt, that Friedland will appear  
 A mighty Prince to his last dying hour?  
 Well now, what then? Duke Friedland is as others,  
 A fire-new Noble, whom the war hath raised  
 To price and currency, a Jonah's Gourd,  
 An overnight creation of court-favor,  
 Which with an undistinguishable ease  
 Makes Baron or makes Prince.

*Wallenstein* [*in extreme agitation*] —

Take her away.

*Countess* —

Art thou in earnest? I entreat thee! Canst thou  
 Consent to bear thyself to thy own grave,  
 So ignominiously to be dried up?  
 Thy life, that arrogated such an height  
 To end in such a nothing! To be nothing,  
 When one was always nothing, is an evil  
 That asks no stretch of patience, a light evil;  
 But to become a nothing, having been —

*Wallenstein* [*starts up in violent agitation*] —

Show me a way out of this stifling crowd,  
 Ye Powers of Aidance! Show me such a way  
 As I am capable of going. — I

Am no tongue-hero, no fine virtue-prattler;  
 I cannot warm by thinking; cannot say  
 To the good luck that turns her back upon me,  
 Magnanimously: "Go! I need thee not."  
 Cease I to work, I am annihilated.  
 Dangers nor sacrifices will I shun,  
 If so I may avoid the last extreme;  
 But ere I sink down into nothingness,  
 Leave off so little, who began so great,  
 Ere that the world confuses me with those  
 Poor wretches, whom a day creates and crumbles,  
 This age and after-ages speak my name  
 With hate and dread; and Friedland be redemption  
 For each accursed deed!

*Countess* —   What is there here, then,  
 So against nature? Help me to perceive it!  
 O let not Superstition's mighty goblins  
 Subdue thy clear bright spirit! Art thou bid  
 To murder? — with abhorred accursed poniard,  
 To violate the breasts that nourished thee?  
 That were against our nature, that might aptly  
 Make thy flesh shudder, and thy whole heart sicken.  
 Yet, not a few, and for a meaner object,  
 Have ventured even this, ay, and performed it.  
 What is there in thy case so black and monstrous?  
 Thou art accused of treason — whether with  
 Or without justice is not now the question —  
 Thou art lost if thou dost not avail thee quickly  
 Of the power which thou possesses — Friedland! Duke!  
 Tell me, where lives that thing so meek and tame,  
 That doth not all his living faculties  
 Put forth in preservation of his life?  
 What deed so daring, which necessity  
 And desperation will not sanctify?

*Wallenstein* —  
 Once was this Ferdinand so gracious to me:  
 He loved me; he esteemed me; I was placed  
 The nearest to his heart. Full many a time  
 We, like familiar friends, both at one table,  
 Have banqueted together. He and I —  
 And the young kings themselves held me the basin  
 Wherewith to wash me — and is't come to this?

*Countess* —  
 So faithfully preserv'st thou each small favor,  
 And hast no memory for contumelies?



Must I remind thee, how at Regensburg  
 This man repaid thy faithful services?  
 All ranks and all conditions in the Empire  
 Thou hast wronged, to make him great,— hadst loaded on thee,  
 On thee, the hate, the curse of the whole world.  
 No friend existed for thee in all Germany,  
 And why? because thou hadst existed only  
 For the Emperor. To the Emperor alone  
 Clung Friedland in that storm that gathered round him  
 At Regensburg in the Diet — and he dropped thee!  
 He let thee fall! He let thee fall a victim  
 To the Bavarian, to that insolent!  
 Deposed, stript bare of all thy dignity  
 And power, amid the taunting of thy foes,  
 Thou wert let drop into obscurity. —  
 Say not, the restoration of thy honor  
 Has made atonement for that first injustice.  
 No honest good will was it that replaced thee,  
 The law of hard necessity replaced thee,  
 Which they had fain opposed, but that they could not.

*Wallenstein* —

Not to their good wishes, that is certain,  
 Nor yet to his affection I'm indebted  
 For this high office; and if I abuse it,  
 I shall therein abuse no confidence.

*Countess* —

Affection! Confidence! — They needed thee.  
 Necessity, impetuous remonstrant!  
 Who not with empty names, or shows of proxy,  
 Is served, who'll have the thing and not the symbol,  
 Ever seeks out the greatest and the best,  
 And at the rudder places him, e'en though  
 She had been forced to take him from the rabble —  
 She, this Necessity, it was that placed thee  
 In this high office, it was she that gave thee  
 Thy letters patent of inauguration,  
 For, to the uttermost moment that they can,  
 This race still help themselves at cheapest rate  
 With slavish souls, with puppets! At the approach  
 Of extreme Peril, when a hollow image  
 Is found a hollow image and no more,  
 Then falls the power into the mighty hands  
 Of Nature, of the spirit giant-born,  
 Who listens only to himself, knows nothing  
 Of stipulations, duties, reverences,

And, like the emancipated force of fire,  
 Unmastered scorches, ere it reaches them,  
 Their finespun webs, their artificial policy.

*Wallenstein* —

'Tis true! they saw me always as I am —  
 Always! I did not cheat them in the bargain.  
 I never hold it worth my pains to hide  
 The bold, all-grasping habit of my soul.

*Countess* —

Nay rather — thou hast ever shown thyself  
 A formidable man, without restraint;  
 Hast exercised the full prerogatives  
 Of thy impetuous nature, which had been  
 Once granted to thee. Therefore, Duke, not thou,  
 Who hast still remained consistent with thyself,  
 But they are in the wrong, who fearing thee,  
 Intrusted such a power in hands they feared.  
 For, by the laws of Spirit, in the right  
 Is every individual character  
 That acts in strict consistence with itself.  
 Self-contradiction is the only wrong.  
 Wert thou another being, then, when thou  
 Eight years ago pursuedst thy march with fire,  
 And sword, and desolation, through the circles  
 Of Germany, the universal scourge,  
 Didst mock all ordinances of the empire,  
 The fearful rights of strength alone exertedst,  
 Trampledst to earth each rank, each magistracy,  
 All to extend thy Sultan's domination?  
 Then was the time to break thee in, to curb  
 Thy haughty will, to teach thee ordinance.  
 But no! the Emperor felt no touch of conscience,  
 What served him pleased him, and without a murmur  
 He stamped his broad seal on these lawless deeds.  
 What at that time was right, because thou didst it  
 For him, to-day is all at once become  
 Opprobrious, foul, because it is directed  
 Against him. — O most flimsy 'superstition!

*Wallenstein* [*rising*] —

I never saw it in this light before.  
 'Tis even so. The Emperor perpetrated  
 Deeds through my arm, deeds most unorderly.  
 And even this prince's mantle, which I wear,  
 I owe to what were services to him,  
 But most high misdemeanors 'gainst the Empire.

*Countess* —

Then betwixt thee and him (confess it, Friedland!)  
 The point can be no more of right and duty,  
 Only of power and the opportunity.  
 That opportunity, lo! it comes yonder,  
 Approaching with swift steeds; then with a swing  
 Throw thyself up into the chariot-seat,  
 Seize with firm hand the reins, ere thy opponent  
 Anticipate thee, and himself make conquest  
 Of the now empty seat. The moment comes —  
 It is already here, when thou must write  
 The absolute total of thy life's vast sum.  
 The constellations stand victorious o'er thee,  
 The planets shoot good fortune in fair junctions,  
 And tell thee, "Now's the time!" The starry courses  
 Hast thou thy life long measured to no purpose?  
 The quadrant and the circle, were they playthings?

[*Pointing to the different objects in the room.*]

The zodiacs, the rolling orbs of heaven,  
 Hast pictured on these walls, and all around thee  
 In dumb, foreboding symbols hast thou placed  
 These seven presiding Lords of Destiny —  
 For toys? Is all this preparation nothing?  
 Is there no marrow in this hollow art,  
 That even to thyself it doth avail  
 Nothing, and hast no influence over thee  
 In the great moment of decision? —

*Wallenstein* [*during this last speech walks up and down with inward struggles, laboring with passions; then suddenly stands still, then interrupting the COUNTESS*] —

Wrangel to me — I will instantly  
 Dispatch three couriers —

*Illo* [*hurrying out*] —

God in heaven be praised!

*Wallenstein* —

It is his evil genius and mine.  
 Our evil genius! It chastises him  
 Through me, the instrument of his ambition;  
 And I expect no less, than that Revenge  
 E'en now is whetting for my breast the poniard.  
 Who sows the serpent's teeth, let him not hope  
 To reap a joyous harvest. Every crime  
 Has, in the moment of its perpetration,  
 Its own avenging angel — dark Misgiving,  
 An ominous Sinking at the inmost heart.

He can no longer trust me — Then no longer  
 Can I retreat — so come that which must come. —  
 Still Destiny preserves its due relations,  
 The heart within us is its absolute  
 Vicegerent.

[To TERTSKY.

Go, conduct your Gustave Wrangel  
 To my state cabinet. — Myself will speak  
 The couriers. — And dispatch immediately  
 A servant for Octavio Piccolomini.

[To the COUNTESS, who cannot conceal her triumph.  
 No exultation — woman, triumph not!  
 For jealous are the Powers of Destiny.  
 Joy premature, and Shouts ere victory,  
 Inroach upon their rights and privileges.  
 We sow the seed and they the growth determine.

[Exit.



## FRIDOLIN.

BY SCHILLER.

(Bulwer's Translation.)

A HARMLESS lad was Fridolin,  
 A pious youth was he ;  
 He served, and sought her grace to win.  
 Count Savern's fair ladye ;  
 And gentle was the dame as fair,  
 And light the toils of service there ;  
 And yet the woman's wildest whim  
 In her — had been but joy to him.

Soon as the early morning shone,  
 Until the vesper bell,  
 For her sweet hest he lived alone,  
 Nor e'er could serve too well.  
 She bade him oft not labor so :  
 But then his eyes would overflow. . . .  
 It seemed a sin if strength could swerve  
 From that one thought — her will to serve !

And so of all her house, the dame  
 Most favored him always ;  
 And from her lips forever came  
 His unexhausted praise.

On him, more like some gentle child,  
Than serving-youth the lady smiled,  
And took a harmless pleasure in  
The comely looks of Fridolin.

For this, the Huntsman Robert's heart  
The favored henchman cursed;  
And long, till ripened into art,  
The hateful envy nursed.  
His lord was rash of thought and deed:  
And thus the knave the deadly seed  
(As from the chase they homeward rode)  
That poisons thought to fury, sowed: —

“Your lot, great Count, in truth is fair,  
(Thus spoke the craft suppressed;)  
The gnawing tooth of doubt can ne'er  
Consume your golden rest.  
He who a noble spouse can claim,  
Sees love begirt with holy shame;  
Her truth no villain arts ensnare —  
The smooth seducer comes not there.”

“How now! — bold man, what sayest thou?”

The frowning Count replied —  
“Think'st thou I build on woman's vow,  
Unstable as the tide?  
Too well the flatterer's lip allureth —  
On firmer ground my faith endureth;  
The Count Von Savern's wife unto,  
No smooth seducer comes to woo!”

“Right!” quoth the other, “and your scorn  
The fool enow chastises,  
Who though a simple vassal born,  
Himself so highly prizes;  
Who buoys his heart with rash desires,  
And to the dame he serves aspires.”  
“How!” cried the Count, and trembled — “How!  
Of one who lives, then, speakest thou?”

“Surely; can that to all revealed  
Be all unknown to you?  
Yet, from your ear if thus concealed  
Let me be silent too.”

Out burst the Count, with gasping breath,  
 " Fool — fool ! — thou speak'st the words of death !  
 What brain has dared so bold a sin ? "  
 " My lord, I speak of Fridolin !

" His face is comely to behold — "  
 He adds — then paused with art.  
 The Count grew hot — the Count grew cold —  
 The words had pierced his heart.  
 " My gracious master sure must see  
 That only in her eyes lives he ;  
 Behind your board he stands unheeding,  
 Close by her chair — his passion feeding.

" And then the rhymes — " " The rhymes ! " " The same —  
 Confessed the frantic thought."  
 " Confessed ! " " Aye, and a *mutual* flame  
 The foolish boy besought !  
 No doubt the Countess, soft and tender,  
 Forbore the lines to you to render, . . .  
 And I repent the babbling word  
 That 'scaped my lips — What ails my lord ? "

Straight to a wood, in scorn and shame,  
 Away Count Savern rode,  
 Where, in the soaring furnace-flame,  
 The molten iron glowed.  
 Here, late and early, still the brand  
 Kindled the smiths, with crafty hand ;  
 The bellows heave and the sparkles fly,  
 As if they would melt the mountains high.

Their strength the Fire, the Water gave,  
 In interleagued endeavor ;  
 The mill wheel, whirled amidst the wave,  
 Rolls on for aye and ever —  
 Here, day and night, resounds the clamor,  
 While measured beats the heaving hammer ;  
 And, suppld in that ceaseless storm,  
 Iron to iron stamps a form.

Two smiths before Count Savern bend,  
 Forth-beckoned from their task.  
 " The first whom I to you may send,  
 And who of you may ask —

*'Have you my lord's command obeyed ?'*  
 — Thrust in the hell-fire yonder made;  
 Shrunk to the cinders of your ore,  
 Let him offend mine eyes no more !”

Then gloated they — the grisly pair —  
 They felt the hangman's zest;  
 For senseless as the iron there,  
 The heart lay in the breast.  
 And hied they, with the bellows' breath,  
 To strengthen still the furnace-death;  
 The murder-priests nor flag nor falter —  
 Wait the victim — trim the altar !

The huntsman seeks the page — God wot,  
 How smooth a face hath he !  
 “Off, comrade, off! and tarry not;  
 Thy lord hath need of thee !”  
 Thus spoke his lord to Fridolin,  
 “Haste to the forge the wood within,  
 And ask the serfs who ply the trade —  
*'Have you my lord's command obeyed ?'*”

“It shall be done” — and to the task  
 He hies without delay.  
 Had *she* no hest? — 'twere well to ask,  
 To make less long the way.  
 So, wending backward at the thought,  
 The youth the gracious lady sought.  
 “Ere I go to the forge, I have come to thee:  
 Hast thou any commands by the road for me ?”

“I fain,” thus spake that lady fair,  
 In winsome tone and low,  
 “But for mine infant ailing there,  
 To hear the mass would go.  
 Go thou, my child — and on the way,  
 For me and mine thy heart shall pray;  
 Repent each sinful thought of thine —  
 So shall thy soul find grace for mine !”

Forth on the welcome task he wends,  
 Her wish the task endears,  
 Till, where the quiet hamlet ends  
 A sudden sound he hears.

To and fro the church bell, swinging,  
 Cheerily, clearly forth is ringing;  
 Knolling souls that would repent  
 To the Holy Sacrament.

He thought, "Seek God upon thy way,  
 And he will come to thee!"  
 He gains the House of Prayer to pray,  
 But all stood silently.  
 It was the Harvest's merry reign,  
 The scythe was busy in the grain,  
 One clerky hand the rites require  
 To serve the mass and aid the choir.

At once the good resolve he takes,  
 As sacristan to serve:  
 "No halt," quoth he, "the footstep makes,  
 That doth but heavenward swerve!"  
 So, on the priest, with humble soul,  
 He hung the cingulum and stole,  
 And eke prepares each holy thing  
 To the high mass administ'ring.

Now, as the ministrant, before  
 The priest he took his stand;  
 Now towards the altar moved, and bore  
 The mass-book in his hand.  
 Rightward, leftward kneeleth he,  
 Watchful every sign to see;  
 Tinkling, as the *sanctus* fell,  
 Thrice at each holy name, the bell.

Now the meek priest, bending lowly,  
 Turns unto the solemn shrine,  
 And with lifted hand and holy,  
 Rears the cross divine.  
 While the clear bell, lightly swinging,  
 That boy-sacristan is ringing;—  
 Strike their breasts, and down inclining,  
 Kneel the crowd, the symbol signing.

Still in every point excelling,  
 With a quick and nimble art—  
 Every custom in that dwelling  
 Knew the boy by heart!



To the close he tarried thus,  
 Till *Vobiscum Dominus*;  
 To the crowd inclines the priest,  
 And the crowd have signed — and ceased!

Now back in its appointed place,  
 His footsteps but delay  
 To range each symbol sign of grace —  
 Then forward on his way.  
 So, conscience calm, he lightly goes;  
 Before his steps the furnace glows;  
 His lips, the while (the count completing),  
 Twelve paternosters slow-repeating.

He gained the forge — the smiths surveyed,  
 As there they grimly stand :  
 "How fares it, friends? — *have ye obeyed,*"  
 He cried, "*my lord's command ?*"  
 "Ho! ho!" they shout and ghastly grin,  
 And point the furnace-throat within :  
 "With zeal and heed, we did the deed —  
 The master's praise, the servants' need."

On, with this answer, onward home,  
 With fletcher step he flies ;  
 Afar, the Count beheld him come —  
 He scarce could trust his eyes.  
 "Whence com'st thou?" "From the furnace." "So!  
 Not elsewhere? troth, thy steps are slow ;  
 Thou hast loitered long!" "Yet only till  
 I might the trust consigned fulfill.

"My noble lord, 'tis true, to-day,  
 I'd chanced, on quitting thee,  
 To ask my duties, on the way,  
 Of her who guideth me.  
 She bade me (and how sweet and dear  
 It was!) the holy mass to hear;  
 Rosaries four I told, delaying,  
 Grace for thee and thine heart praying."

All stunned, Count Savern heard the speech —  
 A wondering man was he ;  
 "And when thou didst the furnace reach,  
 What answer gave they thee?"

"An answer hard the sense to win,  
 Thus spake the men with ghastly grin,  
 'With zeal and heed, we did the deed —  
 The master's praise, the servants' meed.'"

"And *Robert?*" gasped the Count, as lost  
 In awe, he shuddering stood.  
 "Thou must, be sure, his path have cross'd?  
*I sent him to the wood.*"

"In wood nor field where I have been,  
 No single trace of him was seen."  
 All deathlike stood the Count: "Thy might,  
 O God of heaven, hath judged the right!"

Then meekly, humbled from his pride,  
 He took the servant's hand;  
 He led him to his lady's side,  
 She naught mote understand  
 "This child — no angel is more pure —  
 Long may thy grace for him endure;  
 Our strength how weak, our sense how dim —  
 GOD AND HIS HOSTS ARE OVER HIM!"



## THE SHARING OF THE EARTH.

By SCHILLER.

(Bulwer's Translation.)

"TAKE the world," cried the God from his heaven  
 To men, "I proclaim you its heirs;  
 To divide it amongst you 'tis given,  
 You have only to settle the shares."

Each takes for himself as it pleases,  
 Old and young have alike their desire;  
 The Harvest the Husbandman seizes,  
 Through the wood and the chase sweeps the Squire.

The Merchant his warehouse is locking,  
 The Abbot is choosing his wine,  
 Cries the Monarch, the thoroughfares blocking,  
 "Every toll for the passage is mine!"

All too late, when the sharing was over,  
 Comes the Poet — he came from afar.  
 Nothing left can the laggard discover,  
 Not an inch but its owners there are.

"Woe is me, is there nothing remaining,  
For the son who best loves thee alone!"  
Thus to Jove went his voice in complaining,  
As he fell at the Thunderer's throne.

"In the land of the dreams if abiding,"  
Quoth the God, "canst thou murmur at ME?  
Where wert *thou*, when the Earth was dividing?"  
"I WAS," said the Poet, "BY THEE!"

"Mine eye by thy glory was captured,  
Mine ear by thy music of bliss;  
Pardon him whom *thy* world so enraptured  
As to lose him his portion in this!"

"Alas!" said the God, "Earth is given!  
Field, forest, and market and all!—  
What say you to quarters in heaven?  
We'll admit you whenever you call!"



## ADVENTURE WITH A PANTHER.

BY CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN.

[CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN, the first American professional man of letters, the first novelist to use real American scenes and life for material, and the first American writer to enter the field of mysticism and mental disorder, — a pioneer whose ideas were far in advance of his work, — was born 1771 in Philadelphia; a consumptive boy, fairly educated, but not strong enough to go through college, trained for the law, but in 1796 removing to New York to take up the then profitless life of letters. Here after some magazine work he wrote "Wieland" (1798), "Ormond" (1799), "Arthur Mervyn" (1799–1800), "Jane Talbot," "Edgar Huntly," and "Clara Howard" (1801). He founded a short-lived literary magazine in New York, and one in Philadelphia, whither he returned in 1801, and the semi-annual *American Register* (1806), suspended by his death in 1810. He wrote also political pamphlets, memoirs, translations, etc.]

THE next day was stormy and wet. This did not deter me from visiting the mountain. Slippery paths and muddy torrents were no obstacles to the purposes which I had adopted. I wrapped myself, and a bag of provisions, in a cloak of painted canvas, and speeded to the dwelling of Clithero.

I passed through the cave and reached the bridge which my own ingenuity had formed. At that moment, torrents of

rain poured from above, and stronger blasts thundered amid these desolate recesses and profound chasms. Instead of lamenting the prevalence of this tempest, I now began to regard it with pleasure. It conferred new forms of sublimity and grandeur on this scene.

As I crept with hands and feet along my imperfect bridge, a sudden gust had nearly whirled me into the frightful abyss below. To preserve myself, I was obliged to loose my hold of my burden, and it fell into the gulf. This incident disconcerted and distressed me. As soon as I had effected my dangerous passage, I screened myself behind a cliff and gave myself up to reflection.

The purpose of this arduous journey was defeated by the loss of the provisions I had brought. . . . This deficiency, however, was easily supplied. I had only to return home and supply myself anew. No time was to be lost in doing this ; but I was willing to remain under this shelter till the fury of the tempest had subsided. Besides, I was not certain that Clithero had again retreated hither. . . .

While occupied with these reflections, my eyes were fixed upon the opposite steeps. The tops of the trees, waving to and fro in the wildest confusion, and their trunks, occasionally bending to the blast, which in these lofty regions blew with a violence unknown in the tracts below, exhibited an awful spectacle. At length my attention was attracted by the trunk which lay across the gulf, and which I had converted into a bridge. I perceived that it had already swerved from its original position, that every blast broke or loosened some of the fibers by which its roots were connected with the opposite bank, and that if the storm did not speedily abate, there was imminent danger of its being torn from the rock and precipitated into the chasm. Thus my retreat would be cut off, and the evils from which I was endeavoring to rescue another would be experienced by myself.

I did not just then reflect that Clithero had found access to this hill by other means, and that the avenue by which he came would be equally commodious to me. I believed my destiny to hang upon the expedition with which I should recross this gulf. The moments that were spent in these deliberations were critical, and I shuddered to observe that the trunk was held in its place by one or two fibers which were already stretched almost to breaking.

To pass along the trunk, rendered slippery by the wet and unsteadfast by the wind, was imminently dangerous. To maintain my hold in passing, in defiance of the whirlwind, required the most vigorous exertions. For this end it was necessary to discommode myself of my cloak, and of the volume which I carried in the pocket of my cloak. I believed there was no reason to dread their being destroyed or purloined, if left for a few hours or a day in this recess. . . .

Just as I had disposed of these incumbrances, and had risen from my seat, my attention was again called to the opposite steep by the most unwelcome object that at this time could possibly occur. Something was perceived moving among the bushes and rocks, which for a time I hoped was no more than a raccoon or opossum, but which presently appeared to be a panther. His gray coat, extended claws, fiery eyes, and a cry which he at that moment uttered, and which, by its resemblance to the human voice, is peculiarly terrific, denoted him to be the most ferocious and untamable of that detested race.

The industry of our hunters has nearly banished animals of prey from these precincts. The fastnesses of Norwalk, however, could not but afford a refuge to some of them. Of late I had met them so rarely that my fears were seldom alive, and I trod without caution the ruggedest and most solitary haunts. Still, however, I had seldom been unfurnished in my rambles with the means of defense.

My temper never delighted in carnage and blood. I found no pleasure in plunging into bogs, wading through rivulets, and penetrating thickets, for the sake of dispatching woodcocks and squirrels. To watch their gambols and flittings, and invite them to my hand, was my darling amusement when loitering among the woods and rocks. It was much otherwise, however, with regard to rattlesnakes and panthers. These I thought it no breach of duty to exterminate wherever they could be found. These pernicious and sanguinary spoilers were equally the enemies of man and of the harmless race that sported in the trees, and many of their skins are still preserved by me as trophies of my juvenile prowess.

As hunting was never my trade or my sport, I never loaded myself with fowling-piece or rifle. Assiduous exercise had made me master of a weapon of much easier carriage, and, within a moderate distance, more destructive and unerring. This was the tomahawk. With this I have often severed an

oak branch and cut the sinews of a catamount, at the distance of sixty feet.

The unfrequency with which I had lately encountered this foe, and the incumbrance of provision, made me neglect on this occasion to bring with me my usual arms. The beast that was now before me, when stimulated by hunger, was accustomed to assail whatever could provide him with a banquet of blood. He would set upon the man and the deer with equal and irresistible ferocity. His sagacity was equal to his strength, and he seemed able to discover when his antagonist was armed and prepared for defense.

My past experience enabled me to estimate the full extent of my danger. He sat on the brow of the steep, eying the bridge, and apparently deliberating whether he should cross it. It was probable that he had scented my footsteps thus far, and should he pass over, his vigilance could scarcely fail of detecting my asylum. The pit into which Clithero had sunk from my view was at some distance. To reach it was the first impulse of my fear, but this could not be done without exciting the observation and pursuit of this enemy. I deeply regretted the untoward chance that had led me, when I first came over, to a different shelter.

Should he retain his present station, my danger was scarcely lessened. To pass over in the face of a famished tiger was only to rush upon my fate. The falling of the trunk, which had lately been so anxiously deprecated, was now with no less solicitude desired. Every new gust, I hoped, would tear asunder its remaining bands, and by cutting off all communication between the opposite steeps, place me in security.

My hopes, however, were destined to be frustrated. The fibers of the prostrate tree were obstinately tenacious of their hold, and presently the animal scrambled down the rock and proceeded to cross it.

Of all kinds of death, that which now menaced me was the most abhorred. To die by disease or by the hand of a fellow-creature was propitious and lenient in comparison with being rent to pieces by the fangs of this savage. To perish in this obscure retreat, by means so impervious to the anxious curiosity of my friends, to lose my portion of existence by so untoward and ignoble a destiny, was insupportable. I bitterly deplored my rashness in coming hither unprovided for an encounter like this.

The evil of my present circumstances consisted chiefly in suspense. My death was unavoidable, but my imagination had leisure to torment itself by anticipations. One foot of the savage was slowly and cautiously moved after the other. He struck his claws so deeply into the bark that they were with difficulty withdrawn. At length he leaped upon the ground. We were now separated by an interval of scarcely eight feet. To leave the spot where I crouched was impossible. Behind and beside me the cliff rose perpendicularly, and before me was this grim and terrific visage. I shrank still closer to the ground and closed my eyes.

From this pause of horror I was aroused by the noise occasioned by a second spring of the animal. He leaped into the pit, in which I had so deeply regretted that I had not taken refuge, and disappeared. My rescue was so sudden, and so much beyond my belief or my hope, that I doubted for a moment whether my senses did not deceive me. This opportunity of escape was not to be neglected. I left my place, and scrambled over the trunk with a precipitation which had like to have proved fatal. The tree groaned and shook under me, the wind blew with unexampled violence, and I had scarcely reached the opposite steep when the roots were severed from the rock and the whole fell thundering to the bottom of the chasm.

My trepidations were not speedily quieted. I looked back with wonder on my hairbreadth escape, and on that singular concurrence of events which had placed me, in so short a period, in absolute security. Had the trunk fallen a moment earlier, I should have been imprisoned on the hill or thrown headlong. Had its fall been delayed another moment, I should have been pursued; for the beast now issued from his den, and testified his surprise and disappointment by tokens the sight of which made my blood run cold.

He saw me, and hastened to the verge of the chasm. He squatted on his hind legs and assumed the attitude of one preparing to leap. My consternation was excited afresh by these appearances. It seemed at first as if the rift was too wide for any pair of muscles to carry him in safety over; but I knew the unparalleled agility of this animal, and that his experience had made him a better judge of the practicability of this exploit than I was. Still there was hope that he would relinquish this design as desperate. This hope was quickly at an

end. He sprang, and his forelegs touched the verge of the rock on which I stood. In spite of vehement exertions, however, the surface was too smooth and too hard to allow him to make good his hold. He fell, and a piercing cry, uttered below, showed that nothing had obstructed his descent to the bottom.

Thus was I again rescued from death. Nothing but the pressure of famine could have prompted this savage to so audacious and hazardous an effort; but by yielding to this impulse, he had made my future visits to this spot exempt from peril. Clithero was likewise relieved from a danger that was imminent and unforeseen. Prowling over these grounds, the panther could scarcely have failed to meet with this solitary fugitive.

Had the animal lived, my first duty would have been to have sought him out and assailed him with my tomahawk; but no undertaking would have been more hazardous. Lurking in the grass, or in the branches of a tree, his eye might have descried my approach, he might leap upon me unperceived, and my weapon would be useless.

With a heart beating with unwonted rapidity, I once more descended the cliff, entered the cavern, and arrived at Huntly farm, drenched with rain and exhausted by fatigue.



## THE HUNTSMEN.

BY CHÂTEAUBRIAND.

(From "Atala": translated by Jacques Henri Bernardin de Saint Pierre.)

[FRANÇOIS RENÉ AUGUSTE, VICOMTE DE CHÂTEAUBRIAND, French writer and diplomatist, was born of a noble Breton family at St. Malo, September 14, 1768. He entered the army at eighteen; traveled in America among the Indians (1791-1792); was wounded while serving with the royalist forces at Thionville; and subsequently emigrated to England, where he supported himself by teaching and general literary work. "Atala" (1801), a romance of the North American Indians, created a sensation, and "The Genius of Christianity" (1802) was enthusiastically received. In 1803 he was appointed by Napoleon secretary of legation at Rome and later minister to the Swiss republic of Valais, a post which he resigned on the murder of the Duc d'Enghien (1804). Under the Bourbon dynasty he was created a peer of France, and held several important diplomatic posts. He died at Paris, July 4, 1848. Besides the works already mentioned Châteaubriand wrote: "René," "The Martyrs," "The Natchez," "Journey from Paris to Jerusalem," memoirs, etc.]

NOTHING but a miracle could save Atala from the fascinating solicitations of love, and the persuasive voice of nature:



and that miracle was wrought. The daughter of Simaghan invoked the God of Christians; her matchless form, prostrate on the ground, in the humble posture of supplication, she offered a pious prayer to Heaven. What a sublime idea I then formed, O René! of a religion which, in the midst of deserts, amid the wants of life, pours innumerable comforts on a wretched being; of a religion which can, at will, curb the most impetuous passion, when the secrecy of woods, the absence of men, the mystery of the shade, all seem to favor it. How heavenly she looked, the ingenious savage, the innocent Atala, when on her knees before a fallen pine, which seemed as a victim at the foot of the altar, she offered to the Lord of life through the tufted trees the most fervent prayers for the conversion of her idolatrous lover. Her eyes turned toward the refulgent lamp of night, her cheeks bedewed with tears of love and piety, she appeared like an immortal spirit. Often did I think I saw her take her flight to Heaven; often methought I saw descending from the azure skies, and that I heard whispering among the branches, those aerial beings the Great Spirit sends to the holy hermits of the rocks, when he chooses to recall them to his bosom. I trembled, as I feared Atala had but a short time to spend on this mortal earth.

She sobbed, she wept so bitterly, she looked so distressed, that I felt almost tempted to obey and leave her, when the cries of death resounded through the forest, and I was seized by four armed warriors. Our flight had been discovered, and their chief had sent them in our pursuit.

Atala, who seemed divine, so dignified were her mien and her steps, cast a scornful look on them; and, without uttering a word, she hastened to her father.

He was deaf to all her supplications, he increased the number of my guards, he doubled my fetters, and refused to let my beloved come near me. Five days elapsed, and we perceived Apalachucla lying near the river Chatautché. I was immediately crowned with flowers, my face was painted with blue and vermilion, pearls were tied to my nose and ears, and a Chechikoué was put into my hands.

Thus adorned for the sacrifice, I entered Apalachucla, followed by the shouts of an immense crowd. I gave myself up for lost, when the sound of a conch was heard, and the Mico, chief of the whole tribe, ordered the council to assemble. You know, my boy, what horrid tortures the savages inflict upon

their prisoners of war. Christian missionaries, at the peril of their lives, with an indefatigable zeal had prevailed on several nations to replace, by a mild slavery, the torments of death. The Muscogulges had not yet adopted that humane custom : but a numerous party had declared for it ; and it was to determine on that important question that Mico had assembled the Sachems. I was brought to the hall of debate, situate on an isolated spot near Apalachucla. Three circles of columns composed the elegant and simple architecture of the building : they were made of cypress, well carved and polished ; the columns augmented in height and size and decreased in number as they drew near the center, which was supported by a single pillar, from whose top long strips of bark, bending over the other columns, covered the rotunda like a transparent fan.

The council met. Fifty old men, clad in magnificent beaver cloaks, sat upon steps opposite the entrance of the pavilion ; the great chief stood in the midst of them, holding in his hand the calumet of peace, half painted for war. On the right of the elders were placed fifty matrons, dressed in flowing garments, made of the down of swans. The chiefs of the warriors, a tomahawk in their hands, feathers on their heads, their wrists and breasts stained with blood, sat on the left. At the foot of the central column burnt the fire of council. The first juggler, followed by eight attendants in long robes, a stuffed owl on his head, threw some copal in the flame, and offered a sacrifice to the sun. The triple range of elders, matrons, and warriors, the clouds of frankincense, the sacrifice, all gave to the savage council an awful and pompous appearance.

I stood in the center loaded with chains. The sacrifice over, the Mico simply exposed the reasons for which he had convened them, and threw a blue collar in the room as a token of what he had said. Then arose a Sachem, of the tribe of the eagle, who spoke thus : —

“Father and venerable Mico, Sachems, matrons, and you warriors of the tribes of the eagle, the beaver, the serpent, and the tortoise, do not alter any of the customs of our ancestors : burn the prisoner. Let no reason whatever abate our courage. The plan was suggested by white men, and therefore must be pernicious : here is a red collar as a pledge of my words.” And he threw it in the hall.

A matron rose and said : —

“Father of the tribe of the eagle, you possess the shrewd

penetration of the fox, and the slow prudence of the tortoise. I will strengthen the ties of friendship between us, and we shall both plant the tree of peace. But let us remove from the customs of our forefathers all that shocks humanity and reason. Let us have slaves to cultivate our fields, and suffer the groans of prisoners no longer to disturb infants in their mothers' womb."

As when the stormy sea dashes her tumultuous billows; or when the faded leaves in autumn are whirled by the winds; or when the reeds in the Meschacébé bend and suddenly rise under the emerging floods; or when a herd of amorous stags roar in the solitary woods—such was the murmur of the council. Sachems, warriors, matrons, all spoke together. The opinions varied, no one could agree; the council was on the point of breaking up. At last the ancient custom prevailed, and it was resolved that I should be burnt with the usual tortures. A circumstance protracted my fate. The feast of the dead, or the banquet of souls, drew near, and it was forbidden to put any prisoner to death during the days allotted to that holy rite. I was intrusted to the care of a vigilant guard, and the Sachems, no doubt, kept away the daughter of Simaghan, for I saw her no more. . . .

How much are men to be pitied, dear boy! Those very Indians whose customs are so affecting, those very women who had expressed so much compassion for my misfortunes, now called aloud for my death; nay, whole nations delayed their journey to behold the tortures of a harmless youth.

In the middle of a valley, towards the north, and at some distance from the village, was a dark wood of cypress and pines, called the grove of blood. A narrow path led to it amid the moldering ruins of old monuments that had belonged to a tribe now unknown in the desert; there was a wide lawn in the center of the wood, on which they sacrificed their prisoners of war: thither was I conducted in triumph. All was prepared for my death: the fatal stake of Areskoui planted, ancient pines, cypress, and elms felled to the ground, the pile erected, and amphitheaters constructed for the spectators. Each inventing new tortures; one wanted to tear the skin off my forehead, another to burn my eyes with red-hot hatchets. I thus began my death song:—

"I am a true man, I fear neither fire nor death, O Muscogulges! I defy you, and think you less than women. My

father, the warlike Outalissi, son of Miscou, has drunk in the skulls of your most renowned heroes. You shall not draw one single sigh from my heart."

Provoked at my song, one of the warriors pierced my arm with an arrow. I said, "Brother, I thank thee."

Expeditious as were my tormentors, they could not get everything ready for my execution, before the setting sun. They consulted the juggler, who forbade to disturb the genii of the night, and my death was therefore postponed until the next day. But impatient to behold the horrid sight, and to be ready against the morrow's dawn, they remained in the wood, kindled the evening fire, and began their dances.

I was stretched on my back, and cords entwined around my neck, my arms and my feet were tied to spears stuck deep in the ground: guards sat on the ropes, and I could not move unfelt by them. Night darkened on the skies, the songs and dances ended, the half-consumed piles threw but a glimmering light, which reflected the shadows of a few wandering savages. At last all was asleep, and as the busy hum of men decreased, the roaring of the storm augmented, and succeeded to the confused din of voices.

It was at that hour when the newly delivered Indian awakes from her slumbers, and thinking she hears the cries of her first-born, starts from her couch to press her milky breast on his coral lips. My eyes turned toward the murky heavens, I sadly reflected on my dismal fate; Atala seemed a monster of ingratitude to me, who had preferred the most horrid death rather than forsake her: she left me forlorn in the most awful moment, yet I felt I loved her, and that I gladly died for her.

In exquisite pleasure, a secret impulse leads us to profit of each precious instant. In extreme pain, on the contrary, our soul, blighted and torn by excessive sorrow, slumbers almost senseless; our eyes oppressed with tears naturally close, and thus Providence administers his balmy comfort to the unfortunate. I felt, in spite of myself, that momentary sleep which suspends for a time the sufferings of the wretched. I dreamt that a generous hand tore away my bonds, and I experienced that sweet sensation so delicious to the freed prisoner, whose limbs were bruised by galling fetters.

The sensation became so powerful that I opened my eyes. By the light of the moon, whose propitious rays darted through the fleecy clouds, I perceived a tall figure dressed in white, and

silently occupied in untying my chains. I was going to call aloud, when a well-known hand stopt my mouth. One single cord remained, which it seemed impossible to break without waking the guard that lay stretched upon it. Atala pulled it, the warrior, half awake, started; Atala stood motionless; he stared, took her for the genius of the ruins, and fell aghast on the ground, shutting his eyes and invoking his manitou.

The cord is broken. I rise and follow my deliverer. But how many perils surround us! now we are ready to stumble against some savage sleeping in the shade; sometimes called by a guard, Atala answers, altering her voice; children shriek, dogs bark, we had scarcely passed the fatal inclosure when the most terrific yells resounded through the forest, the whole camp awaked, the savages light their torches to pursue us, and we hasten our steps: when the first dawn of morn appeared we were already far in the desert. Great Spirit! thou knowest how exquisite was my felicity, when I found myself once more in the wilderness with Atala, with my deliverer, my beloved Atala, who gave herself to me forever! Throwing myself at her feet, I said with a faltering voice, "Men are poor beings, O daughter of Simaghan! but when they are visited by the genii, they are mere atoms. Thou art my genius, thou hast visited me; gratitude cannot find utterance." Atala offered her hand with a melancholy smile; "I must follow you, since you will not fly without me. Last night I bribed the juggler, intoxicated your guards with the essence of fire, and cheerfully hazarded my life for you, who gave yours for me. Yes, young idolater!" exclaimed she, with an accent that terrified me, "Yes, the sacrifice shall be reciprocal."

Atala gave me weapons she had carried with her, dressed my wound with the leaves of papaia, and bathed it with her tears. "It is a salutary balm you pour on my wound," said I. "Alas! I fear it is poison," she replied, "which flows from a blighted heart." She tore a veil from her bosom, and tied my arm with her hair.

Intoxication, which among savages lasts long, and is a kind of malady, prevented our enemies, no doubt, from pursuing us for the first day. If they sought for us afterwards, they probably went towards the western side, thinking we were gone down the Meschacébé. But we had bent our course towards the fixed star, guiding our steps by the moss on the oaks.

We soon perceived how little we had gained by my deliver-

ance. The desert now displayed its boundless solitudes before us ; inexperienced in a lonely life, in the midst of forests, wandering from the right path, we strayed helpless and forlorn. While I gazed on Atala, I often thought of the history of Hagar in the desert of Beersheba, which Lopez had made me read, and which happened in those remote times when men lived three ages of oaks. . . .

Alas ! I soon perceived how much Atala's seeming serenity had deceived me : as we went farther into the desert, she grew more melancholy. Sometimes she suddenly shuddered, and quickly turned her head, or I surprised her casting on me the most impassioned looks, and then she would raise her eyes to heaven in deep affliction. What terrified me most was a secret painful thought she kept concealed from me, but which her agitated countenance partly discovered. Constantly encouraging and repelling my solicitations, reviving or destroying my hopes ; when I thought I had made some progress in her heart, she always disappointed my expectations. Often did she say, "I cherish thee, O my beloved ! as the shady groves in the sultry heat ; thou art as beauteous as the verdant landskip, embalmed with the flowers of spring ; when I approach thee I tremble ; if my hand meets with thine I think myself dying : the other day, as thou wert slumbering on my bosom, the wind scattered thy locks on my face, methought I felt the touch of some spirit. Yes, I have seen the young kids sport on the sloping mountain of Occona ; I have listened to the language of men advanced in years. But the meekness of playful kids, the wisdom of elders, are neither so sweet nor so persuasive as thy words. Well, Chactas, I can never be thy wife !"

The perpetual contradictions of love and religion, her excessive tenderness, her chaste purity, her noble mind, her exquisite sensibility, the elevation of her soul on great occasions, and her susceptibility in trifles, showed me in Atala the most incomprehensible being. She could not obtain a momentary empire of the heart ; her exalted love and her rigid virtue forced man to worship, or to hate her.

After a rapid march of fifteen nights, we reached the mountains of Alleghany, and came to the banks of the Tennesse, a river that empties itself in the Ohio. By the advice of Atala, I built a canoe, which I calked with the gum of plum trees, seaming the barks with the roots of pines ; and embarking on the frail pirogue, we were carried along by the stream.

Solitude, the constant presence of the beloved object, our misfortunes, all increased our love. Atala's resolution began to forsake her, and her passion in weakening her delicate frame was triumphing over her virtue. She constantly prayed to her mother, whose angry ghost she seemed endeavoring to appease. Sometimes she asked me if I did not hear the groans of an invisible spirit; or if I did not see flames darting from the ground. Worn by fatigue, consumed by desire, and thinking that we were forever lost in these vast forests: often, clasping my beloved in my arms, did I propose to her to build a hut, and spend the remainder of our days in those deserts; she obstinately refused, saying, "Remember, my dear friend, what a warrior owes to his country. What is a poor weak woman, in comparison of the many duties thou hast to fulfill? Take courage, son of Outalassi, do not murmur against thy destiny. The heart of man is like the sponge in the river; in fair weather it imbibes the purest water, and when the storms have disturbed the waves, it is swelled by the slimy flood. Has the sponge a right to say, I thought there never should have been a storm, nor that I should have been dried by the scorching sun?"

O René! if you fear the aching of the heart, avoid lonely retreats; great passions are solitary, bringing them to a desert is leading them to their own empire. Distracted with grief and fears, exposed every moment to fall into the hands of Indian foes, or to be swallowed by the waves, to be stung by serpents, or devoured by wild beasts, scarce able to procure our miserable pittance, knowing not where to bend our steps, we thought our misfortunes could never be greater, when the most fatal accident filled up the measure of our woes. It was on the twenty-seventh sun, since our flight from the grove of blood. The moon of fire had begun her course, and all foreboded a storm. About the hour when the Indian matrons suspended their rakes to the branches of savin trees, when the parrots shelter themselves from the heat of the day in the hollow cypresses, the sky began to darken. All was still in the wilderness. Soon distant peals of thunder were repeated by the echoes of woods as ancient as the world; dreading to perish in the flood, we hurried on shore to seek shelter in the forest.

Walking on a marshy ground, we could hardly proceed under arches of smilax, amongst clumps of vines, indigoes, and creeping lianes that entangled our feet like nets; the earth

was sinking under us, we feared to be buried in the mire. Numberless insects, enormous bats, almost blinded us; we heard the fatal rattle of the poisonous snake; wolves, bears, buffaloes, carcajoux, and tigers flocked in crowds to save themselves in the forest. They rent the air with their terrific yells.

Total darkness overspread the atmosphere, the lowering clouds covered the tops of trees, lurid lightnings tore the blazing skies, the tempestuous wind whirled cloud upon cloud, the firmament, rent asunder, unveiled through its crevices a new heaven on fire; the whole mass of the forest bowed in awful reverence. What a sublime and tremendous sight! the thunder poured conflagration on the woods; the flames spread in oceans of fire, columns of smoke assailed the heavens, disgorging their bolts in the vast combustion; the rolling thunder, the clash of shattered trees, the groaning of phantoms, the howling of wild beasts, the roaring of torrents, the hissing of lightning extinguished in the waves. All seemed a wreck of matter, ringing through the desert.

The Great Spirit knows that, during the seeming dissolution of nature, I saw or feared for none but Atala. Leaning against the tree which served us as a refuge, my body bent over her lovely form, I endeavored to shelter her from the rain that fell from the dripping foliage; seated on the wet ground, I held her on my knees, warming her cold feet in my hands. Listening attentively to the storm, I felt Atala's tears, hot like the milk pouring from the luxuriant udder, drop on my burning cheek. "O Atala!" exclaimed I, "open thy heart to me, tell the painful secret thou hast ostensibly concealed: thou knowest how sweet it is to unfold our most private thoughts to a friend. Yes, I see it, thou weepst for thy native hut!"—"Child of nature," she replied, "why should I weep for my native hut, since my father was not born in the land of palms?"—"What," said I, with amazement, "your father was not born in the land of palms! who then was he that placed you in this world of sorrow?" She resumed, "Before my mother brought to Simaghan, as her marriage portion, thirty mares, twenty oxen, one hundred tubs of acorn oil, fifty beavers' skins, and many more treasures, she had known a white man. But the mother of my mother, throwing water on her face, obliged her to espouse Magnanimous Simaghan, our chief, revered by the nation as one of the genii. My mother told her bridegroom, 'My womb



has conceived, O slay me!’ ‘No,’ replied generous Simaghan, ‘may the Great Spirit spare me the horrid deed. I will not mangle you, I shall not cut your nose nor your ears, because you have spoken truth, and have not deceived the bridal couch. The fruit of your womb shall be mine, and I will not approach you till the ricebird is flown, and that the thirteenth moon has illumined the sky.’ About that time she gave me birth; and as I grew, I soon displayed the haughtiness of a Spaniard, blended with the pride of a savage. She made me a Christian like my father and herself; shortly after the sorrows of love assailed her, and she now rests in the narrow hut hung with skins, from which no one ever returns.” So Atala ended her narrative. I asked, “Who then was thy father, poor orphan of the wilderness? What name did he bear among men? How was he called among the genii?” — “I never bathed my father’s feet,” replied Atala; “I only know that he resided with his sister at St. Augustine, and that he has ever been faithful to my mother. Philip was his name among the angels, and men called him Lopez.”

Hearing these last words, I exclaimed with rapture, clasping my beloved to my throbbing breast, “O sister! O daughter of Lopez! O the child of my benefactor!” Atala, alarmed, inquired the cause of my emotion. But when she learned Lopez was that generous protector who had adopted me at St. Augustine, and whom I had forsaken to wander in the desert, she shared my frantic joy. Already overwhelmed by our passion, fraternal love was too much. The fainting Atala vainly tried to escape me, with a convulsive motion she raised her hands to her face, and then reclined her beauteous head on my bosom. Already had I tasted on her quivering lips the intoxicating draught of love; my eyes directed towards heaven, in those dreary wilds, and in presence of the Eternal Spirit, I held my adored entwined in my arms, — nuptial pomp, fit to grace our exquisite love, and worthy of our misfortunes! Superb forests, that bent your lofty heads in verdant domes over us like the canopy of the bridal couch, — burning pines that served as hymeneal torches, — roaring torrents, groaning mountains, horrid and sublime nature, could you not one instant conceive in your terrific mysteries the felicity of one man?

Atala opposing but a weak resistance, I was going to taste ecstatic bliss, when a thunderbolt, darting through the dark space, felled a pine close by us. The forest filled with sul-

phurous smoke, aghast we fly; O surprise! when silence suspended the tremendous crushing of nature, we heard the sound of a bell. We listened, and shortly distinguished the barking of a dog; the sound draws near, the dog appears, runs and skips, licking our feet with joy. A venerable hermit followed along the shade, with a lantern in his hand. "Blessed be Providence!" exclaimed he, when he saw us; "I have been long looking for you—we usually ring our bell at night during a storm to call the straying traveler. Like our brethren on Mount Lebanon and on the Alps, we teach our dogs to track the wandering stranger in these deserts. Mine scented you as soon as the storm began, and led me hither. Good God, how young they are! Poor children, how they must have suffered in these wilds! Come, I have brought a bearskin; it will serve for you, young maid; here is some wine in my gourd that will strengthen you. The Almighty be praised in all his works! great is his mercy, his goodness is infinite."

Atala, throwing herself at his feet, said, "Chief of prayer! I am a Christian, and Heaven sends you here to save me." To me the old man was incomprehensible: his charity appeared so much above human that I thought myself in a dream. By the light of his lantern, I saw the hermit's hoary locks and beard dripping with rain; his face, his hands, his feet, were mangled by thorns. "Old man," said I, "what a heart is thine, since thou hast not feared to be crushed by the thunderbolt?"—"Feared!" replied he, warmly, "feared! when I knew my fellow-creatures in peril, and that I could assist them? Alas! I should prove a wretched servant of Christ!"—"But do you know that I am no Christian?"—"Young man," resumed he, "have I asked thy religion? Christ never said, my blood shall wash this and not that man. He died for the Jew as well as the Gentile, and in us poor mortals he beheld none but brethren. What I now do for you is a trifle; in other climes you would meet with greater assistance. But glory be to God, and not to priests. What are we but weak men, and the humble tools the Omnipotent employs to accomplish his works? Who then is the cowardly soldier that would basely forsake his leader when, the cross in his hand, his forehead crowned with thorns, he hastens to the help of the unfortunate?"

The old man's words penetrated my heart, and tears of admiration and gratitude rushed from my eyes. "My dear Neophytes," said the missionary, "I am the pastor of some of

your savage brethren in these deserts: my cell is near, on the mountain. Come, follow me, there you may rest; and although you will not find the luxuries of life, it will prove a refuge against the storm, and you must return thanks to the Most High; for, alas! there are many who now want an asylum."



## SOME OLD SCOTCH JUDGES.

By LORD COCKBURN.

[HENRY COCKBURN, Scotch lawyer and judge, was born in 1779 at Edinburgh, and educated at that university. He was the companion of the early *Edinburgh Reviewers*, a Liberal like them, and when called to the bar, his political opinions barred the way to success for many years. The introduction of jury trial in Scotch civil cases finally broke the despotism of legal cliques, and he rose to the front rank of lawyers. In the great Whig victory of 1830 he was made Solicitor-General for Scotland, in 1834 a judge of the Supreme Courts. He died in 1854. His "Life of Jeffrey" was written late in life. His posthumous "Memorials of his Time" are his real and delightful monument.]

THE giant of the bench was Braxfield. His very name makes people start yet.

Strong built and dark, with rough eyebrows, powerful eyes, threatening lips, and a low, growling voice, he was like a formidable blacksmith. His accent and his dialect were exaggerated Scotch; his language, thoughts, short, strong, and conclusive.

Our commercial jurisprudence was only rising when he was sinking, and, being no reader, he was too old both in life and habit to master it familiarly; though even here he was inferior to no Scotch lawyer of his time except Hlay Campbell, the Lord President. But within the range of the feudal and the civil branches, and on every matter depending on natural ability and practical sense, he was very great; his power arose more from the force of his reasoning and his vigorous application of principle, than from either the extent or the accuracy of his learning. I have heard good observers describe with admiration how, having worked out a principle, he followed it in its application, fearlessly and triumphantly, dashing all unworthy obstructions aside, and pushed on to his result with the vigor and disdain of a consummate athlete. And he had a colloquial way of arguing, in the form of question and answer, which,

done in his clear and abrupt style, imparted a dramatic directness and vivacity to the scene.

With this intellectual force as applied to law, his merits, I fear, cease. Illiterate and without any taste for refined enjoyment, strength of understanding, which gave him power without cultivation, only encouraged him to a more contemptuous disdain to natures less coarse than his own. Despising the growing improvement of manners, he shocked the feelings even of an age which, with more of the formality, had far less of the substance of decorum than our own. Thousands of his sayings have been preserved, and the staple of them is indecency; which he succeeded in making many people enjoy, or at least endure, by hearty laughter, energy of manner, and rough humor. Almost the only story of him I ever heard that had some fun in it without immodesty, was when the butler gave up his place because his lordship's wife was always scolding him. "Lord!" he exclaimed, "ye've little to complain o'; ye may be thankfu' ye're no married to her."

It is impossible to condemn his conduct as a criminal judge too gravely or too severely. It was a disgrace to the age. A dexterous and practical trier of ordinary cases, he was harsh to prisoners even in his jocularly, and to every counsel whom he chose to dislike. I have heard this attempted to be accounted for and extenuated by the tendency which the old practice of taking all the evidence down in writing, by judicial dictation, had to provoke a wrangle between the court and the bar every moment, and thus to excite mutual impatience and hostility. No doubt there was something in this; but not much. And Braxfield, as might have been expected from his love of domineering, continued the vice after its external cause, whatever it may have been, had ceased. It may be doubtful if he was ever so much in his element as when tauntingly repelling the last despairing claim of a wretched culprit, and sending him to Botany Bay or the gallows with an insulting jest; over which he would chuckle the more from observing that correct people were shocked. Yet this was not from cruelty, for which he was too strong and too jovial, but from his cherished coarseness.

This union of talent with a passion for rude predomination, exercised in a very discretionary court, tended to form a formidable and dangerous judicial character. These appeared too often in ordinary cases: but all stains on his administration of the common business of his court disappeared in the indelible

iniquity of the political trials of 1793 and 1794. In these he was the Jeffreys of Scotland. He, as the head of the Court, and the only very powerful man it contained, was the real director of its proceedings. The reports made his abuse of the judgment-seat bad enough ; but his misconduct was not so fully disclosed in formal decisions and charges as it transpired in casual remarks and general manner. "Let them bring me prisoners, and I'll find them law," used to be openly stated as his suggestion, when an intended political prosecution was marred by anticipated difficulties. If innocent of the atrocious sentiment, he was scandalously ill used by his friends, by whom I repeatedly heard it ascribed to him at the time, and who, instead of denying it, spoke of it as a thing understood, and rather admired it as worthy of the man and of the times. Mr. Horner (the father of Francis), who was one of the jurors in Muir's case, told me that when he was passing, as was often done then, behind the bench to get into the box, Braxfield, who knew him, whispered, "Come awa, Maister Horner, come awa, and help us to hang ane o' thae daammed scoondrels." The reporter of Gerald's case could not venture to make the prisoner say more than that "Christianity was an innovation." But the full truth is, that in stating this view he added that all great men had been reformers, "even our Saviour himself." "Muckle he made o' that," chuckled Braxfield in an under voice, "he was hanget." Before Hume's "Commentaries" had made our criminal record intelligible, the forms and precedents were a mystery understood by the initiated alone, and by nobody so much as by Mr. Joseph Norris, the ancient clerk. Braxfield used to quash anticipated doubts by saying "Hoot! just gie me Josie Norris and a gude jury, an' I'll doo for the fallow." He died in 1799, in his seventy-eighth year.

David Rae, Lord Eskgrove, succeeded Braxfield as head of the Criminal Court, and it is his highest honor that he is sometimes mentioned as Braxfield's judicial rival. In so far as law and political partiality went, they were pretty well matched ; but in all other respects they were quite different men.

Eskgrove was a very considerable lawyer ; in mere knowledge probably Braxfield's superior. But he had nothing of Braxfield's grasp or reasoning, and in everything requiring force or soundness of head, he was a mere child compared with that practical Hercules. Still he was cunning in old Scotch law.

But a more ludicrous personage could not exist. When I first knew him he was in the zenith of his absurdity. People seemed to have nothing to do but to tell stories of this one man. To be able to give an anecdote of Eskgrove, with a proper imitation of his voice and manner, was a sort of fortune in society. Scott in those days was famous for this particularly. Whenever a knot of persons were seen listening in the Outer House to one who was talking slowly, with a low muttering voice and a projected chin, and then the listeners burst asunder in roars of laughter, nobody thought of asking what the joke was. They were sure enough that it was a successful imitation of Esky; and this was enough. Yet never once did he do or say anything which had the slightest claim to be remembered for any intrinsic merit. The value of all his words and actions consisted in their absurdity.

He seemed, in his old age, to be about the average height; but as he then stooped a good deal, he might have been taller in reality. His face varied, according to circumstances, from a scurfy red to a scurfy blue; the nose was prodigious; the under lip enormous, and supported on a huge clumsy chin, which moved like the jaw of an exaggerated Dutch toy. He walked with a slow, stealthy step—something between a walk and a hirple, and helped himself on by short movements of his elbows, backwards and forwards, like fins. The voice was low and mumbling, and on the bench was generally inaudible for some time after the movement of the lips showed that he had begun speaking; after which the first word that was let fairly out was generally the loudest of the whole discourse. It is unfortunate that, without an idea of his voice and manner, mere narrative cannot describe his sayings and doings graphically.

One of his remarks on the trial of Mr. Fysche Palmer for sedition—not as given in the report of the trial, but as he made it—is one of the very few things he ever said that had some little merit of its own. Mr. John Haggart, one of the prisoner's counsel, in defending his client from the charge of disrespect to the king, quoted Burke's statement that kings are naturally lovers of low company. "Then, sir, that says very little for you or your client! for if kinggs be lovers of low company, low company ought to be lovers of kinggs!"

Nothing disturbed him so much as the expense of the public dinner, for which the judge on the circuit has a fixed allowance, and out of which the less he spends the more he gains. His de-

vices for economy were often very diverting. His servants had strict orders to check the bottles of wine by laying aside the corks. His lordship once went behind a screen at Stirling, while the company was still at table, and seeing an alarming row of corks, got into a warm altercation, which everybody overheard, with John; maintaining it to be "impossibill" that they could have drunk so much. On being assured that they had, and were still going on—"Well, then, John, I must just protect myself!" On which he put a handful of corks into his pocket and resumed his seat.

Brougham tormented him and sat on his skirts wherever he went, for above a year. The Justice liked passive counsel who let him dawdle on with culprits and juries in his own way; and consequently he hated the talent, the eloquence, the energy, and all the discomposing qualities of Brougham. At last it seemed as if a court day was to be blessed by his absence, and the poor Justice was delighting himself with the prospect of being allowed to deal with things as he chose; when, lo! his enemy appeared—tall, cool, and resolute. "I declare," said the Justice, "that man Broom, or Brougham, is the torment of my life!" His revenge, as usual, consisted in sneering at Brougham's eloquence by calling it or him *the Harangue*. "Well, gentle-men, what did the Harangue say next? Why, it said this" (misstating it); "but here, gentle-men, the Harangue was most plainly wrongg, and not intelligibill."

As usual, then, with stronger heads than his, everything was connected by his terror with republican horrors. I heard him, in condemning a tailor to death for murdering a soldier by stabbing him, aggravate the offense thus: "and not only did you murder him, whereby he was berea-ved of his life, but you did thrust, or push, or pierce, or project, or propell, the le-thall weapon through the belly-band of his regimen-tal breeches, which were his Majes-ty's!"

In the trial of Glengarry for murder in a duel, a lady of great beauty was called as a witness. She came into court veiled. But before administering the oath, Eskgrove gave her this exposition of her duty: "Youngg woman! you will now consider yourself as in the presence of Almighty God, and of this High Court. Lift up your veil; throw off all modesty, and look me in the face."

Sir John Henderson of Fordell, a zealous Whig, had long nauseated the civil court by his burgh politics. Their Lord-

ships had once to fix the amount of some discretionary penalty that he had incurred. Eskgrove began to give his opinion in a very low voice, but loud enough to be heard by those next him, to the effect that the fine ought to be fifty pounds; when Sir John, with his usual imprudence, interrupted him, and begged him to raise his voice, adding that if judges did not speak so as to be heard, they might as well not speak at all. Eskgrove, who could never endure any imputation of bodily infirmity, asked his neighbor, "What does the fellow say?" "He says that if you don't speak out, you may as well hold your tongue." "Oh, is that what he says? My Lords, what I was sayingg was very simpell. I was only sayingg that in my humbell opinyon, this fine could not be less than two hundred fifty pounds sterlingg!" this sum being roared out loudly as his old angry voice could launch it.

His tediousness, both of manner and matter, in charging juries was most dreadful. It was the custom to make juries stand while the judge was addressing them; but no other judge was punctilious about it. Eskgrove, however, insisted upon it; and if any one of them slipped cunningly down to his seat, or dropped into it from inability to stand any longer, the unfortunate wight was sure to be reminded by his Lordship that "these were not the times in which there should be any disrespect of this high court, or even of the law." Often have I gone back to the court at midnight, and found him, whom I had left mumbling hours before, still going on, with the smoky, unsnuffed tallow candles in greasy tin candlesticks, and the poor despairing jurymen, most of the audience having retired, or being asleep; the wagging of his Lordship's nose and chin being the chief signs that he was still *char-gingg*.

A very common arrangement of his logic to juries was this: "And so, gentle-men, having shown you that the pannell's argument is utterly impossibill, I shall now proceed for to show you that it is extremely improbabil."

He rarely failed to signalize himself in pronouncing sentences of death. It was almost a matter of style with him to console the prisoner, by assuring him that, "whatever your religi-ous persua-shon may be, or even if, as I suppose, you be of no persua-shon at all, there are plenty of rever-end gentlemen who will be most happy for to show you the way to yeternal life."

He had to condemn two or three persons to die who had broken into a house at Luss, and assaulted Sir James Colquhoun



and others, and robbed them of a large sum of money. He first, as was his almost constant practice, explained the nature of the various crimes, assault, robbery, and hamesucken — of which last he gave them the etymology ; and he then reminded them that they attacked the house and the persons within it, and robbed them, and then came to this climax : “ All this you did ; and God preserve us ! joost when they were sitten doon to their denner ! ”

But a whole volume could easily be filled with specimens of his absurdities. Scott, not by invention, but by accurate narration, could have done it himself. So could Jeffrey, and William Clerk, and William Erskine, and indeed everybody who had eyes and ears. He was the staple of the public conversation ; and so long as his old age lasted (for of his youth I know nothing) he nearly drove Napoleon out of the Edinburgh world. He died in 1804, in his eightieth year ; and had therefore been put at the head of the court when he had reached the age of seventy-six : an incredible appointment, for his peculiarities had been in full flourish long before that.

It would have been a pity if the public had lost them ; but it was unfortunate that a judicial chair was necessary for their complete exhibition. A story of Eskgrove is still preferred to all other stories. Only the things that he did and said every day are beginning to be incredible to this correct and flat age.

I was so intimately connected, as a relation and friend, with Lord Kilkerran's son George Fergusson, Lord Hermand, that it may perhaps be supposed that I cannot speak candidly about him. But he has often been described in a way neither agreeable to truth, nor respectable for himself. His celebrity arose entirely from his personal character. For although he attained considerable practice at the bar, and was a quick and vigorous judge, and took a keen part in all the public measures of his time, he was not so important in these spheres as to have been a man of mark in them, independently of his individual peculiarities. But these made him one of the most singular, and indeed incredible, of our old originals. They often threw even Eskgrove into the shade during that person's life ; and after he died, no Edinburgh man, by worth and singularity alone, belonged so much as Hermand did to the public.

His external appearance was as striking as everything else about him. Tall and thin, with gray lively eyes, and a long face strongly expressive of whatever emotion he was under, his

air and manner were distinctly those of a well-born and well-bred gentleman. His dress for society, the style of which he stuck to almost as firmly as to his principles, reminded us of the olden times, when trousers would have insulted any company, and braces were deemed an impeachment of nature. Neither the disclosure of the long neck by the narrow bit of muslin stock, nor the outbreak of the linen between the upper and nether garments, nor the short coat sleeves, with the consequent length of bare wrist, could hide his being one of the aristocracy. And if they had, the thin and powdered gray hair, flowing down into a long, thin, gentlemanlike pigtail, would have attested it. His morning raiment in the country was delightful. The articles, rough and strange, would of themselves have attracted much notice in a museum. But set upon George Fergusson, at his paradise of Hermand, during vacation, on going forth for a long day's work, often manual, at his farm with his large gray felt hat and tall weeding hoe, what could be more agrestic or picturesque !

Till about the age of thirty, when he began to get into practice, he was a pretty regular student; and he was always fond of reading and being read to, but not methodically, nor in any particular line. He had thus gathered a respectable chaos of accidental knowledge. Of his various and very respectable mental powers, acuteness was perhaps the most striking. His affections were warm and steady; his honor of the highest and purest order.

But all this will not produce a curious man. What was it that made Hermand such an established wonder and delight? It seems to me to have been the supremacy in his composition of a single quality — intensity of temperament, which was so conspicuous that it prevented many people from perceiving anything else in him. He could not be indifferent. Repose, except in bed, where however he slept zealously, was unnatural and contemptible to him. It used to be said that if Hermand had made the heavens, he would have permitted no fixed stars. His constitutional animation never failed to carry him a flight beyond ordinary mortals. Was he in an argument, or at whist, or over his wine; in Court, or at an election, or a road meeting; consulting with a plowman, or talking with a child; he was sure to blaze out in a style that nobody could have fancied, or could resist enjoying. Those who only saw the operation of this ardor in public conflict, were apt to set him down as a frenzied man, with rather a savage temper; an

impression that was increased by what the Scotch call the *birr*, which means the emphatic energy, of his pronunciation. Beholding him in contention, they thought him a tiger.

But to those who knew him personally, the lamb was a truer type. When removed from contests which provoke impatience, and placed in the private scene, where innocent excesses are only amusing, what a heart! what conversational wildness! made more delightful by the undoubting sincerity of the passing extravagance. There never was a more pleasing example of the superiority of right affections over intellectual endowments in the creation of happiness. Had he depended on his understanding alone, or chiefly, he would have been wrecked every week. But honesty, humanity, social habits, and diverting public explosions always kept him popular; and he lived about eighty-four years, with keen and undisguised feelings and opinions, without ever being alienated from a friend or imagining a shabby action, devoted to rural occupations, keeping up his reading, and maintaining his interest in the world by cultivating the young. Instead of sighing over the departure of former days, and grumbling at change, he zealously patronized every new project, not political; and at last mellowed away, amidst a revering household, without having ever known what a headache is, with no decay of his mental powers, and only a short and gentle physical feebleness.

With very simple tastes, and rather a contempt of epicurism, but very gregarious, he was fond of the pleasures, and not the least of the liquid ones, of the table; and he had acted in more of the severest scenes of old Scotch drinking than any man at last living. Commonplace toppers think drinking a pleasure; but with Hermand it was a virtue. It inspired the excitement by which he was elevated, and the discursive jollity which he loved to promote. But beyond these ordinary attractions, he had a sincere respect for drinking, indeed a high moral approbation, and a serious compassion for the poor wretches who could not indulge in it; with due contempt of those who could, but did not. He groaned over the gradual disappearance of the *Fereat* days of periodical festivity, and prolonged the observance, like a hero fighting amidst his fallen friends, as long as he could. The worship of Bacchus, which softened his own heart, and seemed to him to soften the hearts of his companions, was a secondary duty. But in its performance there was no violence, no coarseness, no impropriety, and no more noise than

what belongs to well-bred jollity unrestrained. It was merely a sublimation of his peculiarities and excellences ; the realization of what poetry ascribes to the grape. No carouse ever injured his health, for he was never ill, or impaired his taste for home and quiet, or muddled his head : he slept the sounder for it, and rose the earlier and the cooler. The cordiality inspired by claret and punch was felt by him as so congenial to all right thinking, that he was confident that he could convert the Pope if he could only get him to sup with him. And certainly his Holiness would have been hard to persuade if he could have withstood Hermand about the middle of his second tumbler.

The public opinions of this remarkable person were very decided, and not illiberal ; for he combined strong Tory principles with stronger Whig friendships, and a taste for Calvinism, under the creed of which he deemed himself extremely pious, with the indulgence of every social propensity.

Like many other counsel, not of the highest class, he owed his profession and practice chiefly to the fervor of his zeal. His other qualities would have carried him a considerable way, but they would never have raised him to the height he reached and retained, without his honest conviction that his client was always right, and always ill used. When it was known that he was to speak, the charm of the intensity which this belief produced never failed to fill the court. His eagerness made him froth and sputter so much in his argumentation, that there is a story to the effect that when he was once pleading in the House of Lords, the Duke of Gloucester, who was about fifty feet from the bar, and who always attended when "Mr. George Fergusson, the Scotch counsel," was to speak, rose and said, with pretended gravity, "I shall be much obliged to the learned gentleman if he will be so good as to refrain from spitting in my face." The same animation followed him to the bench, where he moderated no view from prudence, and flinched from no result, and never saw any difficulty. President Campbell once delivered one of his deep and nice opinions, full of qualifications and doubts. The instant he was done, Hermand sprang upon him by a judgment beginning, "My Lord, thank God, I never doubted!"

He was very intimate at one time with Sir John Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon. They were counsel together in Eldon's first important Scotch entail case in the House of Lords.

Eldon was so much alarmed that he wrote his intended speech, and begged Hermand to dine with him at a tavern, where he read the paper, and asked him if he thought it would do. "Do, sir? It is delightful — absolutely delightful! I could listen to it forever! It is so beautifully written! And so beautifully read! But, sir, it's the greatest nonsense! It may do very well for an English chancellor, but it would disgrace a clerk with us." He told me the blunder, and though gross for a Scotch lawyer, it was one that an English counsel would readily commit. Many a bottle of port did he and Eldon discuss together.

Bacon advises judges to draw their law "out of your books, not out of your brain." Hermand generally did neither. He was very apt to say, "My Laards, I *feel* my law — *here*, my Laards," striking his heart. Hence he sometimes made little ceremony in disdaining the authority of an Act of Parliament when he and it happened to differ. He once got rid of one which Lord Meadowbank (the first), whom he did not particularly like, was for enforcing because the legislature had made it law, by saying, in his snorting, contemptuous way, and with an emphasis on every syllable: "But then we're told that there's a statute against all this. A statute! What's a statute? Words. Mere words! And am *I* to be tied down by words? No, my Laards; I go by the law of *right reason*." Lord Holland noticed this in the House of Peers as a strange speech for a judge. Lord Gillies could not resist the pleasure of reading Holland's remark to Hermand, who was generally too impetuous to remember his own words. He entirely agreed with Lord Holland, and was indignant at the court suffering "from the rashness of fools." "Well, my Lord, but who could Lord Holland be alluding to?" "Alluding to? who *can* it be but that creature Meadowbank?"

In giving his opinion on the validity of a qualification to vote for a member of Parliament, after it had been sustained both here and in the House of Lords, he declared that, nevertheless, it was not only bad, but so bad that "I defy omnipotence to make it good." "Then," said the quiet, philosophic Playfair; "it must be very bad indeed; for his Lordship assured me, in a conversation about Professor Leslie's case, that he had no difficulty at all in conceiving God to make a world where twice three was not six."

There was a case about a lease, where our court thought

itself entitled in equity to make a new contract for parties, different from the one which the parties had made for themselves. The Lord Chancellor (Eldon) was of opinion that a clear clause in a contract ought always to be enforced, and remitted the matter to the court below for reconsideration. The result of Hermand's reconsideration was this: "Why, my Lords, I beg to put a very simple question to the House of Lords. Suppose that the tenant had engaged to hang himself at the end of the lease, would their Lordships enforce that?" Upon a second appeal, after reading the question aloud, Eldon, with ludicrous gravity, said that "he would endeavor to make up his mind upon the very important question put, when the case should come before their Lordships in regular form"; and added, that he had great pleasure in remembering when his friend George Fergusson and he used to battle at this bar in Scotch causes, but that if he recollected right, his learned friend had not the admiration of the Court of Session that he seemed to have acquired since. Hermand was pleased with the recognition, and exclaimed, "And if he knew the truth, sir, — though this is a secret, — he would find that I had not got it yet."

Two young gentlemen, great friends, went together to the theater in Glasgow, supped at the lodgings of one of them, and passed a whole summer night over their punch. In the morning a kindly wrangle broke out about their separating or not separating, when by some rashness, if not accident, one of them was stabbed, not violently, but in so vital a part that he died on the spot. The survivor was tried at Edinburgh, and was convicted of culpable homicide. It was one of the sad cases where the legal guilt was greater than the moral; and, very properly, he was sentenced to only a short imprisonment. Hermand, who felt that discredit had been brought on the cause of drinking, had no sympathy with the tenderness of his temperate brethren, and was vehement for transportation. "We are told that there was no malice, and that the prisoner must have been in liquor. In liquor! Why, he was drunk! And yet he murdered the very man who had been drinking with him! They had been carousing the whole night; and yet he stabbed him! after drinking a whole bottle of rum with him! Good God, my Laards, if he will do this when he's drunk, what will he not do when he's sober?"

His love of children was warm-hearted and unaffected. He always treated them seriously, exactly as if they were grown

up. Few old men's speeches are more amiable than his about his grandnephew who happened to be his partner in a match at bowls. "No wonder that that little fellow and I are such friends — there are just seventy years between us." He was eighty, the boy ten.

But when a boy happened to be a sailor, he was irresistible. A little English midshipman being violently attacked by a much bigger lad in Greenock, defended himself with his dirk, and by an unfortunate, if not accidental thrust, killed the assailant. He was tried for this at Glasgow, and had the good luck to have Hermand for his judge; for no judge ever fought a more gallant battle for a prisoner. The boy appeared at the bar in his uniform. Hermand first refused "to try a child." After this was driven out of him, the indictment, which described the occurrence and said that the prisoner had slain the deceased "wickedly and feloniously," was read; and Hermand then said: "Well, my young friend, this is not true, is it? Are you guilty or not guilty?" "Not guilty, my Lord." "I'll be sworn you're not!" In spite of all his exertions, his young friend was convicted of culpable homicide; for which he was sentenced to a few days' imprisonment.



## THE ELVES.

By LUDWIG TIECK.

(Translated from the German by Thomas Carlyle.)

[LUDWIG TIECK, German poet, romancer, and critic, was born at Berlin in 1773, and died there in 1853. He studied in several of the great universities, lived in Dresden and Jena as well as Berlin, and made literary capital of English and Italian journeys. In 1820 he was made director of the Saxon royal theater at Dresden, and in 1841 was called to Berlin on a pension. He was a prolific poet, one of the chiefs of the Romantic School; he wrote folk-tales, composed several novels and many short stories, translated "Don Quixote" (still the best German version), and finished Schlegel's translation of Shakespeare; and produced many plays, both dramas and comedies.]

"WHERE is our little Mary?" said the father.

"She is playing out upon the green there, with our neighbor's boy," replied the mother.

"I wish they may not run away and lose themselves," said he; "they are so thoughtless."

The mother looked for the little ones, and brought them their evening luncheon. "It is warm," said the boy; "and Mary had a longing for the red cherries."

"Have a care, children," said the mother, "and do not run too far from home, and not into the wood; father and I are going to the fields."

Little Andres answered, "Never fear, the wood frightens us; we shall sit here by the house, where there are people near us."

The mother went in, and soon came out again with her husband. They locked the door, and turned towards the fields to look after their laborers, and see their hay harvest in the meadow. Their house lay upon a little green height, encircled by a pretty ring of paling, which likewise inclosed their fruit and flower garden. The hamlet stretched somewhat deeper down, and on the other side lay the castle of the count. Martin rented the large farm from this nobleman, and was living in contentment with his wife and only child; for he yearly saved some money, and had the prospect of becoming a man of substance by his industry, for the ground was productive, and the count not illiberal.

As he walked with his wife to the fields, he gazed cheerfully round, and said: "What a different look this quarter has, Brigitta, from the place we lived in formerly! Here it is all so green; the whole village is bedecked with thick-spreading fruit trees; the ground is full of beautiful herbs and flowers; all the houses are cheerful and cleanly, the inhabitants are at their ease: nay, I could almost fancy that the woods are greener here than elsewhere, and the sky bluer; and, so far as the eye can reach, you have pleasure and delight in beholding the bountiful earth."

"And whenever you cross the stream," said Brigitta, "you are, as it were, in another world, all is so dreary and withered; but every traveler declares that our village is the fairest in the country far and near."

"All but that fir ground," said her husband; "do but look back to it, how dark and dismal that solitary spot is, lying in the gay scene; the dingy fir trees with the smoky huts behind them, the ruined stalls, the brook flowing past with a sluggish melancholy."



"It is true," replied Brigitta; "if you but approach that spot, you grow disconsolate and sad, you know not why. What sort of people can they be that live there, and keep themselves so separate from the rest of us, as if they had an evil conscience?"

"A miserable crew," replied the young farmer; "gypsies, seemingly, that steal and cheat in other quarters, and have their hoard and hiding-place here. I wonder only that his Lordship suffers them."

"Who knows," said the wife, with an accent of pity, "but perhaps they may be poor people, wishing, out of shame, to conceal their poverty; for, after all, no one can say aught ill of them; the only thing is, that they do not go to church, and none knows how they live; for the little garden, which, indeed, seems altogether waste, cannot possibly support them, and fields they have none."

"God knows," said Martin, as they went along, "what trade they follow; no mortal comes to them, for the place they live in is as if bewitched and excommunicated, so that even our wildest fellows will not venture into it."

Such conversation they pursued while walking into the fields. That gloomy spot they spoke of lay aside from the hamlet. In a dell, begirt with firs, you might behold a hut, and various ruined office houses; rarely was smoke seen to mount from it, still more rarely did men appear there; though at times curious people, venturing somewhat nearer, had perceived upon the bench before the hut some hideous women, in ragged clothes, dandling in their arms some children equally dirty and ill favored; black dogs were running up and down upon the boundary; and of an evening a man of monstrous size was seen to cross the footbridge of the brook, and disappear in the hut; and in the darkness various shapes were observed, moving like shadows round a fire in the open air. This piece of ground, the firs, and the ruined huts, formed, in truth, a strange contrast with the bright green landscape, the white houses of the hamlet, and the stately, new-built castle.

The two little ones had now eaten their fruit; it came into their heads to run races; and the little nimble Mary always got the start of the less active Andres. "It is not fair," cried Andres, at last; "let us try it for some length, then we shall see who wins."

"As thou wilt," said Mary; "only to the brook we must not run."

“No,” said Andres, “but there, on the hill, stands the large pear tree, a quarter of a mile from this. I shall run by the left, round past the fir ground; thou canst try it by the right, over the fields; so we do not meet till we get up, and then we shall see which of us is swifter.”

“Done,” cried Mary, and began to run, “for we shall not mar one another by the way; and my father says it is as far to the hill by that side of the gypsies’ house as by this.”

Andres had already started, and Mary, turning to the right, could no longer see him. “It is very silly,” said she to herself, “I have only to take heart, and run along the bridge, past the hut, and through the yard, and I shall certainly be first.” She was already standing by the brook and the clump of firs. “Shall I? No; it is too frightful,” said she. A little white dog was standing on the farther side, and barking with might and main. In her terror, Mary thought the dog some monster, and sprang back. “Fy! fy!” said she; “the dolt is gone halfway by this time, while I stand here considering.” The little dog kept barking, and as she looked at it more narrowly, it seemed no longer frightful, but on the contrary quite pretty; it had a red collar round its neck, with a glittering bell; and as it raised its head, and shook itself in barking, the little bell sounded with the finest tinkle. “Well, I must risk it!” cried she; “I will run for life; quick, quick, I am through; certainly to Heaven! they cannot eat me up alive in half a minute!” And with this, the gay, courageous little Mary sprang along the footbridge, passed the dog, which ceased its barking and began to fawn on her, and in a moment she was standing on the other bank, and the black firs all round concealed from view her father’s house and the rest of the landscape.

But what was her astonishment when here! The loveliest, most variegated flower garden lay round her; tulips, roses, and lilies were glittering in the fairest colors; blue and gold-red butterflies were wavering in the blossoms; cages of shining wire were hung on the espaliers, with many-colored birds in them, singing beautiful songs; and children, in short white frocks, with flowing yellow hair and brilliant eyes, were frolicking about; some playing with lambkins, some feeding the birds or gathering flowers, and giving them to one another; some, again, were eating cherries, grapes, and ruddy apricots. No hut was to be seen; but instead of it, a large, fair house, with a brazen door and lofty statues, stood glancing in the middle of

the space. Mary was confounded with surprise, and knew not what to think ; but, not being bashful, she went right up to the first of the children, held out her hand, and wished the little creature good even.

“ Art thou come to visit us, then ? ” said the glittering child ; “ I saw thee running, playing on the other side, but thou wert frightened for our little dog.”

“ So you are not gypsies and rogues,” said Mary, “ as Andres always told me ! He is a stupid thing, and talks of much he does not understand.”

“ Stay with us,” said the strange little girl ; “ thou wilt like it well.”

“ But we are running a race.”

“ Thou wilt find thy comrade soon enough. There, take and eat.”

Mary ate and found the fruit more sweet than any she had ever tasted in her life before ; and Andres, and the race, and the prohibition of her parents were entirely forgotten.

A stately woman, in a shining robe, came towards them, and asked about the stranger child. “ Fairest lady,” said Mary, “ I came running hither by chance, and now they wish to keep me.”

“ Thou art aware, Zerina,” said the lady, “ that she can be here but for a little while ; besides, thou shouldst have asked my leave.”

“ I thought,” said Zerina, “ when I saw her admitted across the bridge, that I might do it ; we have often seen her running in the fields, and thou thyself hast taken pleasure in her lively temper. She will have to leave us soon enough.”

“ No, I will stay here,” said the little stranger ; “ for here it is so beautiful, and here I shall find the prettiest playthings, and store of berries and cherries to boot. On the other side it is not half so grand.”

The gold-robed lady went away with a smile ; and many of the children now came bounding round the happy Mary in their mirth, and twitched her, and incited her to dance ; others brought her lambs, or curious playthings ; others made music on instruments, and sang to it.

She kept, however, by the playmate who had first met her ; for Zerina was the kindest and loveliest of them all. Little Mary cried and cried again, “ I will stay with you forever ; I will stay with you, and you shall be my sisters ; ” at which

the children all laughed and embraced her. "Now we shall have a royal sport," said Zerina. She ran into the palace, and returned with a little golden box, in which lay a quantity of seeds, like glittering dust. She lifted of it with her little hand, and scattered some grains on the green earth. Instantly the grass began to move, as in waves; and, after a few moments, bright rose bushes started from the ground, shot rapidly up, and budded all at once, while the sweetest perfume filled the place. Mary also took a little of the dust, and, having scattered it, she saw white lilies and the most variegated pinks pushing up. At a signal from Zerina, the flowers disappeared, and others rose in their room. "Now," said Zerina, "look for something greater." She laid two pine seeds in the ground, and stamped them in sharply with her foot. Two green bushes stood before them. "Grasp me fast," said she; and Mary threw her arms about the slender form. She felt herself borne upward; for the trees were springing under them with the greatest speed; the tall pines waved to and fro, and the two children held each other fast embraced, swinging this way and that in the red clouds of the twilight, and kissed each other; while the rest were climbing up and down the trunks with quick dexterity, pushing and teasing one another with loud laughter when they met; if any one fell down in the press, it flew through the air, and sank slowly and surely to the ground. At length Mary was beginning to be frightened; and the other little child sang a few loud tones, and the trees again sank down, and set them on the ground as gradually as they had lifted them before to the clouds. . . .

"Why are ye all so glad?" inquired Mary, bending to her fair playmate, who seemed smaller than yesterday.

"The king is coming!" said the little one; "many of us have never seen him, and whithersoever he turns his face, there is happiness and mirth; we have long looked for him, more anxiously than you look for spring when winter lingers with you; and now he has announced by his fair herald, that he is at hand. This wise and glorious bird, that has been sent to us by the king, is called Phœnix; he dwells far off in Arabia, on a tree, which there is no other that resembles on earth, as in like manner there is no second Phœnix. When he feels himself grown old, he builds a pile of balm and incense, kindles it, and dies singing; and then from the fragrant ashes soars up the renewed Phœnix, with unlesened beauty. It is seldom he

so wings his course that men behold him; and when once in centuries this does occur, they note it in their annals and expect remarkable events. But now, my friend, thou and I must part; for the sight of the king is not permitted thee."

Then the lady with the golden robe came through the throng, and beckoning Mary to her, led her into a sequestered walk. "Thou must leave us, my dear child," said she; "the king is to hold his court here for twenty years, perhaps longer; and fruitfulness and blessings will spread far over the land, but chiefly here beside us; all the brooks and rivulets will become more bountiful, all the fields and gardens richer, the wine more generous, the meadows more fertile, and the woods more fresh and green; a milder air will blow, no hail shall hurt, no flood shall threaten. Take this ring, and think of us; but beware of telling any one of our existence, or we must fly this land, and thou and all around will lose the happiness and blessing of our neighborhood. Once more kiss thy playmate, and farewell." They issued from the walk; Zerina wept, Mary stooped to embrace her, and they parted. Already she was on the narrow bridge; the cold air was blowing on her back from the firs; the little dog barked with all its might, and rang its little bell; she looked around, then hastened over, for the darkness of the firs, the bleakness of the ruined huts, the shadows of the twilight, were filling her with terror.

"What a night my parents must have had on my account!" said she to herself, as she stepped on the green; "and I dare not tell them where I have been, or what wonders I have witnessed, nor indeed would they believe me." Two men passing by saluted her, and as they went along, she heard them say: "What a pretty girl! Where can she come from?" With quickened steps she approached the house; but the trees which were hanging last night loaded with fruit, were now standing dry and leafless; the house was differently painted, and a new barn had been built beside it. Mary was amazed, and thought she must be dreaming. In this perplexity she opened the door, and behind the table sat her father, between an unknown woman and a stranger youth. "Good God! father," cried she, "where is my mother?"

"Thy mother!" said the woman, with a forecasting tone, and sprang towards her: "Ha! thou surely canst not — Yes, indeed, indeed thou art my lost, long-lost, dear, only Mary!" She had recognized her by a little brown mole beneath the

chin, as well as by her eyes and shape. All embraced her, all were moved with joy, and the parents wept. Mary was astonished that she almost reached to her father's stature; and she could not understand how her mother had become so changed and faded. She asked the name of the stranger youth. "It is our neighbor's Andres," said Martin. "How comest thou to us again, so unexpectedly, after seven long years? Where hast thou been? Why didst thou never send us tidings of thee?"

"Seven years!" said Mary, and could not order her ideas and recollections. "Seven whole years?"

"Yes, yes," said Andres, laughing, and shaking her trustfully by the hand; "I have won the race, good Mary; I was at the pear tree and back again seven years ago, and thou, sluggish creature, art but just returned!"

They again asked, they pressed her; but, remembering her instruction, she could answer nothing. It was they themselves chiefly that, by degrees, shaped a story for her: how, having lost her way, she had been taken up by a coach, and carried to a strange, remote part, where she could not give the people any notion of her parents' residence; how she was conducted to a distant town, where certain worthy persons brought her up, and loved her; how they had lately died, and at length she had recollected her birthplace, and so returned. "No matter how it is!" exclaimed her mother; "enough that we have thee again, my little daughter, my own, my all!"

Andres waited supper, and Mary could not be at home in anything she saw. The house seemed small and dark; she felt astonished at her dress, which was clean and simple, but appeared quite foreign; she looked at the ring on her finger, and the gold of it glittered strangely, inclosing a stone of burning red. To her father's question she replied that the ring also was a present from her benefactors.

She was glad when the hour of sleep arrived, and she hastened to her bed. Next morning she felt much more collected; she had now arranged her thoughts a little, and could better stand the questions of the people in the village, all of whom came in to bid her welcome. Andres was there too with the earliest, active, glad, and serviceable beyond all others. The blooming maiden of fifteen had made a deep impression on him: he had passed a sleepless night. The people of the castle likewise sent for Mary, and she had once more to tell

her story to them, which was grown quite familiar to her. The old count and his lady were surprised at her good breeding; she was modest, but not embarrassed; she made answer courteously in good phrases to all their questions; all fear of noble persons and their equipage had passed away from her; for when she measured these halls and forms by the wonders and the high beauty she had seen with the Elves in their hidden abode, this earthly splendor seemed but dim to her; the presence of men was almost mean. The young lords were charmed with her beauty.

It was now February. The trees were budding earlier than usual; the nightingale had never come so soon; the spring rose fairer in the land than the oldest men could recollect it. In every quarter, little brooks gushed out to irrigate the pastures and meadows; the hills seemed heaving, the vines rose higher and higher, the fruit trees blossomed as they had never done, and a swelling, fragrant blessedness hung suspended heavily in rosy clouds over the scene. All prospered beyond expectation; no rude day, no tempest injured the fruits; the vine flowed blushing in immense grapes; and the inhabitants of the place felt astonished, and were captivated as in a sweet dream. The next year was like its forerunner: but men had now become accustomed to the marvelous. In autumn, Mary yielded to the pressing entreaties of Andres and her parents; she was betrothed to him, and in winter they were married.

She often thought with inward longing of her residence behind the fir trees; she continued serious and still. Beautiful as all that lay around her was, she knew of something yet more beautiful; and from the remembrance of this, a faint regret attuned her nature to soft melancholy. It smote her painfully when her father and mother talked about the gypsies and vagabonds that dwelt in the dark spot of ground. Often she was on the point of speaking out in defense of those good beings, whom she knew to be the benefactors of the land, especially to Andres, who appeared to take delight in zealously abusing them; yet still she repressed the word that was struggling to escape her bosom. So passed this year; in the next she was solaced by a little daughter, whom she named Elfrida, thinking of the designation of her friendly Elves.

The young people lived with Martin and Brigitta, the house being large enough for all, and helped their parents in

conducting their now extended husbandry. The little Elfrida soon displayed peculiar faculties and gifts, for she could walk at a very early age, and could speak perfectly before she was a twelvemonth old ; and after some few years, she had become so wise and clever, and of such wondrous beauty, that all people regarded her with astonishment ; and her mother could not keep away the thought that her child resembled one of those shining little ones in the space behind the firs. Elfrida cared not to be with other children, but seemed to avoid, with a sort of horror, their tumultuous amusements, and liked best to be alone. She would then retire into a corner of the garden, and read, or work diligently with her needle ; often also, you might see her sitting as if deep sunk in thought, or violently walking up and down the alleys, speaking to herself. Her parents readily allowed her to have her will in these things, for she was healthy, and waxed apace ; only her strange, sagacious answers and observations often made them anxious.

“Such wise children do not grow to age,” her grandmother Brigitta many times observed ; “they are too good for this world ; the child, besides, is beautiful beyond nature, and will never find its proper place on earth !”

The little girl had this peculiarity, that she was very loath to let herself be served by any one, but endeavored to do everything herself. She was almost the earliest riser in the house ; she washed herself carefully, and dressed without assistance. At night she was equally careful ; she took special heed to pack up her clothes and washes with her own hands, allowing no one, not even her mother, to meddle with her articles. The mother humored her in this caprice, not thinking it of any consequence. But what was her astonishment when, happening one holiday to insist, regardless of Elfrida's tears and screams, on dressing her out for a visit to the castle, she found upon her breast, suspended by a string, a piece of gold of a strange form, which she directly recognized as one of that sort she had seen in such abundance in the subterranean vault ! The little thing was greatly frightened, and at last confessed that she had found it in the garden, and as she liked it much, had kept it carefully ; she at the same time prayed so earnestly and pressingly to have it back, that Mary fastened it again on its former place, and, full of thoughts, went out with her in silence to the castle.



Sideward from the farmhouse lay some offices for the storing of produce and implements, and behind these there was a little green, with an old grove, now visited by no one, as, from the new arrangement of the buildings, it lay too far from the garden. In this solitude Elfrida delighted most; and it occurred to nobody to interrupt her here, so that frequently her parents did not see her for half a day. One afternoon her mother chanced to be in these buildings, seeking for some lost article among the lumber, and she noticed that a beam of light was coming in through a chink in the wall. She took a thought of looking through this aperture, and seeing what her child was busied with; and it happened that a stone was lying loose, and could be pushed aside, so that she obtained a view right into the grove. Elfrida was sitting there on a little bench, and beside her the well-known Zerina; and the children were playing and amusing one another in the kindest unity. The Elf embraced her beautiful companion, and said mournfully: "Ah! dear little creature, as I sport with thee, so have I sported with thy mother when she was a child; but you mortals so soon grow tall and thoughtful! It is very hard; wert thou but to be a child as long as I!"

"Willingly would I do it," said Elfrida; "but they all say I shall come to sense, and give over playing altogether; for I have great gifts, as they think, for growing wise. Ah! and then I shall see thee no more, thou dear Zerina! Yet it is with us as with the fruit-tree flowers: how glorious the blossoming apple tree, with its red bursting buds! It looks so stately and broad, and every one that passes under it thinks, surely something great will come of it: then the sun grows hot, and the buds come joyfully forth; but the wicked kernel is already there, which pushes off and casts away the fair flower's dress; and now, in pain and waxing, it can do nothing more, but must grow to fruit and harvest. An apple, to be sure, is pretty and refreshing, yet nothing to the blossom of spring. So is it also with us mortals: I am not glad in the least at growing to be a tall girl. Ah! could I but once visit you!"

"Since the king is with us," said Zerina, "it is quite impossible; but I will come to thee, my darling, often, and none shall see me either here or there. I will pass invisible through the air, or fly over to thee like a bird: oh! we will be much, much together, while thou art still little. What can I do to please thee?"

“Thou must like me very dearly,” said Elfrida, “as I like thee in my heart.” . . .

“Would’st thou like to fly?” inquired Zerina, once.

“Oh, well! How well!” replied Elfrida; and the fairy clasped her mortal playmate in her arms, and mounted with her from the ground, till they hovered above the grove. The mother, in alarm, forgot herself, and pushed out her head in terror to look after them; when Zerina, from the air, held up her finger, and threatened, yet smiled; then descended with the child, embraced her, and disappeared. After this it happened more than once that Mary was observed by her; and every time the shining little creature shook her head or threatened, yet with friendly looks.

Often, in disputing with her husband, Mary had said in her zeal, “Thou dost injustice to the poor people in the hut!” But when Andres pressed her to explain why she differed in opinion from the whole village, nay, from his Lordship himself, and how she could understand it better than the whole of them, she still broke off embarrassed, and became silent. One day, after dinner, Andres grew more violent than ever, and maintained that by one means or another, the crew must be packed away, as a nuisance to the country; when his wife in anger said to him, “Hush! for they are benefactors to thee and to every one of us.”

“Benefactors!” cried the other, in astonishment: “these rogues and vagabonds!”

In her indignation, she was now at last tempted to relate to him, under promise of the strictest secrecy, the history of her youth; and as Andres at every word grew more incredulous, and shook his head in mockery, she took him by the hand and led him to the chink, where, to his amazement, he beheld the glittering Elf sporting with his child, and caressing her in the grove. He knew not what to say; an exclamation of astonishment escaped him, and Zerina raised her eyes. On the instant she grew pale and trembled violently; not with friendly but with indignant looks she made the sign of threatening, and then said to Elfrida, “Thou canst not help it, dearest heart; but they will never learn sense, wise as they believe themselves.” She embraced the little one with stormy haste; and then, in the shape of a raven, flew with hoarse cries over the garden towards the firs.

In the evening the little one was very still; she kissed her

rose with tears. Mary felt depressed and frightened, Andres scarcely spoke. It grew dark. Suddenly there went a rustling through the trees ; birds flew to and fro with wild screaming, thunder was heard to roll, the earth shook, and tones of lamentation moaned in the air. Andres and his wife had not courage to rise ; they shrouded themselves within the curtains and with fear and trembling awaited the day. Towards morning it grew calmer ; and all was silent when the sun, with his cheerful light, rose over the wood.

Andres dressed himself, and Mary now observed that the stone of the ring upon her finger had become quite pale. On opening the door, the sun shone clear on their faces, but the scene around them they could scarcely recognize. The freshness of the wood was gone ; the hills were shrunk, the brooks were flowing languidly with scanty streams, the sky seemed gray ; and when you turned to the firs, they were standing there no darker or more dreary than the other trees. The huts behind them were no longer frightful ; and several inhabitants of the village came and told about the fearful night, and how they had been across to the spot where the gypsies had lived ; how these people must have left the place at last, for their huts were standing empty, and within had quite a common look, just like the dwellings of other poor people : some of their household gear was left behind.

Elfrida, in secret, said to her mother : "I could not sleep last night ; and in my fright at the noise, I was praying from the bottom of my heart, when the door suddenly opened, and my playmate entered to take leave of me. She had a traveling-pouch slung around her, a hat on her head, and a large staff in her hand. She was very angry at thee, since on thy account she had now to suffer the severest and most painful punishments, as she had always been so fond of thee ; for all of them, she said, were very loath to leave this quarter."

Mary forbade her to speak of this ; and now the ferryman came across the river, and told them new wonders. As it was growing dark, a stranger man of large size had come to him, and hired his boat till sunrise ; and with this condition, that the boatman should remain quiet in his house — at least, should not cross the threshold of his door. "I was frightened," continued the old man, "and the strange bargain would not let me sleep. I slipped softly to the window, and looked towards the river. Great clouds were driving restlessly through the sky,

and the distant woods were rustling fearfully ; it was as if my cottage shook, and moans and lamentations glided round it. On a sudden I perceived a white, streaming light, that grew broader and broader, like many thousands of falling stars ; sparkling and waving, it proceeded forward from the dark fir ground, moved over the fields and spread itself along towards the river. Then I heard a trampling, a jingling, a bustling and rushing, nearer and nearer ; it went forward to my boat, and all stepped into it, men and women, as it seemed, and children ; and the tall stranger ferried them over. In the river were by the boat, swimming, many thousands of glittering forms ; in the air, white clouds and lights were wavering ; and all lamented and bewailed that they must travel forth so far, far away, and leave their beloved dwelling. The noise of the rudder and the water creaked and gurgled between whiles, and then suddenly there would be silence. Many a time the boat landed, and went back, and was again laden ; many heavy casks, too, they took along with them, which multitudes of horrid-looking little fellows carried and rolled ; whether they were devils or goblins, Heaven only knows. Then came, in waving brightness, a stately freight : it seemed an old man mounted on a small, white horse, and all were crowding around him. I saw nothing of the horse but its head, for the rest of it was covered with costly glittering cloths and trappings. On his brow the old man had a crown so bright, that as he came across I thought the sun was rising there, and the redness of the dawn was glimmering in my eyes. Thus it went on all night. I at last fell asleep in the tumult, half in joy, half in terror. In the morning all was still ; but the river is, as it were, run off, and I know not how I am to steer my boat in it now."

The same year there came a blight ; the woods died away, the springs ran dry ; and the scene, which had once been the joy of every traveler, was in autumn standing waste, naked, and bald, scarcely showing here and there, in the sea of sand, a spot or two where grass, with a dingy greenness, still grew up. The fruit trees all withered, the vines faded away, and the aspect of the place became so melancholy that the count, with his people, next year left the castle, which in time decayed and fell to ruins.

Elfrida gazed on her rose day and night with deep longing, and thought of her kind playmate ; and as it drooped and withered, so did she also hang her head ; and before the spring, the

little maiden had herself faded away. Mary often stood upon the spot before the hut, and wept for the happiness that had departed. She wasted herself away like her child, and in a few years she too was gone. Old Martin, with his son-in-law, returned to the quarter where he had lived before.

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## TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

By WENDELL PHILLIPS.

[WENDELL PHILLIPS: an American orator and abolitionist; born at Boston, Mass., November 29, 1811. He was head orator of the abolitionists, 1837-1861; president of the Antislavery Society, 1865-1870; and candidate of the labor reformers and prohibitionists for governor of Massachusetts. He was also an advocate of woman suffrage and labor and penal reform. His speeches were published in 1863. He died at Boston, February 2, 1884.]

HE HAD been born a slave on a plantation in the north of the island, — an unmixed negro, — his father stolen from Africa. If anything, therefore, that I say of him to-night moves your admiration, remember, the black race claims it all, — we have no part nor lot in it. He was fifty years old at this time. An old negro had taught him to read. His favorite books were Epictetus, Raynal, Military Memoirs, Plutarch. In the woods, he learned some of the qualities of herbs, and was village doctor. On the estate, the highest place he ever reached was that of coachman. At fifty, he joined the army as physician. Before he went he placed his master and mistress on shipboard, freighted the vessel with a cargo of sugar and coffee, and sent them to Baltimore, and never afterward did he forget to send them, year by year, ample means of support. And I might add that, of all the leading negro generals, each one saved the man under whose roof he was born, and protected the family.

Let me add another thing. If I stood here to-night to tell the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I here to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts, — you, who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his Country. I am about to tell you the story of a negro who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of Britons, Frenchmen, Spaniards, — men who despised him as a negro and a slave,

and hated him because he had beaten them in many a battle. All the materials for his biography are from the lips of his enemies.

About the time he reached the camp, the army had been subjected to two insults. First, their commissioners, summoned to meet the French Committee, were ignominiously and insultingly dismissed; and when, afterward, François, their general, was summoned to a second conference, and went to it on horseback, accompanied by two officers, a young lieutenant, who had known him as a slave, angered at seeing him in the uniform of an officer, raised his riding whip and struck him over the shoulders. If he had been the savage which the negro is painted to us, he had only to breathe the insult to his twenty-five thousand soldiers, and they would have trodden out the Frenchmen in blood. But the indignant chief rode back in silence to his tent, and it was twenty-four hours before his troops heard of this insult to their general. Then the word went forth, "Death to every white man!" They had fifteen hundred prisoners. Ranged in front of the camp, they were about to be shot. Toussaint, who had a vein of religious fanaticism, like most great leaders,—like Mohammed, like Napoleon, like Cromwell, like John Brown,—he could preach as well as fight,—mounting a hillock, and getting the ear of the crowd, exclaimed: "Brothers, this blood will not wipe out the insult to our chief; only the blood in yonder French camp can wipe it out. To shed that is courage; to shed this is cowardice and cruelty beside;"—and he saved fifteen hundred lives.

I cannot stop to give in detail every one of his efforts. This was in 1793. Leap with me over seven years; come to 1800; what has he achieved? He has driven the Spaniard back into his own cities, conquered him there, and put the French banner over every Spanish town; and for the first time, and almost the last, the island obeys one law. He has put the mulatto under his feet. He has attacked Maitland, defeated him in pitched battles, and permitted him to retreat to Jamaica: and when the French army rose upon Laveaux, their general, and put him in chains, Toussaint defeated them, took Laveaux out of prison, and put him at the head of his own troops. The grateful French in return named him General in Chief. *Cet homme fait l'ouverture partout*, said one,— "This man makes an opening everywhere,"—hence his soldiers named him L'Ouverture, *the opening*.

This was the work of seven years. Let us pause a moment, and find something to measure him by. You remember Macaulay says, comparing Cromwell with Napoleon, that Cromwell showed the greater military genius, if we consider that he never saw an army till he was forty, while Napoleon was educated from a boy in the best military schools in Europe. Cromwell manufactured his own army; Napoleon at the age of twenty-seven was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. They were both successful; but, says Macaulay, with such disadvantages, the Englishman showed the greater genius. Whether you allow the inference or not, you will at least grant that it is a fair mode of measurement. Apply it to Toussaint. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army—out of what? Englishmen,—the best blood in Europe. Out of the middle class of Englishmen,—the best blood of the island. And with it he conquered what? Englishmen,—their equals. This man manufactured his army out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized, by two hundred years of slavery, one hundred thousand of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed, and, as you say, despicable mass, he forged a thunderbolt and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. Now if Cromwell was a general, at least this man was a soldier. I know it was a small territory; it was not as large as the continent; but it was as large as that Attica which, with Athens for a capital, has filled the earth with its fame for two thousand years. We measure genius by quality, not by quantity.

Further,—Cromwell was only a soldier; his fame stops there. Not one line in the statute book of Britain can be traced to Cromwell; not one step in the social life of England finds its motive power in his brain. The state he founded went down with him to his grave. But this man no sooner put his hand on the helm of state, than the ship steadied with an upright keel, and he began to evince a statesmanship as marvelous as his military genius. History says that the most statesmanlike act of Napoleon was his proclamation of 1802, at

the Peace of Amiens, when, believing that the indelible loyalty of a native-born heart is always a sufficient basis on which to found an empire, he said: "Frenchmen, come home. I pardon the crimes of the last twelve years; I blot out its parties; I found my throne on the hearts of all Frenchmen,"—and twelve years of unclouded success showed how wisely he judged. That was in 1802. In 1800 this negro made a proclamation; it runs thus: "Sons of St. Domingo, come home. We never meant to take your houses or your lands. The negro only asked that liberty which God gave him. Your houses wait for you; your lands are ready; come and cultivate them;"—and from Madrid and Paris, from Baltimore and New Orleans, the emigrant planters crowded home to enjoy their estates, under the pledged word that was never broken of a victorious slave.

Again, Carlyle has said, "The natural king is one who melts all wills into his own." At this moment he turned to his armies,—poor, ill clad, and half starved,—and said to them: "Go back and work on these estates you have conquered; for an empire can be founded only on order and industry, and you can learn these virtues only there." And they went. The French Admiral who witnessed the scene said that in a week his army melted back into peasants.

It was 1800. The world waited fifty years before, in 1846, Robert Peel dared to venture, as a matter of practical statesmanship, the theory of free trade. Adam Smith theorized, the French statesmen dreamed, but no man at the head of affairs had ever dared to risk it as a practical measure. Europe waited till 1846 before the most practical intellect in the world, the English, adopted the great economic formula of unfettered trade. But in 1800 this black, with the instinct of statesmanship, said to the committee who were drafting for him a Constitution: "Put at the head of the chapter of commerce that the ports of St. Domingo are open to the trade of the world." With lofty indifference to race, superior to all envy or prejudice, Toussaint had formed this committee of eight white proprietors and one mulatto,—not a soldier nor a negro on the list, although Haytian history proves that, with the exception of Rigaud, the rarest genius has always been shown by pure negroes.

Again, it was 1800, at a time when England was poisoned on every page of her statute book with religious intolerance,



when a man could not enter the House of Commons without taking an Episcopal communion, when every state in the Union, except Rhode Island, was full of the intensest religious bigotry. This man was a negro. You say that is a superstitious blood. He was uneducated. You say that makes a man narrow-minded. He was a Catholic. Many say that is but another name for intolerance. And yet — negro, Catholic, slave — he took his place by the side of Roger Williams, and said to his committee: “Make it the first line of my Constitution that I know no difference between religious beliefs.”

Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what statesman you please. Let him be either American or European: let him have a brain the result of six generations of culture: let him have the ripest training of university routine; let him add to it the better education of practical life; crown his temples with the silver of seventy years; and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreath a laurel rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro, — rare military skill, profound knowledge of human nature, content to blot out all party distinctions, and trust a state to the blood of its sons, — anticipating Sir Robert Peel fifty years, and taking his station by the side of Roger Williams before any Englishman or American had won the right; — and yet this is the record which the history of rival states makes up for this inspired black of St. Domingo.

It was 1801. The Frenchmen who lingered on the island described its prosperity and order as almost incredible. You might trust a child with a bag of gold to go from Samana to Port-au-Prince without risk. Peace was in every household; the valleys laughed with fertility; culture climbed the mountains; the commerce of the world was represented in its harbors. At this time Europe concluded the Peace of Amiens, and Napoleon took his seat on the throne of France. He glanced his eyes across the Atlantic, and, with a single stroke of his pen, reduced Cayenne and Martinique back into chains. He then said to his Council, “What shall I do with St. Domingo?” The slaveholders said, “Give it to us.” Napoleon turned to the Abbé Gregoire, “What is your opinion?” “I think those men would change their opinions, if they changed their skins.” Colonel Vincent, who had been private secretary to Toussaint, wrote a letter to Napoleon, in which he said: “Sire, leave it

alone ; it is the happiest spot in your dominions ; God raised this man to govern ; races melt under his hand. He has saved you this island ; for I know of my own knowledge that, when the Republic could not have lifted a finger to prevent it, George III. offered him any title and any revenue if he would hold the island under the British crown. He refused, and saved it for France." Napoleon turned away from his Council, and is said to have remarked, "I have sixty thousand idle troops ; I must find them something to do." He meant to say, "I am about to seize the crown ; I dare not do it in the faces of sixty thousand republican soldiers : I must give them work at a distance to do." The gossip of Paris gives another reason for his expedition against St. Domingo. It is said that the satirists of Paris had christened Toussaint the Black Napoleon ; and Bonaparte hated his black shadow. Toussaint had unfortunately once addressed him a letter, "The first of the blacks to the first of the whites." He did not like the comparison. You would think it too slight a motive. But let me remind you of the present Napoleon, that when the epigrammatists of Paris christened his wasteful and tasteless expense at Versailles, *Soulouquerie*, from the name of Soulouque, the Black Emperor, he deigned to issue a specific order forbidding the use of the word. The Napoleon blood is very sensitive. So Napoleon resolved to crush Toussaint from one motive or another, from the prompting of ambition, or dislike of this resemblance, — which was very close. If either imitated the other, it must have been the white, since the negro preceded him several years. They were very much alike, and they were very French, — French even in vanity, common to both. You remember Bonaparte's vainglorious words to his soldiers at the Pyramids : "Forty centuries look down upon us." In the same mood, Toussaint said to the French captain who urged him to go to France in his frigate, "Sir, your ship is not large enough to carry me." Napoleon, you know, could never bear the military uniform. He hated the restraint of his rank : he loved to put on the gray coat of the Little Corporal, and wander in the camp. Toussaint also never could bear a uniform. He wore a plain coat, and often, the yellow Madras handkerchief of the slaves. A French lieutenant once called him a maggot in a yellow handkerchief. Toussaint took him prisoner next day, and sent him home to his mother. Like Napoleon, he could fast many days ; could dictate to three secretaries at once ; could wear

out four or five horses. Like Napoleon, no man ever divined his purpose or penetrated his plan. He was only a negro, and so, in him, they called it hypocrisy. In Bonaparte we style it diplomacy. For instance, three attempts made to assassinate him all failed, from not firing at the right spot. If they thought he was in the north in a carriage, he would be in the south on horseback; if they thought he was in the city in a house, he would be in the field in a tent. They once riddled his carriage with bullets; he was on horseback on the other side. The seven Frenchmen who did it were arrested. They expected to be shot. The next day was some saint's day; he ordered them to be placed before the high altar, and, when the priest reached the prayer for forgiveness, came down from his high seat, repeated it with him, and permitted them to go unpunished. He had that wit common to all great commanders, which makes its way in a camp. His soldiers getting disheartened, he filled a large vase with powder, and scattering six grains of rice in it, shook them up, and said: "See, there is the white, there is the black; what are you afraid of?" So when people came to him in great numbers for office, as it is reported they do sometimes even in Washington, he learned the first words of a Catholic prayer in Latin, and repeating it, would say, "Do you understand that?" "No, sir." "What! want an office, and not know Latin? Go home and learn it!"

Then, again, like Napoleon, — like genius always, — he had confidence in his power to rule men. You remember when Bonaparte returned from Elba, and Louis XVIII. sent an army against him, Bonaparte descended from his carriage, opened his coat, offering his breast to their muskets, and saying, "Frenchmen, it is the Emperor!" and they ranged themselves behind him, *his* soldiers, shouting, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" That was in 1815. Twelve years before, Toussaint, finding that four of his regiments had deserted and gone to Leclerc, drew his sword, flung it on the grass, went across the field to them, folded his arms, and said, "Children, can you point a bayonet at me?" The blacks fell on their knees, praying his pardon. His bitterest enemies watched him, and none of them charged him with love of money, sensuality, or cruel use of power. The only instance in which his sternest critic has charged him with severity is this: During a tumult, a few white proprietors who had returned, trusting his proclamation, were killed. His nephew, General Moise, was accused of indecision in quell-

ing the riot. He assembled a court-martial, and, on its verdict, ordered his own nephew to be shot, sternly Roman in thus keeping his promise of protection to the whites. Above the lust of gold, pure in private life, generous in the use of his power, it was against such a man that Napoleon sent his army, giving to General Leclerc, the husband of his beautiful sister Pauline, thirty thousand of his best troops, with orders to reintroduce slavery. Among these soldiers came all of Toussaint's old mulatto rivals and foes.

Holland lent sixty ships. England promised by special message to be neutral ; and you know neutrality means sneering at freedom, and sending arms to tyrants. England promised neutrality, and the black looked out on the whole civilized world marshaled against him. America, full of slaves, of course was hostile. Only the Yankee sold him poor muskets at a very high price. Mounting his horse, and riding to the eastern end of the island, Samana, he looked out on a sight such as no native had ever seen before. Sixty ships of the line, crowded by the best soldiers of Europe, rounded the point. They were soldiers who had never yet met an equal, whose tread, like Cæsar's, had shaken Europe,—soldiers who had scaled the Pyramids, and planted the French banners on the walls of Rome. He looked a moment, counted the flotilla, let the reins fall on the neck of his horse, and, turning to Christophe, exclaimed : “ All France is come to Hayti: they can only come to make us slaves ; and we are lost ! ” He then recognized the only mistake of his life,—his confidence in Bonaparte, which had led him to disband his army.

Returning to the hills, he issued the only proclamation which bears his name and breathes vengeance : “ My children, France comes to make us slaves. God gave us liberty ; France has no right to take it away. Burn the cities, destroy the harvests, tear up the roads with cannon, poison the wells, show the white man the hell he comes to make ; ”—and he was obeyed. When the great William of Orange saw Louis XIV. cover Holland with troops, he said, “ Break down the dikes, give Holland back to ocean ; ” and Europe said, “ Sublime ! ” When Alexander saw the armies of France descend upon Russia, he said, “ Burn Moscow, starve back the invaders ; ” and Europe said, “ Sublime ! ” This black saw all Europe marshaled to crush him, and gave to his people the same heroic example of defiance.

It is true, the scene grows bloodier as we proceed. But, remember, the white man fitly accompanied his infamous attempt to *reduce freemen to slavery* with every bloody and cruel device that bitter and shameless hate could invent. Aristocracy is always cruel. The black man met the attempt, as every such attempt should be met, with war to the hilt. In his first struggle to gain his freedom, he had been generous and merciful, saved lives and pardoned enemies, as the people in every age and clime have always done when rising against aristocrats. Now, to save his liberty, the negro exhausted every means, seized every weapon, and turned back the hateful invaders with a vengeance as terrible as their own, though even now he refused to be cruel.

Leclerc sent word to Christophe that he was about to land at Cape City. Christophe said, "Toussaint is governor of the island. I will send to him for permission. If without it a French soldier sets foot on shore, I will burn the town, and fight over its ashes."

Leclerc landed. Christophe took two thousand *white* men, women, and children, and carried them to the mountains in safety, then with his own hands set fire to the splendid palace which French architects had just finished for him, and in forty hours the place was in ashes. The battle was fought on its streets, and the French driven back to their boats. Wherever they went, they were met with fire and sword. Once, resisting an attack, the blacks, Frenchmen born, shouted the "Marseilles Hymn," and the French soldiers stood still; they could not fight the "Marseillaise." And it was not till their officers sabered them on that they advanced, and then they were beaten. Beaten in the field, the French then took to lies. They issued proclamations, saying, "We do not come to make you slaves; this man Toussaint tells you lies. Join us, and you shall have the rights you claim." They cheated every one of his officers, except Christophe and Dessalines, and his own brother Pierre, and finally these also deserted him, and he was left alone. He then sent word to Leclerc, "I will submit. I could continue the struggle for years, — could prevent a single Frenchman from safely quitting your camp. But I hate bloodshed. I have fought only for the liberty of my race. Guarantee that, I will submit and come in." He took the oath to be a faithful citizen; and on the same crucifix Leclerc swore that he should be faithfully protected, and that the island should

be free. As the French general glanced along the line of his splendidly equipped troops, and saw, opposite, Toussaint's ragged, ill-armed followers, he said to him, "L'Ouverture, had you continued the war, where could you have got arms?" "I would have taken yours," was the Spartan reply. He went down to his house in peace; it was summer. Leclerc remembered that the fever months were coming, when his army would be in hospitals, and when one motion of that royal hand would sweep his troops into the sea. He was too dangerous to be left at large. So they summoned him to attend a council: and here is the only charge made against him — the only charge. They say he was fool enough to go. Grant it; what was the record? The white man lies shrewdly to cheat the negro. Knight-errantry was truth. The foulest insult you can offer a man since the Crusades is, You lie. Of Toussaint, Hermona, the Spanish general, who knew him well, said, "He was the purest soul God ever put into a body." Of him history bears witness, "He never broke his word." Maitland was traveling in the depths of the woods to meet Toussaint, when he was met by a messenger, and told that he was betrayed. He went on, and met Toussaint, who showed him two letters, — one from the French general, offering him any rank if he would put Maitland in his power, and the other his reply. It was, "Sir, I have promised the Englishman that he shall go back." Let it stand, therefore, that the negro, truthful as a knight of old, was cheated by his lying foe. Which race has reason to be proud of such a record?

But he was not cheated. He was under espionage. Suppose he had refused: the government would have doubted him, — would have found some cause to arrest him. He probably reasoned thus: "If I go willingly, I shall be treated accordingly;" and he went. The moment he entered the room, the officers drew their swords, and told him he was a prisoner; and one young lieutenant who was present says, "He was not at all surprised, but seemed very sad." They put him on shipboard, and weighed anchor for France. As the island faded from his sight, he turned to the captain, and said, "You think you have rooted up the tree of liberty, but I am only a branch; I have planted the tree so deep that all France can never root it up." Arrived in Paris, he was flung into jail, and Napoleon sent his secretary, Caffarelli, to him, supposing he had buried large treasures. He listened awhile, then re-

plied, "Young man, it is true I have lost treasures, but they are not such as you come to seek." He was then sent to the Castle of St. Joux, to a dungeon twelve feet by twenty, built wholly of stone, with a narrow window, high up on the side, looking out on the snows of Switzerland. In winter, ice covers the floor; in summer, it is damp and wet. In this living tomb the child of the sunny tropic was left to die. From this dungeon he wrote two letters to Napoleon. One of them ran thus: —

SIRE, — I am a French citizen. I never broke a law. By the grace of God, I have saved for you the best island in your realm. Sire, of your mercy grant me justice.

Napoleon never answered the letters. The commandant allowed him five francs a day for food and fuel. Napoleon heard of it, and reduced the sum to three. The luxurious usurper, who complained that the English government was stingy because it allowed him only six thousand dollars a month, stooped from his throne to cut down a dollar to a half, and still Toussaint did not die quick enough.

This dungeon was a tomb. The story is told that, in Josephine's time, a young French marquis was placed there, and the girl to whom he was betrothed went to the Empress and prayed for his release. Said Josephine to her, "Have a model of it made, and bring it to me." Josephine placed it near Napoleon. He said, "Take it away, — it is horrible!" She put it on his footstool, and he kicked it from him. She held it to him the third time, and said, "Sire, in this horrible dungeon you have put a man to die." "Take him out," said Napoleon, and the girl saved her lover. In this tomb Toussaint was buried, but he did not die fast enough. Finally, the commandant was told to go into Switzerland, to carry the keys of the dungeon with him, and to stay four days; when he returned, Toussaint was found starved to death.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> There is no truth in this moving story: Toussaint was ordered to be well cared for, and was on very friendly terms with the warden of the castle. But he was over sixty, native of a tropical climate, and could not endure the Alpine winter.

## POEMS OF WORDSWORTH.

[WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, the most influential of modern English poets, was born April 7, 1770, and graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge. He made the tour of France and Switzerland in 1791-1792, and his impressions of the Revolution are recorded in "The Prelude." In 1798 his epoch-making "Lyrical Ballads" appeared, containing also Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." Their weaker parts were seized on for ridicule, and "Tintern Abbey" was not praised. After a tour in Germany he settled at Grasmere, and in 1813 at Rydal Mount. In 1814 he published "The Excursion." From 1814 to 1842 he was a government stamp distributor; in 1843 he succeeded Southey as poet laureate. He died April 23, 1850. The various editions of his collected "Poems" form his literary achievements.]

## LINES COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE

## TINTERN ABBEY

ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE WYE DURING A TOUR  
JULY 13, 1798.

FIVE years have past; five summers, with the length  
Of five long winters! and again I hear  
These waters, rolling from their mountain springs  
With a soft inland murmur. — Once again  
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,  
That on a wild secluded scene impress  
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect  
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.  
The day is come when I again repose  
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view  
These plots of cottage ground, these orchard tufts,  
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,  
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves  
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see  
These hedgerows, hardly hedgerows, little lines  
Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,  
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke  
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!  
With some uncertain notice, as might seem,  
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,  
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire  
The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,  
Through a long absence, have not been to me  
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:  
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din



Of town and cities, I have owed to them,  
 In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,  
 Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;  
 And passing even into my purer mind,  
 With tranquil restoration:—feelings too  
 Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,  
 As have no slight or trivial influence  
 On that best portion of a good man's life,  
 His little, nameless, unremembered acts  
 Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,  
 To them I may have owed another gift,  
 Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,  
 In which the burthen of the mystery,  
 In which the heavy and the weary weight  
 Of all this unintelligible world,  
 Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood,  
 In which the affections gently lead us on,—  
 Until, the breath of this corporeal frame  
 And even the motion of our human blood  
 Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
 In body, and become a living soul:  
 While with an eye made quiet by the power  
 Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
 We see into the life of things.

If this

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft —  
 In darkness and amid the many shapes  
 Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir  
 Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,  
 Have hung upon the beatings of my heart —  
 How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,  
 O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro' the woods,  
 How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,  
 With many recognitions dim and faint,  
 And somewhat of a sad perplexity,  
 The picture of the mind revives again:  
 While here I stand, not only with the sense  
 Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts  
 That in this moment there is life and food  
 For future years. And so I dare to hope,  
 Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first  
 I came among these hills; when like a roe  
 I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides  
 Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,

Wherever nature led : more like a man  
Flying from something that he dreads, than one  
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then  
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,  
And their glad animal movements, all gone by)  
To me was all in all. — I cannot paint  
What then I was. The sounding cataract  
Haunted me like a passion : the tall rock,  
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,  
Their colors and their forms, were then to me  
An appetite ; a feeling and a love,  
That had no need of a remoter charm,  
By thought supplied, nor any interest  
Unborrowed from the eye. — That time is past,  
And all its aching joys are now no more,  
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this  
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur ; other gifts  
Have followed ; for such loss, I would believe,  
Abundant recompense. For I have learned  
To look on nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes  
The still, sad music of humanity,  
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power  
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :  
A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still  
A lover of the meadows and the woods,  
And mountains ; and of all that we behold  
From this green earth ; of all the mighty world  
Of eye, and ear, — both what they half create,  
And what perceive ; well pleased to recognize  
In nature and the language of the sense,  
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,  
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul  
Of all my moral being.

## Lucy.

## 1.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways  
 Beside the springs of Dove,  
 A Maid whom there were none to praise  
 And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone  
 Half hidden from the eye! —  
 Fair as a star, when only one  
 Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know  
 When Lucy ceased to be;  
 But she is in her grave, and, oh,  
 The difference to me!

## 2.

Three years she grew in sun and shower,  
 Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower  
 On earth was never sown;  
 This Child I to myself will take,  
 She shall be mine, and I will make  
 A Lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be  
 Both law and impulse: and with me  
 The Girl, in rock and plain,  
 In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,  
 Shall feel an overseeing power  
 To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn  
 That wild with glee across the lawn  
 Or up the mountain springs;  
 And hers shall be the breathing balm,  
 And hers the silence and the calm  
 Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend  
 To her: for her the willow bend;  
 Nor shall she fail to see  
 Even in the motions of the Storm  
 Grace that shall mold the Maiden's form  
 By silent sympathy.

“The stars of midnight shall be dear  
 To her ; and she shall lean her ear  
 In many a secret place  
 Where rivulets dance their wayward round,  
 And beauty born of murmuring sound  
 Shall pass into her face.

“And vital feelings of delight  
 Shall rear her form to stately height,  
 Her virgin bosom swell ;  
 Such thoughts to Lucy I will give  
 While she and I together live  
 Here in this happy dell.”

Thus Nature spake — The work was done —  
 How soon my Lucy's race was run !  
 She died, and left to me  
 This heath, this calm, and quiet scene ;  
 The memory of what has been,  
 And never more will be.

## 3.

A slumber did my spirit seal ;  
 I had no human fears :  
 She seemed a thing that could not feel  
 The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force ;  
 She neither hears nor sees ;  
 Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,  
 With rocks, and stones, and trees.

## TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men !  
 Whether the whistling rustic tend his plow  
 Within thy hearing, or thy head be now  
 Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den ;—  
 O miserable chieftain ! where and when  
 Wilt thou find patience ? Yet die not ; do thou  
 Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow ;  
 Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,  
 Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind  
 Powers that will work for thee : air, earth, and skies ;  
 There's not a breathing of the common wind  
 That will forget thee ; thou hast great allies ;  
 Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
 And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

## COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

Earth has not any thing to show more fair :  
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
 A sight so touching in its majesty :  
 This City now doth, like a garment, wear  
 The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,  
 Ships, towers, domes, theaters, and temples lie  
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;  
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
 Never did sun more beautifully steep  
 In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill ;  
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !  
 The river glideth at his own sweet will :  
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;  
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !

## THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND.

Two Voices are there ; one is of the sea,  
 One of the mountains ; each a mighty Voice :  
 In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,  
 They were thy chosen music, Liberty !  
 There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee  
 Thou fought'st against him ; but hast vainly striven ;  
 Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,  
 Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.  
 Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft :  
 Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left ;  
 For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be  
 That Mountain floods should thunder as before,  
 And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,  
 And neither awful Voice be heard by thee !

## MILTON.

Milton ! thou should'st be living at this hour : [1801]  
 England hath need of thee : she is a fen  
 Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and pen,  
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,  
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower  
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men ;  
 Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;  
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.  
 Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart :  
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea  
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,

So didst thou travel on life's common way,  
 In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart  
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

THE WORLD'S RAVAGES.

The world is too much with us: late and soon,  
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:  
 Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!  
 This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;  
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,  
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;  
 For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;  
 It moves us not. — Great God! I'd rather be  
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn:  
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;  
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

She was a Phantom of Delight  
 When first she gleamed upon my sight;  
 A lovely Apparition sent  
 To be a moment's ornament;  
 Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair,  
 Like Twilight's too, her dusky hair;  
 But all things else about her drawn  
 From May-time and the cheerful Dawn,  
 A dancing Shape, an Image gay,  
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,  
 A Spirit, yet a Woman too!  
 Her household motions light and free,  
 And steps of virgin-liberty;  
 A countenance in which did meet  
 Sweet records, promises as sweet;  
 A Creature not too bright or good  
 For human nature's daily food;  
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles.  
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene  
 The very pulse of the machine;

A Being breathing thoughtful breath,  
 A traveler between life and death;  
 The reason firm, the temperate will,  
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;  
 A perfect Woman, nobly planned,  
 To warn, to comfort, and command;  
 And yet a Spirit still, and bright  
 With something of angelic light.

## ODE TO DUTY.

Stern Daughter of the voice of God!  
 O Duty! if that name thou love  
 Who art a light to guide, a rod  
 To check the erring, and reprove;  
 Thou who art victory and law  
 When empty terrors overawe;  
 From vain temptations dost set free,  
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye  
 Be on them; who, in love and truth  
 Where no misgiving is, rely  
 Upon the genial sense of youth:  
 Glad hearts! without reproach or blot,  
 Who do thy work, and know it not:  
 O! if through confidence misplaced  
 They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright  
 And happy will our nature be  
 When love is an unerring light,  
 And joy its own security.  
 And they a blissful course may hold  
 Even now who, not unwisely bold,  
 Live in the spirit of this creed;  
 Yet find that other strength, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,  
 No sport of every random gust,  
 Yet being to myself a guide,  
 Too blindly have reposed my trust:  
 And oft, when in my heart was heard  
 Thy timely mandate, I deferred  
 The task in smoother walks to stray;  
 But thee I now would serve more strictly if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul  
 Or strong compunction in me wrought,  
 I supplicate for thy control,  
 But in the quietness of thought:  
 Me this unchartered freedom tires;  
 I feel the weight of chance desires;  
 My hopes no more must change their name;  
 I long for a repose which ever is the same.

Stern lawgiver! yet thou dost wear  
 The Godhead's most benignant grace:  
 Nor know we anything so fair  
 As is the smile upon thy face:  
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,  
 And fragrance in thy footing treads;  
 Thou dost preserve the Stars from wrong;  
 And the most ancient Heavens, through thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!  
 I call thee: I myself commend  
 Unto thy guidance from this hour;  
 O let my weakness have an end!  
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
 The spirit of self-sacrifice;  
 The confidence of reason give;  
 And in the light of Truth thy bondman let me live.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY  
 CHILDHOOD.

I.

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,  
 The earth, and every common sight,  
     To me did seem  
     Appareled in celestial light,  
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.  
 It is not now as it hath been of yore;—  
     Turn wheresoe'er I may,  
     By night or day,  
**The things which I have seen I now can see no more.**

II.

The Rainbow comes and goes,  
 And lovely is the Rose,  
 The Moon doth with delight



Look round her when the heavens are bare,  
 Waters on a starry night  
 Are beautiful and fair;  
 The sunshine is a glorious birth;  
 But yet I know, where'er I go,  
 That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

## III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,  
 And while the young lambs bound  
 As to the tabor's sound,  
 To me alone there came a thought of grief:  
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief,  
 And I again am strong:  
 The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;  
 No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;  
 I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,  
 The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,  
 And all the earth is gay;  
 Land and sea  
 Give themselves up to jollity,  
 And with the heart of May  
 Doth every Beast keep holiday; —  
 Thou Child of Joy,  
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy  
 Shepherd boy!

## IV.

Ye blessèd Creatures, I have heard the call  
 Ye to each other make; I see  
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;  
 My heart is at your festival,  
 My head hath its coronal,  
 The fullness of your bliss, I feel — I feel it all.  
 Oh evil day! if I were sullen  
 While Earth herself is adorning,  
 This sweet May morning,  
 And the Children are culling  
 On every side,  
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,  
 Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,  
 And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm: —  
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!  
 — But there's a Tree, of many, one,

A single Field which I have looked upon,  
 Both of them speak of something that is gone:  
     The Pansy at my feet  
     Doth the same tale repeat:  
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam?  
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

## v.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:  
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
     Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
     And cometh from afar:  
     Not in entire forgetfulness,  
     And not in utter nakedness,  
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
     From God, who is our home:  
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy!  
 Shades of the prison house begin to close  
     Upon the growing Boy,  
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,  
     He sees it in his joy;  
 The Youth, who daily farthier from the east  
     Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,  
     And by the vision splendid  
     Is on his way attended;  
 At length the Man perceives it die away,  
 And fade into the light of common day.

## vi.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;  
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,  
 And, even with something of a Mother's mind,  
     And no unworthy aim,  
     The homely Nurse doth all she can  
 To make her Foster Child, her Inmate Man,  
     Forget the glories he hath known,  
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

## vii.

Behold the Child among his newborn blisses,  
 A six years' Darling of a pygmy size!  
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,  
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,  
 With light upon him from his father's eyes!

See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,  
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,  
 Shaped by himself with newly learned art;  
     A wedding or a festival,  
     A mourning or a funeral;  
     And this hath now his heart,  
 And unto this he frames his song:  
     Then will he fit his tongue  
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife;  
     But it will not be long  
     Ere this be thrown aside,  
     And with new joy and pride  
 The little Actor cons another part;  
 Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"  
 With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,  
 That Life brings with her in her equipage;  
     As if his whole vocation  
     Were endless imitation.

## VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie  
     Thy Soul's immensity;  
 Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep  
 Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,  
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,  
 Haunted forever by the eternal mind, —  
     Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!  
     On whom those truths do rest,  
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,  
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;  
 Thou, over whom thy Immortality  
 Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,  
 A Presence which is not to be put by;  
 Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might  
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,  
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke  
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,  
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?  
 Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,  
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight,  
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

## IX.

O joy! that in our embers  
 Is something that doth live,

That nature yet remembers  
 What was so fugitive!  
 The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
 Perpetual benediction: not indeed  
 For that which is most worthy to be blest —  
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
 Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast: —  
     Not for these I raise  
     The song of thanks and praise;  
 But for those obstinate questionings  
 Of sense and outward things,  
 Fallings from us, vanishings;  
 Blank misgivings of a Creature  
 Moving about in worlds not realized,  
 High instincts before which our mortal Nature  
 Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised:  
     But for those first affections,  
     Those shadowy recollections,  
     Which, be they what they may,  
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,  
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing;  
     Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make  
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
 Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,  
     To perish never;  
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,  
     Nor Man nor Boy,  
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
 Can utterly abolish or destroy!  
     Hence in a season of calm weather  
     Though inland far we be,  
 Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea  
     Which brought us hither,  
     Can in a moment travel thither,  
 And see the Children sport upon the shore,  
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

## X.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!  
     And let the young Lambs bound  
     As to the tabor's sound!  
 We in thought will join your throng,  
     Ye that pipe and ye that play,

Ye that through your hearts to-day  
 Feel the gladness of the May!  
 What though the radiance which was once so bright  
 Be now forever taken from my sight,  
     Though nothing can bring back the hour  
 Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;  
     We will grieve not, rather find  
 Strength in what remains behind;  
 In the primal sympathy  
     Which having been must ever be;  
 In the soothing thoughts that spring  
     Out of human suffering;  
 In the faith that looks through death,  
**In years that bring the philosophic mind.**

## XI.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,  
 Forebode not any severing of our loves!  
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;  
 I only have relinquished one delight  
 To live beneath your more habitual sway.  
 I love the Brooks which down their channels fret  
 Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;  
 The innocent brightness of a newborn Day  
     Is lovely yet;  
 The Clouds that gather round the setting sun  
 Do take a sober coloring from an eye  
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;  
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.  
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,  
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

## THE MURDER OF THE DUC D'ENGHEN.

BY PIERRE LANFREY.

(From "The History of Napoleon.")

[PIERRE LANFREY: A French historian and publicist; born at Chambéry, Savoy, October 26, 1828; died at Pau, November 16, 1877. He was educated at the Jesuits' College in his native town, and at the Collège Bourbon, Paris. He studied law but did not practice, giving his attention exclusively to historical research and literary work. His published writings include: "The Church and the Philosophers of the Eighteenth Century" (1857), "Essay on the French Revolution" (1858), "Political Studies and Portraits" (1863), and "History of Napoleon I." (5 vols. 1867-1875). The last named is his principal work, and was left incomplete. M. Lanfrey was a soldier in the war with Germany; was elected deputy to the National Assembly in 1871; and was ambassador to Switzerland (1871-1873). He was chosen senator in 1875, but owing to feeble health he was unable to serve.]

REPORTS were ostentatiously published that were supposed to have been spread by the [Pichegru] conspirators on the subject of Bonaparte's assassination, with a view to prepare opinions for it. . . . This story of the murder was no longer admissible even then, when they were making the most ostentatious use of it. By degrees, as the arrests and examinations increased, it was impossible to mistake the true character of the conspiracy, and the consular police knew for a certainty that the aim of the plot was an insurrectionary movement, and not an assassination. By the fresh declarations of Bouvet, Picot, Lajolais, and other prisoners, they were aware of the complicity of the Count d'Artois, the Duc de Berri, and the principal members of the French nobility, some of whom were already in Paris, others on the point of arriving, and no one could admit that so many eminent personages would have gone so far as to compromise their cause by an assassination. . . .

The two princes, the Count d'Artois, and the Duc de Berri, to whose capture he attached the highest importance, had definitely escaped him.

Decided as he was to strike the Bourbons personally, in order to disgust them with conspiracies and terrify their partisans, he had immediately inquired if there were not within his reach another member of this family, which he doubly detested since they had fought hand to hand with him, and since they had contemptuously rejected his offer of two millions as the price of a renunciation of the crown of France. Unhappily for

the glory of the First Consul, this Bourbon was found; he had resided for nearly two years at Ettenheim, very near Strasburg, but in the territory of Baden. He was the Duc d'Enghien, son of the Prince de Condé, a young man full of ardor and courage, always in the foremost rank in the battles in which his father's army had taken part. Having retired to Ettenheim at the end of the war, he had lived there, attracted by a romantic passion for the Princess Charlotte de Rohan, whom he had secretly married, while the neighborhood of the Black Forest allowed him to satisfy his taste for hunting. A perfect stranger to the conspiracy, of which he had not even known the existence, he was waiting till the English Cabinet, which gave him a pension, should send him notice to resume his services in the corps of the emigrants. Bonaparte caused him to be watched by an ancient servitor of his house, named Lamothe, whose report gave no evidence of his complicity with the conspirators of Paris, but mentioned two circumstances calculated to raise suspicions: the first was the presence at Ettenheim of Dumouriez, whose name the agent had by mistake confused with that of the Marquis de Thumery; the second was a widely spread report, though equally erroneous, that the Duc d'Enghien sometimes ventured to go to the theater at Strasburg. But these two facts, supposing them proved, which was not the case, did not constitute a serious presumption, for nothing had hitherto shown that Dumouriez belonged to the conspiracy, and if the duke went stealthily to Strasburg, it by no means followed that he had come as far as Paris. The Government had, moreover, in their hands the correspondence of Drake with Méhée; they had the reports of their agents in the neighborhood, of Taylor and Spencer Smith; they had the dispatches of M. de Massias, our minister at Baden; and they knew so much the better that there was no foundation in Drake's conspiracy, that Bonaparte had himself organized it, and held all the threads of the imbroglio. If the Duc d'Enghien had played at Ettenheim the part attributed to him, it is certain that some mention of it would be found in the various documents, which are all silent about him. Napoleon could not for a moment believe that the Duc d'Enghien was conspiring against him, and we can only regard as an abominable comedy the famous scene, so often brought forward, which Desmarest first related: "Well, M. Réal, you never told me that the Duc d'Enghien was four leagues from my frontier, organizing a military plot; am I then

a dog, that the first comer may murder with impunity?" Then came Talleyrand, who met with the same reception, and after him Cambacérès, who, on hearing that it was proposed to seize and shoot the Duc d'Enghien, respectfully expressed a wish that the severity would not go so far. "Learn," replied Bonaparte, "that I will not spare my murderers!" Moreover, this explosion of feigned anger appears so uncalled for, even to the author of this narrative, that he explains it by Napoleon's persuasion that the Duc d'Enghien was the French prince who was to put himself at the head of the conspirators. But they had named this French prince more than a month before in their depositions; it was the Count d'Artois, followed by the Duc de Berri. This prince was to come from England and not from the banks of the Rhine; it was he whom Savary had been awaiting twenty-eight days at Biville cliff. This second error is then still less admissible than the first. The only crime of the Duc d'Enghien was being within reach of Bonaparte at the moment that Bonaparte needed the blood of a Bourbon, and it was for this reason alone that he was chosen and struck.

All of the arguments invented both at the time and since for throwing upon chance or passive instruments the responsibility of the murder, fall to the ground before a simple statement of the facts. It was at the end of February when Bonaparte learned that he must definitely renounce all hope of drawing the Count d'Artois into the ambuscade of Biville; he immediately made Réal write to the prefect of Strasburg, to inquire if the Duc d'Enghien was at Ettenheim. In this letter of March 1st to M. Shée, Réal does not ask: "Is the duke conspiring? Have you any information to give concerning him?" He simply asks this: "Is the duke still at Ettenheim?" Lamothe's report arrived at Paris March 9, the 10th of March Bonaparte gave Caulaincourt and Ordener orders to cross the frontier, and invest one Offenbourg, and the other Ettenheim. This fact is closely connected with all that precedes it; it was the resolution of a violent soul impatient to strike. How can it be attributed to another than himself, who was then everything, and who alone in this affair was carried away by passion and blinded by self-interest! In his conversations at St. Helena, sometimes he claimed the resolution as his own; at others, he ascribed it to the perfidious counsels of involuntary actors who were mixed up in this melancholy drama, as if he was accustomed to be influenced by those around him, espe-



cially upon questions of such importance! And whom does he accuse of this? The man who, by his position, had the least interest in hurrying him on to such an excess, and who, by his character, felt the most repugnance to it, Talleyrand,—the cold, prudent, moderate Talleyrand, the man of middle courses, the enemy of extreme parties, whose nature was complaisant even to cowardice, but neither bad nor cruel. And to what end would Talleyrand have imagined this crime? To compromise Bonaparte forever with the Bourbons and render their return impossible? But why? What fear or what ambition could inspire in him such madness? Was this royal race between himself and the throne? What had he so much to dread in the Bourbons,—he who had been steeped in none of the excesses of the Revolution, who had not been either a regicide like Fouché or a terrorist like Bonaparte,—he who was one of the few possible statesmen in the event of a restoration?

To this false and cowardly excuse, pleaded by a man who sometimes repudiated his own crime, and sometimes gloried in it with cynical pride, according as he thought of appeasing or amazing historians, the apologists of the reign have added justifications of which he had himself never thought, and of which the success would probably have furnished him with fresh reasons for despising men more ingenious than the tyrant himself in freeing his tyranny from reproach. Such is the tale of the pretended *quid pro quo*, which was Bonaparte's determining motive. This story, which appears to have been originally invented by Réal and Savary, men strongly interested in exculpating their master in order to clear their own memory, consists in maintaining that the arrest of the Duc d'Enghien was only resolved upon on the conviction that he was a certain mysterious personage, known by the name of Charles, whom some of the prisoners said they had seen at Georges', and of whom they gave a description. According to this version, Bonaparte was persuaded that this personage was the prince who was to put himself at the head of the conspiracy in order to direct it, and he only ordered the Duc d'Enghien to be seized "that he might confront him with the witnesses"; that is to say, that he might prove his identity with this unknown individual; hence the fatal error which led to the catastrophe of Vincennes. In the first place, we find no trace of this conviction in the original documents; they had the most minute description of the mysterious personage,— "bald, fair, middle

height," etc. This description did not answer in any point to that of the Duc d'Enghien; the first gendarmes could have proved it; and the question was not even asked of the agent sent to Ettenheim to watch the duke! In the second place, this description was no other than that of Charles Pichegru, whose identity they had easily been able to prove, since he had been confined in the Temple for ten days, with the prisoners who had denounced him, and when the Duc d'Enghien was taken, no one for a moment thought of the confrontation. In the third place, Bonaparte had known since February 14, that is to say, for a month, by the confession of Bouvet de Lozier, that the chiefs of the conspiracy were the Count d'Artois and the Duc de Berri, who were coming from England, the center of the plot, and not from the banks of the Rhine; and it was only because he had failed to get possession of their persons that he thought of seizing the Duc d'Enghien, whose name had never even been pronounced in a single deposition.

There is more: the published account of Georges' trial shows that when Picot was questioned upon the name of the mysterious personage, as far back as the 14th of February, he replied that it could be no other than Pichegru, and his declaration was confirmed by all the other prisoners. Every one of these assertions, and all that has since been added to them to make them appear more probable, breaks down under a close examination. Not only was the original determination Bonaparte's, but never was a resolution more freely pondered over and adopted, never was one more independent of that fatality, of those errors, which so often influence our designs, and never was one more personal; it bears his signature, and has nothing in common with the revolutionary atrocities in which we always meet with the blind inflexibility of a principle. The terror struck in the name of the law; here it is the Corsican vendetta, which pursues its enemy, in his children, in his family, and, when occasion requires, in his most distant relations.

There was, it is said, a council, in which the measure was only discussed for the sake of form, and in which Cambacérés claims the honor of having given counsels of moderation, that were too timid to be listened to, which drew upon him this famous reply: "You have become very sparing of the blood of the Bourbons!" But we must put in the list of stories the anecdote of a pretended report, read by Talleyrand in support of the measure, which he stole from the archives to burn, but

left by mistake at the bottom of a drawer, where an avenging providence took care to preserve it. These are gross falsehoods that are not worth discussion. The only document that Talleyrand drew up at that time (and it is too much for his honor) is the one in which, as minister of foreign affairs, he informed the Elector of Baden of the violation of territory which the First Consul had committed "with the deepest regret."

On the 15th of March, 1804, a detachment of dragoons set out from Schelestadt, in the middle of the night, under the order of Colonel Ordener, crossed the Rhine, surprised Ettenheim, and surrounded the house in which Duc d'Enghien lived. He was at first inclined to reply to the summons to open the door by firing upon his assailants; he was deterred from doing so by a German officer, who was near him, and who having asked him "if he was compromised," upon his reply in the negative pointed out to him the uselessness of resistance; he surrendered himself prisoner, not to expose his friends. All his papers were then seized, and he was conducted to the citadel of Strasburg, where he was confined with the Marquis de Thumery and the persons who had been found in his house. Of all these persons, who were eight in number, the Marquis and Colonel Grunstein were the only ones that belonged to the military emigrants; the others were ecclesiastics and domestics. They had therefore immediate proof of the falsity of the report both with regard to the presence of Dumouriez and the complicity of the duke with the conspiracy of Paris, of which there was no trace in his papers, and even of the military rank that he was said to hold with a view of the coming war, for he was living there as a private individual; and the assemblage of emigrants that were supposed to have grouped around him was purely imaginary.

But the death of the unfortunate young man had been resolved upon, and was the more inevitable that it was combined with a political calculation. As early as the 12th of March, Bonaparte retired to Malmaison, where he both escaped solicitations that he was decided not to listen to, and was removed from the theater of the crime, for he did not wish to appear personally in an act in which his will had been supreme. It is Murat, whom he had just named governor of Paris, Réal, the head of his police, and Savary, his man of execution, who take the most prominent part in a drama in which they were only his instruments. On the 15th of March he wrote to Réal to pre-

pare everything in the château of Vincennes. On the 17th he had the correspondence of the Duc d'Enghien in his hands; two days later he returned it to Réal, commanding him not to allow any discussion to take place upon the greater or lesser charges that his papers contained. He knew that all these charges were reduced to a single one, — to the crime of having served in the army of the emigrants, and being ready to serve in it again, — a crime that he had pardoned in so many thousands of men, infinitely less excusable than the heir of a family so cruelly tried by the Revolution; he knew that all the suspicions that had been raised against him were without foundation. The imprudent story of Savary, relative to the confusion "with the mysterious personage," becomes at this point so unsustainable that his continuators are obliged to admit that Bonaparte was no longer under this false impression; but he then feared, they say, "to expose himself to the contemptuous laugh of the Royalists." A singular reason for sacrificing an innocent person! Bonaparte had, moreover, nothing of the kind to apprehend from a terrified party. He was no longer under the influence of fear or illusion; he acted with due knowledge. On the 18th of March he received a dispatch from M. de Massias, our minister at Baden, who certified "that the conduct of the duke had always been innocent and moderate."

According to the received story, his dispatch was intercepted by M. de Talleyrand; but such activity in a hatred without motives scarcely appears reconcilable with the careless character of this statesman. M. de Massias did more; he went to Strasbourg, and informed the prefect that there was neither plot nor assemblage of emigrants at Ettenheim. Are we to believe that M. Shée had, like Talleyrand, taken an oath to ruin the duke? The conduct and the intentions of the Duc d'Enghien were of very little consequence to Bonaparte; what he wanted was to get rid of him. Upon all these points his mind was so fully made up, that in the draft of the examination which he sent to Réal on the morning of the 20th of March (and more probably the evening of the 19th) the grievance of complicity in the conspiracy is not even mentioned; he is no longer accused of anything more "than of having borne arms against his country," and collateral facts connected with this principal one; he merely asks him, in the last place, "if he had any knowledge of the plot, and if in case it succeeded, he was not to enter Alsace." He takes no more pains to invoke false pretexts, he contents him-

self with a reason which is sufficient for condemning him to death, for this was all he wanted.

While preparations were being made for this tragic event, Bonaparte remained shut up in Malmaison, inaccessible to every one except his most intimate familiars. He recited to them, they say, verses from our most celebrated poets on the subject of clemency, in order to stop their supplications by giving utterance to sentiments that did not exist in his heart. Réal and Savary had continual interviews with him, and they arranged together the measures to be taken. As no one cared to fix his name to a dishonorable decree, the prince was to be tried by a commission composed of the colonels of the garrison of Paris, men of great devotion, and incapable of discerning the gravity of the act demanded of them. Réal was not to compromise himself by taking part in an examination that was only a form; his place was to be supplied by a captain reporter chosen by Murat. If the prisoner should ask to be allowed to see Bonaparte, no attention was to be paid to his demand. The First Consul ordered that the sentence was to be executed immediately, a sinister expression which clearly indicated the nature of that sentence. Notwithstanding all the lies that have been told about this incident of his life, there is no trace of a fact which proves that he experienced a moment's hesitation; everything shows, on the contrary, that a murder was never more coldly committed. He has been represented as walking by himself for hours together in the avenues of Malmaison, restless, hesitating, and in an anxious state of mind. "The proof of his agitation," it has been said, "is in his inoccupation, for he dictated scarcely a single letter during the whole week that he stayed at Malmaison, a unique instance of idleness in his life." A glance at his correspondence from the 15th to the 23d of March suffices to show the incorrectness of this assertion; in this short space of time he dictated twenty-seven letters, some of them of unusual length, and relative to affairs of every kind. On the 20th of March alone, a day on which his agitation would have been at its height, he dictated as many as seven, and in this number we find a long one written to Soult, in which he speaks of nothing but the calibre of the bombs at Boulogne and Fort Rouge, the changes to be made in the platforms of the gunboats and pinnaces of the Batavian Flotilla, and the "bales of poisoned cotton which the English had vomited upon our coasts to infect the continent,"—an idea that would appear

ridiculous under any other circumstances, and one which bespeaks a singularly darkened imagination, but not a mind stung by remorse.

The Duc d'Enghien reached Paris on the 20th of March, about eleven o'clock in the morning; he was detained at the gate till four o'clock in the afternoon, evidently for fresh orders from Malmaison. From thence he was conducted by the outer boulevards to the dungeon of Vincennes, where Bonaparte had placed as governor a confidential man, well worthy of the work over which he was to preside. It was that same Harel who had delivered up to him the innocent heads of Arena, Ceracchi, Topino-Lebrun, and Demerville for a crime of which he was the sole instigator and sole perpetrator. The prince was then allowed to take some rest and refreshment. It has been discovered by a close inquiry that was afterward instituted upon this tragical event, that when the Duc d'Enghien arrived at Vincennes to be tried, his grave was already dug. Toward midnight he was awoke by Captain Dautancourt, who commenced a preliminary examination as reporter of the commission. His replies were simple, noble, and modest, extremely clear and perfectly truthful. He admitted that he had served all through the war, first as a volunteer, and afterwards as major of the vanguard of the Corps de Bourbon; that he received pay from England, and had nothing else to depend on. But he denied ever having known either Dumouriez or Pichegru. At the moment of signing the report, he wrote with his own hand upon the minute "that he earnestly demanded to have a private interview with the First Consul. My name, my rank, my way of thinking, and the horror of my situation," he added, "make me hope that he will not refuse my demand." The choice of the hour alone indicated that his fate was decided. It is this request of a dying man, repeated a few minutes later before the commission, and not only foreseen but refused beforehand, as both Hullin and Savary attest, that is transformed, in the narrative of St. Helena, into a letter which was kept back by Talleyrand, always thirsting for the blood of the Bourbons. "The duke," says Napoleon, "wrote me a letter, in which he offered me his services, and asked for the command of an army, and that wretch of a Talleyrand did not give it to me till two days after the death of the prince!" This is a twofold and shameful calumny, one against Talleyrand, the other against the Duc

d'Enghien, and the latter is particularly odious : it is like a blow struck by the executioner on the face of the victim after he has beheaded him. The duke wrote no letter at all, much less such a discreditable one ; but even if he had written it, either at Strasburg or Vincennes, it would under no circumstances have been put into the hands of M. Talleyrand. It would have been sent with all the other papers straight to Malmaison, or, in case of a very improbable confusion, to the Grand Judge or Réal, who was charged with the superintendence of the police, or even to Murat, governor of Paris. It is not possible that it was addressed to M. Talleyrand, then minister of foreign affairs. Supposing him to have been the cruel monster that such a deed would denote, Talleyrand was too pliant, too cautious, to act thus toward a man like Bonaparte. This anecdote can only do harm to the memory of him who invented it, and to the intelligence of those who have sanctioned it.

At two o'clock in the morning the prince was brought before the military commission that General Hullin presided over. By the mournful and immovable countenances of these men, accustomed to passive obedience, it was easy to see that they had received their orders, and the condemnation of the accused was written upon their severe and dejected faces. Everything in them and about them declared the melancholy office they had accepted ; the darkness which surrounded them, the mystery with which they proceeded, the silence and isolation of this nocturnal hour, the absence of witnesses, of the public, of a counsel that is not refused to the worst of murderers, of all the forms for protecting the accused, the stealthy alacrity with which they hurried through their work, all these mute things have a terrible voice which cries : "These are not judges !" At the sight of their attitude the prisoner divined the fate that awaited him. The noble youth stood erect and replied with simple and manly dignity to the summary questions addressed to him by Hullin. They were put for the sake of form, and were merely an abridged repetition of those of the captain reporter : they state no other fact than that of having borne arms against the Republic, a fact that the prisoner did not deny. It is said that when Hullin asked him if he were connected with the plot against the life of the First Consul, the blood of the Condés boiled within him, and he repelled the suspicion with a flush of anger and indignation ; but the hard

reproaches which twenty years later Savary placed in the mouth of Hullin, are devoid of all probability, for the judges were more embarrassed than the accused. Hullin, who is a better authority, assures us, on the contrary, that he endeavored to suggest to the prisoner a reticence that might save him, and that he rejected it with lofty resentment, as unworthy of himself. When the examination was terminated, the prince repeated his demand to have an interview with the First Consul. Then Savary, who had hitherto stood in silence before the fireplace and behind the president's chair, said: "Now, this is my business." After remaining half an hour with closed doors, for the semblance of a deliberation, and drawing up a decree signed in blank, the prisoner was fetched. Harel appeared with a torch in his hand; he conducted them through a dark passage to a staircase, which led down to the ditch of the *châteaueau*. Here they met a company of Savary's gendarmes, arrayed in order of battle; the prince's sentence was read to him by the side of the grave that had been dug for him beforehand, into which his body was about to be thrown. A lantern placed close to the grave threw its dismal light upon this scene of murder. The condemned man, then addressing the bystanders, asked if there was any one among them who would take charge of the last message of a dying man. An officer stepped out of the ranks; the duke confided to him a packet of hair to give to a beloved one. A few minutes after he fell before the fire of the soldiers.

Such was this ambush, one of the most cowardly that has ever been laid at any period. If we are to believe the excuses of those who took part in its execution, no one was responsible for it, and fatality alone committed the crime. To all the unfortunate mistakes which were discovered too late in this event may be added a last and still more deplorable one, which would alone have ruined the prince. Réal, charged with questioning him, opened the order which intrusted him with his mission when it was too late, and he did not arrive at Vincennes till after the execution. But if Réal was appointed to examine him, how was it that Murat, who cursed the part he had to play, took upon himself to confide it to Captain Dautancourt? And if Réal hastened to Vincennes, how was it that he wrote two letters to Hullin in the morning, begging him to send a copy of the examination and the sentence? Never have more miserable subterfuges been imagined, to screen the guilty from



the just contempt of history. The same may be said of Savary's story with regard to the reception given him by Bonaparte when he went to Malmaison to render an account of his mission: "He listened to me with the greatest surprise! He fixed his lynx eyes upon me. 'There is,' he said, 'something incomprehensible in this. The sentence was not to be pronounced till Réal had examined the prisoner upon a point which it was important for us to clear up. There is a crime that leads to nothing!'" The point to be cleared up was still the question of identity of the duke with the mysterious personage, bald, fair, of middle height! When we think that such impudent inventions have been accepted by a whole generation, we are led to ask if falsehood has not in itself a savor and an attraction so irresistible for vulgar appetites that truth can no longer appear to them other than repulsive! No; in the catastrophe of Vincennes there was neither accident, nor confusion, nor mistake: everything in it was conceived, premeditated, and combined with artistic care, and any one must have let prejudice destroy common sense, who accepts the stories invented by the criminal himself. How could the man, whom we see in his correspondence so particular, so attentive to the smallest details, so penetrating and so inquisitive with regard to the most insignificant agents of the conspiracy, the man who dictated the questions to be asked, and directed all the proceedings against Querelle and the woman Pocheton, suddenly become the sport of quid pro quos, of heedlessness, and the tremendous mistakes which are attributed to him, when the persons in question were a Bourbon or a Condé? How can we admit that a mind so clear-sighted, a character so self-willed and imperious, could, in this critical circumstance, have been merely a docile puppet in the hands of Talleyrand? No, in spite of falsifications and lies, in spite of hypocrisy more odious than the crime itself, he cannot escape the responsibility of an act which he performed with the utmost calculation; the deed will remain his own before God and before men, and history will not even admit in his favor that division of ignominy which complicity creates for the benefit of the guilty, for in the murder of the Duc d'Engbien there was one principal author, and there were instruments; accomplices there were none.

The news of the execution of the Duc d'Engbien was not known in Paris till the evening of the 21st of March; it produced a most disastrous impression. It was, in fact, a revival

of the terror, but the terror for the benefit of a single man, the terror without the fanaticism, without the publicity and broad daylight; for the whole of this ignoble tragedy, the arrest, the execution, had all taken place at night. Nevertheless, the public, deprived of all means of expressing their reprobation, were forced to keep silence, and the sensation was transient. Men are so inconsistent, even in hatred, that in less than three months after the murder those who had been most indignant were petitioning the murderer for some place in his ante-chambers. There was only one protestation, that of Chateaubriand, who resigned his office of chargé d'affaires to the Republic of Valais. Fourcroy received a concluding speech, all ready prepared, which he hastened to deliver to the Legislative Body, to dismiss this assembly. Bonaparte went himself to the Council of State and indulged in one of those monologues, in which he seemed to attack an imaginary interlocutor, as if he felt the condemnation that was hidden under the general silence. "The people of Paris were a set of nincompoops; they had always been the misfortune of France! As for public opinion, its judgments were to be respected, but its caprices were to be despised. Moreover, he had fifty thousand men to make the will of the nation respected!" He next entered into endless explanations which no one asked of him; then, as if irritated by the obstinate silence around, he hastily broke up the sitting. The newspapers had orders to say nothing. The *Moniteur* for that day and the day following, March 22, had a perfectly different character; it was full of mystery, gentleness, and contrition. On the 21st of March it published on the first page a letter from Pope Pius VII. "to his very dear son in Jesus Christ, Napoleon Bonaparte, relative to the churches of Germany;" a precious testimony of affection to display to pious people in these difficult circumstances. It did not contain a word on the tragic event that was in every mouth. A short note, however, informed the public of the assemblage of emigrants on the right side of the Rhine, "crowded with these new legionaries." Without naming the Duc d'Engbien, it said that "a Bourbon prince, with his staff and bureaux, had taken up his residence on this spot, from whence the movement was to be directed;" a shameful lie, invented to prepare public opinion, for the government had received, several days before, the names of eight perfectly inoffensive persons who surrounded the prince, and it required singular audacity to trans-

Salon of Mrs. Brown

Salon of Mme. Récamier





form them into a staff and bureaux for recruiting. The next day, March 22, the official journal again commenced with an article of the most edifying piety; it was more and more steeped in devotion. This time it is the Bishop of Coudances who vouches for the religious sentiments of the First Consul. In the middle of a solemn mass, demanded by the soldiers to thank God for the discovery of the conspiracy, the bishop proposed for their imitation the enthusiastic faith of the new Constantine: "Soldiers," he said, "never forget that God whom the conqueror of Marengo adores, that God before whom we have seen him in the cathedral of Milan bow his head, crowned by victory," etc. After this edifying introduction, and at the end of the news of the day, in the most obscure corner of the official paper, we find a document which seems placed there like some insignificant historical notice, without preface or reflections, or anything to attract the eye; it is the sentence of the Military Commission on one Louis-Antoine Henri de Bourbon, Duc d'Enghien. And as a climax to this perfidy and premeditated arrangement, the sentence itself is a forgery. The original decree, which Réal took to Malmaison, had appeared too brutal in its eloquent brevity, and had been lengthened by the addition of some judicial forms.



## ITALIAN LITERATURE.

BY MADAME DE STAËL.

(From "Corinne.")

[ANNE LOUISE GERMAINE NECKER, by marriage Baroness de Staël-Holstein, daughter of Louis XVI.'s famous finance minister and Suzanne Curchod (Gibbon's former betrothed), was born April 22, 1766. A precocious and sensitive child, the stimulus of the brilliant circle gathered about her parents developed her intellect but impaired her health, and she was sent into the country. At twenty her marriage with the Swedish ambassador, De Staël, was arranged. During the Revolution she remained in Paris trying to prevent the slaughter of innocent people, and pleading for the queen; driven out by the Reign of Terror, she returned in 1795, became prominent in politics, opposed Napoleon, and was ordered out of Paris by him in 1801. After she published "Corinne" he expelled her from France; in 1812 he suppressed the entire edition of her new "Germany," again expelled her, virtually imprisoned her at Coppet, in Switzerland, where she had taken refuge, and harassed her with the meanest persecutions. She escaped, and lived in Berlin, Moscow, and England till 1815. She

died July 14, 1817. Her other chief works are "Influence of the Passions," "Delphine," and "Considerations on the French Revolution."

"IN THE first place," said Corinne, "foreigners usually know none but our first-rate poets : Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Guarini, Tasso, and Metastasio ; but we have many others, such as Chiabrera, Guidi, Filicaja, and Parini, without reckoning San-nazer Politian, who wrote in Latin. All their verses are harmoniously colored ; all more or less knew how to introduce the wonders of nature and art into their verbal pictures. Doubtless they want the melancholy grandeur of *your* bards, and their knowledge of the human heart ; but does not this kind of superiority become the philosopher better than the poet ? The brilliant melody of our language is rather adapted to describe external objects than abstract meditation ; it is more competent to depict fury than sadness ; for reflection calls for metaphysical expressions, while revenge excites the fancy, and banishes the thought of grief. Cesarotti has translated Ossian in the most elegant manner ; but in reading him we feel that his words are in themselves too joyous for the gloomy ideas they would recall ; we yield to the charm of our soft phrases, as to the murmur of waves or the tints of flowers. What more would you exact of poetry ? If you ask the nightingale the meaning of his song, he can explain but by recommencing it ; we can only appreciate its music by giving way to the impression it makes on us. Our measured lines with rapid terminations, composed of two brief syllables, glide along as their name (*Sdrucchioli*) denotes, sometimes imitating the light steps of a dance, sometimes, with graver tone, realizing the tumult of a tempest or the clash of arms. Our poetry is a wonder of imagination ; you ought not in it to seek for every species of pleasure."

"I admit," returned Nevil, "that you account as well as possible for the beauties and defects of your national poetry ; but when these faults, without these graces, are found in prose, how can you defend it ? what is but vague in the one becomes unmeaning in the other. The crowd of common ideas that your poets embellish by melody and by figures is served up cold in your prose with the most fatiguing pertinacity. The greatest portion of your present prose writers use a language so declamatory, so diffuse, so abounding in superlatives, that one would think they all dealt out the same accepted phrases



by word of command, or by a kind of convention. Their style is a tissue, a piece of mosaic. They possess in its highest degree the art of inflating an idea, or frothing up a sentiment; one is tempted to ask them a similar question to that put by the negress to the Frenchwoman in the days of hoop petticoats: 'Pray, madame, is all *that* yourself?' Now how much is real beneath this pomp of words, which one true expression might dissipate like an idle dream!"

"You forget," interrupted Corinne, "first Machiavelli and Boccaccio, then Gravina, Filangieri, and even in our own days, Cesarotti, Verri, Bettinelli, and many others who knew both how to write and how to think. I agree with you that for the last century or two, unhappy circumstances having deprived Italy of her independence, all zeal for truth has been so lost that it is often impossible to speak it in any way. The result is a habit of resting content with words and never daring to approach a thought. Authors, too sure that they can effect no change in the state of things, write but to show their wit — the surest way of soon concluding with no wit at all; for it is only by directing our efforts to a nobly useful aim that we can augment our stock of ideas. When writers can do nothing for the welfare of their country; when indeed their means constitute their end; from leading to no better they double in a thousand windings without advancing one step. The Italians are afraid of new ideas, rather because they are indolent than from literary servility. By nature they have much originality, but they give themselves no time to reflect. Their eloquence, so vivid in conversation, chills as they work; beside this, the Southerners feel hampered by prose and can only express themselves fully in verse. It is not thus with French literature," added Corinne to d'Erfeuil; "your prose writers are often more poetical than your versifiers."

"That is a truth established by classic authorities," replied the count. "Bossuet, Labruyère, Montesquieu, and Buffon can never be surpassed, — especially the first two, who belonged to the age of Louis XIV.; they are perfect models for all to imitate who can — a hint as important to foreigners as to ourselves."

"I can hardly think," returned Corinne, "that it were desirable for distinct countries to lose their peculiarities; and I dare to tell you, count, that in your own land the national orthodoxy which opposes all felicitous innovations must render

your literature very barren. Genius is essentially creative ; it bears the character of the individual who possesses it. Nature, who permits no two leaves to be exactly alike, has given a still greater diversity to human minds. Imitation, then, is a double murder, for it deprives both copy and original of their primitive existence."

"Would you wish *us*," asked d'Erfeuil, "to admit such Gothic barbarisms as Young's 'Night Thoughts,' or the Spanish and Italian *Concetti*? What would become of our tasteful and elegant style after such a mixture?"

The Prince Castel Forte now remarked : "I think that we all are in want of each other's aid. The literature of every country offers a new sphere of ideas to those familiar with it. Charles V. said : 'The man who understands four languages is worth four men.' What that great genius applied to politics is as true in the state of letters. Most foreigners understand French ; their views, therefore, are more extended than those of Frenchmen, who know no language but their own. Why do they not oftener learn other tongues? They would preserve what distinguishes themselves and might acquire some things in which they still are wanting."

"You will confess at least," replied the count, "that there is one department in which *we* have nothing to learn from any one. Our theater is decidedly the first in Europe. I cannot suppose that the English themselves would think of placing their Shakespeare above us."

"Pardon me, they do think of it," answered Mr. Edgardmond ; and, having said this, resumed his previous silence.

"Oh!" exclaimed the count, with civil contempt, "let every man think as he pleases ; but I persist in believing that, without presumption, we may call ourselves the highest of all dramatic artists. As for the Italians, if I may speak frankly, they are in doubt whether there is such an art in the world. Music is everything with them ; the piece nothing ; if a second act possesses a better *scena* than the first, they begin with that ; nay, they will play portions of different operas on the same night and between them an act from some prose comedy, containing nothing but moral sentences, such as our ancestors turned over to the use of other countries, as worn too threadbare for their own. Your famed musicians do what they will with your poets. One won't sing a certain air, unless the word *Felicità* be introduced ; the tenor demands his *Tomba* ; a third

can't shake unless it be upon *Catene*. The poor poet must do his best to harmonize these varied tastes with his dramatic situations. Nor is this the worst; some of them will not deign to walk on the stage; they must appear surrounded by clouds, or descend from the top of a palace staircase, in order to give their entrance due effect. Let an air be sung in ever so tender or so furious a passage, the actor must needs bow his thanks for the applause it draws down. In Semiramis the other night, the specter of *Ninus* paid his respects to the pit with an obsequiousness quite neutralizing the awe his costume should have created. In Italy, the theater is looked on merely as a rendezvous, where you need listen to nothing but the songs and the ballet. I may well say they *listen* to the ballet, for they are never quiet till after its commencement; in itself it is the *chef-d'œuvre* of bad taste; I know not what there is to amuse in your ballet beyond its absurdity. I have seen Gengis Khan, clothed in ermine and magnanimity, give up his crown to the child of his conquered rival and lift him into the air upon his foot, a new way of raising a monarch to the throne; I have seen the self-devotion of Curtius, in three acts, full of *divertissements*. The hero, dressed like an Arcadian shepherd, had a long dance with his mistress ere he mounted a real horse upon the stage and threw himself into a fiery gulf, lined with orange satin and gold paper. In fact I have seen an abridgment of the Roman history turned into ballets from Romulus down to Cæsar."

"All that is very true," mildly replied the Prince of Castel Forte; "but you speak only of our opera, which is in no country considered the dramatic theater."

"Oh, it is still worse when they represent tragedies or dramas not included under the head of those with *happy catastrophes*; they crowd more horrors into five acts than human imagination ever conceived. In one of these pieces a lover kills his mistress' brother, and burns her brains before the audience. The fourth act is occupied by the funeral, and ere the fifth begins, the lover with the utmost composure gives out the next night's harlequinade; then resumes his character, in order to end the play by shooting himself. The tragedians are perfect counterparts of the cold exaggerations in which they perform, committing the greatest atrocities with the most exemplary indifference. If an actor becomes impassioned, he is called a preacher, so much more emotion is be-

trayed in the pulpit than on the stage; and it is lucky that these heroes are so peacefully pathetic, since as there is nothing interesting in your plays, the more fuss they made, the more ridiculous they would become; it were well if they were divertingly so; but it is all too monotonous to laugh at. Italy has neither tragedy nor comedy; the only drama truly her own is the harlequinade. A thievish, cowardly glutton, an amorous or avaricious old dupe of a guardian, are the materials. You will own that such inventions cost no very great efforts, and that the 'Tartuffe' and the 'Misanthrope' called for some exertion of genius." This attack displeased the Italians, though they laughed at it. In conversation the count preferred displaying his wit to his good humor. Natural benevolence prompted his actions, but self-love his words. Castel Forte and others longed to refute his accusations, but they thought the cause would be better defended by Corinne; and as they rarely sought to shine themselves, they were content, after citing such names as Maffei, Metastasio, Goldoni, Alfieri, and Monti, with begging her to answer Monsieur d'Erfeuil. Corinne agreed with him that the Italians had no national theater; but she sought to prove that circumstances, and not want of talent, had caused this deficiency. "Comedy," she said, "as depending on observation of manners, can only exist in a country accustomed to a great varied population. Italy is animated by violent passions or effeminate enjoyments. Such passions give birth to crimes that confound all shades of character. But that ideal comedy, which suits all times, all countries, was invented here. Harlequin, pantaloons, and clown are to be found in every piece of that description. Everywhere they have rather masks than faces; that is, they wear the physiognomy of their class, and not of individuals. Doubtless our modern authors found these parts all made to their hands, like the pawns of a chessboard; but these fantastic creations, which, from one end of Europe to the other, still amuse not only children, but men whom fancy renders childish, surely give the Italians some claim on the art of comedy. Observation of the human heart is an inexhaustible source of literature; but nations rather romantic than reflective yield themselves more readily to the delirium of joy than to philosophic satire. Something of sadness lurks beneath the pleasantry founded on a knowledge of mankind; the most truly inoffensive gayety is that which is purely

imaginative. Not that Italians do not shrewdly study those with whom they are concerned. They detect the most private thoughts, as subtly as others; but they are not wont to make a literary use of the acuteness which marks their conduct. Perhaps they are reluctant to generalize and to publish their discoveries. Prudence may forbid their wasting on mere plays what may serve to guide their behavior, or converting into witty fictions that which they find so useful in real life. Nevertheless, Machiavelli, who has made known all the secrets of criminal policy, may serve to show of what terrible sagacity the Italian mind is capable. Goldoni, who lived in Venice, where society is at its best, introduced more observation into his work than is commonly found. Yet his numerous comedies want variety both of character and situation. They seem modeled, not on life, but on the generality of the theatrical pieces. Irony is not the true character of Italian wit. It is Ariosto, and not Molière, who can amuse us here. Gozzi, the rival of Goldoni, had much more irregular originality. He gave himself up freely to his genius; mingling buffoonery with magic, imitating nothing in nature, but dealing with those fairy chimeras that bear the mind beyond the boundaries of this world. He had a prodigious success in his day, and perhaps is the best specimen of Italian comic fancy; but, to ascertain what our tragedy and comedy might become, they must be allowed a theater and a company. A host of small towns dissipate the few resources that might be collected. That division of states, usually so favorable to public welfare, is destructive of it here. We want a center of light and power, to pierce the mists of surrounding prejudice. The authority of a government would be a blessing, if it contended with the ignorance of men, isolated among themselves, in separate provinces, and, by awakening emulation, gave life to a people now content with a dream."

These and other discussions were spiritedly put forth by Corinne; she equally understood the art of that light and rapid style, which insists on nothing,—in her wish to please, adopting each by turns, though frequently abandoning herself to the talent which had rendered her so celebrated as an improvisatrice. Often did she call on Castel Forte to support her opinions by his own; but she spoke so well, that all her auditors listened with delight, and could not have endured an interruption. Mr. Edgarmond, above all, could never have

wearied of seeing and hearing her ; he hardly dared explain to himself the admiration she excited, and whispered some words of praise, trusting that she would understand, without obliging him to repeat them. He felt, however, so anxious to hear her sentiments on tragedy, that, in spite of his timidity, he risked the question. "Madame," he said, "it appears to me that tragedies are what your literature wants most. I think that yours comes less near an equality with our own, than children do to men ; for childish sensibility, if light, is genuine ; while your serious dramas are so stilted and unnatural, that they stifle all emotion. Am I not right, my lord ?" he added, turning his eyes toward Nevil, with an appeal for assistance, and astonished at himself for having dared to say so much before so large a party.

"I think just as you do," returned Oswald ; "Metastasio, whom they vaunt as the bard of love, gives that passion the same coloring in all countries and situations. His songs, indeed, abound with grace, harmony, and lyric beauty, especially when detached from the dramas to which they belong ; but it is impossible for us, whose Shakespeare is indisputably the poet who has most profoundly fathomed the depths of human passions, to bear with the fond pair who fill nearly all the scenes of Metastasio, and, whether called Achilles or Thyrsis, Brutus or Corilas, all sing, in the same strain, the martyrdom they endure, and depict, as a species of insipid idiocy, the most stormy impulse that can wreck the heart of man. It is with real respect for Alfieri that I venture a few comments on his works, their aim is so noble ! The sentiments of the author so well accord with the life of the man, that his tragedies ought always to be praised as so many great actions, even though they may be criticised in a literary sense. It strikes me that some of them have a monotony in their vigor, as Metastasio's have in their sweetness. Alfieri gives us such a profusion of energy and worth, or such an exaggeration of violence and guilt, that it is impossible to recognize one human being among his heroes. Men are never either so vile or so generous as he describes them. The object is to contrast vice with virtue ; but these contrasts lack the gradations of truth. If tyrants were obliged to put up with half he makes their victims say to their faces, one would really feel tempted to pity them. In the tragedy of 'Octavia,' this outrage of probability is most apparent. Seneca lectures Nero, as if the one were the

bravest, and the other the most patient, of men. The master of the world allows himself to be insulted, and put in a rage, scene after scene, as if it were not in his own power to end all this by a single word. It is certain that, in these continual dialogues, Seneca utters maxims which one might pride to hear in a harangue or read in a dissertation ; but is this the way to give an idea of tyranny ? instead of investing it with terror, to set it up as a block against which to tilt with wordy weapons ! Had Shakespeare represented Nero surrounded by trembling slaves, who scarce dared answer the most indifferent question, himself vainly endeavoring to appear at ease, and Seneca at his side, composing the Apology for Agrippina's murder, would not our horror have been a thousand times more great ? and, for one reflection made by the author, would not millions have arisen, in the spectator's mind, from the silent rhetoric of so true a picture ?”

Oswald might have spoken much longer ere Corinne would have interrupted him, so fascinated was she by the sound of his voice and the turn of his expression. Scarce could she remove her gaze from his countenance, even when he ceased to speak ; then, as her friends eagerly asked what she thought of Italian tragedy, she answered by addressing herself to Nevil.

“My lord, I so entirely agree with you, that it is not as a disputant I reply, but to make some exceptions to your, perhaps, too general rules. It is true that Metastasio is rather a lyric than a dramatic poet ; and that he depicts love rather as one of the fine arts that embellish life, than as the secret source of our deepest joys and sorrows. Although our poetry has been chiefly devoted to love, I will hazard the assertion that we have more truth and power in our portraitures of every other passion. For amatory themes, a kind of conventional style has been formed among us ; and poets are inspired by what they have read, not by their own feelings. Love as it is in Italy bears not the slightest resemblance to love such as our authors describe.

“I know but one romance, the ‘Fiammetta’ of Boccaccio, in which the passion is attired in its truly national colors. Italian love is a deep and rapid impression, more frequently betrayed by the silent ardor of our deeds, than by ingenious and highly wrought language. Our literature in general bears but a faint stamp of our manners. We are too humbly modest to found tragedies on our own history, or fill them with our

own emotions. Alfieri, by a singular chance, was transplanted from antiquity into modern times. He was born for action, yet permitted but to write : his style resented this restraint. He wished by a literary road to reach a political goal ; a noble one, but such as spoils all works of fancy. He was impatient of living among learned writers and enlightened readers, who, nevertheless, cared for nothing serious, but amused themselves with madrigals and novelettes. Alfieri sought to give his tragedies a more austere character. He retrenched everything that could interfere with the interest of his dialogue, as if determined to make his countrymen do penance for their natural vivacity. Yet he was much admired, because he was truly great, and because the inhabitants of Rome applaud all praise bestowed on the ancient Romans, as if it belonged to themselves. They are amateurs of virtue, as of the pictures their galleries possess ; but Alfieri has not created anything that may be called the Italian drama, — that is, a school of tragedy in which a merit peculiar to Italy may be found. He has not even characterized the manners of the times and countries he selected. His ‘Pazzi,’ ‘Virginia,’ and ‘Philip II.’ are replete with powerful and elevated thought ; but you everywhere find the impress of Alfieri, not that of the scene nor of the period assumed. Widely as he differs from all French authors in most respects, he resembles them in the habit of painting every subject he touches with the hues of his own mind.” At this allusion, d’Erfeuil observed : —

“It would be impossible for *us* to brook on *our* stage either the insignificance of the Grecians, or the monstrosities of Shakespeare. The French have too much taste. Our drama stands alone for elegance and delicacy ; to introduce anything foreign, were to plunge us into barbarism.”

“You would as soon think of surrounding France with the great wall of China !” said Corinne, smiling : “yet the rare beauties of your tragic authors would be better developed, if you would sometimes permit others besides Frenchmen to appear in their scenes. But we, poor Italians, would lose much by confining ourselves to rules that must confer on us less honor than constraint. The national character ought to form the national theater. We love the fine arts, music, scenery, even pantomime ; all, in fact, that strikes our senses. How, then, can a drama, of which eloquence is the best charm, content us ? In vain did Alfieri strive to reduce us to this ; he



himself felt that his system was too rigorous. His 'Saul,' Maffei's 'Merope,' Monti's 'Aristodemus,' above all, the poetry of Dante (though he never wrote a tragedy), seem to give the best notion of what the dramatic art might become here. In 'Merope' the action is simple, but the language glorious; why should such style be interdicted in our plays? Verse becomes so magnificent in Italian, that we ought to be the last people to renounce its beauty. Alfieri, who, when he pleased, could excel in every way, has in his 'Saul' made superb use of lyric poetry; and, indeed, music itself might there be very happily introduced, not to interrupt the dialogue, but to calm the fury of the king, by the harp of David. We possess such delicious music, as may well inebriate all mental power; we ought, therefore, instead of separating, to unite these attributes; not by making our heroes sing, which destroys their dignity, but by choruses, like those of the ancients, connected by natural links with the main situation, as often happens in real life. Far from rendering the Italian drama less imaginative, I think we ought in every way to increase the illusive pleasure of the audience. Our lively taste for music, ballet, and spectacle is a proof of powerful fancy, and a necessity to interest ourselves incessantly even in thus sporting with serious images, instead of rendering them more severe than they need be, as did Alfieri. We think it our duty to applaud whatever is grave and majestic, but soon return to our natural tastes; and are satisfied with any tragedy so it be embellished by that variety which the English and Spaniards so highly appreciate. Monti's 'Aristodemus' partakes the terrible pathos of Dante and has surely a just title to our pride. Dante, so versatile a master-spirit, possessed a tragic genius, which would have produced a grand effect if he could have adapted it to the stage; he knew how to set before the eye whatever passed in the soul; he made us not only feel but look upon despair. Had he written plays they must have affected young and old, the many as well as the few. Dramatic literature must be in some way popular; a whole nation constitute its judges."

"Since the time of Dante," said Oswald, "Italy has played a great political part — ere it can boast a national tragic school great events must call forth, in real life, the emotions which become the stage. Of all literary *chefs-d'œuvre*, a tragedy most thoroughly belongs to a whole people; the author's genius is matured by the public spirit of his audience; by the govern-

ment and manners of his country ; by all, in fact, which recurs each day to the mind forming the moral being, even as the air we breathe invigorates our physical life. The Spaniards, whom you resemble in climate and in creed, have, nevertheless, far more dramatic talent. Their pieces are drawn from their history, their chivalry, and religious faith ; they are original and animated. Their success in this way may restore them to their former fame as a nation ; but how can we found in Italy a style of tragedy which she has never possessed ? ”



### FATHER WILLIAM.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

[For biographical sketch, see page 245.]

“ You are old, Father William,” the young man cried, —  
 “ The few locks that are left you are gray ;  
 You are hale, Father William, — a hearty old man :  
 Now tell me the reason, I pray.”

“ In the days of my youth,” Father William replied,  
 “ I remembered that youth would fly fast ;  
 And abused not my health and my vigor at first,  
 That I never might need them at last.”

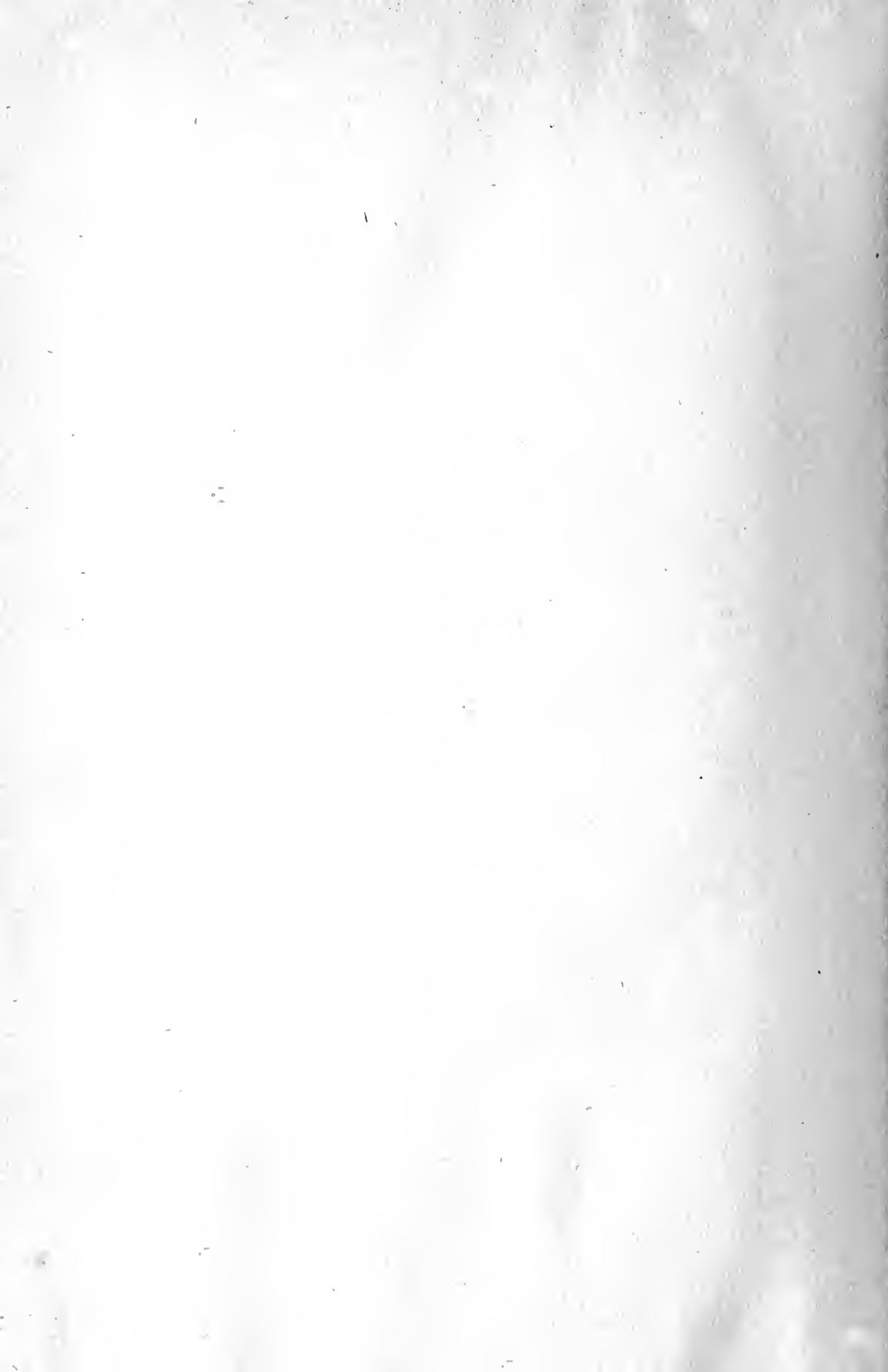
“ You are old, Father William,” the young man cried,  
 “ And pleasures with youth pass away ;  
 And yet you lament not the days that are gone :  
 Now tell me the reason, I pray.”

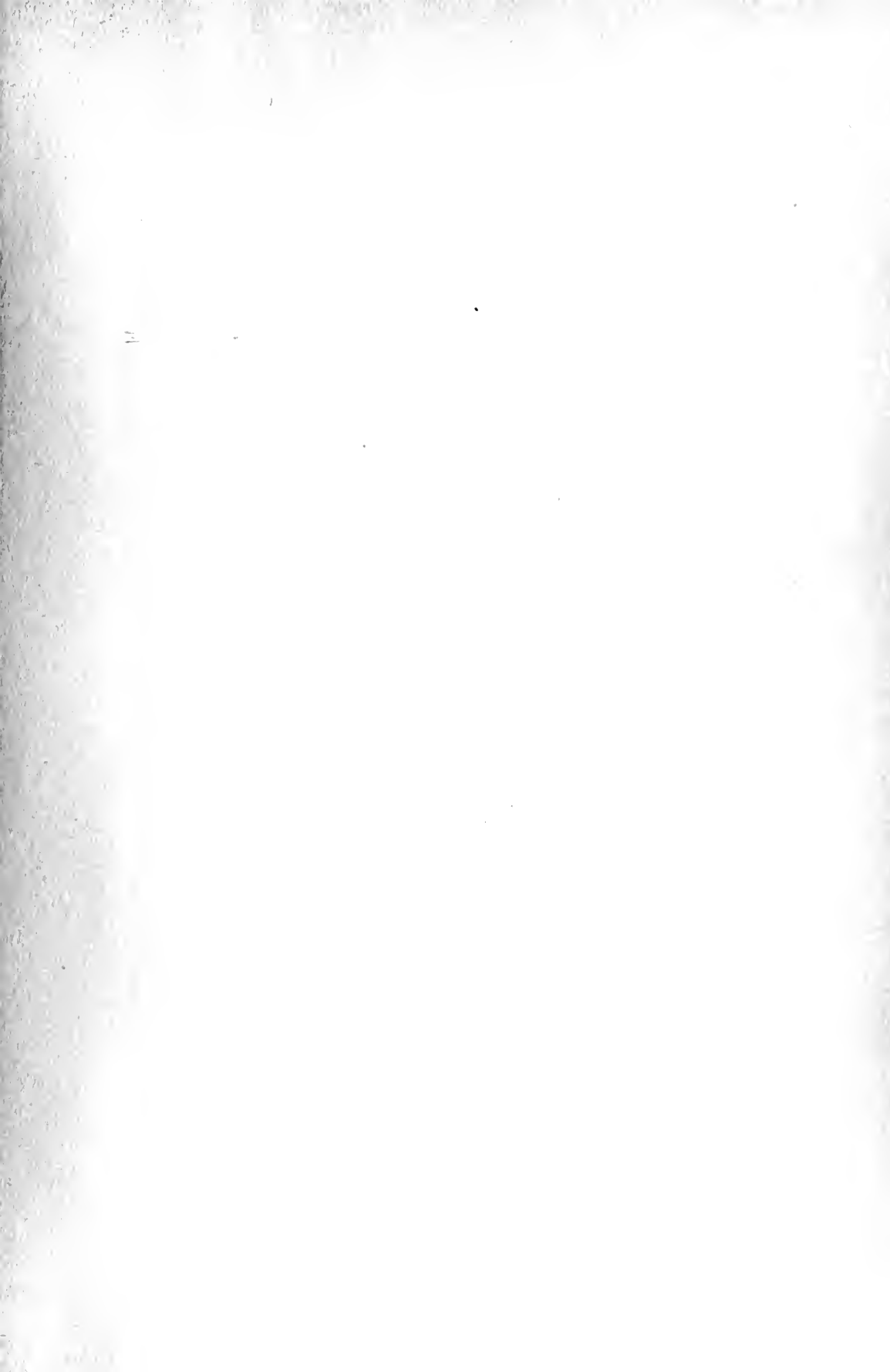
“ In the days of my youth,” Father William replied,  
 “ I remembered that youth could not last :  
 I thought of the future, whatever I did,  
 That I never might grieve for the past.”

“ You are old, Father William,” the young man cried,  
 “ And life must be hastening away ;  
 You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death :  
 Now tell me the reason, I pray.”

“ I *am* cheerful, young man,” Father William replied ;  
 “ Let the cause thy attention engage :  
 In the days of my youth I remembered my God,  
 And he hath not forgotten my age.”









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