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11

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PROFESSORS OF ENGLISH IN THE UNIVERSITY

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, NEW YORK

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

The ancestral home of the family of Lord Byron.

Original Etching from an Old Engraving.

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ASHLEY H. THORNDIKE

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CONTENTS

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN, 1803–1849

ALESSANDRO MANZONI, 1785–1873

MARGUERITE D'ANGOULÊME (MARGARET OF NAVARRE), 1492–1549

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, 1564–1593

CLÉMENT MAROT, 1497–1544

FREDERICK MARRYAT, 1792–1848

MARTIAL (MARCUS VALERIUS MARTIALIS) ?50–?102

JAMES MARTINEAU, 1805–1900

ANDREW MARVELL, 1621–1678

KARL MARX, 1809–1883

JOHN MASEFIELD, 1874–

JOHANN WILHELM MEINHOLD, 1797–1851

HERMAN MELVILLE, 1819–1891

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, 1809–1847

CATULLE MENDÈS, 1843–1909

MARCELINO MENENDEZ Y PELAYO, 1856–1912

GEORGE MEREDITH, 1828–1909

ILLUSTRATIONS

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

(1800–1859)

BY JOHN BACH McMASTER

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, the most widely read of English essayists and historians, was born near London on the 25th of October, 1800. His early education was received at private schools; but in 1818 he went into residence at Trinity College, Cambridge, graduated with honor, and was elected a fellow in 1824. Out of deference to the wishes of his father he thought for a while of becoming an attorney, read law, and was called to the bar in 1826. But the labors of the profession were little to his liking; no business of consequence came to him, and he was soon deep in literature and politics, for the pursuit of which his tastes, his habits, and his parts pre-eminently fitted him.

His nephew and biographer has gathered a mass of anecdotes and reminiscences, which go far to show that while still a lad Macaulay displayed in a high degree many of the mental characteristics which later in life made him famous. The eagerness with which he devoured books of every sort; the marvelous memory which enabled him to recall for years whole pages and poems, read but once; the quickness of perception by the aid of which he could at a glance extract the contents of a printed page; his love of novels and poetry; his volubility, his positiveness of assertion, and the astonishing amount of information he could pour out on matters of even trivial importance,—were as characteristic of the boy as of the man.

As might have been expected from one so gifted, Macaulay began to write while a mere child; but his first printed piece was an anonymous letter defending novel-reading and lauding Fielding and Smollett. It was written at the age of sixteen; was addressed to his father, then editor of the Christian Observer, was inserted in utter ignorance of the author, and brought down on the periodical the wrath of a host of subscribers. One declared that he had given the obnoxious number to the flames, and should never again read the magazine. At twenty-three Macaulay began to write for Knight's Quarterly Magazine, and contributed to it articles some of which—as 'The Conversation between Mr. Abraham Cowley and Mr. John Milton touching the Great Civil War'; his criticism of Dante and Petrarch; that on Athenian Orators; and the 'Fragments of a Roman Tale'—are still

given a place in his collected writings. In themselves these pieces are of small value; but they served to draw attention to the author just at the time when Jeffrey, the editor of the great Whig Edinburgh Review, was eagerly and anxiously searching for "some clever young man" to write for it. Macaulay was such a clever young man. Overtures were therefore made to him; and in 1825, in the August number of the Review, appeared his essay on John Milton. The effect was immediate. Like Byron, he awoke one morning to find himself famous; was praised and complimented on every hand, and day after day saw his table covered with cards of invitation to dinner from every part of London. And well he might be praised; for no English magazine had ever before published so readable, so eloquent, so entertaining an essay. Its very faults are pleasing. Its merits are of a high order; but the passage which will best bear selection as a specimen of the writing of Macaulay at twenty-five is the description of the Puritan.

Macaulay had now found his true vocation, and entered on it eagerly and with delight. In March 1827 came the essay on Machiavelli; and during 1828 those on John Dryden, on History, and on Hallam's 'Constitutional History.' During 1829 he wrote and published reviews of James Mill's 'Essay on Government' (which involved him in an unseemly wrangle with the Westminster Review, and called forth two more essays on the Utilitarian Theory of Government), Southey's 'Colloquies on Society,' Sadler's 'Law of Population,' and the reviews of Robert Montgomery's Poems. The reviews of Moore's 'Life of Byron' and of Southey's edition of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' appeared during 1830. In that same year Macaulay entered Parliament, and for a time the essays came forth less frequently. A reply to a pamphlet by Mr. Sadler written in reply to Macaulay's review, the famous article in which Croker's edition of Boswell's Johnson was pilloried, and the essay on John Hampden, were all he wrote in 1831. In 1832 came Burleigh and his Times, and Mirabeau; in 1833 The War of the Succession in Spain, and Horace Walpole; in 1834 William Pitt, Earl of Chatham; in 1835 Sir James Mackintosh; in 1837 Lord Bacon, the finest yet produced; in 1838 Sir William Temple; in 1839 Gladstone on Church and State; and in 1840 the greatest of all his essays, those on Von Ranke's 'History of the Popes' and on Lord Clive. The Comic Dramatists of the Restoration, Warren Hastings, and a short sketch of Lord Holland, were written in 1841; Frederic the Great in 1842; Madame D'Arblay and Addison in 1843; Barère and The Earl of Chatham in 1844: and with these the long list closes.

Never before in any period of twenty years had the British reading public been instructed and amused by so splendid a series of

essays. Taken as a whole the series falls naturally into three classes: the critical, the biographical, and the historical. Each has merits and peculiarities of its own; but all have certain characteristics in common which enable us to treat them in a group.

Whoever will take the pains to read the six-and-thirty essays we have mentioned,—and he will be richly repaid for his pains,—cannot fail to perceive that sympathy with the past is Macaulay's ruling passion. Concerning the present he knew little and cared less. The range of topics covered by him was enormous; art, science, theology, history, literature, poetry, the drama, philosophy—all were passed in review. Yet he has never once failed to treat his subject historically. We look in vain for the faintest approach to a philosophical or analytical treatment. He reviewed Mill's essay on Government, and Hallam's 'Constitutional History'; but he made no observations on government in the abstract, nor expressed any opinions as to what sort of government is best suited for civilized communities in general. He wrote about Bacon; yet he never attempted to expound the principles or describe the influence of the Baconian philosophy. He wrote about Addison and Johnson, Hastings and Clive, Machiavelli and Horace Walpole and Madame D'Arblay; yet in no case did he analyze the works, or fully examine the characteristics, or set forth exhaustively the ideas, of one of them. They are to him mere pegs on which to hang a splendid historical picture of the times in which these people lived. Thus the essay on Milton is a review of the Cromwellian period; Machiavelli, of Italian morals in the sixteenth century; that on Dryden, of the state of poetry and the drama in the days of Charles the Second; that on Johnson, of the state of English literature in the days of Walpole. In the essays on Clive and Hastings, we find little of the founders of British India beyond the enumeration of their acts. But the Mogul empire, and the rivalries and struggles which overthrew it, are all depicted in gorgeous detail. No other writer has ever given so fine an account of the foreign policy of Charles the Second as Macaulay has done in the essay on Sir William Temple; nor of the Parliamentary history of England for the forty years preceding our Revolution, as is to be found in the essays on Lord Chatham. In each case the image of the man whose name stands at the head of the essay is blurred and indistinct. We are told of the trial of John Hampden; but we do not see the fearless champion of popular liberty as he stood before the judges of King Charles. We are introduced to Frederic the Great, and are given a summary of his characteristics and a glowing narrative of the wars in which he won fame; but the real Frederic, the man contending «against the greatest superiority of power and the utmost spite of fortune,» is lost in the mass of accessories. He describes the outward man admirably: the inner man is never touched.

But however faulty the Essays may be in respect to the treatment accorded to individual men, they display a prodigious knowledge of the facts and events of the periods they cover. His wonderful memory, stored with information gathered from a thousand sources, his astonishing power of arranging facts and bringing them to bear on any subject, whether it called for description or illustration, joined with a clear and vigorous style, enabled him to produce historical scenes with a grouping, a finish, and a splendor to which no other writer can approach. His picture of the Puritan in the essay on Milton, and of Loyola and the Jesuits in the essay on the Popes; his description of the trial of Warren Hastings; of the power and magnificence of Spain under Philip the Second; of the destiny of the Church of Rome; of the character of Charles the Second in the essay on Sir James Mackintosh,—are but a few of many of his bits of word-painting which cannot be surpassed. What is thus true of particular scenes and incidents in the Essays is equally true of many of them in the whole. Long periods of time, great political movements, complicated policies, fluctuations of ministries, are sketched with an accuracy, animation, and clearness not to be met with in any elaborate treatise covering the same period.

While Macaulay was writing two and three essays a year, he won renown in a new field by the publication of 'The Lays of Ancient Rome.' They consist of four ballads—'Horatius'; 'The Battle of the Lake Regillus'; 'Virginius'; and 'The Prophecy of Capys'—which are supposed to have been sung by Roman minstrels, and to belong to a very early period in the history of the city. In them are repeated all the merits and all the defects of the Essays. The men and women are mere enumerations of qualities; the battle pieces are masses of uncombined incidents: but the characteristics of the periods treated have been caught and reproduced with perfect accuracy. The setting of Horatius, which belongs to the earliest days of Rome, is totally different from the setting of the Prophecy of Capys, which belongs to the time when Rome was fast acquiring the mastery over Italy; and in each case the setting is studiously and remarkably exact. In these poems, again, there is the same prodigious learning, the same richness of illustration, which distinguish the essays; and they are adorned with a profusion of metaphor and aptness of epithets which is most admirable.

The 'Lays' appeared in 1842, and at once found their way into popular favor. Macaulay's biographer assures us that in ten years 18,000 copies were sold in Great Britain; 40,000 copies in twenty years; and before 1875 nearly 100,000 had passed into the hands of readers.

Meantime the same popularity attended the 'Essays.' Again and again Macaulay had been urged to collect and publish them in book

form, and had stoutly refused. But when an enterprising publisher in Philadelphia not only reprinted them but shipped copies to England, Macaulay gave way; and in the early months of 1843 a volume was issued. Like the Lays, the Essays rose at once into popular favor, and in the course of thirty years 120,000 copies were sold in the United Kingdom by one publisher.

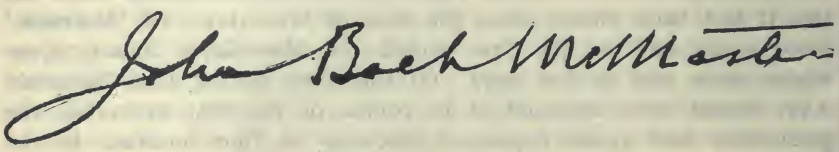
But the work on which he was now intent was the 'History of England from the accession of King James the Second down to a time which is within the memory of men still living.' The idea of such a narrative had long been in his mind; but it was not till 1841 that he began seriously to write, and not till 1848 that he published the first and second volumes. Again his success was instant. Nothing like it had been known since the days of Waverley. Of 'Marmion' 2,000 were sold in the first month; of Macaulay's History 3,000 copies were sold in ten days. Of the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' 2,250 copies were disposed of in course of the first year; but the publishers sold 13,000 copies of Macaulay in four months. In the United States the success was greater yet.

«We beg you to accept herewith a copy of our cheap edition of your work,» wrote Harper & Brothers in 1849. «There have been three other editions published by different houses, and another is now in preparation; so there will be six different editions in the market. We have already sold 40,000 copies, and we presume that over 60,000 copies have been disposed of. Probably within three months of this time the sale will amount to 200,000 copies. No work of any kind has ever so completely taken our whole country by storm.»

Astonishing as was the success, it never flagged; and year after year the London publisher disposed of the work at the rate of seventy sets a week. In November 1855 the third and fourth volumes were issued. Confident of an immense sale, 25,000 copies were printed as a first edition, and were taken by the trade before a copy was bound. In the United States the sale, he was assured by Everett, was greater than that of any book ever printed, save the Bible and a few school-books in universal use. Prior to 1875, his biographer states, 140,000 copies of the History were sold in the United Kingdom. In ten weeks from the day of the issue 26,500 copies were taken, and in March 1856 $100,000 was paid him as a part of the royalty due in December.

Honors of every sort were now showered on him. He was raised to the peerage; he was rich, famous, and great. But the enjoyment of his honors was short-lived; for in December 1859 he was found in his library, seated in his easy-chair, dead. Before him on the table lay a copy of the Cornhill Magazine, open at the first page of Thackeray's story of 'Lovel the Widower.'

All that has been said regarding the Essays and the Lays applies with equal force to the 'History of England.' No historian who has yet written has shown such familiarity with the facts of English history, no matter what the subject in hand may be: the extinction of villeinage, the Bloody Assizes, the appearance of the newspaper, the origin of the national debt, or the state of England in 1685. Macaulay is absolutely unrivaled in the art of arranging and combining his facts, and of presenting in a clear and vigorous narrative the spirit of the epoch he treats. Nor should we fail to mention that both Essays and History abound in remarks, general observations, and comment always clear, vigorous, and shrewd, and in the main very just.



THE COFFEE-HOUSE

From the 'History of England'

THE coffee-house must not be dismissed with a cursory mention. It might indeed at that time have been not improperly called a most important political institution. No Parliament had sat for years. The municipal council of the City had ceased to speak the sense of the citizens. Public meetings, harangues, resolutions, and the rest of the modern machinery of agitation had not yet come into fashion. Nothing resembling the modern newspaper existed. In such circumstances the coffee-houses were the chief organs through which the public opinion of the metropolis vented itself.

The first of these establishments had been set up by a Turkey merchant, who had acquired among the Mahometans a taste for their favorite beverage. The convenience of being able to make appointments in any part of the town, and of being able to pass evenings socially at a very small charge, was so great that the fashion spread fast. Every man of the upper or middle class went daily to his coffee-house to learn the news and to discuss it. Every coffee-house had one or more orators to whose eloquence the crowd listened with admiration, and who soon became what the journalists of our time have been called, a Fourth Estate of the realm. The court had long seen with uneasiness the growth of this new power in the State. An attempt

had been made, during Danby's administration, to close the coffee-houses. But men of all parties missed their usual places of resort so much that there was an unusual outcry. The government did not venture, in opposition to a feeling so strong and general, to enforce a regulation of which the legality might well be questioned. Since that time ten years had elapsed, and during those years the number and influence of the coffee-houses had been constantly increasing. Foreigners remarked that the coffee-house was that which especially distinguished London from all other cities; that the coffee-house was the Londoner's home, and that those who wished to find a gentleman commonly asked, not whether he lived in Fleet Street or Chancery Lane, but whether he frequented the Grecian or the Rainbow. Nobody was excluded from these places who laid down his penny at the bar. Yet every rank and profession, and every shade of religious and political opinion, had its own headquarters. There were houses near Saint James's Park where fops congregated, their heads and shoulders covered with black or flaxen wigs, not less ample than those which are worn by the Chancellor and by the Speaker of the House of Commons. The wig came from Paris, and so did the rest of the fine gentleman's ornaments,—his embroidered coat, his fringed gloves, and the tassel which upheld his pantaloons. The conversation was in that dialect which, long after it had ceased to be spoken in fashionable circles, continued in the mouth of Lord Foppington to excite the mirth of theatres. The atmosphere was like that of a perfumer's shop. Tobacco in any other form than that of richly scented snuff was held in abomination. If any clown, ignorant of the usages of the house, called for a pipe, the sneers of the whole assembly and the short answers of the waiters soon convinced him that he had better go somewhere else. Nor indeed would he have had far to go. For in general, the coffee-rooms reeked with tobacco like a guard-room; and strangers sometimes expressed their surprise that so many people should leave their own firesides to sit in the midst of eternal fog and stench. Nowhere was the smoking more constant than at Will's. That celebrated house, situated between Covent Garden and Bow Street, was sacred to polite letters. There the talk was about poetical justice and the unities of place and time. There was a faction for Perrault and the moderns, a faction for Boileau and the ancients. One group debated whether 'Paradise Lost' ought not to have been in rhyme. To another an envious

poetaster demonstrated that 'Venice Preserved' ought to have been hooted from the stage. Under no roof was a greater variety of figures to be seen. There were earls in stars and garters, clergymen in cassocks and bands, pert Templars, sheepish lads from the universities, translators and index-makers in ragged coats of frieze. The great press was to get near the chair where John Dryden sat. In winter that chair was always in the warmest nook by the fire; in summer it stood in the balcony. To bow to the Laureate, and to hear his opinion of Racine's last tragedy or of Bossu's treatise on epic poetry, was thought a privilege. A pinch from his snuff-box was an honor sufficient to turn the head of a young enthusiast. There were coffee-houses where the first medical men might be consulted. Dr. John Radcliffe, who in the year 1685 rose to the largest practice in London, came daily, at the hour when the Exchange was full, from his house in Bow Street, then a fashionable part of the capital, to Garraway's; and was to be found, surrounded by surgeons and apothecaries, at a particular table. There were Puritan coffee-houses where no oath was heard, and where lank-haired men discussed election and reprobation through their noses; Jew coffee-houses where dark eyed money-changers from Venice and Amsterdam greeted each other; and Popish coffee-houses where, as good Protestants believed, Jesuits planned over their cups another great fire, and cast silver bullets to shoot the King.

THE DIFFICULTY OF TRAVEL IN ENGLAND, 1685

From the 'History of England'

THE chief cause which made the fusion of the different elements of society so imperfect was the extreme difficulty which our ancestors found in passing from place to place. Of all inventions, the alphabet and the printing-press alone excepted, those inventions which abridge distance have done most for the civilization of our species. Every improvement of the means of locomotion benefits mankind morally and intellectually as well as materially; and not only facilitates the interchange of the various productions of nature and art, but tends to remove national and provincial antipathies, and to bind together all the branches of the great human family. In the seventeenth century

the inhabitants of London were, for almost every practical purpose, farther from Reading than they now are from Edinburgh, and farther from Edinburgh than they now are from Vienna.

The subjects of Charles the Second were not, it is true, quite unacquainted with that principle which has, in our own time, produced an unprecedented revolution in human affairs; which has enabled navies to advance in face of wind and tide, and brigades of troops, attended by all their baggage and artillery, to traverse kingdoms at a pace equal to that of the fleetest racehorse. The Marquess of Worcester had recently observed the expansive power of moisture rarefied by heat. After many experiments he had succeeded in constructing a rude steam-engine, which he called a fire-water work, and which he pronounced to be an admirable and most forcible instrument of propulsion. But the Marquess was suspected to be a madman, and known to be a Papist. His inventions therefore found no favorable reception. His fire-water work might perhaps furnish matter for conversation at a meeting of the Royal Society, but was not applied to any practical purpose. There were no railways, except a few made of timber, on which coals were carried from the mouths of the Northumbrian pits to the banks of the Tyne. There was very little internal communication by water. A few attempts had been made to deepen and embank the natural streams, but with slender success. Hardly a single navigable canal had been even projected. The English of that day were in the habit of talking with mingled admiration and despair of the immense trench by which Lewis the Fourteenth had made a junction between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. They little thought that their country would, in the course of a few generations, be intersected, at the cost of private adventurers, by artificial rivers making up more than four times the length of the Thames, the Severn, and the Trent together.

It was by the highways that both travelers and goods generally passed from place to place; and those highways appear to have been far worse than might have been expected from the degree of wealth and civilization which the nation had even then attained. On the best lines of communication the ruts were deep, the descents precipitous, and the way often such as it was hardly possible to distinguish, in the dusk, from the uninclosed heath and fen which lay on both sides. Ralph Thoresby the antiquary was in danger of losing his way on the Great North

Road, between Barnby Moor and Tuxford, and actually lost his way between Doncaster and York. Pepys and his wife, traveling in their own coach, lost their way between Newbury and Reading. In the course of the same tour they lost their way near Salisbury, and were in danger of having to pass the night on the plain. It was only in fine weather that the whole breadth of the road was available for wheeled vehicles. Often the mud lay deep on the right and the left; and only a narrow track of firm ground rose above the quagmire. At such times obstructions and quarrels were frequent, and the path was sometimes blocked up during a long time by carriers, neither of whom would break the way. It happened, almost every day, that coaches stuck fast, until a team of cattle could be procured from some neighboring farm, to tug them out of the slough. But in bad seasons the traveler had to encounter inconveniences still more serious. Thoresby, who was in the habit of traveling between Leeds and the capital, has recorded, in his Diary, such a series of perils and disasters as might suffice for a journey to the Frozen Ocean or to the Desert of Sahara. On one occasion he learned that the floods were out between Ware and London, that passengers had to swim for their lives, and that a higgler had perished in the attempt to cross. In consequence of these tidings he turned out of the high-road, and was conducted across some meadows, where it was necessary for him to ride to the saddle skirts in water. In the course of another journey he narrowly escaped being swept away by an inundation of the Trent. He was afterwards detained at Stamford four days, on account of the state of the roads; and then ventured to proceed only because fourteen members of the House of Commons, who were going up in a body to Parliament with guides and numerous attendants, took him into their company. On the roads of Derbyshire, travelers were in constant fear for their necks, and were frequently compelled to alight and lead their beasts. The great route through Wales to Holyhead was in such a state that in 1685, a viceroy going to Ireland was five hours in traveling fourteen miles, from St. Asaph to Conway. Between Conway and Beaumaris he was forced to walk a great part of the way; and his lady was carried in a litter. His coach was, with much difficulty and by the help of many hands, brought after him entire. In general, carriages were taken to pieces at Conway, and borne on the shoulders of stout Welsh peasants to the Menai Straits. In some

parts of Kent and Sussex, none but the strongest horses could in winter get through the bog, in which at every step they sank deep. The markets were often inaccessible during several months. It is said that the fruits of the earth were sometimes suffered to rot in one place, while in another place, distant only a few miles, the supply fell far short of the demand. The wheeled carriages were in this district generally pulled by oxen. When Prince George of Denmark visited the stately mansion of Petworth in wet weather, he was six hours in going nine miles; and it was necessary that a body of sturdy hinds should be on each side of his coach, in order to prop it. Of the carriages which conveyed his retinue, several were upset and injured. A letter from one of the party has been preserved, in which the unfortunate courtier complains that during fourteen hours he never once alighted, except when his coach was overturned or stuck fast in the mud.

One chief cause of the badness of the roads seems to have been the defective state of the law. Every parish was bound to repair the highways which passed through it. The peasantry were forced to give their gratuitous labor six days in the year. If this was not sufficient, hired labor was employed, and the expense was met by a parochial rate. That a route connecting two great towns, which have a large and thriving trade with each other, should be maintained at the cost of the rural population scattered between them, is obviously unjust; and this injustice was peculiarly glaring in the case of the Great North Road, which traversed very poor and thinly inhabited districts, and joined very rich and populous districts. Indeed, it was not in the power of the parishes of Huntingdonshire to mend a highway worn by the constant traffic between the West Riding of Yorkshire and London. Soon after the Restoration this grievance attracted the notice of Parliament; and an act, the first of our many turnpike acts, was passed, imposing a small toll on travelers and goods, for the purpose of keeping some parts of this important line of communication in good repair. This innovation, however, excited many murmurs; and the other great avenues to the capital were long left under the old system. A change was at length effected, but not without much difficulty. For unjust and absurd taxation to which men are accustomed is often borne far more willingly than the most reasonable impost which is new. It was not till many toll-bars had been violently

pulled down, till the troops had in many districts been forced to act against the people, and till much blood had been shed, that a good system was introduced. By slow degrees reason triumphed over prejudice; and our island is now crossed in every direction by near thirty thousand miles of turnpike road.

On the best highways heavy articles were, in the time of Charles the Second, generally conveyed from place to place by stage-wagons. In the straw of these vehicles nestled a crowd of passengers, who could not afford to travel by coach or on horseback, and who were prevented by infirmity, or by the weight of their luggage, from going on foot. The expense of transmitting heavy goods in this way was enormous. From London to Birmingham the charge was seven pounds a ton; from London to Exeter twelve pounds a ton. This was about fifteen pence a ton for every mile; more by a third than was afterwards charged on turnpike roads, and fifteen times what is now demanded by railway companies. The cost of conveyance amounted to a prohibitory tax on many useful articles. Coal in particular was never seen except in the districts where it was produced, or in the districts to which it could be carried by sea; and was indeed always known in the south of England by the name of sea-coal.

On by-roads, and generally throughout the country north of York and west of Exeter, goods were carried by long trains of pack-horses. These strong and patient beasts, the breed of which is now extinct, were attended by a class of men who seem to have borne much resemblance to the Spanish muleteers. A traveler of humble condition often found it convenient to perform a journey mounted on a pack-saddle between two baskets, under the care of these hardy guides. The expense of this mode of conveyance was small. But the caravan moved at a foot's pace; and in winter the cold was often insupportable.

The rich commonly traveled in their own carriages, with at least four horses. Cotton, the facetious poet, attempted to go from London to the Peak with a single pair; but found at St. Albans that the journey would be insupportably tedious, and altered his plan. A coach-and-six is in our time never seen, except as part of some pageant. The frequent mention therefore of such equipages in old books is likely to mislead us. We attribute to magnificence what was really the effect of a very disagreeable necessity. People in the time of Charles the Second traveled with six horses, because with a smaller number

there was great danger of sticking fast in the mire. Nor were even six horses always sufficient. Vanbrugh, in the succeeding generation, described with great humor the way in which a country gentleman, newly chosen a member of Parliament, went up to London. On that occasion all the exertions of six beasts, two of which had been taken from the plow, could not save the family coach from being imbedded in a quagmire.

Public carriages had recently been much improved. During the years which immediately followed the Restoration, a diligence ran between London and Oxford in two days. The passengers slept at Beaconsfield. At length, in the spring of 1669, a great and daring innovation was attempted. It was announced that a vehicle, described as the Flying Coach, would perform the whole journey between sunrise and sunset. This spirited undertaking was solemnly considered and sanctioned by the Heads of the University, and appears to have excited the same sort of interest which is excited in our own time by the opening of a new railway. The Vice-Chancellor, by a notice affixed in all public places, prescribed the hour and place of departure. The success of the experiment was complete. At six in the morning the carriage began to move from before the ancient front of All Souls College; and at seven in the evening the adventurous gentlemen who had run the first risk were safely deposited at their inn in London. The emulation of the sister university was moved; and soon a diligence was set up which in one day carried passengers from Cambridge to the capital. At the close of the reign of Charles the Second, flying carriages ran thrice a week from London to the chief towns. But no stage-coach, indeed no stage-wagon, appears to have proceeded further north than York, or further west than Exeter. The ordinary day's journey of a flying coach was about fifty miles in the summer; but in winter, when the ways were bad and the nights long, little more than thirty. The Chester coach, the York coach, and the Exeter coach generally reached London in four days during the fine season, but at Christmas not till the sixth day. The passengers, six in number, were all seated in the carriage; for accidents were so frequent that it would have been most perilous to mount the roof. The ordinary fare was about twopence halfpenny a mile in summer, and somewhat more in winter.

This mode of traveling, which by Englishmen of the present day would be regarded as insufferably slow, seemed to our

ancestors wonderfully and indeed alarmingly rapid. In a work published a few months before the death of Charles the Second, the flying coaches are extolled as far superior to any similar vehicles ever known in the world. Their velocity is the subject of special commendation, and is triumphantly contrasted with the sluggish pace of the Continental posts. But with boasts like these was mingled the sound of complaint and invective. The interests of large classes had been unfavorably affected by the establishment of the new diligences; and as usual, many persons were, from mere stupidity and obstinacy, disposed to clamor against the innovation simply because it was an innovation. It was vehemently argued that this mode of conveyance would be fatal to the breed of horses and to the noble art of horsemanship; that the Thames, which had long been an important nursery of seamen, would cease to be the chief thoroughfare from London up to Windsor and down to Gravesend; that saddlers and spurriers would be ruined by hundreds; that numerous inns, at which mounted travelers had been in the habit of stopping, would be deserted, and would no longer pay any rent; that the new carriages were too hot in summer and too cold in winter; that the passengers were grievously annoyed by invalids and crying children; that the coach sometimes reached the inn so late that it was impossible to get supper, and sometimes started so early that it was impossible to get breakfast. On these grounds it was gravely recommended that no public coach should be permitted to have more than four horses, to start oftener than once a week, or to go more than thirty miles a day. It was hoped that if this regulation were adopted, all except the sick and the lame would return to the old mode of traveling. Petitions embodying such opinions as these were presented to the King in council from several companies of the City of London, from several provincial towns, and from the justices of several counties. We smile at these things. It is not impossible that our descendants, when they read the history of the opposition offered by cupidity and prejudice to the improvements of the nineteenth century, may smile in their turn.

In spite of the attractions of the flying coaches, it was still usual for men who enjoyed health and vigor, and who were not incumbered by much baggage, to perform long journeys on horseback. If a traveler wished to move expeditiously, he rode post. Fresh saddle-horses and guides were to be procured at

convenient distances along all the great lines of road. The charge was threepence a mile for each horse, and fourpence a stage for the guide. In this manner, when the ways were good, it was possible to travel, for a considerable time, as rapidly as by any conveyance known in England, till vehicles were propelled by steam. There were as yet no post-chaises; nor could those who rode in their own coaches ordinarily procure a change of horses. The King, however, and the great officers of State, were able to command relays. Thus, Charles commonly went in one day from Whitehall to Newmarket, a distance of about fifty-five miles, through a level country; and this was thought by his subjects a proof of great activity. Evelyn performed the same journey in company with the Lord Treasurer Clifford. The coach was drawn by six horses, which were changed at Bishop Stortford and again at Chesterford. The travelers reached Newmarket at night. Such a mode of conveyance seems to have been considered as a rare luxury, confined to princes and ministers.

THE HIGHWAYMAN

From the 'History of England'

WHATEVER might be the way in which a journey was performed, the travelers, unless they were numerous and well armed, ran considerable risk of being stopped and plundered. The mounted highwayman, a marauder known to our generation only from books, was to be found on every main road. The waste tracts which lay on the great routes near London were especially haunted by plunderers of this class. Hounslow Heath on the Great Western Road, and Finchley Common on the Great Northern Road, were perhaps the most celebrated of these spots. The Cambridge scholars trembled when they approached Epping Forest, even in broad daylight. Seamen who had just been paid off at Chatham were often compelled to deliver their purses on Gadshill, celebrated near a hundred years earlier by the greatest of poets as the scene of the depredations of Falstaff. The public authorities seem to have been often at a loss how to deal with the plunderers. At one time it was announced in the Gazette that several persons, who were strongly suspected of being highwaymen, but against whom there was not sufficient evidence, would be paraded at Newgate in riding dresses: their horses

would also be shown; and all gentlemen who had been robbed were invited to inspect this singular exhibition. On another occasion a pardon was publicly offered to a robber if he would give up some rough diamonds, of immense value, which he had taken when he stopped the Harwich mail. A short time after appeared another proclamation, warning the innkeepers that the eye of the government was upon them. Their criminal connivance, it was affirmed, enabled banditti to infest the roads with impunity. That these suspicions were not without foundation, is proved by the dying speeches of some penitent robbers of that age, who appear to have received from the innkeepers services much resembling those which Farquhar's Boniface rendered to Gibbet.

It was necessary to the success and even to the safety of the highwayman that he should be a bold and skillful rider, and that his manners and appearance should be such as suited the master of a fine horse. He therefore held an aristocratical position in the community of thieves, appeared at fashionable coffee-houses and gaming-houses, and betted with men of quality on the race ground. Sometimes, indeed, he was a man of good family and education. A romantic interest therefore attached, and perhaps still attaches, to the names of freebooters of this class. The vulgar eagerly drank in tales of their ferocity and audacity, of their occasional acts of generosity and good-nature, of their amours, of their miraculous escapes, of their desperate struggles, and of their manly bearing at the bar and in the cart. Thus it was related of William Nevison, the great robber of Yorkshire, that he levied a quarterly tribute on all the northern drovers, and, in return, not only spared them himself, but protected them against all other thieves; that he demanded purses in the most courteous manner; that he gave largely to the poor what he had taken from the rich; that his life was once spared by the royal clemency, but that he again tempted his fate, and at length died, in 1685, on the gallows of York. It was related how Claude Duval, the French page of the Duke of Richmond, took to the road, became captain of a formidable gang, and had the honor to be named first in a royal proclamation against notorious offenders; how at the head of his troop he stopped a lady's coach, in which there was a booty of four hundred pounds; how he took only one hundred, and suffered the fair owner to ransom the rest by dancing a coranto with him on the heath; how his vivacious gallantry

stole away the hearts of all women; how his dexterity at sword and pistol made him a terror to all men: how at length, in the year 1670, he was seized when overcome by wine; how dames of high rank visited him in prison, and with tears interceded for his life; how the King would have granted a pardon, but for the interference of Judge Morton, the terror of highwaymen, who threatened to resign his office unless the law were carried into full effect; and how, after the execution, the corpse lay in state with all the pomp of scutcheons, wax-lights, black hangings, and mutes, till the same cruel judge, who had intercepted the mercy of the Crown, sent officers to disturb the obsequies. In these anecdotes there is doubtless a large mixture of fable: but they are not on that account unworthy of being recorded; for it is both an authentic and an important fact that such tales, whether false or true, were heard by our ancestors with eagerness and faith.

THE DELUSION OF OVERRATING THE HAPPINESS OF OUR ANCESTORS

From the ‹History of England›

THE general effect of the evidence which has been submitted to the reader seems hardly to admit of doubt. Yet in spite of evidence, many will still image to themselves the England of the Stuarts as a more pleasant country than the England in which we live. It may at first sight seem strange that society, while constantly moving forward with eager speed, should be constantly looking backward with tender regret. But these two propensities, inconsistent as they may appear, can easily be resolved into the same principle. Both spring from our impatience of the state in which we actually are. That impatience, while it stimulates us to surpass preceding generations, disposes us to overrate their happiness. It is, in some sense, unreasonable and ungrateful in us to be constantly discontented with a condition which is constantly improving. But in truth, there is constant improvement precisely because there is constant discontent. If we were perfectly satisfied with the present, we should cease to contrive, to labor, and to save with a view to the future. And it is natural that being dissatisfied with the present, we should form a too favorable estimate of the past.

In truth, we are under a deception similar to that which misleads the traveler in the Arabian desert. Beneath the caravan all is dry and bare; but far in advance, and far in the rear, is the semblance of refreshing waters. The pilgrims hasten forward and find nothing but sand where an hour before they had seen a lake. They turn their eyes and see a lake where, an hour before, they were toiling through sand. A similar illusion seems to haunt nations through every stage of the long progress from poverty and barbarism to the highest degrees of opulence and civilization. But if we resolutely chase the mirage backward, we shall find it recede before us into the regions of fabulous antiquity. It is now the fashion to place the golden age of England in times when noblemen were destitute of comforts the want of which would be intolerable to a modern footman, when farmers and shopkeepers breakfasted on loaves the very sight of which would raise a riot in a modern workhouse, when to have a clean shirt once a week was a privilege reserved for the higher class of gentry, when men died faster in the purest country air than they now die in the most pestilential lanes of our towns, and when men died faster in the lanes of our towns than they now die on the coast of Guiana. We too shall in our turn be outstripped, and in our turn be envied. It may well be, in the twentieth century, that the peasant of Dorsetshire may think himself miserably paid with twenty shillings a week; that the carpenter at Greenwich may receive ten shillings a day; that laboring men may be as little used to dine without meat as they are now to eat rye bread; that sanitary police and medical discoveries may have added several more years to the average length of human life; that numerous comforts and luxuries which are now unknown, or confined to a few, may be within the reach of every diligent and thrifty workingman. And yet it may then be the mode to assert that the increase of wealth and the progress of science have benefited the few at the expense of the many, and to talk of the reign of Queen Victoria as the time when England was truly merry England, when all classes were bound together by brotherly sympathy, when the rich did not grind the faces of the poor, and when the poor did not envy the splendor of the rich.

PURITANS GOING TO CHURCH

Photogravure from a painting by Boughton

PURITANS GOING TO CHURCH

Photogravure from a painting by Boughton.

THE PURITAN

From the Essay on 'John Milton'

We would speak first of the Puritans; the most remarkable body of men, perhaps, which the world has ever produced. The odious and ridiculous parts of their character lie on the surface. He that runs may read them; nor have there been wanting attentive and malicious observers to point them out. For many years after the Restoration they were the theme of unmeasured invective and derision. They were exposed to the utmost licentiousness of the press and of the stage, at the time when the press and the stage were most licentious. They were not men of letters; they were as a body unpopular; they could not defend themselves, and the public would not take them under its protection. They were therefore abandoned, without reserve, to the tender mercies of the satirists and dramatists. The ostentatious simplicity of their dress, their sour aspect, their nasal twang, their stiff posture, their long graces, their Hebrew names, the Scriptural phrases which they introduced on every occasion, their contempt of human learning, their detestation of polite amusements, were indeed fair game for the laughers. But it is not from the laughers alone that the philosophy of history is to be learnt. And he who approaches this subject should carefully guard against the influence of that potent ridicule which has already misled so many excellent writers.

«Ecco il fonte del riso, ed ecco il rio
Che mortali perigli in se contiene;
Hor qui tener a fren nostro desio,
Ed esser cauti molto a noi conviene.»*

Those who roused the people to resistance, who directed their measures through a long series of eventful years, who formed out of the most unpromising materials the finest army that Europe had ever seen, who trampled down King, Church, and Aristocracy, who, in the short intervals of domestic sedition and rebellion, made the name of England terrible to every nation on the face of the earth,—were no vulgar fanatics. Most of their

*«Behold the fount of mirth, behold the rill
Containing mortal perils in itself;
And therefore here to bridle our desires,
And to be cautious well doth us befit.»

absurdities were mere external badges, like the signs of freemasonry or the dresses of friars. We regret that these badges were not more attractive. We regret that a body to whose courage and talents mankind has owed inestimable obligations had not the lofty elegance which distinguished some of the adherents of Charles the First, or the easy good-breeding for which the court of Charles the Second was celebrated. But if we must make our choice, we shall, like Bassanio in the play, turn from the specious caskets which contain only the Death's-head and the Fool's-head, and fix on the plain leaden chest which conceals the treasure.

The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on his intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and the meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from Him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but his favor; and, confident of that favor, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands, their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt; for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to

whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged; on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest; who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes, had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the Evangelist and the harp of the prophet. He had been wrested by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had risen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God.

Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men: the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion; the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker; but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. He was half maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane, he thought himself intrusted with the sceptre of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood, he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid his face from him. But when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate or on the field of battle. These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were in fact the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors, and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures

and their sorrows; but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them Stoics; had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They went through the world, like Sir Artegal's iron man Talus with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirmities; insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain; not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier.

Such we believe to have been the character of the Puritans. We perceive the absurdity of their manners. We dislike the sullen gloom of their domestic habits. We acknowledge that the tone of their minds was often injured by straining after things too high for mortal reach: and we know that in spite of their hatred of Popery, they too often fell into the worst vices of that bad system,—intolerance and extravagant austerity; that they had their anchorites and their crusades, their Dunstans and their De Montforts, their Dominics and their Escobars. Yet, when all circumstances are taken into consideration, we do not hesitate to pronounce them a brave, a wise, an honest, and a useful body.

SPAIN UNDER PHILIP II.

From the Essay on Lord Mahon's 'History of the War of the Succession in Spain'

WHOEVER wishes to be well acquainted with the morbid anatomy of governments, whoever wishes to know how great States may be made feeble and wretched, should study the history of Spain. The empire of Philip the Second was undoubtedly one of the most powerful and splendid that ever existed in the world. In Europe, he ruled Spain, Portugal, the Netherlands on both sides of the Rhine, Franche Comté, Roussillon, the Milanese, and the Two Sicilies. Tuscany, Parma, and the other small States of Italy, were as completely dependent on him as the Nizam and the Rajah of Berar now are on the East India Company. In Asia, the King of Spain was master of the Philippines, and of all those rich settlements which the Portuguese had made on the coasts of Malabar and Coromandel, in the Peninsula of Malacca, and in the spice islands of the Eastern

Archipelago. In America, his dominions extended on each side of the equator into the temperate zone. There is reason to believe that his annual revenue amounted, in the season of his greatest power, to a sum near ten times as large as that which England yielded to Elizabeth. He had a standing army of fifty thousand excellent troops, at a time when England had not a single battalion in constant pay. His ordinary naval force consisted of a hundred and forty galleys. He held, what no other prince in modern times has held, the dominion both of the land and of the sea. During the greater part of his reign, he was supreme on both elements. His soldiers marched up to the capital of France; his ships menaced the shores of England.

It is no exaggeration to say that during several years, his power over Europe was greater than even that of Napoleon. The influence of the French conqueror never extended beyond low-water mark. The narrowest strait was to his power what it was of old believed that a running stream was to the sorceries of a witch. While his army entered every metropolis from Moscow to Lisbon, the English fleets blockaded every port from Dantzic to Trieste. Sicily, Sardinia, Majorca, Guernsey, enjoyed security through the whole course of a war which endangered every throne on the Continent. The victorious and imperial nation which had filled its museums with the spoils of Antwerp, of Florence, and of Rome, was suffering painfully from the want of luxuries which use had made necessaries. While pillars and arches were rising to commemorate the French conquests, the conquerors were trying to manufacture coffee out of succory and sugar out of beet-root. The influence of Philip on the Continent was as great as that of Napoleon. The Emperor of Germany was his kinsman. France, torn by religious dissensions, was never a formidable opponent, and was sometimes a dependent ally. At the same time, Spain had what Napoleon desired in vain,—ships, colonies, and commerce. She long monopolized the trade of America and of the Indian Ocean. All the gold of the West, and all the spices of the East, were received and distributed by her. During many years of war, her commerce was interrupted only by the predatory enterprises of a few roving privateers. Even after the defeat of the Armada, English statesmen continued to look with great dread on the maritime power of Philip. "The King of Spain," said the Lord Keeper to the two Houses in 1593, "since he hath usurped upon the kingdom of

Portugal, hath thereby grown mighty by gaining the East Indies; so as, how great soever he was before, he is now thereby manifestly more great. . . . He keepeth a navy armed to impeach all trade of merchandise from England to Gascoigne and Guienne, which he attempted to do this last vintage; so as he is now become as a frontier enemy to all the west of England, as well as all the south parts, as Sussex, Hampshire, and the Isle of Wight. Yea, by means of his interest in St. Maloes, a port full of shipping for the war, he is a dangerous neighbor to the Queen's isles of Jersey and Guernsey, ancient possessions of this crown, and never conquered in the greatest wars with France."

The ascendency which Spain then had in Europe was in one sense well deserved. It was an ascendency which had been gained by unquestioned superiority in all the arts of policy and of war. In the sixteenth century, Italy was not more decidedly the land of the fine arts, Germany was not more decidedly the land of bold theological speculation, than Spain was the land of statesmen and of soldiers. The character which Virgil has ascribed to his countrymen might have been claimed by the grave and haughty chiefs who surrounded the throne of Ferdinand the Catholic, and of his immediate successors. That majestic art, "regere imperio populos," was not better understood by the Romans in the proudest days of their republic than by Gonsalvo and Ximenes, Cortez and Alva. The skill of the Spanish diplomatists was renowned throughout Europe. In England the name of Gondomar is still remembered. The sovereign nation was unrivaled both in regular and irregular warfare. The impetuous chivalry of France, the serried phalanx of Switzerland, were alike found wanting when brought face to face with the Spanish infantry. In the wars of the New World, where something different from ordinary strategy was required in the general and something different from ordinary discipline in the soldier, where it was every day necessary to meet by some new expedient the varying tactics of a barbarous enemy, the Spanish adventurers, sprung from the common people, displayed a fertility of resource, and a talent for negotiation and command, to which history scarcely affords a parallel.

The Castilian of those times was to the Italian what the Roman, in the days of the greatness of Rome, was to the Greek. The conqueror had less ingenuity, less taste, less delicacy of perception, than the conquered; but far more pride, firmness, and

courage, a more solemn demeanor, a stronger sense of honor. The subject had more subtlety in speculation, the ruler more energy in action. The vices of the former were those of a coward; the vices of the latter were those of a tyrant. It may be added, that the Spaniard, like the Roman, did not disdain to study the arts and the language of those whom he oppressed. A revolution took place in the literature of Spain, not unlike that revolution which, as Horace tells us, took place in the poetry of Latium: «Capta ferum victorem cepit.» The slave took prisoner the enslaver. The old Castilian ballads gave place to sonnets in the style of Petrarch, and to heroic poems in the stanza of Ariosto, as the national songs of Rome were driven out by imitations of Theocritus and translations from Menander.

In no modern society, not even in England during the reign of Elizabeth, has there been so great a number of men eminent at once in literature and in the pursuits of active life, as Spain produced during the sixteenth century. Almost every distinguished writer was also distinguished as a soldier and a politician. Boscan bore arms with high reputation. Garcilaso de Vega, the author of the sweetest and most graceful pastoral poem of modern times, after a short but splendid military career, fell sword in hand at the head of a storming party. Alonzo de Ercilla bore a conspicuous part in that war of Arauco which he afterwards celebrated in one of the best heroic poems that Spain has produced. Hurtado de Mendoza, whose poems have been compared to those of Horace, and whose charming little novel is evidently the model of Gil Blas, has been handed down to us by history as one of the sternest of those iron proconsuls who were employed by the House of Austria to crush the lingering public spirit of Italy. Lope sailed in the Armada; Cervantes was wounded at Lepanto.

It is curious to consider with how much awe our ancestors in those times regarded a Spaniard. He was in their apprehension a kind of dæmon; horribly malevolent, but withal most sagacious and powerful. «They be verye wyse and politicke,» says an honest Englishman, in a memorial addressed to Mary, «and can, thorowe ther wysdome, reform and brydell theyr owne natures for a tyme, and applye their conditions to the manners of those men with whom they meddell gladlye by friendshippe: whose mischievous manners a man shall never knowe untyll he come under ther subjection: but then shall he parfectlye parceyve and

fele them; which thynge I praye God England never do: for in dissimulations untyll they have ther purposes, and afterwards in oppression and tyrannye when they can obtayne them, they do exceed all other nations upon the earthe." This is just such language as Arminius would have used about the Romans, or as an Indian statesman of our times might use about the English. It is the language of a man burning with hatred, but cowed by those whom he hates; and painfully sensible of their superiority, not only in power, but in intelligence.

THE CHARACTER OF CHARLES II. OF ENGLAND

From the Essay on Mackintosh's 'History of the Revolution in England'

SUCH was England in 1660. In 1678 the whole face of things had changed. At the former of those epochs eighteen years of commotion had made the majority of the people ready to buy repose at any price. At the latter epoch eighteen years of misgovernment had made the same majority desirous to obtain security for their liberties at any risk. The fury of their returning loyalty had spent itself in its first outbreak. In a very few months they had hanged and half-hanged, quartered and embowelled, enough to satisfy them. The Roundhead party seemed to be not merely overcome, but too much broken and scattered ever to rally again. Then commenced the reflux of public opinion. The nation began to find out to what a man it had intrusted without conditions all its dearest interests, on what a man it had lavished all its fondest affection.

On the ignoble nature of the restored exile, adversity had exhausted all her discipline in vain. He had one immense advantage over most other princes. Though born in the purple, he was far better acquainted with the vicissitudes of life and the diversities of character than most of his subjects. He had known restraint, danger, penury, and dependence. He had often suffered from ingratitude, insolence, and treachery. He had received many signal proofs of faithful and heroic attachment. He had seen, if ever man saw, both sides of human nature. But only one side remained in his memory. He had learned only to despise and to distrust his species; to consider integrity in men, and modesty in women, as mere acting: nor did he think it worth while to keep his opinion to himself. He was incapable of friendship; yet

he was perpetually led by favorites, without being in the smallest degree duped by them. He knew that their regard to his interests was all simulated; but from a certain easiness which had no connection with humanity, he submitted, half laughing at himself, to be made the tool of any woman whose person attracted him or of any man whose tattle diverted him. He thought little and cared less about religion. He seems to have passed his life in dawdling suspense between Hobbism and Popery. He was crowned in his youth with the Covenant in his hand; he died at last with the Host sticking in his throat; and during most of the intermediate years was occupied in persecuting both Covenanters and Catholics. He was not a tyrant from the ordinary motives. He valued power for its own sake little, and fame still less. He does not appear to have been vindictive, or to have found any pleasing excitement in cruelty. What he wanted was to be amused, to get through the twenty-four hours pleasantly without sitting down to dry business. Sauntering was, as Sheffield expresses it, the true Sultana Queen of his Majesty's affections. A sitting in council would have been insupportable to him if the Duke of Buckingham had not been there to make mouths at the Chancellor. It has been said, and is highly probable, that in his exile he was quite disposed to sell his rights to Cromwell for a good round sum. To the last, his only quarrel with his Parliaments was that they often gave him trouble and would not always give him money. If there was a person for whom he felt a real regard, that person was his brother. If there was a point about which he really entertained a scruple of conscience or of honor, that point was the descent of the crown. Yet he was willing to consent to the Exclusion Bill for six hundred thousand pounds; and the negotiation was broken off only because he insisted on being paid beforehand. To do him justice, his temper was good; his manners agreeable; his natural talents above mediocrity. But he was sensual, frivolous, false, and cold-hearted, beyond almost any prince of whom history makes mention.

Under the government of such a man, the English people could not be long in recovering from the intoxication of loyalty.

THE CHURCH OF ROME

From the Essay on Ranke's 'History of the Popes'

THERE is not, and there never was on the earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series from the pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century to the pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and useful vigor. The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustin, and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated for what she has lost in the Old. Her spiritual ascendency extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of the Missouri and Cape Horn, countries which, a century hence, may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe. The members of her communion are certainly not fewer than a hundred and fifty millions; and it will be difficult to show that all other Christian sects united amount to a hundred and twenty millions. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshiped in the

temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.

We often hear it said that the world is constantly becoming more and more enlightened, and that this enlightening must be favorable to Protestantism and unfavorable to Catholicism. We wish that we could think so. But we see great reason to doubt whether this be a well-founded expectation. We see that during the last two hundred and fifty years the human mind has been in the highest degree active; that it has made great advances in every branch of natural philosophy; that it has produced innumerable inventions tending to promote the convenience of life; that medicine, surgery, chemistry, engineering, have been very greatly improved; that government, police, and law have been improved, though not to so great an extent as the physical sciences. But we see that during these two hundred and fifty years, Protestantism has made no conquests worth speaking of. Nay, we believe that as far as there has been a change, that change has on the whole been in favor of the Church of Rome. We cannot, therefore, feel confident that the progress of knowledge will necessarily be fatal to a system which has, to say the least, stood its ground in spite of the immense progress made by the human race in knowledge since the days of Queen Elizabeth.

Indeed, the argument which we are considering seems to us to be founded on an entire mistake. There are branches of knowledge with respect to which the law of the human mind is progress. In mathematics, when once a proposition has been demonstrated, it is never afterwards contested. Every fresh story is as solid a basis for a new superstructure as the original foundation was. Here, therefore, there is a constant addition to the stock of truth. In the inductive sciences, again, the law is progress. Every day furnishes new facts, and thus brings theory nearer and nearer to perfection. There is no chance that either in the purely demonstrative or in the purely experimental sciences, the world will ever go back or even remain stationary. Nobody ever heard of a reaction against Taylor's theorem, or of a reaction against Harvey's doctrine of the circulation of the blood.

But with theology the case is very different. As respects natural religion,—revelation being for the present altogether left out

of the question,—it is not easy to see that a philosopher of the present day is more favorably situated than Thales or Simonides. He has before him just the same evidences of design in the structure of the universe which the early Greek had. We say just the same; for the discoveries of modern astronomers and anatomists have really added nothing to the force of that argument which a reflecting mind finds in every beast, bird, insect, fish, leaf, flower, and shell. The reasoning by which Socrates, in Xenophon's hearing, confuted the little atheist Aristodemus, is exactly the reasoning of Paley's Natural Theology. Socrates makes precisely the same use of the statues of Polycletus and the pictures of Zeuxis which Paley makes of the watch. As to the other great question, the question what becomes of man after death, we do not see that a highly educated European, left to his unassisted reason, is more likely to be in the right than a Blackfoot Indian. Not a single one of the many sciences in which we surpass the Blackfoot Indians throws the smallest light on the state of the soul after the animal life is extinct. In truth, all the philosophers, ancient and modern, who have attempted without the help of revelation to prove the immortality of man, from Plato down to Franklin, appear to us to have failed deplorably. . . .

Of the dealings of God with man, no more has been revealed to the nineteenth century than to the first, or to London than to the wildest parish in the Hebrides. It is true that in those things which concern this life and this world, man constantly becomes wiser and wiser. But it is no less true that, as respects a higher power and a future state, man, in the language of Goethe's scoffing fiend,

> «bleibt stets von gleichem Schlag,
> Und ist so wunderlich als wie am ersten Tag.»*

The history of Catholicism strikingly illustrates these observations. During the last seven centuries the public mind of Europe has made constant progress in every department of secular knowledge. But in religion we can trace no constant progress. The ecclesiastical history of that long period is a history of movement to and fro. Four times, since the authority of the Church of Rome was established in Western Christendom, has the human

* «—remains always of the same stamp,
And is as unaccountable as on the first day.»

intellect risen up against her yoke. Twice that Church remained completely victorious. Twice she came forth from the conflict bearing the marks of cruel wounds, but with the principle of life still strong within her. When we reflect on the tremendous assaults which she has survived, we find it difficult to conceive in what way she is to perish.

LOYOLA AND THE JESUITS

From the Essay on Ranke's 'History of the Popes'

It is not, therefore, strange that the effect of the great outbreak of Protestantism in one part of Christendom should have been to produce an equally violent outbreak of Catholic zeal in another. Two reformations were pushed on at once with equal energy and effect: a reformation of doctrine in the North, a reformation of manners and discipline in the South. In the course of a single generation, the whole spirit of the Church of Rome underwent a change. From the halls of the Vatican to the most secluded hermitage of the Apennines, the great revival was everywhere felt and seen. All the institutions anciently devised for the propagation and defense of the faith were furbished up and made efficient. Fresh engines of still more formidable power were constructed. Everywhere old religious communities were remodeled and new religious communities called into existence. Within a year after the death of Leo, the order of Camaldoli was purified. The Capuchins restored the old Franciscan discipline, the midnight prayer and the life of silence. The Barnabites and the society of Somasca devoted themselves to the relief and education of the poor. To the Theatine order a still higher interest belongs. Its great object was the same with that of our early Methodists; namely, to supply the deficiencies of the parochial clergy. The Church of Rome, wiser than the Church of England, gave every countenance to the good work. The members of the new brotherhood preached to great multitudes in the streets and in the fields, prayed by the beds of the sick, and administered the last sacraments to the dying. Foremost among them in zeal and devotion was Gian Pietro Caraffa, afterwards Pope Paul the Fourth.

In the convent of the Theatines at Venice, under the eye of Caraffa, a Spanish gentleman took up his abode, tended the poor in the hospitals, went about in rags, starved himself almost

to death, and often sallied into the streets, mounted on stones, and waving his hat to invite the passers-by, began to preach in a strange jargon of mingled Castilian and Tuscan. The Theatines were among the most zealous and rigid of men: but to this enthusiastic neophyte their discipline seemed lax, and their movements sluggish; for his own mind, naturally passionate and imaginative, had passed through a training which had given to all its peculiarities a morbid intensity and energy. In his early life he had been the very prototype of the hero of Cervantes. The single study of the young Hidalgo had been chivalrous romance; and his existence had been one gorgeous day-dream of princesses rescued and infidels subdued. He had chosen a Dulcinea, "no countess, no duchess,"—these are his own words,—"but one of far higher station;" and he flattered himself with the hope of laying at her feet the keys of Moorish castles and the jeweled turbans of Asiatic kings.

In the midst of these visions of martial glory and prosperous love, a severe wound stretched him on a bed of sickness. His constitution was shattered, and he was doomed to be a cripple for life. The palm of strength, grace, and skill in knightly exercises, was no longer for him. He could no longer hope to strike down gigantic soldans, or to find favor in the sight of beautiful women. A new vision then arose in his mind, and mingled itself with his own delusions in a manner which to most Englishmen must seem singular, but which those who know how close was the union between religion and chivalry in Spain will be at no loss to understand. He would still be a soldier; he would still be a knight-errant: but the soldier and knight-errant of the spouse of Christ. He would smite the Great Red Dragon. He would be the champion of the Woman clothed with the Sun. He would break the charm under which false prophets held the souls of men in bondage. His restless spirit led him to the Syrian deserts and to the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre. Thence he wandered back to the farthest West, and astonished the convents of Spain and the schools of France by his penances and vigils. The same lively imagination which had been employed in picturing the tumult of unreal battles and the charms of unreal queens, now peopled his solitude with saints and angels. The Holy Virgin descended to commune with him. He saw the Savior face to face with the eye of flesh. Even those mysteries of religion which are the hardest trial of faith were in his case palpable to sight. It is difficult to relate without a pitying smile

that in the sacrifice of the mass, he saw transubstantiation take place; and that as he stood praying on the steps of the Church of St. Dominic, he saw the Trinity in Unity, and wept aloud with joy and wonder. Such was the celebrated Ignatius Loyola, who in the great Catholic reaction bore the same part which Luther bore in the great Protestant movement.

Dissatisfied with the system of the Theatines, the enthusiastic Spaniard turned his face towards Rome. Poor, obscure, without a patron, without recommendations, he entered the city where now two princely temples, rich with painting and many-colored marble, commemorate his great services to the Church; where his form stands sculptured in massive silver; where his bones, enshrined amidst jewels, are placed beneath the altar of God. His activity and zeal bore down all opposition; and under his rule the order of Jesuits began to exist, and grew rapidly to the full measure of his gigantic powers. With what vehemence, with what policy, with what exact discipline, with what dauntless courage, with what self-denial, with what forgetfulness of the dearest private ties, with what intense and stubborn devotion to a single end, with what unscrupulous laxity and versatility in the choice of means, the Jesuits fought the battle of their church, is written in every page of the annals of Europe during several generations. In the Order of Jesus was concentrated the quintessence of the Catholic spirit; and the history of the Order of Jesus is the history of the great Catholic reaction. That order possessed itself at once of all the strongholds which command the public mind: of the pulpit, of the press, of the confessional, of the academies. Wherever the Jesuit preached, the church was too small for the audience. The name of Jesuit on a title-page secured the circulation of a book. It was in the ears of the Jesuit that the powerful, the noble, and the beautiful breathed the secret history of their lives. It was at the feet of the Jesuit that the youth of the higher and middle classes were brought up from childhood to manhood, from the first rudiments to the courses of rhetoric and philosophy. Literature and science, lately associated with infidelity or with heresy, now became the allies of orthodoxy.

Dominant in the South of Europe, the great order soon went forth conquering and to conquer. In spite of oceans and deserts, of hunger and pestilence, of spies and penal laws, of dungeons and racks, of gibbets and quartering-blocks, Jesuits were to be

found under every disguise and in every country; scholars, physicians, merchants, serving-men; in the hostile court of Sweden, in the old manor-house of Cheshire, among the hovels of Connaught; arguing, instructing, consoling, stealing away the hearts of the young, animating the courage of the timid, holding up the crucifix before the eyes of the dying. Nor was it less their office to plot against the thrones and lives of the apostate kings, to spread evil rumors, to raise tumults, to inflame civil wars, to arm the hand of the assassin. Inflexible in nothing but in their fidelity to the Church, they were equally ready to appeal in her cause to the spirit of loyalty and to the spirit of freedom. Extreme doctrines of obedience and extreme doctrines of liberty, the right of rulers to misgovern the people, the right of every one of the people to plunge his knife in the heart of a bad ruler, were inculcated by the same man, according as he addressed himself to the subject of Philip or to the subject of Elizabeth. Some described these divines as the most rigid, others as the most indulgent of spiritual directors; and both descriptions were correct. The truly devout listened with awe to the high and saintly morality of the Jesuit. The gay cavalier who had run his rival through the body, the frail beauty who had forgotten her marriage vow, found in the Jesuit an easy well-bred man of the world, who knew how to make allowance for the little irregularities of people of fashion. The confessor was strict or lax, according to the temper of the penitent. The first object was to drive no person out of the pale of the Church. Since there were bad people, it was better that they should be bad Catholics than bad Protestants. If a person was so unfortunate as to be a bravo, a libertine, or a gambler, that was no reason for making him a heretic too.

The Old World was not wide enough for this strange activity. The Jesuits invaded all the countries which the great maritime discoveries of the preceding age had laid open to European enterprise. They were to be found in the depths of the Peruvian mines, at the marts of the African slave-caravans, on the shores of the Spice Islands, in the observatories of China. They made converts in regions which neither avarice nor curiosity had tempted any of their countrymen to enter; and preached and disputed in tongues of which no other native of the West understood a word.

THE REIGN OF TERROR

From the Essay on 'Barère'

No great party can be composed of such materials as these [disinterested enthusiasts]. It is the inevitable law that such zealots as we have described shall collect around them a multitude of slaves, of cowards, and of libertines, whose savage tempers and licentious appetites, withheld only by the dread of law and magistracy from the worst excesses, are called into full activity by the hope of impunity. A faction which, from whatever motive, relaxes the great laws of morality, is certain to be joined by the most immoral part of the community. This has been repeatedly proved in religious wars. The war of the Holy Sepulchre, the Albigensian war, the Huguenot war, the Thirty Years' war, all originated in pious zeal. That zeal inflamed the champions of the Church to such a point that they regarded all generosity to the vanquished as a sinful weakness. The infidel, the heretic, was to be run down like a mad dog. No outrage committed by the Catholic warrior on the miscreant enemy could deserve punishment. As soon as it was known that boundless license was thus given to barbarity and dissoluteness, thousands of wretches who cared nothing for the sacred cause, but who were eager to be exempted from the police of peaceful cities and the discipline of well-governed camps, flocked to the standard of the faith. The men who had set up that standard were sincere, chaste, regardless of lucre, and perhaps, where only themselves were concerned, not unforgiving; but round that standard were assembled such gangs of rogues, ravishers, plunderers, and ferocious bravoes, as were scarcely ever found under the flag of any State engaged in a mere temporal quarrel. In a very similar way was the Jacobin party composed. There was a small nucleus of enthusiasts; round that nucleus was gathered a vast mass of ignoble depravity; and in all that mass there was nothing so depraved and so ignoble as Barère.

Then came those days when the most barbarous of all codes was administered by the most barbarous of all tribunals; when no man could greet his neighbors, or say his prayers, or dress his hair, without danger of committing a capital crime; when spies lurked in every corner; when the guillotine was long and hard at work every morning; when the jails were filled as

close as the hold of a slave-ship; when the gutters ran foaming with blood into the Seine; when it was death to be great-niece of a captain of the royal guards, or half-brother of a doctor of the Sorbonne, to express a doubt whether assignats would not fall, to hint that the English had been victorious in the action of the first of June, to have a copy of one of Burke's pamphlets locked up in a desk, to laugh at a Jacobin for taking the name of Cassius or Timoleon, or to call the Fifth Sans-culottide by its old superstitious name of St. Matthew's Day. While the daily wagon-loads of victims were carried to their doom through the streets of Paris, the proconsuls whom the sovereign committee had sent forth to the departments reveled in an extravagance of cruelty unknown even in the capital. The knife of the deadly machine rose and fell too slow for their work of slaughter. Long rows of captives were mowed down with grape-shot. Holes were made in the bottom of crowded barges. Lyons was turned into a desert. At Arras even the cruel mercy of a speedy death was denied to the prisoners. All down the Loire, from Saumur to the sea, great flocks of crows and kites feasted on naked corpses, twined together in hideous embraces. No mercy was shown to sex or age. The number of young lads and of girls of seventeen who were murdered by that execrable government is to be reckoned by hundreds. Babies torn from the breast were tossed from pike to pike along the Jacobin ranks. One champion of liberty had his pockets well stuffed with ears. Another swaggered about with the finger of a little child in his hat. A few months had sufficed to degrade France below the level of New Zealand.

It is absurd to say that any amount of public danger can justify a system like this, we do not say on Christian principles, we do not say on the principles of a high morality, but even on principles of Machiavellian policy. It is true that great emergencies call for activity and vigilance; it is true that they justify severity which, in ordinary times, would deserve the name of cruelty. But indiscriminate severity can never, under any circumstances, be useful. It is plain that the whole efficacy of punishment depends on the care with which the guilty are distinguished. Punishment which strikes the guilty and the innocent promiscuously operates merely like a pestilence or a great convulsion of nature, and has no more tendency to prevent offenses than the cholera, or an earthquake like that of Lisbon, would

have. The energy for which the Jacobin administration is praised was merely the energy of the Malay who maddens himself with opium, draws his knife, and runs a-muck through the streets, slashing right and left at friends and foes. Such has never been the energy of truly great rulers; of Elizabeth, for example, of Oliver, or of Frederick. They were not, indeed, scrupulous. But had they been less scrupulous than they were, the strength and amplitude of their minds would have preserved them from crimes such as those which the small men of the Committee of Public Safety took for daring strokes of policy. The great Queen who so long held her own against foreign and domestic enemies, against temporal and spiritual arms; the great Protector who governed with more than regal power, in despite both of royalists and republicans; the great King who, with a beaten army and an exhausted treasury, defended his little dominions to the last against the united efforts of Russia, Austria, and France,—with what scorn would they have heard that it was impossible for them to strike a salutary terror into the disaffected without sending schoolboys and schoolgirls to death by cart-loads and boat-loads!

The popular notion is, we believe, that the leading Terrorists were wicked men, but at the same time great men. We can see nothing great about them but their wickedness. That their policy was daringly original is a vulgar error. Their policy is as old as the oldest accounts which we have of human misgovernment. It seemed new in France and in the eighteenth century only because it had been long disused, for excellent reasons, by the enlightened part of mankind. But it has always prevailed, and still prevails, in savage and half-savage nations, and is the chief cause which prevents such nations from making advances towards civilization. Thousands of deys, of beys, of pachas, of rajahs, of nabobs, have shown themselves as great masters of statecraft as the members of the Committee of Public Safety. Djezzar, we imagine, was superior to any of them in their new line. In fact, there is not a petty tyrant in Asia or Africa so dull or so unlearned as not to be fully qualified for the business of Jacobin police and Jacobin finance. To behead people by scores without caring whether they are guilty or innocent, to wring money out of the rich by the help of jailers and executioners; to rob the public creditor, and to put him to death if he remonstrates; to take loaves by force out of the bakers' shops; to clothe and

mount soldiers by seizing on one man's wool and linen, and on another man's horses and saddles, without compensation,—is of all modes of governing the simplest and most obvious. Of its morality we at present say nothing. But surely it requires no capacity beyond that of a barbarian or a child.

By means like those which we have described, the Committee of Public Safety undoubtedly succeeded, for a short time, in enforcing profound submission and in raising immense funds. But to enforce submission by butchery, and to raise funds by spoliation, is not statesmanship. The real statesman is he who, in troubled times, keeps down the turbulent without unnecessarily harassing the well-affected; and who, when great pecuniary resources are needed, provides for the public exigencies without violating the security of property and drying up the sources of future prosperity. Such a statesman, we are confident, might in 1793 have preserved the independence of France without shedding a drop of innocent blood, without plundering a single warehouse. Unhappily, the republic was subject to men who were mere demagogues and in no sense statesmen. They could declaim at a club. They could lead a rabble to mischief. But they had no skill to conduct the affairs of an empire. The want of skill they supplied for a time by atrocity and blind violence. For legislative ability, fiscal ability, military ability, diplomatic ability, they had one substitute,—the guillotine. Indeed, their exceeding ignorance and the barrenness of their invention are the best excuse for their murders and robberies. We really believe that they would not have cut so many throats and picked so many pockets, if they had known how to govern in any other way.

That under their administration the war against the European coalition was successfully conducted, is true. But that war had been successfully conducted before their elevation, and continued to be successfully conducted after their fall. Terror was not the order of the day when Brussels opened its gates to Dumourier. Terror had ceased to be the order of the day when Piedmont and Lombardy were conquered by Bonaparte. The truth is, that France was saved, not by the Committee of Public Safety, but by the energy, patriotism, and valor of the French people. Those high qualities were victorious in spite of the incapacity of rulers whose administration was a tissue, not merely of crimes, but of blunders.

THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS

From the Essay on Gleig's 'Memoirs of Warren Hastings'

IN THE mean time, the preparations for the trial had proceeded rapidly; and on the thirteenth of February, 1788, the sittings of the Court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewelry and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster; but perhaps there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, an imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot and in one hour. All the talents and all the accomplishments which are developed by liberty and civilization were now displayed, with every advantage that could be derived both from co-operation and from contrast. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of our constitution were laid; or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshiping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets, on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares, and over the ladies of the princely house of Oude.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshaled by the heralds under Garter King-at-arms. The judges in their vestments of state attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three-fourths of the Upper House as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their

usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior baron present led the way,—George Elliot, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defense of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulations of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the House of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a Senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen side by side the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition; a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There too was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the St. Cecilia whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticized, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone around Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.

The serjeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the picture in the council chamber at Calcutta, *Mens æqua in arduis:* such was the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges.

His counsel accompanied him,—men all of whom were afterwards raised by their talents and learning to the highest posts in their profession: the bold and strong-minded Law, afterwards Chief Justice of the King's Bench; the more humane and eloquent Dallas, afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; and Plomer, who near twenty years later successfully conducted in the same high court the defense of Lord Melville, and subsequently became Vice-Chancellor and Master of the Rolls.

But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword. Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment; and his commanding, copious, and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact, and his urbanity. But in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the lower House, the box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great

age of Athenian eloquence. There were Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides. There was Burke,—ignorant indeed, or negligent, of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers, but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern. There, with eyes reverentially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age, his form developed by every manly exercise, his face beaming with intelligence and spirit,—the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham. Nor, though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those who distinguish themselves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in Parliament. No advantage of fortune or connection was wanting that could set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honor. At twenty-three he had been thought worthy to be ranked with the veteran statesmen who appeared as the delegates of the British Commons, at the bar of the British nobility. All who stood at that bar, save him alone, are gone,—culprit, advocates, accusers. To the generation which is now in the vigor of life, he is the sole representative of a great age which has passed away. But those who within the last ten years have listened with delight, till the morning sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Lords, to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles, Earl Grey, are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.

HORATIUS

A Lay Made about the Year of the City CCCLX

Lars Porsena of Clusium
By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

East and west and south and north
  The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
  Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
  Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
  Is on the march for Rome.

The horsemen and the footmen
  Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place,
  From many a fruitful plain;
From many a lonely hamlet,
  Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest hangs on the crest
  Of purple Apennine;

From lordly Volaterræ,
  Where scowls the far-famed hold
Piled by the hands of giants
  For godlike kings of old;
From seagirt Populonia,
  Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
  Fringing the southern sky;

From the proud mart of Pisæ,
  Queen of the western waves,
Where ride Massilia's triremes,
  Heavy with fair-haired slaves;
From where sweet Clanis wanders
  Through corn and vines and flowers;
From where Cortona lifts to heaven
  Her diadem of towers.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
  Drop in dark Auser's rill;
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
  Of the Ciminian hill;
Beyond all streams Clitumnus
  Is to the herdsman dear;
Best of all pools the fowler loves
  The great Volsinian mere.

But now no stroke of woodman
  Is heard by Auser's rill;
No hunter tracks the stag's green path
  Up the Ciminian hill;
Unwatched along Clitumnus
  Grazes the milk-white steer;
Unharmed the water-fowl may dip
  In the Volsinian mere.

The harvests of Arretium,
  This year, old men shall reap;
This year, young boys in Umbro
  Shall plunge the struggling sheep;
And in the vats of Luna,
  This year, the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls
  Whose sires have marched to Rome,

There be thirty chosen prophets,
  The wisest of the land,
Who alway by Lars Porsena
  Both morn and evening stand;
Evening and morn the Thirty
  Have turned the verses o'er,
Traced from the right on linen white
  By mighty seers of yore.

And with one voice the Thirty
  Have their glad answer given:—
"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena;
  Go forth, beloved of Heaven;
Go, and return in glory
  To Clusium's royal dome;
And hang round Nurscia's altars
  The golden shields of Rome."

And now hath every city
  Sent up her tale of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
  The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium
  Is met the great array:
A proud man was Lars Porsena
  Upon the trysting day.

For all the Etruscan armies
  Were ranged beneath his eye
And many a banished Roman,
  And many a stout ally;
And with a mighty following
  To join the muster came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
  Prince of the Latian name.

But by the yellow Tiber
  Was tumult and affright:
From all the spacious champaign
  To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city,
  The throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
  Through two long nights and days.

For aged folks on crutches,
  And women great with child,
And mothers sobbing over babes
  That clung to them and smiled,
And sick men borne in litters
  High on the necks of slaves,
And troops of sunburned husbandmen
  With reaping-hooks and staves,

And droves of mules and asses
  Laden with skins of wine,
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
  And endless herds of kine,
And endless trains of wagons
  That creaked beneath the weight
Of corn sacks and of household goods,
  Choked every roaring gate.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
  Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
  Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City,
  They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
  With tidings of dismay.

To eastward and to westward
  Have spread the Tuscan bands;
Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote
  In Crustumerium stands.
Verbenna down to Ostia
  Hath wasted all the plain;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
  And the stout guards are slain.

Iwis, in all the Senate,
  There was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached and fast it beat,
  When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the Consul,
  Up rose the Fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
  And hied them to the wall.

They held a council standing
  Before the River-Gate:
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
  For musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly:—
  "The bridge must straight go down;
For since Janiculum is lost,
  Naught else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,
  All wild with haste and fear:—
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul:
  Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
  The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
  Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer fast and nearer
  Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
  The trampling and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
  Now through the gloom appears,

Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
  The long array of spears.

And plainly and more plainly,
  Above that glimmering line,
Now might ye see the banners
  Of twelve fair cities shine;
But the banner of proud Clusium
  Was highest of them all,
The terror of the Umbrian,
  The terror of the Gaul.

And plainly and more plainly
  Now might the burghers know,
By port and vest, by horse and crest,
  Each warlike Lucumo.
There Cilnius of Arretium
  On his fleet roan was seen;
And Astur of the fourfold shield,
Girt with the brand none else may wield,
Tolumnius with the belt of gold,
And dark Verbenna from the hold
  By reedy Thrasymene.

Fast by the royal standard,
  O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
  Sat in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
  Prince of the Latian name;
And by the left false Sextus,
  That wrought the deed of shame.

But when the face of Sextus
  Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
  From all the town arose.
On the housetops was no woman
  But spat towards him and hissed;
No child but screamed out curses,
  And shook its little fist.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
  And the Consul's speech was low,

And darkly looked he at the wall,
  And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
  Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
  What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,
  The captain of the gate:—
"To every man upon this earth
  Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
  Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
  And the temples of his gods;

"And for the tender mother
  Who dandled him to rest;
And for the wife who nurses
  His baby at her breast;
And for the holy maidens
  Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
  That wrought the deed of shame?

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
  With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
  Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
  May well be stopped by three:
Now who will stand on either hand,
  And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius—
  A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
  And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius—
  Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
  And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
  "As thou sayest, so let it be."

And straight against that great array
  Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
  Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
  In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;
  Then all were for the State;
Then the great man helped the poor,
  And the poor man loved the great:
Then lands were fairly portioned;
  Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
  In the brave days of old.

Now Roman is to Roman
  More hateful than a foe,
And the Tribunes beard the high,
  And the Fathers grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction,
  In battle we wax cold;
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
  In the brave days of old.

Now while the Three were tightening
  Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
  To take in hand an axe;
And Fathers mixed with Commons
  Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
  And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
  Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
  Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
  A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
  Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,
  And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
  From all the vanguard rose:
And forth three chiefs came spurring
  Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
  To win the narrow way:

Aunus from green Tifernum,
  Lord of the Hill of Vines;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
  Sicken in Ilva's mines;
And Picus, long to Clusium
  Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that gray crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
  O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
  Into the stream beneath;
Herminius struck at Seius,
  And clove him to the teeth;
At Picus brave Horatius
  Darted one fiery thrust,
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
  Clashed in the bloody dust.

Then Ocnus of Falerii
  Rushed on the Roman Three;
And Lausulus of Urgo,
  The rover of the sea;
And Aruns of Volsinium,
  Who slew the great wild boar—
The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
  Along Albinia's shore.

Herminius smote down Aruns;
  Lartius laid Ocnus low:
Right to the heart of Lausulus
  Horatius sent a blow.

"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!
No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark.
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
Thy thrice accursed sail."

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes;
A wild and wrathful clamor
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears'-lengths from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

But hark! the cry is "Astur!"
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay;
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?"

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh:
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh;
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius
  He leaned one breathing-space:
Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,
  Sprang right at Astur's face;
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
  So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
  Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great Lord of Luna
  Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
  A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
  The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
  Gaze on the blasted head.

On Astur's throat Horatius
  Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
  Ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
  Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
  To taste our Roman cheer?"

But at his haughty challenge
  A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,
  Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess,
  Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
  Were round the fatal place.

But all Etruria's noblest
  Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
  In the path the dauntless Three:
And from the ghastly entrance
  Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair

Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
  Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost
  To lead such dire attack;
But those behind cried « Forward! »
  And those before cried « Back! »
And backward now and forward
  Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel;
And the victorious trumpet-peal
  Dies fitfully away.

Yet one man for one moment
  Stood out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the Three,
  And they gave him greeting loud:—
« Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
  Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
  Here lies the road to Rome. »

Thrice looked he at the city;
  Thrice looked he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury,
  And thrice turned back in dread;
And, white with fear and hatred,
  Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
  The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile axe and lever
  Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
  Above the boiling tide.
« Come back, come back, Horatius! »
  Loud cried the Fathers all.
« Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
  Back, ere the ruin fall! »

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
  Herminius darted back:
And as they passed, beneath their feet
  They felt the timbers crack.

But when they turned their faces,
  And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
  They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
  Fell every loosened beam,
And like a dam, the mighty wreck
  Lay right athwart the stream:
And a long shout of triumph
  Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
  Was splashed the yellow foam.

And like a horse unbroken
  When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
  And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
  Rejoicing to be free,
And whirling down, in fierce career,
  Battlement and plank and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
  But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
  And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
  With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
  "Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
  Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
  To Sextus naught spake he:
But he saw on Palatinus
  The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
  That rolls by the towers of Rome.

"O Tiber! father Tiber!
  To whom the Romans pray;
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms
  Take thou in charge this day!"

So he spake, and speaking sheathed
  The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
  Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
  Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes, in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
  Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
  They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
  Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
  Swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing;
  And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
  And spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking,
  But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
  In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
  Safe to the landing-place;
But his limbs were borne up bravely
  By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
  Bore bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;
  "Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
  We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
  "And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
  Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;
  Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
  To press his gory hands;

And now, with shouts and clapping,
  And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
  Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,
  That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
  Could plow from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
  And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
  To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,
  Plain for all folk to see,—
Horatius in his harness,
  Halting upon one knee;
And underneath is written,
  In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
  In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring
  Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
  To charge the Volscian home;
And wives still pray to Juno
  For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
  In the brave days of old.

And in the nights of winter,
  When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
  Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
  Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
  Roar louder yet within;

When the oldest cask is opened,
  And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
  And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
  Around the firebrands close;

When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows;

When the goodman mends his armor,
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom;—
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

THE BATTLE OF IVRY

[Henry the Fourth, on his accession to the French crown, was opposed by a large part of his subjects under the Duke of Mayenne, with the assistance of Spain and Savoy. In March 1590 he gained a decisive victory over that party at Ivry. Before the battle, he addressed his troops—«My children, if you lose sight of your colors, rally to my white plume: you will always find it in the path to honor and glory.» His conduct was answerable to his promise. Nothing could resist his impetuous valor, and the Leaguers underwent a total and bloody defeat. In the midst of the rout, Henry followed, crying, «Save the French!» and his clemency added a number of the enemies to his own army.]

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance,
Through thy cornfields green and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war;
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre!

Oh, how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array,
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzell's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand:
And as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligny's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;

And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest;
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, in deafening shout, "God save our lord, the King!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,—
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,—
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across St. André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies now—upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein,
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter; the Flemish Count is slain;
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew," was passed from man to man:
But out spake gentle Henry then, "No Frenchman is my foe;
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France that day;
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
But we of the Religion have borne us best in fight,
And our good lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white.
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en—
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.
Up with it high; unfurl it wide, that all the world may know
How God hath humbled the proud house that wrought his Church such woe.

Then on the ground, while trumpets peal their loudest point of war,
Fling the red shreds, a foot-cloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho, maidens of Vienna! ho, matrons of Luzerne!
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send for charity thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls.
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright;
Ho! burghers of St. Généviève, keep watch and ward to-night:
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise and valor of the brave.
Then glory to his holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre!

JUSTIN McCARTHY

(1830–1912)

ALTHOUGH Justin McCarthy was not without reputation as a Home Rule politician, he was primarily a literary man; his adventures into the fields of history and fiction having preceded his Parilamentary career. He was perhaps a novel writer rather than a historian in the strict sense of the term. His histories are clever and astute accounts of comparatively recent events, but bear little evidence of the patient scholarship, the critical research, which are characteristic of modern historical scholarship. Yet the 'History of Our Own Times,' 'The Story of Gladstone's Life,' 'The Reign of Queen Anne,' the 'Four Georges,' and the 'Epoch of Reform,' are not without the value and interest attached to the writings of a man of affairs whose dramatic sense is well developed. Mr. McCarthy wrote of the first Reform Bill, of Lord Grey, of Lord Palmerston, of Disraeli, of Gladstone, of Home Rule politics, in the spirit of one who had been in the swing of the movements which he described, and who had known his heroes in person or by near repute. Mr. McCarthy's talents as a novelist were of use to him as a historian. He was quick to grasp the salient features of character, and he was sensitive to the dramatic elements in individuality. His 'Leo XIII.,' and his 'Modern Leaders,' a series of biographical sketches, are successful portraits of their kind. That Mr. McCarthy did not always see below the surface in his estimates of famous contemporaries detracts little from the picturesque character of his biographies. He is capable of giving to his reader in a sentence or two a vivid if general impression of a personality or of a literary work; as when he says that "Charlotte Bronté was all genius and ignorance, and George Eliot is all genius and culture"; or when he says of Carlyle's 'French Revolution' that it is "history read by lightning."

JUSTIN McCARTHY

Justin McCarthy was a clever journalist as well as a writer of fiction and history. Born at Cork in 1830, he connected himself with the Liverpool press in 1853, and in 1860 became a member of the

staff of the Morning Star. In 1864 he became chief editor. His newspaper experience had more than a little influence upon his style and methods of literary composition, as his political knowledge aided him in his treatment of historical subjects. For twenty years he was a Home Rule M.P., being first elected in 1879. After that year, many of his novels were produced. They show the quick observation of the man of newspaper training, and his talents as a ready and clever writer. Mr. McCarthy's novels, like his histories and biographies, are concerned mainly with the England of his own day. Occasionally the plot is worked out against the background of Parliamentary life, as in 'The Ladies' Gallery' and 'The Right Honorable.' Among his other novels—for he wrote a great number—are 'Miss Misanthrope,' 'A Fair Saxon,' 'Lady Judith,' 'Dear Lady Disdain,' 'The Maid of Athens,' and 'Paul Massie.' Mr. McCarthy's style is crisp, straightforward, and for the most part entertaining. His last years were given to a series of autobiographical works—'Reminiscences' (1899), 'The Story of An Irishman' (1904), 'Irish Recollections' (1911)—containing valuable information about contemporary political history.

THE KING IS DEAD—LONG LIVE THE QUEEN

From 'A History of Our Own Times'

BEFORE half-past two o'clock on the morning of June 20th, 1837, William IV. was lying dead in Windsor Castle, while the messengers were already hurrying off to Kensington Palace to bear to his successor her summons to the throne. The illness of the King had been but short, and at one time, even after it had been pronounced alarming, it seemed to take so hopeful a turn that the physicians began to think it would pass harmlessly away. But the King was an old man—was an old man even when he came to the throne; and when the dangerous symptoms again exhibited themselves, their warning was very soon followed by fulfillment. The death of King William may be fairly regarded as having closed an era of our history. With him, we may believe, ended the reign of personal government in England. William was indeed a constitutional king in more than mere name. He was to the best of his lights a faithful representative of the constitutional principle. He was as far in advance of his two predecessors in understanding and acceptance of the principle as his successor has proved herself beyond him. Constitutional government has developed itself gradually, as

everything else has done in English politics. The written principle and code of its system it would be as vain to look for as for the British Constitution itself. King William still held to and exercised the right to dismiss his ministers when he pleased, and because he pleased. His father had held to the right of maintaining favorite ministers in defiance of repeated votes of the House of Commons. It would not be easy to find any written rule or declaration of constitutional law pronouncing decisively that either was in the wrong. But in our day we should believe that the constitutional freedom of England was outraged, or at least put in the extremest danger, if a sovereign were to dismiss a ministry at mere pleasure, or to retain it in despite of the expressed wish of the House of Commons. Virtually therefore there was still personal government in the reign of William IV. With his death the long chapter of its history came to an end. We find it difficult now to believe that it was a living principle, openly at work among us, if not openly acknowledged, so lately as in the reign of King William.

The closing scenes of King William's life were undoubtedly characterized by some personal dignity. As a rule, sovereigns show that they know how to die. Perhaps the necessary consequence of their training, by virtue of which they come to regard themselves always as the central figures in great State pageantry, is to make them assume a manner of dignity on all occasions when the eyes of their subjects may be supposed to be on them, even if dignity of bearing is not the free gift of nature. The manners of William IV. had been, like those of most of his brothers, somewhat rough and overbearing. He had been an unmanageable naval officer. He had again and again disregarded or disobeyed orders; and at last it had been found convenient to withdraw him from active service altogether, and allow him to rise through the successive ranks of his profession by a merely formal and technical process of ascent. In his more private capacity he had, when younger, indulged more than once in unseemly and insufferable freaks of temper. He had made himself unpopular, while Duke of Clarence, by his strenuous opposition to some of the measures which were especially desired by all the enlightenment of the country. He was, for example, a determined opponent of the measures for the abolition of the slave trade. He had wrangled publicly in open debate with some of his brothers in the House of Lords; and words had been inter-

changed among the royal princes which could not be heard in our day even in the hottest debates of the more turbulent House of Commons. But William seems to have been one of the men whom increased responsibility improves. He was far better as a king than as a prince. He proved that he was able at least to understand that first duty of a constitutional sovereign, which to the last day of his active life his father, George III., never could be brought to comprehend,—that the personal predilections and prejudices of the king must sometimes give way to the public interest.

Nothing perhaps in life became him like the leaving of it. His closing days were marked by gentleness and kindly consideration for the feelings of those around him. When he awoke on June 18th he remembered that it was the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo. He expressed a strong, pathetic wish to live over that day, even if he were never to see another sunset. He called for the flag which the Duke of Wellington always sent him on that anniversary; and he laid his hand upon the eagle which adorned it, and said he felt revived by the touch. He had himself attended since his accession the Waterloo banquet; but this time the Duke of Wellington thought it would perhaps be more seemly to have the dinner put off, and sent accordingly to take the wishes of his Majesty. The King declared that the dinner must go on as usual; and sent to the Duke a friendly, simple message, expressing his hope that the guests might have a pleasant day. He talked in his homely way to those about him, his direct language seeming to acquire a sort of tragic dignity from the approach of the death that was so near. He had prayers read to him again and again, and called those near him to witness that he had always been a faithful believer in the truths of religion. He had his dispatch-boxes brought to him, and tried to get through some business with his private secretary. It was remarked with some interest that the last official act he ever performed was to sign with his trembling hand the pardon of a condemned criminal. Even a far nobler reign than his would have received new dignity if it closed with a deed of mercy. When some of those around him endeavored to encourage him with the idea that he might recover and live many years yet, he declared with a simplicity which had something oddly pathetic in it that he would be willing to live ten years yet for the sake of the country. The poor King was evidently under the sincere

conviction that England could hardly get on without him. His consideration for his country, whatever whimsical thoughts it may suggest, is entitled to some at least of the respect which we give to the dying groan of a Pitt or a Mirabeau, who fears with too much reason that he leaves a blank not easily to be filled. "Young royal tarry-breeks," William had been jocularly called by Robert Burns fifty years before, when there was yet a popular belief that he would come all right and do brilliant and gallant things, and become a stout sailor in whom a seafaring nation might feel pride. He disappointed all such expectations; but it must be owned that when responsibility came upon him he disappointed expectation anew in a different way, and was a better sovereign, more deserving of the complimentary title of patriot-king, than even his friends would have ventured to anticipate.

There were eulogies pronounced upon him after his death, in both Houses of Parliament, as a matter of course. It is not necessary, however, to set down to mere court homage or parliamentary form some of the praises that were bestowed upon the dead King by Lord Melbourne and Lord Brougham and Lord Grey. A certain tone of sincerity, not quite free perhaps from surprise, appears to run through some of these expressions of admiration. They seem to say that the speakers were at one time or another considerably surprised to find that after all, William really was able and willing on grave occasions to subordinate his personal likings and dislikings to considerations of State policy, and to what was shown to him to be for the good of the nation. In this sense at least he may be called a patriot-king. We have advanced a good deal since that time, and we require somewhat higher and more positive qualities in a sovereign now to excite our political wonder. But we must judge William by the reigns that went before, and not the reign that came after him; and with that consideration borne in mind, we may accept the panegyric of Lord Melbourne and of Lord Grey, and admit that on the whole he was better than his education, his early opportunities, and his early promise.

William IV. (third son of George III.) had left no children who could have succeeded to the throne; and the crown passed therefore to the daughter of his brother (fourth son of George), the Duke of Kent. This was the Princess Alexandrina Victoria, who was born at Kensington Palace on May 24th, 1819. The

princess was therefore at this time little more than eighteen years of age. The Duke of Kent died a few months after the birth of his daughter, and the child was brought up under the care of his widow. She was well brought up: both as regards her intellect and her character her training was excellent. She was taught to be self-reliant, brave, and systematical. Prudence and economy were inculcated on her as though she had been born to be poor. One is not generally inclined to attach much importance to what historians tell us of the education of contemporary princes or princesses; but it cannot be doubted that the Princess Victoria was trained for intelligence and goodness.

"The death of the King of England has everywhere caused the greatest sensation. . . . Cousin Victoria is said to have shown astonishing self-possession. She undertakes a heavy responsibility, especially at the present moment, when parties are so excited, and all rest their hopes on her." These words are an extract from a letter written on July 4th, 1837, by the late Prince Albert, the Prince Consort of so many happy years. The letter was written to the Prince's father, from Bonn. The young Queen had indeed behaved with remarkable self-possession. There is a pretty description, which has been often quoted, but will bear citing once more, given by Miss Wynn, of the manner in which the young sovereign received the news of her accession to a throne. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Howley, and the Lord Chamberlain, the Marquis of Conyngham, left Windsor for Kensington Palace, where the Princess Victoria had been residing, to inform her of the King's death. It was two hours after midnight when they started, and they did not reach Kensington until five o'clock in the morning. "They knocked, they rang, they thumped for a considerable time before they could rouse the porter at the gate; they were again kept waiting in the courtyard, then turned into one of the lower rooms, where they seemed forgotten by everybody. They rang the bell, and desired that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform her Royal Highness that they requested an audience on business of importance. After another delay, and another ringing to inquire the cause, the attendant was summoned, who stated that the princess was in such a sweet sleep that she could not venture to disturb her. Then they said, 'We are come on business of State to the Queen, and even her sleep must give way to that.' It did; and to prove that she did not keep them waiting, in a

few minutes she came into the room in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her nightcap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified.» The Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, was presently sent for, and a meeting of the Privy Council summoned for eleven o'clock; when the Lord Chancellor administered the usual oaths to the Queen, and Her Majesty received in return the oaths of allegiance of the Cabinet ministers and other privy councillors present. Mr. Greville, who was usually as little disposed to record any enthusiastic admiration of royalty and royal personages as Humboldt or Varnhagen von Ense could have been, has described the scene in words well worthy of quotation.

«The King died at twenty minutes after two yesterday morning, and the young Queen met the Council at Kensington Palace at eleven. Never was anything like the first impression she produced, or the chorus of praise and admiration which is raised about her manner and behavior, and certainly not without justice. It was very extraordinary, and something far beyond what was looked for. Her extreme youth and inexperience, and the ignorance of the world concerning her, naturally excited intense curiosity to see how she would act on this trying occasion, and there was a considerable assemblage at the palace, notwithstanding the short notice which was given. The first thing to be done was to teach her her lesson, which, for this purpose, Melbourne had himself to learn. . . . She bowed to the lords, took her seat, and then read her speech in a clear, distinct, and audible voice, and without any appearance of fear or embarrassment. She was quite plainly dressed, and in mourning. After she had read her speech, and taken and signed the oath for the security of the Church of Scotland, the privy councillors were sworn, the two royal dukes first by themselves; and as these two old men, her uncles, knelt before her, swearing allegiance and kissing her hand, I saw her blush up to the eyes, as if she felt the contrast between their civil and their natural relations,—and this was the only sign of emotion which she evinced. Her manner to them was very graceful and engaging; she kissed them both, and rose from her chair and moved towards the Duke of Sussex, who was farthest from her, and too infirm to reach her. She seemed rather bewildered at the multitude of men who were sworn, and who came, one after another, to kiss her hand, but she did not speak to anybody, nor did she make the slightest difference in her manner, or show any in her countenance, to any individual of any rank, station, or party. I particularly watched her when Melbourne and the ministers, and the

Duke of Wellington and Peel, approached her. She went through the whole ceremony, occasionally looking at Melbourne for instruction when she had any doubt what to do,—which hardly ever occurred,—and with perfect calmness and self-possession, but at the same time with a graceful modesty and propriety particularly interesting and ingratiating."

Sir Robert Peel told Mr. Greville that he was amazed "at her manner and behavior, at her apparent deep sense of her situation, and at the same time her firmness." The Duke of Wellington said in his blunt way that if she had been his own daughter he could not have desired to see her perform her part better. "At twelve," says Mr. Greville, "she held a Council, at which she presided with as much ease as if she had been doing nothing else all her life; and though Lord Lansdowne and my colleague had contrived between them to make some confusion with the Council papers, she was not put out by it. She looked very well; and though so small in stature, and without much pretension to beauty, the gracefulness of her manner and the good expression of her countenance give her on the whole a very agreeable appearance, and with her youth inspire an excessive interest in all who approach her, and which I can't help feeling myself. . . . In short, she appears to act with every sort of good taste and good feeling, as well as good sense; and as far as it has gone, nothing can be more favorable than the impression she has made, and nothing can promise better than her manner and conduct do; though," Mr. Greville somewhat superfluously adds, "it would be rash to count too confidently upon her judgment and discretion in more weighty matters."

The interest or curiosity with which the demeanor of the young Queen was watched was all the keener because the world in general knew so little about her. Not merely was the world in general thus ignorant, but even the statesmen and officials in closest communication with court circles were in almost absolute ignorance. According to Mr. Greville (whose authority, however, is not to be taken too implicitly except as to matters which he actually saw), the young Queen had been previously kept in such seclusion by her mother—"never," he says, "having slept out of her bedroom, nor been alone with anybody but herself and the Baroness Lehzen"—that "not one of her acquaintances, none of the attendants at Kensington, not even the Duchess of Northumberland, her governess, have any idea what she is or what

she promises to be." There was enough in the court of the two sovereigns who went before Queen Victoria to justify any strictness of seclusion which the Duchess of Kent might desire for her daughter. George IV. was a Charles II. without the education or the talents; William IV. was a Frederick William of Prussia without the genius. The ordinary manners of the society at the court of either had a full flavor, to put it in the softest way, such as a decent tap-room would hardly exhibit in a time like the present. No one can read even the most favorable descriptions given by contemporaries of the manners of those two courts, without feeling grateful to the Duchess of Kent for resolving that her daughter should see as little as possible of their ways and their company.

It was remarked with some interest that the Queen subscribed herself simply "Victoria," and not, as had been expected, "Alexandrina Victoria." Mr. Greville mentions in his diary of December 24th, 1819, that "the Duke of Kent gave the name of Alexandrina to his daughter in compliment to the Emperor of Russia. She was to have had the name of Georgiana, but the duke insisted upon Alexandrina being her first name. The Regent sent for Lieven [the Russian ambassador, husband of the famous Princess de Lieven], and made him a great many compliments, *en le persiflant*, on the Emperor's being godfather; but informed him that the name of Georgiana could be second to no other in this country, and therefore she could not bear it at all." It was a very wise choice to employ simply the name Victoria, around which no ungenial associations of any kind hung at that time, and which can have only grateful associations in the history of this country for the future.

It is not necessary to go into any formal description of the various ceremonials and pageantries which celebrated the accession of the new sovereign. The proclamation of the Queen, her appearance for the first time on the throne in the House of Lords when she prorogued Parliament in person, and even the gorgeous festival of her coronation,—which took place on June 28th, in the following year, 1838,—may be passed over with a mere word of record. It is worth mentioning, however, that at the coronation procession one of the most conspicuous figures was that of Marshal Soult, Duke of Dalmatia, the opponent of Moore and Wellington in the Peninsula, the commander of the Old Guard at Lützen, and one of the strong arms of Napoleon at

Waterloo. Soult had been sent as ambassador extraordinary to represent the French government and people at the coronation of Queen Victoria; and nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which he was received by the crowds in the streets of London on that day. The white-haired soldier was cheered wherever a glimpse of his face or figure could be caught. He appeared in the procession in a carriage the frame of which had been used on occasions of state by some of the princes of the House of Condé, and which Soult had had splendidly decorated for the ceremony of the coronation. Even the Austrian ambassador, says an eye-witness, attracted less attention than Soult, although the dress of the Austrian, Prince Esterhazy, "down to his very boot-heels sparkled with diamonds." The comparison savors now of the ridiculous, but is remarkably expressive and effective. Prince Esterhazy's name in those days suggested nothing but diamonds. His diamonds may be said to glitter through all the light literature of the time. When Lady Mary Wortley Montagu wanted a comparison with which to illustrate excessive splendor and brightness, she found it in "Mr. Pitt's diamonds." Prince Esterhazy's served the same purpose for the writers of the early years of the present reign. It was therefore, perhaps, no very poor tribute to the stout old *moustache* of the Republic and the Empire to say that at a London pageant his war-worn face drew attention away from Prince Esterhazy's diamonds. Soult himself felt very warmly the genuine kindness of the reception given to him. Years after, in a debate in the French Chamber, when M. Guizot was accused of too much partiality for the English alliance, Marshal Soult declared himself a warm champion of that alliance. "I fought the English down to Toulouse," he said, "when I fired the last cannon in defense of the national independence: in the mean time I have been in London; and France knows the reception which I had there. The English themselves cried 'Vive Soult!'—they cried, 'Soult forever!' I had learned to estimate the English on the field of battle; I have learned to estimate them in peace: and I repeat that I am a warm partisan of the English alliance." History is not exclusively made by cabinets and professional diplomatists. It is highly probable that the cheers of a London crowd on the day of the Queen's coronation did something genuine and substantial to restore the good feeling between this country and France, and efface the bitter memories of Waterloo.

It is a fact well worthy of note, amid whatever records of court ceremonial and of political change, that a few days after the accession of the Queen, Mr. Montefiore was elected Sheriff of London (the first Jew who had ever been chosen for that office), and that he received knighthood at the hands of her Majesty when she visited the City on the following Lord Mayor's day. He was the first Jew whom royalty had honored in this country since the good old times when royalty was pleased to borrow the Jew's money, or order instead the extraction of his teeth. The expansion of the principle of religious liberty and equality, which has been one of the most remarkable characteristics of the reign of Queen Victoria, could hardly have been more becomingly inaugurated than by the compliment which sovereign and city paid to Sir Moses Montefiore.

A MODERN ENGLISH STATESMAN

From 'A History of Our Own Times'

"UN-ARM, Eros: the long day's task is done, and we must sleep!" A long, very long day's task was nearly done. A marvelous career was fast drawing to its close. Down in Hertfordshire Lord Palmerston was dying. As Mirabeau said of himself, so Palmerston might have said: he could already hear the preparations for the funeral of Achilles. He had enjoyed life to the last as fully as ever Churchill did, although in a different sense. Long as his life was, if counted by mere years, it seems much longer still when we consider what it had compassed, and how active it had been from the earliest to the very end. Many men were older than Lord Palmerston; he left more than one senior behind him. But they were for the most part men whose work had long been done,—men who had been consigned to the arm-chair of complete inactivity. Palmerston was a hard-working statesman until within a very few days of his death. He had been a member of Parliament for nearly sixty years. He entered Parliament for the first time in the year when Byron, like himself a Harrow boy, published his first poems. He had been in the House of Commons for thirty years when the Queen came to the throne. He used to play chess with the unfortunate Caroline of Brunswick, wife of the Prince Regent, when she lived at

Kensington as Princess of Wales. In 1808, being then one of the Lords of the Admiralty, he had defended the Copenhagen expedition of the year before, and insisted that it was a stroke indispensable to the defeat of the designs of Napoleon. During all his political career he was only out of office for rare and brief seasons. To be a private member of Parliament was a short occasional episode in his successful life. In the words of Sadi, the Persian poet, he had obtained an ear of corn from every harvest. . . .

No man since the death of the Duke of Wellington had filled so conspicuous a place in the public mind. No man had enjoyed anything like the same amount of popularity. He died at the moment when that popularity had reached its very zenith. It had become the fashion of the day to praise all he said and all he did. It was the settled canon of the ordinary Englishman's faith, that what Palmerston said England must feel. . . .

Privately, he can hardly have had any enemies. He had a kindly heart, which won on all people who came near him. He had no enduring enmities or capricious dislikes; and it was therefore very hard for ill-feeling to live in his beaming, friendly presence. He never disliked men merely because he had often to encounter them in political war. He tried his best to give them as good as they brought, and he bore no malice. There were some men whom he disliked, as we have already mentioned in these volumes; but they were men who for one reason or another stood persistently in his way, and who, he fancied he had reason to believe, had acted treacherously towards him. He liked a man to be "English," and he liked him to be what he considered a gentleman; but he did not restrict his definition of the word "gentleman" to the mere qualifications of birth or social rank. His manners were frank and genial rather than polished; and his is one of the rare instances in which a man contrived always to keep up his personal dignity without any stateliness of bearing and tone. He was a model combatant: when the combat was over, he was ready to sit down by his antagonist's side and be his friend, and talk over their experiences and exploits. He was absolutely free from affectation. This very fact gave sometimes an air almost of roughness to his manners, he could be so plain-spoken and downright when suddenly called on to express his mind. He was not, in the highest sense of the word, a truthful man; that is to say, there were episodes of his career in which

for purposes of statecraft he allowed the House of Commons and the country to become the dupes of an erroneous impression. Personally truthful and honorable of course it would be superfluous to pronounce him. A man of Palmerston's bringing-up is as certain to be personally truthful as he is to be brave, and to be fond of open-air exercise and the cold bath. But Palmerston was too often willing to distinguish between the personal and the political integrity of a statesman. The distinction is common to the majority of statesmen: so much the worse for statesmanship. But the gravest errors of this kind which Palmerston had committed were committed for an earlier generation. . . .

His greatest praise with Englishmen must be that he loved England with a sincere love that never abated. He had no predilection, no prejudice, that did not give way where the welfare of England was concerned. He ought to have gone one step higher in the path of public duty: he ought to have loved justice and right even more than he loved England. He ought to have felt more tranquilly convinced that the cause of justice and of right must be the best thing which an English minister could advance even for England's sake in the end. Lord Palmerston was not a statesman who took any lofty view of a minister's duties. His statesmanship never stood on any high moral elevation. He sometimes did things in the cause of England which we may well believe he would not have done for any consideration in any cause of his own. His policy was necessarily shifting, uncertain, and inconsistent; for he molded it always on the supposed interests of England as they showed themselves to his eyes at the time. His sympathies with liberty were capricious guides. Sympathies with liberty must be so always where there is no clear principle defining objects and guiding conduct. Lord Palmerston was not prevented by his liberal sympathies from sustaining the policy of the Coup d'État; nor did his hatred of slavery, one of his few strong and genuine emotions apart from English interests, inspire him with any repugnance for the cause of the Southern slaveholders. But it cannot be doubted that his very defects were a main cause of his popularity and his success. He was able always with a good conscience to assure the English people that they were the greatest and the best — the only good and great — people in the world, because he had long taught himself to believe this, and had come to believe it. He was always popular, because his speeches invariably conveyed this impression

to the English crowd whom he addressed in or out of Parliament. Other public men spoke for the most part to tell English people of something they ought to do which they were not doing, something which they had done and ought not to have done. It is not in the nature of things that such men should be as popular as those who told England that whatever she did must be right. Nor did Palmerston lay on his praise with coarse and palpable artifice. He had no artifice in the matter. He believed what he said; and his very sincerity made it the more captivating and the more dangerous.

A phrase sprang up in Palmerston's days which was employed to stigmatize certain political conduct beyond all ordinary reproach. It was meant to stamp such conduct as outside the pale of reasonable argument or patriotic consideration. That was the word "un-English." It was enough with certain classes to say that anything was "un-English" in order to put it utterly out of court. No matter to what principles, higher, more universal, and more abiding than those that are merely English, it might happen to appeal, the one word of condemnation was held to be enough for it. Some of the noblest and the wisest men of our day were denounced as "un-English." A stranger might have asked in wonder, at one time, whether it was un-English to be just, to be merciful, to have consideration for the claims and the rights of others, to admit that there was any higher object in a nation's life than a diplomatic success. All that would have made a man odious and insufferable in private life was apparently held up as belonging to the virtues of the English nation. Rude self-assertion, blunt disregard for the feelings and the claims of others, a self-sufficiency which would regard all earth's interests as made for England's special use alone,—the yet more outrageous form of egotism which would fancy that the moral code as it applies to others does not apply to us,—all this seemed to be considered the becoming national characteristic of the English people. It would be almost superfluous to say that this did not show its worst in Lord Palmerston himself. As in art, so in politics, we never see how bad some peculiar defect is until we see it in the imitators of a great man's style. A school of Palmerstons, had it been powerful and lasting, would have made England a nuisance to other nations. . . . We have no hesitation in saying that Lord Palmerston's statesmanship on the whole lowered the moral tone of English politics for

a time. This consideration alone, if there were nothing else, forbids us to regard him as a statesman whose deeds were equal to his opportunities and to his genius. To serve the purpose of the hour was his policy. To succeed in serving it was his triumph. It is not thus that a great fame is built up, unless indeed where the genius of the man is like that of some Cæsar or Napoleon, which can convert its very ruins into monumental records. Lord Palmerston is hardly to be called a great man. Perhaps he may be called a great "man of the time."

GEORGE MACDONALD

(1824–1905)

GEORGE MACDONALD has been characterized as a «cross between a poet and a spiritual teacher.» His powers as a novelist, however, are not taken into account by this description. Added to his genuine poetical feeling, and to his refined moral sense, are the qualities of a good story-teller. He knows how to handle an elaborate plot; he understands the dramatic values of situations; he can put life into his characters. Yet the dominant impression left by his novels is their essential moral nobility. The ideal which Mr. Macdonald sets before himself as a writer of fiction is summed up in this passage from 'Sir Gibbie':—

GEORGE MACDONALD

«But whatever the demand of the age, I insist that that which ought to be presented to its beholding is the common good, uncommonly developed: and that not because of its rarity, but because it is truer to humanity. It is the noble, not the failure from the noble, that is the true human: and if I must show the failure, let it ever be with an eye to the final possible, yea, imperative success. But in our day a man who will accept any oddity of idiosyncratic development in manners, tastes, and habits, will refuse not only as improbable, but as inconsistent with human nature, the representation of a man trying to be merely as noble as is absolutely essential to his being.»

This quaint realism of Mr. Macdonald's in a literary age, when many believe that only the evil in man's nature is real, dominates his novels, from 'David Elginbrod' to 'The Elect Lady.' They are wholesome stories of pure men and women. The author is at his strongest when drawing a character like that of Sir Gibbie, compelled forever to follow the highest law of his nature. With villains and with mean folk, Mr. Macdonald can do nothing. He cannot understand them, neither can he understand complexity of character. He is too dogmatic ever to see the «shadowy third» between the one and one. He is too much of a preacher to be altogether a novelist.

His training increased his dogmatic faculty. Born at Huntly, Aberdeenshire, in 1824, he was graduated at King's College, Aberdeen, and then entered upon the study of theology at the Independent College, Highbury, London. He was for a time a preacher in the Scottish Congregational Church, but afterwards became a layman in the Church of England. He then assumed the principalship of a seminary in London. His novels witness to his Scotch origin and training. The scenes of many of them are laid in Scotland, and not a few of the characters speak the North-Scottish dialect. But the spirit which informs them is even more Scotch than their setting. The strong moral convictions of George Macdonald infuse them with the sermonizing element. The novelist is of the spiritual kindred of the Covenanters. Yet they are full of a kindly humanity, and where the moralist is merged in the writer of fiction they attain a high degree of charm.

His pure and tender spirit made him peculiarly fitted to understand children and child life. «Gibbie had never been kissed,» he writes; «and how is any child to thrive without kisses?» His stories for children, ‹At the Back of the North Wind› and ‹The Princess and Curdie,› are full of beauty in their fine sympathy for the moods of a child.

George Macdonald wrote a great number of novels. They include ‹David Elginbrod,› ‹Alec Forbes of How Glen,› ‹Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood,› ‹The Seaboard Parish› (sequel to the foregoing), ‹Robert Falconer,› ‹Wilfrid Cumbermede,› ‹Malcolm,› ‹The Marquis of Lossie,› ‹St. George and St. Michael,› ‹Sir Gibbie,› ‹What's Mine's Mine,› ‹The Elect Lady,› and such fanciful stories as his well-known ‹Phantastes.› He also published ‹Miracles of Our Lord› and ‹Unspoken Sermons.› His sermons, as might be expected, are vigorous, and exhibit his peculiar sensitiveness to the moral and spiritual elements in man's existence. This same sensitiveness pervades his verse. George Macdonald's death occurred in London on September 18th, 1905.

THE FLOOD

From ‹Sir Gibbie›

STILL the rain fell and the wind blew; the torrents came tearing down from the hills, and shot madly into the rivers; the rivers ran into the valleys, and deepened the lakes that filled them. On every side of the Mains, from the foot of Glashgar to Gormdhu, all was one yellow and red sea, with roaring currents

and vortices numberless. It burrowed holes, it opened long-deserted channels and water-courses; here it deposited inches of rich mold, there yards of sand and gravel; here it was carrying away fertile ground, leaving behind only bare rock or shingle where the corn had been waving; there it was scooping out the bed of a new lake. Many a thick soft lawn of loveliest grass, dotted with fragrant shrubs and rare trees, vanished, and nothing was there when the waters subsided but a stony waste, or a gravelly precipice. Woods and copses were undermined, and trees and soil together swept into the vast; sometimes the very place was hardly there to say it knew its children no more. Houses were torn to pieces; and their contents, as from broken boxes, sent wandering on the brown waste through the gray air to the discolored sea, whose saltness for a long way out had vanished with its hue. Hay-mows were buried to the very top in sand; others went sailing bodily down the mighty stream — some of them followed or surrounded, like big ducks, by a great brood of ricks for their ducklings. Huge trees went past as if shot down an Alpine slide — cottages and bridges of stone giving way before them. Wooden mills, thatched roofs, great mill-wheels, went dipping and swaying and hobbling down. From the upper windows of the Mains, looking towards the chief current, they saw a drift of everything belonging to farms and dwelling-houses that would float. Chairs and tables, chests, carts, saddles, chests of drawers, tubs of linen, beds and blankets, work-benches, harrows, girnels, planes, cheeses, churns, spinning-wheels, cradles, iron pots, wheelbarrows — all these and many other things hurried past as they gazed. Everybody was looking, and for a time all had been silent. . . .

Just as Mr. Duff entered the stable from the nearer end, the opposite gable fell out with a great splash, letting in the wide level vision of turbidly raging waters, fading into the obscurity of the wind-driven rain. While he stared aghast, a great tree struck the wall like a battering-ram, so that the stable shook. The horses, which had been for some time moving uneasily, were now quite scared. There was not a moment to be lost. Duff shouted for his men; one or two came running; and in less than a minute more, those in the house heard the iron-shod feet splashing and stamping through the water, as one after another the horses were brought across the yard to the door of the house. Mr. Duff led by the halter his favorite Snowball, who was a good

deal excited, plunging and rearing so that it was all he could do to hold him. He had ordered the men to take the others first, thinking he would follow more quietly. But the moment Snowball heard the first thundering of hoofs on the stair, he went out of his senses with terror, broke from his master, and went plunging back to the stable. Duff started after him, but was only in time to see him rush from the further end into the swift current, where he was at once out of his depth, and was instantly caught and hurried, rolling over and over, from his master's sight. He ran back into the house, and up to the highest window. From that he caught sight of him a long way down, swimming. Once or twice he saw him turned heels over head—only to get his neck up again presently, and swim as well as before. But alas! it was in the direction of the Daur, which would soon, his master did not doubt, sweep his carcass into the North Sea. With troubled heart he strained his sight after him as long as he could distinguish his lessening head, but it got amongst some wreck; and, unable to tell any more whether he saw it or not, he returned to his men with his eyes full of tears.

. . . . . .

Gibbie woke with the first of the dawn. The rain still fell—descending in spoonfuls rather than drops; the wind kept shaping itself into long hopeless howls, rising to shrill yells that went drifting away over the land; and then the howling rose again. Nature seemed in despair. There must be more for Gibbie to do! He must go again to the foot of the mountain, and see if there was anybody to help. They might even be in trouble at the Mains: who could tell! . . .

Gibbie sped down the hill through a worse rain than ever. The morning was close, and the vapors that filled it were like smoke burned to the hue of the flames whence it issued. Many a man that morning believed another great deluge begun, and all measures relating to things of this world lost labor. Going down his own side of the Glashburn, the nearest path to the valley, the gamekeeper's cottage was the first dwelling on his way. It stood a little distance from the bank of the burn, opposite the bridge and gate, while such things were.

It had been with great difficulty—for even Angus did not know the mountain so well as Gibbie—that the gamekeeper reached it with the housekeeper the night before. It was within two gun-shots of the house of Glashruach, yet to get to it they

had to walk miles up and down Glashgar. A mountain in storm is as hard to cross as a sea. Arrived, they did not therefore feel safe. The tendency of the Glashburn was indeed away from the cottage, as the grounds of Glashruach sadly witnessed; but a torrent is double-edged, and who could tell? The yielding of one stone in its channel might send it to them. All night Angus watched, peering out ever again into the darkness, but seeing nothing save three lights that burned above the water — one of them, he thought, at the Mains. The other two went out in the darkness, but that only in the dawn. When the morning came, there was the Glashburn meeting the Lorrie in his garden. But the cottage was well built, and fit to stand a good siege, while any moment the waters might have reached their height. By breakfast-time, however, they were round it from behind. There is nothing like a flood for revealing the variations of surface, the dips and swells of a country. In a few minutes they were isolated, with the current of the Glashburn on one side and that of the Lorrie in front. When he saw the water come in at front and back doors at once, Angus ordered his family up the stair: the cottage had a large attic, with dormer windows, where they slept. He himself remained below for some time longer, in that end of the house where he kept his guns and fishing-tackle; there he sat on a table, preparing nets for the fish that would be left in the pools; and not until he found himself afloat did he take his work to the attic.

There the room was hot, and they had the window open. Mistress MacPholp stood at it, looking out on the awful prospect, with her youngest child, a sickly boy, in her arms. He had in his a little terrier pup, greatly valued of the gamekeeper. In a sudden outbreak of peevish willfulness, he threw the creature out of the window. It fell on the sloping roof, and before it could recover itself, being too young to have the full command of four legs, rolled off.

"Eh! the doggie's i' the watter!" cried Mistress MacPholp in dismay.

Angus threw down everything with an ugly oath,— for he had given strict orders not one of the children should handle the whelp,— jumped up, and got out on the roof. From there he might have managed to reach it, so high now was the water, had the little thing remained where it fell; but already it had swum a yard or two from the house. Angus, who was a fair swimmer

and an angry man, threw off his coat, and plunging after it, greatly to the delight of the little one, caught the pup with his teeth by the back of the neck, and turned to make for the house. Just then a shrub swept from the hill caught him in the face, and so bewildered him that before he got rid of it he had blundered into the edge of the current, which seized and bore him rapidly away. He dropped the pup and struck out for home with all his strength. But he soon found the most he could do was to keep his head above water, and gave himself up for lost. His wife screamed in agony. Gibbie heard her as he came down the hill, and ran at full speed towards the cottage.

About a hundred yards from the house, the current bore Angus straight into a large elder-tree. He got into the middle of it, and there remained trembling,—the weak branches breaking with every motion he made, while the stream worked at the roots, and the wind laid hold of him with fierce leverage. In terror, seeming still to sink as he sat, he watched the trees dart by like battering-rams in the swiftest of the current; the least of them diverging would tear the elder-tree with it. Brave enough in dealing with poachers, Angus was not the man to gaze with composure in the face of a sure slow death, against which no assault could be made. Many a man is courageous because he has not conscience enough to make a coward of him, but Angus had not quite reached that condition; and from the branches of the elder-tree showed a pale, terror-stricken visage. Amidst the many objects in the face of the water, Gibbie, however, did not distinguish it; and plunging in, swam round to the front of the cottage to learn what was the matter. There the wife's gesticulations directed his eyes to her drowning husband.

But what was he to do? He could swim to the tree well enough, and, he thought, back again; but how was that to be made of service to Angus? He could not save him by main force: there was not enough of that between them. If he had a line—and there must be plenty of lines in the cottage—he could carry him the end of it to haul upon: that would do. If he could send it to him, that would be better still; for then he could help at the other end, and would be in the right position up-stream to help further if necessary, for down the current alone was the path of communication open. He caught hold of the eaves and scrambled on to the roof. But in the folly and faithlessness of her despair, the woman would not let him enter.

With a curse caught from her husband, she struck him from the window, crying—

"Ye s' no come in here, an' my man droonin' yon'er! Gang till 'im, ye coöard!"

Never had poor Gibbie so much missed the use of speech. On the slope of the roof he could do little to force an entrance, therefore threw himself off it to seek another, and betook himself to the windows below. Through that of Angus's room, he caught sight of a floating anker cask. It was the very thing!—and there on the walls hung a quantity of nets and cordage! But how to get in? It was a sash window, and of course swollen with the wet, and therefore not to be opened; and there was not a square in it large enough to let him through. He swam to the other side, and crept softly on to the roof and over the ridge. But a broken slate betrayed him. The woman saw him, rushed to the fireplace, caught up the poker, and darted back to defend the window.

"Ye s' no come in here, I tell ye," she screeched, "an' my man stickin' i' yon boortree buss!"

Gibbie advanced. She made a blow at him with the poker. He caught it, wrenched it from her grasp, and threw himself from the roof. The next moment they heard the poker at work smashing the window.

"He'll be in an' murder 's a'!" cried the mother, and ran to the stair, while the children screamed and danced with terror.

But the water was far too deep for her. She returned to the attic, barricaded the door, and went again to the window to watch her drowning husband.

Gibbie was inside in a moment; and seizing the cask, proceeded to attach to it a strong line. He broke a bit from a fishing-rod, secured the line round the middle of it with a notch, put the stick through the bunghole in the bilge, and corked up the whole with a net-float. Happily he had a knife in his pocket. He then joined strong lines together until he thought he had length enough, secured the last end to a bar of the grate, and knocked out both sashes of the window with an axe. A passage thus cleared, he floated out first a chair, then a creepie, and one thing after another, to learn from what part to start the barrel. Seeing and recognizing them from above, Mistress MacPholp raised a terrible outcry. In the very presence of her drowning husband, such a wanton dissipation of her property roused her to

fiercest wrath; for she imagined Gibbie was emptying her house with leisurely revenge. Satisfied at length, he floated out his barrel, and followed with the line in his hand, to aid its direction if necessary. It struck the tree. With a yell of joy Angus laid hold of it, and hauling the line taut, and feeling it secure, committed himself at once to the water, holding by the barrel and swimming with his legs, while Gibbie, away to the side with a hold of the rope, was swimming his hardest to draw him out of the current. But a weary man was Angus when at length he reached the house. It was all he could do to get himself in at the window and crawl up the stair. At the top of it he fell benumbed on the floor.

By the time that, repentant and grateful, Mistress MacPholp bethought herself of Gibbie, not a trace of him was to be seen. While they looked for him in the water and on the land, Gibbie was again in the room below, carrying out a fresh thought. With the help of the table he emptied the cask, into which a good deal of water had got. Then he took out the stick, corked the bunghole tight, laced the cask up in a piece of net, attached the line to the net and wound it about the cask by rolling the latter round and round, took the cask between his hands, and pushed from the window straight into the current of the Glashburn. In a moment it had swept him to the Lorrie. By the greater rapidity of the former he got easily across the heavier current of the latter, and was presently in water comparatively still, swimming quietly towards the Mains, and enjoying his trip none the less that he had to keep a sharp lookout: if he should have to dive to avoid any drifting object, he might lose his barrel. Quickly now, had he been so minded, he could have returned to the city,—changing vessel for vessel, as one after another went to pieces. Many a house roof offered itself for the voyage; now and then a great water-wheel, horizontal and helpless, devoured of its element. Once he saw a cradle come gyrating along, and urging all his might, intercepted it; but hardly knew whether he was more sorry or relieved to find it empty. When he was about half-way to the Mains, a whole fleet of ricks bore down upon him. He boarded one, and scrambled to the top of it, keeping fast hold of the end of his line, which unrolled from the barrel as he ascended. From its peak he surveyed the wild scene. All was running water. Not a human being was visible, and but a few house roofs; of which for a moment it was

hard to say whether or not they were of those that were afloat. Here and there were the tops of trees, showing like low bushes. Nothing was uplifted except the mountains. He drew near the Mains. All the ricks in the yard were bobbing about, as if amusing themselves with a slow contra-dance; but they were as yet kept in by the barn and a huge old hedge of hawthorn. What was that cry from far away? Surely it was that of a horse in danger! It brought a lusty equine response from the farm. Where could horses be, with such a depth of water about the place? Then began a great lowing of cattle. But again came the cry of the horse from afar, and Gibbie, this time recognizing the voice as Snowball's, forgot the rest. He stood up on the very top of the rick, and sent his keen glance round on all sides. The cry came again and again, so that he was soon satisfied in what direction he must look. The rain had abated a little; but the air was so thick with vapor that he could not tell whether it was really an object he seemed to see white against the brown water, far away to the left, or a fancy of his excited hope; it *might* be Snowball on the turnpike road, which thereabout ran along the top of a high embankment. He tumbled from the rick, rolled the line about the barrel, and pushed vigorously for what might be the horse.

It took him a weary hour — in so many currents was he caught, one after the other, all straining to carry him far below the object he wanted to reach: an object it plainly was, before he had got half-way across; and by-and-by as plainly it was Snowball, testified to ears and eyes together. When at length he scrambled on the embankment beside him, the poor shivering, perishing creature gave a low neigh of delight: he did not know Gibbie, but he was a human being. He was quite cowed and submissive, and Gibbie at once set about his rescue. He had reasoned as he came along, that if there were beasts at the Mains there must be room for Snowball, and thither he would endeavor to take him. He tied the end of the line to the remnant of the halter on his head, the other end being still fast to the barrel, and took to the water again. Encouraged by the power upon his head,— the pressure, namely, of the halter,— the horse followed, and they made for the Mains. It was a long journey, and Gibbie had not breath enough to sing to Snowball, but he made what noises he could, and they got slowly along. He found the difficulties far greater now that he had to look out for the

horse as well as for himself. None but one much used to the water could have succeeded in the attempt, or could indeed have stood out against its weakening influence and the strain of the continued exertion together so long. At length his barrel got waterlogged, and he sent it adrift. . . .

When they arrived at the door, they found a difficulty awaiting them: the water was now so high that Snowball's head rose above the lintel; and though all animals can swim, they do not all know how to dive. A tumult of suggestions immediately broke out. But Donal had already thrown himself from a window with a rope, and swum to Gibbie's assistance; the two understood each other, and heeding nothing the rest were saying, held their own communications. In a minute the rope was fastened round Snowball's body, and the end of it drawn between his forelegs and through the ring of his head-stall, when Donal swam with it to his mother who stood on the stair, with the request that as soon as she saw Snowball's head under the water, she would pull with all her might, and draw him in at the door. Donal then swam back, and threw his arms around Snowball's neck from below, while the same moment Gibbie cast his whole weight on it from above: the horse was over head and ears in an instant, and through the door in another. With snorting nostrils and blazing eyes his head rose in the passage, and in terror he struck out for the stair. As he scrambled heavily up from the water, his master and Robert seized him, and with much petting and patting and gentling, though there was little enough difficulty in managing him now, conducted him into the bedroom to the rest of the horses. There he was welcomed by his companions, and immediately began devouring the hay upon his master's bedstead. Gibbie came close behind him, was seized by Janet at the top of the stair, embraced like one come alive from the grave, and led, all dripping as he was, into the room where the women were.

THE HAY-LOFT

From 'At the Back of the North Wind'

I HAVE been asked to tell you about the back of the North Wind. An old Greek writer mentions a people who lived there, and were so comfortable that they could not bear it any longer, and drowned themselves. My story is not the same

as his. I do not think Herodotus had got the right account of the place. I am going to tell you how it fared with a boy who went there.

He lived in a low room over a coach-house; and that was not by any means at the back of the North Wind, as his mother very well knew. For one side of the room was built only of boards, and the boards were so old that you might run a penknife through into the North Wind. And then let them settle between them which was the sharper! I know that when you pulled it out again, the wind would be after it like a cat after a mouse, and you would know soon enough you were *not* at the back of the North Wind. Still, this room was not very cold, except when the north wind blew stronger than usual: the room I have to do with now was always cold, except in summer, when the sun took the matter into his own hands. Indeed, I am not sure whether I ought to call it a room at all; for it was just a loft where they kept hay and straw and oats for the horses. And when little Diamond—but stop: I must tell you that his father, who was a coachman, had named him after a favorite horse, and his mother had had no objection—when little Diamond, then, lay there in bed, he could hear the horses under him munching away in the dark, or moving sleepily in their dreams. For Diamond's father had built him a bed in the loft with boards all round it, because they had so little room in their own end over the coach-house; and Diamond's father put old Diamond in the stall under the bed, because he was a quiet horse, and did not go to sleep standing, but lay down like a reasonable creature. But although he was a surprisingly reasonable creature, yet when young Diamond woke in the middle of the night and felt the bed shaking in the blasts of the North Wind, he could not help wondering whether, if the wind should blow the house down, and he were to fall through into the manger, old Diamond mightn't eat him up before he knew him in his night-gown. And although old Diamond was very quiet all night long, yet when he woke he got up like an earthquake; and then young Diamond knew what o'clock it was, or at least what was to be done next, which was—to go to sleep again as fast as he could.

There was hay at his feet and hay at his head, piled up in great trusses to the very roof. Indeed, it was sometimes only through a little lane with several turnings, which looked as if it had been sawn out for him, that he could reach his bed at all.

For the stock of hay was of course always in a state either of slow ebb or of sudden flow. Sometimes the whole space of the loft, with the little panes in the roof for the stars to look in, would lie open before his open eyes as he lay in bed; sometimes a yellow wall of sweet-smelling fibres closed up his view at the distance of half a yard. Sometimes when his mother had undressed him in her room, and told him to trot away to bed by himself, he would creep into the heart of the hay, and lie there thinking how cold it was outside in the wind, and how warm it was inside there in his bed, and how he could go to it when he pleased, only he wouldn't just yet: he would get a little colder first. And ever as he grew colder, his bed would grow warmer, till at last he would scramble out of the hay, shoot like an arrow into his bed, cover himself up, and snuggle down, thinking what a happy boy he was. He had not the least idea that the wind got in at a chink in the wall, and blew about him all night. For the back of his bed was only of boards an inch thick, and on the other side of them was the North Wind.

Now, as I have already said, these boards were soft and crumbly. To be sure, they were tarred on the outside, yet in many places they were more like tinder than timber. Hence it happened that the soft part having worn away from about it, little Diamond found one night after he lay down, that a knot had come out of one of them, and that the wind was blowing in upon him in a cold and rather imperious fashion. Now he had no fancy for leaving things wrong that might be set right; so he jumped out of bed again, got a little strike of hay, twisted it up, folded it in the middle, and having thus made it into a cork, stuck it into the hole in the wall. But the wind began to blow loud and angrily; and as Diamond was falling asleep, out blew his cork and hit him on the nose, just hard enough to wake him up quite, and let him hear the wind whistling shrill in the hole. He searched for his hay-cork, found it, stuck it in harder, and was just dropping off once more, when, pop! with an angry whistle behind it, the cork struck him again, this time on the cheek. Up he rose once more, made a fresh stopple of hay, and corked the hole severely. But he was hardly down again before —pop! it came on his forehead. He gave it up, drew the clothes above his head, and was soon fast asleep.

Although the next day was very stormy, Diamond forgot all about the hole; for he was busy making a cave by the side of

his mother's fire,—with a broken chair, a three-legged stool, and a blanket,—and sitting in it. His mother, however, discovered it and pasted a bit of brown paper over it; so that when Diamond had snuggled down for the next night, he had no occasion to think of it.

Presently, however, he lifted his head and listened. Who could that be talking to him? The wind was rising again, and getting very loud, and full of rushes and whistles. He was sure some one was talking—and very near him too it was. But he was not frightened, for he had not yet learned how to be; so he sat up and hearkened. At last the voice, which though quite gentle sounded a little angry, appeared to come from the back of the bed. He crept nearer to it, and laid his ear against the wall. Then he heard nothing but the wind, which sounded very loud indeed. The moment, however, that he moved his head from the wall he heard the voice again, close to his ear. He felt about with his hand, and came upon the piece of paper his mother had pasted over the hole. Against this he laid his ear, and then he heard the voice quite distinctly. There was in fact a little corner of the paper loose; and through that, as from a mouth in the wall, the voice came.

"What do you mean, little boy—closing up my window?"

"What window?" asked Diamond.

"You stuffed hay into it three times last night. I had to blow it out again three times."

"You can't mean this little hole! It isn't a window; it's a hole in my bed."

"I did not say it was *a* window: I said it was *my* window."

"But it can't be a window, because windows are holes to see out of."

"Well, that's just what I made this window for."

"But you are outside: you can't want a window."

"You are quite mistaken. Windows are to see out of, you say. Well, I'm in my house, and I want windows to see out of it."

"But you've made a window into my bed."

"Well, your mother has got three windows into my dancing-room, and you have three into my garret."

"But I heard father say, when my mother wanted him to make a window through the wall, that it was against the law, for it would look into Mr. Dyves's garden."

The voice laughed.

"The law would have some trouble to catch me!" it said.

"But if it's not right, you know," said Diamond, "that's no matter. You shouldn't do it."

"I am so tall I am above *that* law," said the voice.

"You must have a tall house, then," said Diamond.

"Yes, a tall house: the clouds are inside it."

"Dear me!" said Diamond, and thought a minute. "I think, then, you can hardly expect me to keep a window in my bed for you. Why don't you make a window into Mr. Dyves's bed?"

"Nobody makes a window into an ash-pit," said the voice rather sadly: "I like to see nice things out of my windows."

"But he must have a nicer bed than I have; though mine is *very* nice—so nice that I couldn't wish a better."

"It's not the bed I care about: it's what is in it.—But you just open that window."

"Well, mother says I shouldn't be disobliging; but it's rather hard. You see the north wind will blow right in my face if I do."

"I am the North Wind."

"O-o-oh!" said Diamond thoughtfully. "Then will you promise not to blow on my face if I open your window?"

"I can't promise that."

"But you'll give me the toothache. Mother's got it already."

"But what's to become of me without a window?"

"I'm sure I don't know. All I say is, it will be worse for me than for you."

"No, it will not. You shall not be the worse for it—I promise you that. You will be much the better for it. Just you believe what I say, and do as I tell you."

"Well, I *can* pull the clothes over my head," said Diamond; and feeling with his little sharp nails, he got hold of the open edge of the paper and tore it off at once.

In came a long whistling spear of cold, and struck his little naked chest. He scrambled and tumbled in under the bed-clothes, and covered himself up: there was no paper now between him and the voice, and he felt a little—not frightened exactly, I told you he had not learned that yet—but rather queer; for what a strange person this North Wind must be that lived in the great house—"called Out-of-Doors, I suppose," thought Diamond—and made windows into people's beds! But the voice began again;

and he could hear it quite plainly, even with his head under the bedclothes. It was a still more gentle voice now, although six times as large and loud as it had been, and he thought it sounded a little like his mother's.

"What is your name, little boy?" it asked.

"Diamond," answered Diamond under the bedclothes.

"What a funny name!"

"It's a very nice name," returned its owner.

"I don't know that," said the voice.

"Well, I do," retorted Diamond, a little rudely.

"Do you know to whom you are speaking?"

"No," said Diamond.

And indeed he did not. For to know a person's name is not always to know the person's self.

"Then I must not be angry with you.—You had better look and see, though."

"Diamond is a very pretty name," persisted the boy, vexed that it should not give satisfaction.

"Diamond is a useless thing, rather," said the voice.

"That's not true. Diamond is very nice—as big as two—and so quiet all night! And doesn't he make a jolly row in the morning, getting up on his four great legs! It's like thunder."

"You don't seem to know what a diamond is."

"Oh, don't I just! Diamond is a great and good horse; and he sleeps right under me. He is Old Diamond, and I am Young Diamond; or if you like it better,—for you're very particular, Mr. North Wind,—he's Big Diamond, and I'm Little Diamond: and I don't know which of us my father likes best."

A beautiful laugh, large but very soft and musical, sounded somewhere beside him; but Diamond kept his head under the clothes.

"I'm not Mr. North Wind," said the voice.

"You told me that you were the North Wind," insisted Diamond.

"I did not say *Mister* North Wind," said the voice.

"Well then, I do; for mother tells me I ought to be polite."

"Then let me tell you I don't think it at all polite of you to say *Mister* to me."

"Well, I didn't know better. I'm very sorry."

"But you ought to know better."

"I don't know that."

"I do. You can't say it's polite to lie there talking, with your head under the bedclothes, and never look up to see what kind of person you are talking to. I want you to come out with me."

"I want to go to sleep," said Diamond, very nearly crying; for he did not like to be scolded, even when he deserved it.

"You shall sleep all the better to-morrow night."

"Besides," said Diamond, "you are out in Mr. Dyves's garden, and I can't get there. I can only get into our own yard."

"Will you take your head out of the bedclothes?" said the voice, just a little angrily.

"No!" answered Diamond, half peevish, half frightened.

The instant he said the word, a tremendous blast of wind crashed in a board of the wall, and swept the clothes off Diamond. He started up in terror. Leaning over him was the large, beautiful, pale face of a woman. Her dark eyes looked a little angry, for they had just begun to flash; but a quivering in her sweet upper lip made her look as if she were going to cry. What was most strange was that away from her head streamed out her black hair in every direction, so that the darkness in the hay-loft looked as if it were made of her hair; but as Diamond gazed at her in speechless amazement, mingled with confidence, — for the boy was entranced with her mighty beauty,—her hair began to gather itself out of the darkness, and fell down all about her again, till her face looked out of the midst of it like a moon out of a cloud. From her eyes came all the light by which Diamond saw her face and her hair; and that was all he did see of her yet. The wind was over and gone.

"Will you go with me now, you little Diamond? I am sorry I was forced to be so rough with you," said the lady.

"I will; yes, I will," answered Diamond, holding out both his arms. "But," he added, dropping them, "how shall I get my clothes? They are in mother's room, and the door is locked."

"Oh, never mind your clothes. You will not be cold. I shall take care of that. Nobody is cold with the North Wind."

"I thought everybody was," said Diamond.

"That is a great mistake. Most people make it, however. They are cold because they are not with the North Wind, but without it."

If Diamond had been a little older, and had supposed himself a good deal wiser, he would have thought the lady was joking.

But he was not older, and did not fancy himself wiser, and therefore understood her well enough. Again he stretched out his arms. The lady's face drew back a little.

"Follow me, Diamond," she said.

"Yes," said Diamond, only a little ruefully.

"You're not afraid?" said the North Wind.

"No, ma'am: but mother never would let me go without shoes; she never said anything about clothes, so I daresay she wouldn't mind that."

"I know your mother very well," said the lady. "She is a good woman. I have visited her often. I was with her when you were born. I saw her laugh and cry both at once. I love your mother, Diamond."

"How was it you did not know my name, then, ma'am? Please, am I to say *ma'am* to you, ma'am?"

"One question at a time, dear boy. I knew your name quite well, but I wanted to hear what you would say for it. Don't you remember that day when the man was finding fault with your name—how I blew the window in?"

"Yes, yes," answered Diamond eagerly. "Our window opens like a door, right over the coach-house door. And the wind—you, ma'am—came in, and blew the Bible out of the man's hands, and the leaves went all flutter-flutter on the floor, and my mother picked it up and gave it back to him open, and there—"

"Was your name in the Bible—the sixth stone in the high-priest's breast-plate."

"Oh! a stone, was it?" said Diamond. "I thought it had been a horse—I did."

"Never mind. A horse is better than a stone any day. Well, you see, I know all about you and your mother."

"Yes. I will go with you."

"Now for the next question: you're not to call me *ma'am*. You must call me just my own name—respectfully, you know—just North Wind."

"Well, please, North Wind, you are so beautiful, I am quite ready to go with you."

"You must not be ready to go with everything beautiful all at once, Diamond."

"But what's beautiful can't be bad. You're not bad, North Wind?"

"No; I'm not bad. But sometimes beautiful things grow bad by doing bad, and it takes some time for their badness to spoil their beauty. So little boys may be mistaken if they go after things because they are beautiful."

"Well, I will go with you because you are beautiful and good too."

"Ah, but there's another thing, Diamond: What if I should look ugly without being bad—look ugly myself because I am making ugly things beautiful?—what then?"

"I don't quite understand you, North Wind. You tell me what then."

"Well, I will tell you. If you see me with my face all black, don't be frightened. If you see me flapping wings like a bat's, as big as the whole sky, don't be frightened. If you hear me raging ten times worse than Mrs. Bill, the blacksmith's wife,—even if you see me looking in at people's windows like Mrs. Eve Dropper, the gardener's wife,—you must believe that I am doing my work. Nay, Diamond, if I change into a serpent or a tiger, you must not let go your hold of me, for my hand will never change in yours if you keep a good hold. If you keep a hold, you will know who I am all the time, even when you look at me and can't see me the least like the North Wind. I may look something very awful. Do you understand?"

"Quite well," said little Diamond.

"Come along then," said North Wind, and disappeared behind the mountain of hay.

Diamond crept out of bed and followed her.

JEAN MACÉ

(1815–1894)

JEAN MACÉ was a benign child-lover, and never lost the childlike simplicity and zest in life which characterize his style. He was born in Paris in 1815; and his parents, plain working-people who were ambitious for their boy, gave him unusual advantages for one of his class. His course at the Collège Stanilaus was not completed without self-sacrifice at home which made him prize and improve his opportunities. At twenty-one he became instructor in history in the same college, and he was teaching in the Collège Henri IV., when he was drafted as a soldier. After three years' service he was bought out by his friend and former professor M. Burette, whose private secretary he became. Always interested in politics, and an ardent republican, he welcomed the revolution of 1848 with an enthusiasm which involved him in difficulties a few years later. With the restoration of the Empire under Louis Napoleon he was banished; and in exile, at the age of thirty-seven, he discovered his true vocation.

JEAN MACÉ

The "Little Château," at Beblenheim in Alsace, was a private school for girls, kept by his friend Mademoiselle Verenet, who now offered Macé a position as teacher of natural science and literature. He loved to teach, loved to impart fact so that it might exercise a moral influence upon character; and he was very happy in the calmly busy life at Beblenheim, where, as he says, "I was at last in my true calling."

In 1861 he published the 'Histoire d'une Bouchée de Pain,'—a simple yet comprehensive work on physiology, made as delightful as a story-book to child readers. Its wide popularity both in French, and in an English translation as 'The Story of a Mouthful of Bread,' prompted a sequel, 'Les Serviteurs de l'Estomac' (The Servants of the Stomach), also very successful. But the 'Contes du Petit Château,' a collection of charming fairy tales written for his little pupils, is Macé's masterpiece. These stories are simple lessons in thrift,

truth, and generosity, inculcated with dramatic force and imaginative vigor. Translated as 'Home Fairy Tales,' they have long been familiar to English and American children.

After ten years at Beblenheim, Macé returned to Paris, where in company with Stahl he established the popular Magasin d'Éducation et de Récréation. One of his strongest desires had always been to extend educational influences; and for this purpose he established in 1863 the Société des Bibliothèques Communales du Haut Rhin, and later organized a League of Instruction for increasing the number of schools and libraries. He died in 1894.

THE NECKLACE OF TRUTH

From 'Macé's Fairy Book.' Translated by Mary L. Booth, and published by Harper & Brothers

THERE was once a little girl by the name of Coralie, who took pleasure in telling falsehoods. Some children think very little of not speaking the truth; and a small falsehood, or a great one in case of necessity, that saves them from a duty or a punishment, procures them a pleasure, or gratifies their self-love, seems to them the most allowable thing in the world. Now Coralie was one of this sort. The truth was a thing of which she had no idea; and any excuse was good to her, provided that it was believed. Her parents were for a long time deceived by her stories; but they saw at last that she was telling them what was not true, and from that moment they had not the least confidence in anything that she said.

It is a terrible thing for parents not to be able to believe their children's words. It would be better almost to have no children; for the habit of lying, early acquired, may lead them in after years to the most shameful crimes: and what parent can help trembling at the thought that he may be bringing up his children to dishonor?

After vainly trying every means to reform her, Coralie's parents resolved to take her to the enchanter Merlin, who was celebrated at that time over all the globe, and who was the greatest friend of truth that ever lived. For this reason, little children that were in the habit of telling falsehoods were brought to him from all directions, in order that he might cure them.

The enchanter Merlin lived in a glass palace, the walls of which were transparent; and never in his whole life had the

idea crossed his mind of disguising one of his actions, of causing others to believe what was not true, or even of suffering them to believe it by being silent when he might have spoken. He knew liars by their odor a league off; and when Coralie approached the palace, he was obliged to burn vinegar to prevent himself from being ill.

Coralie's mother, with a beating heart, undertook to explain the vile disease which had attacked her daughter; and blushingly commenced a confused speech, rendered misty by shame, when Merlin stopped her short.

"I know what is the matter, my good lady," said he. "I felt your daughter's approach long ago. She is one of the greatest liars in the world, and she has made me very uncomfortable."

The parents perceived that fame had not deceived them in praising the skill of the enchanter; and Coralie, covered with confusion, knew not where to hide her head. She took refuge under the apron of her mother, who sheltered her as well as she could, terrified at the turn affairs were taking, while her father stood before her to protect her at all risks. They were very anxious that their child should be cured, but they wished her cured gently and without hurting her.

"Don't be afraid," said Merlin, seeing their terror: "I do not employ violence in curing these diseases. I am only going to make Coralie a beautiful present, which I think will not displease her."

He opened a drawer, and took from it a magnificent amethyst necklace, beautifully set, with a diamond clasp of dazzling lustre. He put it on Coralie's neck, and dismissing the parents with a friendly gesture, "Go, good people," said he, "and have no more anxiety. Your daughter carries with her a sure guardian of the truth."

Coralie, flushed with pleasure, was hastily retreating, delighted at having escaped so easily, when Merlin called her back.

"In a year," said he, looking at her sternly, "I shall come for my necklace. Till that time I forbid you to take it off for a single instant: if you dare to do so, woe be unto you!"

"Oh, I ask nothing better than always to wear it,—it is so beautiful."

In order that you may know, I will tell you that this necklace was none other than the famous Necklace of Truth, so much talked of in ancient books, which unveiled every species of falsehood.

The day after Coralie returned home she was sent to school. As she had long been absent, all the little girls crowded round her, as always happens in such cases. There was a general cry of admiration at the sight of the necklace.

"Where did it come from?" and "where did you get it?" was asked on all sides.

In those days, for any one to say that he had been to the enchanter Merlin's was to tell the whole story. Coralie took good care not to betray herself in this way.

"I was sick for a long time," said she, boldly; "and on my recovery my parents gave me this beautiful necklace."

A loud cry rose from all at once. The diamonds of the clasp, which had shot forth so brilliant a light, had suddenly become dim, and were turned to coarse glass.

"Well, yes, I have been sick! What are you making such a fuss about?"

At this second falsehood, the amethysts in turn changed to ugly yellow stones. A new cry arose. Coralie, seeing all eyes fixed on her necklace, looked that way herself, and was struck with terror.

"I have been to the enchanter Merlin's," said she, humbly, understanding from what direction the blow came, and not daring to persist in her falsehood.

Scarcely had she confessed the truth when the necklace recovered all its beauty; but the loud bursts of laughter that sounded around her mortified her to such a degree that she felt the need of saying something to retrieve her reputation.

"You do very wrong to laugh," said she, "for he treated us with the greatest possible respect. He sent his carriage to meet us at the next town, and you have no idea what a splendid carriage it was,—six white horses, pink satin cushions with gold tassels, to say nothing of the negro coachman with his hair powdered, and the three tall footmen behind! When we reached his palace, which is all of jasper and porphyry, he came to meet us at the vestibule, and led us to the dining-room, where stood a table covered with things that I will not name to you, because you never even heard speak of them. There was, in the first place—"

The laughter, which had been suppressed with great difficulty ever since she commenced this fine story, became at that moment so boisterous that she stopped in amazement; and casting her eyes once more on the unlucky necklace, she shuddered

anew. At each detail that she had invented, the necklace had become longer and longer, until it already dragged on the ground.

"You are stretching the truth," cried the little girls.

"Well, I confess it: we went on foot, and only stayed five minutes."

The necklace instantly shrunk to its proper size.

"And the necklace — the necklace — where did it come from?"

"He gave it to me without saying a word; probabl —"

She had not time to finish. The fatal necklace grew shorter and shorter till it choked her terribly, and she gasped for want of breath.

"You are keeping back part of the truth," cried her schoolfellows.

She hastened to alter the broken words while she could still speak.

"He said — that I was — one of the greatest — liars — in the world."

Instantly freed from the pressure that was strangling her, she continued to cry with pain and mortification.

"That was why he gave me the necklace. He said that it was a guardian of the truth, and I have been a great fool to be proud of it. Now I am in a fine position!"

Her little companions had compassion on her grief; for they were good girls, and they reflected how they should feel in her place. You can imagine, indeed, that it was somewhat embarrassing for a girl to know that she could never more pervert the truth.

"You are very good," said one of them. "If I were in your place, I should soon send back the necklace: handsome as it is, it is a great deal too troublesome. What hinders you from taking it off?"

Poor Coralie was silent; but the stones began to dance up and down, and to make a terrible clatter.

"There is something that you have not told us," said the little girls, their merriment restored by this extraordinary dance.

"I like to wear it."

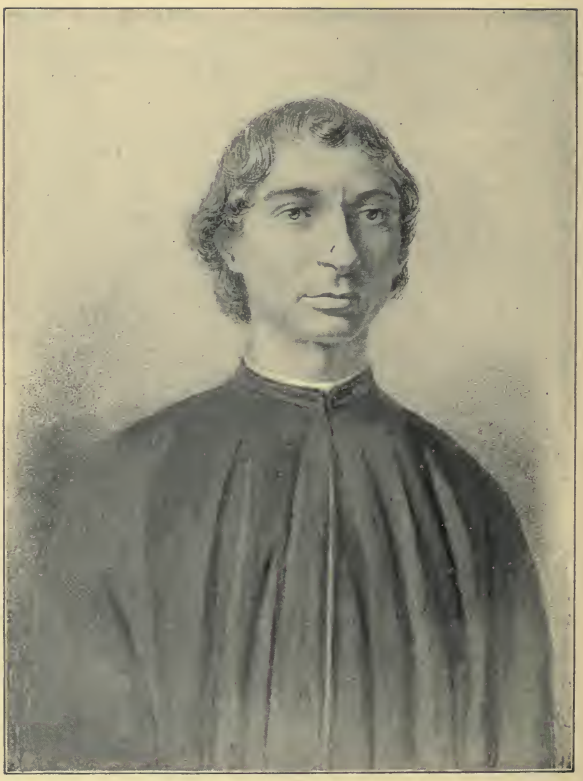
The diamonds and amethysts danced and clattered worse than ever.

"There is a reason which you are hiding from us."

"Well, since I can conceal nothing from you, he forbade me to take it off, under penalty of some great calamity."

You can imagine that with a companion of this kind, which turned dull whenever the wearer did not tell the truth, which grew longer whenever she added to it, which shrunk whenever she subtracted from it, and which danced and clattered whenever she was silent,—a companion, moreover, of which she could not rid herself,—it was impossible even for the most hardened liar not to keep closely to the truth. When Coralie once was fully convinced that falsehood was useless, and that it would be instantly discovered, it was not difficult for her to abandon it. The consequence was, that when she became accustomed always to tell the truth, she found herself so happy in it—she felt her conscience so light and her mind so calm—that she began to abhor falsehood for its own sake, and the necklace had nothing more to do. Long before the year had passed, therefore, Merlin came for his necklace, which he needed for another child that was addicted to lying, and which, thanks to his art, he knew was of no more use to Coralie.

No one can tell me what has become of this wonderful Necklace of Truth; but it is thought that Merlin's heirs hid it after his death, for fear of the ravages that it might cause on earth. You can imagine what a calamity it would be to many people—I do not speak only of children—if they were forced to wear it. Some travelers who have returned from Central Africa declare that they have seen it on the neck of a negro king, who knew not how to lie; but they have never been able to prove their words. Search is still being made for it, however; and if I were a little child in the habit of telling falsehoods, I should not feel quite sure that it might not some day be found again.



MACHIAVELLI

NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI

(1469–1527)

BY CHARLES P. NEILL

NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI, perhaps the greatest prose writer of the Italian Renaissance, was born in Florence May 3d, 1469, and died there June 22d, 1527. He was of ancient and distinguished lineage on both his father's and his mother's side, and many of his more immediate ancestors had been honored by republican Florence with high offices of State. His father Bernardo was a respectable jurist, who to a moderate income from his profession added a small revenue from some landed possessions. His mother was a woman of culture, and a poet of some ability.

Of Niccolo's early life and education we know nothing. No trace of him remains previous to his twenty-sixth year. But of his times and the scenes amid which he grew up, we know much. It was the calm but demoralizing era of Lorenzo the Magnificent, when the sturdy Florentine burghers rested satisfied with magnificence in lieu of freedom, and, intoxicated with the spirit of a pagan renaissance, abandoned themselves to the refinements of pleasure and luxury;—when their streets had ceased for a while to re-echo with the clash of steel and the fierce shouts of contending factions, and resounded with the productions of Lorenzo's melodious but indecent Muse. Machiavelli was a true child of his time. He too was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Renaissance; and looked back, fascinated, on the ideals of that ancient world that was being revivified for the men of his day. But philosophy, letters, and art were not the only heritage that the bygone age had handed down; politics—the building of States and of empire—this also had engaged the minds of the men of that age, and it was this aspect of their activity that fired the imagination of the young Florentine. From his writings we know he was widely read in the Latin and Italian classics. But Virgil and Horace appealed to him less than Livy, and Dante the poet was less to him than Dante the politician; for he read his classics, not as others, to drink in their music or be led captive by their beauty, but to derive lessons in statecraft, and penetrate into the secrets of the successful empire-builders of the past. It is equally

certain, from a study of his works, that he had not mastered Greek. Like Ariosto, Machiavelli was indebted for his superb literary technique solely to the study of the literature of his own nation.

With the expulsion of the Medici from Florence, Machiavelli, at the age of thirty, emerged from obscurity to play a most important rôle in the Florentine politics of the succeeding decade and a half. In 1498 he was elected secretary to the Ten of War and Peace,—a commission performing the functions of a ministry of war and of home affairs, and having in addition control of the Florentine diplomatic service. From 1498 to 1512 Machiavelli was a zealous, patriotic, and indefatigable servant of the republic. His energy was untiring, his activity ceaseless and many-sided. He conducted the voluminous diplomatic correspondence devolving upon his bureau, drew up memorials and plans in affairs of State for the use and guidance of the Ten, undertook the reorganization of the Florentine troops, and went himself on a constant succession of embassies, ranging in importance from those to petty Italian States up to those to the court of France and of the Emperor. He was by nature well adapted to the peculiar needs of the diplomacy of that day; and the training he received in that school must in turn have reacted on him to confirm his native bent, and accentuate it until it became the distinguishing characteristic of the man. His first lessons in politics and statecraft were derived from Livy's history of the not over-scrupulous Romans; and when he comes to take his lessons at first hand, it is in the midst of the intrigues of republican Florence, or at the court of a Caterina Sforza, or in the camp of a Cesare Borgia. Small wonder that his conception of politics should have omitted to take account of honesty and the moral law; and that he conceived "the idea of giving to politics an assured and scientific basis, treating them as having a proper and distinct value of their own, entirely apart from their moral value."

During this period of his political activity, we have a large number of State papers and private letters from his pen; and two works of literary cast have also come down to us. These are his 'Decennale': historic narratives, cast into poetic form, of Italian events. The first treats of the decade beginning 1494; and the second, an unfinished fragment, of the decade beginning 1504. They are written in easy *terzine;* and unfeigned sorrow for the miseries of Italy, torn by internal discord, alternates with cynical mockery and stinging wit. They are noteworthy as expressing the sentiment for a united Italy. A third literary work of this period has been lost: 'Le Maschere,' a satire modeled upon the comedies of Aristophanes.

When in 1512, after their long exile, the Medici returned to Florence in the train of her invader, Machiavelli, though not unwilling

to serve the restored rulers, was dismissed from his office and banished for a year from the confines of the city. Later, on suspicion of being concerned in a plot against the Medici, he was thrown into prison and tortured. He was soon afterward included in a general pardon granted by the Cardinal de' Medici, then become Leo X. But notwithstanding Machiavelli's earnest and persistent efforts to win the good graces of the ruling family, he did not return to public life until 1525; and this interval of enforced leisure from affairs of State was the period of his literary activity. A number of comedies, minor poems, and short prose compositions did not rise above mediocrity. They were for the most part translations from the classics, or imitations; and the names are hardly worth recounting. But in one dramatic effort he rose to the stature of genius. His 'Mandragola' achieved a flattering success both at Rome and in Florence. It has been pronounced the finest comedy of the Italian stage, and Macaulay rated it as inferior only to the greatest of Molière's. In its form, its spontaneity, vivacity, and wit, it is not surpassed by Shakespeare; but it is a biting satire on religion and morality, with not even a hint of a moral to redeem it. Vice is made humorous, and virtue silly; its satire is "deep and murderous"; and its plot too obscene to be narrated. In it Machiavelli has harnessed Pegasus to a garbage cart.

His lesser prose works are—the 'Life of Castruccio Castracani,' a "politico-military romance" made up partly from incidents in the life of that hero, and partly from incidents taken from Diodorus Siculus's life of Agathocles, and concluding with a series of memorable sayings attributed to Castruccio, but taken from the apophthegms of Plutarch and Diogenes Laertius; and the 'Art of War,' a treatise anticipating much of our modern tactics, and inveighing against the mediæval system of mercenary troops of mail-clad men and horses. A more ambitious undertaking, and in fact his largest work, is the 'History of Florence.' At the suggestion of the Cardinal de' Medici, the directors of the studio of Florence commissioned Machiavelli to employ himself in writing a history of Florence, "from whatever period he might think fit to select, and either in the Latin or the Tuscan tongue, according to his taste." He was to receive one hundred florins a year for two years to enable him to pursue the work. He chose his native tongue; and revised and polished his work until it became a model of style, and in its best passages justifies his claim to the title of the best and most finished of Italian prose writers. He thus describes the luring of Giuliano de' Medici to his place of assassination:—

"This arrangement having been determined upon, they went into the church, where the Cardinal had already arrived with Lorenzo de' Medici. The

church was crowded with people, and divine service had already commenced; but Giuliano had not yet come. Francesco dei Pazzi, therefore, together with Bernardo, who had been designated to kill Giuliano, went to his house, and by artful persuasion induced him to go to the church. It is really a noteworthy fact that so much hatred and the thoughts of so great an outrage could be concealed under so much resoluteness of heart, as was the case with Francesco and Bernardo; for on the way to church, and even after having entered it, they entertained him with merry jests and youthful chatter. And Francesco, even, under pretense of caressing him, felt him with his hands and pressed him in his arms, for the purpose of ascertaining whether he wore a cuirass or any other means of protection under his garments.»

But though Machiavelli had the historical style, he lacked historical perspective; he arranged his matter not according to objective value, but placed in the boldest relief those events that best lent support to his own theories of politics and statecraft. He makes his facts to be as he wishes them, rather than as he knows them to be. He wishes to throw contempt on mercenary troops, and though he knows an engagement to have been bloody, prefers for his description such a conclusion as this:—«In the tremendous defeat that was noised throughout Italy, no one perished excepting Ludovico degli Obizzi and two of his men, who being thrown from their horses were smothered in the mud.» To Machiavelli history was largely to be written as a *tendenz roman*,—manufactured to point a preconceived moral.

Though Machiavelli wrote history, poetry, and comedy, it is not by these he is remembered. The works that have made his name a synonym, and given it a place in every tongue, are the two works written almost in the first year of his retirement from political life. These are 'The Prince' and the 'Discourses on the First Ten Books of Titus Livius.' Each is a treatise on statecraft; together they form a complete and unified treatise, and represent an attempt to formulate inductively a science of politics. The 'Discourses' study republican institutions, 'The Prince' monarchical ones. The first is the more elementary, and would come first in logical arrangement. But in the writing of them Machiavelli had in view more than the foundation of a science of politics. He was anxious to win the favor of the Medici; and as these were not so much interested in how republics are best built up, he completed 'The Prince' first, and sent it forth dedicated «to the magnificent Lorenzo, son of Piero de' Medici.»

In the 'Discourses,' the author essays «a new science of statesmanship, based on the experience of human events and history.» In that day of worship of the ancient world, Machiavelli endeavors to draw men to a study of its politics as well as its art. In Livy he finds the field for this study.

«When we consider the general respect for antiquity, and how often—to say nothing of other examples—a great price is paid for some fragments of an antique statue which we are anxious to possess to ornament our houses with, or to give to artists who strive to imitate them in their own works; and when we see, on the other hand, the wonderful examples which the history of ancient kingdoms and republics presents to us, the prodigies of virtue and of wisdom displayed by the kings, captains, citizens, and legislators who have sacrificed themselves for their country: when we see these, I say, more admired than imitated, or so much neglected that not the least trace of this ancient virtue remains,—we cannot but be at the same time as much surprised as afflicted; the more so as in the differences which arise between citizens, or in the maladies to which they are subjected, we see these same people have recourse to the judgments and the remedies prescribed by the ancients. The civil laws are in fact nothing but the decisions given by their jurisconsults, and which, reduced to a system, direct our modern jurists in their decisions. And what is the science of medicine but the experience of ancient physicians, which their successors have taken for a guide? And yet to found a republic, maintain States, to govern a kingdom, organize an army, conduct a war, dispense justice, and extend empires, you will find neither prince nor republic, nor captain, nor citizen, who has recourse to the examples of antiquity!»

In his commentary on the course of Romulus in the founding of Rome, we find the keynote of Machiavelli's system of political science. His one aim is the building of a State; his one thought, how best to accomplish his aim. Means are therefore to be selected, and to be judged, solely as regards their effectiveness to the business in hand. Ordinary means are of course to be preferred; but extraordinary must be used when needed.

«Many will perhaps consider it an evil example that the founder of a civil society, as Romulus was, should first have killed his brother, and then have consented to the death of Titus Tatius, who had been elected to share the royal authority with him; from which it might be concluded that the citizens, according to the example of their prince, might, from ambition and the desire to rule, destroy those who attempt to oppose their authority. This opinion would be correct, if we do not take into consideration the object which Romulus had in view in committing that homicide. But we must assume, as a general rule, that it never or rarely happens that a republic or monarchy is well constituted, or its old institutions entirely reformed, unless it is done by only one individual; it is even necessary that he whose mind has conceived such a constitution should be alone in carrying it into effect. A sagacious legislator of a republic, therefore, whose object is to promote the public good and not his private interests, and who prefers his country to his own successors, should concentrate all authority in himself; and a wise mind will never censure any one for having employed any extraordinary means for the purpose of establishing a kingdom or constituting a republic. It is well that when the act accuses him, the result should excuse; and when the result is good, as in the case of Romulus, it will always absolve him from blame.»

In an equally scientific and concise manner he analyzes the methods of preventing factions in a republic.

«We observe, from the example of the Roman consuls in restoring harmony between the patricians and plebeians of Ardea, the means for obtaining that object, which is none other than to kill the chiefs of the opposing factions. In fact, there are only three ways of accomplishing it: the one is to put the leaders to death, as the Romans did; or to banish them from the city; or to reconcile them to each other under a pledge not to offend again. Of these three ways, the last is the worst, being the least certain and effective.»

In 'The Prince,' a short treatise of twenty-six chapters, and making little more than a hundred octavo pages, Machiavelli gives more succinct and emphatic expression to the principles of his new political science. 'The Prince' is the best known of all his works. It is the one always connected with his name, and which has made his name famous. It was said of the poet Gray that no other man had walked down the aisle of fame with so small a book under his arm. It might be repeated as truly of Machiavelli. Men, he has said, «preferred infamy to oblivion, for at least infamy served to transmit their names to posterity.» Had he written 'The Prince' to escape oblivion, the fullest measure of his desire would have been attained. For the model of his prince, Machiavelli took Cesare Borgia, and cites him as an example worthy of imitation; and he has shared in the execration that posterity has heaped upon Borgia.

The fifteenth and eighteenth chapters of 'The Prince' contain a formulation of the principles that have brought down condemnation on their author.

«The manner in which men live is so different from the way in which they ought to live, that he who leaves the common course for that which he ought to follow will find that it leads him to ruin rather than to safety. For a man who in all respects will carry out only his professions of good, will be apt to be ruined amongst so many who are evil. A prince therefore who desires to maintain himself, must learn to be not always good, but to be so or not as necessity may require. . . . For, all things considered, it will be found that some things that seem like virtue will lead you to ruin if you follow them; whilst others that apparently are vices will, if followed, result in your safety and well-being.»

And again:—

«It must be evident to every one that it is more praiseworthy for a prince always to maintain good faith, and practice integrity rather than craft and deceit. And yet the experience of our own times has shown that those princes have achieved great things who made small account of good faith, and who understood by cunning to circumvent the intelligence of others; and that in

the end they got the better of those whose actions were dictated by loyalty and good faith. You must know, therefore, that there are two ways of carrying on a contest: the one by law, and the other by force. The first is practiced by men, and the other by animals; and as the first is often insufficient, it becomes necessary to resort to the second.

«A prince then should know how to employ the nature of man, and that of the beast as well. . . . A prince should be a fox, to know the traps and snares; and a lion, to be able to frighten the wolves: for those who simply hold to the nature of the lion do not understand their business.

«A sagacious prince, then, cannot and should not fulfill his pledges when their observance is contrary to his interest, and when the causes that induced him to pledge his faith no longer exist. If men were all good, then indeed this precept would be bad; but as men are naturally bad, and will not observe their faith towards you, you must in the same way not observe yours towards them: and no prince ever yet lacked legitimate reasons with which to color his want of good faith. . . .

«It is not necessary, however, for a prince to possess all the above-mentioned qualities; but it is essential that he should at least seem to have them. I will even venture to say, that to have and to practice them constantly is pernicious, but to seem to have them is useful. For instance, a prince should seem to be merciful, faithful, humane, religious, and upright, and should even be so in reality; but he should have his mind so trained that, when occasion requires it, he may know how to change to the opposite. And it must be understood that a prince, and especially one who has but recently acquired his state, cannot perform all those things which cause men to be esteemed as good; he being often obliged, for the sake of maintaining his state, to act contrary to humanity, charity, and religion. And therefore it is necessary that he should have a versatile mind, capable of changing readily, according as the winds and changes bid him; and as has been said above, not to swerve from the good if possible, but to know how to resort to evil if necessity demands it.»

And yet in these same books we find expressions worthy of a moralist.

«All enterprises to be undertaken should be for the honor of God and the general good of the country.»

«In well-constituted governments, the citizens fear more to break their oaths than the laws; because they esteem the power of God more than that of men.»

«Even in war, but little glory is derived from any fraud that involves the breaking of a given pledge and of agreements made.»

«It is impossible to believe that either valor or anything praiseworthy can result from a dishonest education, or an impure and immodest mind.»

The strangest moral contradictions abound throughout 'The Prince,' as they do in all Machiavelli's writings. He is saint or devil according as you select your extracts from his writings. Macaulay has given us a perfect characterization of the man and his works.

«In all the writings which he gave to the public, and in all those which the research of editors has in the course of three centuries discovered: in his comedies, designed for the entertainment of the multitude; in his comments on Livy, intended for the perusal of the most enthusiastic patriots of Florence; in his 'History,' inscribed to one of the most amiable and estimable of the popes; in his public dispatches; in his private memoranda,—the same obliquity of moral principle for which 'The Prince' is so severely censured, is more or less discernible. We doubt whether it would be possible to find, in all the many volumes of his compositions, a single expression indicating that dissimulation and treachery had ever struck him as discreditable.

«After this, it may seem ridiculous to say that we are acquainted with few writings which exhibit so much elevation of sentiment, so pure and warm a zeal for the public good, or so just a view of the duties and rights of citizens, as those of Machiavelli. Yet so it is. And even from 'The Prince' itself, we could select many passages in support of this remark. To a reader of our age and country, this inconsistency is at first perfectly bewildering. The whole man seems to be an enigma; a grotesque assemblage of incongruous qualities; selfishness and generosity, cruelty and benevolence, craft and simplicity, abject villainy and romantic heroism. One sentence is such as a veteran diplomatist would scarcely write in cipher for the direction of his most confidential spy; the next seems to be extracted from a theme composed by an ardent schoolboy on the death of Leonidas. An act of dexterous perfidy, and an act of patriotic self-devotion, call forth the same kind and the same degree of respectful admiration. The moral sensibility of the writer seems at once to be morbidly obtuse and morbidly acute. Two characters altogether dissimilar are united in him. They are not merely joined, but interwoven. They are the warp and the woof of his mind.»

In consequence of this, no writer has been more condemned or more praised than Machiavelli. Shakespeare, reflecting English thought, uses his name as the superlative for craft and murderous treachery. But later years have raised up defenders for him, and his rehabilitation is still going on. He has been lauded as «the noblest and purest of patriots»; and more ardent admirers could «even praise his generosity, nobility, and exquisite delicacy of mind, and go so far as to declare him an incomparable model of public and private virtue.» In 1787, after his dust had lain for nearly three centuries in an obscure tomb beside that of Michelangelo, a monument was erected above him, with the inscription given below.

TANTO NOMINI NULLUM PAR EULOGIUM

NICOLANO MACHIAVELLUS

[No eulogy could add aught to so great a name as that of Niccolo Machiavelli.]

In 1859 the government of his native Tuscany itself gave his works to the public in a complete edition. And in 1869 the Italian government enrolled him in its calendar of great ones; and placed above the door of the house in Florence in which he lived and died, a marble tablet, inscribed—

A NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI

Dell' Unità Nazionale Precursore audace e indovino
E d'Armi proprie e non aventizie primo Institutore e Maestro
L'Italia Una e Armata pose il 3 Maggio 1869
Il Quarto di Lui Centennario

[To Niccolo Machiavelli—the intrepid and prophetic Precursor of National Unity, and the first Institutor and Master of her own Armies in place of adventitious ones—United and Armed Italy places this on May 3d, 1869, his Fourth Centenary.]

His rehabilitation proceeds from two causes. Later research has shown that perhaps he only reflected his time; and his works breathe a passionate longing for that Italian unity which in our day has been realized. He may be worthy canonization as a national saint; but those who are more interested in the integrity of moral standards than in Italian unity will doubtless continue to refuse beatification to one who indeed knew the Roman *virtus*, but was insensible to the nature of virtue as understood by the followers of Christ. And no amount of research into the history of his age can make his principles less vicious in themselves. A better understanding of his day can only lessen the boldness of the relief in which he has heretofore stood out in history. He was probably no worse than many of his fellows. He only gave a scientific formulation to their practices. He dared openly to avow and justify the principles that their actions implied. They paid to virtue the court of hypocrisy, and like the Pharisee of the earlier time, preached righteousness and did evil; but Machiavelli was more daring, and when he served the devil, disdained to go about his business in the livery of heaven.

Charles P. Neill

THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST CARLO GALEAZZO, DUKE OF MILAN, 1476

From the 'History of Florence'

WHILST the transactions between the King and the Pope were in progress, and those in Tuscany, in the manner we have related, an event of greater importance occurred in Lombardy. Cola Montana, a learned and ambitious man, taught the Latin language to the youth of the principal families in Milan. Either out of hatred to the character and manners of the duke, or from some other cause, he constantly deprecated the condition of those who live under a bad prince; calling those glorious and happy who had the good fortune to be born and live in a republic. He endeavored to show that the most celebrated men had been produced in republics, and not reared under princes; that the former cherish virtue, whilst the latter destroy it; the one deriving advantage from virtuous men, whilst the latter naturally fear them. The youths with whom he was most intimate were Giovanni Andrea Lampognano, Carlo Visconti, and Girolamo Olgiato. He frequently discussed with them the faults of their prince, and the wretched condition of those who were subject to him; and by constantly inculcating his principles, acquired such an ascendency over their minds as to induce them to bind themselves by oath to effect the duke's destruction, as soon as they became old enough to attempt it. Their minds being fully occupied with this design, which grew with their years, the duke's conduct and their own private injuries served to hasten its execution. Galeazzo was licentious and cruel; of both which vices he had given such repeated proofs that he became odious to all. . . . These private injuries increased the young men's desire for vengeance, and the deliverance of their country from so many evils; trusting that whenever they should succeed in destroying the duke, many of the nobility and all the people would rise in their defense. Being resolved upon their undertaking, they were often together; which, on account of their long intimacy, did not excite any suspicion. They frequently discussed the subject; and in order to familiarize their minds with the deed itself, they practiced striking each other in the breast and in the side with the sheathed daggers intended to be used for the purpose. On considering the most suitable time and place, the castle seemed insecure; during the

chase, uncertain and dangerous; whilst going about the city for his own amusement, difficult if not impracticable; and at a banquet, of doubtful result. They therefore determined to kill him upon the occasion of some procession or public festivity, when there would be no doubt of his presence, and where they might under various pretexts assemble their friends. It was also resolved that if one of their number were prevented from attending, on any account whatever, the rest should put him to death in the midst of their armed enemies.

It was now the close of the year 1476,—near Christmas; and as it was customary for the duke to go upon St. Stephen's day, in great solemnity, to the church of that martyr, they considered this the most suitable opportunity for the execution of their design. Upon the morning of that day they ordered some of their most trusty friends and servants to arm, telling them they wished to go to the assistance of Giovanandrea, who, contrary to the wish of some of his neighbors, intended to turn a water-course into his estate; but that before they went they wished to take leave of the prince. They also assembled, under various pretenses, other friends and relatives; trusting that when the deed was accomplished, every one would join them in the completion of their enterprise. It was their intention, after the duke's death, to collect their followers together and proceed to those parts of the city where they imagined the plebeians would be most disposed to take arms against the duchess and the principal ministers of State: and they thought the people, on account of the famine which then prevailed, would easily be induced to follow them; for it was their design to give up the houses of Cecco Simonetta, Giovanni Botti, and Francesco Lucani,—all leading men in the government,—to be plundered, and by this means gain over the populace and restore liberty to the community. With these ideas, and with minds resolved upon their execution, Giovanandrea and the rest were early at the church, and heard mass together; after which Giovanandrea, turning to a statue of St. Ambrose, said, "O patron of our city! thou knowest our intention, and the end we would attain by so many dangers: favor our enterprise, and prove, by protecting the oppressed, that tyranny is offensive to thee."

To the duke, on the other hand, when intending to go to the church, many omens occurred of his approaching death; for in the morning, having put on a cuirass, as was his frequent custom, he

immediately took it off again, either because it inconvenienced him or that he did not like its appearance. He then wished to hear mass in the castle; but found that the priest who officiated in the chapel had gone to St. Stephen's, and taken with him the sacred utensils. On this he desired the service to be performed by the Bishop of Como, who acquainted him with preventing circumstances. Thus, almost compelled, he determined to go to the church; but before his departure he caused his sons, Giovan Galeazzo and Ermes, to be brought to him, and embraced and kissed them several times, seeming reluctant to part with them. He then left the castle, and with the ambassadors of Ferrara and Mantua on either hand, proceeded to St. Stephen's.

The conspirators, to avoid exciting suspicion, and to escape the cold, which was very severe, had withdrawn to an apartment of the arch-priest, who was a friend of theirs; but hearing the duke's approach, they came into the church, Giovanandrea and Girolamo placing themselves upon the right hand of the entrance and Carlo on the left. Those who led the procession had already entered, and were followed by the duke, surrounded by such a multitude as is usual on similar occasions. The first attack was made by Lampognano and Girolamo; who, pretending to clear the way for the prince, came close to him, and grasping their daggers, which being short and sharp were concealed in the sleeves of their vests, struck at him. Lampognano gave him two wounds, one in the belly, the other in the throat. Girolamo struck him in the throat and breast. Carlo Visconti, being nearer the door, and the duke having passed, could not wound him in front; but with two strokes transpierced his shoulder and spine. These six wounds were inflicted so instantaneously that the duke had fallen before any one was aware of what had happened; and he expired, having only once ejaculated the name of the Virgin, as if imploring her assistance.

A great tumult immediately ensued; several swords were drawn; and as often happens in sudden emergencies, some fled from the church and others ran towards the scene of tumult, both without any definite motive or knowledge of what had occurred. Those, however, who were nearest the duke and had seen him slain, recognizing the murderers, pursued them. Giovanandrea, endeavoring to make his way out of the church, had to pass among the women, who being numerous, and according to their custom seated upon the ground, impeded his progress

by their apparel; and being overtaken, he was killed by a Moor, one of the duke's footmen. Carlo was slain by those who were immediately around him. Girolamo Olgiato passed through the crowd, and got out of the church; but seeing his companions dead, and not knowing where else to go, he went home, where his father and brothers refused to receive him; his mother only, having compassion on her son, recommended him to a priest, an old friend of the family, who, disguising him in his own apparel, led him to his house. Here he remained two days, not without hope that some disturbance might arise in Milan which would contribute to his safety. This not occurring, and apprehensive that his hiding-place would be discovered, he endeavored to escape in disguise; but being observed, he was given over to justice, and disclosed all the particulars of the conspiracy. Girolamo was twenty-three years of age, and exhibited no less composure at his death than resolution in his previous conduct; for being stripped of his garments, and in the hands of the executioner, who stood by with the sword unsheathed ready to deprive him of life, he repeated the following words in the Latin tongue, in which he was well versed: "Mors acerba, fama perpetua, stabit vetus memoria facti."*

The enterprise of these unfortunate young men was conducted with secrecy and executed with resolution; and they failed for want of the support of those whom they expected to rise in their defense. Let princes therefore learn to live so as to render themselves beloved and respected by their subjects, that none may have hope of safety after having destroyed them; and let others see how vain is the expectation which induces them to trust so much to the multitude as to believe that even when discontented, they will either embrace their cause or ward off their dangers. This event spread consternation all over Italy; but those which shortly afterwards occurred in Florence caused much more alarm, and terminated a peace of twelve years' continuance. Having commenced with blood and horror, they will have a melancholy and tearful conclusion.

* "Death is bitter, but fame is eternal, and the memory of this deed shall long endure."

HOW A PRINCE OUGHT TO AVOID FLATTERERS

From 'The Prince'

I MUST not forget to mention one evil against which princes should ever be upon their guard, and which they cannot avoid except by the greatest prudence; and this evil is the flattery which reigns in every court. Men have so much self-love, and so good an opinion of themselves, that it is very difficult to steer clear of such contagion; and besides, in endeavoring to avoid it, they run the risk of being despised.

For princes have no other way of expelling flatterers than by showing that the truth will not offend. Yet if every one had the privilege of uttering his sentiments with impunity, what would become of the respect due to the majesty of the sovereign? A prudent prince should take a middle course, and make choice of some discreet men in his State, to whom alone he may give the liberty of telling him the truth on such subjects as he shall request information upon from them. He ought undoubtedly to interrogate them and hear their opinions upon every subject of importance, and determine afterwards according to his own judgment; conducting himself at all times in such a manner as to convince every one that the more freely they speak the more acceptable they will be. After which he should listen to nobody else, but proceed firmly and steadily in the execution of what he has determined.

A prince who acts otherwise is either bewildered by the adulation of flatterers, or loses all respect and consideration by the uncertain and wavering conduct he is obliged to pursue. This doctrine can be supported by an instance from the history of our own times. Father Luke said of the Emperor Maximilian, his master, now on the throne, that "he never took counsel of any person, and notwithstanding he never acted from an opinion of his own"; and in this he adopted a method diametrically opposite to that which I have proposed. For as this prince never intrusted his designs to any of his ministers, their suggestions were not made till the very moment when they should be executed; so that, pressed by the exigencies of the moment, and overwhelmed with obstacles and unforeseen difficulties, he was obliged to yield to whatever opinions his ministers might offer. Hence it happens, that what he does one day he is obliged to cancel the next;

and thus nobody can depend on his decisions, for it is impossible to know what will be his ultimate determination.

A prince ought to take the opinions of others in everything, but only at such times as it pleases himself, and not whenever they are obtruded upon him; so that no one shall presume to give him advice when he does not request it. He ought to be inquisitive, and listen with attention; and when he sees any one hesitate to tell him the full truth, he ought to evince the utmost displeasure at such conduct.

Those are much mistaken who imagine that a prince who listens to the counsel of others will be but little esteemed, and thought incapable of acting on his own judgment. It is an infallible rule that a prince who does not possess an intelligent mind of his own can never be well advised, unless he is entirely governed by the advice of an able minister, on whom he may repose the whole cares of government; but in this case he runs a great risk of being stripped of his authority by the very person to whom he has so indiscreetly confided his power. And if instead of one counselor he has several, how can he, ignorant and uninformed as he is, conciliate the various and opposite opinions of those ministers,—who are probably more intent on their own interests than those of the State, and that without his suspecting it?

Besides, men who are naturally wicked incline to good only when they are compelled to it; whence we may conclude that good counsel, come from what quarter it may, is owing entirely to the wisdom of the prince, and the wisdom of the prince does not arise from the goodness of the counsel.

EXHORTATION TO LORENZO DE' MEDICI TO DELIVER ITALY FROM FOREIGN DOMINATION

From closing chapter of 'The Prince'

If it was needful that Israel should be in bondage to Egypt, to display the quality of Moses; that the Persians should be overwhelmed by the Medes, to bring out the greatness and the valor of Cyrus; that the Athenians should be dispersed, to make plain the superiority of Theseus,—so at present, to illuminate the grandeur of one Italian spirit, it was doubtless needful that Italy should be sunk to her present state,—a worse slavery than that of the Jews, more thoroughly trampled down than the

Persians, more scattered than the Athenians; without a head, without public order, conquered and stripped, lacerated, overrun by her foes, subjected to every form of spoliation.

And though from time to time there has emanated from some one a ray of hope that he was the one ordained by God to redeem Italy, yet we have seen how he was so brought to a standstill at the very height of his success that poor Italy still remained lifeless, so to speak, and waiting to see who might be sent to bind up her wounds, to end her despoilment,—the devastation of Lombardy, the plunder and ruinous taxation of the kingdom of Naples and of Tuscany,—and to heal the sores that have festered so long. You see how she prays to God that he may send her a champion to defend her from this cruelty, barbarity, and insolence. You see her eager to follow any standard, if only there is some one to uprear it. But there is no one at this time to whom she could look more hopefully than to your illustrious house, O magnificent Lorenzo! which, with its excellence and prudence, favored by God and the Church,—of which it is now the head,—could effectively begin her deliverance. . . .

You must not allow this opportunity to pass. Let Italy, after waiting so long, see her deliverer appear at last. And I cannot put in words with what affection he would be received in all the States which have suffered so long from this inundation of foreign enemies! with what thirst for vengeance, with what unwavering loyalty, with what devotion, and with what tears! What door would be closed to him? Who would refuse to obey him? What envy would dare to contest his place? What Italian would refuse him homage? This supremacy of foreign barbarians is a stench in the nostrils of all!

PERCY MACKAYE

(1875–)

THE modern drama since Ibsen has been in large measure realistic and propagandist. The theatre has been crowded with problems, sermons, and reforms. Yet during this period, Romance has refused to leave the stage, and Fancy and Poetry have piped for many a dance. Ibsen himself wrote ‹Peer Gynt› as well as ‹Ghosts›; France has Rostand as well as Brieux; and the new Irish drama is essentially poetic and romantic. In England, not to speak of the blank-verse plays of Stephen Phillips and others, the most popular playwright has been Mr. Barrie who welds sentiment, whimsy, fantasy, and nonsense into a kind of comedy scarcely seen since the days of Bottom and Titania. We may leave it to a future historian to decide where the balance lies between the realistic and the romantic proclivities of our drama, and to determine whether Mr. Shaw throws his weight with the serious preacher or with the «high fantastical.» Our concern is merely to note that our stage has been large enough to afford room for many a flight of fancy.

In the United States, Mr. Percy Mackaye has been the chief poet of the theatre, and whether he has written in verse or in prose he has always contrived to give fancy wing. Sometimes he has gone to the past for his themes. Chaucer provided his first comedy, ‹The Canterbury Pilgrims› (1903), which after many open-air performances graduated into opera. ‹Jeanne d'Arc› (1906) and ‹Sappho and Phaon› (1907) are two of his early tragedies that won the services of distinguished actors. But his fancy has not been confined to the great stories of the past or to the traditional forms of the drama. ‹The Scarecrow› (1908) was sub-titled «a tragedy of the ludicrous»; and a series of one-act plays was brought together under the title ‹Yankee Fantasies› (1912). ‹Eeny Meeny› has the still more attractive label «a moonshine fantasy,» and when Mr. Mackaye came to write of ‹The Immigrants› (1915), the result was denominated a «lyric drama.» The mixture of species indicated by these titles is significant of Mr. Mackaye's invention, which while variable in purpose, is always seeking to escape from the stricter limitations of the theatre. He has found a congenial opportunity in the more spacious stage afforded by the masques, pageants, and out-of-door performances of civic celebrations. His ‹Sanctuary, a Bird Masque› was produced before President Wilson in 1913; his ‹St. Louis,› a civic masque, was given in 1914; and his

‹Caliban,› for the Shakespearian tercentenary, received a stupendous presentation in New York in 1916.

It would be easy to criticize any of Mr. Mackaye's productions from the point of view of dramaturgy; but the remarkable fact is that in so many ways he has succeeded in bringing so varied and so fresh an invention to the service of the stage. Within the same period, other men have written more successful plays, and other men have sustained their fancy in more certain flights. No other man, however, has so persistently and ingeniously wooed the stage with poetry and fantasy.

Percy Mackaye, dramatist, son of Steele Mackaye, dramatist, was born in New York in 1875. Since his graduation from Harvard and the succeeding years of study and travel abroad, he has practised assiduously at his high calling. In addition to a large number of dramatic productions, some of which have been mentioned, he has written many non-dramatic poems, so that his collected works now consist of one volume of plays and one of poems. Among the latter are several read on special occasions, as ‹Ticonderoga› (1909), ‹Ellen Terry› (1910), ‹Commodore Peary and his Men› (1910). He has also published a memoir of his father, several volumes of essays, as ‹The Playhouse and the Play› (1909), and ‹The Civic Theatre› (1912), and (with Professor Tatlock) has written ‹The Modern Reader's Chaucer› (1912).

FROM ‹THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS›

[The scene is at the Tabard Inn; the persons are the pilgrims well known to us from Chaucer's Prologue to the Canterbury Tales.]

KNIGHT — I am returning from the Holy Land
And go to pay my vows at Canterbury.
This is my son.
Chaucer — Go you to Canterbury
As well, Sir Squire?

[*The* Squire, *putting down his flute, sighs deeply.*]

Knight — My son, the gentleman
Accosts thee!
Squire — Noble gentleman — Ah me!

[*He turns away.*]

Chaucer [*follows him*] —
My dearest heart and best beloved foe,
Why liketh you to do me all this woe?
What have I done that grieveth you, or said,
Save that I love and serve you, high and low?
And whilst I live I will do ever so.
Wherefore, my sweet, do not that I be dead;
For good and fair and gentle as ye be,
It were great wonder if but that ye had
A thousand thousand servants, good and bad:
The most unworthiest servant — I am he!

Squire — Sir, by my lady's grace, you are a poet
And lover, like myself. We shall be brothers.
But pardon, sir, those verses are not yours.
Dan Chaucer wrote them. Ah, sir, know you Chaucer?

Chaucer — Twelve stone of him!

Squire — Would *I* did! Is he not
An amorous divinity? Looks he
Like pale Leander, or some ancient god?

Chaucer — Sooth, he is like old Bacchus round the middle.

Squire — How acts he when in love? What feathers wears he?
Doth he sigh oft? What lady doth he serve?
Oh!

[*At a smile from* Chaucer, *he starts back and looks at him in awe: then hurries to the* Knight. Chaucer *walks among the pilgrims, talking with them severally.*]

Miller [*to* Franklin] —
Ten gallon ale? God's arms! I take thee.

Man of Law — What's
The wager?

Franklin — Yonder door; this miller here
Shall break it, at a running, with his head.
The door is oak. The stakes ten gallon ale.

Shipman — Ho, then, I bet the miller shall be drunk.

Merchant — What bet?

Shipman — Twelve crown upon the miller.

Merchant — Done.

[*At the door appears the* Prioress, *accompanied by a Nun and her three priests, one of whom,* Joannes, *carries a little pup. The* Host *hurries up with a reverence.*]

Host — Welcome, my lady dear. Vouchsafe to enter
Poor Harry Bailey's inn.

Progress — Merci.
Host [*to a serving-boy*] — Knave, show
My lady Prioress to the blue chamber
Where His Majesty, King Richard, slept.
Prioress — Joannes,
Mark, Paulus, stay! have you the little hound
Safe?
Joannes — Yes, my lady.
Prioress — Carry him before,
But carefully.
Miller [*to* Yeoman] —
Here, nut-head, hold my hood.
Yeoman — Wilt try bareheaded?
Friar — 'Mass!
Franklin — Ho, for a skull!
Miller, thou art as tough a knot as e'er
The Devil tied. By God, mine ale is spilled.

[*The priests and* Prioress *have just reached the door left front, which the* Miller *is preparing to ram.*]

Ploughman — The door is locked.
Joannes — But, sir, the Prioress —
Shipman — Heigh! Clear the decks!

[*The* Miller, *with clenched fists and head doubled over, runs for the door.*]

Yeoman — Harrow!
Parson — Run, Robin.
Guild-Men [*rise from their dice*] — Ho!

[*With a crash, the* Miller's *head strikes the door and splits it. At the shock, he rebounds against* Joannes, *and reaching to save himself from falling, seizes the puppy.*]

Miller — A twenty devils!
Guild-Men [*all but the* Weaver, *clambering over the table*] —
Come on!
Ploughman [*to the* Miller] — What aileth thee?
Miller — The priest hath bit my hand.
Joannes — Sweet sir, the puppy —
It was the puppy, sir.
Miller — Wring me its neck.
Prioress — Alas, Joannes — help!

Miller — By Corpus bones!
Give me the cur.
Prioress — St. Loy! Will no one help?
Chaucer — Madame, what may I do?
Prioress — My little hound —
The churl — My little hound! The churl will hurt it.
If you would fetch to me my little hound —
Chaucer — Madame, I'd fetch you Cerberus from hell.
Miller — Lo, masters! See a dog's neck wrung!
Chaucer [*breaking through the crowd, seizes the* Miller *by the throat*] —
Which dog's?
Miller — Leave go! — 'Sdeath! Take the whelp, a devil's name.
Chaucer — Kneel! Ask grace of this lady here.
Miller [*sullenly*] — What lady?
Chaucer— Of her whom gentles call St. Charity
In every place and time. —

[*Turns then towards* Prioress.]

What other name
This lady bears, I have not yet been honored
With knowing. — Kneel!
Miller [*morosely; kneels*] — Lady, I axe your pardon.
Chaucer — Madame, your little hound is safe.
Prioress [*nestles the little hound with tender effusiveness; then turns shyly to* Chaucer —
Merci!
My name is Madame Eglantine.

[*Hurries out, left.*]

Chaucer [*aside*] — Hold, Geoffrey!
Yon beastie's quaking side thumped not as thine
Thumps now. And wilt thou ape a little hound?
Ah, Madame Eglantine, unless ye be
To me, as well as him, St. Charity!
Franklin — Who is the man?
Miller — The Devil, by his eye.
They say King Richard hath to court a wrastler
Can grip ten men. I guess that he be him.
Cook — Ho! milksop of a miller!
Miller [*seizing him*] — Say it twice;
What?
Cook — Nay, thou art a bull at bucking doors.
Franklin — Let ribs be hoops for twenty gallon ale
And stop your wind-bags. Come.

Miller [*with a grin, follows the* Franklin] —
By Corpus bones!
Shipman — Twelve crown.
Merchant — Twelve, say you? See my man of law.
Weaver [*springs to his feet*] —
The throw is mine!
Dyer — A lie! When we were away
You changed the dice!
Weaver — My throw was cinq and three.
Dyer — A lie! Have it in your gullet!

[*Draws his knife. They fight.*]

Carpenter — Part them!
Tapicer — Back!
Host — Harrow! Dick Weaver, hold! Fie, Master Dyer,
Here's not a dyeing stablishment; we want
No crimson cloth — Clap hands now: Knave, more ale.
Chaucer [*to the* Doctor] —
If then, as by hypothesis, this cook
Hath broke his nose, it follows first that we
Must calculate the ascendent of his image.
Doctor — Precisely! Pray proceed. I am fortunate
To have met a fellow-doctor at this inn.
Chaucer — Next, treating him by magic natural,
Provide him well with old authorities,
As Esculapius, Diescorides,
Damascien, Constantinus, Averrois,
Hippocrates, Serapion, Razis,
Bernardus, Galienus, Gilbertinus —
Doctor — But, sir, the fellow cannot read —
Chaucer — Why, true;
Then there remains but one sure remedy,
Thus: bid him, fasting, when the moon is wane,
And Venus rises in the house of Pisces,
To rub it nine times with a herring's tail.
Doctor — Yea, Pisces is a fish. — I thank you, sir.

[*He hurries off to the* Cook, *whose nose he has patched.*]

Host [*to the* Reeve, *who enters*] —
God save thee, Osewold! What's o'clock? Thou looks't
As puckered as a pear at Candlemas.
Reeve — There be too many fold i' the world; and none
Is ripe till he be rotten.

[*Sits at table.*]

Penny'orth ale!

Squire — My lord, father!

Knight — Well, son?

Squire [*looking at* Chaucer] — Sir, saw you ever
So knightly, sweet, and sovereign a man,
With eyes so glad and shrewdly innocent?
O, when I laid my hand in his, and looked
Into his eyes, meseemed I rode on horse
Into the April open fields, and heard
The larks upsinging in the sun. Sir, have
You guessed who 'tis?

Knight — To judge him by his speech,
Some valiant officer.

Squire — Nay, I have guessed.

THE SCARECROW

Act IV.

[*Night. The moon, shining in broadly at the window, discovers* Ravensbane *alone, prostrate before the mirror. Raised on one arm to a half-sitting posture, he gazes fixedly at the vaguely seen image of the scarecrow prostrate in the glass.*]

RAVENSBANE — All have left me — but not thou. Rachel has left me; her eyes have turned away from me; she is gone. And with her, the great light itself from heaven has drawn her glorious skirts, contemptuous, from me — and they are gone together. Dickon, he too has left me — but not thou. All that I loved, all that loved me, have left me. A thousand ages — a thousand ages ago, they went away; and thou and I have gazed upon each other's desertedness. Speak! and be pitiful! If thou art I, inscrutable image, if thou dost feel these pangs thine own, show then self-mercy; speak! What art thou? What am I? Why are we here? How comes it that we feel and guess and suffer? Nay, though thou answer not these doubts, yet mock them, mock them aloud, even as there, monstrous, thou counterfeitest mine actions. Speak, abject enigma! — Ah! with what vacant horror it looks out and yearns toward me. Peace to thee! Thou poor delirious mute, prisoned in glass and

moonlight, peace! Thou canst not escape thy gaol, nor I break in to thee. Poor shadow, thou ——

[*Recoiling wildly.*]

Stand back, inanity! Thrust not thy mawkish face in pity toward me. Ape and idiot! Scarecrow! — to console me! Haha! — A flail and broomstick! a cob, a gourd and pumpkin, to fuse and sublimate themselves into a mage-philosopher, who puffeth metaphysics from a pipe and discourseth sweet philanthropy to itself — itself, God! Dost Thou hear? Itself! For even such am I — I whom Thou madest to love Rachel. Why, God — haha! dost Thou dwell in this thing? Is it Thou that peerest forth *at* me — *from* me? Why, hark then; Thou shalt listen, and answer — if Thou canst. Hark then, Spirit of life! Between the rise and setting of a sun, I have walked in this world of Thine. I have gazed upon it, I have peered within it, I have grown enamored, enamored of it. I have been thrilled with wonder, I have been calmed with knowledge, I have been exalted with sympathy. I have trembled with joy and passion. Power, beauty, love have ravished me. Infinity itself, like a dream, has blazed before me with the certitude of prophecy; and I have cried, «This world, the heavens, time itself, are mine to conquer,» and I have thrust forth mine arm to wear Thy shield forever — and lo! for my shield Thou reachest me a mirror — and whisperest «Know thyself! Thou art — a scarecrow: a tinkling clod, a rigmarole of dust, a lump of ordure, contemptible, superfluous, inane!» Haha! Hahaha! And with such scarecrows Thou dost people a planet! O ludicrous! Monstrous! Ludicrous! At least, I thank Thee, God! at least, this breathing bathos can laugh at itself. At least this hotch-potch nobleman of stubble is enough of an epicure to turn his own gorge. Thou hast vouchsafed to me, Spirit, — hahaha! — to know myself. Mine, mine is the consummation of man — even self-contempt!

[*Pointing in the glass with an agony of derision.*]

Scarecrow! Scarecrow! Scarecrow!

The Image in the Glass [*more and more faintly*] — Scarecrow! Scarecrow! Scarecrow!

[Ravensbane *throws himself prone upon the floor, beneath the window, sobbing. There is a pause of silence, and the moon shines brighter. Slowly then* Ravensbane, *getting to his knees, looks out into the night.*]

Ravensbane — What face are you, high up through the twinkling leaves? Why do you smile upon me with such white beneficence? Or why do you place your viewless hand upon my brow, and say, «Be comforted»? Do you not, like all the rest, turn, aghast, your eyes away from me — me, abject enormity, groveling at your feet? Gracious being, do you not fear — despise me? To you alone am I not hateful — unredeemed? O white peace of the world, beneath your gaze the clouds glow silver, and the herded cattle, slumbering far afield, crouch — beautiful. The slough shines lustrous as a bridal veil. Beautiful face, you are Rachel's, and you have changed the world. Nothing is mean, but you have made it miraculous; nothing is loathsome, nothing ludicrous, but you have converted it to loveliness, that even this shadow of a mockery myself, cast by your light, gives me the dear assurance I am a man. Yea, more, that I too, steeped in your universal light, am beautiful. For you are Rachel, and you love me. You are Rachel in the sky, and the might of your serene loveliness has transformed me. Rachel, mistress, mother, beautiful spirit, out of my suffering you have brought forth my soul. I am saved!

The Image in the Glass — A very pretty sophistry.

[*The moonlight grows dimmer, as at the passing of a cloud.*]

Ravensbane — Ah! what voice has snatched you from me?

The Image — A most poetified pumpkin!

Ravensbane — Thing! dost thou speak at last? My soul abhors thee.

The Image — I *am* thy soul.

Ravensbane — Thou liest.

The Image — Our Daddy Dickon and our mother Rickby begot and conceived us at sunrise, in a Jack-o'-lantern.

Ravensbane — Thou liest, torturing illusion. Thou art but a phantom in a glass.

The Image — Why, very true. So art thou. *We* are a pretty phantom in a glass.

Ravensbane — It is a lie. I am no longer thou. I feel it; I am a man.

The Image — And prithee, what's a man? Man's but a mirror,
Wherein the imps and angels play charades,
Make faces, mope, and pull each other's hair —
Till crack! the sly urchin Death shivers the glass,
And the bare coffin boards show underneath.

Ravensbane — Yea! if it be so, thou coggery! if both of us be indeed but illusions, why, now let us end together. But if it be not so, then let *me* for evermore be free of thee. Now is the test — the glass!

[*Springing to the fireplace, he seizes an iron cross-piece from the andirons.*]

I'll play your urchin Death and shatter it. Let's see what shall survive!

[*He rushes to strike the glass with the iron.* Dickon *steps out of the mirror, closing the curtain.*]

Dickon — I wouldn't really!

Ravensbane — Dickon! dear Dickon! is it you?

Dickon — Yes, Jacky! it's dear Dickon, and I really wouldn't.

Ravensbane — Wouldn't what, Dickon?

Dickon — Sweep the cobwebs off the sky with thine aspiring broomstick. When a man questions fate, 'tis bad digestion. When a scarecrow does it, 'tis bad taste.

Ravensbane — At last, *you* will tell me the truth, Dickon! Am I then — that thing?

Dickon — You mustn't be so skeptical. Of course you're that thing.

Ravensbane — Ah me despicable! Rachel, why didst thou ever look upon me?

NORMAN MACLEOD

(1812–1872)

IN THE present century the Scottish Church has given to the world two sons of pre-eminent importance and influence: Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Norman Macleod. The names of these two men, simple clergymen of the simple Scottish Church, are familiar not only in Scotland and among Scotsmen all the world over, but among thousands also of English and Americans. With one only we have to do here: the famous Scottish minister and Queen's Chaplain who became so universally known and beloved in Scotland that he was rarely if ever alluded to by his full name, but simply as "Dr. Norman"—and even, in many localities, merely as "Norman." Norman Macleod was a notable man on account of his writings; a still more notable man on account of his preaching and influence; possibly more notable still as an ideal type of the Highlander from the Highland point of view; and above all, notable for his dominant and striking personality. It has been said, and perhaps truly, that no one has taken so strong a hold of the affections of his countrymen since Burns. Fine as are Dr. Macleod's writings,—notably 'The Reminiscences of a Highland Parish,' 'The Old Lieutenant,' 'The Starling,' and 'Wee Davie,'—we may look there in vain for adequate sources of this wide-spread and still sustained popularity. Fine as his literary gifts are, his supreme gift was that of an over-welling human sympathy, by which he made himself loved, from the poorest Highland crofters or the roughest Glasgow artisans to the Queen herself. This is fully brought out in the admirable Memoir written by his brother, Dr. Donald Macleod, the present editor of that well-known magazine, Good Words, which Dr. Norman began. The name of his childhood and his family, says Dr. Donald,—

"was to all Scotland his title, as distinct as a Duke's,—Norman Macleod; sometimes the 'Norman' alone was enough. He was a Scottish minister, nothing more; incapable of any elevation to rank, bound to mediocrity of means by the mere fact of his profession, never to be bishop of anywhere, dean of anywhere, lord of anything, so long as life held him, yet everybody's fellow wherever he went: dear brother of the Glasgow workingmen in their grimy fustians; of the Ayrshire weavers in their cottages; dear friend of the sovereign on the throne. He had great eloquence, great talent, and many of the characteristics of genius; but above all, he was the most brotherly of men. It is doubtful whether his works will live an independent life after him:

rather, perhaps, it may be found that their popularity depended upon him and not upon them; and his personal claims must fade, as those who knew him follow him into the Unknown.»

And indeed there could be no better summary of Norman Macleod than this at once pious and just estimate by his brother.

He came not only of one of the most famous Highland clans, but of a branch noted throughout the West of Scotland for the stalwart and ever militant sons of the church which it has contributed from generation to generation. It is to this perpetuity of vocation, as well as to the transmission of family names, that a good deal of natural confusion is due in the instance of writers bearing Highland names, and of the Macleods in particular. «They're a' thieves, fishermen, or ministers,» as is said in the West; and however much or little truth there may be in the first, there is a certain obvious truth in the second, and a still more obvious truth in the third. Again and again it is stated that Dr. Norman Macleod—meaning this Norman—is the author of what is now the most famous song among the Highlanders, the 'Farewell to Fiunary'; a song which has become a Highland national lament. But this song was really written by Dr. Norman Macleod the elder; that is, the father of the Dr. Norman Macleod of whom we are now writing.

Norman Macleod was born on June 3d, 1812, in Campbelltown of Argyll. After his education for the church at Glasgow and Edinburgh Universities, he traveled for some time in Germany as private tutor. Some years after his ordainment to an Ayrshire parish, he visited Canada on ecclesiastical business. It was not till 1851 that he was translated to the church with which his name is so closely associated; namely, the Barony Charge in Glasgow. Three years after this, in 1854, he became one of her Majesty's Chaplains for Scotland, and Dean of the Order of the Thistle. In 1860 he undertook the editorship of Good Words; and made this magazine, partly by his own writings and still more by his catholic and wise editorship, one of the greatest successes in periodical literature. Long before his death at the comparatively early age of sixty, he had become famous as the most eloquent and influential of the Scottish ministry; indeed, so great was his repute that hundreds of loyal Scots from America and Australia came yearly to Scotland, primarily with the desire to see and hear one whom many of them looked to as the most eminent Scot of his day. It was in his shrewdness of judgment, his swift and kindly tact, his endless fund of humor, and his sweet human sympathy, that the secret of his immense influence lay. But while it is by virtue of his personal qualities that even now he survives in the memory of his countrymen, there is in his writings much that is distinctive and beautiful. Probably 'The Reminiscences of a

Highland Parish' will long be read for their broad and fine sense of human life in all its ordinary aspects. This book, without any particular pretensions to style, is full of such kindly insight, such swift humor, and such broad sympathy, that it is unquestionably the most characteristic literary work of its author. Probably, among his few efforts in fiction, the story known as 'The Old Lieutenant and his Son' (unless it be 'The Starling') still remains the most popular. Curiously enough, although his sermons stirred all Scotland, there are few of them which in perusal at this late date have any specially moving quality, apart from their earnestness and native spiritual beauty. There is however one which stands out above the others, and is to this day familiar to thousands: the splendid sermon on 'War and Judgment,' which, at a crucial moment in the history of his country, Dr. Norman Macleod preached before the Queen at the little Highland church of Crathie.

The three extracts which follow adequately represent Dr. Macleod. The first exemplifies his narrative style. The second depicts those West Highlands which he loved so well and helped to make others love. The third is one of those little lyrics in lowland Scottish which live to this day in the memories of the people.

THE HOME-COMING

From 'The Old Lieutenant and his Son'

THERE lived in the old burgh one of that class termed "fools" to whom I have already alluded, who was called "daft Jock." Jock was lame, walked by the aid of a long staff, and generally had his head and shoulders covered up with an old coat. Babby had a peculiar aversion to Jock; why, it was difficult to discover, as her woman's heart was kindly disposed to all living things. Her regard was supposed to have been partially alienated from Jock from his always calling her "Wee Babbity," accompanying the designation with a loud and joyous laugh. Now, I have never yet met a human being who was not weak on a point of personal peculiarity which did not flatter them. It has been said that a woman will bear any amount of abuse that does not involve a slight upon her appearance. Men are equally susceptible of similar pain. A very tall or very fat hero will be calm while his deeds are criticized or his fame disparaged, but will resent with bitterness any marked allusion to his great longitude or latitude. Babby never could refuse charity to the needy, and Jock was sure of receiving something from her as the result

of his weekly calls; but he never consigned a scrap of meat to his wallet without a preliminary battle. On the evening of the commemoration of the "Melampus" engagement, Babby was sitting by the fire watching a fowl which twirled from the string roasting for supper, and which dropped its unctuous lard on a number of potatoes that lay basking in the tin receiver below. A loud rap was heard at the back door; and to the question, "Who's there?" the reply was heard of "Babbity, open! Open, wee Babbity! Hee, hee, hee!"

"Gae wa wi' ye, ye daft cratur," said Babby. "What right hae ye to disturb folk at this time o' nicht? I'll let loose the dog on you."

Babby knew that Skye shared her dislike to Jock; as was evident from his bark when he rose, and with curled tail began snuffing at the foot of the door. Another knock, louder than before, made Babby start.

"My word," she exclaimed, "but ye hae learned impudence!" And afraid of disturbing "the company," she opened as much of the door as enabled her to see and rebuke Jock. "Hoo daur ye, Jock, to rap sae loud as that?"

"Open, wee, wee, wee Babbity!" said Jock.

"Ye big, big, big blackguard, I'll dae naething o' the kind," said Babby as she shut the door. But the stick of the fool was suddenly interposed. "That beats a'!" said Babby: "what the sorrow d'ye want, Jock, to daur to presume—"

But to Babby's horror the door was forced open in the middle of her threat, and the fool entered, exclaiming, "I want a kiss, my wee, wee, bonnie Babbity!"

"Preserve us a'!" exclaimed Babby, questioning whether she should scream or fly, while the fool, turning his back to the light, seized her by both her wrists, and imprinted a kiss on her forehead.

"Skye!" half screamed Babby; but Skye was springing up, as if anxious to kiss Jock. Babby fell back on a chair, and catching a glimpse of the fool's face, she exclaimed, "O my darling, my darling! O Neddy, Neddy, Neddy!" Flinging off her cap, as she always did on occasions of great perplexity, she seized him by the hands, and then sunk back, almost fainting, in the chair.

"Silence, dear Babby!" said Ned, speaking in a whisper; "for I want to astonish the old couple. How glad I am to see you!

and they are all well, I know; and Freeman here, too!" Then seizing the dog, he clasped him to his heart, while the brute struggled with many an eager cry to kiss his old master's face.

Ned's impulse from the first was to rush into the parlor; but he was restrained by that strange desire which all have experienced in the immediate anticipation of some great joy,—to hold it from us, as a parent does a child, before we seize it and clasp it to our breast.

The small party, consisting of the captain, his wife, and Freeman, were sitting round the parlor fire; Mrs. Fleming sewing, and the others keeping up rather a dull conversation, as those who felt, though they did not acknowledge, the presence of *something* at their hearts which hindered their usual freedom and genial hilarity.

"Supper should be ready by this time," suggested the captain, just as the scene between Ned and Babby was taking place in the kitchen. "Babby and Skye seem busy: I shall ring, may I not?"

"If you please," said Mrs. Fleming; "but depend upon it, Babby will cause no unnecessary delays."

Babby speedily responded to the captain's ring. On entering the room she burst into a fit of laughing. Mrs. Fleming put down her work and looked at her servant as if she was mad.

"What *do* you mean, woman?" asked the captain with knit brows: "I never saw you behave so before."

"Maybe no. Ha! ha! ha!" said Babby; "but there's a queer man wishing to speak wi' ye." At this moment a violent ring was heard from the door-bell.

"A queer man — wishing to speak with me — at this hour," muttered the captain, as if in utter perplexity.

Babby had retired to the lobby, and was ensconced, with her apron in her mouth, in a corner near the kitchen. "You had better open the door yersel'," cried Babby, smothering her laughter.

The captain, more puzzled than ever, went to the door, and opening it was saluted with a gruff voice, saying, "I'm a poor sailor, sir,—and knows you're an old salt,—and have come to see you, sir."

"See me, sir! What do you want?" replied the captain gruffly, as one whose kindness some impostor hoped to benefit by.

"Wants nothing, sir," said the sailor, stepping near the captain.

A half-scream, half-laugh from Babby drew Mrs. Fleming and Freeman to the lobby.

"You want nothing? What brings you to disturb me at this hour of the night? Keep back, sir!"

"Well, sir, seeing as how I sailed with Old Cairney, I thought you would not refuse me a favor," replied the sailor in a hoarse voice.

"Don't dare, sir," said the captain, "to come into my house one step farther, till I know more about you."

"Now, captain, don't be angry; you know as how that great man Nelson expected every man to do his duty: all I want is just to shake Mrs. Fleming by the hand, and then I go; that is, if after that you want me for to go."

"Mrs. Fleming!" exclaimed the captain, with the indignation of a man who feels that the time has come for open war as against a house-breaker. "If you dare—"

But Mrs. Fleming, seeing the rising storm, passed her husband rapidly, and said to the supposed intruder, whom she assumed to be a tipsy sailor, "There is my hand, if that's all you want: go away now as you said, and don't breed any disturbance."

But the sailor threw his arms around his mother, and Babby rushed forward with a light; and then followed muffled cries of "Mother!" "Father!" "Ned!" "My own boy!" "God be praised!" until the lobby was emptied, and the parlor once more alive with as joyous and thankful hearts as ever met in "hamlet or in baron's ha'!"

HIGHLAND SCENERY

HER great delight was in the scenery of that West Highland country. Italy has its gorgeous beauty, and is a magnificent volume of poetry history, and art, superb within and without, read by the light of golden sunsets. Switzerland is the most perfect combination of beauty and grandeur; from its uplands—with grass more green and closely shaven than an English park; umbrageous with orchards; musical with rivulets; tinkling with the bells of wandering cattle and flocks of goats; social with picturesque villages gathered round the chapel spires—up to the bare rocks and mighty cataracts of ice; until the eye rests on the

peaks of alabaster snow, clear and sharp in the intense blue of the cloudless sky, which crown the whole marvelous picture with awful grandeur! Norway too has its peculiar glory of fiords worming their way like black water-snakes among gigantic mountains, lofty precipices, or primeval forests. But the scenery of the Western Highlands has a distinctive character of its own. It is not beauty, in spite of its knolls of birch and oak copse that fringe the mountain lochs and the innumerable bights and bays of pearly sand. Nor is it grandeur—although there is a wonderful vastness in its far-stretching landscapes of ocean meeting the horizon, or of hills beyond hills, in endless ridges, mingling afar with the upper sky. But in the sombre coloring of its mountains; in the silence of its untrodden valleys; in the extent of its bleak and undulating moors; in the sweep of its rocky corries; in the shifting mists and clouds that hang over its dark precipices: in all this kind of scenery, along with the wild traditions which ghost-like float around its ancient keeps, and live in the tales of its inhabitants, [illegible] meeting to the imagination [illegible] and song, of clanship [illegible] from the rest of Europe, [illegible] long in those rocky fastnesses, before they "passed away forever on their dun wings from Morven."

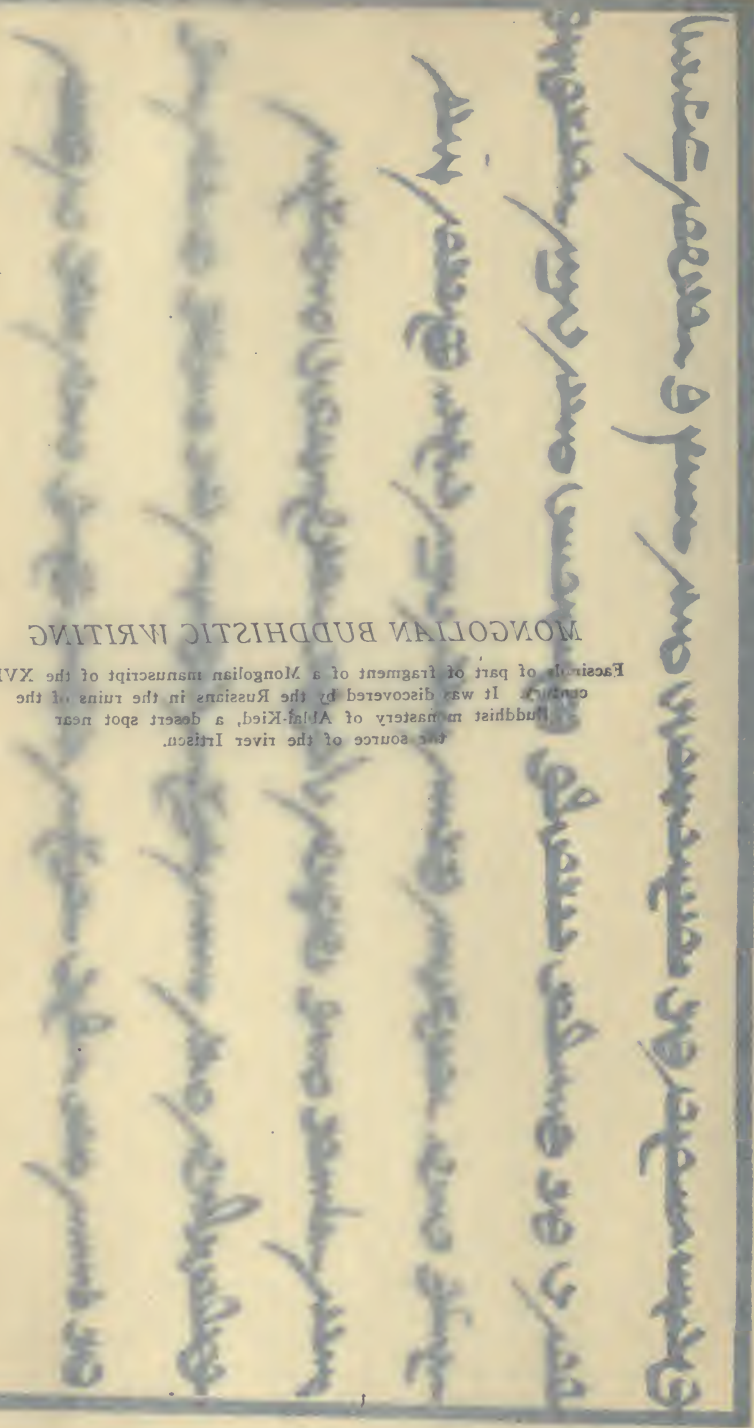
MONGOLIAN BUDDHISTIC WRITING

Facsimile of part of fragment of a Mongolian manuscript of the XVIth century. It was discovered by the Russians in the ruins of the Buddhist monastery of Ablai-Kied, a desert spot near the source of the river Irtisch.

MY LITTLE MAY

My little May was like a lintie
Glintin' 'mang the flowers o' spring;
Like a lintie she was cantie,
Like a lintie she could sing;—
Singing, milking in the gloamin',
Singing, herding in the morn,
Singing 'mang the breckens roaming,
Singing shearing yellow corn!
Oh the bonnie dell and dingle,
Oh the bonnie flowering glen,
Oh the bonnie bleesin' ingle,
Oh the bonnie but and ben!

Ilka body smiled that met her,
Nane were glad that said fareweel;



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Singing 'mang the brackens roaming,
Singing shearing yellow corn!
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Oh the bonnie flowering glen,
Oh the bonnie bleezin' ingle,
Oh the bonnie but and ben!

Ilka body smiled that met her,
Nane were glad that said fareweel;

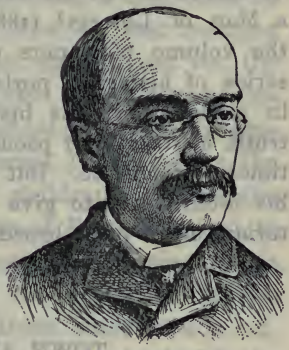
Never was a blyther, better,
Bonnier bairn, frae croon to heel!
Oh the bonnie dell and dingle,
Oh the bonnie flowering glen,
Oh the bonnie bleezin' ingle,
Oh the bonnie but and ben!

Blaw, wintry winds, blaw cauld and eerie,
Drive the sleet and drift the snaw;
May is sleeping, she was weary,
For her heart was broke in twa!
Oh wae the dell and dingle,
Oh wae the flowering glen;
Oh wae aboot the ingle,
Wae's me baith but and ben!

JOHN BACH McMASTER

(1852–)

THE change in aim and method of the modern historian has kept pace with the development of the democratic idea. Where before, in the study and writing of history, the doings of rulers and courts and the working of governmental machinery have been the chief points of interest, to the exclusion of the everyday deeds and needs of the nation, the tendency to-day is to lay emphasis on the life of the people broadly viewed,—the development of the social organism in all its parts. The feeling behind this tendency is based on a conviction that the true vitality of a country depends upon the healthy growth and general welfare of the great mass of plain folk,—the working, struggling, wealth-producing people who make it up. The modern historian, in a word, makes man in the State, irrespective of class or position, his subject for sympathetic portrayal.



JOHN BACH McMASTER

This type of historian is represented by John Bach McMaster, whose 'History of the People of the United States' strives to give a picture of social rather than constitutional and political growth: those phases of American history have been treated ably by Adams, Schouler, and others. Professor McMaster, with admirable lucidity and simplicity of style, and always with an appeal to fact precluding the danger of the subjective writing of history to fit a theory, tells this vital story of the national evolution, and tells it as it has not been told before. The very title of his work defines its purpose. It is a history not of the United States, but of the people of the United States,—like Green's great 'History of the English People,' another work having the same ideal, the modern attitude. The period covered in Professor McMaster's plan is that reaching from the adoption of the Constitution in 1789 to the outbreak of the Civil War,—less than one hundred years, but a crucial time for the shaping of the country. The depiction of the formative time, the day of the pioneer and the settler,—of the crude beginnings of

civilization,— engages his particular attention and receives his most careful treatment. An example is given in the selection chosen from his work, which gains warmth and picturesqueness in this way. The first volume of his work appeared in 1883; the sixth in 1908. It provides an invaluable storehouse of information on the life and manners of our growing nation. Professor McMaster has allowed himself space and leisure in order to make an exhaustive survey of the field, and a synthetic presentation of the material. His history when finished will be of very great value. His preparation for it began in 1870, when he was a young student, and it will be his life work and monument.

John Bach McMaster was born in Brooklyn, June 29th, 1852; and received his education at the College of the City of New York, his graduation year being 1872. He taught a little, studied civil engineering, and in 1877 became instructor in that branch at Princeton. Thence he was called in 1883 to the University of Pennsylvania, to take the chair of American history, which he still holds. Professor McMaster is also an attractive essayist. His 'Benjamin Franklin as a Man of Letters' (1887) is an excellent piece of biography; and the volume of papers called 'With the Fathers' (1896) contains a series of historical portraits sound in scholarship and very readable in manner. In his insistence on the presenting of the unadorned truth, his dislike of pseudo-hero worship, Professor McMaster seems at times iconoclastic. But while he is not entirely free from prejudice, his intention is to give no false lights to the picture, and few historians have been broader minded and fairer.

TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE IN 1800

From 'A History of the People of the United States from the Revolution to the Civil War.' D. Appleton & Co., 1885. Copyright 1885, by John Bach McMaster.

WHAT was then known as the far West was Kentucky, Ohio, and central New York. Into it the emigrants came streaming along either of two routes. Men from New England took the most northern, and went out by Albany and Troy to the great wilderness which lay along the Mohawk and the lakes. They came by tens of thousands from farms and villages, and represented every trade, every occupation, every walk in life, save one: none were seafarers. No whaler left his vessel; no seaman deserted his mess; no fisherman of Marblehead or Gloucester exchanged the dangers of a life on the ocean for the

privations of a life in the West. Their fathers and their uncles had been fishermen before them, and their sons were to follow in their steps. Long before a lad could nib a quill, or make a pot-hook, or read half the precepts his primer contained, he knew the name of every brace and stay, every sail and part of a Grand Banker and a Chebacco, all the nautical terms, what line and hook should be used for catching halibut and what for mackerel and cod. If he ever learned to write, he did so at "writing-school," which, like singing-school, was held at night, and to which he came bringing his own dipped candle, his own paper, and his own pen. The candlestick was a scooped-out turnip, or a piece of board with a nail driven through it. His paper he ruled with a piece of lead, for the graphite lead-pencil was unknown. All he knew of theology, and much of his knowledge of reading and spelling, was gained with the help of the New England Primer. There is not, and there never was, a text-book so richly deserving a history as the Primer. The earliest mention of it in print now known is to be found in an almanac for the year 1691. The public are there informed that a second impression is "in press, and will suddenly be extant"; and will contain, among much else that is new, the verses John Rogers the Martyr made and left as a legacy to his children. When the second impression became extant, a rude cut of Rogers lashed to the stake, and while the flames burned fiercely, discoursing to his wife and nine small children, embellished the verses, as it has done in every one of the innumerable editions since struck off. The tone of the Primer is deeply religious. Two thirds of the four-and-twenty pictures placed before the couplets and triplets in rhyme, from

"In Adam's fall
We sinnèd all,"

to

"Zaccheus, he
Did climb a tree
Our Lord to see,"

represent Biblical incidents. Twelve "words of six syllables" are given in the spelling lesson. Five of them are — abomination, edification, humiliation, mortification, purification. More than half the book is made up of the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, some of Watts's hymns, and the whole of that great Catechism which one hundred and twenty divines spent five years in preparing.

There too are Mr. Rogers's verses, and John Cotton's 'Spiritual Milk for American Babes'; exhortations not to cheat at play, not to lie, not to use ill words, not to call ill names, not to be a dunce, and to love school. The Primer ends with the famous dialogue between Christ, Youth, and the Devil.

Moved by pity and a wish to make smooth the rough path to learning, some kind soul prepared 'A Lottery-Book for Children.' The only difficulty in teaching children to read was, he thought, the difficulty of keeping their minds from roaming; and to "prevent this precipitancy" was the object of the 'Lottery-Book.' On one side of each leaf was a letter of the alphabet; on the other two pictures. As soon, he explained, as the child could speak, it should thrust a pin through the leaf from the side whereon the pictures were, at the letter on the other, and should continue to do this till at last the letter was pierced. Turning the leaf after each trial, the mind of the child would be fixed so often and so long on the letter that it would ever after be remembered.

The illustrations in the book are beneath those of a patent-medicine almanac, but are quite as good as any that can be found in children's books of that day. No child had then ever seen such specimens of the wood-engraver's and the printer's and the binder's arts as now, at the approach of every Christmas, issue from hundreds of presses. The covers of such chap-books were bits of wood, and the backs coarse leather. On the covers was sometimes a common blue paper, and sometimes a hideous wall-paper, adorned with horses and dogs, roosters and eagles, standing in marvelous attitudes on gilt or copper scrolls. The letterpress of none was specially illustrated, but the same cut was used again and again to express the most opposite ideas. A woman with a dog holding her train is now Vanity, and now Miss All-worthy going abroad to buy books for her brother and sister. A huge vessel with three masts is now a yacht, and now the ship in which Robinson Crusoe sailed from Hull. The virtuous woman that is a crown to her husband, and naughty Miss Kitty Bland, are one and the same. Master Friendly listening to the minister at church now heads a catechism, and now figures as Tommy Careless in the 'Adventures of a Week.' A man and woman feeding beggars become, in time, transformed into a servant introducing two misers to his mistress. But no creature played so many parts as a bird, which after being named an eagle, a cuckoo, and a kite, is called finally Noah's dove.

Mean and cheap as such chap-books were, the peddler who hawked them sold not one to the good wives of a fishing village. The women had not the money to buy with; the boys had not the disposition to read. Till he was nine, a lad did little more than watch the men pitch pennies in the road, listen to sea stories, and hurry, at the cry of "Rock him," "Squail him," to help his playmates pelt with stones some unoffending boy from a neighboring village. By the time he had seen his tenth birthday he was old enough not to be seasick, not to cry during a storm at sea, and to be of some use about a ship; and went on his first trip to the Banks. The skipper and the crew called him "cut-tail"; for he received no money save for the fish he caught, and each one he caught was marked by snipping a piece from the tail. After an apprenticeship of three or four years the "cut-tail" became a "header," stood upon the same footing as the "sharesmen," and learned all the duties which a "splitter" and a "salter" must perform. A crew numbered eight; four were "sharesmen" and four were apprentices; went twice a year to the Banks, and stayed each time from three to five months.

Men who had passed through such a training were under no temptation to travel westward. They took no interest, they bore no part in the great exodus. They still continued to make their trips and bring home their "fares"; while hosts of New-Englanders poured into New York, opening the valleys, founding cities, and turning struggling hamlets into villages of no mean kind. Catskill, in 1792, numbered ten dwellings and owned one vessel of sixty tons. In 1800 there were in the place one hundred and fifty-six houses, two ships, a schooner, and eight sloops of one hundred tons each, all owned there and employed in carrying produce to New York. Six hundred and twenty-four bushels of wheat were brought to the Catskill market in 1792. Forty-six thousand one hundred and sixty-four bushels came in 1800. On a single day in 1801 the merchants bought four thousand one hundred and eight bushels of wheat, and the same day eight hundred loaded sleighs came into the village by the western road. In 1790 a fringe of clearings ran along the western shore of Lake Champlain to the northern border, and pushed out through the broad valley between the Adirondacks and the Catskills to Seneca and Cayuga Lakes. In 1800 the Adirondack region was wholly surrounded. The emigrants had passed Oneida Lake, had passed Oswego, and skirting the shores of Ontario

and the banks of the St. Lawrence, had joined with those on Lake Champlain. Some had gone down the valleys of the Delaware and Susquehanna to the southern border of the State. The front of emigration was far beyond Elmira and Bath. Just before it went the speculators, the land-jobbers, the men afflicted with what in derision was called "terraphobia." They formed companies and bought millions of acres. They went singly and purchased whole townships as fast as the surveyors could locate; buying on trust and selling for wheat, for lumber, for whatever the land could yield or the settler give. Nor was the pioneer less infatuated. An irresistible longing drove him westward, and still westward, till some Indian scalped him, or till hunger, want, bad food, and exposure broke him down, and the dreaded Genesee fever swept him away. The moment such a man had built a log cabin, cleared an acre, girdled the trees, and sowed a handful of grain, he was impatient to be once more moving. He had no peace till his little farm was sold, and he had plunged into the forest to seek a new and temporary home. The purchaser in time would make a few improvements, clear a few more acres, plant a little more grain, and then in turn sell and hurry westward. After him came the founders of villages and towns, who, when the cabins about them numbered ten, felt crowded and likewise moved away. Travelers through the Genesee valley tell us they could find no man who had not in this way changed his abode at least six times. The hardships which these people endured is beyond description. Their poverty was extreme. Nothing was so scarce as food; many a wayfarer was turned from their doors with the solemn assurance that they had not enough for themselves. The only window in many a cabin was a hole in the roof for the smoke to pass through. In the winter the snow beat through the chinks and sifted under the door, till it was heaped up about the sleepers on the floor before the fire. . . .

Beyond the Blue Ridge everything was most primitive. Half the roads were "traces" and blazed. More than half the houses, even in the settlements, were log cabins. When a stranger came to such a place to stay, the men built him a cabin and made the building an occasion for sport. The trees felled, four cornermen were elected to notch the logs; and while they were busy the others ran races, wrestled, played leap-frog, kicked the hat, fought, gouged, gambled, drank, did everything then considered

an amusement. After the notching was finished the raising took but a few hours. Many a time the cabin was built, roofed, the door and window cut out, and the owner moved in, before sundown. The chinks were stopped with chips and smeared with mud. The chimney was of logs, coated with mud six inches thick. The table and the benches, the bedstead and the door, were such as could be made with an axe, an auger, and a saw. A rest for the rifle and some pegs for clothes completed the fittings.

The clothing of a man was in summer a wool hat, a blue linsey hunting-shirt with a cape, a belt with a gayly colored fringe, deerskin or linsey pantaloons, and moccasins and shoepacks of tanned leather. Fur hats were not common. A boot was rarely to be seen. In winter, a striped linsey vest and a white blanket coat were added. If the coat had buttons — and it seldom had — they were made by covering slices of a cork with bits of blanket. Food which he did not obtain by his rifle and his traps he purchased by barter. Corn was the staple; and no mills being near, it was pounded between two stones or rubbed on a grater. Pork cost him twelve cents a pound, and salt four. Dry fish was a luxury, and brought twenty cents a pound. Sugar was often as high as forty. When he went to a settlement he spent his time at the billiard-table, or in the "keg grocery" playing Loo or "Finger in Danger," to determine who should pay for the whisky consumed. Pious men were terrified at the drunkenness, the vice, the gambling, the brutal fights, the gouging, the needless duels they beheld on every hand. Already the Kentucky boatmen had become more dreaded than the Indians. "A Kentuc" in 1800 had much the same meaning that "a cowboy" has now. He was the most reckless, fearless, law-despising of men. A common description of him was half horse, half alligator, tipped with snapping-turtle.

On a sudden this community, which the preachers had often called Satan's stronghold, underwent a moral awakening such as this world had never beheld.

Two young men began the great work in the summer of 1799. They were brothers, preachers, and on their way across the pine barrens to Ohio, but turned aside to be present at a sacramental solemnity on Red River. The people were accustomed to gather at such times on a Friday, and by praying, singing, and hearing sermons, prepare themselves for the reception of the

sacrament on Sunday. At the Red River meeting the brothers were asked to preach, and one did so with astonishing fervor. As he spoke, the people were deeply moved; tears ran streaming down their faces, and one, a woman far in the rear of the house, broke through order and began to shout. For two hours after the regular preachers had gone, the crowd lingered and were loath to depart. While they tarried, one of the brothers was irresistibly impelled to speak. He rose and told them that he felt called to preach, that he could not be silent. The words which then fell from his lips roused the people before him "to a pungent sense of sin." Again and again the woman shouted, and would not be silent. He started to go to her. The crowd begged him to turn back. Something within him urged him on, and he went through the house shouting and exhorting and praising God. In a moment the floor, to use his own words, "was covered with the slain." Their cries for mercy were terrible to hear. Some found forgiveness, but many went away "spiritually wounded" and suffering unutterable agony of soul. Nothing could allay the excitement. Every settlement along the Green River and the Cumberland was full of religious fervor. Men fitted their wagons with beds and provisions, and traveled fifty miles to camp upon the ground and hear him preach. The idea was new; hundreds adopted it, and camp-meetings began. There was now no longer any excuse to stay away from preaching. Neither distance, nor lack of houses, nor scarcity of food, nor daily occupations prevailed. Led by curiosity, by excitement, by religious zeal, families of every Protestant denomination — Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians — hurried to the camp-ground. Crops were left half gathered; every kind of work was left undone; cabins were deserted; in large settlements there did not remain one soul. The first regular general camp-meeting was held at the Gasper River Church, in July, 1800; but the rage spread, and a dozen encampments followed in quick succession. Camp-meeting was always in the forest near some little church, which served as the preachers' lodge. At one end of a clearing was a rude stage, and before it the stumps and trunks of hewn trees, on which the listeners sat. About the clearing were the tents and wagons ranged in rows like streets. The praying, the preaching, the exhorting would sometimes last for seven days, and be prolonged every day until darkness had begun to give way to light. Nor

were the ministers the only exhorters. Men and women, nay, even children took part. At Cane Ridge a little girl of seven sat upon the shoulder of a man and preached to the multitude till she sank exhausted on her bearer's head. At Indian Creek a lad of twelve mounted a stump and exhorted till he grew weak, whereupon two men upheld him, and he continued till speech was impossible. A score of sinners fell prostrate before him.

At no time was the "falling exercise" so prevalent as at night. Nothing was then wanting that could strike terror into minds weak, timid, and harassed. The red glare of the camp-fires reflected from hundreds of tents and wagons; the dense blackness of the flickering shadows, the darkness of the surrounding forest, made still more terrible by the groans and screams of the "spiritually wounded," who had fled to it for comfort; the entreaty of the preachers; the sobs and shrieks of the downcast still walking through the dark valley of the Shadow of Death; the shouts and songs of praise from the happy ones who had crossed the Delectable Mountains, had gone on through the fogs of the Enchanted Ground, and entered the land of Beulah, were too much for those over whose minds and bodies lively imaginations held full sway. The heart swelled, the nerves gave way, the hands and feet grew cold, and motionless and speechless they fell headlong to the ground. In a moment crowds gathered about them to pray and shout. Some lay still as death. Some passed through frightful twitchings of face and limb. At Cabin Creek so many fell, that lest the multitude should tread on them, they were carried to the meeting-house and laid in rows on the floor. At Cane Ridge the number was three thousand.

The recollection of that famous meeting is still preserved in Kentucky, where, not many years since, old men could be found whose mothers had carried them to the camp-ground as infants, and had left them at the roots of trees and behind logs while the preaching and exhorting continued. Cane Ridge meeting-house stood on a well-shaded, well-watered spot, seven miles from the town of Paris. There a great space had been cleared, a preacher's stand put up, and a huge tent stretched to shelter the crowd from the sun and rain. But it did not cover the twentieth part of the people who came. Every road that led to the ground is described to have presented for several days an almost unbroken line of wagons, horses, and men. One who saw the meeting when it had just begun wrote home to Philadelphia that

wagons covered an area as large as that between Market Street and Chestnut, Second and Third. Another, who counted them, declared they numbered eleven hundred and forty-five. Seven hundred and fifty lead tokens, stamped with the letters A or B, were given by the Baptists to communicants; and there were still upward of four hundred who received none. Old soldiers who were present, and claimed to know something of the art of estimating the numbers of masses of men, put down those encamped at the Cane Ridge meeting as twenty thousand souls. The excitement surpassed anything that had been known. Men who came to scoff remained to preach. All day and all night the crowd swarmed to and fro from preacher to preacher, singing, shouting, laughing, now rushing off to listen to some new exhorter who had climbed upon a stump, now gathering around some unfortunate, who in their peculiar language was "spiritually slain." Soon men and women fell in such numbers that it became impossible for the multitude to move about without trampling them, and they were hurried to the meeting-house. At no time was the floor less than half covered. Some lay quiet, unable to move or speak. Some talked but could not move. Some beat the floor with their heels. Some, shrieking in agony, bounded about, it is said, like a live fish out of water. Many lay down and rolled over and over for hours at a time. Others rushed wildly over the stumps and benches, and then plunged, shouting "Lost! Lost!" into the forest.

As the meetings grew more and more frequent, this nervous excitement assumed new and more terrible forms. One was known as jerking; another, as the barking exercise; a third, as the Holy Laugh. "The jerks" began in the head and spread rapidly to the feet. The head would be thrown from side to side so swiftly that the features would be blotted out and the hair made to snap. When the body was affected, the sufferer was hurled over hindrances that came in his way, and finally dashed on the ground to bounce about like a ball. At camp-meetings in the far South, saplings were cut off breast-high and left "for the people to jerk by." One who visited such a camp-ground declares that about the roots of from fifty to one hundred saplings the earth was kicked up "as by a horse stamping flies." There only the lukewarm, the lazy, the half-hearted, the indolent professor was afflicted. Pious men, and scoffing physicians who sought to get the jerks that they might speculate upon them, were not

touched. But the scoffer did not always escape. Not a professor of religion within the region of the great revival but had heard or could tell of some great conversion by special act of God. One disbeliever, it was reported, while cursing and swearing, had been crushed by a tree falling on him at the Cane Ridge meeting. Another was said to have mounted his horse to ride away, when the jerks seized him, pulled his feet from the stirrups, and flung him on the ground, whence he rose a Christian man. A lad who feigned sickness, kept from church, and lay abed, was dragged out and dashed against the wall till he betook himself to prayer. When peace was restored to him, he passed out into his father's tan-yard to unhair a hide. Instantly the knife left his hand, and he was drawn over logs and hurled against trees and fences till he began to pray in serious earnest. A foolish woman who went to see the jerks was herself soon rolling in the mud. Scores of such stories passed from mouth to mouth, and may now be read in the lives and narratives of the preachers. The community seemed demented. From the nerves and muscles the disorder passed to the mind. Men dreamed dreams and saw visions, nay, fancied themselves dogs, went down on all fours, and barked till they grew hoarse. It was no uncommon sight to behold numbers of them gathered about a tree, barking, yelping, "treeing the Devil." Two years later, when much of the excitement of the great revival had gone down, falling and jerking gave way to hysterics. During the most earnest preaching and exhorting, even sincere professors of religion would on a sudden burst into loud laughter; others, unable to resist, would follow, and soon the assembled multitude would join in. This was the "Holy Laugh," and became, after 1803, a recognized part of worship.

EFFECTS OF THE EMBARGO OF 1807

From a 'History of the People of the United States from the Revolution to the Civil War.' D. Appleton & Co., 1885. Copyright 1885, by John Bach McMaster.

PARALYSIS seized on the business of the coast towns and began to spread inward. Ships were dismantled and left half loaded at the wharves. Crews were discharged. The sound of the caulking-hammer was no longer heard in the ship-yards. The sail-lofts were deserted, the rope-walks were closed; the

cartmen had nothing to do. In a twinkling the price of every domestic commodity went down, and the price of every foreign commodity went up. But no wages were earned, no business was done, and money almost ceased to circulate. . . .

The federal revenues fell from sixteen millions to a few thousands. . . . The value of the shipping embargoed has been estimated at fifty millions; and as the net earnings were twenty-five per cent., twelve and a half millions more were lost to the country through the enforced idleness of the vessels. From an estimate made at the time, it appears that one hundred thousand men were believed to have been out of work for one year. They earned from forty cents to one dollar and thirty-three cents per day. Assuming a dollar as the average rate of daily wages, the loss to the laboring class was in round numbers thirty-six millions of dollars. On an average, thirty millions had been invested annually in the purchase of foreign and domestic produce. As this great sum was now seeking investment which could not be found, its owners were deprived not only of their profits, but of two millions of interest besides. . . .

Unable to bear the strain, thousands on thousands went to the wall. The newspapers were full of insolvent-debtor notices. All over the country the court-house doors, the tavern doors, the post-offices, the cross-road posts, were covered with advertisements of sheriffs' sales. In the cities the jails were not large enough to hold the debtors. At New York during 1809 thirteen hundred men were imprisoned for no other crime than being ruined by the embargo. A traveler who saw the city in this day of distress assures us that it looked like a town ravaged by pestilence. The counting-houses were shut or advertised to let. The coffee-houses were almost empty. The streets along the water-side were almost deserted. The ships were dismantled; their decks were cleared, their hatches were battened down. Not a box, not a cask, not a barrel, not a bale was to be seen on the wharves, where the grass had begun to grow luxuriantly. A year later, in this same city, eleven hundred and fifty men were confined for debts under twenty-five dollars, and were clothed by the Humane Society.

ANDREW MACPHAIL

(1864–)

BY ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

THE tiny province of Prince Edward Island is noted for the pastoral beauty of its landscape and well deserves its by-name, the Garden of the Gulf. Here, in the Highland settlement of Orwell, a rich farming district, Andrew Macphail was born on November 24th, 1864. His father, William Macphail (who had been shipwrecked on the voyage out from Scotland and had lost all he possessed except his copy of ‹Horace›) was first a farmer-schoolmaster at Orwell, afterwards inspector or «visitor» of schools, and ultimately superintendent of the provincial asylum for the insane.

Andrew Macphail attended Prince of Wales College in Charlottetown, the chief educational institution of the province, and in 1883 became principal of the Fanning Gramma School, a post he held for two years. In 1885 he began his studies at McGill University, supplementing his means by writing for various local papers and by acting as tutor, and was graduated in both arts and medicine within six years. He then went to London to continue his medical studies after graduation. He also visited the East in the interests of a newspaper syndicate.

In 1893, he married Georgina Burland, a lady of rare endowments, who died in 1902, leaving a son and a daughter.

Up to the outbreak of the Great War Macphail practised medicine in Montreal, spending his summers on the paternal acres at Orwell, engaged in his favorite recreation of farming. He was Professor of Pathology in the University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Pathologist to the Western Hospital, and to Verdun Hospital for the Insane, and Professor of the History of Medicine in McGill University. In 1915, as a captain in No. 6 Field Ambulance of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, he followed his brother Alexander and his son Jeffrey overseas. He obtained the post, he said, not on account of his medical knowledge, but because, forty years before, he had learned to ride a horse.

Macphail's literary work is notable for its variety. Countless articles, a novel, some verse, an unpublished play, three volumes of essays, stand to the credit of his untiring pen. He has managed two important publications with conspicuous success, The Canadian Medical Journal and The University Magazine. During the war, he has found time to complete and see through the press his remarkable anthology, ‹The Book of Sorrow.› He has assisted generously in other literary

undertakings such as the publication of Miss Marjorie Pickthall's exquisite poems.

His first book, ‹Essays in Puritanism› (1905), consists of five critical studies of such diverse personalities as Jonathan Edwards, who manifested the spirit of Puritanism in the pulpit, John Winthrop, who showed that spirit at work in the world, Margaret Fuller, who reacted against that spirit in one way, and Walt Whitman, who rebelled against it in another. The fifth essay is a sympathetic appreciation of the character and work of John Wesley. The essays were prepared first for the Pen and Pencil Club of Montreal. They set all the five characters studied in a new light. The style is masculine and distinguished by quiet irony, caustic wit, and incisive vigor of phrase.

With the by-products, apparently, of the research involved in these studies, he constructed his second book, ‹The Vine of Sibmah› (1906). This is an historical romance of Puritan New England shortly after the Restoration. It recounts in the first person the adventures of a young Roundhead captain by sea and land, and reproduces skillfully the «jargon of enthusiasm» in which the Puritans expressed themselves. Though a strong piece of work, it was but coldly received.

In 1907 Macphail launched The University Magazine, a quarterly review. It had its origin in McGill University but Toronto and Dalhousie also associated themselves in the enterprise. Macphail adopted the principle (new in Canada) of paying contributors a living wage and he proved himself an editor of tact and sound judgment. The policy of paying for contributions brought out unsuspected strength of native talent. It was even a commercial success. Not a little of the success, however, was due to the editor's own vigorous articles. While offering an open forum for the discussion of all problems in literature, art, philosophy, and religion, the chief concern was Canadian and Imperial politics.

In 1909, Macphail published a collection of his papers which had already appeared in magazines, under the title ‹Essays in Politics.› No more able or impartial political criticism had appeared in Canada. It was free from partisan bias and the point of view was fresh.

In 1910 appeared the ‹Essays in Fallacy,› containing perhaps Macphail's most serious and valuable criticism.

No other Canadian writer has exercised the critical faculty as widely as Macphail, or presents such a mass of reasoned opinion upon so many themes of perennial human interest. At times, the full force of his judgments is not felt through the subtlety of his irony and his Scottish preference for the understatement. Generally destructive, as criticism must in its nature be, his discussions, especially in the domain of Canadian politics, tend to build up sound national sentiment and to encourage clear thinking.

PSYCHOLOGY OF THE SUFFRAGETTE

To get at the root of the matter, we must understand the essential character of the feminine nature, and if we discover that it is good, neutral, or bad, we must remember that man has made it so. The praise or blame is to us. Therefore we are in reality investigating ourselves. There is a German saying: From a woman you can learn nothing of a woman. As Immanuel Kant explains it: woman does not betray her secret. And yet, the only secret which is well kept is that which is no secret at all. Possibly this is the reason why women and Freemasons have been so successful in guarding theirs. The revelation which women in their writings make of themselves is incomplete because they are incapable of that intellectual effort by which complete detachment is obtained. All the «Confessions» have been done by men, St. Augustine, Montaigne, Pepys, Rousseau, Amiel, and by those immodest writers of the past ten years whose confessions are so tiresome because they have so little to confess, and therefore experience none of that reminiscitory pleasure which makes the confessional so popular.

It was a reflection of Joseph de Maistre: «I do not know what the heart of a rascal may be; I know what is in the heart of an honest man: it is horrible.» Only a man is capable of making this true reflection and of confessing not alone faults which do not dishonor, but secrets which are ridiculous and mortal sins which are without extenuation. One may well believe that Chateaubriand in his ‹Mémoires d'Outre-tombe,› Lamartine in his ‹Confidences,› Renan in his ‹Souvenirs,› even without being consciously insincere or lacking in veracity, refrained from mentioning those cruelly painful reminiscences with which Rousseau scourged himself; but one is considered simple-minded indeed who believes that George Sand tells us as much as she can remember in ‹L'Histoire de ma Vie.› This charge which Mr. Jules Lemaître brings against George Sand finds its explanation in the fact that women really do forget. A man will deliberately revive the remembrance of past sins for his present amendment, and evil being turned into good, the sin is forgiven. A woman forgets an act of meanness because it made no impression upon her mind when she committed it. She does not understand the nature of it. She forgives an act of meanness which a woman commits against her because they understand each other so well.

To arrive at an apprehension of this condition of non-morality, we must go back to the beginning of created beings, when the problems of physiology were reduced to their simplest forms, and the problems of psychology and ethics had not yet made their appearance; when the presence of life was revealed only by the appearance of movement. As we see the living being in its lowest form, it merely moves, eats, grows, reproduces itself, and dies. It is contractile, irritable, receptive, assimilative, metabolic, secretory, respiratory, and reproductive, as the books on science say. This seems a great deal, but in reality it is very little, for it does not differentiate an amœba from a man.

The evolution of the animal kingdom began with the acquirement of the first rudiments of a morality. The original amœba was content to wait until its food arrived in a faint swirl of water. We can well imagine that, by some circumstance which was apparently fortuitous but in reality due to the operation of the law of gravity and of those principles which underlie the distribution of air, the food was brought in unusual quantity or at an unnecessary moment. The creature, being already surfeited, was quite willing that the nutriment should go to a rival. The satisfaction which was experienced as a result of comfortable physical distention was attributed to an act of self-abnegation, and so the foundation of morality was laid.

This illustration may be made more obvious, and perhaps less absurd, if we consider the situation of the savage reclining before the fire with his family in the sanctity of his cave after a successful day's chase, and a surfeit upon the rude but efficient cookery of those days. We shall not be wrong if we surmise that an emotion of gratitude might arise in his breast towards the giver of so much good and of commiseration of a less fortunate neighbor. This laudable sentiment might induce him to share the food which was yet uneaten, especially if — not to credit him with too high and disinterested a morality — he recalled that on previous occasions his surplus store had perished by decay. Certainly he would not feel disposed to interfere with his neighbor's chase, and so the principles of justice would be established. It is not improbable that his neighbor at some future time would do as he had been done by, and accordingly the growth of morality and the bonds of amity would be strengthened. In due course game laws would make their appearance, and out of that would arise a system of jurisprudence to cover the various problems which must have faced a growing, though simple, civilization.

If now it be true that morality had its origin in the mental and

physical activities attendant upon the procuring of food, and since these activities were exercised chiefly by the male, it follows that the female who was not brought under the influence of a favorable environment would remain non-moral. She did not come in contact with the world, as the saying is, and continued unlearned, wanting the hard lesson of experience. Something of a similar nature is still witnessed in the case of those clerics who deal habitually with women, of schoolmasters and professors whose world is merely that which is encountered within the walls of a class-room, and of writers whose observation does not extend beyond their closets. The characteristics of the feminine nature are found in them. They are considered virtuous because the problems of morality have never presented themselves.

Shut out from the world, the primitive woman was not free to develop an independent life. She adapted herself to the man. His views were her views; his dislikes were shared by her, and she adopted his opinions ready-made. She preferred to be dependent, and agreed that the man should continue to mold her mentality. This destruction of her personality and departure from her line of life became so permanent that she enjoyed it. Her sense of personal value was lost. It was found in external things, her beauty, her adornment, her children, or her husband. This lightness of regard for their own personality still persists, as we may see in the readiness with which a woman exchanges her own name for another, not once, but under certain circumstances — after a period of half-luxurious sorrow and self-conscious demureness — twice, or yet again, and each time with the greater alacrity. Without freedom there can be no free will, and without free will there can be no character.

The primitive man in the contest with his environment developed an ethic, a logic, and a morality, because he was free. Deprived of freedom, the primitive woman remained servile in disposition; tyrannical when occasion offered, because the servant ever makes the worst master; unjust, since she was protected against the penalty of injustice; unsympathetic and heartless, because there was no occasion for a wide and disinterested charity; mindless,because there was another to think for her. Trained to accept the conventions which the man imposed upon her, she easily submitted to the conventions devised by her own sex, and became imitative even in the clothes which she wore, in the method of adornment which she adopted, in the sentiments which she entertained, and in the opinions which she expressed. In time, however, she adapted herself to her environment, and developed a kind of ethic of her own, which was entirely adequate for the cir-

cumstances in which she was placed, but breaks down hopelessly in a wider sphere of activity.

As if it were not enough that the woman was deprived of these incentives to the acquisition of a morality, she was made the victim of man's unconscious egoism and his conscious duplicity. Men in common with other males are subject at times to a curious psychical and physical condition which is familiarly known as «being in love.» The first symptom of this mental disorder is an entire incapacity to perceive the truth. He creates an ideal woman, the woman of poetry and other romantical writings. He attributes to her, or rather projects into the ideal, his own qualities of truthfulness, modesty, justice, charity, sympathy, fortitude, and beauty. To employ the jargon of the theologians, this ideal woman is anthropomorphic. A man who is in love with a woman is really in love with himself, but neither the one nor the other is aware of the fact. He begins by deceiving himself and ends by deceiving her, for a time at least, and her future life consists in the employment of every resource to encourage and maintain the fiction. It is not the real woman whom he loves, but a spurious personality. To succeed in retaining this love, she is obliged to live the life of the image which he has created, and ends by destroying her inner self. And yet, under present conditions, that woman succeeds best who is most successful in maintaining this illusion in the minds of both.

This practice of loving and believing a lie is, I suspect, the *fons et origo* of all that is evil in our civilization. Few men and no women are free from the vice. Even the intelligent fall into the easy habit. In an important city the editing of a newspaper was entrusted to ten of the most righteous women to be found therein, and yet they assigned the prize which had been offered for the best expression of appreciation of their labors to a man who affirmed that their literary product would overwhelm the city «with a deluge of sweetness and light.» The second prize went to a woman who predicted that much good would be effected «by their wisdom, their wit, and their might.»

And this leads one to the observation that nearly all writing is an endeavor to minister to this desire for self-deception. Comparatively few men who have attained to the great age of forty years indulge in the pastime of reading. Their experience has taught them that the motive of nearly all writing is the desire for notoriety, either in this life or in the minds of those who are to come. They are wise enough to write their own books; but being wise, they abstain. They regard it as a delusion that all who are capable of reading are also capable

of writing. As well might a man believe that he had a peculiar aptitude for herding sheep and playing the bagpipes, because he was born in the Highlands of Scotland. This desire of women to be deceived accounts for that insincere writing which is found in nearly all novels, and in all of those she-papers which fatten upon their credulity. Reading, then, becomes a vapid and frivolous amusement for dazing the mind, and a book no better than a lap-dog.

Nor does art thrive any better than literature in this atmosphere of feminism. Art has to do with the beauty of utility, of truth. A woman learns by instinct, possibly by experience, that personal beauty does not imply morality, and as it is with her own personality she is most concerned, a secret distrust in all beauty, even the beauty of art, is instilled into her mind. Accordingly the pictures which are painted to please her must have a superficial prettiness, and the houses which are erected for her use will best serve her purpose if, instead of simplicity, they display a decorated cosiness and have sufficient cupboards for the accommodation of her cast-off finery.

The superfluous top-hamper of civilization, which makes living difficult for the rich and impossible for the poor, continues to burden humanity because women will have it so. A world of iniquity is created out of their desire for change. It is not love of beauty which suddenly reveals to a woman that last year's adornment is hideous, but the desire to change one form of ugliness for another. If she possessed that sense of beauty which comes from sincerity, and that in turn from freedom, she would once and for all agree upon some practice of adornment combined with utility, which would have a reasonable degree of permanency, rather than submit to the tyranny of an organized band of mercenaries, who exist for the purpose of exploiting her femininity. This passion in women for splendid apparel arises from their suspicion that they are not in reality beautiful, but have only been told so by men whose senses they suspect are dulled by passion.

The value of the exercise of the suffrage by a woman is that it will serve to emancipate her from herself in so far as it emancipates her from men. In the present state of affairs, which is based on the Oriental conception that a woman is a chattel, a private possession, born to serve and be dependent upon man, she has no complete existence in herself. She obtains the sense of full existence only through her husband and children, just as the Mussulman woman attains to the chief desire of her heart if she is chosen to give a son to the Pattisah. She stands ready to be made wife or mother, that she may acquire

that gift; and her love is the mental sense of satisfaction that she is about to be redeemed.

Looked at narrowly, this attempt on the part of women to emancipate themselves would appear to be nothing more than the expression of a desire to enlarge the range of their caprice, for which not even marriage, the old and sovereign remedy, is any longer efficacious. In reality the reason lies much deeper. It is a blind striving for the pure air of freedom, for escape from a bondage in which only the qualities of the servile have had room for development. Until women cease to believe the pretty lies which men tell them, that they are only a little lower than the angels, and discover the real bondage, their own nature, from which they must emancipate themselves, they will not proceed with any degree of seriousness. They will not convince the world until they themselves are convinced. Analysis they consider detraction, and fly from investigation in wild alarm. Upon this subject there is a considerable body of information in the writings of satirists, dramatists, and theologians, ancient and modern; but it is decried as slander, whether uttered by St. Paul, Origen, Clement of Alexandria, or Otto Weininger.

This violent effort to attain to freedom is bound to be associated with a form of disorderliness which the common mind describes as hysterical. All disorder in itself is bad. It is intolerable only when it is meaningless. It is decried because it is misunderstood. Any consideration of the mind of the suffragette would be quite inadequate without some mention of those complex manifestations which are known as hysteria. Of this too I shall offer an explanation in support of my argument. It is a sign of the striving after a higher morality, of an attempt to «convert nothing into something,» to put on a new nature, to acquire personality, distinction, character, and mind. Up to a certain point the woman accepts her femininity and all that is implied thereby with unquestioning obedience, taking it at its masculine value. In the absence of an external controlling influence there comes a divine discontent with that negative condition of existence, and she becomes imbued with moral ideas which are foreign to her normal mind and opposed to her real nature. In reality she puts on a superficial, sham self, and yet is incapable of perceiving the spuriousness of it. This new personality shows itself in self-confidence, independence, assertiveness, a punctilious sincerity, and painful candor in speech and action. This artificial imitation of the masculine morality with which she has overlaid her femininity, at the touch of some rough reality flies in pieces, and the conflict between her real

nature and this unnatural self produces those phenomena which are known as hysteria. It is a contest between what she knows to be true and what she suspects is false.

A woman in this condition is a piteous and degrading spectacle, exposing her femininity naked yet unashamed, and revealing the whole record of development in its continuous progress through those stages which we designate as plant, beast, and savage life. To the psychologist the phenomenon is full of interest and fruitful of instruction, but it recalls the fearful image conjured up by the words:

> «And Satan yawning on his brazen seat,
> Toys with the screaming thing his fiends have flayed.»

This demand for the suffrage is in reality an attempt to arrive at a higher morality, to attain to consideration in virtue of goodness and not of charm. The real opponents are the women who master men by that easy device, and all men who find it so comfortable to succumb, because they find it so alluring. There is an active and a passive conspiracy working to the same end that women shall not be free. There is no creature in the world who is so irritating to the woman who is merely good as the woman who is merely charming, and therefore in a condition of negative morality. The most efficient means to destroy the force of any charm is to investigate its origin, a task to which those who are striving for emancipation would do well to apply themselves. It is not enough that they have relinquished this quality in themselves. They can succeed only when they have removed its possession from others.

The struggle for freedom from their own nature will not be easy. The habits acquired during countless ages are all but ineradicable; yet progress may appear in the exchange of one bondage for another. One would say that the noble army of martyrs who have attacked the inner sanctuary of the British Constitution had emancipated themselves from every restraint and destroyed the last attraction between themselves and living men; and yet their next act was to bind themselves with physical chains to those stone images of male humanity which stand in the Hall of St. Stephen. This thing is an allegory.

I am not blind to certain perils which lie in the way; but I think they have been exaggerated and will tend to cure themselves. Voting implies being voted for, and men are so fatuous that they will vote for the woman who has a pleasing personality and skill in the adornment of her person, rather than for a candidate of commanding intellect

and skill in the public use of her tongue. Then will arise another noble band of martyrs after the discovery of how little men's votes for women are influenced by reason and how much by charm. They will declare that man shall no longer have the opportunity of being silly, and they will banish their charming sisters from public life.

There is nothing which a man who is left to himself desires so ardently as he desires the feminine. To attain to it he will commit the last infamy, descending to the level of the beast from which he has arisen, even whilst he despises himself for the surrender of that morality which he has so laboriously acquired. This interdependence of good and evil constitutes the riddle of the universe; and yet it is out of this conflict between the lower and the higher that our civilization, as we know it, has arisen. The woman exercises her power by means of a charm, by which she allures and then captivates. The «fountain» of this charm is love, and its essence «pleasant to the eyes» like that fruit which first attracted the Universal Dame herself.

If the power of this charm were unchecked, it would reabsorb the masculine idea into the feminine, so earnestly is it desired by men. It is the business of women to see to it that this charm is exercised with due restraint. Every child knows that a charm is broken by speech, and if the injunction *taceat mulier* were observed, the masculine would be delivered into an eternal bondage. If all women at all times behaved themselves in accordance with the principles of the eternal feminine, which are those of appearance and beauty, men would become so enamored of it that they would mold their lives by it and eventually transform themselves into women.

Compare the power of the woman who sits, and looks, and exercises her charm in silence and mystery with her who says an inane thing three times over with the intention of being interesting and vivacious, or a foolish thing rather than remain silent; with her who votes and speaks in the councils, even though she speak with the tongue of a man and reveal all knowledge; with her who brawls in public places, and even gives her body to the Holloway gaol, and we shall discover the essential reason why women should be encouraged to do these things, namely, that they shall be induced to tell the truth about themselves and so liberate men in some degree from the power of their charm, that reason may govern life.

The women who are not satisfied with the status of wife and mother and are striving to educate themselves into fitting «companions» for their husbands and sons by attending lectures and reading magazines are unaware of the power of this charm, and are

suffering from an exaggerated notion of the kind of companionship for which men are capable. They magnify the masculine intelligence unduly. What a piece of work is a man! they exclaim in rhapsody, how noble in reason, how infinite in faculty, in form and moving how express and admirable, in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god, the beauty of the world! In reality this «paragon of animals» desires a woman more ardently than he desires a talking book, agreeing, if he is sensible, with that eminent divine, John Calvin, when he declared, «The only beauty that can please my heart is one that is gentle, chaste, modest, economical, patient, and, finally, careful of her husband's health.»

The real grievance from which women suffer is that their authority and claim to consideration is based upon a principle which is non-ethical and of no inherent value in their eyes. Their way of escape lies in convincing men that they also should arrive at a like estimate of its fallibility. This can best be done by setting up truth in opposition to falsehood, which is the most subtle method of iconoclasm, the most powerful for breaking down an eidolon in which the affections are inordinately fixed, since the deity and the devotee can then make mutual inferences. To keep the matter scientific and impersonal, they might begin by an investigation into the nature of the troglodytic woman, disclosing her characteristics, assigning them to their proper cause, and estimating what proportion still remains. The opinion requires corroboration that women have been more successful than men in purging away those qualities which were inherent in the primitive nature. Indeed to the most careful observer there is some evidence that jealousy has not entirely given way to justice, heartlessness to charity, pride to dignity, shamelessness to modesty, selfishness to sympathy, and the desire of provoking compassion to a self-reliant fortitude.

This investigation might properly be undertaken by the various Councils of Women, even at the risk of excluding those subjects upon which they possess no especial information, such as the effect of narcotics and intoxicants upon the masculine frame. A frank pronouncement from this high quarter would be free from the taunt that it was merely slander, diatribe, or vituperation. To make the inquiry sufficiently extensive, it might be well to appoint a committee of men to prepare an *agendum* for the meeting, a labor in which I would willingly bear a part, having a desire for specific information upon certain points, namely: why up to a certain age a younger sister dislikes the elder, and between certain ages a mother is averse to her

daughter; why the law of modesty in apparel is not constant at nine o'clock in the evening and nine o'clock in the morning; why it is painful for a woman to witness another advancing in social status; why female beauty and an adornment which heightens it does not excite an emotion of universal pleasure; why women make good nurses, if it is not because they are lacking in sympathy.

For women, then, there are two lines of conduct open, and only two. Either they must remain within the cave, as «sisters to the flowers,» in an environment suitable for the development of such qualities as may be developed from the essentially feminine nature, an easy docility, a pleasurable obedience, meekness, forbearance, long-suffering, patience, silence; as objects upon which men may lavish protection, kindness, benevolence, affection, and so stimulate their own masculine morality, and redeem themselves in virtue of the love which is created thereby: or they must aspire to a perfect freedom; casting aside the curb of sex and freeing themselves from the tyranny of kith and kin, they must come out into the world and remain out in the full glare of the sun, ruthlessly exposing their nature to the rough environment whereby its imperfections will be scourged and chastened away. Possibly that nature might perish in the process before a new one was created, and in any event it might be nothing more than a close approximation to the male.

There is no middle station, half in and half out, exposing the evil and doing nothing for its amendment. This tentative standing-ground merely permits of a sudden release of the nature of the primitive woman in all its nakedness unchecked from within and uncontrolled from without. The spectacle is so revolting, I fear, that most women would turn back with grief and hatred of it to their old rule, rather than strive with a full purpose and endeavor after a new obedience. That is the essential difficulty with which those women have to contend, who would lead their sisters out of bondage. Their real enemies are of their own household, who hate to see this revelation that women make of themselves, which affords to vulgar satirists congenial exercise of their irony and scoff, for the torment or amusement of those who, like themselves, by continually regarding humanity as it is, have developed a capacity for analysis at the expense of a certain dryness and hardness of heart.

These satirists smile and whisper in our ear that the emancipation of women is intended only to enlarge the bounds of their caprice; that their performance is of no immediate interest to the man, and only of very remote benefit to the woman; that, when he grows tired

of the farce, he will cast her out of the cave and leave her to her own device as he was left in the day of his creation. From this they conclude that a race which allows itself to be brought to such an impasse is not worth reproducing, and we cannot blame them too severely. It is on account of their perception of this fact that the women of primitive communities deal faithfully with their unruly sisters lest a worse thing befall themselves. There is a choice between the good and the best as there is between the evil and the good; and women must find in freedom compensation for having cast out the imputed sacredness from their lives; and, in watching the gyrations of their souls, some recompense for that calm leisure in which they were wont to dream.

This then is the end of the argument in favor of the suffragette, which is developed out of her own psychology. Women have obtained their places in the world because they are desired by men on grounds which are not of the highest ethical quality; but these are the only grounds upon which men will consent to endure the burden of carrying on a society, about whose invention they were not consulted. We are now — men and women, not as opponents but as companions in a misery which we should do our best to assuage by mutual help — face to face with the real problem: Shall we allow the evil to endure, or even suffer the good to remain as the enemy of the best, saying with the sluggard, a little more sleep, a little more slumber; or shall we strive after the higher morality, even losing our life that we may save it?

It is no bar to the argument that it faces the extinction of the species to which we belong. In a question of morality consequences do not count. We did not create ourselves. The responsibility of ceasing to exist does not rest upon us. It is in reality a question of conduct, and upon that we can always get information if we inquire of Him whose genius for right living was such that a large proportion of mankind have agreed upon Him as the chief exemplar and pattern of pure righteousness. The problem presented itself to Him. He answered it in specific terms. Three times and in separate places are the question and answer recorded in words which are almost identical: What good thing shall I do that I may inherit eternal life; what lack I yet? What shall I do that I may inherit eternal life? What shall I do to inherit eternal life? To convince us that the answer is not one of special application, the question is repeated thrice in general terms and so recorded: Who then can be saved? Who then can be saved? Who then can be saved? The answer invariably is that those who

would inherit everlasting life must first forsake certain things which are specifically set forth, and the enumeration ends in all cases with «woman.» One is quite prepared to be told that Paul was ill-informed or ill-natured, when he declared that even the intimacy with a woman which is implied by marriage is a drag in the attempt after a higher life, and yet protest, in face of that exegetic feat which attributes the insertion of the fatal word to a monkish hand, that Jesus really meant something when He said that she must be forsaken.

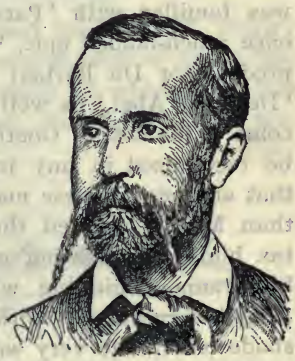
All things are working toward this divine end by making it easy to forsake the woman. As that kind of intelligence is developed by higher education, as it is called with a certain degree of assumption, which consists in an increased capacity for the recollection of unrelated statements, a measure of value is created which men can understand. They are dealing in their own currency. Pedantry they have already witnessed, and the instructed woman is even less adorable than a professor. An imitation of the garb which is customary in the male at once suggests the form which it is intended to conceal and a comparison with the standards of abstract beauty. When women place themselves in situations for which they are not qualified by their nature to fill with obvious advantage they become a ridiculous caricature of themselves. The mind of the suffragette appears to possess a peculiar aptitude for that absurdity which makes a man impatient and finally contemptuous of all femininity, and resolute to adhere to his own ideal. A woman may be foolish and yet be charming. She emancipates herself when she becomes an object of aversion.

EMERICH MADÁCH

(1823–1864)

BY GEORGE ALEXANDER KOHUT

HUNGARY is a favorite land of the Muses. Romance, ardent sentiment, and a certain mystic fervor give to her poetry an exquisite charm. A thrill of fire and passion vibrates in her songs and melodies. Her folk-lore and ancient traditions teem with rich Oriental imagery and beautiful conceptions. These ancient gems have in the present century received a fresh setting at the hands of the literary artists, who have borne witness to the unabated vigor of this people "barbarously grand." Of the modern school, Petöfi the lyric poet and Madách the dramatic are the most popular poets of Hungary.



EMERICH MADÁCH

Madách Imre (for the family name comes first in Hungarian) was born in Alsó Sztregova, Hungary, January 21st, 1823; and died in his native town October 5th, 1864. Of his life little need be told. He was notary, orator, and journalist; at an early age he wrote a number of essays on natural science, archæology, and æsthetics. He wrote lyric as well as dramatic poetry; but it is chiefly through his two dramatic poems, 'Moses' and 'The Tragedy of Man,' written almost simultaneously in 1860, that he is best known. An edition of his collected writings, in three volumes, was issued by Paul Gyulai in Budapest, 1880. His masterpiece, 'The Tragedy of Man,' has been rendered into German no less than five times; the latest version, by Julius Lechner von der Lech (Leipzig, 1888, with a preface by Maurice Jókai), being the most felicitous. Alexander Fischer gave a splendid *résumé* of this powerful drama in Sacher-Masoch's periodical, Auf der Höhe (Vol. xvi., 1885), — the only analysis of it in any language except Hungarian. Though it is too philosophical and contemplative in character, and not intended for the stage, its first production, which took place in September 1883, created an immense sensation both in Austria and Hungary.

To English readers, Madách is a total stranger. His name is scarcely ever found in any encyclopædia or biographical dictionary;

and strangely enough, no attempt has been thus far made to give even a selection from this latter-day Milton of Hungary.

It is not here intended to explain the origin and inner development of this fascinating drama, nor to draw elaborate parallels between its author and his predecessors in other lands. Such a comparative critical study would be interesting as showing the spiritual kinship between master minds, centuries distant from one another, whose sympathies are in direct touch with our own ideals and life problems.

Madách will plead his own cause effectively enough. To him, however, who in reading the 'Tragedy of Man' involuntarily makes such comparisons, and might be led unjustly to question the author's originality, the graceful adage *Grosse Geister treffen sich* (Great minds meet) will serve as an answer. He should rather say, with true artistic estimate, that the shading in the one landscape of a higher life helps to set off the vivid and brilliant coloring in the other; so that the whole, viewed side by side, presents a series of wondrous harmonies. Madách imbibed, no doubt, from foreign sources. He was familiar with 'Paradise Lost,' and with the now obsolete but once much-lauded epic, 'La Semaine' (The Week), of Milton's French predecessor Du Bartas; Alfieri's tramelogedia, 'Abele,' and Gesner's 'Death of Abel,' as well as Byron's 'Mystery of Cain,' may also have come to his notice; Goethe's 'Faust' appears more than once, and may be recognized in any incognito. Yet we cannot say with certainty that any one of these masterpieces influenced his own work, any more than Milton inspired the great German bard. We might as justly tax him with drawing upon Hebrew tradition for the entire plot of his drama, beginning with the fourth scene; for strangely enough, Adam's experiences with his mentor and Nemesis, Lucifer, are foreshadowed in the very same manner in a quaint legend of the Jewish Rabbis, told nearly twenty centuries ago. The comparative study of literature will reveal other facts equally amazing. It is of course self-evident that the morbid pessimism which rings its vague alarms throughout the book is that of Ecclesiastes, whose *vanitas vanitatum* is the key to his doleful plaint.

«I applied my heart to seek and to search out by wisdom concerning all that is done under heaven: it is a sore travail that God hath given to the sons of men to be exercised therewith. I have seen all the works that are done under the sun; and behold, all is vanity and a striving after wind. . . . And I applied my heart to know wisdom, and to know madness and folly: I perceived that this also was a striving after wind. For in much wisdom is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.» (Eccl. i. 12–18.)

This is the leading theme, and Lessing's soulful simile of the ideal, the grand *morale:*—«If God held truth in his right hand,» says he, «and in his left the mere striving after truth, bidding me choose

between the two, I would reverently bow to his left and say, 'Give but the impulse; truth is for thee alone!'"

Thus, after traversing many lands the world over; after plunging into every pleasure and being steeped in every vice; after passions human and divine have had their sway over his spirit,—Adam concedes to Lucifer that the world of ideals is illusory, existing only in fancy, thriving but in our own souls, nourished by sentiment, and supersensitive to the touch of grosser things. And yet the echo which answers his sad pleadings, as he cries out disheartened—

> "O sacred poetry, hast thou then
> Quite forsaken this prosy world of ours?"

is a wholly unexpected one in the grand *finale*. It teaches the doctrine of eternal hope, as the great Hebrew pessimist Koheleth summed it up, when only the Hellenic intellect reigned supreme and the Hellenic heart was cold:—

> "I have decreed, O man—strive ye and trust!"

The ideal conquers in the end, should life and love not fail. Poetry and sentiment transform even this valley of the shadow of death into a Paradise regained. It is a song of the ideals in which salvation lies; and the words of the Lord with which the poem closes are, "Struggle and trust."

George Alexander Kohut

FROM THE 'TRAGEDY OF MAN'

Seventh Scene

Scene: An open square in Constantinople. A few citizens lounging about. In the centre the palace of the Patriarch; to the right a cloister; to the left a grove. Adam *as Tancred, in the prime of life, is seen advancing at the head of returning Crusaders, accompanied by other knights, with colors flying and drums beating;* Lucifer *as his armor-bearer. Evening, then night.*

First Citizen — Behold, there comes another horde of heathen;
Oh, flee and double-bar the doors, lest they
Again the whim to plunder feel!

Second Citizen — Hide ye the women: but too well
Knows this rebel the joys of the seraglio.

First Citizen— And our wives the rights of the conqueror.
Adam— Hold! hold! why scatter in such haste?
Do ye not see the holy sign aloft
That makes us brothers in humanity
And companions to one goal?—
We bore the light of our faith, the law
Of love, into Asia's wilds,
That the savage millions there
Where our Savior's cradle stood
Might share sweet salvation's boon.
Know ye not this brotherly love?
First Citizen— Full many a time through honeyed words
Swift harm befell our homes.

[*They disperse.*]

Adam [*to the knights*]—
Behold, this is the accursed result
When scheming vagabonds
The sacred symbol flaunt,
And flattering the passions of the mob,
Presume unasked to lead.—
Fellow knights! Until our swords
To honor fair, to praise of God,
To women's guard, to bravery,
Be sanctified,—are we in duty bound
This demon foul in constant check to hold,
That in spite of godless inclination,
He great and noble deeds may do.
Lucifer— That sounds well. But, Tancred, what if the people
Do but spurn thy leadership?
Adam— Where spirit is, is also victory.
I'll crush them to the earth!
Lucifer— And should spirit with them alike abide,
Wilt thou descend to them?
Adam— Why descend?
Is it not nobler to lift them up to me?
To yield for lack of fighters
The foremost place in battle, were
As unworthy as to reject a comrade
In envy of his share of victory.
Lucifer— Alack! how the grand idea has come to naught
For which the martyrs of the circus fought!
Is this the freedom of equality?
A wondrous brotherhood were that!

Adam— Oh, cease thy scorn! Think not that I misprize
Christianity's exalted precepts.
My being yearns for them alone!
Whoever hath the spark divine may strive;
And him who upward toils to us
With joy we surely will receive.
A sword-cut lifts him to our ranks.
But guard we must our ranks with jealous eye
Against the still fermenting chaos here.
Would that our time were already near!
For only then can we be quite redeemed
When every barrier falls—when all is pure.
And were he who set this universe in motion
Not himself the great and mighty God,
I must needs doubt the dawn of such a day.
Ye have seen, O friends, how we have been received:
Orphaned amidst the tumult of the town,
Naught now remains save in yonder grove
A tent to pitch, as we were wont among the infidels,
Till better times shall come. Go; I follow soon.
Every knight stands sponsor for his men.

[*The Crusaders pitch their tent.*]

Lucifer—What a pity that thy spirit's lofty flight
Even now begets such sorry fruit;
Red without, within already rotten!
Adam— Stop!
Hast thou no longer faith in lofty thought?
Lucifer— What boots it thee if I believe,
When thine own race doth doubt?
This knighthood which thou hast placed
As lighthouse amid ocean's waves,
Will yet die out, or half collapse,
And make the sailor's course even more fearful
Than before, when no light shone before his way.
What lives to-day and blessing works,
Dies with time; the spirit takes wing
And the carcass but remains, to breathe
Murderous miasmas into the fresher life
Which round him buds. Behold, thus
Survive from bygone times our old ideals.
Adam— Until our ranks dissolve, its sacred teachings
Will have had effect upon the public mind.
I fear no danger then.

Lucifer— The holy teachings! They are your curse indeed,
When ye approach them unawares,
For ye turn, sharpen, split, and smooth
Them o'er so long, till they your phantoms
Or your chains become.
And though reason cannot grasp exact ideas,
Yet ye presumptuous men do always seek
To forge them—to your harm.
Look thou upon this sword! It may by a hair's-breadth
Longer be or shorter, and yet remains the same
In substance. The door is opened thus to endless speculation;
For where is there limit pre-imposed?
'Tis true your feelings soon perceive the right
When change in greater things sets in.—
But why speak and myself exert? Speech
Is wearisome. Turn thou, survey the field thyself.

Adam— Friends, my troops are tired and shelter crave.
In the Capital of Christendom they will
Perchance not crave in vain.

Third Citizen—
The question is, whether as heretics
Ye're not worse than infidels! . . .

Adam— I stand aghast! But see—what prince
Approaches from afar, so haughtily defiant?

Lucifer— The Patriarch—successor to the Apostles.

Adam— And this barefoot, dirty mob
Which follows with malicious joy
In the captive's wake,
Feigning humility?

Lucifer— They are monks, Christian cynics.

Adam— I saw not such among my native hills.

Lucifer— You'll see them yet. Slowly, slowly
Spreads the curse of leprosy;
But beware how you dare insult
This people, so absolute in virtue and
Hence so hard to reconcile.

Adam— What virtue could adorn such folk as this?

Lucifer— Their worth is abnegation, poverty,
As practiced first by the Master on the Cross.

Adam— He saved a world by such humility;
While these cowards, like rebels,
Do but blaspheme the name of God,
In that they despise his gift.

Who 'gainst gnats the weapons same would draw
That in the bear hunt he is wont to use
Is a fool.

Lucifer— But if they in pious zeal, perchance,
Mistake the gnats for monstrous bears,
Have they then not the right to drive
To the very gates of hell
Those who life enjoy? . . .

Adam [*facing the Patriarch*]—
Father, we're battling for the Holy Grave,
And wearied from the way which we have come,
To rest within these walls we are denied.
Thou hast power here: help thou our cause.

Patriarch—
My son, I have just now no time for petty things.
God's glory and my people's weal
Call higher aims now forth. I must away
To judge the heretics; who, like poisonous weeds,
Do grow and multiply, and whom hell
With force renewed upon us throws,
Even though we constant try with fire and sword
To root them out.
But if indeed ye be true Christian knights,
Why seek the Moor so far remote?
Here lurks a yet more dangerous foe.
Scale ye their walls, level them to the ground,
And spare ye neither woman, child, nor hoary head.

Adam— The innocent! O father, this cannot be thy wish!

Patriarch—
Innocent is the serpent, too, while yet of tender growth
Or after its fangs are shed.
Yet sparest thou the snake?

Adam— It must, in faith, have been a grievous sin
Which could such wrath from Christian love evoke.

Patriarch—
O my son! not he shows love who feeds the flesh,
But he who leadeth back the erring soul,
At point of sword,—or e'en through leaping flames
If needs must be,—to Him who said:
Not peace but war do I proclaim!
That wicked sect interprets false
The mystic Trinity. . . .

Monks— Death upon them all!
There burns the funeral pile.

Adam—
My friend, give up the iota, pray:
Your inspired valor in fighting
For the Savior's grave will be
More fitting sacrifice than this.

An Old Heretic—
Satan, tempt us not! We'll bleed
For our true faith where God ordains.

One of the Monks—
Ha, renegade! thou boastest of true faith? . . .

Patriarch—
Too long have we tarried here: away with them
To the funeral pyre, in honor of God!

The Old Heretic—
In honor of God? Thou spakest well, O knave!
In honor of God are we indeed your prey.
Ye are strong, and can enforce your will
As ye may please. But whether ye have acted rightly
Heaven alone will judge. Even now is weighed,
At every hour, your vile career of crime.
New champions shall from our blood arise;
The idea lives triumphant on; and coming centuries
Shall the light reflect of flames that blaze to-day.
Friends, go we to our glorious martyrdom!

The Heretics [*chanting in chorus*]—
My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?
Why art thou so far from helping me
And from the words of my roaring?
O my God, I cry in the daytime, but thou
Hearest not; and in the night season,
And am not silent. But thou art holy!
(Psalm xxii.)

Monks [*breaking in*]—
Plead my cause, O Lord, with them that strive with me;
Fight against them that fight against me;
Take hold of shield and buckler and stand up for mine help;
Draw out also the spear, and stop the way
Against them that persecute me.
(Psalm xxxv.)

[*In the interim the Patriarch and the procession go by. The monks with tracts mingle among the Crusaders.*]

Lucifer—
Why silent thus and horrified?
Dost hold this to be a tragedy?
Consider it a comedy, and 'twill make thee laugh.

Adam— Nay, spare thy banter now! Can one
For a mere iota go firmly thus to death?
What then is the lofty and sublime?
Lucifer— That which to others may seem droll.
Only a hair divides these two ideas;
A voice in the heart alone may judge betwixt them,
And the mysterious judge is sympathy,
Which, blindly, at one time deifies,
Then with brutal scorn condemns to death.
Adam— Why must my eyes be witness of these varied sins?
The subtleties of proud science, and of sophistry!
That deadly poison wondrously so sipped
From the sweetest, gayest, freshest flowers?
I knew this flower once in the budding time
Of our oppressed faith. Where is the wanton hand
That ruthlessly destroyed it?
Lucifer— The wanton hand is victory,
Which wide-spread once, a thousand wishes wakes,
Danger allies, and martyrs makes,
And strength endues;
'Tis there among the heretics.
Adam— Verily, I'd cast away my sword and turn me
To my northern home, where, in the glades
Of the shadowy woods primeval,
Stern manliness, true artlessness yet dwell,
And the rancor of this smooth-tongued age defy.
I would return but for a voice that lisps
The constant message in my ears,
That I alone am called to re-create this world.
Lucifer— Love's labor lost; for unaided thou canst
Ne'er prevail against the ruling spirit of the age.
The course of time is a mighty stream,—
It buries thee or bears thee;
Nor canst thou hope to guide it,
But only swim adrift the tide.
Who in history immortal shine,
And wield uncommon power,
Knew well the time in which they lived,
Yet did not themselves the thought create.
Not because the cock crows does day dawn,
But the cock crows with the dawn of day;
Yonder those who, fettered, fly to face
The terrors of a death of martyrdom,
See scarce a step ahead.

The thought but just conceived dawns in their midst
In the throes of death they hail so joyfully,—
The thought which by a care-free posterity
Will be inhaled with the air they breathe.
But leave thou this theme! Glance toward thy tent:
What unclean monks stroll about there?
What trade they drive, what speeches make
And gestures wild, insane?
Let's nearer draw, and hearken!

A Monk in the centre of a crowd of Crusaders—
Buy ye, brave warriors; neglect ye not
This manual of penance:
'Twill clear all doubt of conscience;
You'll learn therein much weighty mystery:
How many years in hell will burn
Each murderer, thief, and ravisher,
And he who doth our doctrines spurn;
It tells ye what the rich may buy
For a score or more of *solidi;*
And the poor for three alone
May swift obtain salvation's boon;
Whilst even he, to be quite fair,
Who such a sum cannot well spare,
May for a thousand lashes, mind,
Salvation bring upon his kind.
Buy ye, buy ye, this precious book!

The Crusaders—
Here, father, here, give us a copy too!

Adam— Infamous trader, and still more wicked patrons,
Draw ye the sword and end this foul traffic!

Lucifer [*confused*]—
I beg your pardon. This monk has long my partner been.
Not so deeply do I this world despise;
When praise of God soared high,
My homage also rose aloft,
Whilst thine remained becalmed. . . .

Adam— Help me, O Lucifer! Away, away from here!
Lead back my future into past,
That I my fate no longer see,
Nor view a fruitless strife. Pray let me think
If wisdom is to thwart my destiny!

Lucifer— Awake then, Adam,—thy dream is o'er.

Fifteenth Scene

Scene: A garden of palms. Adam, *young again, enters from his bower; still half asleep, he looks about in astonishment.* Lucifer *stands in the middle of the scene. It is a radiant day.*

ADAM— Ye weird scenes and haggard forms,
How have ye left me lone!
Joys and smiles greet now my path,
As once of yore before my heart was broken.

Lucifer— O boastful man, is it thy wish, perchance,
That Nature for thy sake her law should change,—
A star appoint to mark thy loss,
Or shake the earth because a worm has died?

Adam— Have I dreamed, or am I dreaming still?
And is our life aught but a dream at last
Which makes an inanimate mass to live
But for a moment, then lets it fade forever?
Oh why, why this brief glimpse of consciousness,
Only to view the terrors of annihilation?

Lucifer— Thou mournest? Only cowards bend
Their necks to yoke, and unresisting stand
When yet the blow may be averted.
But unmurmuring doth the strong man
Decipher the mystic runes eternal
Of his destiny, caring but to know
If he himself can thrive beneath their doom.
The might of Fate controls the world's great course;
Thou art but a tool and blindly onward driven.

Adam— Nay, nay, thou liest! for the will of man is free;
That at least I've well deserved;
And for it have resigned my Paradise!
My phantom dreams have taught me much;
Full many a madness have I left behind,
And now 'tis mine to choose another path.

Lucifer— Ay, if forgetting and eternal hope
Were not to destiny so closely wed.
The one doth heal thy bleeding wounds,
The other closely screens abysmal depths,
And gives new courage, saying,—
Rash hundreds found a grave therein,
Thou shalt be the first safely to leap it o'er.
Hast thou not, scholar, full oft beheld
The many freaks and whims among

The parasites that brood and breed
In cats and owls only,
But must pass in mice their earliest stage
Of slow development?
Not just the one or other mouse
Predestined is the claw to feel
Of cat or owl; who cautious is
May even both avoid, and keep
In ripe old age his nest and house.
A relentless hand doth yet provide
Just such a number for his foes
As its presence here on earth
Ages hence insures.
Nor is the human being bound,
And yet the race wears chains.
Zeal carries thee like a flood along:
To-day for this, for that to-morrow,
The funeral pyres will their victims claim,
And of scoffers there will be no lack;
While he who registers the count
Will be in wonder lost, that wanton fate
Should have maintained such rare consistency
In making, matching, marring,
In virtue, faith, and sin and death,
In suicide and lunacy.

Adam— Hold! An inspiration fires my brain;
I may then thee, Almighty God, defy.
Should fate but cry to life a thousand halts,
I'd laugh serene and die, should I so please.
Am I not lone and single in this world?
Before me frowns that cliff, beneath whose base
Yawns the dark abysmal gulf.
One leap, the final scene, and I shall cry—
Farewell, the farce at last is ended!

[*Adam approaches the cliff, as Eve appears.*]

Lucifer— Ended! What simple-minded phrases!
Is not each moment end and
Beginning too? Alas! and but for this
Hast thou surveyed millennial years to come?

Eve— I pray thee, Adam, why didst steal off from me?
Thy last cold kiss still chills my heart;
And even now, sorrow or anger sits
Upon thy brow; I shrink from thee!

Adam [*going on*]—
Why follow me? Why dog my footsteps?
The ruler of creation, man,
Has weightier things to do
Than waste in sportive love his days.
Woman understands not; is a burden only.
[*Softening*]—
Oh, why didst thou not longer slumber?
Far harder now the sacrifice will be
That I for future ages offer must.

Eve— Shouldst hear me, lord, 'twill easier be:
What doubtful was, is now assured,—
The future.

Adam— How now?

Eve— The hope my lips thus fain would lisp
Will lift the cloud and clear thy brow.
Come then a little nearer, pray!
O Adam, hear: I am a mother.

Adam [*sinking upon his knee*]—
Thou hast conquered me, O Lord!
Behold, in the dust I lie.
Without thee as against thee I strive in vain;
Thou mayest raise me up or strike me down,—
I bare my heart and soul before thee.

God [*appearing, surrounded by angels*]—
Adam, rise, and be thou not cast down.
Behold, I take thee back to me,
Reconciled by my saving grace.

Lucifer [*aside*]—
Family scenes are not my specialty.
They may affect the heart,
But the mind shrinks from such monotony;
Methinks I'll slink away. [*About to go.*

God— Lucifer! I'll have a word with thee,—remain!
And thou, my son, confess what troubles thee.

Adam— Fearful images haunted me, O Lord,
And what was true therein I cannot tell;
Intrust to me, I beg, I supplicate,
The mystery of all my future state.
Is there naught else besides this narrow life
Which, becoming clarified like wine,
Thou mayest spill with every whim of thine,
And dust may drink it?
Or didst thou mean the soul for higher things?

Will further toil and forward stride my kind,
Still growing nobler, till we perfection find
Near thine almighty Throne?
Or drudge to death like some blind treadmill-horse
Without the hope of ever changing course?
Doth noble striving meet with just reward,
When he who for ideals gives his blood
Is mocked at by a soulless throng?
Enlighten me; grateful will I bear my lot:
I can but win by such exchange,
For this suspense is hell.

God — Seek not to solve the mystery
Which Godly grace and sense benign
Hath screened from human sight.
If thou couldst see that transient is
The soul's sojourn upon this world,
And that it upward soars
To life unending, in the great beyond,—
Sorrow would no virtue be.
If dust absorbed thy soul alike,
What would spur thee on to thought?
Who would prompt thee to resign
Thy grosser joys for virtue fine?
Whilst now, though burdened with life,
Thy future beckons from afar,
Shimmering through the clouds
And lifting thee to higher spheres.
And should, at times, this pride thy heart inflame,
Thy span of life will soon control thy pace,
And nobleness and virtue reign supreme.

Lucifer [*laughing derisively*] —
Verily, glory floods the paths you tread,
Since greatness, virtue, are to lead thee on.
Two words which only pass in. blessed deed
When superstition, ignorance, and prejudice
Keep constant guard and company.—
Why did I ever seek to work out great ideas
Through man, of dust and sunbeams formed,
So dwarfed in knowledge, in blind error so gigantic?

Adam — Cease thy scorn, O Lucifer! cease thy scorn!
I saw full well thy wisdom's edifice,
Wherein my heart felt only chilled;
But, gracious God, who shall sustain me now
And lead me onward in the paths of right,

Since thou didst withdraw the hand that guided me,
Before I tasted fruit of idle knowledge?

God— Strong is thine arm, full thy heart of lofty thoughts;
The field is boundless where thou seed shouldst sow.
Give thou but heed! A voice shall ceaseless call thee back.
Or constant speed thee on:
Follow its lead. And if at times
This heavenly sound be hushed in midst the whirl
Of thine eventful years, the purer soul
Of woman, unselfish, pure, and gentle,
Will surely hear it, and thrilled by woman's love,
Thy soul shall soar in Poetry and Song!
And by thy side she loyally will watch,
Mounted on these cherubim,
In sorrow pale or rosy joy,
A cheering, soothing genius.
Thou too, O Lucifer, a link but art
In my wide universe; so labor on!
Thy frosty knowledge and thy mad denial
Will cause, like yeast, the mind to effervesce.
E'en though it turns him from the beaten track,
It matters not. He'll soon return;
But endless shall thy penance be,
Since thou art ever doomed to see
How beauty buds and virtue sprouts
From the seed thou wouldst have spoiled.

Chorus of Angels

Choice between the good and evil,
Wondrous thought, sublime decision!
Still to know that thou art shielded
By a gracious God's provision.

For the right, then, be thou steadfast,
Though thou labor without meed;
Thy reward shall be the knowledge
Thou hast done a noble deed.

Greatness grows in goodness only;
Shame will keep the good man just,
And the fear of shame uplifts him,
While the mean man crawls in dust.

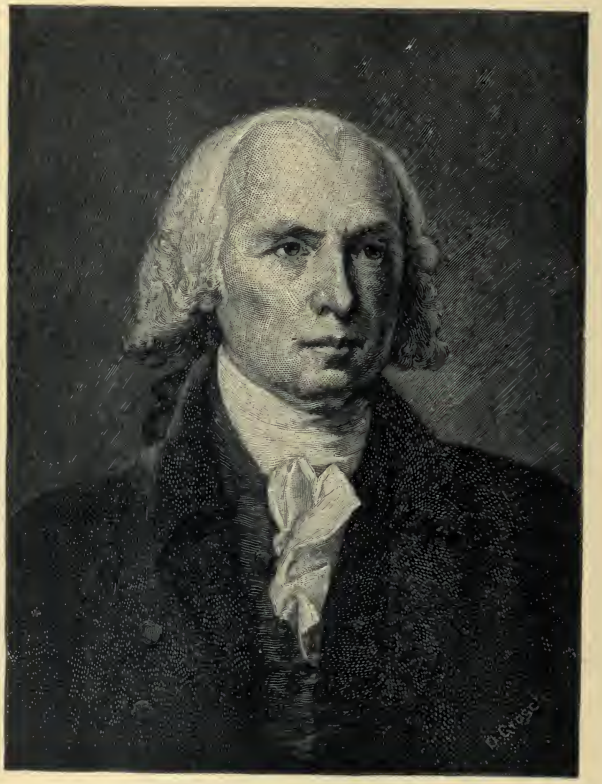
But when treading paths exalted,
This blind error cherish not,—

That the glory thou achievest
Adds to God's a single jot:

For he needs not thy assistance
To accomplish his designs;
Be thou thankful if he calls thee
And a task to thee assigns.

Eve— Praise be to God, I understand this song.
Adam—I divine the message and submit to its decree.
Ah, could I only the distant end foresee!
God— I have ordained, O man,—
Struggle thou and trust!

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature' by G. A. Kohut



JAMES MADISON

JAMES MADISON

(1751–1836)

THE writings of James Madison were designed to serve the ends of practical politics. Yet, despite the absence of a literary motive, they possess qualities which entitle them to a permanent place in American literature. Madison's papers in the Federalist, for example, are models of political essay-writing.

James Madison was the son of a wealthy planter of Orange County, Virginia, and was born at Port Conway, March 16th, 1751. He was graduated at Princeton in 1772. Two years later, at the age of twenty-three, he was appointed a member of the Committee of Public Safety for Orange County; and thenceforward, with a few unimportant interruptions, took an active part in politics until 1817, when, at the close of his second term as President of the United States, he retired permanently from public life.

His first notable publication was a paper entitled 'A Memorial and Remonstrance,' addressed to the General Assembly of Virginia. It appeared in 1785, and was directed against a bill providing for a tax "for the support of teachers of the Christian religion," the vote on which in the Legislature he had with difficulty been able to postpone. Copies of the paper were distributed throughout the State, with the result that in the next election religious freedom was made a test question. In the session of the Legislature which followed the election the obnoxious bill was defeated, and in place thereof was enacted the bill establishing religious freedom offered by Jefferson seven years before. The Religious Freedom Act disestablished the Episcopal Church in Virginia, and abolished religious tests for public office.

Madison's chief work both as a constructive statesman and as a publicist was done in connection with the Constitutional Convention of 1787. The epithet "Father of the Constitution," sometimes applied to him, is not undeserved, inasmuch as he was the author of the leading features of that instrument. In common with others, he had for some time seen the impossibility of maintaining an effective government under the Articles of Confederation. With the thoroughness characteristic of his nature, he had made a study of ancient and modern confederacies,—including, as his notes show, the Lycian, the Amphictyonic, the Achæan, the Helvetic, the Belgic, and the German,—with a view to discovering the proper remedy for the defects

in the Articles of Confederation. Before the convention met, he laid before his colleagues of the Virginia delegation the outlines of the scheme of government that was presented to the convention as the «Virginia plan.» This plan was introduced at the beginning of the convention by Edmund Randolph, who, by virtue of his office as governor of Virginia, was regarded as the member most fit to speak for the delegation; but its chief supporter in the debate which followed was Madison. The fundamental defect of the government created by the Articles of Confederation was that it operated on States only, not upon individuals. The delegates to the Continental Congress were envoys from sovereign States rather than members of a legislative body. They might deliberate and advise, but had no means of enforcing their decisions. Thus they were empowered to determine the share of the expenses of the general government which each State should pay, but were unable to coerce a delinquent State. The Virginia plan contemplated a government essentially the same as that created by the Constitution; with this difference, that it provided for representation according to population, both in the upper and in the lower house of the legislature. The hand of Madison is also seen in some of the provisions of the Constitution which were not contained in the Virginia plan. Thus, for instance, he was the author of the famous compromise in accordance with which, for purposes of direct taxation and of representation, five slaves were counted as three persons.

During the convention Madison kept a journal of its debates, which forms the chief authority for the deliberations of that historic body. This journal, together with his notes on the proceedings of the Continental Congress from November 1782 to February 1783, was purchased by the government after his death; both have been published by order of Congress under the title of 'The Madison Papers.' It may here be noted also that the remainder of his writings, including his correspondence, speeches, etc., from 1769 to 1836, have been published by the government in a separate work, entitled 'Writings of James Madison.'

After the adjournment of the convention Madison devoted his energies toward securing the ratification of the Constitution. He not only successfully opposed the eloquence and prestige of Patrick Henry and Richard Henry Lee in the Virginia ratifying convention, but also wrote with Hamilton and Jay that series of essays, appearing originally in certain New York newspapers, which has been preserved in book form under the title of 'The Federalist'; and which, though intended primarily to influence the action of the extremely doubtful State of New York, served to reinforce the arguments of the advocates of ratification in other States also.

'The Federalist' is composed of eighty-five essays; of which, according to the memorandum made by Madison, he wrote twenty-nine, Hamilton fifty-one, and Jay five,—one or two being written jointly. It discussed the utility of the proposed union, the inefficiency of the existing Confederation, the necessity of a government at least equally energetic with the one proposed, the conformity of the Constitution to the true principles of republican government, its analogy to the State constitutions, and the additional security which its adoption would give to liberty and property. Madison's papers defined republican government, and surveyed the powers vested in the Union, the relations between the Federal and State governments, the distribution of power among the legislative, executive, and judicial branches of the government, and the structure of the legislative department; taking up in conjunction with the last-mentioned subject most of the vital questions, both theoretical and practical, connected with representative institutions.

Madison wrote in the style that prevailed at the close of the eighteenth century. His language, while occasionally involved and heavy with orotund Latin derivatives, is rhythmical, dignified, and impressive. His writings have no imagination, wit, or humor; but the absence of these qualities is atoned for by clearness, sincerity, and aptness of illustration. Possessed of depth and genuineness of feeling coupled with an extraordinary power of logical exposition, he was considered by Jefferson, some years after the adoption of the Constitution, to be the only writer in the Republican party capable of opposing Alexander Hamilton, the Federalist «colossus of debate.»

At the opening of the First Congress, Madison took his seat in the House of Representatives,—the influence of Henry and the Anti-Federalists in the Virginia State Legislature having prevented his election to the Senate. In the differentiation of parties occasioned by Hamilton's nationalizing financial policy, Madison allied himself with the Republicans and became the leader of the opposition in the House. His change of attitude from that of an extreme nationalist to that of an extreme States-rights man was no doubt due in large part to the influence of his friend and intimate Thomas Jefferson. No two documents can be more dissimilar than the Virginia plan, which would have invested Congress with a veto on State legislation, and the famous Virginia Resolutions of 1789 and 1799, of which Madison was the author. However, his inconsistency was perhaps more apparent than real; for having once given in his adhesion to the Constitution, it was perfectly logical to desire a strict construction of that instrument to preserve the balance struck in it between the State and Federal governments.

On the inauguration of Jefferson as President in 1801, Madison accepted the Secretaryship of State. It was while holding this office

that he wrote the pamphlet 'An Examination of the British Doctrine which Subjects to Capture a Neutral Trade not Open in Time of Peace.' At the close of Jefferson's second term, March 4th, 1809, Madison became President. He had been to his predecessor an able and efficient lieutenant. He was, however, a scholar rather than a man of action; and it was his misfortune that his administration fell in a period which required more than ordinary talents of leadership, and those of a different stamp from his own. His conduct of the War of 1812 was weak and hesitating, and added nothing to the glory of his previous career. He retired at the expiration of his second term in 1817 to Montpelier, his country seat in Virginia, where he died June 28th, 1836.

FROM 'THE FEDERALIST'

An Objection Drawn from the Extent of Country Answered

We have seen the necessity of the Union, as our bulwark against foreign danger; as the conservator of peace among ourselves; as the guardian of our commerce, and other common interests; as the only substitute for those military establishments which have subverted the liberties of the Old World; and as the proper antidote for the diseases of faction, which have proved fatal to other popular governments, and of which alarming symptoms have been betrayed by our own. All that remains, within this branch of our inquiries, is to take notice of an objection that may be drawn from the great extent of country which the Union embraces. A few observations on this subject will be the more proper, as it is perceived that the adversaries of the new Constitution are availing themselves of a prevailing prejudice with regard to the practicable sphere of republican administration, in order to supply, by imaginary difficulties, the want of those solid objections which they endeavor in vain to find.

The error which limits republican government to a narrow district has been unfolded and refuted in preceding papers. I remark here only, that it seems to owe its rise and prevalence chiefly to the confounding of a republic with a democracy, and applying to the former, reasonings drawn from the nature of the latter. The true distinction between these forms was also adverted to on a former occasion. It is, that in a democracy the people meet and exercise the government in person; in a republic they assemble and administer it by their representatives and

agents. A democracy, consequently, must be confined to a small spot. A republic may be extended over a large region.

To this accidental source of the error may be added the artifice of some celebrated authors whose writings have had a great share in forming the modern standard of political opinions. Being subjects either of an absolute or limited monarchy, they have endeavored to heighten the advantages or palliate the evils of those forms, by placing in comparison with them the vices and defects of the republican; and by citing, as specimens of the latter, the turbulent democracies of ancient Greece and modern Italy. Under the confusion of names, it has been an easy task to transfer to a republic, observations applicable to a democracy only; and among others, the observation that it can never be established but among a small number of people, living within a small compass of territory.

Such a fallacy may have been the less perceived, as most of the popular governments of antiquity were of the democratic species; and even in modern Europe, to which we owe the great principle of representation, no example is seen of a government wholly popular and founded at the same time wholly on that principle. If Europe has the merit of discovering this great mechanical power in government, by the simple agency of which the will of the largest political body may be concentred, and its force directed to any object which the public good requires, America can claim the merit of making the discovery the basis of unmixed and extensive republics. It is only to be lamented, that any of her citizens should wish to deprive her of the additional merit of displaying its full efficacy in the establishment of the comprehensive system now under her consideration.

As the natural limit of a democracy is that distance from the central point which will just permit the most remote citizens to assemble as often as their public functions demand, and will include no greater number than can join in those functions, so the natural limit of a republic is that distance from the centre which will barely allow the representatives of the people to meet as often as may be necessary for the administration of public affairs. Can it be said that the limits of the United States exceed this distance? It will not be said by those who recollect that the Atlantic coast is the longest side of the Union; that during the term of thirteen years, the representatives of the States have been almost continually assembled; and that the members

from the most distant States are not chargeable with greater intermissions of attendance than those from the States in the neighborhood of Congress.

That we may form a juster estimate with regard to this interesting subject, let us resort to the actual dimensions of the Union. The limits, as fixed by the treaty of peace, are — on the east the Atlantic, on the south the latitude of thirty-one degrees, on the west the Mississippi, and on the north an irregular line running in some instances beyond the forty-fifth degree, in others falling as low as the forty-second. The southern shore of Lake Erie lies below that latitude. Computing the distance between the thirty-first and forty-fifth degrees, it amounts to nine hundred and seventy-three common miles; computing it from thirty-one to forty-two degrees, to seven hundred and sixty-four miles and a half. Taking the mean for the distance, the amount will be eight hundred and sixty-eight miles and three fourths. The mean distance from the Atlantic to the Mississippi does not probably exceed seven hundred and fifty miles. On a comparison of this extent with that of several countries in Europe, the practicability of rendering our system commensurate to it appears to be demonstrable. It is not a great deal larger than Germany, where a diet representing the whole empire is continually assembled; or than Poland before the late dismemberment, where another national diet was the depository of the supreme power. Passing by France and Spain, we find that in Great Britain, inferior as it may be in size, the representatives of the northern extremity of the island have as far to travel to the national council as will be required of those of the most remote parts of the Union.

Favorable as this view of the subject may be, some observations remain which will place it in a light still more satisfactory.

In the first place, it is to be remembered that the general government is not to be charged with the whole power of making and administering laws: its jurisdiction is limited to certain enumerated objects, which concern all the members of the republic, but which are not to be attained by the separate provisions of any. The subordinate governments, which can extend their care to all those other objects which can be separately provided for, will retain their due authority and activity. Were it proposed by the plan of the convention to abolish the governments of the particular States, its adversaries would have some

ground for their objection; though it would not be difficult to show that if they were abolished, the general government would be compelled, by the principle of self-preservation, to reinstate them in their proper jurisdiction.

A second observation to be made is, that the immediate object of the Federal Constitution is to secure the union of the thirteen primitive States, which we know to be practicable; and to add to them such other States as may arise in their own bosoms, or in their neighborhoods, which we cannot doubt to be equally practicable. The arrangements that may be necessary for those angles and fractions of our territory which lie on our northwestern frontier must be left to those whom further discoveries and experience will render more equal to the task.

Let it be remarked, in the third place, that the intercourse throughout the Union will be daily facilitated by new improvements. Roads will everywhere be shortened, and kept in better order; accommodations for travelers will be multiplied and meliorated; an interior navigation on our eastern side will be opened throughout, or nearly throughout, the whole extent of the thirteen States. The communication between the western and Atlantic districts, and between different parts of each, will be rendered more and more easy by those numerous canals with which the beneficence of nature has intersected our country, and which art finds it so little difficult to connect and complete.

A fourth and still more important consideration is, that as almost every State will on one side or other be a frontier, and will thus find, in a regard to its safety, an inducement to make some sacrifices for the sake of general protection, so the States which lie at the greatest distance from the heart of the union, and which of course may partake least of the ordinary circulation of its benefits, will be at the same time immediately contiguous to foreign nations, and will consequently stand, on particular occasions, in greatest need of its strength and resources. It may be inconvenient for Georgia, or the States forming our western or northeastern borders, to send their representatives to the seat of government; but they would find it more so to struggle alone against an invading enemy, or even to support alone the whole expense of those precautions which may be dictated by the neighborhood of continual danger. If they should derive less benefit therefore from the union, in some respects, than the less distant States, they will derive greater benefit from it in

other respects; and thus the proper equilibrium will be maintained throughout.

I submit to you, my fellow-citizens, these considerations, in full confidence that the good sense which has so often marked your decisions will allow them their due weight and effect; and that you will never suffer difficulties, however formidable in appearance, or however fashionable the error on which they may be founded, to drive you into the gloomy and perilous scenes into which the advocates for disunion would conduct you. Hearken not to the unnatural voice which tells you that the people of America, knit together as they are by so many chords of affection, can no longer live together as members of the same family; can no longer continue the mutual guardians of their mutual happiness; can no longer be fellow-citizens of one great, respectable, and flourishing empire. Hearken not to the voice which petulantly tells you that the form of government recommended for your adoption is a novelty in the political world; that it has never yet had a place in the theories of the wildest projectors; that it rashly attempts what it is impossible to accomplish. No, my countrymen: shut your ears against this unhallowed language. Shut your hearts against the poison which it conveys. The kindred blood which flows in the veins of American citizens, the mingled blood which they have shed in defense of their sacred rights, consecrate their union, and excite horror at the idea of their becoming aliens, rivals, enemies. And if novelties are to be shunned, believe me, the most alarming of all novelties, the most wild of all projects, the most rash of all attempts, is that of rending us in pieces in order to preserve our liberties and promote our happiness.

But why is the experiment of an extended republic to be rejected, merely because it may comprise what is new? Is it not the glory of the people of America, that whilst they have paid a decent regard to the opinions of former times and other nations, they have not suffered a blind veneration for antiquity, for custom, or for names, to overrule the suggestions of their own good sense, the knowledge of their own situation, and the lessons of their own experience? To this manly spirit, posterity will be indebted for the possession, and the world for the example, of the numerous innovations displayed on the American theatre in favor of private rights and public happiness. Had no important step been taken by the leaders of the Revolution for

which a precedent could not be discovered,—no government established of which an exact model did not present itself,—the people of the United States might at this moment have been numbered among the melancholy victims of misguided councils; must at best have been laboring under the weight of some of those forms which have crushed the liberties of the rest of mankind. Happily for America,—happily, we trust, for the whole human race,—they pursued a new and more noble course. They accomplished a revolution which has no parallel in the annals of human society. They reared the fabrics of governments which have no model on the face of the globe. They formed the design of a great confederacy, which it is incumbent on their successors to improve and perpetuate. If their works betray imperfections, we wonder at the fewness of them. If they erred most in the structure of the union, this was the work most difficult to be executed; this is the work which has been new modeled by the act of your convention, and it is that act on which you are now to deliberate and to decide.

INTERFERENCE TO QUELL DOMESTIC INSURRECTION

From 'The Federalist'

At first view, it might seem not to square with the republican theory to suppose either that a majority have not the right, or that a minority will have the force, to subvert a government; and consequently, that the federal interposition can never be required but when it would be improper. But theoretic reasoning, in this as in most other cases, must be qualified by the lessons of practice. Why may not illicit combinations, for purposes of violence, be formed as well by a majority of a State, especially a small State, as by a majority of a county or a district of the same State; and if the authority of the State ought in the latter case to protect the local magistracy, ought not the Federal authority, in the former, to support the State authority? Besides, there are certain parts of the State constitutions which are so interwoven with the federal Constitution, that a violent blow cannot be given to the one without communicating the wound to the other. Insurrections in a State will rarely induce a federal interposition, unless the number concerned in them bear some proportion to the friends of government. It will be

much better that the violence in such cases should be repressed by the superintending power, than that the majority should be left to maintain their cause by a bloody and obstinate contest. The existence of a right to interpose will generally prevent the necessity of exerting it.

Is it true that force and right are necessarily on the same side in republican governments? May not the minor party possess such a superiority of pecuniary resources, of military talents and experience, or of secret succors from foreign powers, as will render it superior also in an appeal to the sword? May not a more compact and advantageous position turn the scale on the same side, against a superior number so situated as to be less capable of a prompt and collected exertion of its strength? Nothing can be more chimerical than to imagine that in a trial of actual force, victory may be calculated by the rules which prevail in a census of the inhabitants, or which determine the event of an election! May it not happen, in fine, that the minority of *citizens* may become a majority of *persons*, by the accession of alien residents, of a casual concourse of adventurers, or of those whom the constitution of the State has not admitted to the rights of suffrage? I take no notice of an unhappy species of population abounding in some of the States, who, during the calm of regular government, are sunk below the level of men; but who, in the tempestuous scenes of civil violence, may emerge into the human character, and give a superiority of strength to any party with which they may associate themselves.

In cases where it may be doubtful on which side justice lies, what better umpires could be desired by two violent factions, flying to arms and tearing a State to pieces, than the representatives of confederate States not heated by the local flame? To the impartiality of judges they would unite the affection of friends. Happy would it be if such a remedy for its infirmities could be enjoyed by all free governments; if a project equally effectual could be established for the universal peace of mankind!

Should it be asked, what is to be the redress for an insurrection pervading all the States, and comprising a superiority of the entire force, though not a constitutional right,—the answer must be that such a case, as it would be without the compass of human remedies, so it is fortunately not within the compass of human probability; and that it is a sufficient recommendation of the federal Constitution, that it diminishes the risk of a calamity for which no possible constitution can provide a cure.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

(1864–)

BY WILLIAM SHARP

ONE of the most remarkable, one of the most widely known of the younger writers of the day, Maurice Maeterlinck, is still little more than a name to the majority of people, even among those who nominally follow closely every new expression of the contemporary spirit. Some, following the example of his ultra-enthusiastic French pioneer, M. Octave Mirbeau, have made for him the high claim of genius; others have gone to the opposite extreme, and denied his possession of any qualities save a morbid fantasy in drama, or of a mystical intensity in spiritual philosophy.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

That Maurice Maeterlinck is in every sense of the word a most notable personality in contemporary literature is not to be denied; whether we like or dislike his peculiar methods in the dramatic presentation of his vision of life, or understand or sympathize with his uncompromising position as a mystic of the kindred of Swedenborg, Jakob Boehme, or that Ruysbroeck of whom he has been the modern interpreter. It is undeniable, now, that the great vogue prophesied for the Maeterlinckian drama has not been fulfilled. Possibly the day may come when the Drame Intime may have a public following to justify the hopes of those who believe in it; but that time has not come yet. Meanwhile, we have to be content with dramas of the mind enacted against mental tapestries, so to say, or with shifting backgrounds among the dream vistas and perspectives of the mind. For although several of M. Maeterlinck's poetic plays have been set upon the stage,—rather as puppet plays than in the sense commonly meant,—their success has been one of curiosity rather than of conviction. Even the most impressive has seemed much less so when subjected to the conditions of stage representation; and it is almost impossible to understand how certain of them could avoid exciting that sense

of incongruity which is fatal to a keen impression of verisimilitude. Even compositions so decorative as 'The Seven Princesses,' or that strange drama 'The Blind,' are infinitely more impressive when read than when seen; and this because they are, like all else of Maeterlinck's, merely the embodiment in words, and in a pseudo-dramatic formula, of spiritual allegories or dreams. There were many who thought that his short drama 'The Intruder' more than stood the test of stage representation. I have seen 'L'Intruse' twice, and given with all the skill and interpretative sympathy possible, both in Paris and London; and yet I have not for a moment found in its stage representation anything to approach the convincing and intimate appeal, so simple and yet so subtle and weird, afforded in the perusal of the original.

We have, however, no longer to consider Maurice Maeterlinck merely as a dramatist, or perhaps I should say as a writer in dramatic form. He began as a poet, and as a writer of a very strange piece of fiction; and now, and for some time past, his work has been that of a spiritual interpreter, of an essayist, and of a mystic.

Mooris Mäterlinck—for it was not till he was of age that he adopted the Gallicized «Maurice Maeterlinck»—was born in Flanders, and is himself racially as well as mentally and spiritually a Fleming of the Flemings. He has all the physical endurance, the rough bodily type, of his countrymen; but he has also their quiet intensity of feeling, their sense of dream and mystery. His earliest influences in literature were French and English: the French of writers such as Villiers de L'Isle-Adam, the English of writers such as Shakespeare and the Elizabethan dramatists. When, as little more than a youth, he went to Paris, it was mainly in the hope of discipleship to the great Villiers. It was while in Paris that he wrote one of his earliest and to this day one of his most remarkable productions, the short story entitled 'The Massacre of the Innocents,'—a study so remarkable that it at once attracted the attention of the few who closely follow every new manifestation of literary talent. In this strange tale, Maeterlinck has attempted to depict the Biblical story after the manner of those Dutch and Flemish painters who represented with unflinching contemporary realism all their scenes based upon Scriptural episodes—that is to say, who represented every scene, however Oriental or remote, in accordance with Dutch or Flemish customs, habits, dress, etc. This short story, however, appeared in an obscure and long since defunct French periodical; and little notice was taken of it till some years later, when the present writer drew attention to it as the first production of its by that time distinguished author. Since then it has been admirably translated, and has appeared in an American edition.

But the first actual book which Maurice Maeterlinck published was a volume of poems entitled 'Serres Chaudes,'—a title which we might idiomatically render as 'Hot-house Blooms.' These poems are interesting, and we can clearly discern in them the same mental outlook and habit of mind the author exhibits in his maturer prose writings; but they have not in any marked degree the lyric quality, as a poet's work must have; and for all that there are poetical and imaginative lines and verses, they suggest rather the work of a rare and imaginative mind controlling itself to expression in this manner, than of one who yields to it out of imperious and impulsive need. In some respects we find a curious return to this first book in Maeterlinck's later work, 'Le Trésor des Humbles,' for although it is a volume of mystical essays, and deals with other themes than those chiefly broached in 'Serres Chaudes,' there is a remarkable spiritual affinity between them. It is impossible to understand this strange and powerful writer if one does not approach him on his mystical side. It is not necessary for the reader to follow him in his brooding hours with Ruysbroeck, or even to listen to what he has to say on the subject of Novalis and other German mystics; but his subtle analytical study of Emerson, and above all, those spiritual essays of his (entitled in English 'The Treasure of the Humble'), should be carefully studied. This last-named book has shared the fate of all works of the kind; that is to say, it has been ignored by the great majority of the reading public, it has been sneered at by an ever fretful and supercilious band of critics, and has been received with deep gladness and gratitude by the few who welcome with joy any true glad tidings of the spiritual life. Among these essays, two should in particular be read: those entitled 'The Deeper Life' and 'The Inner Beauty.' The last-named, indeed, is really a quintessential essay. Just as a certain monotony of detail characterizes Maeterlinck's dramas, so a repetitive diffuseness mars these prose essays of his. Beautiful thoughts and phrases are to be found throughout the whole of 'The Treasure of the Humble'; but after all, the essay entitled 'The Inner Beauty' comprises his whole spiritual philosophy. When we turn to Maurice Maeterlinck the dramatist, we find him the supreme voice in modern Belgian literature. As a poet he is far surpassed by Émile Verhaeren—who is indeed one of the finest poets now living in any country; and as a writer of prose he has many rivals, and some who have a distinction, grace, and power altogether beyond what he has himself displayed. But as a dramatist—that is, an imaginative artist working in dramatic form—he holds a unique and altogether remarkable place.

In one of his early poems he exclaims: «Mon âme!—Oh, mon âme vraiment trop à l'abri!»—(My soul!—Oh, truly my soul dwells

too much in the shadow!) And it is this dwelling in the shadow which is the dominant characteristic of Maurice Maeterlinck. In 'The Princess Maleine,' in 'The Seven Princesses,' in 'Pélléas and Mélisande,' in 'The Intruder,' and 'The Blind,'—in one and all of these, to his latest production, he hardly ever moves out of the shadow of a strange and affecting imaginative gloom. He too might with the Spanish writer, Emilia Pardo Bazán, exclaim: «Enter with me into the dark zone of the human soul!» It is rather, with him, the twilight zone. He loves to haunt the shadowy ways where night and day concur,—those shadowy ways wherein human actions and thoughts are still real, but are invested with a light or a shadow either strange or fantastic. His method is a simple one; but it is that kind of simplicity which involves a subtle and artistic mind. Often he relies upon words as abstractions, in order to convey the impression that is in his own mind; and this accounts for the bewilderment which some of his characteristic mannerisms cause to many readers. Where they see simple repetition, a vain and perhaps childish monotony, Maeterlinck is really endeavoring to emphasize the impression he seeks to convey, by dwelling upon certain images, accentuating certain words, evoking certain mental melodies or rhythms full of a certain subtle suggestion of their own.

Much has been said and written about this new form in contemporary dramatic literature. It is a form strangely seductive, if obviously perilous. It has possibly a remarkable future—coming, as it has done, at a time when our most eager spirits are solicitous of a wider scope in expression, for a further opening-up of alluring vistas through the ever blossoming wilderness of art. It may well be that Maeterlinck's chief service here will prove rather to be that of a pioneer—of a pioneer who has directed into new channels the stream which threatened to stagnate in the shallows of insincere convention.

Maeterlinck was guided to the formula with which his name has become so identified, primarily through the influence of his friend Charles van Lerberghe, the author of 'Les Flaireurs.' The short dramatic episode entitled 'Les Flaireurs' occupies itself with a single incident: the death of an old peasant woman, by night, in a lonely cottage in a remote district, with no companion save her girlish grandchild. Almost from the outset the reader guesses what the nocturnal voices indicate. The ruse of the dramatist is almost childishly simple, if its process of development be regarded in detail. The impressiveness lies greatly in the cumulative effect. A night of storm, the rain lashing at the windows, the appalling darkness without, the wan candle-glow within, a terrified and bewildered child, a dying and delirious old woman, an ominous oft-repeated knocking at

the door, a hoarse voice without, changeful but always menacing, mocking or muttering an obscure and horrible message: this interwrought, again and again represented, austerely tragic by-play—from one point of view, merely the material for tragedy—is a profoundly impressive work of art. It is perhaps all the more so from the fact that it relies to some extent upon certain venerable and even outworn conventionalities. The midnight hour, storm, mysterious sounds, the howl of a dog—we are familiar with all these "properties." They do not now move us. Sheridan Le Fanu, or Fitzjames O'Brien, or R. L. Stevenson, can create for us an inward terror far beyond the half-simulated creep with which we read the conventional bogy-story. That Charles van Lerberghe should so impress us by the simplest and most familiar stage tricks points to his genuine artistry, to his essential masterhood. The literary conjurer would fain deceive us by sleight of hand; the literary artist persuades us by sleight of mind.

Van Lerberghe is neither romanticist nor realist, as these vague and often identical terms are understood abroad. He works realistically in the sphere of the imaginary. If it were not that his aim, as that of Maeterlinck, is to bring into literature a new form of the *drame intime*, with meanwhile the adventitious aid of nominal stage accessories, one might almost think that 'Les Flaireurs' was meant for stage representation. It would be impossible, however, thus. Imagine the incongruity of the opening of this drama with its subject:—

> "*Orchestral music. Funeral march. Roll of muffled drums. A blast of a horn in the distance. Roll of drums. A short psalmodic motive for the organ.* REPEATED KNOCKS, HEAVY AND DULL. *Curtain.*"

What have orchestral music and rolling of drums, and a psalmodic motive for the organ, to do with an old peasant woman dying in a cottage? For that stage of the imagination from which many of us derive a keener pleasure than from that of any theatre, there is perhaps nothing incongruous here. The effect sought to be produced is a psychic one; and if produced, the end is gained, and the means of no moment. It is only from this standpoint that we can view aright the work of Van Lerberghe, Maeterlinck, and Auguste Jenart. 'Les Flaireurs' is wholly unsuitable for the actual stage,—as unsuitable as 'L'Intruse,' or 'Les Aveugles,' or 'Les Sept Princesses,' or 'Le Barbare.' Each needs to be enacted in the shadow-haunted glade of the imagination, in order to be understood aright. Under the lime-light their terror becomes folly, their poetry rhetoric, their tragic significance impotent commonplace; their atmosphere of mystery, the common air of the squalidly apparent; their impressiveness a cause of mocking.

While in Maurice Maeterlinck we certainly encounter one of the most interesting figures in contemporary letters, it is not so easy to arrive at a definite opinion as to whether he is really a dominant force.

There are many who believe that the author of 'La Princesse Maleine'—and of many striking productions which have succeeded it—will attain to that high mastery which makes a writer a voice for all men, and not merely an arresting echo for his own hour, his own time, among his own people. Certainly his début was significant, remarkable. Yet in France, where his reputation was made, he is already looked upon as a waning force. Any new work by him is regarded with interest, with appreciation and sympathy perhaps, but not with that excited anticipation with which formerly it was greeted. For ourselves, we cannot estimate him otherwise than by his actual achievement. Has the author of 'La Princesse Maleine,' 'L'Intruse,' and 'Les Aveugles'—his earliest and most discussed works—fulfilled himself in 'Pélléas et Mélisande' and the successors of that moving drama? His admirers declared that in this last-named play we should find him at his best and most mature. But 'Pélléas and Mélisande' has not stood the test.

Yet I do not think 'Pélléas et Mélisande' is—what so many claim for it—Maeterlinck's Sedan. All the same it is, at best, "a faithful failure." I believe he will give us still better work; work as distinctive as his two masterpieces, 'L'Intruse' and 'Les Aveugles,' but with a wider range of sympathy, more genial an insight, an apprehension and technical achievement more masterly still. Indeed, in 'Tintagiles' and his latest productions, he has to a large extent fulfilled the wonderful imaginative beauty with which he charmed us in 'Les Sept Princesses.' Still, even here it is rather the dream-record of a dreamer than the actual outlook on life of a creative mind.

Finally, what we have to bear in mind meanwhile is that Maurice Maeterlinck is possibly the pioneer of a new method coming into literature. We must not look too closely, whether in praise or blame, to those treasured formulas of his, of which so much has been said. What is inessential in these he will doubtless unlearn; what is essential he will probably develop. For it is not in the accidents of his dramatic expression that so fine an artist as Maeterlinck is an original writer, but in that quality of insight which is his own, that phrasing, that atmosphere.

William Sharp

EDITORIAL NOTE. — As William Sharp's death excluded the possibility of the revision of the foregoing article by his own hand, it seemed best to the Editors to leave it untouched, for it is an admirable presentation of Maeterlinck's work up to the time that it was written. Sharp's distrust of the permanent success of the mystical dramas, expressed with so much sympathy and insight, was later confirmed by the dramatist himself. Indeed Maeterlinck confounded some of his more enthusiastic disciples by speaking in tones of decided depreciation of these earlier plays, and his dramatic work took an entirely new turn. The change has been ascribed to his desire to write a play suited to the talent of the charming and gifted actress, Georgette Leblanc, whom he married in 1901, but it should doubtless be attributed to more profound developments in his artistic and intellectual life. However this may be, it is certain that ‹Mona Vanna› (1902) offered a complete contrast to his earlier dramatic work; instead of the vague background of legendary northern forests, we have a definite scene — Pisa at the end of the fifteenth century, — and instead of the *drame intime* of humble souls or mystic princesses, we have the stirring incidents of a siege and the clash of contending politicians. All this, it is true, is interwoven with the spiritual struggles that take place in the hearts of Mona Vanna, her husband, and her lover, but the drama in its tone and atmosphere is much closer to Browning's ‹Luria,› to which it was obviously indebted, than to anything its author had done before. As a historical melodrama it was made effective enough on the American stage by a talented emotional actress of the day, but it was necessary for the critics to point out its spiritual significance, which was presumably the dramatist's chief aim, but which somehow disappeared in the representation.

Maeterlinck was hardly more successful in dealing with a subject from Christian tradition in ‹Sister Beatrice› (1901) or from Arthurian legend in ‹Joyzelle› (1903), but in ‹The Blue Bird› (1908) he at last found material exactly suited for dramatic treatment by him from the point of view at which he had now arrived — that of the agnostic mystic — who accepts the facts of science, but sees beyond them a vast field for poetic imagination. First acted in Moscow, ‹The Blue Bird› made its triumphant way all over Europe and across the Atlantic; it is still perhaps the most popular of fairy plays, both with children, who are delighted by its romantic treatment of matters of everyday experience, and by adult critics, who find in it suggestions of deep spiritual significance.

Before ‹The Blue Bird› achieved its world wide dramatic success Maeterlinck had firmly established his reputation as a writer of prose in ‹La Vie des Abeilles› (The Life of the Bee, 1901). It was not that like Fabre he discovered new facts, but he gave to what was already known a romantic charm due to an imaginative insight and a peculiarly

attractive style, of which the following description of the queen bee's nuptial flight may serve as an example:

«She starts her flight backwards; returns twice or thrice to the alighting-board; and then, having definitely fixed in her mind the exact situation and aspect of the kingdom she has never yet seen from without, she departs like an arrow to the zenith of the blue. She soars to a height, a luminous zone, that other bees attain at no period of their life. Far away, caressing their idleness in the midst of the flowers, the males have beheld the apparition, have breathed the magnetic perfume that spreads from group to group till every apiary near is instinct with it. Immediately crowds collect, and follow her into the sea of gladness, whose limpid boundaries ever recede. She, drunk with her wings, obeying the magnificent law of the race that chooses her lover, and enacts that the strongest alone shall attain her in the solitude of the ether, she rises still; and, for the first time in her life, the blue morning air rushes into her stigmata, singing its song, like the blood of heaven, in the myriad tubes of the tracheal sacs, nourished on space, that fill the centre of her body. She rises still. A region must be found unhaunted by birds, that else might profane the mystery. She rises still; and already the ill-assorted troop below are dwindling and falling asunder. The feeble, infirm, the aged, unwelcome, ill-fed, who have flown from inactive or impoverished cities, these renounce the pursuit and disappear in the void. Only a small, indefatigable cluster remain, suspended in infinite opal. She summons her wings for one final effort; and now the chosen of incomprehensible forces has reached her, has seized her, and bounding aloft with united impetus, the ascending spiral of their intertwined flight whirls for one second in the hostile madness of love.»

Maeterlinck's genius next sought an outlet in discussions of psychical phenomena, more especially in connection with the problem of the immortality of the soul. His essays on the subject have his unfailing charm of style, but are less readable on account of the uncongenial material he has undertaken to handle. His philosophic discussions of the general problem of immortality are marked by scientific reserve, curiously combined with the native cheerfulness which goes with his Flemish temperament and robust physique. He cannot be said to have added anything to our knowledge of life beyond the grave, but he writes about it sympathetically and courageously.

The outbreak of the war interrupted Maeterlinck's literary and philosophic interest. Although he had long resided at the beautiful Abbey of Ste. Wandrille in France he remained thoroughly Belgian at heart, and he plunged with all the ardor of his passionate temperament and the eloquence of his moving style into protests and pleas on behalf of his unhappy compatriots. These belong perhaps rather to history than to literature, but the unsparing devotion with which Maeterlinck gave himself to the cause of his unfortunate country cannot but command our admiration.

FROM 'THE DEATH OF TINTAGILES'

The Plays of Maurice Maeterlinck, Second Series. Translated by Richard Hovey. Copyright 1896, by Stone & Kimball.

Scene: At the top of a hill overlooking the castle. Enter Ygraine, *holding* Tintagiles *by the hand.*

YGRAINE — Thy first night will be troubled, Tintagiles. Already the sea howls about us; and the trees are moaning. It is late. The moon is just setting behind the poplars that stifle the palace. We are alone, perhaps, for all that here we have to live on guard. There seems to be a watch set for the approach of the slightest happiness. I said to myself one day, in the very depths of my soul,—and God himself could hardly hear it,—I said to myself one day I should be happy. There needed nothing further: in a little while our old father died, and both our brothers vanished without a single human being able since to tell us where they are. Now I am all alone, with my poor sister and thee, my little Tintagiles; and I have no faith in the future. Come here; sit on my knee. Kiss me first: and put thy little arms there, all the way around my neck; perhaps they will not be able to undo them. Rememberest thou the time when it was I that carried thee at night when bedtime came; and when thou fearedst the shadows of my lamp in the long windowless corridors?—I felt my soul tremble upon my lips when I saw thee, suddenly, this morning. I thought thee so far away, and so secure. Who was it made thee come here?

Tintagiles — I do not know, little sister.

Ygraine — Thou dost not know any longer what was said?

Tintagiles — They said I had to leave.

Ygraine — But why hadst thou to leave?

Tintagiles — Because it was the Queen's will.

Ygraine — They did not say why it was her will?—I am sure they said many things.

Tintagiles — I heard nothing, little sister.

Ygraine — When they spoke among themselves, what did they say?

Tintagiles — They spoke in a low voice, little sister.

Ygraine — All the time?

Tintagiles — All the time, sister Ygraine; except when they looked at me.

Ygraine — They did not speak of the Queen?

Tintagiles—They said she was never seen, sister Ygraine.

Ygraine—And those who were with thee, on the bridge of the ship, said nothing?

Tintagiles—They minded nothing but the wind and the sails, sister Ygraine.

Ygraine—Ah! that does not astonish me, my child.

Tintagiles—They left me all alone, little sister.

Ygraine—Listen, Tintagiles, I will tell thee what I know.

Tintagiles—What dost thou know, sister Ygraine?

Ygraine—Not much, my child. My sister and I have crept along here, since our birth, without daring to understand a whit of all that happens. For a long while, indeed, I lived like a blind woman on this island; and it all seemed natural to me. I saw no other events than the flying of a bird, the trembling of a leaf, the opening of a rose. There reigned such a silence that the falling of a ripe fruit in the park called faces to the windows. And no one seemed to have the least suspicion; but one night I learned there must be something else. I would have fled, and could not. Hast thou understood what I have said?

Tintagiles—Yes, yes, little sister: I understand whatever you will.

Ygraine—Well, then, let us speak no more of things that are not known. Thou seest yonder, behind the dead trees that poison the horizon—thou seest the castle yonder, in the depth of the valley?

Tintagiles—That which is so black, sister Ygraine?

Ygraine—It is black indeed. It is at the very depth of an amphitheatre of shadows. We have to live there. It might have been built on the summit of the great mountains that surround it. The mountains are blue all day. We should have breathed. We should have seen the sea and the meadows on the other side of the rocks. But they preferred to put it in the depth of the valley; and the very air does not go down so low. It is falling in ruins, and nobody bewares. The walls are cracking; you would say it was dissolving in the shadows. There is only one tower unassailed by the weather. It is enormous; and the house never comes out of its shadow.

Tintagiles—There is something shining, sister Ygraine. See, see, the great red windows!

Ygraine—They are those of the tower, Tintagiles: they are the only ones where you will see light; it is there the throne of the Queen is set.

Tintagiles—I shall not see the Queen?

Ygraine—No one can see her.

Tintagiles—Why can't one see her?

Ygraine—Come nearer, Tintagiles. Not a bird nor a blade of grass must hear us.

Tintagiles—There is no grass, little sister. [*A silence.*]—What does the Queen do?

Ygraine—No one knows, my child. She does not show herself. She lives there, all alone in her tower; and they that serve her do not go out by day. She is very old; she is the mother of our mother; and she would reign alone. She is jealous and suspicious, and they say that she is mad. She fears lest some one rise into her place, and it was doubtless because of that fear that she had thee brought hither. Her orders are carried out no one knows how. She never comes down; and all the doors of the tower are closed night and day. I never caught a glimpse of her; but others have seen her, it seems, in the past, when she was young.

Tintagiles—Is she very ugly, sister Ygraine?

Ygraine—They say she is not beautiful, and that she is growing huge. But they that have seen her dare never speak of it. Who knows, indeed, if they have seen her? She has a power not to be understood; and we live here with a great unpitying weight upon our souls. Thou must not be frightened beyond measure, nor have bad dreams; we shall watch over thee, my little Tintagiles, and no evil will be able to reach thee: but do not go far from me, your sister Bellangère, nor our old master Aglovale.

Tintagiles—Not from Aglovale either, sister Ygraine?

Ygraine—Not from Aglovale either. He loves us.

Tintagiles—He is so old, little sister!

Ygraine—He is old, but very wise. He is the only friend we have left; and he knows many things. It is strange; she has made thee come hither without letting any one know. I do not know what there is in my heart. I was sorry and glad to know thou wert so far away, beyond the sea. And now—I was astonished. I went out this morning to see if the sun was rising over the mountains; and it is thou I see upon the threshold. I knew thee at once.

Tintagiles—No, no, little sister: it was I that laughed first.

Ygraine—I could not laugh at once. Thou wilt understand. It is time, Tintagiles, and the wind is growing black upon the

sea. Kiss me harder, again, again, before thou standest upright. Thou knowest not how we love. Give me thy little hand. I shall guard it well; and we will go back into the sickening castle.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene: An apartment in the castle. Aglovale *and* Ygraine *discovered. Enter* Bellangère.

Bellangère—Where is Tintagiles?

Ygraine—Here; do not speak too loud. He sleeps in the other room. He seems a little pale, a little ailing too. He was tired by the journey and the long sea-voyage. Or else the atmosphere of the castle has startled his little soul. He cried for no cause. I rocked him to sleep on my knees; come, see. He sleeps in our bed. He sleeps very gravely, with one hand on his forehead, like a little sad king.

Bellangère [*bursting suddenly into tears*]—My sister! my sister! my poor sister!

Ygraine—What is the matter?

Bellangère—I dare not say what I know, and I am not sure that I know anything, and yet I heard that which one could not hear—

Ygraine—What didst thou hear?

Bellangère—I was passing near the corridors of the tower—

Ygraine—Ah!

Bellangère—A door there was ajar. I pushed it very softly. I went in.

Ygraine—In where?

Bellangère—I had never seen the place. There were other corridors lighted with lamps; then low galleries that had no outlet. I knew it was forbidden to go on. I was afraid, and I was going to return upon my steps, when I heard a sound of voices one could hardly hear.

Ygraine—It must have been the handmaids of the Queen: they dwell at the foot of the tower.

Bellangère—I do not know just what it was. There must have been more than one door between us; and the voices came to me like the voice of some one who was being smothered. I drew as near as I could. I am not sure of anything, but I think they spoke of a child that came to-day and of a crown of gold. They seemed to be laughing.

Ygraine — They laughed?

Bellangère — Yes, I think they laughed, unless they were weeping, or unless it was something I did not understand; for it was hard to hear, and their voices were sweet. They seemed to echo in a crowd under the arches. They spoke of the child the Queen would see. They will probably come up this evening.

Ygraine — What? this evening?

Bellangère — Yes, yes, I think so.

Ygraine — They spoke no one's name?

Bellangère — They spoke of a child, of a very little child.

Ygraine — There is no other child.

Bellangère — They raised their voices a little at that moment, because one of them had said the day seemed not yet come.

Ygraine — I know what that means; it is not the first time they have issued from the tower. I knew well why she made him come; but I could not believe she would hasten so! We shall see; we are three, and we have time.

Bellangère — What wilt thou do?

Ygraine — I do not know yet what I shall do, but I will astonish her. Do you know how you tremble? I will tell you —

Bellangère — What?

Ygraine — She shall not take him without trouble.

Bellangère — We are alone, sister Ygraine.

Ygraine — Ah! it is true, we are alone! There is but one remedy, the one with which we have always succeeded! Let us wait upon our knees as the other times. Perhaps she will have pity! She allows herself to be disarmed by tears. We must grant her all she asks us; haply she will smile; and she is wont to spare all those who kneel. She has been there for years in her huge tower, devouring our beloved, and none, not one, has dared to strike her in the face. She is there, upon our souls, like the stone of a tomb, and no one dare put forth his arm. In the time when there were men here, they feared too, and fell upon their faces. To-day it is the woman's turn: we shall see. It is time to rise at last. We know not upon what her power rests, and I will live no longer in the shadow of her tower. Go — go, both of you, and leave me more alone still, if you tremble too. I shall await her.

Bellangère — Sister, I do not know what must be done; but I stay with thee.

Aglovale—I too stay, my daughter. For a long time my soul has been restless. You are going to try. We have tried more than once.

Ygraine—You have tried—you too?

Aglovale—They have all tried. But at the last moment they have lost their strength. You will see, you too. Should she order me to come up to her this very night, I should clasp both my hands without a word; and my tired feet would climb the stair, without delay and without haste, well as I know no one comes down again with open eyes. I have no more courage against her. Our hands are of no use and reach no one. They are not the hands we need, and all is useless. But I would help you, because you hope. Shut the doors, my child. Wake Tintagiles; encircle him with your little naked arms and take him on your knees. We have no other defense.

THE INNER BEAUTY

From 'The Treasure of the Humble'

THERE is nothing in the whole world that can vie with the soul in its eagerness for beauty, or in the ready power wherewith it adopts beauty unto itself. There is nothing in the world capable of such spontaneous uplifting, of such speedy ennoblement; nothing that offers more scrupulous obedience to the pure and noble commands it receives. There is nothing in the world that yields deeper submission to the empire of a thought that is loftier than other thoughts. And on this earth of ours there are but few souls that can withstand the dominion of the soul that has suffered itself to become beautiful.

In all truth might it be said that beauty is the unique aliment of our soul; for in all places does it search for beauty, and it perishes not of hunger even in the most degraded of lives. For indeed nothing of beauty can pass by and be altogether unperceived. Perhaps does it never pass by save only in our unconsciousness: but its action is no less puissant in gloom of night than by light of day; the joy it procures may be less tangible, but other difference there is none. Look at the most ordinary of men, at a time when a little beauty has contrived to steal into their darkness. They have come together, it matters

not where, and for no special reason; but no sooner are they assembled than their very first thought would seem to be to close the great doors of life. Yet has each one of them, when alone, more than once lived in accord with his soul. He has loved perhaps, of a surety he has suffered. Inevitably must he too have heard the «sounds that come from the distant country of Splendor and Terror»; and many an evening has he bowed down in silence before laws that are deeper than the sea. And yet when these men are assembled, it is with the basest of things that they love to debauch themselves. They have a strange indescribable fear of beauty; and as their number increases, so does this fear become greater, resembling indeed their dread of silence or of a verity that is too pure. And so true is this, that were one of them to have done something heroic in the course of the day, he would ascribe wretched motives to his conduct, thereby endeavoring to find excuses for it, and these motives would lie readily to his hand in that lower region where he and his fellows were assembled. And yet listen: a proud and lofty word has been spoken, a word that has in a measure undammed the springs of life. For one instant has a soul dared to reveal itself, even such as it is in love and sorrow, such as it is in face of death and in the solitude that dwells around the stars of night. Disquiet prevails; on some faces there is astonishment, others smile. But have you never felt at moments such as those how unanimous is the fervor wherewith every soul admires, and how unspeakably even the very feeblest, from the remotest depths of its dungeon, approves the word it has recognized as akin to itself? For they have all suddenly sprung to life again in the primitive and normal atmosphere that is their own; and could you but hearken with angels' ears, I doubt not but you would hear mightiest applause in that kingdom of amazing radiance wherein the souls do dwell. Do you not think that even the most timid of them would take courage unto themselves were but similar words to be spoken every evening? Do you not think that men would live purer lives? And yet though the word come not again, still will something momentous have happened, that must leave still more momentous trace behind. Every evening will its sisters recognize the soul that pronounced the word; and henceforth, be the conversation never so trivial, its mere presence will, I know not how, add thereto something of majesty. Whatever else betide, there has been a change that we

cannot determine. No longer will such absolute power be vested in the baser side of things, and henceforth even the most terror-stricken of souls will know that there is somewhere a place of refuge.

Certain it is that the natural and primitive relationship of soul to soul is a relationship of beauty. For beauty is the only language of our soul; none other is known to it. It has no other life, it can produce nothing else, in nothing else can it take interest. And therefore it is that the most oppressed, nay, the most degraded of souls,—if it may truly be said that a soul can be degraded,—immediately hail with acclamation every thought, every word or deed, that is great and beautiful. Beauty is the only element wherewith the soul is organically connected, and it has no other standard or judgment. This is brought home to us at every moment of our life, and is no less evident to the man by whom beauty may more than once have been denied, than to him who is ever seeking it in his heart. Should a day come when you stand in profoundest need of another's sympathy, would you go to him who was wont to greet the passage of beauty with a sneering smile? Would you go to him whose shake of the head had sullied a generous action or a mere impulse that was pure? Even though perhaps you had been of those who commended him, you would none the less, when it was truth that knocked at your door, turn to the man who had known how to prostrate himself and love. In its very depths had your soul passed its judgment; and it is this silent and unerring judgment that will rise to the surface, after thirty years perhaps, and send you towards a sister who shall be more truly you than you are yourself, for that she has been nearer to beauty.

There needs but so little to encourage beauty in our soul; so little to awaken the slumbering angels; or perhaps is there no need of awakening,—it is enough that we lull them not to sleep. It requires more effort to fall, perhaps, than to rise. Can we, without putting constraint upon ourselves, confine our thoughts to every-day things at times when the sea stretches before us and we are face to face with the night? And what soul is there but knows that it is ever confronting the sea, ever in presence of an eternal night? Did we but dread beauty less, it would come about that naught else in life would be visible; for in reality it is beauty that underlies everything, it is beauty alone that exists. There is no soul but is conscious of this; none that is not in

readiness; but where are those that hide not their beauty? And yet must one of them "begin." Why not dare to be the one to "begin"? The others are all watching eagerly around us like little children in front of a marvelous palace. They press upon the threshold, whispering to each other and peering through every crevice; but there is not one who dares put his shoulder to the door. They are all waiting for some grown-up person to come and fling it open. But hardly ever does such a one pass by.

And yet what is needed to become the grown-up person for whom they lie in wait? So little! The soul is not exacting. A thought that is almost beautiful—a thought that you speak not, but that you cherish within you at this moment—will irradiate you as though you were a transparent vase. They will see it, and their greeting to you will be very different than had you been meditating how best to deceive your brother. We are surprised when certain men tell us that they have never come across real ugliness, that they cannot conceive that a soul can be base. Yet need there be no cause for surprise. These men had "begun." They themselves had been the first to be beautiful, and had therefore attracted all the beauty that passed by, as a light-house attracts the vessels from the four corners of the horizon. Some there are who complain of women, for instance; never dreaming that the first time a man meets a woman, a single word or thought that denies the beautiful or profound will be enough to poison forever *his existence* in her soul. "For my part," said a sage to me one day, "I have never come across a single woman who did not bring to me something that was great." He was great himself first of all; therein lay his secret. There is one thing only that the soul can never forgive: it is to have been compelled to behold, or share, or pass close to an ugly action, word, or thought. It cannot forgive, for forgiveness here were but the denial of itself. And yet with the generality of men, ingenuity, strength, and skill do but imply that the soul must first of all be banished from their life, and that every impulse that lies too deep must be carefully brushed aside. Even in love do they act thus; and therefore it is that the woman, who is so much nearer the truth, can scarcely ever live a moment of the true life with them. It is as though men dreaded the contact of their soul, and were anxious to keep its beauty at immeasurable distance. Whereas, on the contrary, we should

endeavor to move in advance of ourselves. If at this moment you think or say something that is too beautiful to be true in you—if you have but endeavored to think or say it to-day, on the morrow it will be true. We must try to be more beautiful than ourselves; we shall never distance our soul. We can never err when it is question of silent or hidden beauty. Besides, so long as the spring within us be limpid, it matters but little whether error there be or not. But do any of us ever dream of making the slightest unseen effort? And yet in the domain where we are, everything is effective; for that, everything is waiting. All the doors are unlocked; we have but to push them open, and the palace is full of manacled queens. A single word will very often suffice to clear the mountain of refuse. Why not have the courage to meet a base question with a noble answer? Do you imagine it would pass quite unnoticed, or merely arouse surprise? Do you not think it would be more akin to the discourse that would naturally be held between two souls? We know not where it may give encouragement, where freedom. Even he who rejects your words will in spite of himself have taken a step towards the beauty that is within him. Nothing of beauty dies without having purified something, nor can aught of beauty be lost. Let us not be afraid of sowing it along the road. It may remain there for weeks or years: but like the diamond, it cannot dissolve, and finally there will pass by some one whom its glitter will attract; he will pick it up and go his way rejoicing. Then why keep back a lofty, beautiful word, for that you doubt whether others will understand? An instant of higher goodness was impending over you: why hinder its coming, even though you believe not that those about you will profit thereby? What if you are among men of the valley: is that sufficient reason for checking the instinctive movement of your soul towards the mountain peaks? Does darkness rob deep feeling of its power? Have the blind naught but their eyes wherewith to distinguish those who love them from those who love them not? Can the beauty not exist that is not understood? and is there not in every man something that does understand, in regions far beyond what he seems to understand,—far beyond, too, what he believes he understands? "Even to the very wretchedest of all," said to me one day the loftiest-minded creature it has ever been my happiness to know,—"even to the very wretchedest of all, I never have the courage to say anything in reply that is ugly or

mediocre." I have for a long time followed that man's life, and have seen the inexplicable power he exercised over the most obscure, the most unapproachable, the blindest, even the most rebellious of souls. For no tongue can tell the power of a soul that strives to live in an atmosphere of beauty, and is actively beautiful in itself. And indeed, is it not the quality of this activity that renders a life either miserable or divine?

If we could but probe to the root of things, it might well be discovered that it is by the strength of some souls that are beautiful that others are sustained in life. Is it not the idea we each form of certain chosen ones that constitutes the only living, effective morality? But in this idea how much is there of the soul that is chosen, how much of him who chooses? Do not these things blend very mysteriously, and does not this ideal morality lie infinitely deeper than the morality of the most beautiful books? A far-reaching influence exists therein whose limits it is indeed difficult to define, and a fountain of strength whereat we all of us drink many times a day. Would not any weakness in one of those creatures whom you thought perfect, and loved in the region of beauty, at once lessen your confidence in the universal greatness of things, and would your admiration for them not suffer?

And again, I doubt whether anything in the world can beautify a soul more spontaneously, more naturally, than the knowledge that somewhere in its neighborhood there exists a pure and noble being whom it can unreservedly love. When the soul has veritably drawn near to such a being, beauty is no longer a lovely, lifeless thing that one exhibits to the stranger; for it suddenly takes unto itself an imperious existence, and its activity becomes so natural as to be henceforth irresistible. Wherefore you will do well to think it over; for none are alone, and those who are good must watch.

Plotinus, in the eighth book of the fifth 'Ennead,' after speaking of the beauty that is "intelligible,"—*i. e.*, Divine,—concludes thus: "As regards ourselves, we are beautiful when we belong to ourselves, and ugly when we lower ourselves to our inferior nature. Also are we beautiful when we know ourselves, and ugly when we have no such knowledge." Bear it in mind, however, that here we are on the mountains, where not to know oneself means far more than mere ignorance of what takes place within us at moments of jealousy or love, fear or envy, happiness

or unhappiness. Here not to know oneself means to be unconscious of all the divine that throbs in man. As we wander from the gods within us, so does ugliness enwrap us; as we discover them, so do we become more beautiful. But it is only by revealing the divine that is in us that we may discover the divine in others. Needs must one god beckon to another; and no signal is so imperceptible but they will every one of them respond. It cannot be said too often, that be the crevice never so small, it will yet suffice for all the waters of heaven to pour into our soul. Every cup is stretched out to the unknown spring, and we are in a region where none think of aught but beauty. If we could ask of an angel what it is that our souls do in the shadow, I believe the angel would answer, after having looked for many years perhaps, and seen far more than the things the soul seems to do in the eyes of men, "They transform into beauty all the little things that are given to them." Ah! we must admit that the human soul is possessed of singular courage! Resignedly does it labor, its whole life long, in the darkness whither most of us relegate it, where it is spoken to by none. There, never complaining, does it do all that in its power lies, striving to tear from out the pebbles we fling to it the nucleus of eternal light that peradventure they contain. And in the midst of its work it is ever lying in wait for the moment when it may show to a sister who is more tenderly cared for, or who chances to be nearer, the treasures it has so toilfully amassed. But thousands of existences there are that no sister visits; thousands of existences wherein life has infused such timidity into the soul that it departs without saying a word, without even once having been able to deck itself with the humblest jewels of its humble crown.

And yet, in spite of all, does it watch over everything from out its invisible heaven. It warns and loves, it admires, attracts, repels. At every fresh event does it rise to the surface, where it lingers till it be thrust down again, being looked upon as wearisome and insane. It wanders to and fro, like Cassandra at the gates of the Atrides. It is ever giving utterance to words of shadowy truth, but there are none to listen. When we raise our eyes, it yearns for a ray of sun or star that it may weave into a thought, or haply an impulse, which shall be unconscious and very pure. And if our eyes bring it nothing, still will it know how to turn its pitiful disillusion into something ineffable, that it will conceal even till its death. When we love, how eagerly

does it drink in the light from behind the closed door!—keen with expectation, it yet wastes not a minute, and the light that steals through the apertures becomes beauty and truth to the soul. But if the door open not, (and how many lives are there wherein it does open?) it will go back into its prison, and its regret will perhaps be a loftier verity that shall never be seen;—for we are now in the region of transformations whereof none may speak; and though nothing born this side of the door can be lost, yet does it never mingle with our life.

I said just now that the soul changed into beauty the little things we gave to it. It would even seem, the more we think of it, that the soul has no other reason for existence, and that all its activity is consumed in amassing, at the depths of us, a treasure of indescribable beauty. Might not everything naturally turn into beauty were we not unceasingly interrupting the arduous labors of our soul? Does not evil itself become precious so soon as it has gathered therefrom the deep-lying diamond of repentance? The acts of injustice whereof you have been guilty, the tears you have caused to flow, will not these end too by becoming so much radiance and love in your soul? Have you ever cast your eyes into this kingdom of purifying flame that is within you? Perhaps a great wrong may have been done you to-day, the act itself being mean and disheartening, the mode of action of the basest, and ugliness wrapped you round as your tears fell. But let some years elapse,—then give one look into your soul, and tell me whether, beneath the recollection of that act, you see not something that is already purer than thought: an indescribable, unnamable force that has naught in common with the forces of this world; a mysterious inexhaustible spring of the other life, whereat you may drink for the rest of your days. And yet will you have rendered no assistance to the untiring queen; other thoughts will have filled your mind, and it will be without your knowledge that the act will have been purified in the silence of your being, and will have flown into the precious waters that lie in the great reservoir of truth and beauty, which, unlike the shallower reservoir of true or beautiful thoughts, has an ever ruffled surface, and remains for all time out of reach of the breath of life. Emerson tells us that there is not an act or event in our life but sooner or later casts off its outer shell, and bewilders us by its sudden flight, from the very depths of us, on high into the empyrean. And this is true to a far greater extent

than Emerson had foreseen; for the further we advance in these regions, the diviner are the spheres we discover.

We can form no adequate conception of what this silent activity of the souls that surround us may really mean. Perhaps you have spoken a pure word to one of your fellows, by whom it has not been understood. You look upon it as lost, and dismiss it from your mind. But one day, peradventure, the word comes up again extraordinarily transformed, and revealing the unexpected fruit it has borne in the darkness; then silence once more falls over all. But it matters not; we have learned that nothing can be lost in the soul, and that even to the very pettiest there come moments of splendor. It is unmistakably borne home to us that even the unhappiest and the most destitute of men have at the depths of their being, and in spite of themselves, a treasure of beauty that they cannot despoil. They have but to acquire the habit of dipping into this treasure. It suffices not that beauty should keep solitary festival in life; it has to become a festival of every day. There needs no great effort to be admitted into the ranks of those "whose eyes no longer behold earth in flower, and sky in glory, in infinitesimal fragments, but indeed in sublime masses";—and I speak here of flowers and sky that are purer and more lasting than those that we behold. Thousands of channels there are through which the beauty of our soul may sail even unto our thoughts. Above all is there the wonderful central channel of love.

Is it not in love that are found the purest elements of beauty that we can offer to the soul? Some there are who do thus in beauty love each other. And to love thus means that, little by little, the sense of ugliness is lost; that one's eyes are closed to all the littlenesses of life, to all but the freshness and virginity of the very humblest of souls. Loving thus, we have no longer even the need to forgive. Loving thus, we can no longer have anything to conceal, for that the ever present soul transforms all things into beauty. It is to behold evil in so far only as it purifies indulgence, and teaches us no longer to confound the sinner with his sin. Loving thus, do we raise on high within ourselves all those about us who have attained an eminence where failure has become impossible; heights whence a paltry action has so far to fall, that touching earth it is compelled to yield up its diamond soul. It is to transform, though all unconsciously, the feeblest intention that hovers about us into illimitable movement.

It is to summon all that is beautiful in earth, heaven, or soul, to the banquet of love. Loving thus, we do indeed exist before our fellows as we exist before God. It means that the least gesture will call forth the presence of the soul with all its treasure. No longer is there need of death, disaster, or tears, for that the soul shall appear: a smile suffices. Loving thus, we perceive truth in happiness as profoundly as some of the heroes perceived it in the radiance of greatest sorrow. It means that the beauty that turns into love is undistinguishable from the love that turns into beauty. It means to be able no longer to tell where the ray of a star leaves off and the kiss of an ordinary thought begins. It means to have come so near to God that the angels possess us. Loving thus, the same soul will have been so beautified by us all that it will become little by little the "unique angel" mentioned by Swedenborg. It means that each day will reveal to us a new beauty in that mysterious angel, and that we shall walk together in a goodness that shall ever become more and more living, loftier and loftier. For there exists also a lifeless beauty made up of the past alone; but the veritable love renders the past useless, and its approach creates a boundless future of goodness, without disaster and without tears. To love thus is but to free one's soul, and to become as beautiful as the soul thus freed. "If, in the emotion that this spectacle cannot fail to awaken in thee," says the great Plotinus, when dealing with kindred matters,—and of all the intellects known to me, that of Plotinus draws the nearest to the divine,—"if, in the emotion that this spectacle cannot fail to awaken in thee, thou proclaimest not that it is beautiful; and if, plunging thine eyes into thyself, thou dost not then feel the charm of beauty,—it is in vain that, thy disposition being such, thou shouldst seek the intelligible beauty; for thou wouldst seek it only with that which is ugly and impure. Therefore it is that the discourse we hold here is not addressed to all men. But if thou hast recognized beauty within thyself, see that thou rise to the recollection of the intelligible beauty."

FROM 'THE TRAGICAL IN DAILY LIFE'

In 'The Treasure of the Humble'

THERE is a tragic element in the life of every day that is far more real, far more penetrating, far more akin to the true self that is in us than the tragedy that lies in great adventure. . . .

Is it beyond the mark to say that the true tragic element, normal, deep-rooted, and universal,—that the true tragic element of life only begins at the moment when so-called adventures, sorrows, and dangers have disappeared? Is the arm of happiness not longer than that of sorrow, and do not certain of its attributes draw nearer to the soul? Must we indeed roar like the Atridæ, before the Eternal God will reveal himself in our life? and is he never by our side at times when the air is calm, and the lamp burns on unflickering? . . . Are there not elements of deeper gravity and stability in happiness, in a single moment of repose, than in the whirlwind of passion? Is it not then that we at last behold the march of time—ay, and of many another on-stealing besides, more secret still—is it not then that the hours rush forward? Are not deeper chords set vibrating by all these things than by the dagger-stroke of conventional drama? Is it not at the very moment when a man believes himself secure from bodily death that the strange and silent tragedy of the being and the immensities does indeed raise its curtain on the stage? Is it while I flee before a naked sword that my existence touches its most interesting point? Is life always at its sublimest in a kiss? Are there not other moments, when one hears purer voices that do not fade away so soon? Does the soul only flower on nights of storm? Hitherto, doubtless, this belief has prevailed. It is only the life of violence, the life of bygone days, that is perceived by nearly all our tragic writers; and truly may one say that anachronism dominates the stage, and that dramatic art dates back as many years as the art of sculpture. . . .

To the tragic author, as to the mediocre painter who still lingers over historical pictures, it is only the violence of the anecdote that appeals; and in his representation thereof does the entire interest of his work consist. And he imagines, forsooth, that we shall delight in witnessing the very same acts that

brought joy to the hearts of the barbarians, with whom murder, outrage, and treachery were matters of daily occurrence. Whereas it is far away from bloodshed, battle-cry, and sword-thrust that the lives of most of us flow on; and men's tears are silent to-day, and invisible, and almost spiritual.

Indeed, when I go to a theatre, I feel as though I were spending a few hours with my ancestors, who conceived life as something that was primitive, arid, and brutal; but this conception of theirs scarcely even lingers in my memory, and surely it is not one that I can share. I am shown a deceived husband killing his wife, a woman poisoning her lover, a son avenging his father, a father slaughtering his children, children putting their father to death, murdered kings, ravished virgins, imprisoned citizens—in a word, all the sublimity of tradition, but alas, how superficial and material! Blood, surface-tears, and death! What can I learn from creatures who have but one fixed idea, and who have no time to live, for that there is a rival, or a mistress, whom it behoves them to put to death? . . .

I admire Othello, but he does not appear to me to live the august daily life of a Hamlet, who has the time to live, inasmuch as he does not act. Othello is admirably jealous. But is it not perhaps an ancient error to imagine that it is at the moments when this passion, or others of equal violence, possesses us, that we live our truest lives? I have grown to believe that an old man, seated in his arm-chair, waiting patiently, with his lamp beside him; giving unconscious ear to all the eternal laws that reign about his house; interpreting, without comprehending, the silence of doors and windows and the quivering voice of the light; submitting with bent head to the presence of his soul and his destiny,—an old man, who conceives not that all the powers of this world, like so many heedful servants, are mingling and keeping vigil in his room, who suspects not that the very sun itself is supporting in space the little table against which he leans, or that every star in heaven and every fibre of the soul are directly concerned in the movement of an eyelid that closes, or a thought that springs to birth,—I have grown to believe that he, motionless as he is, does yet live in reality a deeper, more human, and more universal life than the lover who strangles his mistress, the captain who conquers in battle, or "the husband who avenges his honor."

DR. WILLIAM MAGINN

(1793–1842)

BLACKWOOD was astonished one day by the intrusion of a wild Irishman from Cork into the publishing house of the staid Scotch magazine. With much warmth and an exaggerated brogue the stranger demanded to know the identity of one Ralph Tuckett Scott, who had been printing things in the periodical. Of course he was not told, and was very coldly treated; but Mr. Blackwood was much delighted at last to find in the person of his guest the original of his valued and popular Irish contributor, who taking this odd method disclosed the personality and name of William Maginn, a young schoolmaster who had begun to write over the name of Crossman, and afterwards assumed several other pseudonyms before he settled upon the famous "Sir Morgan O'Doherty."

DR. WILLIAM MAGINN

Born in the city of Cork, July 10th, 1793, William Maginn may be said to have taken in learning with his mother's milk. His father conducted an academy for boys in the Irish Athens, as Cork was then called; and the future editor of Fraser's Magazine was prepared for and entered Trinity College, Dublin, at the age of ten. He was graduated at fourteen; and so extraordinary was his mind that he was master not only of the classics but of most of the languages of modern Europe, including of course his own ancestral Gaelic. When his father died, William, then twenty years of age, took charge of the academy in Marlborough Street, and in 1817 took his degree of LL. D. at Trinity College. In the following year he made his way into the field of letters. When he went to London in 1824, his reputation as a brilliant writer was well established and enduring. He had married in 1817 the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Bullen, rector of Kanturk.

Immediately upon his removal to London, he was engaged by Theodore Hook as editor of John Bull. In 1827 he boldly published a broad and witty satire on Scott's historical novels. He was assistant editor of the Evening Standard upon its institution, a position

which he held for years at a salary of £400. These years he said afterwards were the happiest of his life. He was a sturdy Irishman, and proud of his country; and he had what is often an Irishman's strongest weakness,—he was a spendthrift. His appreciation of his relations toward creditors was embodied in the phrase «They put something in a book.» Little wonder then that his last years were wretched and bailiff-haunted. The sketch of Captain Brandon in the debtors' prison, in 'Pendennis,' is said to have been taken from this period of Maginn's life.

Before this sad time, though, came a long era of prosperity, and the days of the uncrowned sovereignty of letters as editor of Fraser's Magazine. This periodical was started as a rival to Blackwood's because Maginn had fallen out with the publishers of that magazine. The first number appeared February 1st, 1830; and before the year was out it was not only a great financial success, but had upon its staff the best of all the English writers. The attachment between Dr. Maginn and Letitia E. Landon began in this time; and was, though innocent enough, a sad experience for them both,—torturing Maginn through the jealousy of his wife, and sending «L. E. L.» to an uncongenial marriage, and death by prussic acid in the exile of the West Coast of Africa. Released from the Fleet by the Insolvency Act in 1842, broken in health and spirit, Maginn went to the village of Walton-on-Thames, where he died from consumption, penniless and almost starving, on the 21st of August of that year. Sir Robert Peel had procured for him from the Crown a gift of £100; but he died without knowledge of the scanty gratuity.

SAINT PATRICK

A FIG for St. Denis of France,
He's a trumpery fellow to brag on;
A fig for St. George and his lance,
Which spitted a heathenish dragon;
And the saints of the Welshman or Scot
Are a couple of pitiful pipers,
Both of whom may just travel to pot,
Compared with the patron of swipers,
St. Patrick of Ireland, my dear!

He came to the Emerald Isle
On a lump of a paving-stone mounted;
The steamboat he beat to a mile,
Which mighty good sailing was counted:

Says he, "The salt water, I think,
Has made me most bloodily thirsty;
So bring me a flagon of drink,
To keep down the mulligrubs, burst ye,—
Of drink that is fit for a saint."

He preached then with wonderful force,
The ignorant natives a-teaching;
With a pint he washed down his discourse,
"For," says he, "I detest your dry preaching."
The people, with wonderment struck
At a pastor so pious and civil,
Exclaimed, "We're for you, my old buck,
And we pitch our blind gods to the Devil,
Who dwells in hot water below."

This ended, our worshipful spoon
Went to visit an elegant fellow,
Whose practice each cool afternoon
Was to get most delightfully mellow.
That day, with a black-jack of beer,
It chanced he was treating a party:
Says the saint, "This good day, do you hear,
I drank nothing to speak of, my hearty,
So give me a pull at the pot."

The pewter he lifted in sport
(Believe me, I tell you no fable);
A gallon he drank from the quart,
And then planted it full on the table.
"A miracle!" every one said,
And they all took a haul at the stingo:
They were capital hands at the trade,
And drank till they fell; yet, by jingo!
The pot still frothed over the brim.

Next day quoth his host, "'Tis a fast,
But I've naught in my larder but mutton;
And on Fridays who'd make such repast,
Except an unchristian-like glutton?"
Says Pat, "Cease your nonsense, I beg;
What you tell me is nothing but gammon:
Take my compliments down to the leg,
And bid it come hither a salmon!"
And the leg most politely complied.

You've heard, I suppose, long ago,
How the snakes in a manner most antic
He marched to the County Mayo,
And trundled them into th' Atlantic.
Hence not to use water for drink
The people of Ireland determine;
With mighty good reason, I think,
Since St. Patrick had filled it with vermin,
And vipers, and other such stuff.

Oh, he was an elegant blade
As you'd meet from Fair Head to Kilcrumper;
And though under the sod he is laid,
Yet here goes his health in a bumper!
I wish he was here, that my glass
He might by art magic replenish;
But as he is not, why, alas!
My ditty must come to a finish—
Because all the liquor is out!

SONG OF THE SEA

«Woe to us when we lose the watery wall!»—TIMOTHY TICKLER.

IF E'ER that dreadful hour should come—but God avert the day!—
When England's glorious flag must bend, and yield old Ocean's sway;
When foreign ships shall o'er that deep, where she is empress, lord;
When the cross of red from boltsprit-head is hewn by foreign sword;
When foreign foot her quarter-deck with proud stride treads along;
When her peaceful ships meet haughty check from hail of foreign tongue:
One prayer, one only prayer is mine,—that ere is seen that sight,
Ere there be warning of that woe, I may be whelmed in night!

If ever other prince than ours wield sceptre o'er that main,
Where Howard, Blake, and Frobisher the Armada smote of Spain;
Where Blake, in Cromwell's iron sway, swept tempest-like the seas,
From North to South, from East to West, resistless as the breeze;
Where Russell bent great Louis's power, which bent before to none,
And crushed his arm of naval strength, and dimmed his Rising Sun:
One prayer, one only prayer is mine,—that ere is seen that sight,
Ere there be warning of that woe, I may be whelmed in night!

If ever other keel than ours triumphant plow that brine, [line;
Where Rodney met the Count de Grasse, and broke the Frenchman's
Where Howe upon the first of June met the Jacobins in fight,
And with old England's loud huzzas broke down their godless might;
Where Jervis at St. Vincent's felled the Spaniards' lofty tiers,
Where Duncan won at Camperdown, and Exmouth at Algiers:
One prayer, one only prayer is mine,—that ere is seen that sight,
Ere there be warning of that woe, I may be whelmed in night!

But oh! what agony it were, when we should think on thee,
The flower of all the Admirals that ever trod the sea!
I shall not name thy honored name; but if the white-cliffed Isle
Which reared the Lion of the deep, the Hero of the Nile,—
Him who 'neath Copenhagen's self o'erthrew the faithless Dane,
Who died at glorious Trafalgar, o'ervanquished France and Spain,—
Should yield her power, one prayer is mine,—that ere is seen that sight,
Ere there be warning of that woe, I may be whelmed in night!

JOHN PENTLAND MAHAFFY

(1839–)

JOHN PENTLAND MAHAFFY is conspicuous among contemporary Greek scholars and historians for devoting himself less to the study of the golden age of the Greek intellect than to the post-Alexandrian period, when the union of Greece with the Orient produced the Hellenistic world. It is in this highly colored, essentially modern world of decadent Greek energy that Professor Mahaffy is most at home, and in which he finds the greatest number of parallels to the civilization of his own day. He is disposed indeed to link England and Ireland, through their political life, to the Athens and Sparta of the third century before Christ, and to find precedents in the Grecian republics for democratic conditions in the United States. In the opening chapter of his 'Greek Life and Thought,' after dwelling upon the hostile attitude of Sparta and Athens towards the Macedonian government, he adds, "But we are quite accustomed in our own day to this Home-Rule and Separatist spirit."

J. P. MAHAFFY

It is this intimate manner of approaching a far-off theme that gives to Professor Mahaffy's work much of its interest. He is continually translating ancient history into the terms of modern life. "Let us save ancient history," he writes, "from its dreary fate in the hands of the dry antiquarian, the narrow scholar; and while we utilize all his research and all his learning, let us make the acts and lives of older men speak across the chasm of centuries and claim kindred with the men and motives of to-day. For this and this only is to write history in the full and real sense."

Whatever the merits of his scholarship, Professor Mahaffy has adhered closely to his ideal of a historian. He has a thorough grasp upon the spirit of that period for which he has the keenest appreciation, and which he is able to present to his readers with the greatest clearness and vividness of color and outline. It is true, doubtless, as he says, that the exclusive attention paid by modern scholars to the

age of spotless Atticism has overshadowed that Oriental-Hellenistic world which rose after Alexander sank. The majority of persons know little of that rich life of decaying arts and flourishing philosophies, and strangely modern political and social conditions, which had its centres in Alexandria and Antioch. It is of this that Professor Mahaffy writes familiarly in his 'Greek Life and Thought,' and in his 'Greek World under Roman Sway.' He succeeds in throwing a great deal of light upon this period of history; less perhaps through sheer force of scholarship than through his happy faculty of finding a family relationship in the poets, philosophers, statesmen, and kings of a long-dead world. What he may lose as a "pure scholar" he thus gains as a historian.

In his classical researches, he has profited greatly by his acquaintance with German investigations in this field. Although of Irish parentage, he was born in Switzerland in 1839, and the roots of his education were fixed in the soil of German scholarship. His subsequent residence at Trinity College, Dublin, as professor of ancient history, has by no means weaned him from his earlier educational influences. He attaches the utmost importance to the thorough-going spirit of the German Grecians. He makes constant use of their discoveries. Nevertheless Professor Mahaffy is more of a sympathetic Irish historian or historical essayist than a strict Greek scholar after the German pattern. He is at his best when he is writing of the social side of Hellenistic life. His 'Greek Life and Thought,' his 'Greek World under Roman Sway,' his 'Survey of Greek Civilization,' his 'Social Life in Greece,' show keen insight into the conditions which governed the surface appearances of a world whose colors have not yet faded. This world of Oriental sensuousness wedded to Greek intelligence, this world which began with Demosthenes and Alexander and ended with Nero and St. John, seems to Professor Mahaffy a more perfect prototype of the modern world than the purer Attic civilization which preceded it, or the civilization of Imperial Rome which followed it.

Like the majority of modern Greek scholars, Professor Mahaffy has engaged in antiquarian research upon the soil of Greece itself. His 'Rambles and Studies in Greece,' a work of conversational charm, shows not a little poetical feeling for the memories that haunt the living sepulchre of a great dead race.

Other works of Professor Mahaffy include 'Problems in Greek History,' 'Prolegomena to Ancient History,' 'Lectures on Primitive Civilization,' 'The Story of Alexander's Empire,' 'Old Greek Life,' and the 'History of Classical Greek Literature.' His value as a historian and student of Greek life lies mainly in his power of suggestion, and in his original and fearless treatment of subjects usually

approached with the dreary deference of self-conscious scholarship. His revelation of the same human nature linking the world of two thousand years ago to the world of the present day, has earned for his Greek studies deserved popularity.

CHILDHOOD IN ANCIENT LIFE

From 'Old Greek Education'

WE FIND in Homer, especially in the Iliad, indications of the plainest kind that Greek babies were like the babies of modern Europe: equally troublesome, equally delightful to their parents, equally uninteresting to the rest of society. The famous scene in the sixth book of the Iliad, when Hector's infant, Astyanax, screams at the sight of his father's waving crest, and the hero lays his helmet on the ground that he may laugh and weep over the child; the love and tenderness of Andromache, and her pathetic laments in the twenty-second book,—are familiar to all. She foresees the hardships and unkindnesses to her orphan boy, "who was wont upon his father's knees to eat the purest marrow and the rich fat of sheep, and when sleep came upon him, and he ceased his childish play, he would lie in the arms of his nurse, on a soft cushion, satisfied with every comfort." So again, a protecting goddess is compared to a mother keeping the flies from her sleeping infant; and a pertinacious friend, to a little girl who, running beside her mother, begs to be taken up, holding her mother's dress and delaying her, and with tearful eyes keeps looking up till the mother denies her no longer. These are only stray references, and yet they speak no less clearly than if we had asked for an express answer to a direct inquiry. So we have the hesitation of the murderers sent to make away with the infant Cypselus, who had been foretold to portend danger to the Corinthian Herods of that day. The smile of the baby unmans—or should we rather say unbrutes?—the first ruffian, and so the task is passed on from man to man. This story in Herodotus is a sort of natural Greek parallel to the great Shakespearean scene, where another child sways his intended torturer with an eloquence more conscious and explicit, but not perhaps more powerful, than the radiant smile of the Greek baby. Thus Euripides, the great master of pathos, represents Iphigenia bringing her infant brother Orestes to plead for her. with that

unconsciousness of sorrow which pierces us to the heart more than the most affecting rhetoric. In modern art a little child playing about its dead mother, and waiting with contentment for her awaking, is perhaps the most powerful appeal to human compassion which we are able to conceive.

On the other hand, the troubles of infancy were then as now very great. We do not indeed hear of croup, or teething, or measles, or whooping-cough. But these are occasional matters, and count as nothing beside the inexorable tyranny of a sleepless baby. For then as now, mothers and nurses had a strong prejudice in favor of carrying about restless children, and so soothing them to sleep. The unpractical Plato requires that in his fabulous Republic two or three stout nurses shall be in readiness to carry about each child; because children, like gamecocks, gain spirit and endurance by this treatment! What they really gain is a gigantic power of torturing their mothers. Most children can readily be taught to sleep in a bed, or even in an arm-chair, but an infant once accustomed to being carried about will insist upon it; and so it came that Greek husbands were obliged to relegate their wives to another sleeping-room, where the nightly squalling of the furious infant might not disturb the master as well as the mistress of the house. But the Greek gentleman was able to make good his damaged rest by a midday siesta, and so required but little sleep at night. The modern father in northern Europe, with his whole day's work and waking, is therefore in a more disadvantageous position.

Of course very fashionable people kept nurses; and it was the highest tone at Athens to have a Spartan nurse for the infant, just as an English nurse is sought out among foreign noblesse. We are told that these women made the child hardier, that they used less swathing and bandaging, and allowed free play for the limbs; and this, like all the Spartan physical training, was approved of and admired by the rest of the Greek public, though its imitation was never suggested save in the unpractical speculations of Plato.

Whether they also approved of a diet of marrow and mutton suet, which Homer, in the passage just cited, considers the luxury of princes, does not appear. As Homer was the Greek Bible,—an inspired book containing perfect wisdom on all things, human and divine,—there must have been many orthodox parents who followed his prescription. But we hear no approval or

censure of such diet. Possibly marrow may have represented our cod-liver oil in strengthening delicate infants. But as the Homeric men fed far more exclusively on meat than their historical successors, some vegetable substitute, such as olive oil, must have been in use later on. Even within our memory, mutton suet boiled in milk was commonly recommended by physicians for the delicacy now treated by cod-liver oil. The supposed strengthening of children by air and exposure, or by early neglect of their comforts, was as fashionable at Sparta as it is with many modern theorists; and it probably led in both cases to the same result,—the extinction of the weak and delicate. These theorists parade the cases of survival of stout children—that is, their exceptional soundness—as the effect of this harsh treatment, and so satisfy themselves that experience confirms their views. Now with the Spartans this was logical enough; for as they professed and desired nothing but physical results, as they despised intellectual qualities and esteemed obedience to be the highest of moral ones, they were perhaps justified in their proceeding. So thoroughly did they advocate the production of healthy citizens for military purposes, that they were quite content that the sickly should die. In fact, in the case of obviously weak and deformed infants, they did not hesitate to expose them in the most brutal sense,—not to cold and draughts, but to the wild beasts in the mountains.

This brings us to the first shocking contrast between the Greek treatment of children and ours. We cannot really doubt, from the free use of the idea in Greek tragedies, in the comedies of ordinary life, and in theories of political economy, that the exposing of new-born children was not only sanctioned by public feeling, but actually practiced throughout Greece. Various motives combined to justify or to extenuate this practice. In the first place, the infant was regarded as the property of its parents, indeed of its father, to an extent inconceivable to most modern Europeans. The State only, whose claim overrode all other considerations, had a right for public reasons to interfere with the dispositions of a father. Individual human life had not attained what may be called the exaggerated value derived from sundry superstitions, which remains even after those superstitions have decayed. And moreover, in many Greek States, the contempt for commercial pursuits, and the want of outlet for practical energy, made the supporting of large families cumbersome, or the

subdivision of patrimonies excessive. Hence the prudence or the selfishness of parents did not hesitate to use an escape which modern civilization condemns as not only criminal but as horribly cruel. How little even the noblest Greek theorists felt this objection appears from the fact that Plato, the Attic Moses, sanctions infanticide under certain circumstances or in another form, in his ideal State. In the genteel comedy it is often mentioned as a somewhat painful necessity, but enjoined by prudence. Nowhere does the agony of the mother's heart reach us through their literature, save in one illustration used by the Platonic Socrates, where he compares the anger of his pupils, when first confuted out of their prejudices, to the fury of a young mother deprived of her first infant. There is something horrible in the very allusion, as if in after life Attic mothers became hardened to this treatment. We must suppose the exposing of female infants to have been not uncommon, until the just retribution of barrenness fell upon the nation, and the population dwindled away by a strange atrophy.

In the many family suits argued by the Attic orators, we do not (I believe) find a case in which a large family of children is concerned. Four appears a larger number than the average. Marriages between relations as close as uncle and niece, and even half-brothers and sisters, were not uncommon; but the researches of modern science have removed the grounds for believing that this practice would tend to diminish the race. It would certainly increase any pre-existing tendency to hereditary disease; yet we do not hear of infantile diseases any more than we hear of delicate infants. Plagues and epidemics were common enough; but as already observed, we do not hear of measles, or whooping-cough, or scarlatina, or any of the other constant persecutors of our nurseries.

As the learning of foreign languages was quite beneath the notions of the Greek gentleman, who rather expected all barbarians to learn *his* language, the habit of employing foreign nurses, so useful and even necessary to good modern education, was well-nigh unknown. It would have been thought a great misfortune to any Hellenic child to be brought up speaking Thracian or Egyptian. Accordingly foreign slave attendants, with their strange accent and rude manners, were not allowed to take charge of children till they were able to go to school and had learned their mother tongue perfectly.

But the women's apartments, in which children were kept for the first few years, are closed so completely to us that we can but conjecture a few things about the life and care of Greek babies. A few late epigrams tell the grief of parents bereaved of their infants. Beyond this, classical literature affords us no light. The backwardness in culture of Greek women leads us to suspect that then, as now, Greek babies were more often spoilt than is the case among the serious northern nations. The term "Spartan mother" is, however, still proverbial; and no doubt in that exceptional State, discipline was so universal and so highly esteemed that it penetrated even to the nursery. But in the rest of Greece, we may conceive the young child arriving at his schoolboy age more willful and headstrong than most of our more watched and worried infants. Archytas the philosopher earned special credit for inventing the rattle, and saving much damage to household furniture by occupying children with this toy.

The external circumstances determining a Greek boy's education were somewhat different from ours. We must remember that all old Greek life — except in rare cases, such as that of Elis, of which we know nothing — was distinctly *town life;* and so, naturally, Greek schooling was day-schooling, from which the children returned to the care of their parents. To hand over boys, far less girls, to the charge of a boarding-school, was perfectly unknown, and would no doubt have been gravely censured. Orphans were placed under the care of their nearest male relative, even when their education was provided (as it was in some cases) by the State. Again, as regards the age of going to school, it would naturally be early, seeing that the day-schools may well include infants of tender age, and that in Greek households neither father nor mother was often able or disposed to undertake the education of the children. Indeed, we find it universal that even the knowledge of the letters and reading were obtained from a schoolmaster. All these circumstances would point to an early beginning of Greek school life; whereas, on the other hand, the small number of subjects required in those days, the absence from the programme of various languages, of most exact sciences, and of general history and geography, made it unnecessary to begin so early, or work so hard, as our unfortunate children have to do. Above all, there were no competitive examinations, except in athletics and music. The Greeks never thought of promoting a

man for "dead knowledge," but for his living grasp of science or of life.

Owing to these causes, we find the theorists discussing, as they now do, the expediency of waiting till the age of seven before beginning serious education: some advising it, others recommending easy and half-playing lessons from an earlier period. And then, as now, we find the same curious silence on the really important fact that the exact number of years a child has lived is nothing to the point in question; and that while one child may be too young at seven to commence work, many more may be distinctively too old.

At all events, we may assume in parents the same varieties of over-anxiety, of over-indulgence, of nervousness, and of carelessness, about their children; and so it doubtless came to pass that there was in many cases a gap between infancy and school life which was spent in playing and doing mischief. This may be fairly inferred, not only from such anecdotes as that of Alcibiades playing with his fellows in the street, evidently without the protection of any pedagogue, but also from the large nomenclature of boys' games preserved to us in the glossaries of later grammarians.

These games are quite distinct from the regular exercises in the palæstra. We have only general descriptions of them, and these either by Greek scholiasts or by modern philologists. But in spite of the sad want of practical knowledge of games shown by both, the instincts of boyhood are so uniform that we can often frame a very distinct idea of the sort of amusement popular among Greek children. For young boys, games can hardly consist of anything else than either the practicing of some bodily dexterity, such as hopping on one foot higher or longer than is easy, or throwing further with a stone; or else some imitation of war, such as snowballing, or pulling a rope across a line, or pursuing under fixed conditions; or lastly, the practice of some mechanical ingenuity, such as whipping a top or shooting with marbles. So far as climate or mechanical inventions have not altered our little boys' games, we find all these principles represented in Greek games. There was the hobby or cock horse (*kálamon*, *parabênai*); standing or hopping on one leg (*askōliázein*), which, as the word *askos* implies, was attempted on a skin bottle filled with liquid and greased; blindman's buff (*chalkê muîa*, literally "brazen fly"), in which the boy cried, "I am hunting a

brazen fly," and the rest answered, "You will not catch it;" games of hide-and-seek, of taking and releasing prisoners, of fool in the middle, of playing at king: in fact, there is probably no simple child's game now known which was not then in use.

A few more details may, however, be interesting. There was a game called *kyndalismós* [Drive the peg], in which the *kyndalon* was a peg of wood with a heavy end sharpened, which boys sought to strike into a softened place in the earth so that it stood upright and knocked out the peg of a rival. This reminds us of the peg-top splitting which still goes on in our streets. Another, called *ostrakínda*, consisted of tossing an oyster shell in the air, of which one side was blackened or moistened and called night, the other, day,—or sun and rain. The boys were divided into two sides with these names; and according as their side of the shell turned up, they pursued and took prisoners their adversaries. On the other hand, *epostrakismós* was making a shell skip along the surface of water by a horizontal throw, and winning by the greatest number of skips. *Eis ōmillan* [At strife], though a general expression for any contest, was specially applied to tossing a knuckle-bone or smooth stone so as to lie in the centre of a fixed circle, and to disturb those which were already in good positions. This was also done into a small hole (*trópa*). They seem to have shot dried beans from their fingers as we do marbles. They spun coins on their edge (*chalkismós*) [game of coppers].

Here are two games not perhaps so universal nowadays: *pentalithízein* [Fives, Jackstones] was a technical word for tossing up five pebbles or astragali, and receiving them so as to make them lie on the back of the hand. *Mēlolónthē*, or the beetle game, consists in flying a beetle by a long thread, and guiding him like a kite; but by way of improvement they attached a waxed splinter, lighted, to his tail,—and this cruelty is now practiced, according to a good authority (Papasliotis), in Greece, and has even been known to cause serious fires. Tops were known under various names (*bembix*, *strómbos*, *stróbilos*), one of them certainly a humming-top. So were hoops (*trochoí*).

Ball-playing was ancient and diffused, even among the Homeric heroes. But as it was found very fashionable and carefully practiced by both Mexicans and Peruvians at the time of the conquest, it is probably common to all civilized races. We have no details left us of complicated games with balls; and the

mere throwing them up and catching them one from the other, with some rhythmic motion, is hardly worth all the poetic fervor shown about this game by the Greeks. But possibly the musical and dancing accompaniments were very important, in the case of grown people and in historical times. Pollux, however,—our main authority for most of these games,—in one place distinctly describes both football and hand-ball. "The names," he says, "of games with balls are—*epískyros*, *phaininda*, *apórraxis*, *ourania*. The first is played by two even sides, who draw a line in the centre which they call *skyros*, on which they place the ball. They draw two other lines behind each side; and those who first reach the ball throw it (*rhíptousin*) over the opponents, whose duty it is to catch it and return it, until one side drives the other back over their goal line." Though Pollux makes no mention of kicking, this game is evidently our football in substance. He proceeds: "*Phaininda* was called either from Phainindes, the first discoverer, or from *phenakízein* [to play tricks]," etc.,—we need not follow his etymologies; "and *apórraxis* consists of making a ball bound off the ground, and sending it against a wall, counting the number of hops according as it was returned." And as if to make the anticipations of our games more curiously complete, there is cited from the history of Manuel, by the Byzantine Cinnamus (A. D. 1200), a clear description of the Canadian lacrosse, a sort of hockey played with racquets:—

"Certain youths, divided equally, leave in a level place, which they have before prepared and measured, a ball made of leather, about the size of an apple, and rush at it, as if it were a prize lying in the middle, from their fixed starting-point [a goal]. Each of them has in his right hand a racquet (*rhábdon*) [wand, staff] of suitable length, ending in a sort of flat bend, the middle of which is occupied by gut strings dried by seasoning, and plaited together in net fashion. Each side strives to be the first to bring it to the opposite end of the ground from that allotted to them. Whenever the ball is driven by the racquets (*rhábdoi*) to the end of the ground, it counts as a victory."

Two games which were not confined to children—and which are not widely diffused, though they exist among us—are the use of astragali, or knuckle-bones of animals, cut so nearly square as to serve for dice; and with these children threw for luck, the highest throw (sixes) being accounted the best. In later Greek art, representations of Eros and other youthful figures engaged

with astragali are frequent. It is to be feared that this game was an introduction to dice-playing, which was so common, and so often abused that among the few specimens of ancient dice remaining, there are some false and some which were evidently loaded. The other game to which I allude is the Italian *morra*, the guessing instantaneously how many fingers are thrown up by the player and his adversary. It is surprising how fond southern men and boys still are of this simple game, chiefly however for gambling purposes.

There was tossing in a blanket, walking on stilts, swinging, leap-frog, and many other similar plays, which are ill understood and worse explained by the learned, and of no importance to us, save as proving the general similarity of the life of little boys then and now.

We know nothing about the condition of little girls of the same age, except that they specially indulged in ball-playing. Like our own children, the girls probably joined to a lesser degree in the boys' games, and only so far as they could be carried on within doors, in the court of the house. There are graceful representations of their swinging and practicing our see-saw. Dolls they had in plenty, and doll-making (of clay) was quite a special trade at Athens. In more than one instance we have found in children's graves their favorite dolls, which sorrowing parents laid with them as a sort of keepsake in the tomb.

Most unfortunately there is hardly a word left of the nursery rhymes, and of the folk-lore, which are very much more interesting than the physical amusements of children. Yet we know that such popular songs existed in plenty; we know too, from the early fame of Æsop's fables, from the myths so readily invented and exquisitely told by Plato, that here we have lost a real fund of beautiful and stimulating children's stories. And of course, here too the general character of such stories throughout the human race was preserved.

ALFRED THAYER MAHAN

(1840–1914)

THE power of genius to discover new relations between familiar facts is strikingly exemplified in Admiral Alfred Thayer Mahan's studies of the influence of sea power upon history. The data cited in his works are common literary property; but the conclusions drawn from them are a distinct contribution to historical science. Admiral Mahan was the first writer to demonstrate the determining force which maritime strength has exercised upon the fortunes of individual nations, and consequently upon the course of general history.

Technically, one of his representative works, the ‹Influence of Sea Power upon History,› is but a naval history of Europe from the restoration of the Stuarts to the end of the American Revolution. But the freedom with which it digresses on general questions of naval policy and strategy, the attention which it pays to the relation of cause and effect between maritime events and international politics, and the author's literary method of treatment, place this work outside the class of strictly professional writings, and entitle it already to be regarded as an American classic. In Europe as well as in America, it has been recognized as an epoch-making work in the field of naval history.

The contents of Admiral Mahan's great studies of naval history were originally given forth in a course of lectures delivered before the Naval War College at Newport, Rhode Island; and Admiral Mahan's prime object, in establishing the thesis that maritime strength is a determining factor in the prosperity of nations, was to reinforce his argument that the future interests of the United States require a departure from the traditional American policy of neglect of naval-military affairs. Admiral Mahan has maintained that, as openings to immigration and enterprise in North America and Australia diminish, a demand will arise for a more settled government in the disordered semi-barbarous states of Central and South America. He lays down the proposition that stability of institutions is necessary to commercial intercourse; and that a demand for such stability can hardly be met without the intervention of interested civilized nations. Thus international complications may be fairly anticipated; and the date of their advent will be precipitated by the completion of a canal through the Central-American isthmus. The strategic conditions of the Mediterranean will be reproduced in the Caribbean Sea, and in the international struggle for the control of the new highway of commerce the United States will have the advantage of geographical

position. He points out that the carrying trade of the United States is at present insignificant, only because the opening of the West since the Civil War has made maritime undertakings less profitable than the development of the internal resources of the country. It is thus shown to be merely a question of time when American capital will again seek the ocean; and Admiral Mahan urges that the United States should seek to guard the interests of the future by building up a strong military navy, and fortifying harbors commanding the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea.

Admiral Mahan's biography was simple and professional. He was born September 27th, 1840. A graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy, he served in the Union navy as a lieutenant throughout the Civil War, and was president of the Naval War College from 1886 to 1889 and from 1890 to 1893. In 1896 he retired from active service but was a member of the Naval Board of Strategy during the war between Spain and the United States. He was made rear-admiral in 1906. He became a voluminous writer on his peculiar subject or its closely kindred topics. Besides the work already mentioned, his writings include ‹The Gulf and Inland Waters› (1883); ‹Life of Admiral Farragut› (1892); ‹Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution and Empire› (1892), a continuation of the ‹Influence of Sea Power upon History›; ‹The Life of Nelson, the Embodiment of the Sea Power of Great Britain› (1897); ‹Sea Power in its Relation to the War of 1812› (1905); ‹From Sail to Steam› (1907); ‹The Interest of America in International Conditions› (1910); ‹Naval Strategy› (1911); and ‹Armaments and Arbitration› (1912). His other books may be regarded as supplements and continuations of the new interpretation of history set forth in his ‹Influence of Sea Power upon History.› He died in 1914 before he could witness for himself the supreme test to which the Great War was to put his theories and prophecies.

THE IMPORTANCE OF CRUISERS AND OF STRONG FLEETS IN WAR

From ‹The Influence of Sea Power upon History, 1660–1783.›

THE English, notwithstanding their heavy loss in the Four Days' Battle, were at sea again within two months, much to the surprise of the Dutch; and on the 4th of August another severe fight was fought off the North Foreland, ending in the complete defeat of the latter, who retired to their own coasts. The English followed, and effected an entrance into

one of the Dutch harbors, where they destroyed a large fleet of merchantmen as well as a town of some importance. Toward the end of 1666 both sides [England and Holland] were tired of the war, which was doing great harm to trade, and weakening both navies to the advantage of the growing sea power of France. Negotiations looking toward peace were opened; but Charles II., ill disposed to the United Provinces, confident that the growing pretensions of Louis XIV. to the Spanish Netherlands would break up the existing alliance between Holland and France, and relying also upon the severe reverses suffered at sea by the Dutch, was exacting and haughty in his demands. To justify and maintain this line of conduct he should have kept up his fleet, the prestige of which had been so advanced by its victories. Instead of that, poverty, the result of extravagance and of his home policy, led him to permit it to decline; ships in large numbers were laid up; and he readily adopted an opinion which chimed in with his penury, and which, as it has had advocates at all periods of sea history, should be noted and condemned here. This opinion, warmly opposed by Monk, was:—

«That as the Dutch were chiefly supported by trade, as the supply of their navy depended upon trade, and as experience showed, nothing provoked the people so much as injuring their trade, his Majesty should therefore apply himself to this, which would effectually humble them, at the same time that it would less exhaust the English than fitting out such mighty fleets as had hitherto kept the sea every summer. . . . Upon these motives the King took a fatal resolution of laying up his great ships, and keeping only a few frigates on the cruise.»

In consequence of this economical theory of carrying on a war, the Grand Pensionary of Holland, De Witt, who had the year before caused soundings of the Thames to be made, sent into the river, under De Ruyter, a force of sixty or seventy ships of the line, which on the 14th of June, 1667, went up as high as Gravesend, destroying ships at Chatham and in the Medway, and taking possession of Sheerness. The light of the fires could be seen from London; and the Dutch fleet remained in possession of the mouth of the river until the end of the month. Under this blow, following as it did upon the great plague and the great fire of London, Charles consented to peace, which was signed July 31st, 1667, and is known as the Peace of Breda. The most lasting result of the war was the transfer of New York and

New Jersey to England, thus joining her northern and southern colonies in North America.

Before going on again with the general course of the history of the times, it will be well to consider for a moment the theory which worked so disastrously for England in 1667; that, namely, of maintaining a sea war mainly by preying upon the enemy's commerce. This plan, which involves only the maintenance of a few swift cruisers and can be backed by the spirit of greed in a nation, fitting out privateers without direct expense to the State, possesses the specious attractions which economy always presents. The great injury done to the wealth and prosperity of the enemy is also undeniable; and although to some extent his merchant ships can shelter themselves ignobly under a foreign flag while the war lasts, this *guerre de course*, as the French call it,—this commerce-destroying, to use our own phrase,—must, if in itself successful, greatly embarrass the foreign government and distress its people. Such a war, however, cannot stand alone: it must be *supported*, to use the military phrase; unsubstantial and evanescent in itself, it cannot reach far from its base. That base must be either home ports or else some solid outpost of the national power on the shore or the sea; a distant dependency or a powerful fleet. Failing such support, the cruiser can only dash out hurriedly a short distance from home; and its blows, though painful, cannot be fatal. It was not the policy of 1667, but Cromwell's powerful fleets of ships of the line in 1652, that shut the Dutch merchantmen in their ports and caused the grass to grow in the streets of Amsterdam. When, instructed by the suffering of that time, the Dutch kept large fleets afloat through two exhausting wars, though their commerce suffered greatly, they bore up the burden of the strife against England and France united. Forty years later, Louis XIV. was driven by exhaustion to the policy adopted by Charles II. through parsimony. Then were the days of the great French privateers,—Jean Bart, Forbin, Duguay-Trouin, Du Casse, and others. The regular fleets of the French navy were practically withdrawn from the ocean during the great War of the Spanish Succession (1702–1712). The French naval historian says:—

"Unable to renew the naval armaments, Louis XIV. increased the number of cruisers upon the more frequented seas, especially the Channel and the German Ocean [not far from home, it will be noticed].

In these different spots the cruisers were always in a position to intercept or hinder the movements of transports laden with troops, and of the numerous convoys carrying supplies of all kinds. In these seas, in the centre of the commercial and political world, there is always work for cruisers. Notwithstanding the difficulties they met, owing to the absence of large friendly fleets, they served advantageously the cause of the two peoples [French and Spanish]. These cruisers, in the face of the Anglo-Dutch power, needed good luck, boldness, and skill. These three conditions were not lacking to our seamen; but then, what chiefs and what captains they had!»

The English historian, on the other hand, while admitting how severely the people and commerce of England suffered from the cruisers, bitterly reflecting at times upon the administration, yet refers over and over again to the increasing prosperity of the whole country, and especially of its commercial part. In the preceding war, on the contrary, from 1689 to 1697, when France sent great fleets to sea and disputed the supremacy of the ocean, how different the result! The same English writer says of that time:—

«With respect to our trade, it is certain that we suffered infinitely more, not merely than the French, for that was to be expected from the greater number of our merchant ships, but than we ever did in any former war. . . . This proceeded in great measure from the vigilance of the French, who carried on the war in a piratical way. It is out of all doubt that, taking all together, our traffic suffered excessively; our merchants were many of them ruined.»

Macaulay says of this period: «During many months of 1693 the English trade with the Mediterranean had been interrupted almost entirely. There was no chance that a merchantman from London or Amsterdam would, if unprotected, reach the Pillars of Hercules without being boarded by a French privateer; and the protection of armed vessels was not easily obtained.» Why? Because the vessels of England's navy were occupied watching the French navy, and this diversion of them from the cruisers and privateers constituted the support which a commerce-destroying war must have. A French historian, speaking of the same period in England (1696), says: «The state of the finances was deplorable: money was scarce, maritime insurance thirty per cent., the Navigation Act was virtually suspended, and the English shipping reduced to the necessity of sailing under the Swedish and Danish flags.» Half a century later the French

government was again reduced, by long neglect of the navy, to a cruising warfare. With what results? First, the French historian says: "From June 1756 to June 1760, French privateers captured from the English more than twenty-five hundred merchantmen. In 1761, though France had not, so to speak, a single ship of the line at sea, and though the English had taken two hundred and forty of our privateers, their comrades still took eight hundred and twelve vessels. But," he goes on to say, "the prodigious growth of the English shipping explains the number of these prizes." In other words, the suffering involved to England in such numerous captures, which must have caused great individual injury and discontent, did not really prevent the growing prosperity of the State and of the community at large. The English naval historian, speaking of the same period, says: "While the commerce of France was nearly destroyed, the trading fleet of England covered the seas. Every year her commerce was increasing; the money which the war carried out was returned by the produce of her industry. Eight thousand merchant vessels were employed by the English merchants." And again, summing up the results of the war, after stating the immense amount of specie brought into the kingdom by foreign conquests, he says: "The trade of England increased gradually every year; and such a scene of national prosperity, while waging a long, bloody, and costly war, was never before shown by any people in the world."

On the other hand, the historian of the French navy, speaking of an earlier phase of the same wars, says: "The English fleets, having nothing to resist them, swept the seas. Our privateers and single cruisers, having no fleet to keep down the abundance of their enemies, ran short careers. Twenty thousand French seamen lay in English prisons. When, on the other hand, in the War of the American Revolution, France resumed the policy of Colbert and of the early reign of Louis XIV., and kept large battle fleets afloat, the same result again followed as in the days of Tourville." "For the first time," says the Annual Register, forgetting or ignorant of the experience of 1693, and remembering only the glories of the later wars, "English merchant ships were driven to take refuge under foreign flags." Finally, in quitting this part of the subject, it may be remarked that in the Island of Martinique the French had a powerful distant dependency upon which to base a cruising warfare; and during the Seven Years'

War, as afterward during the First Empire, it, with Guadaloupe, was the refuge of numerous privateers. "The records of the English admiralty raise the losses of the English in the West Indies during the first years of the Seven Years' War to fourteen hundred merchantmen taken or destroyed." The English fleet was therefore directed against the islands, both of which fell, involving a loss to the trade of France greater than all the depredations of her cruisers on the English commerce, besides breaking up the system; but in the war of 1778 the great fleets protected the islands, which were not even threatened at any time.

So far we have been viewing the effect of a purely cruising warfare, not based upon powerful squadrons, only upon that particular part of the enemy's strength against which it is theoretically directed,—upon his commerce and general wealth, upon the sinews of war. The evidence seems to show that even for its own special ends such a mode of war is inconclusive,—worrying but not deadly; it might almost be said that it causes needless suffering. What, however, is the effect of this policy upon the general ends of the war, to which it is one of the means and to which it is subsidiary? How, again, does it react upon the people that practice it? As the historical evidences will come up in detail from time to time, it need here only be summarized.

The result to England in the days of Charles II. has been seen,—her coast insulted, her shipping burned almost within sight of her capital. In the War of the Spanish Succession, when the control of Spain was the military object, while the French depended upon a cruising war against commerce, the navies of England and Holland, unopposed, guarded the coasts of the peninsula, blocked the port of Toulon, forced the French succors to cross the Pyrenees, and by keeping open the sea highway, neutralized the geographical nearness of France to the seat of war. Their fleets seized Gibraltar, Barcelona, and Minorca; and co-operating with the Austrian army, failed by little of reducing Toulon. In the Seven Years' War the English fleets seized, or aided in seizing, all the most valuable colonies of France and Spain, and made frequent descents on the French coast.

The War of the American Revolution affords no lesson, the fleets being nearly equal. The next most striking instance to Americans is the War of 1812. Everybody knows how our privateers swarmed over the seas; and that from the smallness of

our navy the war was essentially, indeed solely, a cruising war. Except upon the lakes, it is doubtful if more than two of our ships at any time acted together. The injury done to English commerce, thus unexpectedly attacked by a distant foe which had been undervalued, may be fully conceded; but on the one hand, the American cruisers were powerfully supported by the French fleet, which, being assembled in larger or smaller bodies in the many ports under the Emperor's control from Antwerp to Venice, tied the fleets of England to blockade duty; and on the other hand, when the fall of the Emperor released them, our coasts were insulted in every direction, the Chesapeake entered and controlled, its shores wasted, the Potomac ascended, and Washington burned. The Northern frontier was kept in a state of alarm, though there, squadrons absolutely weak but relatively strong sustained the general defense; while in the South the Mississippi was entered unopposed, and New Orleans barely saved. When negotiations for peace were opened, the bearing of the English toward the American envoys was not that of men who felt their country to be threatened with an unbearable evil.

The late Civil War, with the cruises of the Alabama and Sumter and their consorts, revived the tradition of commerce-destroying. In so far as this is one means to a general end, and is based upon a navy otherwise powerful, it is well; but we need not expect to see the feats of those ships repeated in the face of a great sea power. In the first place, those cruises were powerfully supported by the determination of the United States to blockade, not only the chief centres of Southern trade, but every inlet of the coast, thus leaving few ships available for pursuit; in the second place, had there been ten of those cruisers where there was one, they would not have stopped the incursion in Southern waters of the Union fleet, which penetrated to every point accessible from the sea; and in the third place, the undeniable injury, direct and indirect, inflicted upon individuals and upon one branch of the nation's industry (and how high that shipping industry stands in the writer's estimation need not be repeated), did not in the least influence or retard the event of the war. Such injuries, unaccompanied by others, are more irritating than weakening. On the other hand, will any refuse to admit that the work of the great Union fleets powerfully modified and hastened an end which was probably inevitable in any case? As a sea power the South then occupied the place of France in

the wars we have been considering, while the situation of the North resembled that of England; and as in France, the sufferers in the Confederacy were not a class, but the government and the nation at large.

It is not the taking of individual ships or convoys, be they few or many, that strikes down the money power of a nation: it is the possession of that overbearing power on the sea which drives the enemy's flag from it, or allows it to appear only as a fugitive; and which, by controlling the great common, closes the highways by which commerce moves to and from the enemy's shores. This overbearing power can only be exercised by great navies; and by them (on the broad sea) less efficiently now than in the days when the neutral flag had not its present immunity. It is not unlikely that in the event of a war between maritime nations, an attempt may be made by the one having a great sea power, and wishing to break down its enemy's commerce, to interpret the phrase "effective blockade" in the manner that best suits its interests at the time; to assert that the speed and disposal of its ships make the blockade effective at much greater distances and with fewer ships than formerly. The determination of such a question will depend, not upon the weaker belligerent, but upon neutral powers: it will raise the issue between belligerent and neutral rights; and if the belligerent have a vastly overpowering navy he may carry his point,—just as England, when possessing the mastery of the seas, long refused to admit the doctrine of the neutral flag covering the goods.

MOSES MAIMONIDES

(1135–1204)

BY RABBI GOTTHEIL

THE conclusion of the whole matter is, Go either to the right, my heart, or go to the left; but believe all that Rabbi Moses ben Maimon has believed,—the last of the Gaonim [religious teachers] in time, but the first in rank." In such manner did the most celebrated Jewish poet in Provence voice in his quaint way the veneration with which the Jewish Aristotle of Cordova was regarded. For well-nigh four hundred years, the descendants of Isaac had lived in the Spanish Peninsula the larger life opened up to them by the sons of Ishmael. They had with ardor cultivated their spiritual possessions—the only ones they had been able to save—as they passed through shipwreck and all manner of ill fortune from the fair lands of the East. The height of their spiritual fortune was manifested in this second Moses, whom they did not scruple to compare with the first bearer of that name.

Abu Amram Musa ibn Ibrahim Ubeid Allah, as his full Arabic name ran, was born in the city of Cordova, "the Mecca of the West," on March 30th, 1135. His father was learned in Talmudic lore; and from him the young student must have gotten his strong love of knowledge. At an early period he developed a taste for the exact sciences and for philosophy. He read with zeal not only the works of the Mohammedan scholastics, but also those of the Greek philosophers in such dress as they had been made accessible by their Arabian translators. In this way his mind, which by nature ran in logical and systematic grooves, was strengthened in its bent; and he acquired that distaste for mysticism and vagueness which is so characteristic of his literary labors. He went so far as to abhor poetry, the best of which he declared to be false, since it was founded upon pure invention—and this too in a land which had produced such noble expressions of the Hebrew and Arab Muse.

It is strange that this man, whose character was that of a sage, and who was revered for his person as well as for his books, should have led such an unquiet life, and have written his works so full of erudition with the staff of the wanderer in his hand. For his peaceful studies were rudely disturbed in his thirteenth year by the

invasion of the Almohades, or Mohammedan Unitarians, from Africa. They not only captured Cordova, but set up a form of religious persecution which happily is not always characteristic of Islamic piety. Maimonides's father wandered to Almeria on the coast; and then (1159) straight into the lion's jaws at Fez in Africa,—a line of conduct hardly intelligible in one who had fled for the better exercise of the dictates of conscience. So pressing did the importunities of the Almohad fanatics become, that together with his family Maimonides was compelled to don the turban, and to live for several years the life of an Arabic Marrano. This blot upon his fair fame—if blot it be—he tried to excuse in two treatises, which may be looked upon as his «apologia pro vita sua»: one on the subject of conversion in general (1160), and another addressed to his co-religionists in Southern Arabia on the coming of the Messiah. But the position was an untenable one; and in 1165 we find Maimonides again on the road, reaching Accho, Jerusalem, Hebron, and finally Egypt. Under the milder rule of the Ayyubite Caliphs, no suppression of his belief was necessary. Maimonides settled with his brother in old Cairo or Fostat; gaining his daily pittance, first as a jeweler, and then in the practice of medicine; the while he continued in the study of philosophy and the elaboration of the great works upon which his fame reposes. In 1177 he was recognized as the head of the Jewish community of Egypt, and soon afterwards was placed upon the list of court physicians to Saladin. He breathed his last on December 13th, 1204, and his body was taken to Tiberias for burial.

Perhaps no fairer presentation of the principles and practices of Rabbinical Judaism can be cited than that contained in the three chief works of Maimonides. His clear-cut mind gathered the various threads which Jewish theology and life had spun since the closing of the Biblical canon, and wove them into such a fabric that a new period may fitly be said to have been ushered in. The Mishnah had become the law-book of the Diaspora: in it was to be found the system of ordinances and practices which had been developed up to the second century A. D. In the scholastic discussions in which the Jewish schoolmen had indulged their wit and their ingenuity, much of its plain meaning had become obscured. At the age of twenty-three Maimonides commenced to work upon a commentary to this Mishnah, which took him seven years to complete. It was written in Arabic, and very fitly called 'The Illumination'; for here the philosophic training of its author was brought to bear upon the dry legal mass, and to give it life as well as light. The induction of philosophy into law is seen to even more peculiar advantage in his Mishnah Tōrāh (Repeated Law). The scholastic discussions upon the Mishnah had in the sixth century been put into writing, and had become that vast

medley of thought, that kaleidoscope of schoolroom life, which is known by the name of Talmud. Based upon the slender framework of the Mishnah, the vast edifice had been built up with so little plan and symmetry that its various ramifications could only be followed with the greatest difficulty and with infinite exertion. In turn, the Talmud had supplanted the Mishnah as the rule of life and the directive of religious observance. Even before the time of Maimonides scholars had tried their hand at putting order into this great chaos; but none of their efforts had proved satisfactory. For ten years Maimonides worked and produced this digest, in which he arranged in scientific order all the material which a Jewish jurist and theologian might be called upon to use. Though this digest was received with delight by the Jews of Spain, many were found who looked upon Maimonides's work as an attempt to crystallize into unchangeable law the fluctuating streams of tradition. The same objection was made to his attempt to formulate into a creed the purely theological ideas of the Judaism of his day. His 'Thirteen Articles' brought on a war of strong opposition; and though in the end, the fame of their author conquered a place for them even in the Synagogue Ritual, they were never accepted by the entire Jewry. They remained the presentation of an individual scholar.

But his chief philosophical work, his 'Guide of the Perplexed' (Dalālat al Hāïrīn), carried him still further; and for centuries fairly divided the Jewish camp into two parties. The battle between the Maimonists and anti-Maimonists waged fiercely in Spain and Provence. The bitterness of the strife is represented in the two inscriptions which were placed upon his tombstone. The first read:—

> «Here lies a man, and still a man;
> If thou wert a man, angels of heaven
> Must have overshadowed thy mother.»

This was effaced and a second one placed in its stead:—

> «Here lies Moses Maimuni, the excommunicated heretic.»

In the 'Guide of the Perplexed' Maimonides has also produced a work which was «epoch-making» in Jewish philosophy. It is the best attempt ever made by a Jew to combine philosophy with theology. Aristotle was known to Maimonides through Al-Farābi and Ibn Sînâ (Avicenna); and he is convinced that the Stagyrite is to be followed in certain things, as he is that the Bible must be followed in others. In fact, there can be no divergence between the two; for both have the same end in view,—to prove the existence of God. The aim of metaphysics is to perfect man intellectually; the same aim is at the core of Talmudic Judaism. Reason and revelation must speak the

same language; and by a peculiar kind of subtle exegesis — which provoked much opposition, as it seemed to do violence to the plain wording — he is able to find his philosophical ideas in the text of the Bible. But he is careful to limit his acquiescence in Aristotle's teaching to things which occur below the sphere of the moon. He was afraid of coming into contact with the foundations of religious belief, and of having to deny the existence of wonders. The Bible teaches that matter was created, and the arguments advanced in favor of both the Platonic and Aristotelian views he looks upon as insufficient. The Jewish belief that God brought into existence not only the form but also the matter of the world, Maimonides looks upon much as an article of faith. The same is true of the belief in a resurrection. He adduces so little proof for this dogma that the people of his day were ready to charge him with heresy.

Maimonides is able to present twenty-five ontological arguments for his belief in the existence, unity, and incorporeality of God. What strikes one most is the almost colorless conception of the Deity at which he arrives. In his endeavor to remove the slightest shadow of corporeality in this conception, he is finally led to deny that any positive attributes can be posited of God. Such attributes would only be «accidentia»; and any such «accidentia» would limit the idea of oneness. Even attributes which would merely show the relation of the Divine Being to other beings are excluded; because he is so far removed from things non-Divine, as to make all comparison impossible. Even existence, when spoken of in regard to him, is not an attribute. In his school language, the «essentia» of God involves his «existentia.» We have therefore to rely entirely upon negative attributes in trying to get a clear concept of the Deity.

If the Deity is so far removed, how then is he to act upon the world? Maimonides supposes that this medium is to be found in the world of the spheres. Of these spheres there are nine: «the all-encompassing sphere, that of the fixed stars, and those of the seven planets.» Each sphere is presided over by an intelligence which is its motive power. These intelligences are called angels, in the Bible. The highest intelligence is immaterial. It is the *noûs poiētikós*, the ever-active intellect. It is the power which gives form to all things, and makes that which was potential really existent. «Prophecy is an emanation sent forth by the Divine Being through the medium of the active intellect, in the first instance to man's rational faculty and then to his imaginative faculty. The lower grade of prophecy comes by means of dreams, the higher through visions accorded the prophet in a waking condition. The symbolical actions of the prophets are nothing more than states of the soul.» High above all the prophets Maimonides places Moses, to whom he attributes a special power, by

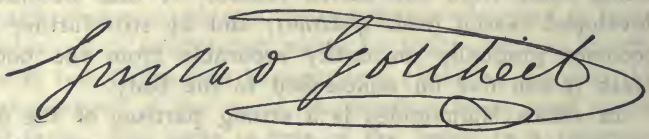
means of which the active intellect worked upon him without the mediation of the imagination.

The psychological parts of the 'Guide' present in a Jewish garb the Peripatetic philosophy as expounded by Alexander of Aphrodisia. Reason exists in the powers of the soul, but only potentially as latent reason (*noûs hûlikos*). It has the power to assimilate immaterial forms which come from the active reason. It thus becomes acquired or developed reason (*noûs epíktētos*); and by still further assimilation it becomes gradually an entity separable from the body, so that at death it can live on unattached to the body.

In ethics Maimonides is a strong partisan of the doctrine of the freedom of the will. No one moves him, no one drives him to certain actions. He can choose, according to his own inner vision, the way on which he wishes to walk. Nor does this doctrine involve any limitation of the Divine power, as this freedom is fully predetermined by the Deity. But Maimonides must have felt the difficulty of squaring the doctrine of the freedom of the will with that of the omniscience of God; for he intrenches himself behind the statement that the knowledge of God is so far removed from human knowledge as to make all comparison impossible. Again, in true Aristotelian style, Maimonides holds that those actions are to be considered virtuous which follow the golden mean between the extremes of too much and too little. The really wise man will always choose this road; and such wisdom can be learned; by continued practice it can become part of man's nature. He is most truly virtuous who has reached this eminence, and who has eliminated from his own being even the desire to do wrong.

The daring with which Maimonides treated many portions of Jewish theology did not fail to show its effect immediately after the publication of the 'Guide.' His rationalistic notions about revelation, his allegorizing interpretation of Scripture, his apparent want of complete faith in the doctrine of resurrection, produced among the Jews a violent reaction against all philosophical inquiry, which lasted down to the times of the French Revolution. Even non-Jews looked askance at his system. Abd al-Latīf, an orthodox Mohammedan, considered the 'Guide' «a bad book, which is calculated to undermine the principles of religion through the very means which are apparently designed to strengthen them»; and in Catholic Spain the writings of «Moyses hijo de Maymon Egipnachus» were ordered to be burned. In Montpellier and in Paris, his own Jewish opponents, not content with having gotten an edict against the use of the master's writings, obtained the aid of the Church (for the 'Guide' had been translated into Latin in the thirteenth century), and had it publicly consigned to the flames. But all this was only further evidence of the power

which Maimonides wielded. The Karaites copied it; the Kabbalah even tried to claim it as its own. Many who were not of the House of Israel, as Thomas Aquinas and Albertus Magnus, acknowledged the debt they owed the Spanish Rabbi; and Spinoza, though in many places an opponent, shows clearly how carefully he had studied the 'Guide of the Perplexed.'



EXTRACT FROM MAIMONIDES'S WILL

FEAR the Lord, but love him also; for fear only restrains a man from sin, while love stimulates him to good. . . .

Accustom yourselves to habitual goodness; for a man's character is what habit makes it. . . . The perfection of the body is a necessary antecedent to the perfection of the soul; for health is the key that unlocks the inner chamber. When I bid you attend to your bodily and moral welfare, my object is to open for you the gates of heaven. . . . Measure your words; for the more your words, the more your errors. Ask for explanations of what you do not understand; but let it be done at a fitting moment and in fitting language. . . . Speak in refined language, in clear utterance and gentle voice. Speak aptly to the subject, as one who wishes to learn and to find the truth, not as one whose aim is to quarrel and to conquer. . . . Learn in your youth, when your food is prepared by others, while heart is still free and unincumbered with cares, ere the memory is weakened. For the time will come when you will be willing to learn but will be unable. Even if you be able, you will labor much for little result; for your heart will lag behind your lips, and when it does keep pace, it will soon forget. . . . If you find in the Law or the Prophets or the Sages a hard saying which you cannot understand, which appears subversive of some principle of the religion, or altogether absurd, stand fast by your faith, and attribute the fault to your own want of intelligence. Despise not your religion because you are unable to understand one difficult matter. . . . Love truth and uprightness,—the

ornaments of the soul,—and cleave to them; prosperity so obtained is built on a sure rock. Keep firmly to your word; let not a legal contract or witness be more binding than your verbal promise even privately made. Disdain reservation and subterfuges, sharp practices and evasions. Woe to him who builds his house thereon! . . . Bring near those that are far off; humble yourselves to the lowly and show them the light of your countenance. In your joys make the desolate share, but put no one to the blush by your gifts. . . . I have seen the white become black, the low brought still lower, families driven into exile, princes deposed from their high estate, cities ruined, assemblies dispersed, all on account of quarrelsomeness. Glory in forbearance, for in that is true strength and victory. . . . Speech, which distinguishes man from beasts, was a loving gift, which man uses best in thinking, and thanking and praising God. Ungraceful should we be to return evil for good, and to utter slanders or falsehoods. . . . Eat not excessively or ravenously. Work before you eat, and rest afterwards. From a man's behavior at a public meal you can discern his character. Often have I returned hungry and thirsty to my house, because I was afraid when I saw the disgraceful conduct of those around me. . . . The total abstinence from wine is good, but I will not lay this on you as an injunction. Yet break wine's power with water, and drink it for nourishment, not for mere enjoyment. . . . At gambling the player always loses. Even if he wins money, he is weaving a spider's web round himself. . . . Dress as well as your means will allow, but spend on your food less than you can afford. . . . Honor your wives, for they are your honor. Withhold not discipline from them, and let them not rule over you.

FROM THE 'GUIDE OF THE PERPLEXED'

A Proof of the Unity of God

It has been demonstrated by proof that the whole existing world is one organic body, all parts of which are connected together; also, that the influences of the spheres above pervade the earthly substance and prepare it for its forms. Hence it is impossible to assume that one deity be engaged in forming

one part, and another deity in forming another part, of that organic body of which all parts are closely connected together. A duality could only be imagined in this way: either that at one time the one deity is active, the other at another time; or that both act simultaneously, nothing being done except by both together. The first hypothesis is certainly absurd, for many reasons: if at the time the one deity be active the other could also be active, there is no reason why one deity should then act and the other not; if on the other hand it be impossible for the one deity to act when the other is at work, there must be some other cause [besides these deities] which [at a certain time] enables the one to act and disables the other. [Such difference would not be caused by time,] since time is without change, and the object of the action likewise remains one and the same organic whole. Besides, if two deities existed in this way, both would be subject to the relations of time, since their actions would depend on time; they would also in the moment of acting pass from potentiality to actuality, and require an agent for such transition; their essence would besides include possibility [of existence]. It is equally absurd to assume that both together produce everything in existence, and that neither of them does anything alone; for when a number of forces must be united for a certain result, none of these forces acts of its own accord, and none is by itself the immediate cause of that result, but their union is the immediate cause. It has furthermore been proved that the action of the Absolute cannot be due to a [an external] cause. The union is also an act which presupposes a cause effecting that union, and if that cause be one, it is undoubtedly God; but if it also consists of a number of separate forces, a cause is required for the combination of these forces, as in the first case. Finally, one simple being must be arrived at, that is the cause of the existence of the universe, which is one whole; it would make no difference whether we assumed that the First Cause had produced the universe by *creatio ex nihilo*, or whether the universe co-existed with the First Cause. It is thus clear how we can prove the Unity of God from the fact that this universe is one whole.

An Argument Concerning the Incorporeality of God

Every corporeal object is composed of matter and form (Prop. xxii.); every compound of these two elements requires an agent for effecting their combination. Besides, it is evident that a body is divisible and has dimensions; a body is thus undoubtedly subject to accidents. Consequently nothing corporeal can be a unity, because everything corporeal is either divisible or a compound, — that is to say, it can logically be analyzed into two elements; for a body can only be said to be a certain body when the distinguishing element is added to the corporeal substratum, and must therefore include two elements: but it has been proved that the Absolute admits of no dualism whatever.

Among those who believe in the existence of God, there are found three different theories as regards the question whether the universe is eternal or not.

First Theory.— Those who follow the Law of Moses our teacher hold that the whole universe (*i. e.*, everything except God) has been brought by him into existence out of non-existence. In the beginning God alone existed, and nothing else; neither angels, nor spheres, nor the things that are contained within the spheres existed. He then produced from nothing all existing things such as they are, by his will and desire. Even time itself is among the things created; for time depends on motion,— *i. e.*, on an accident in things which move,— and the things upon whose motion time depends are themselves created beings, which have passed from non-existence into existence. We say that God existed before the creation of the universe, although the verb "existed" appears to imply the notion of time; we also believe that he existed an infinite space of time before the universe was created; but in these cases we do not mean time in its true sense. We only use the term to signify something analogous or similar to time. For time is undoubtedly an accident, and according to our opinion, one of the created accidents, like blackness and whiteness; it is not a quality, but an accident connected with motion. This must be clear to all who understand what Aristotle has said on time and its real existence.

Second Theory.— The theory of all philosophers whose opinions and works are known to us is this: It is impossible to assume that God produced anything from nothing, or that he reduces anything to nothing; that is to say, it is impossible that

an object consisting of matter and form should be produced when that matter is absolutely absent, or that it should be destroyed in such a manner that that matter be absolutely no longer in existence. To say of God that he can produce a thing from nothing or reduce a thing to nothing is, according to the opinion of these philosophers, the same as if we were to say that he could cause one substance to have at the same time two opposite properties, or produce another being like himself, or change himself into a body, or produce a square the diagonal of which should be equal to its side, or similar impossibilities. The philosophers thus believe that it is no defect in the Supreme Being that he does not produce impossibilities, for the nature of that which is impossible is constant; it does not depend on the action of an agent, and for this reason it cannot be changed. Similarly there is, according to them, no defect in the greatness of God when he is unable to produce a thing from nothing, because they consider this as one of the impossibilities. They therefore assume that a certain substance has coexisted with God from eternity, in such a manner that neither God existed without that substance nor the latter without God. But they do not hold that the existence of that substance equals in rank that of God; for God is the cause of that existence, and the substance is in the same relation to God as the clay is to the potter, or the iron to the smith: God can do with it what he pleases; at one time he forms of it heaven and earth, at another time he forms some other thing. Those who hold this view also assume that the heavens are transient; that they came into existence though not from nothing, and may cease to exist although they cannot be reduced to nothing. They are transient in the same manner as the individuals among living beings, which are produced from some existing substance that remains in existence. The process of genesis and destruction is, in the case of the heavens, the same as in that of earthly beings.

Third Theory.—Viz., that of Aristotle, his followers and commentators. Aristotle maintains, like the adherents of the second theory, that a corporeal object cannot be produced without a corporeal substance. He goes further, however, and contends that the heavens are indestructible. For he holds that the universe in its totality has never been different, nor will it ever change: the heavens, which form the permanent element in the universe, and are not subject to genesis and destruction, have always been

so; time and motion are eternal, permanent, and have neither beginning nor end; the sublunary world, which includes the transient elements, has always been the same, because the *materia prima* is itself eternal, and merely combines successively with different forms,—when one form is removed another is assumed. This whole arrangement, therefore, both above and here below, is never disturbed or interrupted; and nothing is produced contrary to the laws or the ordinary course of Nature. He further says—though not in the same terms—that he considers it impossible for God to change his will or conceive a new desire; that God produced this universe in its totality by his will, but not from nothing. Aristotle finds it as impossible to assume that God changes his will or conceives a new desire as to believe that he is non-existing or that his essence is changeable. Hence it follows that this universe has always been the same in the past, and will be the same eternally.

The Object of Law

The general object of the Law is twofold: the well-being of the soul and the well-being of the body. The well-being of the soul is promoted by correct opinions communicated to the people according to their capacity. Some of these opinions are therefore imparted in a plain form, others allegorically; because certain opinions are in their plain form too strong for the capacity of the common people. The well-being of the body is established by a proper management of the relations in which we live one to another. This we can attain in two ways: first by removing all violence from our midst; that is to say, that we do not do every one as he pleases, desires, and is able to do, but every one of us does that which contributes towards the common welfare. Secondly, by teaching every one of us such good morals as must produce a good social state.

Of these two objects, the former—the well-being of the soul, or the communication of correct opinions—comes undoubtedly first in rank; but the other—the well-being of the body, the government of the State, and the establishment of the best possible relations among men—is anterior in nature and time. The latter object is required first; it is also treated [in the Law] most carefully and most minutely, because the well-being of the soul can only be obtained after that of the body has been secured.

For it has always been found that man has a double perfection: the first perfection is that of the body, and the second perfection is that of the soul. The first consists in the most healthy condition of his material relations, and this is only possible when man has all his wants supplied as they arise: if he has his food and other things needful for his body,—*e. g.*, shelter, bath, and the like. But one man alone cannot procure all this; it is impossible for a single man to obtain this comfort; it is only possible in society, since man, as is well known, is by nature social.

The second perfection of man consists in his becoming an actually intelligent being; *i. e.*, when he knows about the things in existence all that a person perfectly developed is capable of knowing. This second perfection certainly does not include any action or good conduct, but only knowledge, which is arrived at by speculation or established by research.

It is clear that the second and superior kind of perfection can only be attained when the first perfection has been acquired; for a person that is suffering from great hunger, thirst, heat, or cold, cannot grasp an idea even if communicated by others, much less can he arrive at it by his own reasoning. But when a person is in possession of the first perfection, then he may possibly acquire the second perfection, which is undoubtedly of a superior kind, and is alone the source of eternal life. The true Law, which as we said is one, and beside which there is no other Law,—viz., the Law of our teacher Moses,—has for its purpose to give us the twofold perfection. It aims first at the establishment of good mutual relations among men, by removing injustice and creating the noblest feelings. In this way the people in every land are enabled to stay and continue in one condition, and every one can acquire his first perfection. Secondly, it seeks to train us in faith, and to impart correct and true opinions when the intellect is sufficiently developed. Scripture clearly mentions the twofold perfection, and tells us that its acquisition is the object of all Divine commandments. *Cf.* "And the Lord commanded us to do all these statutes, to fear the Lord our God, for our good always, that he might preserve us alive this day" (Deut. vi. 24). Here the second perfection is first mentioned because it is of greater importance; being, as we have shown, the ultimate aim of man's existence. This perfection is expressed in the phrase "for our good always." You know the interpretation of our

sages: "'that it may be well with thee' (ibid., xxii. 7),—namely, in the world that is all good; 'and thou mayest prolong thy days' (ibid.),—*i. e.*, in the world that is all eternal." In the same sense I explain the words "for our good always" to mean "that we may come into the world that is all good and eternal, where we may live permanently"; and the words "that he might preserve us alive this day" I explain as referring to our first and temporal existence, to that of our body, which cannot be in a perfect and good condition except by the co-operation of society, as has been shown by us.

True Knowledge of God

After a man has acquired the true knowledge of God, it must be his aim to surrender his whole being to him and to have his heart constantly filled with longing after him. Our intellectual power, which emanates directly from God, joins us to him. You have it in your power to strengthen that bond, or to weaken it until it breaks. It will be strengthened if you love God above all other things; and weakened if you prefer other things to him. All religious acts, such as the reading of Scripture, praying, and performing of ordinances, are only means to fill our mind with the thought of God and free it from worldliness. If however we pray with the motion of our lips and our face toward the wall, but think all the while of our business; read the Law, and think of the building of our house; perform ceremonies with our limbs only, whilst our hearts are far from God,—then there is no difference between these acts and the digging of the ground or the hewing of wood.

Superfluous Things

The soul, when accustomed to superfluous things, acquires a strong habit of desiring others which are neither necessary for the preservation of the individual nor for that of the species. This desire is without limit; whilst things which are necessary are few and restricted within certain bounds. Lay this well to heart, reflect on it again and again: that which is superfluous is without end, and therefore the desire for it also without limit. Thus you desire to have your vessels of silver, but gold vessels are still better; others have even vessels studded with sapphires, emeralds, or rubies. Those therefore who are ignorant of this

truth, that the desire for superfluous things is without limit, are constantly in trouble and pain. They expose themselves to great dangers by sea voyages or in the service of kings. When they thus meet with the consequences of their course, they complain of the judgments of God; they go so far as to say that God's power is insufficient, because he has given to this universe the properties which they imagine cause these evils.

Evil Things Contrasted with Good Things

Men frequently think that the evils in the world are more numerous than the good things; many sayings and songs of the nations dwell on this idea. They say that the good is found only exceptionally, whilst evil things are numerous and lasting. The origin of this error is to be found in the circumstance that men judge of the whole universe by examining one single person, believing that the world exists for that one person only. If anything happens to him contrary to his expectation, forthwith they conclude that the whole universe is evil. All mankind at present in existence form only an infinitesimal portion of the permanent universe. It is of great advantage that man should know his station. Numerous evils to which persons are exposed are due to the defects existing in the persons themselves. We seek relief from our own faults; we suffer from evils which we inflict on ourselves; and we ascribe them to God, who is far from connected with them. As Solomon explained it, "The foolishness of man perverteth his way, and his heart fretteth against the Lord" (Prov. xix. 3).

Thought of Sins

There is a well-known saying of our sages: "The thoughts about committing a sin are a greater evil than the sin itself." I can offer a good explanation of this strange dictum. When a person is disobedient, this is due to certain accidents connected with the corporal element in his constitution; for man sins only by his animal nature, whereas thinking is a faculty connected with his higher and essential being. A person who thinks sinful thoughts, sins therefore by means of the nobler portion of his self; just as he who causes an ignorant slave to work unjustly, commits a lesser wrong than he who forces a free man or a prince to do menial labor. That which forms the true nature of

man, with all its properties and powers, should only be employed in suitable work,—in endeavoring to join higher beings,—and not to sink to the condition of lower creatures.

Low Speech Condemned

You know we condemn lowness of speech, and justly so; for the gift of speech is peculiar to man, and a boon which God granted to him, that he may be distinguished from the rest of living creatures. This gift, therefore, which God gave us in order to enable us to perfect ourselves, to learn and to teach, must not be employed in doing that which is for us most degrading and disgraceful. We must not imitate the songs and tales of ignorant and lascivious people. It may be suitable to them, but it is not fit for those who are told—"And ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests, and a holy nation" (Ex. xix. 6).

Control Bodily Desires

Man must have control over all bodily desires. He must reduce them as much as possible, and only retain of them as much as is indispensable. His aim must be the aim of man, as man; viz., the formation and perfection of ideas, and nothing else. The best and the sublimest among them is the idea which man forms of God, angels, and the rest of the creation, according to his capacity. Such men are always with God, and of them it is said: "Ye are princes, and all of you are children of the Most High." When man possesses a good sound body, that does not overpower nor disturb the equilibrium within him, he possesses a Divine gift. A good constitution facilitates the rule of the soul over the body; but it is not impossible to conquer a bad constitution by training, and make it subservient to man's ultimate destiny.

The Moral Equipoise

It is true that many pious men in ages gone by have broken the universal rule, to select the just mean in all the actions of life; at times they went to extremes. Thus they fasted often, watched through the nights, abstained from flesh and wine, wore sackcloth, lived among the rocks, and wandered in the deserts. They did this, however, only when they considered it necessary to restore their disturbed moral equipoise; or to avoid, in the

midst of men, temptations which at times were too strong for them. These abnegations were for them means to an end, and they forsook them as soon as that end was attained. Thoughtless men, however, regarded castigations as holy in themselves, and imitated them without thinking of the intentions of their examples. They thought thereby to reach perfection and to approach to God. The fools! as if God hated the body and took pleasure in its destruction. They did not consider how many sicknesses of soul their actions caused. They are to be compared to such as take dangerous medicines because they have seen that experienced physicians have saved many a one from death with them; so they ruin themselves. This is the meaning of the cry of the Prophet Jeremiah: "Oh that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place of wayfaring men, that I might leave my people and go from them."

SIR HENRY MAINE

(1822–1888)

BY D. MACG. MEANS

HENRY JAMES SUMNER MAINE was born near Leighton on August 15th, 1822, and passed his first years in Jersey; afterward removing to England, where he was brought up exclusively by his mother, a woman of superior talents. In 1829 he was entered by his godfather—Dr. Sumner, afterward Archbishop of Canterbury—at Christ's Hospital, and in 1840 went as one of its exhibitioners to Pembroke College, Cambridge. From the very beginning his career was brilliant; and after carrying off nearly all the academic honors, he was made Regius Professor of Civil Law at the early age of twenty-five. In spite of a feeble constitution, which made his life a prolonged struggle with illness, his voice was always notably strong, and is described by one of his early hearers as like a silver bell. His appearance was striking, indicating the sensitive nervous energy of which he was full. Such were his spirits and disposition that he was a charming companion, but it was hard to draw him away from his reading. This became eventually prodigious in extent, his power of seizing on the essence of books and passing over what was immaterial being very remarkable.

SIR HENRY MAINE

In 1847 he married his cousin, Jane Maine; and as it became necessary to provide for new responsibilities, he took up the law as a profession, and was called to the bar in 1850. Like so many other great Englishmen of modern times, he devoted much time to writing for the press, his first efforts appearing in the Morning Chronicle. He wrote for the first number of the Saturday Review, and is said to have suggested its name. His contributions were very numerous; and were especially valued by the editor, John Douglas Cook, although the present Lord Salisbury, Sir William Harcourt, Goldwin Smith, Sir James Stephen, Walter Bagehot, and other able writers

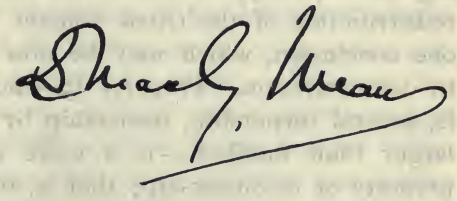
were coadjutors. He practiced a little at the common-law bar; but his health did not permit him to go regularly on circuit, and he soon went over to the equity branch of the profession. In 1852 the Inns of Court appointed him reader in Roman law; and in 1861 the results of this lectureship were given to the world in the publication of 'Ancient Law.'

This splendid work made an epoch in the history of the study of law. It is the finest example of the comparative method which the present generation has seen. Some of its conclusions have been proved erroneous by later scholars, but the value of the book remains unimpaired. Apart from its graces of style, its peculiar success was due to the author's power of re-creating the past; of introducing the reader, as it were, to his own ancestors many centuries removed, engaged in the actual transaction of legal business. It was altogether fitting that one who had shown such distinguished capacity for understanding the thoughts and customs of primitive peoples should be chosen as an administrator of the Indian Empire; and in 1862 Maine accepted the law membership in the council of the Governor-General —the office previously filled by Macaulay. Perhaps nowhere in the world is so good work done with so little publicity as in such positions as this. It is inconceivable that any one except a historian or a specialist should read Maine's Indian papers, and yet no one can take them up without being struck with their high quality. So far as intelligent government is concerned, there is no comparison between a benevolent despot like Maine and a representative chosen by popular suffrage.

On his return from India in 1869, Maine became professor of jurisprudence at Oxford; and showed the results of his Indian experiences in the lectures published in 1871, under the title 'Village Communities.' In 1875 he brought out the 'Early History of Institutions.' He became a member of the Indian Council, and resigning his Oxford professorship, was chosen master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge; numberless other honors being showered on him. In 1883 the last of the series of works begun with 'Ancient Law' appeared,—'Dissertations on Early Law and Custom.' This was followed in 1885 by 'Popular Government,' a work especially interesting to Americans as criticizing their form of government from the aristocratical point of view. In 1887 Maine succeeded Sir William Harcourt as professor of international law at Cambridge; but delivered only one course of lectures, which were published after his death without his final revision. He died February 3d, 1888, of apoplexy, leaving a widow and two sons, one of whom died soon after his father. A memoir of his life was prepared by Sir M. E. Grant Duff, with a selection of his Indian speeches and minutes, and published in this country in 1892

by Henry Holt & Co. It contains a fine photograph from Dickinson's portrait,—enough evidence of itself to explain the mastery which the English race has come to exercise over so large a part of the earth.

Maine's style was distinguished by lucidity and elegance. He has been justly compared with Montesquieu; but the progress of knowledge gave him the advantage of more accurate scholarship. He applied the theory of evolution to the development of human institutions; yet no sentence ever written by him has been so often quoted as that which recognized the immobility of the masses of mankind: "Except the blind forces of nature, nothing moves in this world which is not Greek in its origin." In spite of his wonderful powers of almost intuitive generalization, and of brilliant expression, he had not the temperament of a poetical enthusiast. He was noted for his caution in his career as a statesman, and the same quality marked all his work. As Sir F. Pollock said, he forged a new and lasting bond between jurisprudence and anthropology, and made jurisprudence a study of the living growth of human society through all its stages. But those who are capable of appreciating his work in India will perhaps consider it his greatest achievement; for no man has done so much to determine what Indian law should be, and thus to shape the institutions of untold millions of human beings.



THE BEGINNINGS OF THE MODERN LAWS OF REAL PROPERTY

From Essay on 'The Effects of Observation of India on Modern European Thought,' in 'Village Communities in the East and West'

WHENEVER a corner is lifted up of the veil which hides from us the primitive condition of mankind, even of such parts of it as we know to have been destined to civilization, there are two positions, now very familiar to us, which seem to be signally falsified by all we are permitted to see: All men are brothers, and All men are equal. The scene before us is rather that which the animal world presents to the mental eye of those who have the courage to bring home to themselves the facts answering to the memorable theory of Natural Selection. Each

fierce little community is perpetually at war with its neighbor, tribe with tribe, village with village. The never-ceasing attacks of the strong on the weak end in the manner expressed by the monotonous formula which so often recurs in the pages of Thucydides,—«They put the men to the sword; the women and children they sold into slavery.» Yet even amid all this cruelty and carnage, we find the germs of ideas which have spread over the world. There is still a place and a sense in which men are brothers and equals. The universal belligerency is the belligerency of one total group, tribe, or village, with another; but in the interior of the groups the regimen is one not of conflict and confusion, but rather of ultra-legality. The men who composed the primitive communities believed themselves to be kinsmen in the most literal sense of the word; and surprising as it may seem, there are a multitude of indications that in one stage of thought they must have regarded themselves as equals. When these primitive bodies first make their appearance as land-owners, as claiming an exclusive enjoyment in a definite area of land, not only do their shares of the soil appear to have been originally equal, but a number of contrivances survive for preserving the equality, of which the most frequent is the periodical redistribution of the tribal domain. The facts collected suggest one conclusion, which may be now considered as almost proved to demonstration. Property in land, as we understand it,—that is, several ownership, ownership by individuals or by groups not larger than families,—is a more modern institution than joint property or co-ownership; that is, ownership in common by large groups of men originally kinsmen, and still, wherever they are found (and they are still found over a great part of the world), believing or assuming themselves to be, in some sense, of kin to one another. Gradually, and probably under the influence of a great variety of causes, the institution familiar to us, individual property in land, has arisen from the dissolution of the ancient co-ownership.

There are other conclusions from modern inquiry which ought to be stated less confidently, and several of them only in negative form. Thus, wherever we can observe the primitive groups still surviving to our day, we find that competition has very feeble play in their domestic transactions; competition, that is, in exchange and in the acquisition of property. This phenomenon, with several others, suggests that competition, that prodigious

social force of which the action is measured by political economy, is of relatively modern origin. Just as the conceptions of human brotherhood, and in a less degree of human equality, appear to have passed beyond the limits of the primitive communities and to have spread themselves in a highly diluted form over the mass of mankind,—so, on the other hand, competition in exchange seems to be the universal belligerency of the ancient world which has penetrated into the interior of the ancient groups of blood relatives. It is the regulated private war of ancient society gradually broken up into indistinguishable atoms. So far as property in land is concerned, unrestricted competition in purchase and exchange has a far more limited field of action, even at this moment, than an Englishman or an American would suppose. The view of land as merchantable property, exchangeable like a horse or an ox, seems to be not only modern but even now distinctively Western. It is most unreservedly accepted in the United States; with little less reserve in England and France; but as we proceed through Eastern Europe it fades gradually away, until in Asia it is wholly lost.

I cannot do more than hint at other conclusions which are suggested by recent investigation. We may lay down, I think at least provisionally, that in the beginning of the history of ownership there was no such broad distinction as we now commonly draw between political and proprietary power,—between the power which gives the right to tax and the power which confers the right to exact rent. It would seem as if the greater forms of landed property now existing represented political sovereignty in a condition of decay, while the small property of most of the world has grown—not exclusively, as has been vulgarly supposed hitherto, out of the precarious possessions of servile classes, but—out of the indissoluble association of the status of freeman with a share in the land of the community to which he belonged. I think, again, that it is possible we may have to revise our ideas of the relative antiquity of the objects of enjoyment which we call movables and immovables, real property and personal property. Doubtless the great bulk of movables came into existence after land had begun to be appropriated by groups of men; but there is now much reason for suspecting that some of these commodities were severally owned before this appropriation, and that they exercised great influence in dissolving the primitive collective ownership.

It is unavoidable that positions like these, stated as they can only be stated here, should appear to some paradoxical, to others unimportant. There are a few, perhaps, who may conceive a suspicion that if property as we now understand it—that is, several property—be shown to be more modern not only than the human race (which was long ago assumed), but than ownership in common (which is only beginning to be suspected), some advantage may be gained by those assailants of the institution itself whose doctrines from time to time cause a panic in modern Continental society. I do not myself think so. It is not the business of the scientific historical inquirer to assert good or evil of any particular institution. He deals with its existence and development, not with its expediency. But one conclusion he may properly draw from the facts bearing on the subject before us. Nobody is at liberty to attack several property and to say at the same time that he values civilization. The history of the two cannot be disentangled. Civilization is nothing more than a name for the old order of the Aryan world, dissolved but perpetually reconstituting itself under a vast variety of solvent influences, of which infinitely the most powerful have been those which have slowly, and in some parts of the world much less perfectly than others, substituted several property for collective ownership.

IMPORTANCE OF A KNOWLEDGE OF ROMAN LAW: AND THE EFFECT OF THE CODE NAPOLÉON

From 'Roman Law and Legal Education,' in 'Village Communities in the East and West'

If it were worth our while to inquire narrowly into the causes which have led of late years to the revival of interest in the Roman civil law, we should probably end in attributing its increasing popularity rather to some incidental glimpses of its value, which have been gained by the English practitioner in the course of legal business, than to any widely diffused or far reaching appreciation of its importance as an instrument of knowledge. It is most certain that the higher the point of jurisprudence which has to be dealt with, the more signal is always the assistance derived by the English lawyer from Roman law; and the higher the mind employed upon the question, the more unqualified is its admiration of the system by which its perplexities have

been disentangled. But the grounds upon which the study of Roman jurisprudence is to be defended are by no means such as to be intelligible only to the subtlest intellects, nor do they await the occurrence of recondite points of law in order to disclose themselves. It is believed that the soundness of many of them will be recognized as soon as they are stated; and to these it is proposed to call attention in the present essay.

The historical connection between the Roman jurisprudence and our own appears to be now looked upon as furnishing one very strong reason for increased attention to the civil law of Rome. The fact, of course, is not now to be questioned. The vulgar belief that the English common law was indigenous in all its parts was always so easily refuted, by the most superficial comparison of the text of Bracton and Fleta with the 'Corpus Juris,' that the honesty of the historians who countenanced it can only be defended by alleging the violence of their prejudices; and now that the great accumulation of fragments of ante-Justinianean compendia, and the discovery of the MS. of Gaius, have increased our acquaintance with the Roman law in the only form in which it can have penetrated into Britain, the suspicion of a partial earlier filiation amounts almost to a certainty. The fact of such a filiation has necessarily the highest interest for the legal antiquarian, and it is of value besides for its effect on some of the coarser prepossessions of English lawyers. But too much importance should not be attached to it. It has ever been the case in England that every intellectual importation we have received has been instantly colored by the peculiarities of our national habits and spirit. A foreign jurisprudence interpreted by the old English common-lawyers would soon cease to be foreign, and the Roman law would lose its distinctive character with even greater rapidity than any other set of institutions. It will be easily understood that a system like the laws of Rome, distinguished above all others for its symmetry and its close correspondence with fundamental rules, would be effectually metamorphosed by a very slight distortion of its parts, or by the omission of one or two governing principles. Even though, therefore, it be true—and true it certainly is—that texts of Roman law have been worked at all points into the foundations of our jurisprudence, it does not follow from that fact that our knowledge of English law would be materially improved by the study of the 'Corpus Juris'; and besides, if too much stress be laid on the historical

connection between the systems, it will be apt to encourage one of the most serious errors into which the inquirer into the philosophy of law can fall. It is not because our own jurisprudence and that of Rome were *once* alike that they ought to be studied together; it is because they *will be* alike. It is because all laws, however dissimilar in their infancy, tend to resemble each other in their maturity; and because we in England are slowly, and perhaps unconsciously or unwillingly, but still steadily and certainly, accustoming ourselves to the same modes of legal thought, and to the same conceptions of legal principle, to which the Roman jurisconsults had attained after centuries of accumulated experience and unwearied cultivation.

The attempt, however, to explain at length why the flux and change which our law is visibly undergoing furnish the strongest reasons for studying a body of rules so mature and so highly refined as that contained in the 'Corpus Juris,' would be nearly the same thing as endeavoring to settle the relation of the Roman law to the science of jurisprudence; and that inquiry, from its great length and difficulty, it would be obviously absurd to prosecute within the limits of an essay like the present. But there is a set of considerations of a different nature, and equally forcible in their way, which cannot be too strongly impressed on all who have the control of legal or general education. The point which they tend to establish is this: the immensity of the ignorance to which we are condemned by ignorance of Roman law. It may be doubted whether even the best educated men in England can fully realize how vastly important an element is Roman law in the general mass of human knowledge, and how largely it enters into and pervades and modifies all products of human thought which are not exclusively English. Before we endeavor to give some distant idea of the extent to which this is true, we must remind the reader that the Roman law is not a system of cases, like our own. It is a system of which the nature may, for practical purposes though inadequately, be described by saying that it consists of principles, and of express written rules. In England, the labor of the lawyer is to extract from the precedents a formula, which while covering *them* will also cover the state of facts to be adjudicated upon; and the task of rival advocates is, from the same precedents or others to elicit different formulas of equal apparent applicability. Now, in Roman law no such use is made of precedents. The 'Corpus Juris,' as may be seen at a

glance, contains a great number of what our English lawyers would term cases; but then they are in no respect sources of rules — they are instances of their application. They are, as it were, problems solved by authority in order to throw light on the rule, and to point out how it should be manipulated and applied. How it was that the Roman law came to assume this form so much sooner and more completely than our own, is a question full of interest, and it is one of the first to which the student should address himself; but though the prejudices of an Englishman will probably figure to him a jurisprudence thus constituted as, to say the least, anomalous, it is nevertheless quite as readily conceived, and quite as natural to the constitution of our own system. In proof of this, it may be remarked that the English common law was clearly conceived by its earliest expositors as wearing something of this character. It was regarded as existing *somewhere* in the form of a symmetrical body of express rules, adjusted to definite principles. The knowledge of the system, however, in its full amplitude and proportions, was supposed to be confined to the breasts of the judges and the lay public, and the mass of the legal profession were only permitted to discern its canons intertwined with the facts of adjudged cases. Many traces of this ancient theory remain in the language of our judgments and forensic arguments; and among them we may perhaps place the singular use of the word "principle" in the sense of a legal proposition elicited from the precedents by comparison and induction.

The proper business of a Roman jurisconsult was therefore confined to the interpretation and application of express written rules; processes which must of course be to some extent employed by the professors of every system of laws — of our own among others, when we attempt to deal with statute law. But the great space which they filled at Rome has no counterpart in English practice; and becoming, as they did, the principal exercise of a class of men characterized as a whole by extraordinary subtlety and patience, and in individual cases by extraordinary genius, they were the means of producing results which the English practitioner wants centuries of attaining. We who speak without shame — occasionally with something like pride — of our ill success in construing statutes, have at our hand nothing distantly resembling the appliances which the Roman jurisprudence supplies, partly by definite canons and partly by appropriate

examples, for the understanding and management of written law. It would not be doing more than justice to the methods of interpretation invented by the Roman lawyers, if we were to compare the power which they give over their subject-matter to the advantage which the geometrician derives from mathematical analysis in discussing the relations of space. By each of these helps, difficulties almost insuperable become insignificant, and processes nearly interminable are shortened to a tolerable compass. The parallel might be carried still further, and we might insist on the special habit of mind which either class of mental exercise induces. Most certainly nothing can be more peculiar, special, and distinct than the bias of thought, the modes of reasoning, and the habits of illustration, which are given by a training in the Roman law. No tension of mind or length of study which even distantly resembles the labor of mastering English jurisprudence is necessary to enable the student to realize these peculiarities of mental view; but still they cannot be acquired without some effort, and the question is, whether the effort which they demand brings with it sufficient reward. We can only answer by endeavoring to point out that they pervade whole departments of thought and inquiry of which some knowledge is essential to every lawyer, and to every man of decent cultivation. . . .

It may be confidently asserted, that if the English lawyer only attached himself to the study of Roman law long enough to master the technical phraseology and to realize the leading legal conceptions of the 'Corpus Juris,' he would approach those questions of foreign law to which our courts have repeatedly to address themselves, with an advantage which no mere professional acumen acquired by the exclusive practice of our own jurisprudence could ever confer on him. The steady multiplication of legal systems borrowing the entire phraseology, adopting the principles, and appropriating the greater part of the rules, of Roman jurisprudence, is one of the most singular phenomena of our day, and far more worthy of attention than the most showy manifestations of social progress. This gradual approach of Continental Europe to a uniformity of municipal law dates unquestionably from the first French Revolution. Although Europe, as is well known, formerly comprised a number of countries and provinces which governed themselves by the written Roman law, interpolated with feudal observances, there does not seem to be any evidence that the institutions of these localities enjoyed any vogue or favor beyond

their boundaries. Indeed, in the earlier part of the last century, there may be traced among the educated men of the Continent something of a feeling in favor of English law; a feeling proceeding, it is to be feared, rather from the general enthusiasm for English political institutions which was then prevalent, than founded on any very accurate acquaintance with the rules of our jurisprudence. Certainly, as respects France in particular, there were no visible symptoms of any general preference for the institutions of the *pays de droit écrit* as opposed to the provinces in which customary law was observed. But then came the French Revolution, and brought with it the necessity of preparing a general code for France one and indivisible. Little is known of the special training through which the true authors of this work had passed; but in the form which it ultimately assumed, when published as the Code Napoléon, it may be described without great inaccuracy as a compendium of the rules of Roman law then practiced in France, cleared of all feudal admixture; such rules, however, being in all cases taken with the extensions given to them and the interpretations put upon them by one or two eminent French jurists, and particularly by Pothier. The French conquests planted this body of laws over the whole extent of the French empire, and the kingdoms immediately dependent upon it; and it is incontestable that it took root with extraordinary quickness and tenacity. The highest tribute to the French codes is their great and lasting popularity with the people, the lay public, of the countries into which they have been introduced. How much weight ought to be attached to this symptom, our own experience should teach us; which surely shows us how thoroughly indifferent in general is the mass of the public to the particular rules of civil life by which it may be governed, and how extremely superficial are even the most energetic movements in favor of the amendment of the law. At the fall of the Bonapartist empire in 1815, most of the restored governments had the strongest desire to expel the intrusive jurisprudence which had substituted itself for the ancient customs of the land. It was found, however, that the people prized it as the most precious of possessions: the attempt to subvert it was persevered in in very few instances, and in most of them the French codes were restored after a brief abeyance. And not only has the observance of these laws been confirmed in almost all the countries which ever enjoyed them, but they have made their way into numerous

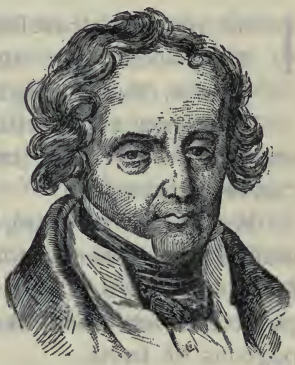
other communities, and occasionally in the teeth of the most formidable political obstacles. So steady, indeed, and so resistless has been the diffusion of this Romanized jurisprudence, either in its original or in a slightly modified form, that the civil law of the whole Continent is clearly destined to be absorbed and lost in it. It is, too, we should add, a very vulgar error to suppose that the civil part of the codes has only been found suited to a society so peculiarly constituted as that of France. With alterations and additions, mostly directed to the enlargement of the testamentary power on one side and to the conservation of entails and primogeniture on the other, they have been admitted into countries whose social condition is as unlike that of France as is possible to conceive.

XAVIER DE MAISTRE

(1764–1852)

To students of French literature the name De Maistre suggests first, Joseph Marie de Maistre,—brilliant philosopher, stern and eloquent critic, vain opponent of revolutionary ideas; but the general reader is far better acquainted with his younger brother Xavier. He was a somewhat dashing military personage, a striking contrast to his austere senior, loving the æsthetic side of life: an amateur artist, a reader of many books, who on occasion could write charmingly.

Born in Chambéry in 1764, of French descent, he entered the Sardinian army, where he remained until the annexation of Savoy to France; when, finding himself an exile, he joined his brother, then envoy to St. Petersburg. Later he entered the Russian army; married in Russia, and lived there to the good old age of eighty-eight.



Xavier De Maistre

Perhaps the idea of authorship would never have occurred to the active soldier but for a little mishap. A love affair led to a duel; and he was arrested and imprisoned at Turin for forty-two days. A result of this leisure was the 'Voyage autour de ma Chambre' (Journey round my Room); a series of half playful, half philosophic sketches, whose delicate humor and sentiment suggest the influence of Laurence Sterne. Later on, he submitted the manuscript to his much-admired elder brother, who liked it so well that he had it published by way of pleasant surprise. He was less complimentary to a second and somewhat similar work, 'L'Expédition Nocturne' (The Nocturnal Expedition), and his advice delayed its publication for several years.

Xavier de Maistre was not a prolific writer, and all his work is included in one small volume. Literature was merely his occasional pastime, indulged in as a result of some chance stimulus. A conversation with fellow-officers suggests an old experience, and he goes home and writes 'Le Lepreux de la Cité d'Aoste' (The Leper of Aoste), a pathetic story, strong in its unstudied sincerity of expression.

Four years later he tells another little tale, 'Les Prisonniers du Caucase' (The Prisoners of the Caucasus), a stirring bit of adventure.

His last story, 'La Jeune Sibérienne' (The Siberian Girl), best known as retold and weakened by Madame Cottin, is a striking premonition of later realism. There is no forcing the pathetic effect in the history of the heroic young daughter who braves a long and terrible journey to petition the Czar for her father's release from Siberian exile.

The charm of De Maistre's style is always in the ease and simplicity of the telling. In his own time he was very popular; and his work survives with little loss of interest to-day.

THE TRAVELING-COAT

From the 'Journey round My Room.' Copyright 1871, by Hurd & Houghton

I PUT on my traveling-coat, after having examined it with a complacent eye; and forthwith resolved to write a chapter *ad hoc*, that I might make it known to the reader.

The form and usefulness of these garments being pretty generally known, I will treat specially of their influence upon the minds of travelers.

My winter traveling-coat is made of the warmest and softest stuff I could meet with. It envelops me entirely from head to foot; and when I am in my arm-chair, with my hands in my pockets, I am very like the statue of Vishnu one sees in the pagodas of India.

You may, if you will, tax me with prejudice when I assert the influence a traveler's costume exercises upon its wearer. At any rate, I can confidently affirm with regard to this matter that it would appear to me as ridiculous to take a single step of my journey round my room in uniform, with my sword at my side, as it would to go forth into the world in my dressing-gown. Were I to find myself in full military dress, not only should I be unable to proceed with my journey, but I really believe I should not be able to read what I have written about my travels, still less to understand it.

Does this surprise you? Do we not every day meet with people who fancy they are ill because they are unshaven, or because some one has thought they have looked poorly and told them so? Dress has such influence upon men's minds that there are valetudinarians who think themselves in better health than usual

when they have on a new coat and well-powdered wig. They deceive the public and themselves by their nicety about dress, until one finds some fine morning they have died in full fig, and their death startles everybody.

And in the class of men among whom I live, how many there are who, finding themselves clothed in uniform, firmly believe they are officers, until the unexpected appearance of the enemy shows them their mistake. And more than this, if it be the king's good pleasure to allow one of them to add to his coat a certain trimming, he straightway believes himself to be a general; and the whole army gives him the title without any notion of making fun of him! So great an influence has a coat upon the human imagination!

The following illustration will show still further the truth of my assertion:—

It sometimes happened that they forgot to inform the Count de —— some days beforehand of the approach of his turn to mount guard. Early one morning, on the very day on which this duty fell to the Count, a corporal awoke him and announced the disagreeable news. But the idea of getting up there and then, putting on his gaiters, and turning out without having thought about it the evening before, so disturbed him that he preferred reporting himself sick and staying at home all day. So he put on his dressing-gown and sent away his barber. This made him look pale and ill, and frightened his wife and family. He really did feel a little poorly.

He told every one he was not very well,—partly for the sake of appearances, and partly because he positively believed himself to be indisposed. Gradually the influence of the dressing-gown began to work. The slops he was obliged to take upset his stomach. His relations and friends sent to ask after him. He was soon quite ill enough to take to his bed.

In the evening Dr. Ranson found his pulse hard and feverish, and ordered him to be bled next day.

If the campaign had lasted a month longer, the sick man's case would have been past cure.

Now, who can doubt about the influence of traveling-coats upon travelers, if he reflect that poor Count de —— thought more than once that he was about to perform a journey to the other world for having inopportunely donned his dressing-gown in this?

A FRIEND

From the 'Journey round My Room.'

I HAD a friend. Death took him from me. He was snatched away at the beginning of his career, at the moment when his friendship had become a pressing need to my heart. We supported one another in the hard toil of war. We had but one pipe between us. We drank out of the same cup. We slept beneath the same tent. And amid our sad trials, the spot where we lived together became to us a new fatherland. I had seen him exposed to all the perils of a disastrous war. Death seemed to spare us to each other. His deadly missiles were exhausted around my friend a thousand times over without reaching him, but this was but to make his loss more painful to me. The tumult of war, and the enthusiasm which possesses the soul at the sight of danger, might have prevented his sighs from piercing my heart, while his death would have been useful to his country and damaging to the enemy. Had he died thus, I should have mourned him less. But to lose him amid the joys of our winter-quarters; to see him die at the moment when he seemed full of health, and when our intimacy was rendered closer by rest and tranquillity,—ah, this was a blow from which I can never recover!

But his memory lives in my heart, and there alone. He is forgotten by those who surrounded him and who have replaced him. And this makes his loss the more sad to me.

Nature, in like manner indifferent to the fate of individuals, dons her green spring robe, and decks herself in all her beauty near the cemetery where he rests. The trees cover themselves with foliage, and intertwine their branches; the birds warble under the leafy sprays; the insects hum among the blossoms: everything breathes joy in this abode of death.

And in the evening, when the moon shines in the sky, and I am meditating in this sad place, I hear the grasshopper, hidden in the grass that covers the silent grave of my friend, merrily pursuing his unwearied song. The unobserved destruction of human beings, as well as all their misfortunes, are counted for nothing in the grand total of events.

The death of an affectionate man who breathes his last surrounded by his afflicted friends, and that of a butterfly killed in a flower's cup by the chill air of morning, are but two similar

epochs in the course of nature. Man is but a phantom, a shadow, a mere vapor that melts into the air.

But daybreak begins to whiten the sky. The gloomy thoughts that troubled me vanish with the darkness, and hope awakens again in my heart. No! He who thus suffuses the east with light has not made it to shine upon my eyes only to plunge me into the night of annihilation. He who has spread out that vast horizon, who raised those lofty mountains whose icy tops the sun is even now gilding, is also he who made my heart to beat and my mind to think.

No! My friend is not annihilated. Whatever may be the barrier that separates us, I shall see him again. My hopes are based on no mere syllogism. The flight of an insect suffices to persuade me. And often the prospect of the surrounding country, the perfume of the air, and an indescribable charm which is spread around me, so raise my thoughts, that an invincible proof of immortality forces itself upon my soul, and fills it to the full.

THE LIBRARY

From the 'Journey round My Room': Copyright 1871, by Hurd & Houghton

I PROMISED to give a dialogue between my soul and the OTHER. But there are some chapters which elude me, as it were; or rather, there are others which flow from my pen *nolens volens*, and derange my plans. Among these is one about my library; and I will make it as short as I can. Our forty-two days will soon be ended; and even were it not so, a similar period would not suffice to complete the description of the rich country in which I travel so pleasantly.

My library, then, is composed of novels, if I must make the confession — of novels and a few choice poets.

As if I had not troubles enough of my own, I share those of a thousand imaginary personages, and I feel them as acutely as my own. How many tears have I shed for that poor Clarissa, and for Charlotte's lover!

But if I go out of my way in search of unreal afflictions, I find in return such virtue, kindness, and disinterestedness in this imaginary world, as I have never yet found united in the real world around me. I meet with a woman after my heart's desire,

free from whim, lightness, and affectation. I say nothing about beauty: this I can leave to my imagination, and picture her faultlessly beautiful. And then closing the book, which no longer keeps pace with my ideas, I take the fair one by the hand, and we travel together over a country a thousand times more delightful than Eden itself. What painter could represent the fairyland in which I have placed the goddess of my heart? What poet could ever describe the lively and manifold sensations I experience in those enchanted regions?

How often have I cursed that Cleveland, who is always embarking upon new troubles which he might very well avoid! I cannot endure that book, with its long list of calamities. But if I open it by way of distraction, I cannot help devouring it to the end.

For how could I leave that poor man among the Abaquis? What would become of him in the hands of those savages? Still less dare I leave him in his attempt to escape from captivity.

Indeed, I so enter into his sorrows, I am so interested in him and in his unfortunate family, that the sudden appearance of the ferocious Ruintons makes my hair stand on end. When I read that passage a cold perspiration covers me; and my fright is as lively and real as if I were going to be roasted and eaten by the monsters myself.

When I have had enough of tears and love, I turn to some poet, and set out again for a new world.

WILLIAM HURRELL MALLOCK

(1849–)

WILLIAM HURRELL MALLOCK is the interesting product of the interesting period in which he was educated and the interesting conditions of his social life. Well born, well bred, well fed, well read, well supplied with luxuries, well disciplined at the wicket and the oar, the son of a clergyman of the Church of England (Rev. Roger Mallock) and the nephew of James Anthony and Richard Hurrell Froude, he was educated at home by private tutors till he entered Balliol College, Oxford. There he took a second class in final classicals, and in 1871 the Newdigate poetical prize, the subject of his poem being 'The Isthmus of Suez.'

WILLIAM H. MALLOCK

In 1876 he published 'The New Republic,' which first appeared in a magazine. The first impression of the book is its audacity, the second its cleverness; but when one has gotten well into its leisurely pages, and has found himself in what seems to be the veritable company of Huxley, Matthew Arnold, Ruskin, Professor Clifford, Walter Pater, Professor Jowett, and Mr. Tyndall, he is penetrated with the conviction that the work is the perfected flower of the art of delicate characterization. The parodies are so good that they read like reminiscences enlivened with the lightest touch of extravaganza.

The sub-title of 'The New Republic'—'Culture, Faith, and Philosophy in an English Country-House'—indicates its plan. A young man of fortune and distinction assembles at his villa a party of visitors, who under thin disguises represent the leading thinkers of the day. The company plays at constructing an ideal republic, which is to be the latest improvement on Plato's commonwealth. To facilitate the discussion, the host writes the titles of the subjects to be talked about on the back of the menus of their first dinner: they prove to be such seductive themes as 'The Aim of Life,' 'Society, Art, and Literature,' 'Riches and Civilization,' and 'The Present and the Future.'

In the expression of opinion that follows, the peculiarities and inconsistencies of the famous personages are hit off with delicious

appositeness. The first principle of the proposed New Republic is to destroy all previous republics. Mr. Storks (Professor Huxley) eliminates a conscious directing intelligence from the world of matter. Mr. Stockton (Professor Tyndall) eliminates the poetry and romance of the imagination, substituting those of the wonders of science. The materialist, Mr. Saunders (Professor Clifford), eliminates the «foul superstition» of the existence of God and the scheme of salvation through the merits of Christ. Mr. Luke (Matthew Arnold) who is represented as mournfully strolling about the lawn in the moonlight, reciting his own poems,—poems which puzzle us in their oscillation between mirth and moralizing, till an italicized line warns us to be wary,—Mr. Luke eliminates the middle classes. Mr. Rose (Walter Pater) eliminates religious belief as a serious verity, but retains it as an artistic finish and decorative element in life. Dr. Jenkinson (Professor Jowett) in a sermon which he might have preached in Balliol Chapel, and his habitual audience have heard without the lifting of an eyebrow, eliminates the «bad taste» of conviction on any subject. Finally Mr. Herbert (Mr. Ruskin), descending upon the reformers in a burst of vituperation, eliminates the upper classes, because they neither have themselves nor furnish the lower orders any object to live for. The outcome of the discussion is predicted on the title-page:—

«All is jest and ashes and nothingness; for all things that are, are of folly.»

So much space has been given to Mr. Mallock's first book because it is representative of his quality, and discloses the line of his subsequent thinking. Only once again does he permit himself the relaxation of an irresponsible and clever parody,—that on Positivism in 'The New Paul and Virginia'; wherein the germ revealed in the sketches of Huxley and his fellow scientists is more fully developed, to the disedification of the serious-minded, who complain that the representatives of Prometheus are dragged down to earth.

But the shades of the mighty whom he ridiculed have played a curious trick on Mr. Mallock. As Emerson says of the soul of the dead warrior, which, entering the breast of the conqueror, takes up its abode there,—so the wraiths of doubt, materialism, discontent, Philistinism, and the many upsetting emotions which the clever satirist disposed of with a jest, entered his own hypersensitive organism, and, for all the years succeeding, sent him about among the men of his generation sharing with Ruskin the burden of their salvation. Nor does he propose to let any sense of his own limitations as a prophet interfere with the delivery of his message. In a volume of several hundred pages he asks a nineteenth-century audience, 'Is Life Worth Living?' Can we, he demands in substance, like his own

Mr. Herbert, go on buying blue china and enjoying the horse-show and the "season," and our little trips to Paris, and first editions in rare bindings, if we are not sure that these tastes will be gratified in another world? In his mind, the reply to this question resolves itself into the necessity for a final authority,—an authority which he himself discovers in the voice of the Church of Rome.

He is an indefatigable worker. As a novelist he belongs to the sentimental school, in which a craving for sympathy and a marked tendency to reject conventional standards characterizes all his men and many of his women. Because he has written them, his stories are never dull; they abound in epigram, sketches of character, and wise reflections: but the plots are slightly woven and hang at loose ends, while a dénouement is as deliberately ignored as if the author were a pupil of Zola. His novels or romances are 'A Romance of the Nineteenth Century,' 'The Old Order Changeth,' 'A Human Document,' 'The Heart of Life,' and 'The Veil of the Temple' (1904).

As an essayist he is widely read. He was one of the famous five who took part in the Christianity *vs.* Agnosticism controversy, in which Bishop Wace and Mr. Huxley were the champions. He has written two volumes of poems, translated Lucretius; and his varied magazine articles, collected in book form, have been published under the titles of 'Social Equality' (London, 1882), 'Property, Progress, and Poverty' (1884), 'Classes and Masses; or, Wealth and Wages in the United Kingdom' (1896), 'Aristocracy and Evolution' (1898), 'Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption' (1900), 'Critical Examinations of Socialism' (1907), 'The Nation as a Business Firm' (1910), etc.

In these volumes, mostly on social topics, Mr. Mallock presents himself as a sedate Conservative, committed to hereditary legislation, the sacredness of the game laws, the Doomsday Book, and the rest of mediævalism. Against democratic theories concerning social equality, labor, and property, he sets up the counter proposition that labor is not the cause of wealth, and of itself would be powerless to produce it. As for social equality, he sees that diversity of station is a part of the framework that holds society together.

These books are written in a serious manner. But it is an axiom that the successful advocate must give the impression that he himself has no doubt of his cause. This Mr. Mallock almost never does. The more positive his plea, the more visible between the lines is the mocking, unconvinced expression of the author's other self. Moreover, his fastidious discontent, and the subtlety of mind which is the greatest perhaps of his many charms, point him toward some unexplored quarter, where, as he has not investigated it, he fancies the truth may lie. The reader of Mallock goes to him for witty comment, satire, suggestion; and to get into a certain high-bred society

where the scholar is at home and the gospel of good-breeding is preached. But that reader will never know in what social system of the past — in slavery, feudalism, or absolutism — Mallock's Utopia is to be sought.

AN EVENING'S TABLE-TALK AT THE VILLA

From 'The New Republic'

No proposal could have been happier than Lady Grace's, of the garden banquet in the pavilion. It seemed to the guests, when they were all assembled there, that the lovely summer's day was going to close with a scene from fairy-land. The table itself, with its flowers and glowing fruit, and its many-colored Venetian glass, shone and gleamed and sparkled in the evening light, that was turning outside to a cool mellow amber; and above, from the roof, in which the dusk was already darkness, hung china lamps in the shape of green and purple grape clusters, looking like luminous fruit stolen from Aladdin's garden. The pavilion, open on all sides, was supported on marble pillars that were almost hidden in red and white roses. Behind, the eye rested on great tree trunks and glades of rich foliage; and before, it would pass over turf and flowers, till it reached the sea beyond, on which in another hour the faint silver of the moonlight would begin to tremble.

There was something in the whole scene that was at once calming and exhilarating; and nearly all present seemed to feel in some measure this double effect of it. Dr. Jenkinson had been quite restored by an afternoon's nap; and his face was now all a-twinkle with a fresh benignity,— that had, however, like an early spring morning, just a faint suspicion of frost in it. Mr. Storks even was less severe than usual; and as he raised his champagne to his lips, he would at times look very nearly conversational.

"My dear Laurence," exclaimed Mr. Herbert, "it really almost seems as if your visions of the afternoon had come true, and that we actually were in your New Republic already. I can only say that if it is at all like this, it will be an entirely charming place — too charming, perhaps. But now remember this: you have but half got through the business to which you first addressed yourselves,— that of forming a picture of a perfect

aristocracy, an aristocracy in the true and genuine sense of the word. You are all to have culture, or taste. Very good: you have talked a great deal about that, and you have seen what you mean by it; and you have recognized, above all, that it includes a discrimination between right and wrong. But now you, with all this taste and culture,—you gifted men and women of the nineteenth century,—what sort of things does your taste teach you to reach out towards? In what actions and aims, in what affections and emotions, would you place your happiness? That is what I want to hear,—the practical manifestations of this culture."

"Ah," said Mr. Rose, "I have at this moment a series of essays in the press, which would go far towards answering these questions of yours. They do indeed deal with just this: the effect of the choicer culture of this century on the soul of man; the ways in which it endows him with new perceptions; how it has made him, in fact, a being altogether more highly organized. All I regret is that these choicer souls, these Χαρίεντες, are as yet like flowers that have not found a climate in which they can thrive properly. That mental climate will doubtless come with time. What we have been trying to do this afternoon is, I imagine, nothing more than to anticipate it in imagination."

"Well," said Mr. Herbert, with a little the tone of an Inquisitor, "that is just what I have been asking. What will this climate be like, and what will these flowers be like in this climate? How would your culture alter and better the present, if its powers were equal to its wishes?"

Mr. Rose's soft lulling tone harmonized well with the scene and hour, and the whole party seemed willing to listen to him; or at any rate, no one felt any prompting to interrupt him.

"I can show you an example, Mr. Herbert," he said, "of culture demanding a finer climate, in—if you will excuse my seeming egoism—in myself. For instance (to take the widest matter I can fix upon, the general outward surroundings of our lives),—often, when I walk about London, and see how hideous its whole external aspect is, and what a dissonant population throng it, a chill feeling of despair comes over me. Consider how the human eye delights in form and color, and the ear in tempered and harmonious sounds; and then think for a moment of a London street! Think of the shapeless houses, the forest of ghastly chimney-pots, of the hell of distracting noises made by

the carts, the cabs, the carriages; think of the bustling, commonplace, careworn crowds that jostle you; think of an omnibus, think of a four-wheeler—»

«I often ride in an omnibus,» said Lord Allen, with a slight smile, to Miss Merton.

«It is true,» replied Mr. Rose, only overhearing the tone in which these words were said, «that one may ever and again catch some touch of sunlight that will for a moment make the meanest object beautiful with its furtive alchemy. But that is Nature's work, not man's; and we must never confound the accidental beauty that Nature will bestow on man's work, even at its worst, with the rational and designed beauty of man's work at its best. It is this rational human beauty that I say our modern city life is so completely wanting in; nay, the look of out-of-door London seems literally to stifle the very power of imagining such beauty possible. Indeed, as I wander along our streets, pushing my way among the throngs of faces,—faces puckered with misdirected thought or expressionless with none; barbarous faces set towards Parliament, or church, or scientific lecture-rooms, or government offices, or counting-houses,—I say, as I push my way amongst all the sights and sounds of the streets of our great city, only one thing ever catches my eye that breaks in upon my mood and warns me I need not despair.»

«And what is that?» asked Allen with some curiosity.

«The shops,» Mr. Rose answered, «of certain of our upholsterers and dealers in works of art. Their windows, as I look into them, act like a sudden charm on me; like a splash of cold water dashed on my forehead when I am fainting. For I seem there to have got a glimpse of the real heart of things; and as my eyes rest on the perfect pattern (many of which are really quite delicious; indeed, when I go to ugly houses, I often take a scrap of some artistic crétonne with me in my pocket as a kind of æsthetic smelling-salts),—I say, when I look in at their windows, and my eyes rest on the perfect pattern of some new fabric for a chair or for a window curtain, or on some new design for a wall paper, or on some old china vase, I become at once sharply conscious, Mr. Herbert, that despite the ungenial mental climate of the present age, strange yearnings for and knowledge of true beauty are beginning to show themselves like flowers above the weedy soil; and I remember, amidst the roar

and clatter of our streets, and the mad noises of our own times, that there is amongst us a growing number who have deliberately turned their backs on all these things, and have thrown their whole souls and sympathies into the happier art ages of the past. They have gone back," said Mr. Rose, raising his voice a little, "to Athens and to Italy; to the Italy of Leo and to the Athens of Pericles. To such men the clamor, the interests, the struggles of our own times become as meaningless as they really are. To them the boyhood of Bathyllus is of more moment than the manhood of Napoleon. Borgia is a more familiar name than Bismarck. I know, indeed, — and I really do not blame them, — several distinguished artists who, resolving to make their whole lives consistently perfect, will on principle never admit a newspaper into their houses that is of later date than the times of Addison: and I have good trust that the number of such men is on the increase; men, I mean," said Mr. Rose, toying tenderly with an exquisite wine-glass of Salviati's, "who with a steady and set purpose follow art for the sake of art, beauty for the sake of beauty, love for the sake of love, life for the sake of life.".

Mr. Rose's slow gentle voice, which was apt at certain times to become peculiarly irritating, sounded now like the evening air grown articulate; and had secured him hitherto a tranquil hearing, as if by a kind of spell. This, however, seemed here in sudden danger of snapping.

"What, Mr. Rose!" exclaimed Lady Ambrose, "do you mean to say, then, that the number of people is on the increase who won't read the newspapers?"

"Why, the men must be absolute idiots!" said Lady Grace, shaking her gray curls, and putting on her spectacles to look at Mr. Rose.

Mr. Rose, however, was imperturbable.

"Of course," he said, "you may have newspapers if you will; I myself always have them: though in general they are too full of public events to be of much interest. I was merely speaking just now of the spirit of the movement. And of that we must all of us here have some knowledge. We must all of us have friends whose houses more or less embody it. And even if we had not, we could not help seeing signs of it — signs of how true and earnest it is, in the enormous sums that are now given for really good objects."

"That," said Lady Grace, with some tartness, "is true enough, thank God!"

"But I can't see," said Lady Ambrose, whose name often figured in the Times, in the subscription lists of advertised charities,—"I can't see, Mr. Rose, any reason in that why we should not read the newspapers."

"The other day, for instance," said Mr. Rose reflectively, "I heard of eight Chelsea shepherdesses picked up by a dealer, I really forget where,—in some common cottage, if I recollect aright, covered with dirt, giving no pleasure to any one,—and these were all sold in a single day, and not one of them fetched less than two hundred and twenty pounds."

"*I* can't help thinking they must have come from Cremorne," said Mrs. Sinclair softly.

"But why," said Mr. Rose, "should I speak of particular instances? We *must* all of us have friends whose houses are full of priceless treasures such as these; the whole atmosphere of whose rooms really seems impregnated with art,—seems, in fact, Mr. Herbert, such an atmosphere as we should dream of for our New Republic."

"To be sure," exclaimed Lady Ambrose, feeling that she had at last got upon solid ground. "By the way, Mr. Rose," she said with her most gracious of smiles, "I suppose you have hardly seen Lady Julia Hayman's new house in Belgrave Square? I'm sure that would delight you. I should like to take you there some day and show it to you."

"I have seen it," said Mr. Rose with languid condescension. "It was very pretty, I thought,—some of it really quite nice."

This, and the slight rudeness of manner it was said with, raised Mr. Rose greatly in Lady Ambrose's estimation, and she began to think with respect of his late utterances.

"Well, Mr. Herbert," Mr. Rose went on, "what I want to say is this: We have here in the present age, as it is, fragments of the right thing. We have a number of isolated right interiors; we have a few, very few, right exteriors. But in our ideal State, our entire city—our London, the metropolis of our society—would be as a whole perfect as these fragments. Taste would not there be merely an indoor thing. It would be written visibly for all to look upon, in our streets, our squares, our gardens. Could we only mold England to our wishes, the thing to do, I am persuaded, would be to remove London to some kindlier site,

that it might there be altogether born anew. I myself would have it taken to the southwest, and to the sea-coast, where the waves are blue, and where the air is calm and fine, and there—"

"Ah me!" sighed Mr. Luke with a lofty sadness, "*cœlum non animam mutant.*"

"Pardon me," said Mr. Rose: "few paradoxes—and most paradoxes are false—are, I think, so false as that. This much at least of sea-like man's mind has: that scarcely anything so distinctly gives a tone to it as the color of the skies he lives under. And I was going to say," he went on, looking out dreamily towards the evening waves, "that as the imagination is a quick workman, I can at this moment see our metropolis already transplanted and rebuilt. I seem to see it now as it were from a distance, with its palaces, its museums, its churches, its convents, its gardens, its picture galleries,—a cluster of domed and pillared marble, sparkling on a gray headland. It is Rome, it is Athens, it is Florence, arisen and come to life again, in these modern days. The aloe-tree of beauty again blossoms there, under the azure stainless sky."

"Do you know, Mr. Rose," said Lady Ambrose in her most cordial manner, "all this is *very* beautiful; and certainly no one can think London as it is more ugly than I do. That's natural in me, isn't it, being a denizen of poor prosaic South Audley Street as I am? But don't you think that your notion is—it's very beautiful, I quite feel that—but don't you think it is perhaps a little too dream-like—too unreal, if you know what I mean?"

"Such a city," said Mr. Rose earnestly, "is indeed a dream; but it is a dream which we might make a reality, would circumstances only permit of it. We have many amongst us who know what is beautiful, and who passionately desire it; and would others only be led by these, it is quite conceivable that we might some day have a capital, the entire aspect of which should be the visible embodiment of our finest and most varied culture, our most sensitive taste, and our deepest æsthetic measure of things. This is what this capital of our New Republic must be, this dwelling-place of our ideal society. We shall have houses, galleries, streets, theatres, such as Giulio Romano or Giorgio Vasari or Giulio Campi would have rejoiced to look at; we shall have metal-work worthy of the hand of Ghiberti and the praise of Michel Angelo; we shall rival Domenico Beccafumi with our pavements. As you wander through our thoroughfares and our

gardens, your feelings will not be jarred by the presence of human vulgarity, or the desolating noise of traffic; nor in every spare space will your eyes be caught by abominable advertisements of excursion trains to Brighton, or of Horniman's cheap tea. They will rest instead, here on an exquisite fountain, here on a statue, here on a bust of Zeus or Hermes or Aphrodite, glimmering in a laureled nook; or on a *Mater Dolorosa* looking down on you from her holy shrine; or on the carved marble gate-posts of our palace gardens, or on their wrought-iron or wrought-bronze gates; or perhaps on such triumphal arches as that which Antonio San Gallo constructed in honor of Charles V., and of which you must all remember the description given by Vasari. Such a city," said Mr. Rose, "would be the externalization of the human spirit in the highest state of development that we can conceive for it. We should there see expressed openly all our appreciations of all the beauty that we can detect in the world's whole history. The wind of the spirit that breathed there would blow to us from all the places of the past, and be charged with infinite odors. Every frieze on our walls, every clustered capital of a marble column, would be a garland or nosegay of associations. Indeed, our whole city, as compared with the London that is now, would be itself a nosegay as compared with a faggot; and as related to the life that I would see lived in it, it would be like a shell murmuring with all the world's memories, and held to the ear of the two twins Life and Love."

Mr. Rose had got so dreamy by this time that he felt himself the necessity of turning a little more matter-of-fact again.

"You will see what I mean, plainly enough," he said, "if you will just think of our architecture, and consider how that naturally will be—"

"Yes," said Mr. Luke, "I should be glad to hear about our architecture."

"—how that naturally will be," Mr. Rose went on, "of no style in particular."

"The deuce it won't!" exclaimed Mr. Luke.

"No," continued Mr. Rose unmoved; "no style in particular, but a *renaissance* of all styles. It will matter nothing to us whether they be pagan or Catholic, classical or mediæval. We shall be quite without prejudice or bigotry. To the eye of true taste, an Aquinas in his cell before a crucifix, or a Narcissus gazing at himself in a still fountain, are—in their own ways, you know—equally beautiful."

"Well, really," said Miss Merton, "I can *not* fancy St. Thomas being a very taking object to people who don't believe in him either as a saint or a philosopher. I always think that except from a Christian point of view, a saint can be hardly better described than by Newman's lines, as—

'A bundle of bones, whose breath
Infects the world before his death.'"*

"I remember the lines well," said Mr. Rose calmly, "and the writer you mention puts them in the mouth of a yelping devil. But devils, as far as I know, are not generally—except perhaps Milton's—conspicuous for taste; indeed, if we may trust Goethe, the very touch of a flower is torture to them."

"Dante's biggest devil," cried Mr. Saunders, to every one's amazement, "chewed Judas Iscariot like a quid of tobacco, to all eternity. He, at any rate, knew what he liked."

Mr. Rose started, and visited Mr. Saunders with a rapid frown. He then proceeded, turning again to Miss Merton as if nothing had happened.

"Let me rather," he said, "read a nice sonnet to you, which I had sent to me this morning, and which was in my mind just now. These lines" (Mr. Rose here produced a paper from his pocket) "were written by a boy of eighteen,—a youth of extraordinary promise, I think,—whose education I may myself claim to have had some share in directing. Listen," he said, laying the verses before him on a clean plate.

"Three visions in the watches of one night
Made sweet my sleep—almost too sweet to tell.
One was Narcissus by a woodside well,
And on the moss his limbs and feet were white;
And one, Queen Venus, blown for my delight
Across the blue sea in a rosy shell;
And one, a lean Aquinas in his cell,
Kneeling, his pen in hand, with aching sight
Strained towards a carven Christ: and of these three
I knew not which was fairest. First I turned
Towards that soft boy, who laughed and fled from me;
Towards Venus then, and she smiled once, and she
Fled also. Then with teeming heart I yearned,
O Angel of the Schools, towards Christ with thee!"

* *Vide* J. H. Newman's 'Dream of Gerontius.'

"Yes," murmured Mr. Rose to himself, folding up the paper, "they are dear lines. Now there," he said, "we have a true and tender expression of the really catholic spirit of modern æstheticism, which holds nothing common or unclean. It is in this spirit, I say, that the architects of our State will set to work. And thus for our houses, for our picture galleries, for our churches,—I trust we shall have many churches,—they will select and combine—"

"Do you seriously mean," broke in Allen a little impatiently, "that it is a thing to wish for and to look forward to, that we should abandon all attempts at original architecture, and content ourselves with simply sponging on the past?"

"I do," replied Mr. Rose suavely; "and for this reason, if for no other,—that the world can now successfully do nothing else. Nor indeed is it to be expected, or even wished, that it should."

"You say we have no good architecture now!" exclaimed Lady Ambrose; "but, Mr. Rose, have you forgotten our modern churches? Don't you think them beautiful? Perhaps you never go to All Saints'?"

"I every now and then," said Mr. Rose, "when I am in the weary mood for it, attend the services of our English Ritualists, and I admire their churches very much indeed. In some places the whole thing is really managed with surprising skill. The dim religious twilight, fragrant with the smoke of incense; the tangled roofs that the music seems to cling to; the tapers, the high altar, and the strange intonation of the priests,—all produce a curious old-world effect, and seem to unite one with things that have been long dead. Indeed, it all seems to me far more a part of the past than the services of the Catholics."

Lady Ambrose did not express her approbation of the last part of this sentiment, out of regard for Miss Merton; but she gave a smile and a nod of pleased intelligence to Mr. Rose.

"Yes," Mr. Rose went on, "there is a regretful insincerity about it all, that is very nice, and that at once appeals to me, 'Gleich einer alten halbverklungnen Sage.'* The priests are only half in earnest; the congregations even—"

"Then I am quite sure," interrupted Lady Ambrose with vigor, "that you can never have heard Mr. Cope preach."

*"Like some old half-forgotten legend."

"I don't know," said Mr. Rose languidly. "I never inquired, nor have I ever heard any one so much as mention, the names of any of them. Now all that, Lady Ambrose, were life really in the state it should be, you would be able to keep."

"Do you seriously, and in sober earnest, mean," Allen again broke in, "that you think it a good thing that all our art and architecture should be borrowed and insincere, and that our very religion should be nothing but a dilettante memory?"

"The opinion," said Mr. Rose,—"which by the way you slightly misrepresent,—is not mine only, but that of all those of our own day who are really devoting themselves to art for its own sake. I will try to explain the reason of this. In the world's life, just as in the life of a man, there are certain periods of eager and all-absorbing action, and these are followed by periods of memory and reflection. We then look back upon our past and become for the first time conscious of what we are, and of what we have done. We then see the dignity of toil, and the grand results of it; the beauty and the strength of faith, and the fervent power of patriotism: which whilst we labored, and believed, and loved, we were quite blind to. Upon such a reflective period has the world now entered. It has acted and believed already: its task now is to learn to value action and belief, to feel and to be thrilled at the beauty of them. And the chief means by which it can learn this is art; the art of a *renaissance*. For by the power of such art, all that was beautiful, strong, heroic, or tender in the past,—all the actions, passions, faiths, aspirations of the world, that lie so many fathom deep in the years,—float upward to the tranquil surface of the present, and make our lives like what seems to me one of the loveliest things in nature, the iridescent film on the face of a stagnant water. Yes; the past is not dead unless we choose that it shall be so. Christianity itself is not dead. There is 'nothing of it that doth fade,' but turns 'into something rich and strange,' for us to give a new tone to our lives with. And believe me," Mr. Rose went on, gathering earnestness, "that the happiness possible in such conscious periods is the only true happiness. Indeed, the active periods of the world were not really happy at all. We only fancy them to have been so by a pathetic fallacy. Is the hero happy during his heroism? No, but after it, when he sees what his heroism was, and reads the glory of it in the eyes of youth or maiden."

"All this is very poor stuff—*very* poor stuff," murmured Dr. Jenkinson, whose face had become gradually the very picture of crossness.

"Do you mean, Mr. Rose," said Miss Merton, with a half humorous, half incredulous smile, "that we never value religion till we have come to think it nonsense?"

"Not nonsense—no," exclaimed Mr. Rose in gentle horror; "I only mean that it never lights our lives so beautifully as when it is leaving them like the evening sun. It is in such periods of the world's life that art springs into being in its greatest splendor. Your Raphael, Miss Merton, who painted you your 'dear Madonnas,' was a luminous cloud in the sunset sky of the Renaissance,—a cloud that took its fire from a faith that was sunk or sinking."

"I'm afraid that the faith is not quite sunk yet," said Miss Merton, with a slight sudden flush in her cheeks, and with just the faintest touch of suppressed anger.

Mr. Saunders, Mr. Stockton, Mr. Storks, and Mr. Luke all raised their eyebrows.

"No," said Mr. Rose, "such cyclic sunsets are happily apt to linger."

"Mr. Rose," exclaimed Lady Ambrose, with her most gracious of smiles, "of course every one who has ears must know that all this is very beautiful; but I am positively so stupid that I haven't been quite able to follow it all."

"I will try to make my meaning clearer," he said, in a brisker tone. "I often figure to myself an unconscious period and a conscious one, as two women: one an untamed creature with embrowned limbs, native to the air and the sea; the other marble-white and swan-soft, couched delicately on cushions before a mirror, and watching her own supple reflection gleaming in the depths of it. On the one is the sunshine and the sea spray. The wind of heaven and her unbound hair are playmates. The light of the sky is in her eyes; on her lips is a free laughter. We look at her, and we know that she is happy. *We* know it, mark me; but *she* knows it not. Turn, however, to the other, and all is changed. Outwardly, there is no gladness there. Her dark, gleaming eyes open depth within depth upon us, like the circles of a new Inferno. There is a clear, shadowy pallor on her cheek. Only her lips are scarlet. There is a sadness, a languor,—even in the grave tendrils of her heavy hair,

and in each changing curve of her bosom as she breathes or sighs."

"What a very odd man Mr. Rose is!" said Lady Ambrose in a loud whisper. "He always seems to talk of everybody as if they had no clothes on. And does he mean by this that we ought to be always in the dumps?"

"Yes," Mr. Rose was meanwhile proceeding, his voice again growing visionary, "there is no eagerness, no action there: and yet all eagerness, all action is known to her as the writing on an open scroll; only, as she reads, even in the reading of it, action turns into emotion and eagerness into a sighing memory. Yet such a woman really may stand symbolically for us as the patroness and the lady of all gladness, who makes us glad in the only way now left us. And not only in the only way, but in the best way—the way of ways. Her secret is self-consciousness. She knows that she is fair; she knows, too, that she is sad: but she sees that sadness is lovely, and so sadness turns to joy. Such a woman may be taken as a symbol, not of our architecture only, but of all the æsthetic surroundings with which we shall shelter and express our life. Such a woman do I see whenever I enter a ritualistic church—"

"I know," said Mrs. Sinclair, "that very peculiar people do go to such places; but, Mr. Rose," she said with a look of appealing inquiry, "I thought they were generally rather overdressed than otherwise?"

"The imagination," said Mr. Rose, opening his eyes in grave wonder at Mrs. Sinclair, "may give her what garb it chooses. Our whole city, then—the city of our New Republic—will be in keeping with this spirit. It will be the architectural and decorative embodiment of the most educated longings of our own times after order and loveliness and delight, whether of the senses or the imagination. It will be, as it were, a resurrection of the past, in response to the longing and the passionate regret of the present. It will be such a resurrection as took place in Italy during its greatest epoch, only with this difference—"

"You seem to have forgotten trade and business altogether," said Dr. Jenkinson. "I think, however rich you intend to be, you will find that they are necessary."

"Yes, Mr. Rose, you're not going to deprive us of all our shops, I hope?" said Lady Ambrose.

"Because, you know," said Mrs. Sinclair with a soft maliciousness, "we can't go without dresses altogether, Mr. Rose. And if I were there," she continued plaintively, "I should want a bookseller to publish the scraps of verse — poetry, as I am pleased to call it — that I am always writing."

"Pooh!" said Mr. Rose, a little annoyed, "we shall have all that somewhere, of course; but it will be out of the way, in a sort of Piræus, where the necessary κάπηλοι —"

"A sort of what?" said Lady Ambrose.

"Mr. Rose merely means," said Donald Gordon, "that there must be good folding-doors between the offices and the house of life, and that the servants are not to be seen walking about in the pleasure-grounds."

"Yes," said Mr. Rose, "exactly so."

"Well, then," said Lady Ambrose, "I quite agree with you, Mr. Rose; and if wishing were only having, I've not the least doubt that we should all of us be going back to Mr. Rose's city to-morrow, instead of to London, with its carts, and cabs, and smoke, and all its thousand-and-one drawbacks. I'm sure," she said, turning to Miss Merton, "you would, my dear, with all your taste."

"It certainly," said Miss Merton smiling, "all sounds very beautiful. All that I am afraid of is, that we should not be quite worthy of it."

"Nay," said Mr. Rose, "but the very point is that we shall be worthy of it, and that it will be worthy of us. I said, if you recollect, just now, that the world's ideal of the future must resemble in many ways its memory of the Italian Renaissance. But don't let that mislead you. It may resemble that, but it will be something far in advance of it. During the last three hundred years — in fact, during the last sixty or seventy years — the soul of man has developed strangely in its sentiments and its powers of feeling; in its powers, in fact, of enjoying life. As I said, I have a work in the press devoted entirely to a description of this growth. I have some of the proof-sheets with me; and if you will let me, I should like to read you one or two passages."

"I don't think much can be made out of that," said Dr. Jenkinson, with a vindictive sweetness. "Human sentiment dresses itself in different fashions, as human ladies do; but I think

beneath the surface it is much the same. I mean," he added, suddenly recollecting that he might thus seem to be rooting up the wheat of his own opinions along with the tares of Mr. Rose's, "I mean that I don't think in seventy years, or even in three hundred, you will be able to show that human nature has *very* much changed. I don't think so."

Unfortunately, however, the Doctor found that instead of putting down Mr. Rose by this, he had only raised up Mr. Luke.

"Ah, Jenkinson, I think you are wrong there," said Mr. Luke. "As long as we recognize that this growth is at present confined to a very small minority, the fact of such growth is *the* most important, *the* most significant of all facts. Indeed, our friend Mr. Rose is quite right thus far, in the stress he lays on our appreciation of the past: that we have certainly in these modern times acquired a new sense, by which alone the past can be appreciated truly,—the sense which, if I may invent a phrase for it, I should call that of Historical Perspective; so that now really for the first time the landscape of history is beginning to have some intelligible charm for us. And this, you know, is not all. Our whole views of things (you, Jenkinson, must know this as well as I do)—the *Zeitgeist* breathes upon them, and they do not die; but they are changed, they are enlightened."

The Doctor was too much annoyed to make any audible answer to this; but he murmured with some emphasis to himself, "That's *not* what Mr. Rose was saying; that's *not* what I was contradicting."

"You take, Luke, a rather more rose-colored view of things than you did last night," said Mr. Storks.

"No," said Mr. Luke with a sigh, "far from it. I am not denying (pray, Jenkinson, remember this) that the majority of us are at present either Barbarians or Philistines; and the ugliness of these is more glaring now than at any former time. But that any of us are able to see them thus distinctly in their true colors itself shows that there must be a deal of light somewhere. Even to make darkness visible some light is needed. We should always recollect that. We are only discontented with ourselves when we are struggling to be better than ourselves."

"And in many ways," said Laurence, "I think the struggle has been successful. Take for instance the pleasure we get now from the aspects of external nature, and the way in which these seem to mix themselves with our lives. This certainly is

something distinctly modern. And nearly all our other feelings, it seems to me, have changed just like this one, and have become more sensitive and more highly organized. If we may judge by its expression in literature, love has, certainly; and that, I suppose, is the most important and comprehensive feeling in life."

"Does Mr. Laurence only *suppose* that?" sighed Mrs. Sinclair, casting down her eyes.

"Well," said Dr. Jenkinson, "our feelings about these two things—about love and external nature—perhaps have changed somewhat. Yes, I think they have. I think you might make an interesting magazine article out of that—but hardly more."

"I rather," said Laurence apologetically, "agree with Mr. Luke and Mr. Rose, that all our feelings have developed just as these two have. And I think this is partly owing to the fusion in our minds of our sacred and secular ideas; which indeed you were speaking of this morning in your sermon. Thus, to find some rational purpose in life was once merely enjoined as a supernatural duty. In our times it has taken our common nature upon it, and become a natural longing—though I fear," he added softly, "a fruitless one."

"Yes," suddenly exclaimed Lady Grace, who had been listening intently to her nephew's words; "and if you are speaking of modern progress, Otho, you should not leave out the diffusion of those grand ideas of justice and right and freedom and humanity which are at work in the great heart of the nation. We are growing cultivated in Mr. Luke's noble sense of the word; and our whole hearts revolt against the way in which women have hitherto been treated, and against the cruelties which dogma asserts the good God can practice, and the cruelties on the poor animals which wicked men do practice. And war too," Lady Grace went on, a glow mounting into her soft faded cheek: "think how fast we are outgrowing that! England at any rate will never watch the outbreak of another war, with all its inevitable cruelties, without giving at least one sob that shall make all Europe pause and listen. Indeed, we must not forget how the entire substance of religion is ceasing to be a mass of dogmas, and is becoming embodied instead in practice and in action."

"Quite true, Lady Grace," said Mr. Luke. Lady Grace was just about to have given a sign for rising; but Mr. Luke's assent

detained her. "As to war," he went on, "there may of course be different opinions,—questions of policy may arise:" ("As if any policy," murmured Lady Grace, "could justify us in such a thing!") "but religion—yes, that, as I have been trying to teach the world, is the great and important point on which culture is beginning to cast its light; and with just the effect which you describe. It is true that culture is at present but a little leaven hid in a barrel of meal: but still it is doing its work slowly; and in the matter of religion,—indeed, in all matters, for religion rightly understood embraces all,—" ("I *do* like to hear Mr. Luke talk sometimes," murmured Lady Grace,) "its effect is just this: to show us that religion in any civilized, any reasonable, any sweet sense, can never be found except embodied in action; that it is in fact nothing *but* right action, pointed—winged, as it were—by right emotion, by a glow, an aspiration, an aspiration toward God—" (Lady Grace sighed with feeling) "not, of course," Mr. Luke went on confidentially, "that petulant Pedant of the theologians, that irritable angry Father with the very uncertain temper, but toward—"

"An infinite, inscrutable, loving Being," began Lady Grace, with a slight moisture in her eyes.

"Quite so," said Mr. Luke, not waiting to listen: "towards that great Law, that great verifiable tendency of things, that great stream whose flowing such of us as are able are now so anxiously trying to accelerate. There is no vain speculation about creation and first causes and consciousness here; which are matters we can never verify, and which matter nothing to us."

"But," stammered Lady Grace aghast, "Mr. Luke, do you mean to say that? But it surely must matter something whether God can hear our prayers, and will help us, and whether we owe him any duty, and whether he is conscious of what we do, and will judge us: it must matter."

Mr. Luke leaned forward towards Lady Grace and spoke to her in a confidential whisper.

"Not two straws—not that," he said, with a smile, and a very slight fillip of his finger and thumb.

Lady Grace was thunderstruck.

"But," again she stammered softly and eagerly, "unless you say there is no personal—"

Mr. Luke hated the word *personal*: it was so much mixed up in his mind with theology, that he even winced if he had to speak of personal talk.

"My dear Lady Grace," he said in a tone of surprised remonstrance, "you are talking like a bishop."

"Well, certainly," said Lady Grace, rising, and struggling she hardly knew how into a smile, "*nolo episcopari.* You see I do know a little Latin, Mr. Luke."

"Yes," said Mr. Luke with a bow, as he pushed back a chair for her, "and a bit that has more wisdom in it than all other ecclesiastical Latin put together."

"We're going to leave you gentlemen to smoke your cigarettes," said Lady Grace. "We think of going down on the beach for a little, and looking at the sea, which is getting silvery; and by-and-by, I daresay you will not expel us if we come back for a little tea and coffee."

"Damn it!"

Scarcely had the last trailing skirt swept glimmering out of the pavilion into the mellow slowly brightening moonlight, than the gentlemen were astounded by this sudden and terrible exclamation. It was soon found to have issued from Mr. Saunders, who had hardly spoken more than a few sentences during the whole of dinner.

"What can be the matter?" was inquired by several voices.

"My fool of a servant," said Mr. Saunders sullenly, "has, I find, in packing, wrapped up a small sponge of mine in my disproof of God's existence."

"H'f," shuddered Mr. Rose, shrinking from Mr. Saunders's somewhat piercing tones, and resting his forehead on his hand; "my head aches sadly. I think I will go down to the sea, and join the ladies."

"I," said Mr. Saunders, "if you will excuse me, must go and see in what state the document is, as I left it drying, hung on the handle of my jug."

No sooner had Mr. Saunders and Mr. Rose departed than Dr. Jenkinson began to recover his equanimity somewhat. Seeing this, Mr. Storks, who had himself during dinner been first soothed and then ruffled into silence, found suddenly the strings of his tongue loosed.

"Now, those are the sort of young fellows," he said, looking after the retreating form of Mr. Saunders, "that really do a good deal to bring all solid knowledge into contempt in the minds of the half-educated. There's a certain hall in London, not far from the top of Regent Street, where I'm told he gives Sunday lectures."

"Yes," said Dr. Jenkinson, sipping his claret, "it's all very bad taste — very bad taste."

"And the worst of it is," said Mr. Storks, "that these young men really get hold of a fact or two, and then push them on to their own coarse and insane conclusions,— which have, I admit, to the vulgar eye, the look of being obvious."

"Yes," said Dr. Jenkinson with a seraphic sweetness, "we should always suspect everything that seems very obvious. Glaring inconsistencies and glaring consistencies are both sure to vanish if you look closely into them."

"Now, all that about God, for instance," Mr. Storks went on, "is utterly uncalled for; and as young Saunders puts it, is utterly misleading."

"Yes," said Dr. Jenkinson, "it *all* depends upon the way you say it."

"I hardly think," said Mr. Stockton with a sublime weariness, "that we need waste much thought upon *his* way. It is a very common one,— that of the puppy that barks at the heels of the master whose meat it steals."

"May I," said Mr. Herbert gently, after a moment's pause, "ask this— for I am a little puzzled here: Do I understand that Mr. Saunders's arguments may be held, on the face of the thing, to disprove the existence of God?"

Mr. Storks and Mr. Stockton both stared gravely on Mr. Herbert, and said nothing. Dr. Jenkinson stared at him too; but the Doctor's eye lit up into a little sharp twinkle of benign content and amusement, and he said:—

"No, Mr. Herbert, I don't think Mr. Saunders can disprove that, nor any one else either. For the world has at present no adequate definition of God; and I think we should be able to define a thing before we can satisfactorily disprove it. I think so. I have no doubt Mr. Saunders can disprove the existence of God as he would define him. All atheists can do that."

"Ah," murmured Mr. Stockton, "nobly said!"

"But that's not the way," the Doctor went on, "to set to work,— this kind of rude denial. We must be loyal to nature. We must do nothing *per saltum*. We must be patient. We mustn't leap at Utopias, either religious or irreligious. Let us be content with the knowledge that all dogmas will expand in proportion as we feel they need expansion; for all mere forms are transitory, and even the personality of—"

Fatal word! It was like a match to a cannon.

"Ah, Jenkinson," exclaimed Mr. Luke, and Dr. Jenkinson stopped instantly, "*we* see what you mean; and capital sense it is too. But you do yourself as much as any one else a great injustice, in not seeing that the age is composed of two parts, and that the cultured minority is infinitely in advance of the Philistine majority—which alone is, properly speaking, the present; the minority being really the soul of the future waiting for its body, which at present can exist only as a Utopia. It is the wants of this soul that we have been talking over this afternoon. When the ladies come back to us, there are several things that I should like to say; and then you will see what we mean, Jenkinson, and that even poor Rose has really some right on his side."

At the mention of Mr. Rose's name the Doctor's face again curdled into frost.

"I don't think so." That was all he said.

SIR THOMAS MALORY

AND THE 'MORTE D'ARTHUR'

(FIFTEENTH CENTURY)

BY ERNEST RHYS

THE one certain thing about Sir Thomas Malory is, that he wrote the first and finest romance of chivalry in our common tongue,—the 'Morte d'Arthur.' Beyond this, and the testimony that the book affords as to its author, we have little record of him. That he was a Welshman, however, seems highly probable; and his name is certainly of Welsh origin, derived as it is from Maelor. That he was a clerk in holy orders is likely too. It was usual to distinguish vicars at that period and later by the prefix "Sir"; and various clergymen of the same Christian name and surname as his may be traced by old tombs, at Mobberley in Cheshire and elsewhere. Bale, in his interesting Latin chronicle of 1548, on 'Illustrious Writers of Great Britain,' speaks of his "many cares of State," it is true; but church and State were then closely enough allied to make the two things compatible with our view of him. Bale's further account is brief but eloquent. Our romancer was a man, he tells us, "of heroic spirit, who shone from his youth in signal gifts of mind and body." Moreover, a true scholar, a true man of letters, who never interrupted his quest "through all the remnants of the world's scattered antiquity." So it was that Malory was led to gather, from various sources, all the traditions he could find "concerning the valor and the victories of the most renowned King Arthur of the Britons." Out of many materials, in French and Latin, in Welsh and Breton, he shaped the book 'Morte d'Arthur' as we now know it; working with a sense of style, and with a feeling for the tale-teller's and the romancer's art, which show him to be much more than the mere compiler and book-maker that some critics have been content to call him.

A word now as to the dates of Malory's writing, and Caxton's publishing, the 'Morte d'Arthur,' and we turn from the history of the book to the book itself. In his last page,—after asking his readers to pray for him,—Malory says in characteristic words, which again may be thought to point to his being more than a mere layman: "This book was finished the ninth year of the reign of King Edward

the Fourth, . . . as Jesu help me, for his great might; as he [*i. e.*, Malory] is the servant of Jesu both day and night.» The period thus fixed brings us approximately to the year 1469, and to the ten years previous as the probable time when the 'Morte d'Arthur' was being written. Caxton published it in 1485, and then referred to Malory as still living. Hence he and his noble romance both fall well within that wonderful fifteenth century which saw the rise of English poetry, with Chaucer as its morning star,—

> «—the morning star of song, who made
> His music heard below,—»

and the revival of Greek learning. It is significant enough, seeing their close kinship, that romance with Malory, and poetry with Chaucer, should have come into English literature in the same period.

As for Malory and his romance, there is hardly a more difficult and a more delightful undertaking in all the history of literature than that of the quest of its first beginnings. Principal Rhys has in his erudite studies in the Arthurian Legend carried us far back into the early Celtic twilight,—the twilight of the morning of man and his spiritual awakening,—and shown us some of the curious parallels between certain Aryan myths and the heroic folk-tales which lent their color to the «culture-hero,» Arthur.

To examine these with the critical attention they require is beyond the scope of the present brief essay; but we may gather from their threads a very interesting clue to the «coming of King Arthur,» in another sense than that of the episode so finely described by Tennyson. We see the mythical hero carried in vague folk-tales of the primitive Celts, in their journey westward across Europe, when the traditions were attached to some other name. Then we find these folk-tales given a local habitation and a name in early Britain; until at last the appearance of a worthy historical hero, a King Arthur of the sixth century, provided a pivot on which the wheel of tradition could turn with new effect. The pivot itself might be small and insignificant enough, but the rim of the wheel might have layer after layer of legend, and accretion after accretion of mythical matter, added to it, till at last the pivot might well threaten to give way under the strain. Not to work the metaphor too hard, the wheel may be said to go to pieces at last, when the turn of the romancers, as distinct from the folk-tale tellers, comes. The Welsh romancers had their turn first; then their originals were turned into Latin by quasi-historians like Geoffrey of Monmouth; carried into France, given all manner of new chivalric additions and adornments, out of the growing European stock, by writers like Robert de Borron; and finally, at the right moment, recaptured by our later Welsh romancer,

Malory, working in the interest of a new language and a new literature, destined to play so extraordinary a part in both the New World and the Old.

The art of fiction and romance displayed by Malory in making this transfer of his French materials, is best to be gauged by comparing his 'Morte d'Arthur' with such romances as those in the famous Merlin cycle of De Borron and his school. To all students of the subject, this comparative investigation will be found full of the most curiously interesting results. Besides Malory, we have English fourteenth-century versions of these French romances; notably 'The Romance of Merlin,' of which we owe to the Early English Text Society an excellent reprint. To give some idea of the effect of this translation, let us cite a sentence or two from its account of Merlin's imprisonment in the Forest of Broceliande; which may be compared with the briefer account in the 'Morte d'Arthur.' Sir Gawain hears the voice of Merlin, speaking as it were «from a smoke or mist in the air,» and saying:—

«From hence may I not come out,—for in all the world is not so strong a close as is this whereas I am: and it is neither of iron, nor steel, nor timber, nor of stone; but it is of the air without any other thing, [bound] by enchantment so strong that it may never be undone while the world endureth.»

This is not unlike Malory; but a little further study of the two side by side will show the reader curious in such things how much he has improved upon these earlier legendary romances, by his process of selection and concentration, and by his choice of persons and episodes. On the other hand, we must concede to his critics that some of his most striking passages, full of gallant adventure gallantly described, are borrowed very closely. But then the great poets and romancers have so often been great borrowers. Shakespeare borrowed boldly and well; so did Herrick; so did Pope; so did Burns. And why not Malory?

It is sufficient if we remember that romance, like other branches of literature, is not a sudden and original growth, but a graft from an old famous stock. To set this graft skillfully in a new tree needed no 'prentice hand; in doing it, Malory proved himself beyond question a master of romance. His true praise is best to be summed up in the long-continuing tribute paid to the 'Morte d'Arthur' by other poets and writers, artists and musicians. Milton, let us remember hesitated whether he should not choose its subject for his magnum opus, in the place of 'Paradise Lost.' Tennyson elected to give it an idyllic presentment in the purple pages of his 'Idylls of the King.' Still later poets—Matthew Arnold, William Morris, and Swinburne—have gone to the same fountain-head; and in painting, the pictures

of Rossetti, Watts, and Sir Edward Burne-Jones bear a like tribute; while in music, there is more than a reflection of the same influence in the works of Wagner.

In all this, one may trace the vitality of the early Aryan folk-tale out of which the Arthurian legend originally took its rise. Sun-hero or "culture-hero," Celtic chieftain or British king, it is still the radiant figure of King Arthur that emerges from the gray past, in which myth is dimly merged into mediæval romance. In Malory's pages, to repeat, the historical King Arthur goes for little; but "the ideal Arthur lives and reigns securely in that kingdom of old romance of which Camelot is the capital,"—his beautiful and fatal Guinevere at his side, and Sir Galahad, Sir Launcelot, and his Knights of the Round Table gathered about him. And if there be, as Tennyson made clear in his 'Idylls,' a moral to this noble old romance, we may best seek it in the spirit of these words in Caxton's prologue, which make the best and simplest induction to the book:—

"Herein may be seen noble chivalry, courtesy, humanity, friendliness, hardiness, love, friendship, cowardice, murder, hate, virtue, and sin. Do after the good and leave the evil, and it shall bring you to good fame and renown. And for to pass the time this book shall be pleasant to read in; but for to give faith and belief that all is true that is contained herein, ye be at your liberty."

Ernest Rhys

THE FINDING OF THE SWORD EXCALIBUR

From 'Morte d'Arthur'

And so Merlin and he departed, and as they rode King Arthur said, "I have no sword." "No matter," said Merlin; "hereby is a sword that shall be yours and I may." So they rode till they came to a lake, which was a fair water and a broad; and in the midst of the lake King Arthur was aware of an arm clothed in white samite, that held a fair sword in the hand. "Lo," said Merlin unto the King, "yonder is the sword that I spake of."

With that they saw a damsel going upon the lake. "What damsel is that?" said the King. "That is the Lady of the Lake,"

said Merlin; "and within that lake is a reach, and therein is as fair a place as any is on earth, and richly beseen; and this damsel will come to you anon, and then speak fair to her that she will give you that sword." Therewith came the damsel to King Arthur and saluted him, and he her again. "Damsel," said the King, "what sword is that which the arm holdeth yonder above the water? I would it were mine, for I have no sword." "Sir King," said the damsel of the lake, "that sword is mine, and if ye will give me a gift when I ask it you, ye shall have it." "By my faith," said King Arthur, "I will give you any gift that you will ask or desire." "Well," said the damsel, "go ye into yonder barge, and row yourself unto the sword, and take it and the scabbard with you; and I will ask my gift when I see my time."

So King Arthur and Merlin alighted, tied their horses to two trees, and so they went into the barge. And when they came to the sword that the hand held, King Arthur took it up by the handles, and took it with him; and the arm and the hand went under the water, and so came to the land and rode forth.

Then King Arthur saw a rich pavilion. "What signifieth yonder pavilion?" "That is the knight's pavilion that ye fought with last—Sir Pellinore; but he is out; for he is not there: he hath had to do with a knight of yours, that hight Eglame, and they have foughten together a great while, but at the last Eglame fled, and else he had been dead; and Sir Pellinore hath chased him to Carlion, and we shall anon meet with him in the highway." "It is well said," quoth King Arthur; "now have I a sword, and now will I wage battle with him and be avenged on him." "Sir, ye shall not do so," said Merlin: "for the knight is weary of fighting and chasing; so that ye shall have no worship to have a do with him. Also he will not lightly be matched of one knight living: and therefore my counsel is, that ye let him pass; for he shall do you good service in short time, and his sons after his days. Also ye shall see that day in short space, that ye shall be right glad to give him your sister to wife." "When I see him," said King Arthur, "I will do as ye advise me."

Then King Arthur looked upon the sword and liked it passing well. "Whether liketh you better," said Merlin, "the sword or the scabbard?" "Me liketh better the sword," said King Arthur. "Ye are more unwise," said Merlin; "for the scabbard is worth ten of the sword: for while ye have the scabbard upon you, ye

shall lose no blood, be ye never so sore wounded,—therefore keep well the scabbard alway with you." So they rode on to Carlion.

THE WHITE HART AT THE WEDDING OF KING ARTHUR AND QUEEN GUENEVER

From 'Morte d'Arthur'

THEN was the high feast made ready, and the King was wedded at Camelot unto Dame Guenever, in the Church of St. Stevens, with great solemnity; and as every man was set after his degree, Merlin went unto all the Knights of the Round Table, and bid them sit still, and that none should remove, "for ye shall see a marvelous adventure." Right so as they sat, there came running in a white hart into the hall, and a white brachet next him, and thirty couple of black running hounds came after with a great cry, and the hart went about the Table Round. As he went by the other tables, the white brachet caught him by the flank, and pulled out a piece, wherethrough the hart leapt a great leap, and overthrew a knight that sat at the table's side; and therewith the knight arose and took up the brachet, and so went forth out of the hall, and took his horse and rode his way with the brachet.

Right soon anon came in a lady on a white palfrey, and cried aloud to King Arthur, "Sir, suffer me not to have this despite, for the brachet was mine that the knight led away." "I may not do therewith," said the King. With this there came a knight riding all armed on a great horse, and took the lady with him by force; and she cried and made great moan. When she was gone the King was glad, because she made such a noise. "Nay," said Merlin, "ye may not leave these adventures so lightly, for these adventures must be brought again, or else it would be disworship to you, and to your feast." "I will," said the King, "that all be done by your advice." "Then," said Merlin, "let call Sir Gawaine, for he must bring again the white hart; also, sir, ye must let call Sir Tor, for he must bring again the brachet and the knight, or else slay him; also, let call King Pellinore, for he must bring again the lady and the knight, or else slay him: and these three knights shall do marvelous adventures or they come again."

THE MAID OF ASTOLAT

From 'Morte d'Arthur'

Now speak we of the fair maid of Astolat, which made such sorrow day and night, that she never slept, eat, nor drank; and always she made her complaint unto Sir Launcelot. So when she had thus endured about ten days, that she felt that she must needs pass out of this world. Then she shrove her clean and received her Creator; and ever she complained still upon Sir Launcelot. Then her ghostly father bade her leave such thoughts. Then said she, "Why should I leave such thoughts? am I not an earthly woman? and all the while the breath is in my body I may complain. For my belief is that I do none offense, though I love an earthly man; and I take God unto record, I never loved any but Sir Launcelot du Lake, nor never shall; and a maiden I am, for him and for all other. And sith it is the sufferance of God that I shall die for the love of so noble a knight, I beseech the high Father of heaven for to have mercy upon my soul; and that mine innumerable pains which I suffer may be allegiance of part of my sins. For our sweet Savior Jesu Christ," said the maiden, "I take thee to record, I was never greater offender against thy laws, but that I loved this noble knight, Sir Launcelot, out of all measure; and of myself, good Lord! I might not withstand the fervent love, wherefore I have my death." And then she called her father, Sir Bernard, and her brother, Sir Tirre; and heartily she prayed her father that her brother might write a letter like as she would indite it. And so her father granted it her.

And when the letter was written, word by word, as she had devised, then she prayed her father that she might be watched until she were dead. "And while my body is whole let this letter be put into my right hand, and my hand bound fast with the letter until that I be cold; and let me be put in a fair bed, with all the richest clothes that I have about me. And so let my bed, with all my rich clothes, be laid with me in a chariot to the next place whereas the Thames is; and there let me be put in a barge, and but one man with me, such as ye trust, to steer me thither, and that my barge be covered with black samite over and over. Thus, father, I beseech you let be done." So her father granted her faithfully that all this thing should be done like as she had devised. Then her father and her brother

made great dole; for when this was done, anon she died. And so when she was dead, the corpse, and the bed, and all, were led the next way unto the Thames; and there a man, and the corpse and all, were put in a barge on the Thames; and so the man steered the barge to Westminster, and there he rode a great while to and fro or any man discovered it.

So, by fortune, King Arthur and Queen Guenever were speaking together at a window; and so as they looked into the Thames, they espied the black barge, and had marvel what it might mean. Then the King called Sir Kaye and showed him it. "Sir," said Sir Kaye, "wit ye well that there is some new tidings." "Go ye thither," said the King unto Sir Kaye, "and take with you Sir Brandiles and Sir Agravaine, and bring me ready word what is there." Then these three knights departed and came to the barge and went in; and there they found the fairest corpse, lying in a rich bed, that ever they saw, and a poor man sitting in the end of the barge, and no word would he speak. So these three knights returned unto the King again, and told him what they had found. "That fair corpse will I see," said King Arthur. And then the King took the Queen by the hand and went thither. Then the King made the barge to be holden fast; and then the King and the Queen went in with certain knights with them; and there they saw a fair gentlewoman, lying in a rich bed, covered unto her middle with many rich clothes, and all was cloth of gold: and she lay as though she had smiled. Then the Queen espied the letter in the right hand, and told the King thereof. Then the King took it in his hand and said, "Now I am sure this letter will tell what she was and why she is come hither." Then the King and the Queen went out of the barge; and the King commanded certain men to wait upon the barge. And so when the King was come within his chamber, he called many knights about him and said "that he would wit openly what was written within that letter." Then the King broke it open and made a clerk to read it. And this was the intent of the letter:—

"Most noble knight, my lord, Sir Launcelot du Lake, now hath death made us two at debate for your love. I was your love, that men called the Fair Maiden of Astolat; therefore unto all ladies I make my moan. Yet for my soul that ye pray, and bury me at the least, and offer me my mass penny. This is my last request; and a clean maid I died, I take God to my witness. Pray for my soul, Sir Launcelot, as thou art a knight peerless."

This was all the substance of the letter. And when it was read, the Queen and all the knights wept for pity of the doleful complaints. Then was Sir Launcelot sent for; and when he was come King Arthur made the letter to be read to him. And when Sir Launcelot had heard it, word by word, he said, "My lord, King Arthur, wit you well that I am right heavy of the death of this fair damsel. God knoweth I was never causer of her death by my will; and that I will report me unto her own brother here,—he is Sir Lavaine. I will not say nay," said Sir Launcelot, "but that she was both fair and good; and much was I beholden unto her: but she loved me out of measure." "Ye might have showed her," said the Queen, "some bounty and gentleness, that ye might have preserved her life." "Madam," said Sir Launcelot, "she would none other way be answered, but that she would be my wife, or else my love; and of these two I would not grant her: but I proffered her for her good love, which she showed me, a thousand pounds yearly to her and her heirs, and to wed any manner of knight that she could find best to love in her heart. For madam," said Sir Launcelot, "I love not to be constrained to love; for love must arise of the heart, and not by constraint." "That is truth," said King Arthur and many knights: "love is free in himself, and never will be bound; for where he is bound he loseth himself."

THE DEATH OF SIR LAUNCELOT.*

From 'Morte d'Arthur.'

THEN Sir Launcelot, ever after, eat but little meat, nor drank, but continually mourned until he was dead; and then he sickened more and more, and dried and dwindled away. For the bishop, nor none of his fellows, might not make him to eat, and little he drank, that he was soon waxed shorter by a cubit than he was, that the people could not know him. For evermore day and night he prayed, but needfully, as nature required; sometimes he slumbered a broken sleep, and always he was lying groveling upon King Arthur's and Queen Guenever's tomb: and there was no comfort that the bishop, nor Sir

*The second paragraph of this eloquent passage is not to be found in the first edition of the 'Morte d'Arthur,' and is probably by some other writer than Malory. This, however, does not affect its eloquence.

Bors, nor none of all his fellows could make him; it availed nothing.

O ye mighty and pompous lords, shining in the glory transitory of this unstable life, as in reigning over great realms and mighty great countries, fortified with strong castles and towers, edified with many a rich city; yea also, ye fierce and mighty knights, so valiant in adventurous deeds of arms,—behold! behold! see how this mighty conqueror, King Arthur, whom in his human life all the world doubted; see also, the noble Queen Guenever, which sometime sat in her chair, adorned with gold, pearls, and precious stones, now lie full low in obscure foss, or pit, covered with clods of earth and clay. Behold also this mighty champion, Sir Launcelot, peerless of all knighthood; see now how he lieth groveling upon the cold mold; now being so feeble and faint, that sometime was so terrible. How, and in what manner, ought ye to be so desirous of worldly honor, so dangerous. Therefore, methinketh this present book is right necessary often to be read; for in it shall ye find the most gracious, knightly, and virtuous war of the most noble knights of the world, whereby they gat a praising continually. Also me seemeth, by the oft reading thereof, ye shall greatly desire to accustom yourself in following of those gracious knightly deeds; that is to say, to dread God and to love righteousness,—faithfully and courageously to serve your sovereign prince; and the more that God hath given you triumphal honor, the meeker ought ye to be, ever fearing the unstableness of this deceitful world.

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE

(Fourteenth Century)

The most entertaining book in early English prose is the one entitled 'The Marvelous Adventures of Sir John Maundevile [or Mandeville], Knight: being his Voyage and Travel which treateth of the way to Jerusalem and of the Marvels of Ind with other Islands and Countries.' Who this knight was, and how many of the wondrous countries and sights he described he actually saw, are matters of grave discussion. Some scholars have denied his very existence, affirming the book to be merely a compilation from other books of travel, well known at the time, and made by a French physician, Jehan de Bourgogne, who hid his identity under the pseudonym of the English knight of St. Albans. As a matter of fact, the assertion of Sir John in a Latin copy notwithstanding, research has proved beyond doubt that the book was first written in French, and then translated into English, Latin, Italian, German, Flemish, and even into Irish. It has been further shown that the author drew largely on the works of his contemporaries. The chapters on Asiatic history and geography are from a book dictated in French at Poitiers in 1307, by the Armenian monk Hayton; the description of the Tartars is from the work of the Franciscan monk John de Plano Carpini; the account of Prester John is taken from the Epistle ascribed to him, and from stories current in the fourteenth century. There are, furthermore, large borrowings from the book of the Lombard Franciscan friar Odoric of Pordenone, who traveled in the Orient between 1317 and 1330, and on his return had his adventures set down in Latin by a brother of his order. The itinerary of the German knight William of Boldensele, about 1336, is also laid under contribution. What then can be credited to Sir John? While learned men are waxing hot over conjectures the answers to which seem beyond the search-light of exact investigation, the unsophisticated reader holds fast by the testimony of the knight himself as to his own identity, accepting it along with the marvels narrated in the book:—

«I John Maundevile, Knight, all be it I be not worthy, that was born in England, in the town of St. Albans, passed the sea in the year of our Lord Jesu Christ, 1322, in the day of St. Michaelmas; and hitherto have been long time over the Sea, and have seen and gone through many diverse Lands, and

many Provinces and Kingdoms and Isles, and have passed through Tartary, Persia, Ermony [Armenia] the Little and the Great; through Lybia, Chaldea, and a great part of Ethiopia; through Amazonia, Ind the Less and the More, a great Part; and throughout many other Isles, that be about Ind: where dwell many diverse Folks, and of diverse Manners and Laws, and of diverse Shapes of Men. Of which Lands and Isles I shall speak more plainly hereafter.

«And I shall advise you of some Part of things that there be, when Time shall be hereafter, as it may best come to my Mind; and especially for them that will and are in Purpose to visit the Holy City of Jerusalem and the Holy Places that are thereabout. And I shall tell the way that they shall hold hither. For I have often times passed and ridden the Way, with good company of many Lords. God be thanked.»

And again in the epilogue:—

«And ye shall understand, if it like you, that at mine Home-coming, I came to Rome, and showed my Life to our Holy Father the Pope, . . . and amongst all I showed him this treatise, that I had made after information of Men that knew of things that I had not seen myself, and also of Marvels and Customs that I had seen myself, as far as God would give me grace; and besought his Holy Father-hood, that my Book might be examined and corrected by Advice of his wise and discreet Council. And our Holy Father, of his special Grace, remitted my Book to be examined and proved by the Advice of his said Council. By the which my Book was proved true. . . . And I John Maundevile, Knight, above said, although I be unworthy, that departed from our Countries and passed the Sea the Year of Grace 1322, that have passed many Lands and many Isles and Countries, and searched many full strange Places, and have been in many a full good honorable Company, and at many a fair Deed of Arms, albeit that I did none myself, for mine incapable Insufficiency, now am come Home, maugre myself, to Rest. For Gouts and Rheumatics, that distress me — those define the End of my Labor against my Will, God knoweth.

«And thus, taking solace in my wretched rest, recording the Time passed, I have fulfilled these Things, and put them written in this Book, as it would come into my Mind, the Year of Grace 1356, in the 34th year that I departed from our countries.»

The book professes, then, to be primarily a guide for pilgrims to Jerusalem by four routes, with a handbook of the holy places. But Sir John's love of the picturesque and the marvelous, and his delight in a good story, lead him to linger along the way: nay, to go out of his way in order to pick up a legend or a tale wherewith to enliven the dry facts of the route; as if his pilgrims, weary and footsore with long day journeys, needed a bit of diversion to cheer them along the way. When, after many a detour, he is finally brought into Palestine, the pilgrim is made to feel that every inch is holy ground. The guide scrupulously locates even the smallest details of Bible history. He takes it all on faith. He knows nothing of nineteenth-

century "higher criticism," nor does he believe in spiritual interpretation. He will point you out the

"rock where Jacob was sleeping when he saw the angels go up and down a ladder. . . . And upon that rock sat our Lady, and learned her psalter. . . . Also at the right side of that Dead Sea dwelleth yet the Wife of Lot in Likeness of a Salt Stone. . . . And in that Plain is the Tomb of Job. . . . And there is the Cistern where Joseph, which they sold, was cast in of by his Brethren. . . . There nigh is Gabriel's Well where our Lord was wont to bathe him, when He was young, and from that Well bare the Water often-time to His Mother. And in that Well she washed often-time the Clothes of her Son Jesu Christ. . . . On that Hill, and in that same Place, at the Day of Doom, 4 Angels with 4 Trumpets shall blow and raise all Men that have suffered Death."

He touches on whatever would appeal to the pious imagination of the pilgrims, and helps them to visualize the truths of their religion. When he leaves Palestine,—a country he knew perhaps better than ever man before or since his day,—and goes into the more mythical regions of Ind the Little and More, Cathay and Persia, his imagination fairly runs riot. With an Oriental love of the gorgeous he describes the "Royalty of the Palace of the Great Chan," or of Prester John's abode,—splendors not to be outdone even by the genie of Aladdin's wonderful lamp. He takes us into regions lustrous with gold and silver, diamonds and other precious stones. We have indeed in the latter half of the book whole chapters rivaling the 'Arabian Nights' in their weird luxurious imaginings, and again in their grotesque creations of men and beasts and plant life. What matter where Sir John got his material for his marvels,—his rich, monster-teeming Eastern world, with its Amazons and pigmies; its people with hound's heads, that "be great folk and well-fighting"; its wild geese with two heads, and lions all white and great as oxen; men with eyes in their shoulders, and men without heads; "folk that have the Face all flat, all plain, without Nose and without Mouth"; "folk that have great Ears and long that hang down to their Knees"; and "folk that run marvelously swift with one foot so large that it serves them as umbrella against the sun when they lie down to rest"; the Hippotaynes, half man and half horse; griffins that "have the Body upwards as an Eagle and beneath as a Lion, and truly they say truth, that they be of that shape." We find hints of many old acquaintances of the wonder-world of story-books, and fables from classic soil. The giants with one eye in the middle of the forehead are close brothers to the Cyclops Polyphemus, whom Ulysses outwitted. The adamant rocks were surely washed by the same seas that swirled around the magnetic mountain whereon Sindbad the Sailor was wrecked. Sir John was in truth a masterful borrower, levying

tribute on all the superstitions, the legends, the stories, and the fables current in his time; a time when the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, in literature as well as in other matters, was not as finely drawn as it is now. Whatever a man could use, he plagiarized and considered as his own. Where the robber-baron filched by means of the sword, Sir John filched by means of the pen. He took his monsters out of Pliny, his miracles out of legends, his strange stories out of romances. He meant to leave no rumor or invention unchronicled; and he prefaces his most amazing assertions with «They say» or «Men say, but I have not seen it.» He fed the gullibility of his age to the top of its bent, and compiled a book so popular that more copies from the fourteenth-century editions remain than of any other book except the Bible.

THE MARVELOUS RICHES OF PRESTER JOHN

From 'The Adventures'

In the Land of Prester John be many divers Things and many precious Stones, so great and so large, that Men make of them Vessels, as Platters, Dishes, and Cups. And many other Marvels be there, that it were too cumbrous and too long to put in Writing of Books; but of the principal Isles and of his Estate and of his Law, I shall tell you some Part. . . .

And he hath under him 72 Provinces, and in every Province is a King. And these Kings have Kings under them, and all be Tributaries to Prester John. And he hath in his Lordships many great Marvels.

For in his Country is the Sea that Men call the Gravelly Sea, that is all Gravel and Sand, without any Drop of Water, and it ebbeth and floweth in great Waves as other Seas do, and it is never still nor at Peace in any manner of Season. And no Man may pass that Sea by Ship, nor by any manner of Craft, and therefore may no Man know what Land is beyond that Sea. And albeit that it have no Water, yet Men find therein and on the Banks full good Fishes of other manner of Nature and shape than Men find in any other Sea, and they be of right good Taste and delicious for Man's Meat.

And a 3 Days' Journey long from that Sea be great Mountains, out of the which goeth out a great River that cometh out of Paradise. And it is full of precious Stones, without any Drop of Water, and it runneth through the Desert on the one Side,

so that it maketh the Sea gravelly; and it runneth into that Sea, and there it endeth. And that River runneth, also, 3 Days in the Week and bringeth with him great Stones and the Rocks also therewith, and that great Plenty. And anon, as they be entered into the Gravelly Sea, they be seen no more, but lost for evermore. And in those 3 Days that that River runneth, no Man dare enter into it; but on other Days Men dare enter well enough.

Also beyond that River, more upward to the Deserts, is a great Plain all gravelly, between the Mountains. And in that Plain, every Day at the Sun-rising, begin to grow small Trees, and they grow till Midday, bearing Fruit; but no Man dare take of that Fruit, for it is a Thing of Faerie. And after Midday they decrease and enter again into the Earth, so that at the going down of the Sun they appear no more. And so they do, every Day. And that is a great Marvel.

In that Desert be many Wild Men, that be hideous to look on; for they be horned, and they speak naught, but they grunt, as Pigs. And there is also great Plenty of wild Hounds. And there be many Popinjays [or Parrots] that they call Psittakes in their Language. And they speak of their own Nature, and say '*Salve!*' [God save you!] to Men that go through the Deserts, and speak to them as freely as though it were a Man that spoke. And they that speak well have a large Tongue, and have 5 Toes upon a Foot. And there be also some of another Manner, that have but 3 Toes upon a Foot; and they speak not, or but little, for they cannot but cry.

This Emperor Prester John when he goeth into Battle against any other Lord, he hath no Banners borne before him; but he hath 3 Crosses of Gold, fine, great, and high, full of precious Stones, and every one of the Crosses be set in a Chariot, full richly arrayed. And to keep every Cross, be ordained 10,000 Men of Arms and more than 100,000 Men on Foot, in manner as when Men would keep a Standard in our Countries, when that we be in a Land of War. . . .

He dwelleth commonly in the City of Susa. And there is his principal Palace, that is so rich and noble that no Man will believe it by Estimation, but he had seen it. And above the chief Tower of the Palace be 2 round Pommels or Balls of Gold, and in each of them be 2 Carbuncles great and large, that shine full bright upon the Night. And the principal gates of

his Palace be of precious Stone that Men call Sardonyx, and the Border and the Bars be of Ivory. And the Windows of the Halls and Chambers be of Crystal. And the Tables whereon Men eat, some be of Emeralds, some of Amethyst, and some of Gold, full of precious Stones; and the Pillars that bear up the Tables be of the same precious Stones. And of the Steps to go up to his Throne, where he sitteth at Meat, one is of Onyx, another is of Crystal, and another of green Jasper, another of Amethyst, another of Sardine, another of Cornelian, and the 7th, that he setteth his Feet on, is of Chrysolite. And all these Steps be bordered with fine Gold, with the other precious Stones, set with great orient Pearls. And the Sides of the Seat of his Throne be of Emeralds, and bordered with Gold full nobly, and dubbed with other precious Stones and great Pearls. And all the Pillars in his Chamber be of fine Gold with Precious Stones, and with many Carbuncles, that give Light upon the Night to all People. And albeit that the Carbuncles give Light right enough, nevertheless, at all Times burneth a Vessel of Crystal full of Balm, to give good Smell and Odor to the Emperor, and to void away all wicked Eyes and Corruptions."

FROM HEBRON TO BETHLEHEM

From the 'Adventures'

And in Hebron be all the Sepultures of the Patriarchs,—Adam, Abraham, Isaac, and of Jacob; and of their Wives, Eve, Sarah and Rebecca and of Leah; the which Sepultures the Saracens keep full carefully, and have the Place in great Reverence for the holy Fathers, the Patriarchs that lie there. And they suffer no Christian Man to enter into the Place, but if it be of special Grace of the Sultan; for they hold Christian Men and Jews as Dogs, and they say, that they should not enter into so holy a Place. And Men call that Place, where they lie, Double Splunk (*Spelunca Duplex*), or Double Cave, or Double Ditch, forasmuch as one lieth above another. And the Saracens call that Place in their Language, "*Karicarba*," that is to say "*The Place of Patriarchs.*" And the Jews call that Place "*Arboth.*" And in that same Place was Abraham's House, and there he sat and saw 3 Persons, and worshiped but one; as Holy Writ saith, "*Tres vidit et unum adoravit;*" that is to say,

"*He saw 3 and worshiped one:*" and those same were the Angels that Abraham received into his House.

And right fast by that Place is a Cave in the Rock, where Adam and Eve dwelled when they were put out of Paradise; and there got they their Children. And in that same Place was Adam formed and made, after that, that some Men say (for Men were wont to call that Place the Field of Damascus, because that it was in the Lordship of Damascus), and from thence was he translated into the Paradise of Delights, as they say; and after he was driven out of Paradise he was left there. And the same Day that he was put in Paradise, the same Day he was put out, for anon, he sinned. There beginneth the Vale of Hebron, that endureth nigh to Jerusalem. There the Angel commanded Adam that he should dwell with his Wife Eve, of the which he begat Seth; of the which Tribe, that is to say Kindred, Jesu Christ was born.

In that Valley is a Field, where Men draw out of the Earth a Thing that Men call Cambile, and they eat it instead of Spice, and they bear it away to sell. And Men may not make the Hole or the Cave, where it is taken out of the Earth, so deep or so wide, but that it is, at the Year's End, full again up to the Sides, through the Grace of God. . . .

From Hebron Men go to Bethlehem in half a Day, for it is but 5 Mile; and it is a full fair Way, by Plains and Woods full delectable. Bethlehem is a little City, long and narrow and well walled, and on each Side enclosed with good Ditches: and it was wont to be clept Ephrata, as Holy Writ saith, "*Ecce, audimus eum in Ephrata,*" that is to say, "Lo, we heard it in Ephrata." And toward the East End of the City is a full fair Church and a gracious, and it hath many Towers, Pinnacles and Corners, full strong and curiously made; and within that Church be 44 Pillars of Marble, great and fair. . . .

Also besides the Choir of the Church, at the right Side, as Men come downward 16 Steps, is the Place where our Lord was born, that is full well adorned with Marble, and full richly painted with Gold, Silver, Azure and other Colours. And 3 Paces beyond is the Crib of the Ox and the Ass. And beside that is the Place where the Star fell, that led the 3 Kings, Jasper, Melchior and Balthazar (but Men of Greece call them thus, "Galgalathe, Malgalathe, and Seraphie," and the Jews call them in this manner, in Hebrew, "Appelius, Amerrius, and Damasus").

These 3 Kings offered to our Lord, Gold, Incense and Myrrh, and they met together through Miracle of God; for they met together in a City in Ind, that Men call Cassak, that is a 53 Days' Journey from Bethlehem; and they were at Bethlehem the 13th Day; and that was the 4th Day after that they had seen the Star, when they met in that City, and thus they were in 9 days from that City at Bethlehem, and that was a great Miracle.

Also, under the Cloister of the Church, by 18 Steps at the right Side, is the Charnel-house of the Innocents, where their Bodies lie. And before the Place where our Lord was born is the Tomb of St. Jerome, that was a Priest and a Cardinal, that translated the Bible and the Psalter from Hebrew into Latin: and without the Minster is the Chair that he sat in when he translated it. And fast beside that Church, at 60 Fathom, is a Church of St. Nicholas, where our Lady rested her after she was delivered of our Lord; and forasmuch as she had too much Milk in her Paps, that grieved her, she milked them on the red Stones of Marble, so that the Traces may yet be seen, in the Stones, all white.

And ye shall understand, that all that dwell in Bethlehem be Christian Men.

And there be fair Vines about the City, and great plenty of Wine, that the Christian Men have made. But the Saracens till not the Vines, neither drink they any Wine: for their Books of their Law, that Mohammet gave them, which they call their "Al Koran" (and some call it "Mesaph," and in another language it is clept "Harme,")—the same Book forbiddeth them to drink Wine. For in that Book, Mohammet cursed all those that drink Wine and all them that sell it: for some Men say, that he slew once an Hermit in his Drunkenness, that he loved full well; and therefore he cursed Wine and them that drink it. But his Curse be turned onto his own Head, as Holy Writ saith, "*Et in verticem ipsius iniquitas ejus descendet;*" that is to say, "His Wickedness shall turn and fall onto his own Head."

And also the Saracens breed no Pigs, nor eat they any Swine's Flesh, for they say it is Brother to Man, and it was forbidden by the old Law; and they hold him accursed that eateth thereof. Also in the Land of Palestine and in the Land of Egypt, they eat but little or none of Flesh of Veal or of Beef, but if the Beast be so old, that he may no more work for old

Age; for it is forbidden, because they have but few of them; therefore they nourish them to till their Lands.

In this City of Bethlehem was David the King born; and he had 60 Wives, and the first wife was called Michal; and also he had 300 Lemans.

And from Bethlehem unto Jerusalem is but 2 Mile; and in the Way to Jerusalem half a Mile from Bethlehem is a Church, where the Angel said to the Shepherds of the Birth of Christ. And in that Way is the Tomb of Rachel, that was the Mother of Joseph the Patriarch; and she died anon after that she was delivered of her Son Benjamin. And there she was buried by Jacob her Husband; and he made set 12 great Stones on her, in Token that she had born 12 Children. In the same Way, half a Mile from Jerusalem, appeared the Star to the 3 Kings. In that Way also be many Churches of Christian Men, by the which Men go towards the City of Jerusalem.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

1803–1849

IN THE summer of 1894 some workmen engaged in removing a mass of rubbish, to make room for a new building in one of the poorer quarters of Dublin, came upon the ruins of an old cellar. A casual passer-by happened to notice the old wall, with its low window looking out upon a level with the narrow and squalid alley. Moved by some bookish recollection, he realized that he was standing at the corner of Bride Street and Myler's Alley, known in the older days as Glendalough Lane; and that the miserable vestige of human habitation into which the rough navvies were driving their pickaxes had once been the poor shelter of him who,—

> «Worn by weakness, disease, and wrong,
> Had fled for shelter to God, who mated
> His soul with song.»

From this spot James Clarence Mangan, wasted with famine and already delirious, was carried by the Overseers of the Poor to the sheds of Meath Hospital in June 1849; too late, alas! to save the dying man, who in the years of his young manhood had sung and suffered for Ireland. A few friends gathered about him to comfort his patient and gentle soul, and to lay his bones in the cool clay of Glasnevin.

The life of Mangan is a convincing proof that differences of time and place have no influence upon the poet's power. Poverty and Want were the foster-brothers of this most wonderful of Ireland's gifted children. His patient body was chained to daily labor for the sordid needs of an unappreciating kindred, and none of the pleasant joys of travel and of diversified nature were his. He was born in Fishamble Street, Dublin, in 1803, and never passed beyond the confines of his native city; but his spirit was not jailed by the misery which oppressed his body. His wondrous fancy swept with a conqueror's march through all the fair broad universe.

Like Poe and Chatterton, Mangan impaired his powers by the use of intoxicants. He was very sensitive about the squalor of his surroundings, and was reticent and shy in the company of more fortunate men and women: but with admirable unselfishness he devoted his days, his toil, and the meagre rewards which came to him from his work, to the care and sustenance of his mean-spirited kindred.

For years he labored in the hopeless position of a scrivener's clerk, from which he was rescued by the interest of Dr. Todd, and was made an assistant librarian of Trinity College. There it was his habit to spend hours of rapt and speechless labor amid the dusty shelves, to earn his pittance. Dr. Petrie subsequently found him a place in the office of the Irish Ordnance Survey; but Mangan was his own enemy and foredoomed to defeat. He wielded a vigorous pen in Ireland's cause, and under various names communicated his own glowing spirit to his countrymen through the columns of several periodicals. He published also two volumes of translations from the German poets, which are full of his own lyric fire but have no claim to fidelity. It was in his gloomy cellar-home that he poured out the music of his heart. When he died, a volume of German poetry was found in his pocket, and there were loose papers on which he had feebly traced his last thoughts in verse. Mangan will forever remain a cherished comrade of all gentle lovers of the Beautiful and True.

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY

'Twas a balmy summer morning
Warm and early,
Such as only June bestows;
Everywhere the earth adorning,
Dews lay pearly
In the lily-bell and rose.
Up from each green-leafy bosk and hollow
Rose the blackbird's pleasant lay;
And the soft cuckoo was sure to follow:
'Twas the dawning of the day!

Through the perfumed air the golden
Bees flew round me;
Bright fish dazzled from the sea,
Till medreamt some fairy olden-
World spell bound me
In a trance of witcherie.
Steeds pranced round anon with stateliest housings,
Bearing riders prankt in rich array,
Like flushed revelers after wine-carousings:
'Twas the dawning of the day!

Then a strain of song was chanted,
And the lightly
Floating sea-nymphs drew anear.

Then again the shore seemed haunted
By hosts brightly
Clad, and wielding shield and spear!
Then came battle shouts—an onward rushing—
Swords, and chariots, and a phantom fray.
Then all vanished: the warm skies were blushing
In the dawning of the day!

Cities girt with glorious gardens,
Whose immortal
Habitants in robes of light
Stood, methought, as angel-wardens
Nigh each portal,
Now arose to daze my sight.
Eden spread around, revived and blooming;
When—lo! as I gazed, all passed away:
I saw but black rocks and billows looming
In the dim chill dawn of day!

THE NAMELESS ONE

ROLL forth, my song, like the rushing river
That sweeps along to the mighty sea;
God will inspire me while I deliver
My soul of thee!

Tell thou the world, when my bones lie whitening
Amid the last homes of youth and eld,
That there was once one whose veins ran lightning
No eye beheld.

Tell how his boyhood was one drear night hour;
How shone for *him*, through his griefs and gloom,
No star of all heaven sends to light our
Path to the tomb.

Roll on, my song, and to after ages
Tell how, disdaining all earth can give,
He would have taught men, from wisdom's pages,
The way to live.

And tell how, trampled, derided, hated,
And worn by weakness, disease, and wrong,
He fled for shelter to God, who mated
His soul with song—

With song which alway, sublime or vapid,
Flowed like a rill in the morning beam,
Perchance not deep, but intense and rapid—
A mountain stream.

Tell how this Nameless, condemned for years long
To herd with demons from hell beneath,
Saw things that made him, with groans and tears, long
For even death.

Go on to tell how, with genius wasted,
Betrayed in friendship, befooled in love,
With spirit shipwrecked, and young hopes blasted,
He still, still strove.

Till, spent with toil, dreeing death for others,
And some whose hands should have wrought for *him*
(If children live not for sires and mothers),
His mind grew dim.

And he fell far through that pit abysmal,—
The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,—
And pawned his soul for the devil's dismal
Stock of returns.

But yet redeemed it in days of darkness,
And shapes and signs of the final wrath,
When death, in hideous and ghastly starkness,
Stood on his path.

And tell how now, amid wreck and sorrow,
And want, and sickness, and houseless nights,
He bides in calmness the silent morrow,
That no ray lights.

And lives he still, then? Yes: old and hoary
At thirty-nine, from despair and woe,
He lives, enduring what future story
Will never know.

Him grant a grave too, ye pitying noble,
Deep in your bosoms! There let him dwell!
He too had tears for all souls in trouble
Here and in hell.

ST. PATRICK'S HYMN BEFORE TARAH

At Tarah to-day, in this awful hour,
I call on the holy Trinity:
Glory to him who reigneth in power,
The God of the elements, Father and Son
And Paraclete Spirit, which Three are the One,
The ever-existing Divinity!

At Tarah to-day I call on the Lord,
On Christ, the omnipotent Word,
Who came to redeem from death and sin
Our fallen race;
And I put and I place
The virtue that lieth and liveth in
His incarnation lowly,
His baptism pure and holy,
His life of toil and tears and affliction,
His dolorous death—his crucifixion,
His burial, sacred and sad and lone,
His resurrection to life again,
His glorious ascension to Heaven's high throne,
And, lastly, his future dread
And terrible coming to judge all men—
Both the living and dead. . . .

At Tarah to-day I put and I place
The virtue that dwells in the seraphim's love,
And the virtue and grace
That are in the obedience
And unshaken allegiance
Of all the archangels and angels above,
And in the hope of the resurrection
To everlasting reward and election,
And in the prayers of the fathers of old,
And in the truths the prophets foretold,
And in the Apostles' manifold preachings,
And in the confessors' faith and teachings;
And in the purity ever dwelling
Within the immaculate Virgin's breast,
And in the actions bright and excelling
Of all good men, the just and the blest. . . .

At Tarah to-day, in this fateful hour,
I place all heaven with its power,

And the sun with its brightness,
And the snow with its whiteness,
And fire with all the strength it hath,
And lightning with its rapid wrath,
And the winds with their swiftness along their path,
And the sea with its deepness,
And the rocks with their steepness,
And the earth with its starkness,—
All these I place,
By God's almighty help and grace,
Between myself and the powers of darkness.

At Tarah to-day
May God be my stay!
May the strength of God now nerve me!
May the power of God preserve me!
May God the Almighty be near me!
May God the Almighty espy me!
May God the Almighty hear me!
May God give me eloquent speech!
May the arm of God protect me!
May the wisdom of God direct me!
May God give me power to teach and to preach!

May the shield of God defend me!
May the host of God attend me,
And ward me,
And guard me
Against the wiles of demons and devils,
Against the temptations of vices and evils,
Against the bad passions and wrathful will
Of the reckless mind and the wicked heart,—
Against every man who designs me ill,
Whether leagued with others or plotting apart!

In this hour of hours,
I place all those powers
Between myself and every foe
Who threaten my body and soul
With danger or dole,
To protect me against the evils that flow
From lying soothsayers' incantations,
From the gloomy laws of the Gentile nations,
From heresy's hateful innovations,
From idolatry's rites and invocations.

Be those my defenders,
My guards against every ban —
And spell of smiths, and Druids, and women;
In fine, against every knowledge that renders
The light Heaven sends us dim in
The spirit and soul of man!

May Christ, I pray,
Protect me to-day
Against poison and fire,
Against drowning and wounding;
That so, in His grace abounding,
I may earn the preacher's hire!

Christ as a light
Illumine and guide me!
Christ as a shield o'ershadow and cover me!
Christ be under me! — Christ be over me!
Christ be beside me,
On left hand and right!
Christ be before me, behind me, about me,
Christ this day be within and without me!

Christ, the lowly and meek,
Christ the All-Powerful be
In the heart of each to whom I speak,
In the mouth of each who speaks to me!
In all who draw near me,
Or see me or hear me!

At Tarah to-day, in this awful hour,
I call on the Holy Trinity!
Glory to Him who reigneth in power,
The God of the elements, Father and Son
And Paraclete Spirit, which Three are the One,
The ever-existing Divinity!

Salvation dwells with the Lord,
With Christ, the omnipotent Word.
From generation to generation
Grant us, O Lord, thy grace and salvation!

ALESSANDRO MANZONI

(1785–1873)

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

ALESSANDRO MANZONI was looked upon during his life as a man who had deserved well of Heaven. "He gazed," as one of his countrymen said, "at Fortune straight in the eyes, and Fortune smiled." And Manzoni might well have looked with clear eyes, for there was nothing in his heart — if a man's heart may be judged from his constant utterances — that was base.

He lived in a time best suited to his genius and his temperament. And his genius and his time made an epoch in Italian history worthy of most serious study. In 1815 Italy was inarticulate; she had to speak by signs. She dared only dream of a future which she read in a glorious past. The Austrians ruled the present, the future was veiled, the past was real and golden. Manzoni, Pellico, and Grossi were romanticists because they were filled with aspiration; and their aspiration, clothing itself in the form which Goethe's 'Götz' and Sir Walter Scott's 'Marmion' had given to the world, tried to obliterate the present and find relief at the foot of the cross in the shadow of old Gothic cathedrals. The Comte de Mun, Vicomte de Vogüe, Sienkiewicz, and others of the modern neo-Catholic school, represent reaction rather than aspiration. Manzoni, Châteaubriand, Montalembert, Overbeck in art, Lamartine and Lamennais, were not only fiercely reactionary, but fiercely sentimental, hopeful, and romantic.

ALESSANDRO MANZONI

With Austrian bayonets at the throat of Italy, it was not easy to emit loud war-cries for liberty. The desire of the people must therefore be heard through the voice of the poet. And the desire of the Italians is manifest in the poetry and the prose of the author of 'The Betrothed' (I Promessi Sposi), and the 'Sacred Hymns.' Only two reproaches were made against Manzoni: he was praised by Goethe, — which, "says a sneer turned proverb," as Mr. Howells puts it, "is a brevet of mediocrity," — and he was not persecuted. "Goethe,"

Mr. Howells continues, «could not laud Manzoni's tragedies too highly; he did not find one word too much or too little in them; the style was free, noble, full, and rich. As to the religious lyrics, the manner of their treatment was fresh and individual although the matter and the significance were not new, and the poet was 'a Christian without fanaticism, a Roman Catholic without bigotry, a zealot without hardness.'»

In 1815 the Continental revolt against the doctrines of Rousseau and Voltaire was at its highest. The period that produced Cesare Cantù was likewise the period when Ossian and Byron had become the favorite poets of the younger men. Classicism and infidelity were both detested. The last king was not, after all, to be strangled with the entrails of the last priest. «God might rest,» as a writer on the time remarks with naïveté. It was the fashion to be respectful to him. Italy was willing to disown the paganism of the Renaissance for the moral teaching of the ages that preceded it. Manzoni and his school held that true patriotism must be accompanied by virtue; and in a country where Machiavelli's 'Prince' had become a classic, this seemed a new doctrine. The movement which Manzoni represented was above all religious; the pope was again transfigured, and in his case by a man who had begun life with the most liberal tendencies. As it was, he never accepted the belief that the pope must necessarily be a ruler of great temporalities; but of the sincerity and fervor of his faith in the Catholic Church one finds ample proof in his 'Sacred Hymns.'

Born at Milan in 1785, he married Mademoiselle Blondel in 1808. Her father was a banker of Geneva; and tradition says that he was of that cultivated group of financiers to whom the Neckers belonged, and that his daughter was of a most dazzling blonde beauty. The Blondels, like the Neckers, were Protestants; but at Milan, Louise Blondel entered the Catholic Church and confirmed the wavering faith of her young husband, who began at once the 'Sacred Hymns.' In these Mr. Howells praises «the irreproachable taste and unaffected poetic appreciation of the grandeur of Christianity.» One may go even further; for they have the fervor, the exultation, the knowledge that the Redeemer liveth, in a fullness which we do not find in sacred song outside the Psalms of David, the 'Dies Iræ,' and the 'Stabat Mater.'

Manzoni's poems were not many, but they all have the element of greatness in them. We can understand why the invading Austrians desired to honor him, when we read his ode 'The Fifth of May' (on the death of Napoleon), or his two noble tragedies 'The Count of Carmagnola' and 'Adelchi,' or that pride of all Italians, his masterpiece, 'The Betrothed' ('I Promessi Sposi'). We can understand too

the lofty haughtiness that induced him to refuse these honors, and to relinquish his hereditary title of Count, rather than submit to the order that he must register himself as an Austrian subject. The government, however, did not cease to offer honors to him; all of which, except the Italian senatorship proffered him in 1860, he declined. Great tragedies, like Shelley's 'Cenci,' Sir Henry Taylor's 'Philip van Artevelde,' and Sir Aubrey De Vere's 'Mary Tudor,' may be unactable; they may speak best to the heart and mind only through the written word. Manzoni's are of this class. They have elevation, dramatic feeling, the power of making emotion vital and of inspiring passionate sympathy with the intention of the author; but even Salvini, Rossi, or Ristori could not make them possible for the stage. In the 'Count of Carmagnola,' which celebrated the physical ruin but moral success of a noble man, Manzoni in 1820 shocked the classicists and won their hatred. They loved Aristotle and his rules; Manzoni broke every rule as thoroughly as Shakespeare and as consciously as Victor Hugo. He was looked upon as a literary, artistic apostate. In his explanation of his reasons for this assault on an old world, he makes an audacious *apologia* which Alfred de Musset might have read with profit before despairing of a definition of romanticism. 'Adelchi' followed in 1822, still further exasperating the fury of the classicists, who hated Manzoni and romance; foreseeing perhaps by intuition that the romantic school was to be the ancestor of the realistic school, whose horrors were only dimly dreamed of.

The 'Sacred Hymns,' 'The Count of Carmagnola,' 'Adelchi,' 'The Betrothed,' and the great 'Fifth of May' ode on the death of Napoleon, are the works by which Manzoni's fame was established. The tragedies—'Carmagnola' of the fifteenth century, 'Adelchi' of the eighth—would live for their strong lyrical element, even were the quality of eloquence and the fire that must underlie eloquence lacking. Pathos is exquisite in both these plays; the marble hearts of the Italian classic tragedy are replaced here by vital, palpitating flesh. When Carmagnola dies for his act of humanity in releasing his prisoners of war, and Ermengarda, whose loveliness is portrayed with the delicacy of the hand that drew Elaine, passes away in her convent, one feels that the world may indeed mourn. And when a poet can force us to take the shades of the Middle Ages for real human beings, no man may deny his gift.

'The Fifth of May,' the noblest ode in the Italian language, almost defies translation. Mr. Howells has made the best possible version of it. Napoleon had wronged Italy, but Italy speaking through its poet forgave him.

«Beautiful, deathless. beneficent,
Faith! used to triumphs even

This also writes exultingly;
No loftier pride 'neath heaven
Unto the shame of Calvary
Stooped ever yet its crest.
Thou from his weary mortality
Disperse all bitter passions;
The God that humbleth and hearteneth,
That comforts and that chastens,
Upon the pillow else desolate
To his pale lips lay pressed!»

'The Betrothed' is one of the classics of fiction. It appeared in 1825. Since that time it has been translated into every language in the civilized world. It deserves the verdict which time has passed upon it. Don Abbondio and Cardinal Federigo Borromeo, Renzo and Lucia, and Don Rodrigo, go on from year to year seeming to gain new vitality. It will bear the test of a reading in youth and a re-reading in old age; and there are few books of fiction of which this can be said,—it is a standard of their greatness.

Manzoni died in 1873. His patriotic dreams had not been entirely realized; but he passed away content, in faith and hope. His career was on the whole happy and serene. He loved the simple things of life, and looked on life itself as only a vestibule—to be nobly adorned, however—to a place of absolute peace.

Arnaud's 'I Poetti Patriottica' (1862); 'Storia della Litteratura Italiana,' by De Sanctis (1879); and William Dean Howells's 'Modern Italian Poets' (Harper & Brothers: 1887),—are valuable books of reference on the romantic movement in Italy, and on the position of Manzoni in that movement. The best translation of 'The Betrothed' is included in the Bohn Library.

Maurice Francis Egan

AN UNWILLING PRIEST

From 'The Betrothed'

[The following amusing scene occurs in the earlier portion of Manzoni's novel. Don Abbondio, a cowardly village curate, has been warned by Don Rodrigo, his lord of the manor, that if he dares to unite in marriage two young peasants, Renzo and Lucia (the «betrothed» of the story), vengeance will follow. The priest accordingly shirks his duty; and cruelly refusing to set any marriage date, shuts himself up in his house and even barricades himself against Renzo's entreaties. Donna Agnese, the mother of Lucia, hears that if a betrothed pair can but reach the presence of their parish priest and

announce that they take each other as man and wife, the marriage is as binding as if celebrated with all formality. Accordingly Agnese devises a sort of attack on the priest by stratagem, to be managed by the parties to the contract and two witnesses (the brothers Tonio and Gervase); which device is considerably endangered by the wariness of the curate's housekeeper, Perpetua.]

IN FRONT of Don Abbondio's door, a narrow street ran between two cottages; but only continued straight the length of the buildings, and then turned into the fields. Agnese went forward along this street, as if she would go a little aside to speak more freely, and Perpetua followed. When they had turned the corner, and reached a spot whence they could no longer see what happened before Don Abbondio's house, Agnese coughed loudly. This was the signal; Renzo heard it, and re-animating Lucia by pressing her arm, they turned the corner together on tiptoe, crept very softly close along the wall, reached the door, and gently pushed it open: quiet, and stooping low, they were quickly in the passage; and here the two brothers were waiting for them. Renzo very gently let down the latch of the door, and they all four ascended the stairs, making scarcely noise enough for two. On reaching the landing, the two brothers advanced towards the door of the room at the side of the staircase, and the lovers stood close against the wall.

"*Deo gratias*," said Tonio in an explanatory tone.

"Eh, Tonio! is it you? Come in!" replied the voice within.

Tonio opened the door, scarcely wide enough to admit himself and his brother one at a time. The ray of light that suddenly shone through the opening and crossed the dark floor of the landing made Lucia tremble, as if she were discovered. When the brothers had entered, Tonio closed the door inside: the lovers stood motionless in the dark, their ears intently on the alert, and holding their breath; the loudest noise was the beating of poor Lucia's heart.

Don Abbondio was seated, as we have said, in an old armchair, enveloped in an antiquated dressing-gown, and his head buried in a shabby cap of the shape of a tiara, which by the faint light of a small lamp formed a sort of cornice all around his face. Two thick locks which escaped from beneath his headdress, two thick eyebrows, two thick mustachios, and a thick tuft on the chin, all of them gray and scattered over his dark and wrinkled visage, might be compared to bushes covered with snow, projecting from the face of a cliff, as seen by moonlight.

"Aha!" was his salutation, as he took off his spectacles and laid them on his book.

"The Signor Curate will say I am come very late," said Tonio with a low bow, which Gervase awkwardly imitated.

"Certainly, it is late — late every way. Don't you know I am ill?"

"I'm very sorry for it."

"You must have heard I was ill, and didn't know when I should be able to see anybody. . . . But why have you brought this — this boy with you?"

"For company, Signor Curate."

"Very well, let us see."

"Here are twenty-five new *berlinghe*, with the figure of Saint Ambrose on horseback," said Tonio, drawing a little parcel out of his pocket.

"Let us see," said Don Abbondio; and he took the parcel, put on his spectacles again, opened it, took out the *berlinghe*, turned them over and over, counted them, and found them irreprehensible.

"Now, Signor Curate, you will give me Tecla's necklace."

"You are right," replied Don Abbondio; and going to a cupboard, he took out a key, looking around as if to see that all prying spectators were at a proper distance, opened one of the doors, and filling up the aperture with his person, introduced his head to see and his arm to reach the pledge; then drawing it out, he shut the cupboard, unwrapped the paper, and saying, "Is that right?" folded it up again and handed it to Tonio.

"Now," said Tonio, "will you please to put it in black and white?"

"Not satisfied yet!" said Don Abbondio. "I declare they know everything. Eh! how suspicious the world has become! Don't you trust me?"

"What, Signor Curate! Don't I trust you? You do me wrong. But as my name is in your black books, on the debtor's side— Then, since you have had the trouble of writing once, so— From life to death—"

"Well, well," interrupted Don Abbondio; and muttering between his teeth, he drew out one of the table drawers, took thence pen, ink, and paper, and began to write, repeating the words aloud as they proceeded from his pen. In the mean time Tonio, and at his side Gervase, placed themselves standing before the

table in such a manner as to conceal the door from the view of the writer, and began to shuffle their feet about on the floor, as if in mere idleness, but in reality as a signal to those without to enter, and at the same time to drown the noise of their footsteps. Don Abbondio, intent upon his writing, noticed nothing else. At the noise of their feet, Renzo took Lucia's arm, pressing it in an encouraging manner, and went forward, almost dragging her along; for she trembled to such a degree that without his help she must have sunk to the ground. Entering very softly, on tiptoe, and holding their breath, they placed themselves behind the two brothers. In the mean time, Don Abbondio, having finished writing, read over the paper attentively, without raising his eyes; he then folded it up, saying, "Are you content now?" and taking off his spectacles with one hand, handed the paper to Tonio with the other, and looked up. Tonio, extending his right hand to receive it, retired on one side, and Gervase, at a sign from him, on the other; and behold! as at the shifting of a scene, Renzo and Lucia stood between them. Don Abbondio saw indistinctly — saw clearly — was terrified, astonished, enraged, buried in thought, came to a resolution; and all this while Renzo uttered the words, "Signor Curate, in the presence of these witnesses, this is my wife." Before, however, Lucia's lips could form the reply, Don Abbondio dropped the receipt, seized the lamp with his left hand and raised it in the air, caught hold of the cloth with his right, and dragged it furiously off the table, bringing to the ground in its fall, book, paper, inkstand, and sand-box; and springing between the chair and the table, advanced towards Lucia. The poor girl, with her sweet gentle voice, trembling violently, had scarcely uttered the words, "And this—" when Don Abbondio threw the cloth rudely over her head and face, to prevent her pronouncing the entire formula. Then, letting the light fall from his other hand, he employed both to wrap the cloth round her face, till she was well-nigh smothered, shouting in the mean while, at the stretch of his voice, like a wounded bull, "Perpetua! Perpetua! — treachery! — help!" The light, just glimmering on the ground, threw a dim and flickering ray upon Lucia, who, in utter consternation, made no attempt to disengage herself, and might be compared to a statue sculptured in chalk, over which the artificer had thrown a wet cloth. When the light died away, Don Abbondio quitted the poor girl, and went groping about to find the door that opened into an inner room: and

having reached it, he entered and shut himself in, unceasingly exclaiming, "Perpetua! treachery! help! Out of the house! Out of the house!"

In the other room all was confusion: Renzo, seeking to lay hold of the Curate, and feeling with his hands, as if playing at blindman's buff, had reached the door, and kicking against it, was crying, "Open, open; don't make such a noise!" Lucia, calling to Renzo in a feeble voice, said beseechingly, "Let us go, let us go, for God's sake." Tonio was crawling on his knees, and feeling with his hands on the ground to recover his lost receipt. The terrified Gervase was crying and jumping about, and seeking for the door of the stairs, so as to make his escape in safety.

In the midst of this uproar, we cannot but stop a moment to make a reflection. Renzo, who was causing disturbance at night in another person's house, who had effected an entrance by stealth, and who had blockaded the master himself in one of his own rooms, has all the appearance of an oppressor; while in fact he was the oppressed. Don Abbondio, taken by surprise, terrified and put to flight, while peaceably engaged in his own affairs, appears the victim; when in reality it was he who did the wrong. Thus frequently goes the world; — or rather, we should say, thus it went in the seventeenth century.

The besieged, finding that the enemy gave no signs of abandoning the enterprise, opened a window that looked into the church-yard, and shouted out, "Help! help!" There was a most lovely moon; the shadow of the church, and a little farther on the long sharp shadow of the bell-tower, lay dark, still, and well defined, on the bright grassy level of the sacred inclosure: all objects were visible, almost as by day. But look which way you would, there appeared no sign of living person. Adjoining the lateral wall of the church, on the side next the parsonage, was a small dwelling where the sexton slept. Aroused by this unusual cry, he sprang up in his bed, jumped out in great haste, threw open the sash of his little window, put his head out with his eyelids glued together all the while, and cried out, "What's the matter?"

"Run, Ambrogio! help! people in the house!" answered Don Abbondio. "Coming directly," replied he, as he drew in his head and shut the window; and although half asleep and more than half terrified, an expedient quickly occurred to him that

would bring more aid than had been asked, without dragging *him* into the affray, whatever it might be. Seizing his breeches that lay upon the bed, he tucked them under his arm like a gala hat, and bounding down-stairs by a little wooden ladder, ran to the belfry, caught hold of the rope that was attached to the larger of the two bells, and pulled vigorously.

Ton, ton, ton, ton: the peasant sprang up in his bed; the boy stretched in the hay-loft listened eagerly, and leapt upon his feet. "What's the matter? what's the matter? The bell 's ringing! Fire? Thieves? Banditti?" Many of the women advised, begged, their husbands not to stir—to let others run; some got up and went to the window; those who were cowards, as if yielding to entreaty, quietly slipped under the bedclothes again; while the more inquisitive and courageous sprang up and armed themselves with pitchforks and pistols, to run to the uproar; others waited to see the end. . . .

Renzo, who had more of his senses about him than the rest, remembered that they had better make their escape one way or another before the crowds assembled; and that the best plan would be to do as Menico advised,—nay, commanded, with the authority of one in terror. When once on their way, and out of the tumult and danger, he could ask a clearer explanation from the boy. "Lead the way," said he to Menico; and addressing the women, said, "Let us go with him." They therefore quickly turned their steps towards the church, crossed the church-yard, —where, by the favor of Heaven, there was not yet a living creature,—entered a little street that ran between the church and Don Abbondio's house, turned into the first alley they came to, and then took the way of the fields.

They had not perhaps gone fifty yards, when the crowd began to collect in the church-yard, and rapidly increased every moment. They looked inquiringly in each other's faces; every one had a question to ask, but no one could return an answer. Those who arrived first ran to the church door: it was locked. They then ran to the belfry outside; and one of them, putting his mouth to a very small window, a sort of loophole, cried, "What ever is the matter?" As soon as Ambrogio recognized a known voice, he let go of the bell-rope, and being assured by the buzz that many people had assembled, replied, "I'll open the door." Hastily slipping on the apparel he had carried under his arm, he went inside the church and opened the door.

"What is all this hubbub?—What is it?—Where is it?—Who is it?"

"Why, who is it?" said Ambrogio, laying one hand on the door-post, and with the other holding up the habiliment he had put on in such haste: "What! don't you know? People in the Signor Curate's house. Up, boys; help!" Hearing this, they all turned to the house, looked up, approached it in a body, looked up again, listened: all was quiet. Some ran to the street door; it was shut and bolted: they glanced upwards; not a window was open, not a whisper was to be heard.

"Who is within?—Ho! Hey!—Signor Curate!—Signor Curate!"

Don Abbondio, who, scarcely aware of the flight of the invaders, had retired from the window and closed it, and who at this moment was reproaching Perpetua in a low voice for having left him alone in this confusion, was obliged, when he heard himself called upon by the voice of the assembled people, to show himself again at the window; and when he saw the crowds that had come to his aid, he sorely repented having called them.

"What has happened?—What have they done to you?—Who are they?—Where are they?" burst forth from fifty voices at once.

"There's nobody here now: thank you; go home again."

"But who has been here?—Where are they gone?—What has happened?"

"Bad people, people who go about by night; but they're gone: go home again; there is no longer anything; another time, my children: I thank you for your kindness to me." So saying, he drew back and shut the window. Some of the crowd began to grumble, some to joke, others to curse; some shrugged their shoulders and took their departure. . . .

The melancholy trio continued their walk, the women taking the lead and Renzo behind to act as guard. Lucia clung closely to her mother's arm, kindly and dexterously avoiding the proffered assistance of the youth at the difficult passes of this unfrequented path; feeling ashamed of herself, even in such troubles, for having already been so long and so familiarly alone with him, while expecting in a few moments to be his wife. Now that this vision had been so sorrowfully dispelled, she repented having proceeded thus far; and amidst so many causes of fear, she feared even for her modesty;—not such modesty as arises

from the sad knowledge of evil, but for that which is ignorant of its own existence; like the dread of a child who trembles in the dark, he knows not why.

"And the house?" suddenly exclaimed Agnese. But however important the object might be which extorted this exclamation, no one replied, because no one could do so satisfactorily. They therefore continued their walk in silence, and in a little while reached the square before the church of the convent.

Renzo advanced to the door of the church, and gently pushed it open. The moon that entered through the aperture fell upon the pale face and silvery beard of Father Cristoforo, who was standing here expecting them; and having seen that no one was missing, "God be praised!" said he, beckoning to them to enter. By his side stood another Capuchin, the lay sexton, whom he had persuaded by prayers and arguments to keep vigil with him, to leave the door ajar, and to remain there on guard to receive these poor threatened creatures; and it required nothing short of the authority of the Father, and of his fame as a saint, to persuade the layman to so inconvenient, perilous, and irregular a condescension. When they were inside, Father Cristoforo very softly shut the door. Then the sexton could no longer contain himself, and taking the Father aside, whispered in his ear: "But, Father, Father! at night—in church—with women—shut—the rule—but, Father!" And he shook his head, while thus hesitatingly pronouncing these words. Just see! thought Father Cristoforo: if it were a pursued robber, Friar Fazio would make no difficulty in the world; but a poor innocent escaping from the jaws of a wolf— "*Omnia munda mundis*,"* added he, turning suddenly to Friar Fazio, and forgetting that he did not understand Latin. But this forgetfulness was exactly what produced the right effect. If the Father had begun to dispute and reason, Friar Fazio would not have failed to urge opposing arguments, and no one knows how and when the discussion would have come to an end; but at the sound of these weighty words of a mysterious signification, and so resolutely uttered, it seemed to him that in them must be contained the solution of all his doubts. He acquiesced, saying, "Very well: you know more about it than I do."

*Or in reverse, "To the pure all things are pure."

"Trust me, then," replied Father Cristoforo; and by the dim light of the lamp burning before the altar, he approached the refugees, who stood waiting in suspense, and said to them, "My children, thank God, who has delivered you from so great a danger! Perhaps at this moment—" And here he began to explain more fully what he had hinted by the little messenger; little suspecting that they knew more than he, and supposing that Menico had found them quiet in their own house, before the arrival of the ruffians. Nobody undeceived him,—not even Lucia, whose conscience, however, was all the while secretly reproaching her for practicing such dissimulation with so good a man; but it was a night of embarrassment and dissimulation.

"After this," continued he, "you must feel, my children, that the village is no longer safe for you. It is yours, who were born there, and you have done no wrong to any one; but God wills it so. It is a trial, my children; bear it with patience and faith, without indulging in rancor, and rest assured there will come a day when you will think yourselves happy that this has occurred. I have thought of a refuge for you, for the present. Soon, I hope, you may be able to return in safety to your own house; at any rate, God will provide what is best for you; and I assure you, I will be careful not to prove unworthy of the favor he has bestowed upon me, in choosing me as his minister, in the service of you his poor yet loved afflicted ones. You," continued he, turning to the two women, "can stay at ——. Here you will be far enough from every danger, and at the same time not far from your own home. There seek out our convent, ask for the guardian, and give him this letter: he will be to you another Father Cristoforo. And you, my Renzo, must put yourself in safety from the anger of others, and your own. Carry this letter to Father Bonaventura da Lodi, in our convent of the Porta Orientale, at Milan. He will be a father to you, will give you directions and find you work, till you can return and live more peaceably. Go to the shore of the lake, near the mouth of the Bione, a river not far from this monastery. Here you will see a boat waiting; say, 'Boat!' It will be asked you, 'For whom?' And you must reply, 'San Francesco.' The boat will receive you and carry you to the other side, where you will find a cart that will take you straight to ——."

If any one asks how Father Cristoforo had so quickly at his disposal these means of transport by land and water, it will show that he does not know the influence and power of a Capuchin held in reputation as a saint.

It still remained to decide about the care of the houses. The Father received the keys, pledging himself to deliver them to whomsoever Renzo and Agnese should name. The latter, in delivering up hers, heaved a deep sigh, remembering that at that moment the house was open, that the devil had been there, and who knew what remained to be taken care of!

"Before you go," said the Father, "let us pray all together that the Lord may be with you in this your journey, and for ever; and above all, that he may give you strength and a spirit of love, to enable you to desire whatever he has willed." So saying, he knelt down in the middle of the church, and they all followed his example.

After praying a few moments in silence, with a low but distinct voice he pronounced these words:—"We beseech thee also for the unhappy person who has brought us to this state. We should be unworthy of thy mercy if we did not from our hearts implore it for him; he needs it, O Lord! We, in our sorrow, have this consolation, that we are in the path where thou hast placed us; we can offer thee our griefs and they may become our gain. But he is thine enemy! Alas, wretched man, he is striving with thee! Have mercy on him, O Lord, touch his heart; reconcile him to thyself, and give him all those good things we could desire for ourselves."

Rising then in haste, he said, "Come, my children, you have no time to lose: God defend you; his angel go with you;—farewell!" And while they set off with that emotion which cannot find words, and manifests itself without them, the Father added in an agitated tone, "My heart tells me we shall meet again soon."

Certainly the heart, to those who listen to it, has always something to say on what will happen; but what did his heart know? Very little, truly, of what had already happened.

Without waiting a reply, Father Cristoforo retired with hasty steps; the travelers took their departure, and Father Fazio shut the door after them, bidding them farewell with even his voice a little faltering.

The trio slowly made their way to the shore they had been directed to; there they espied the boat, and exchanging the password, stepped in. The waterman, planting one oar on the land, pushed off; then took up the other oar, and rowing with both hands, pulled out and made towards the opposite beach. Not a breath of wind was stirring; the lake lay bright and smooth, and would have appeared motionless but for the tremulous and gentle undulation of the moonbeams, which gleamed upon it from the zenith. No sounds were heard but the muffled and slowly measured breaking of the surge upon the pebbly shore, the more distant gurgling of the troubled waters dashing among the piles of the bridge, and the even plash of the light sculls, as, rising with the sharp sound of a dripping blade, and quickly plunged again beneath, they cut the azure surface of the lake. The waves, divided by the prow, and reuniting behind the little bark, tracked out a curling line which extended itself to the shore. The silent travelers, with their faces turned backwards, gazed upon the mountains and the country, illumined by the pale light of the moon, and diversified here and there with vast shadows. They could distinguish the villages, the houses, and the little cabins: the palace of Don Rodrigo, with its square tower, rising above the group of huts at the base of the promontory, looked like a savage standing in the dark and meditating some evil deed while keeping guard over a company of reclining sleepers. Lucia saw it and shuddered; then drawing her eye along the declivity till she reached her native village, she fixed her gaze on its extremity, sought for her own cottage, traced out the thick head of the fig-tree which towered above the wall of the courtyard, discovered the window of her own room,—and being seated in the bottom of the boat, she leaned her elbow on the edge, laid her forehead on her arm as if she were sleeping, and wept in secret.

Farewell, ye mountains, rising from the waters and pointing to the heavens! ye varied summits, familiar to him who has been brought up among you, and impressed upon his mind as clearly as the countenance of his dearest friends! ye torrents, whose murmur he recognizes like the sound of the voices of home! ye villages, scattered and glistening on the declivity, like flocks of grazing sheep! Farewell! How mournful is the step of him who, brought up amidst your scenes, is compelled to leave you!

Even in the imagination of one who willingly departs, attracted by the hope of making a fortune elsewhere, the dreams of wealth at this moment lose their charms; he wonders he could form such a resolution, and would even now turn back but for the hope of one day returning with a rich abundance. As he advances into the plain, his eye becomes wearied with its uniform extent; the atmosphere feels heavy and lifeless; he sadly and listlessly enters the busy cities, where houses crowded upon houses, and streets intersecting streets, seem to take away his breath; and before edifices admired by the stranger, he recalls with restless longing the fields of his own country, and the cottage he had long ago set his heart upon, and which he resolves to purchase when he returns enriched to his own mountains.

But what must he feel who has never sent a passing wish beyond these mountains, who has arranged among them all his designs for the future, and is driven far away by an adverse power! who, suddenly snatched away from his dearest habits, and thwarted in his dearest hopes, leaves these mountains to go in search of strangers whom he never desired to know, and is unable to look forward to a fixed time of return!

Farewell, native cottage—where, indulging in unconscious fancy, one learnt to distinguish from the noise of common footsteps the approach of a tread expected with mysterious timidity! Farewell, thou cottage,—still a stranger, but so often hastily glanced at, not without a blush, in passing—in which the mind took delight to figure to itself the tranquil and lasting home of a wife! Farewell, my church, where the heart was so often soothed while chanting the praises of the Lord; where the preparatory rite of betrothal was performed; where the secret sighing of the heart was solemnly blessed, and love was inspired, and one felt a hallowing influence around. Farewell! He who imparted to you such gladness is everywhere; and he never disturbs the joy of his children but to prepare them for one more certain and durable.

Of such a nature, if not exactly these, were the reflections of Lucia; and not very dissimilar were those of the two other wanderers, while the little bark rapidly approached the right bank of the Adda.

A LATE REPENTANCE

From 'The Betrothed'

[In several chapters preceding the following affecting extract from Manzoni's story is described the imprisonment of Lucia Mondella, the heroine of the tale, in the lonely castle of an outlaw. The latter is a man of rank; but guilty of such a succession of murders, robberies, and other villainies, during many years, that he—in the story he is called only 'The Unnamed'—has become a terror throughout all the country-side. A sudden repentance and remorse comes to this monster of wickedness. Hearing that the great Cardinal Federigo Borromeo of Milan is arrived in the neighborhood, he decides, in great hesitation and contrition, to visit that kindly and courageous priest.]

CARDINAL FEDERIGO was employed—according to his usual custom in every leisure interval—in study, until the hour arrived for repairing to the church for the celebration of Divine service; when the chaplain and cross-bearer entered with a disturbed and gloomy countenance.

"A strange visitor, my noble lord—strange indeed!"

"Who?" asked the Cardinal.

"No less a personage than the Signor ——," replied the chaplain; and pronouncing the syllables with a very significant tone, he uttered the name which we cannot give to our readers. He then added, "He is here outside in person, and demands nothing less than to be introduced to your illustrious Grace."

"He!" said the Cardinal with an animated look, shutting his book and rising from his seat: "let him come in!—let him come in directly!"

"But—" rejoined the chaplain, without attempting to move, "your illustrious Lordship must surely be aware who he is: that outlaw, that famous—"

"And is it not a most happy circumstance for a bishop, that such a man should feel a wish to come and seek an interview with him?"

"But—" insisted the chaplain, "we may never speak of certain things, because my lord says it is all nonsense: but when it comes to the point, I think it is a duty— Zeal makes many enemies, my lord; and we know positively that more than one ruffian has dared to boast that some day or other—"

"And what have they done?" interrupted the Cardinal.

"I say that this man is a plotter of mischief, a desperate character, who holds correspondence with the most violent desperadoes, and who may be sent—"

«Oh, what discipline is this,» again interrupted Federigo, smiling, «for the soldiers to exhort their general to cowardice?» Then resuming a grave and thoughtful air, he continued: «Saint Carlo would not have deliberated whether he ought to receive such a man: he would have gone to seek him. Let him be admitted directly: he has already waited too long.»

The chaplain moved towards the door, saying in his heart, «There's no remedy: these saints are all obstinate.»

Having opened the door and surveyed the room where the Signor and his companions were, he saw that the latter had crowded together on one side, where they sat whispering and cautiously peeping at their visitor, while he was left alone in one corner. The chaplain advanced towards him, eying him guardedly from head to foot, and wondering what weapons he might have hidden under that great coat: thinking at the same time that really, before admitting him, he ought at least to have proposed— But he could not resolve what to do. He approached him, saying, «His Grace waits for your Lordship. Will you be good enough to come with me?» And as he preceded him through the little crowd, which instantly gave way for him, he kept casting glances on each side, which meant to say, «What could I do? don't you know yourselves that he always has his own way?»

On reaching the apartment, the chaplain opened the door and introduced the Unnamed. Federigo advanced to meet him with a happy and serene look, and his hand extended, as if to welcome an expected guest; at the same time making a sign to the chaplain to go out, which was immediately obeyed.

When thus left alone, they both stood for a moment silent and in suspense, though from widely different feelings. The Unnamed, who had as it were been forcibly carried there by an inexplicable compulsion, rather than led by a determinate intention, now stood there, also as it were by compulsion, torn by two contending feelings: on the one side, a desire and confused hope of meeting with some alleviation of his inward torment; on the other, a feeling of self-rebuked shame at having come hither, like a penitent, subdued and wretched, to confess himself guilty and to make supplication to a man: he was at a loss for words, and indeed scarcely sought for them. Raising his eyes, however, to the Archbishop's face, he became gradually filled with a feeling of veneration, authoritative and at the same time soothing;

which, while it increased his confidence, gently subdued his haughtiness, and without offending his pride, compelled it to give way, and imposed silence.

The bearing of Federigo was in fact one which announced superiority, and at the same time excited love. It was naturally sedate, and almost involuntarily commanding, his figure being not in the least bowed or wasted by age; while his solemn yet sparkling eye, his open and thoughtful forehead, a kind of virginal floridness, which might be distinguished even among gray locks, paleness, and the traces of abstinence, meditation, and labor: in short, all his features indicated that they had once possessed that which is most strictly entitled beauty. The habit of serious and benevolent thought, the inward peace of a long life, the love that he felt towards his fellow-creatures, and the uninterrupted enjoyment of an ineffable hope, had now substituted the beauty (so to say) of old age, which shone forth more attractively from the magnificent simplicity of the purple.

He fixed for a moment on the countenance of the Unnamed a penetrating look, long accustomed to gather from this index what was passing in the mind; and imagining he discovered, under that dark and troubled mien, something every moment more corresponding with the hope he had conceived on the first announcement of such a visit. "Oh!" cried he, in an animated voice, "what a welcome visit is this! and how thankful I ought to be to you for taking such a step, although it may convey to me a little reproof!"

"Reproof!" exclaimed the Signor, much surprised, but soothed by his words and manner, and glad that the Cardinal had broken the ice and started some sort of conversation.

"Certainly it conveys to me a reproof," replied the Archbishop, "for allowing you to be beforehand with me when so often, and for so long a time, I might and ought to have come to you myself."

"You come to me! Do you know who I am? Did they deliver my name rightly?"

"And the happiness I feel, and which must surely be evident in my countenance,—do you think I should feel it at the announcement and visit of a stranger? It is you who make me experience it; you, I say, whom I ought to have sought; you whom I have at least loved and wept over, and for whom I have so often prayed; you among all my children—for each

one I love from the bottom of my heart — whom I should most have desired to receive and embrace, if I had thought I might hope for such a thing. But God alone knows how to work wonders, and supplies the weakness and tardiness of his unworthy servants."

The Unnamed stood astonished at this warm reception, in language which corresponded so exactly with that which he had not yet expressed, nor indeed had fully determined to express; and, affected but exceedingly surprised, he remained silent. "Well!" resumed Federigo still more affectionately, "you have good news to tell me; and you keep me so long expecting it?"

"Good news! I have hell in my heart; and can I tell you any good tidings? Tell me, if you know, what good news you can expect from such as I am?"

"That God has touched your heart and would make you his own," replied the Cardinal calmly.

"God! God! God! If I could see him! If I could hear him! Where is this God?"

"Do *you* ask this? you? And who has him nearer than you? Do you not feel him in your heart, overcoming, agitating you, never leaving you at ease, and at the same time drawing you forward, presenting to your view a hope of tranquillity and consolation, a consolation which shall be full and boundless, as soon as you recognize him, acknowledge and implore him?"

"Oh, surely! there is something within that oppresses, that consumes me! But God! If this be God, if he be such as they say, what do you suppose he can do with me?"

These words were uttered with an accent of despair; but Federigo, with a solemn tone as of calm inspiration, replied:— "What can God do with you? What would he wish to make of you? A token of his power and goodness: he would acquire through you a glory such as others could not give him. The world has long cried out against you; hundreds and thousands of voices have declared their detestation of your deeds." (The Unnamed shuddered, and felt for a moment surprised at hearing such unusual language addressed to him and still more surprised that he felt no anger, but rather almost a relief.) "What glory," pursued Federigo, "will thus redound to God! *They* may be voices of alarm, of self-interest; of justice, perhaps — a justice so easy! so natural! Some perhaps — yea, too many — may be voices of envy of your wretched power; of your hitherto deplorable

security of heart. But when you yourself rise up to condemn your past life, to become your own accuser,—then, then indeed, God will be glorified! And you ask what God can do with you. Who am I, a poor mortal, that I can tell you what use such a Being may choose henceforth to make of you? how he can employ your impetuous will, your unwavering perseverance, when he shall have animated and invigorated them with love, with hope, with repentance? Who are you, weak man, that you should imagine yourself capable of devising and executing greater deeds of evil, than God can make you will and accomplish in the cause of good? What can God do with you? Pardon you! save you! finish in you the work of redemption! Are not these things noble and worthy of him? Oh, just think! if I, a humble and feeble creature, so worthless and full of myself—I, such as I am, long so ardently for your salvation, that for its sake I would joyfully give (and he is my witness!) the few days that still remain to me,—oh, think what and how great must be the love of Him who inspires me with this imperfect but ardent affection; how must He love you, what must He desire for you, who has bid and enabled me to regard you with a charity that consumes me!»

While these words fell from his lips, his face, his expression, his whole manner, evinced his deep feeling of what he uttered. The countenance of his auditor changed from a wild and convulsive look, first to astonishment and attention, and then gradually yielded to deeper and less painful emotions; his eyes, which from infancy had been unaccustomed to weep, became suffused; and when the words ceased, he covered his face with his hands and burst into a flood of tears. It was the only and most evident reply.

«Great and good God!» exclaimed Federigo, raising his hands and eyes to heaven, «what have I ever done, an unprofitable servant, an idle shepherd, that thou shouldest call me to this banquet of grace! that thou shouldest make me worthy of being an instrument in so joyful a miracle!» So saying, he extended his hand to take that of the Unnamed.

«No!» cried the penitent nobleman; «no! keep away from me: defile not that innocent and beneficent hand. You don't know all that the one you would grasp has committed.»

«Suffer me,» said Federigo, taking it with affectionate violence, «suffer me to press the hand which will repair so many

wrongs, dispense so many benefits, comfort so many afflicted, and be extended — disarmed, peacefully, and humbly — to so many enemies."

"It is too much!" said the Unnamed sobbing: "leave me, my lord; good Federigo, leave me! A crowded assembly awaits you; so many good people, so many innocent creatures, so many come from a distance, to see you for once, to hear you: and you are staying to talk — with whom!"

"We will leave the ninety-and-nine sheep," replied the Cardinal: "they are in safety upon the mountain; I wish to remain with that which was lost. Their minds are perhaps now more satisfied than if they were seeing their poor bishop. Perhaps God, who has wrought in you this miracle of mercy, is diffusing in their hearts a joy of which they know not yet the reason. These people are perhaps united to us without being aware of it; perchance the Spirit may be instilling into their hearts an undefined feeling of charity, a petition which he will grant for you, an offering of gratitude of which you are as yet the unknown object." So saying, he threw his arms around the neck of the Unnamed; who, after attempting to disengage himself, and making a momentary resistance, yielded, completely overcome by this vehement expression of affection, embraced the Cardinal in his turn, and buried in his shoulder his trembling and altered face. His burning tears dropped upon the stainless purple of Federigo, while the guiltless hands of the holy bishop affectionately pressed those members, and touched that garment, which had been accustomed to hold the weapons of violence and treachery.

Disengaging himself at length from this embrace, the Unnamed again covered his eyes with his hands, and raising his face to heaven, exclaimed: — "God is indeed great! God is indeed good! I know myself now, now I understand what I am; my sins are present before me, and I shudder at the thought of myself; yet! — yet I feel an alleviation, a joy — yes, even a joy, such as I have never before known during the whole of my horrible life!"

"It is a little taste," said Federigo, "which God gives you, to incline you to his service, and encourage you resolutely to enter upon the new course of life which lies before you, and in which you will have so much to undo, so much to repair, so much to mourn over!"

"Unhappy man that I am!" exclaimed the Signor: "how many, oh, how many—things for which I can do nothing besides mourn! But at least I have undertakings scarcely set on foot which I can break off in the midst, if nothing more: one there is which I can quickly arrest, which I can easily undo and repair."

Federigo listened attentively while the Unnamed briefly related, in terms of perhaps deeper execration than we have employed, his attempt upon Lucia, the sufferings and terrors of the unhappy girl, her importunate entreaties, the frenzy that these entreaties had aroused within him, and how she was still in the castle. . . .

"Ah, then let us lose no time!" exclaimed Federigo, breathless with eagerness and compassion. "You are indeed blessed! This is an earnest of God's forgiveness! He makes you capable of becoming the instrument of safety to one whom you intended to ruin. God bless you! Nay, he has blessed you! Do you know where our unhappy protégée comes from?"

The Signor named Lucia's village.

"It's not far from this," said the Cardinal, "God be praised; and probably—" So saying, he went towards a little table and rang a bell. The cross-bearing chaplain immediately attended the summons with a look of anxiety, and instantly glanced towards the Unnamed. At the sight of his altered countenance, and his eyes still red with weeping, he turned an inquiring gaze upon the Cardinal; and perceiving, amidst the invariable composure of his countenance, a look of solemn pleasure and unusual solicitude, he would have stood with open mouth in a sort of ecstasy, had not the Cardinal quickly aroused him from his contemplations by asking whether, among the parish priests assembled in the next room, there was one from ——.

"There is, your illustrious Grace," replied the chaplain.

"Let him come in directly," said Federigo, "and with him the priest of this parish."

The chaplain quitted the room, and on entering the hall where the clergy were assembled, all eyes were immediately turned upon him; while, with a look of blank astonishment, and a countenance in which was still depicted the rapture he had felt, he lifted up his hands, and waving them in the air, exclaimed, "Signori! Signori! *Hæc mutatio dexteræ Excelsi*" [This change is from the right hand of the Almighty]. And he stood for a moment without uttering another word.

AN EPISODE OF THE PLAGUE IN MILAN

From 'The Betrothed'

[The hero of the novel, young Renzo Tramaglino, enters Milan on foot, seeking his lost betrothed, Lucia Mondella. Among the scenes of suffering and horror which continually meet his eyes is the following.]

RENZO had already gone some distance on his way through the midst of this desolation, when he heard, proceeding from a street a few yards off, into which he had been directed to turn, a confused noise, in which he readily distinguished the usual horrible tinkling.

At the entrance of the street, which was one of the most spacious, he perceived four carts standing in the middle: and as in a corn market there is a constant hurrying to and fro of people, and an emptying and filling of sacks, such was the bustle here, —*monatti* intruding into houses, *monatti* coming out, bearing a burden upon their shoulders, which they placed upon one or other of the carts; some in red livery, others without that distinction; many with another still more odious,—plumes and cloaks of various colors, which these miserable wretches wore in the midst of the general mourning, as if in honor of a festival. From time to time the mournful cry resounded from one of the windows, "Here, *monatti!*" And with a still more wretched sound, a harsh voice rose from this horrible source in reply, "Coming directly!" Or else there were lamentations nearer at hand, or entreaties to make haste; to which the *monatti* responded with oaths.

Having entered the street, Renzo quickened his steps, trying not to look at these obstacles further than was necessary to avoid them: his attention, however, was arrested by a remarkable object of pity,—such pity as inclines to the contemplation of its object; so that he came to a pause almost without determining to do so.

Coming down the steps of one of the doorways, and advancing towards the convoy, he beheld a woman, whose appearance announced still remaining though somewhat advanced youthfulness; a veiled and dimmed but not destroyed beauty was still apparent, in spite of much suffering and a fatal languor,—that delicate and at the same time majestic beauty which is conspicuous in the Lombard blood. Her gait was weary, but not tottering; no tears fell from her eyes, though they bore tokens of having shed many; there was something peaceful and profound

in her sorrow, which indicated a mind fully conscious and sensitive enough to feel it. But it was not merely her own appearance which in the midst of so much misery marked her out so especially as an object of commiseration, and revived in her behalf a feeling now exhausted — extinguished — in men's hearts. She carried in her arms a little child, about nine years old, now a lifeless body; but laid out and arranged, with her hair parted on her forehead, and in a white and remarkably clean dress, as if those hands had decked her out for a long-promised feast, granted as a reward. Nor was she lying there, but upheld and adjusted on one arm, with her breast reclining against her mother's, like a living creature; save that a delicate little hand, as white as wax, hung from one side with a kind of inanimate weight, and the head rested upon her mother's shoulder with an abandonment deeper than that of sleep; — her mother; for even if their likeness to each other had not given assurance of the fact, the countenance which could still display any emotion would have clearly revealed it.

A horrible-looking *monatto* approached the woman, and attempted to take the burden from her arms; with a kind of unusual respect, however, and with involuntary hesitation. But she, slightly drawing back, yet with the air of one who shows neither scorn nor displeasure, said, "No! don't take her from me yet: I must place her myself on this cart — here." So saying, she opened her hand, displayed a purse which she held in it, and dropped it into that which the *monatto* extended towards her. She then continued: "Promise me not to take a thread from around her, nor to let any one else do so, and to lay her in the ground thus."

The *monatto* laid his right hand on his heart; and then, zealously and almost obsequiously, — rather from the new feeling by which he was, as it were, subdued, than on account of the unlooked-for reward, — hastened to make a little room on the car for the infant dead. The lady, giving it a kiss on the forehead, laid it on the spot prepared for it, as upon a bed, arranged it there, covering it with a pure white linen cloth, and pronounced these parting words: — "Farewell, Cecilia! rest in peace! This evening we too will join you, to rest together forever. In the mean while pray for us; for I will pray for you and the others." Then, turning again to the *monatto*, "You," said she, "when you pass this way in the evening, may come to fetch me too; and not me only."

So saying, she re-entered the house, and after an instant appeared at the window, holding in her arms another more dearly loved one, still living, but with the marks of death on its countenance. She remained to contemplate these so unworthy obsequies of the first child, from the time the car started until it was out of sight, and then disappeared. And what remained for her to do but to lay upon the bed the only one that was left her, and to stretch herself beside it, that they might die together? as the flower already full blown upon the stem falls together with the bud still infolded in its calyx, under the scythe which levels alike all the herbage of the field.

"O Lord!" exclaimed Renzo, "hear her! take her to thyself, her and that little infant one: they have suffered enough! surely, they have suffered enough!"

CHORUS

In the 'Count of Carmagnola'

From 'Modern Italian Poets,' by W. D. Howells. Copyright 1887, by Harper & Brothers

On the right hand a trumpet is sounding,
On the left hand a trumpet replying,
The field upon all sides resounding
With the tramping of foot and of horse.
Yonder flashes a flag; yonder, flying
Through the still air, a bannerol glances;
Here a squadron embattled advances,
There another that threatens its course.

The space 'twixt the foes now beneath them
Is hid, and on swords the sword ringeth;
In the hearts of each other they sheathe them;
Blood runs,—they redouble their blows.
Who are these? To our fair fields what bringeth,
To make war upon us, this stranger?
Which is he that hath sworn to avenge her,
The land of his birth, on her foes?

They are all of one land and one nation,
One speech; and the foreigner names them
All brothers, of one generation;
In each visage their kindred is seen:

This land is the mother that claims them,
  This land that their life-blood is steeping,
That God, from all other lands keeping,
    Set the seas and the mountains between.

Ah, which drew the first blade among them,
  To strike at the heart of his brother?
What wrong or what insult hath stung them
    To wipe out what stain, or to die?
  They know not: to slay one another
They come in a course none hath told them;
A chief that was purchased hath sold them;
    They combat for him, nor ask why.

Ah, woe for the mothers that bare them,
  For the wives of the warriors maddened!
Why come not their loved ones to tear them
    Away from the infamous field?
  Their sires, whom long years have saddened,
And thoughts of the sepulchre chastened,
In warning why have they not hastened
    To bid them to hold and to yield?

As under the vine that embowers
  His own happy threshold, the smiling
Clown watches the tempest that lowers
    On the furrows his plow has not turned,
  So each waits in safety, beguiling
The time with his count of those falling
Afar in the fight, and the appalling
    Flames of towns and of villages burned.

There, intent on the lips of their mothers,
  Thou shalt hear little children with scorning,
Learn to follow and flout at the brothers
    Whose blood they shall go forth to shed;
  Thou shalt see wives and maidens adorning
Their bosoms and hair with the splendor
Of gems but now torn from the tender
    Hapless daughters and wives of the dead.

Oh, disaster, disaster, disaster!
  With the slain the earth's hidden already:
With blood reeks the whole plain, and vaster
    And fiercer the strife than before!

But along the ranks, rent and unsteady,
Many waver,—they yield,—they are flying!
With the last hope of victory dying,
The love of life rises again.

As out of the fan, when it tosses
The grain in its breath, the grain flashes,
So over the field of their losses
Fly the vanquished. But now in their course
Starts a squadron that suddenly dashes
Athwart their wild flight and that stays them,
While hard on the hindmost dismays them
The pursuit of the enemy's horse.

At the feet of the foe they fall trembling,
And yield life and sword to his keeping;
In the shouts of the victors assembling,
The moans of the dying are drowned.
To the saddle a courier leaping,
Takes a missive, and through all resistance,
Spurs, lashes, devours the distance;
Every hamlet awake at the sound.

Ah, why from their rest and their labor
To the hoof-beaten road do they gather?
Why turns every one to his neighbor
The jubilant tidings to hear?
Thou know'st whence he comes, wretched father!
And thou long'st for his news, hapless mother!
In fight brother fell upon brother!
These terrible tidings *I* bring.

All around I hear cries of rejoicing;
The temples are decked; the song swelleth
From the hearts of the fratricides, voicing
Praise and thanks that are hateful to God.
Meantime from the Alps where he dwelleth
The stranger turns hither his vision,
And numbers with cruel derision
The brave that have bitten the sod.

Leave your games, leave your songs and exulting;
Fill again your battalions, and rally
Again to your banner! Insulting
The stranger descends, he is come!

Are ye feeble and few in your sally,
Ye victors? For this he descendeth!
'Tis for this that his challenge he sendeth
From the fields where your brothers lie dumb!

Thou that strait to thy children appearedst,
Thou that knew'st not in peace how to tend them,
Fatal land! now the stranger thou fearedst
Receive, with the judgment he brings!
A foe unprovoked to offend them
At thy board sitteth down and derideth,
The spoil of thy foolish divideth,
Strips the sword from the hand of thy kings.

Foolish he, too! What people was ever
For the bloodshedding blest, or oppression?
To the vanquished alone comes harm never;
To tears turns the wrong-doer's joy!
Though he 'scape through the years' long progression
Yet the vengeance eternal o'ertaketh
Him surely; it waiteth and waketh;
It seizes him at the last sigh!

We are all made in one likeness holy,
Ransomed all by one only redemption
Near or far, rich or poor, high or lowly,
Wherever we breathe in life's air;
We are brothers by one great pre-emption
Bound all; and accursed be its wronger,
Who would ruin by right of the stronger,
Wring the hearts of the weak with despair.

Translation of William D. Howells

THE FIFTH OF MAY

From 'Modern Italian Poets,' by W. D. Howells. Copyright 1887, by Harper & Brothers

HE PASSED: and as immovable
As, with the last sigh given,
Lay his own clay, oblivious,
From that great spirit riven,
So the world stricken and wondering
Stands at the tidings dread;

Mutely pondering the ultimate
Hour of that fateful being,
And in the vast futurity
No peer of his foreseeing
Among the countless myriads
Her blood-stained dust that tread.

Him on his throne and glorious
Silent saw I, that never—
When with awful vicissitude
He sank, rose, fell forever—
Mixed my voice with the numberless
Voices that pealed on high;
Guiltless of servile flattery
And of the scorn of coward,
Come I when darkness suddenly
On so great light hath lowered,
And offer a song at his sepulchre
That haply shall not die.

From the Alps unto the Pyramids,
From Rhine to Manzanares,
Unfailingly the thunderstroke
His lightning purpose carries;
Bursts from Scylla to Tanais,—
From one to the other sea.
Was it true glory?—Posterity,
Thine be the hard decision;
Bow we before the mightiest,
Who willed in him the vision
Of his creative majesty
Most grandly traced should be.

The eager and tempestuous
Joy of the great plan's hour,
The throe of the heart that controllessly
Burns with a dream of power,
And wins it, and seizes victory
It had seemed folly to hope,
All he hath known: the infinite
Rapture after the danger,
The flight, the throne of sovereignty,
The salt bread of the stranger;
Twice 'neath the feet of the worshipers,
Twice 'neath the altar's cope.

He spoke his name; two centuries,
Armèd and threatening either,
Turned unto him submissively,
As waiting fate together;
He made a silence, and arbiter
He sat between the two.
He vanished; his days in the idleness
Of his island prison spending,
Mark of immense malignity,
And of a pity unending,
Of hatred inappeasable,
Of deathless love and true.

As on the head of the mariner,
Its weight some billow heaping,
Falls, even while the castaway,
With strainèd sight far sweeping,
Scanneth the empty distances
For some dim sail in vain:
So over his soul the memories
Billowed and gathered ever;
How oft to tell posterity
Himself he did endeavor,
And on the pages helplessly
Fell his weary hand again.

How many times, when listlessly
In the long dull day's declining—
Downcast those glances fulminant,
His arms on his breast entwining—
He stood assailed by the memories
Of days that were passed away;
He thought of the camps, the arduous
Assaults, the shock of forces,
The lightning-flash of the infantry,
The billowy rush of horses,
The thrill in his supremacy,
The eagerness to obey.

Ah, haply in so great agony
His panting soul had ended
Despairing, but that potently
A hand, from heaven extended,
Into a clearer atmosphere
In mercy lifted him.

And led him on by blossoming
  Pathways of hope ascending
To deathless fields, to happiness
  All earthly dreams transcending,
Where in the glory celestial
    Earth's fame is dumb and dim.

Beautiful, deathless, beneficent
  Faith! used to triumphs, even
This also write exultantly:
  No loftier pride 'neath Heaven
Unto the shame of Calvary
    Stooped ever yet its crest.
Thou from his weary mortality
  Disperse all bitter passions:
The God that humbleth and hearteneth,
  That comforts and that chastens,
Upon the pillow else desolate
    To his pale lips lay pressed!

Translation of William D. Howells.

MARGUERITE D'ANGOULÊME

(1492–1549)

MARGUERITE D'ANGOULÊME, or as she is often styled, Marguerite de Navarre, or Marguerite de Valois, is chiefly known as a writer by the collection of stories entitled the 'Heptameron,' (in imitation of the 'Decameron' of Boccaccio,) her only prose work. But a considerable number of poetic writings of hers remain: «moralities,» pastorals, sad «comedies» and serious «farces,» — in Polonius's phrase, «scenes individable and poems unlimited,» with epistles in verse, and many dixains, chansons, and rondeaux. There are also two volumes of her Letters.

MARGARET OF NAVARRE

In all this literary production, there is but little that can now or could ever win much applause; but it wins the better meed of sympathy. Marguerite was no artist; she had no sense of form, she had no high aims in literature, she wrote with extraordinary carelessness and prolixity. It is only at moments that her style has grace and color, and still more rarely that it has force. But the feeling that moves her to write is always sincere. Her thoughts always spring from her own intelligence: and therefore while her writings have no touch of egotism, they reveal to a remarkable extent her inner life; and it is a life of peculiar interest. Her reader *listens* rather than reads as he turns her pages, and what he hears comes not merely from the printed word.

She made constant use of the dramatic form,—of dialogue,—and evidently from the same motive that Montaigne ascribes to Plato: «to utter with more decorum, through diverse mouths, the diversity and variations of her own thoughts.» There is great interest in discovering «her own thoughts» amid these diverse expressions, and this can only be done by becoming familiar with her life. The events in which she was concerned throw an important and touching light on her writings,—the only light by which they can be read intelligently. In this light her famous book 'Heptameron' completely changes its

character, and instead of being a collection of somewhat coarse and somewhat tedious stories set in a mere frame of dialogues, it becomes a series of interesting and suggestive conversations circling about historic tales.

A sketch of her life is therefore the proper introduction to her writings.

She must be distinguished from her great-niece, the daughter of Henri Deux, with whom she is sometimes confused,—another Marguerite de Valois, and a later Queen of Navarre,—who also was a writer of some importance. The first Marguerite was the sister of Francis the First. In this fact lies the key to the intimacies of her nature. All the affections the human heart is capable of centred for her in Francis. He was not only her brother and her friend, but he was respected by her like a father, and cared for by her like a son; he was (with a weight of meaning difficult of conception by modern minds) supremely her King; he was at moments almost her God. He repaid this fervor of devotion with a brotherly regard that satisfied her; but her content was a proof of her generosity.

Their youth was passed together in the pleasant Château d'Amboise; and their careful education—the education of the Renaissance—happily fostered in them inherited tastes for literature and art.

Marguerite was married at seventeen (in 1509) to the Duke d'Alençon, the first prince of the blood; and when, six years later, Francis became king, she was in a position and of an age to be conspicuous at court, where her intellectual vivacity and social grace made her eminent. Free and gay in speech, eager and joyous in spirit, she amused herself with the brilliant life and with her would-be lovers; and at other hours occupied herself with her books,—books often of divinity,—studies that were molding her character. «Elle s'adonna fort aux lettres en son jeune aage,» says one who knew her; and her interest also in the men who wrote the books of her day was great even then. From the first, she discerned and divined and recognized the most remarkable of the men who surrounded her.

But the startling contrasts that marked the career of King Francis all found their reverberating echo in the heart of Margaret, and made her something very different from a merely intellectual woman. In 1520 came the Field of the Cloth of Gold; in 1525 the battle of Pavia and Francis's imprisonment and illness at Madrid. Again, 1520 brought the appearance of Luther, and the next year the beginning of persecutions in France; but it was not till the King had gone to Italy that heretics were burned at the stake. That this comparative leniency was greatly due to Margaret's personal influence with the King is as unquestionable as that it is an error to consider her as

herself belonging to the party of the Reformers. Her generous nature could protect the Protestants all her life long, and sympathize with them so keenly as to cause her personal anguish, without sharing their beliefs. This exceptional largeness and liberality has caused Margaret's relation to the Reformation to be constantly and greatly misunderstood. Her personal character — her own nature — was less akin to the spirit of the Reformation than to that of the Renaissance.

The year 1524 was marked by domestic sorrows. Queen Claude died, truly lamented by her husband and his mother and sister; and two months later one of her little motherless girls died in Margaret's arms. It was probably the first time she had seen death: she had been summoned to the Queen's death-bed, and had hurriedly traveled thither, but had arrived too late. The death of little eight-year old Madame Charlotte after weeks of weary illness, spent by her aunt in tender watching, made a profound impression upon Margaret, and was the occasion of a poetical composition — the earliest in date of her extant writings — a dialogue «en forme de vision nocturne» between herself and «l'âme saincte de defuncte Madame Charlotte de France» concerning the happiness of the blessed dead.

In her somewhat mystical mind death was always a subject of meditation; and it is told of her that she once sat long by the bedside of one of her waiting-women whom she loved, who was near death; and she gazed upon her fixedly till the last breath was drawn. And when asked why she had thus eagerly watched, it appeared that she had longed to catch some sight, some sound, of the departing soul; «and she added,» says the contemporary account, «that if her faith were not very firm, she should not know what to think of this separation of the soul from the body; but that she would believe what God and his Church commanded without indulging in vain curiosity. And indeed she was a woman as devout as could be found and who often spoke of God and truly feared him.»

Within three months of the death of the Queen and Madame Charlotte, the King was a prisoner. Margaret's religious faith, put to the utmost test, supported her through days of measureless misery, of which there are very touching outbreaks and outpourings among her poems. Again two months, and her husband, the Duke d'Alençon, died. Many years later she wrote a touching and affectionate narrative in verse of the scenes she then witnessed.

The agony of her suffering at the King's defeat and imprisonment was in some measure lightened by being sent officially to him at Madrid, and empowered to enter into negotiations with Charles the Fifth for his release. Again we find the reflection of these events in her verses. Her position attracted wide interest, and a letter written to her by Erasmus expresses the general feeling:—

«I have been encouraged,» he says (in effect), «to address some condolences to you in the midst of the tempest of misfortune which now assails you. . . . Long have I admired the many excellent gifts that God has endowed you with. He has given you prudence, chastity, modesty, piety, invincible strength of mind, and a marvelous contempt for temporal things. . . . Therefore I am inspired with the desire to congratulate you rather than offer you consolation. Your misfortune is great, I acknowledge; but no event is terrible enough to overthrow a courage founded upon the rock of belief in Jesus Christ.»

This letter, written in Latin, did not need to be translated to Margaret. And not only did she read Latin easily, but she was familiar with the Greek dramatists and with Plato in the original.

Another period of Margaret's life opened in 1527, when her second marriage took place, with Henri d'Albret, the young King of Navarre (the nominal King), eleven years younger than herself. It was a marriage of passionate affection on her side, inspired in part, one may be sure, by the misfortunes of this valiant youth, who, taken captive with her brother, had been a prisoner like him for many months, and who had then presented himself at the French court, poor and friendless, but famed for his kindness and justice to his Béarnais subjects. He cannot but have been easily moved to ardent admiration for the sweet, attractive widow of thirty-five, whose recent remarkable sojourn at Madrid had made her famous; still more, she was the sister of the King of France, his liege lord, and recognized as the King's constant counselor. No question his wooing was vigorous. How strong Margaret's wishes must have been is shown by her withstanding the opposition of her brother for the only time in her life.

From the moment of this union date the unspeakable sorrows of Margaret's heart. The position she henceforth occupied as the queen of an outcast and mendicant king, and also as the wife of a soon alienated husband, was one burdened with tragic perplexities public and private. It involved among other bitter trials that of an enforced separation from her only child, Jeanne d'Albret.

The court Marguerite created at Pau and at Nérac, in the impoverished princedom of Béarn, was the meeting-ground of scholars and of poets, of charming women and light-hearted men. Even more, it was the refuge of men persecuted. She possessed the supreme womanly power that when herself in pain, she could comfort; when weak, she could protect; when poor, she could enrich. Her benevolence was one with beneficence. She was the great Consoler of her fellow countrymen,—and not of them alone. Her heart-beats sent vital force to all the numberless unknown suppliants whose eyes were turned toward her, as well as to her oppressed friends who safely put their trust in her.

This exceptional womanliness is to be felt in her writings; and of them as of her life it may be said:—

> «If her heart at high flood swamped her brain now and then
> 'Twas but richer for that when the tide ebbed agen.»

She died in 1549, killed by her brother's death two years before. It was in those last years that Rabelais addressed her as—

> «Abstracted spirit, rapt in ecstasies,
> Seeking thy birthplace, the familiar skies;»

but in the same breath he solicited her to listen to «the joyous deeds of good Pantagruel.» Nothing could more vividly note than this the various qualities that met in Margaret,—of sad mysticism and gay humor, of constant withdrawal from the world's vanities and unfailing interest in the world's intellectual achievements.

She has never been so well known, so intelligently understood, so carefully judged, and never so highly honored, as in our own generation. The French scholars of to-day have assigned to her her true place in history, and it is a noble one. But in her lifetime she was loved even more than she was honored: and still and always she will be loved by those who shall know her.

A FRAGMENT

GRIEF has given me such a wound
By an unbearable sorrow,
That almost my body dies
From the pain it feels in secret.
My spirit is in torment,
But it leans
On Him who gives the pain;
Who, causing the pain, comforts it.
My heart, which lived on love alone,
Is by sorrow wasted.
It resisted not since the fatal day
That it felt the stroke of death;
For of its life
From it was ravished,
The more than half
Joined to it in perfect friendship. . . .
Lord, who knowest me,
I have no voice to cry to Thee,

Nor can find words
Worthy to pray Thee with.
Thyself, O Lord,
May it please Thee Thyself to say
To Thyself what I would say.
Speak Thou, pray Thou.
And answer Thou for me.

DIXAINS

Or near, so near that in one bed our bodies lie,
And our wills become as one,
And our two hearts, if may be, touch,
And all is common to us both;
Or far, so far that importuning Love
May never tidings of you tell to me,
Who see you not, nor hear your voice, nor write,
So that for you my heart may cease to ache;
Thus it is that my desire is toward you,
For between these two, save dead, I cannot be.

[Ou près, si près que en un lict nos corps couchent,
Et nos vouloirs soyent uniz en un,
Et nos deux cœurs, si possible est, se touchent,
Et nostre tout soit à nous deux commun;
Ou loing, si loing que amour tant importun
De vos nouvelles à moy ne puisse dire,
Povre de veoir, de parler, et d'escrire,
Tant que de vous soit mon cœur insensible;
Voilà comment vivre avecq vous desire,
Car entre deux, sans mort, m'est impossible.]

II

Not near, so near that you could lie
Within my bed, shall ever be,
Or by love my heart or body touch,
Nor weight my honor by a whit.
If far, very far you go, I promise you
To hinder nowise your long wandering;
For neither near nor far have I the heart to love
Save with that love we all are fain to feel.

To be so near or far is no desire of a sage:
Please you, be loved between the two.

[Ne près, si près que vous puissiez coucher
Dedans mon lict, il n'adviendra jamais,
Ou par amour mon corps ou cœur toucher
Ny adjouster à mon honneur un mais.
Si loing, bien loing allez, je vous prometz
De n'empescher en rien vostre voyaige,
Car près ne loing d'aymer je n'ay couraige
Fors d'un amour dont chascun aymer veulx.
Soit près ou loing n'est desir d'homme saige:
Contentez vous d'estre aymé entre deux.]

FROM THE 'HEPTAMERON'

I

A LITTLE company of five ladies and five noble gentlemen have been interrupted in their travels by heavy rains and great floods, and find themselves together in a hospitable abbey. They while away the time as best they can, and the second day Parlemente says to the old Lady Oisille, "Madame, I wonder that you who have so much experience . . . do not think of some pastime to sweeten the gloom that our long delay here causes us." The other ladies echo her wishes, and all the gentlemen agree with them, and beg the Lady Oisille to be pleased to direct how they shall amuse themselves. She answers them:—

"MY CHILDREN, you ask of me something that I find very difficult,—to teach you a pastime that can deliver you from your sadness; for having sought some such remedy all my life I have never found but one—the reading of Holy Writ; in which is found the true and perfect joy of the mind, from which proceed the comfort and health of the body. And if you ask me what keeps me so joyous and so healthy in my old age, it is that as soon as I rise I take and read the Holy Scriptures, seeing and contemplating the will of God, who for our sakes sent his Son on earth to announce this holy word and good news, by which he promises remission of sins, satisfaction for all duties by the gift he makes us of his love, Passion and merits. This consideration gives me so much joy that I take my Psalter and as humbly as

I can I sing with my heart and pronounce with my tongue the beautiful psalms and canticles that the Holy Spirit wrote in the heart of David and of other authors. And this contentment that I have in them does me so much good that the ills that every day may happen to me seem to me to be blessings, seeing that I have in my heart, by faith, Him who has borne them for me. Likewise, before supper, I retire, to pasture my soul in reading; and then, in the evening, I call to mind what I have done in the past day, in order to ask pardon for my faults, and to thank Him for his kindnesses, and in His love, fear and peace I repose, assured against all ills. Wherefore, my children, this is the pastime in which I have long stayed my steps, after having searched all things, where I found no content for my spirit. It seems to me that if every morning you will give an hour to reading, and then, during mass, devoutly say your prayers, you will find in this desert the same beauty as in cities; for he who knows God, sees all beautiful things in him, and without him all is ugliness."

Her nine companions are not quite of this pious mind, and pray her to remember that when they are at home the men have hunting and hawking, and the ladies have their household affairs and needlework, and sometimes dancing; and that they need something to take the place of all these things. At last it is decided that in the morning the Lady Oisille should read to them of the life led by Our Lord Jesus Christ; and in the afternoon, from after dinner to vespers, they should tell tales like those of Boccaccio.

II

One of the tales opens thus:—

"In the city of Saragossa there was a rich merchant who, seeing his death draw nigh, and that he could no longer retain his possessions, which perhaps he had acquired with bad faith, thought that by making some little present to God he might satisfy in part for his sins, after his death,—as if God gave his grace for money."

So he ordered his wife to sell a fine Spanish horse he had, as soon as he was gone, and give its price to the poor. But when the burial was over, the wife, "who was as little of a simpleton as Spanish women are wont to be," told her man-servant to sell the horse indeed, but to sell him for a ducat, while the purchaser must at

the same time buy her cat, and for the cat must be paid ninety-nine ducats. So said, so done; and the Mendicant Friars received one ducat, and she and her children ninety-and-nine.

"In your opinion," asks Namerfide in conclusion, "was not this woman much wiser than her husband? and should she have cared as much for his conscience as for the good of her household?"—"I think," said Parlamente, "that she loved her husband well, but seeing that most men are not of sound mind on their death-beds, she, who knew his intention, chose to interpret it for the profit of his children, which I think very wise."—"But," said Gebaron, "don't you think it a great fault to fail to carry out the wills of dead friends?"—"Indeed I do," said Parlamente, provided the testator is of good sense and of sound mind."—"Do you call it not being of sound mind to give our goods to the Church and the Mendicant Friars?"—"I don't call it wanting in sound-mindedness," said Parlamente, "when a man distributes among the poor what God has put in his power; but to give alms with what belongs to others I do not consider high wisdom, for you will see constantly the greatest usurers there are, build the most beautiful and sumptuous chapels that can be seen, wishing to appease God for a hundred thousand ducats' worth of robbery by ten thousand ducats' worth of buildings, as if God did not know how to count."

"Truly I have often marveled at this," said Oisille; "how do they think to appease God by the things that he himself, when on earth, reprobated, such as great buildings, gildings, decorations, and paintings? But, if they rightly understood what God has said in one passage, that for all sacrifice he asks of us a contrite and humble heart, and in another St. Paul says we are the temple of God in which he desires to dwell, they would have taken pains to adorn their consciences while they were alive; not waiting for the hour when a man can no longer do either well or ill, and even what is worse, burdening those who survive them with giving their alms to those they would not have deigned to look at while they were alive. But He who knows the heart cannot be deceived, and will judge them, not only according to their works, but according to the faith and charity they have had in Him." "Why is it then," said Gebaron, "that these Gray Friars and Mendicant Friars sing no other song to us on our death-beds save that we should give much wealth to their monasteries,

assuring us that that will carry us to Paradise, willy-nilly?" "Ah! Gebaron," said Hircan, "have you forgotten the wickedness that you yourself have related to us of the Gray Friars, that you ask how it is possible for such people to lie? I declare to you that I do not think that there can be in the world greater lies than theirs. And yet those men cannot be blamed who speak for the good of the whole community, but there are those who forget their vow of poverty to satisfy their avarice." "It seems to me, Hircan," said Nomerfide, "that you know something about such a one; I pray you, if it be worthy of this company, that you will be pleased to tell it to us." "I am willing," said Hircan, "although I dislike to speak of this sort of people, for it seems to me that they are of the same kind as those of whom Virgil said to Dante, 'Pass on, and heed them not' ('Passe oultre et n'en tiens compte')."

III

THE following conversation contains the comments on a tale told of the virtuous young wife of an unfaithful husband, who by dint of patience and discretion regained his affection; so that "they lived together in such great friendship that even his just faults by the good they had brought about increased their contentment."

"I BEG you, ladies," continues the narrator, "if God give you such husbands, not to despair till you have long tried every means to reclaim them; for there are twenty-four hours in a day in which a man may change his way of thinking, and a woman should deem herself happier to have won her husband by patience and long effort than if fortune and her parents had given her a more perfect one." "Yes," said Oisille, "this is an example for all married women."—"Let her follow this example who will," said Parlamente: "but as for me, it would not be possible for me to have such long patience; for, however true it may be that in all estates patience is a fine virtue, it's my opinion that in marriage it brings about at last unfriendliness; because, suffering unkindness from a fellow being, one is forced to separate from him as far as possible, and from this separation arises a contempt for the fault of the disloyal one, and in this contempt little by little love diminishes; for it is what is valued that is loved."—"But there is danger," said Ennarsuite, "that the impatient wife may find a furious husband, who would give her pain in lieu of

patience."—"But what could a husband do," said Parlamente, "save what has been recounted in this story?" "What could he do?" said Ennarsuite: "he could beat his wife." . . .

"I think," said Parlamente, "that a good woman would not be so grieved in being beaten out of anger, as in being contemptuously treated by a man who does not care for her, and after having endured the suffering of the loss of his friendship, nothing the husband might do would cause her much concern. And besides, the story says that the trouble she took to draw him back to her was because of her love for her children, and I believe it."—"And do you think it was so very patient of her," said Nomerfide, "to set fire to the bed in which her husband was sleeping?"—"Yes," said Longarine, "for when she saw the smoke she awoke him; and that was just the thing where she was most in fault, for of such husbands as those the ashes are good to make lye for the washtub."—"You are cruel, Longarine," said Oisille, "and you did not live in such fashion with your husband."—No," said Longarine, "for, God be thanked, he never gave me such occasion, but reason to regret him all my life, instead of to complain of him."—"And if he had treated you in this way," said Nomerfide, "what would you have done?"—"I loved him so much," said Longarine, "that I think I should have killed him and then killed myself; for to die after such vengeance would be pleasanter to me than to live faithfully with a faithless husband."

"As far as I see," said Hircan, "you love your husbands only for yourselves. If they are good after your own heart, you love them well; if they commit towards you the least fault in the world, they have lost their week's work by a Saturday. The long and the short is that you want to be mistresses; for my part I am of your mind, provided all the husbands also agree to it."—"It is reasonable," said Parlamente, "that the man rule us as our head, but not that he desert us or ill-treat us."—"God," said Oisille, "has set in such due order the man and the woman that if the marriage estate is not abused, I hold it to be one of the most beautiful and stable conditions in the world; and I am sure that all those here present, whatever air they assume, think no less highly of it. And forasmuch as men say they are wiser than women, they should be more sharply punished when the fault is on their side. But we have talked enough on this subject."

IV

"It seems to me, since the passage from one life to another is inevitable, that the shortest death is the best. I consider fortunate those who do not dwell in the suburbs of death, and who from that felicity which alone in this world can be called felicity pass suddenly to that which is eternal."—"What do you call the suburbs of death?" said Simortault.—"I mean that those who have many tribulations, and those also who have long been sick, those who by extremity of bodily or mental pain, have come to hold death in contempt and to find its hour too tardy,—all these have wandered in the suburbs of death, and will tell you the hostelries where they have more wept than slept."

V

"Do you count as nothing the shame she underwent, and her imprisonment?"

"I think that one who loves perfectly, with a love in harmony with the commands of God, knows neither shame nor dishonor save when the perfection of her love fails or is diminished; for the glory of true loves knows not shame: and as to the imprisonment of her body, I believe that through the freedom of her heart which was united with God and with her husband, she did not feel it, but considered its solitude very great liberty; for to one who cannot see the beloved, there is no greater good than to think incessantly of him, and the prison is never narrow where the thought can range at will."

VI

"In good faith I am astonished at the diversity in the nature of women's love: and I see clearly that those who have most love have most virtue; but those who have less love, dissimulate, wishing to feign virtue."

"It is true," said Parlamente, "that a heart pure towards God and man, loves more strongly than one that is vicious, and it fears not to have its very thoughts known."

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

(1564–1593)

Two months before the birth of William Shakespeare, on February 26th, 1564, John Marlowe, shoemaker in the ancient town of Canterbury, carried a baby boy, his first son, to be baptized in the Church of St. George the Martyr. John Marlowe was a «clarke of Saint Marie's church,» and member of the Shoemakers' and Tanners' Guild. He may have been a man of sufficient means to give his son a liberal education; or some rich gentleman, Sir John Manwood perhaps, may have interested himself in the gifted lad. At any rate Christopher went to the King's School, Canterbury, where fifty pupils were taught gratuitously and allowed £4 a year each; and there he was a diligent scholar, for it is recorded that in 1579 he received an allowance of £1 for each of the first three terms. From school he was sent to Benet—now Corpus Christi—College, Cambridge; where he obtained the degree of B. A. in 1583, and that of M. A. in 1587. His translations of Ovid's elegies were probably begun, if not completed, during his years at the university. There are slight indications in his poems that he may have been a soldier for a time, and served during the Netherlands campaign. Probably, however, he went at once to London from Cambridge,—«a boy in years, a man in genius, a god in ambition,» as Swinburne says,—and began his struggle for fame and fortune. Like many another young poet, he may have gone on the stage; but it is said that he was soon after incapacitated for acting, by an accident which lamed him. He attached himself as playwright to a prominent dramatic company,—that of the Earl of Nottingham, the Lord Admiral.

He was a dashing fellow, witty and daring, «the darling of the town,» and with a gift for making friends. He was a protégé of Thomas Walsingham, and gallant Sir Walter Raleigh found him a congenial spirit. He knew Kyd, Nash, Greene, Chapman, and very likely Shakespeare too. Of all the brilliant group that glorify Elizabethan literature, there is no more striking or typical figure than Marlowe's own. He was the very embodiment of the Renascence spirit, with energies all vitalized and athirst for both spiritual and sensual satisfactions. His gay-hearted, passionate, undisciplined nature was too exorbitant in demand to find content. To his pagan soul beauty and pleasure were ultimate aims, orthodox faith and observances impossible. So for a few mad years he dreamed and wrote,

loved and feasted, starved sometimes, perhaps; and then at twenty-nine, when he had tried all possible experiences, his wild, brilliant young life suddenly ended. His irreligious scoffing, doubtless exaggerated from mouth to mouth, led finally to a warrant for his arrest. Evading this, he had gone to the small town of Deptford, and there, June 1593, while at the tavern, he became engaged in a drunken scuffle in which he was fatally stabbed.

Marlowe's first play, 'Tamburlaine,' must have been written before he was twenty-four. Like many of his contemporaries, he always borrowed his plots; and this one he took from 'Foreste,' a translation from the Spanish made by Thomas Fortescue. His treatment of it was a conscious effort to revolutionize dramatic poetry; for «jiggling veins of rhyming mother wits» to substitute «high astounding terms»; and it is his great distinction that with 'Tamburlaine' he established blank verse in the English drama. From the appearance of 'Gorboduc' in 1562 there had been blank or rimeless verse; but the customary form of dramatic expression was in tediously monotonous heroic couplets, whether they suited the subject or not. Marlowe was the first of the English dramatists to understand that thought and expression should be in harmony. His original spirit refused dictation; and he developed a rich sonorous line, the beauty of which was recognized at once. His musical ear and poetic instinct guided him to hitherto forbidden licenses,—variety in the management of the cæsura, feminine rhymes, run-on lines, the introduction of other than iambic measures; and thus he secured an elasticity of metre which permanently enriched English poetry. His creative daring stifled a cold and formal classicism, inaugurated our romantic drama, and served as guiding indication to Shakespeare himself. But although certain verses of 'Tamburlaine' cling to the reader's memory as perfect in poetic feeling and harmony, the greater part of it is mere «bombast» to modern taste. Even in Marlowe's day his exaggerations excited ridicule, and quotations from his dramas became town catchwords. But the spontaneous passion of his impossible conceptions gave them a force which impressed the public. 'Tamburlaine' was immensely popular, and the sequel or Part Second was enthusiastically received. Many critics since Ben Jonson have discussed «Marlowe's mighty line» and honored its influence; and his fellow writers were quick to follow his example.

The Faust legend, traceable back to the sixth century, finally drifted over to England, where in ballad form, founded upon the 'Volksbuch' by Spiess, it appeared in 1587, and probably soon caught Marlowe's attention. His play of 'Dr. Faustus' was given in 1588, and was very highly praised. It is said that Goethe, who thought of translating it, exclaimed admiringly, «How greatly it is all planned!»

Compared with the harmonic unity of form and matter in Goethe's 'Faust,' Marlowe's work seems childish in construction, uneven and faulty in expression. But there are certain passages—for example, the thrilling passion of the invocation to Helen, and the final despair of Faustus—of positive poetic splendor.

In the 'Jew of Malta' there are fine passages which show Marlowe's increasing mastery of his line. But in spite of its descriptive color and force, and keen touches of characterization, it was less successful than 'Tamburlaine,' and is perhaps most noteworthy now for the obvious parallelism of certain scenes with those of the later 'Merchant of Venice.'

'Edward II.,' founded upon Robert Fabyan's 'Chronicle' or 'Concordance of Histories,' is structurally the best of Marlowe's plays, and contains finely pathetic verse which bears comparison with that of Shakespeare's historical dramas. The poet as he grows older seems to take a broader, more sympathetic view of life; and therefore he begins to understand feelings more normal than the infinite ambitions of Faustus and Tamburlaine, and becomes more skillful in the portrayal of character. There is little of his earlier exaggeration.

The two shorter dramas—'The Massacre of Paris,' and 'Dido, Queen of Carthage'—were written in collaboration with other playwrights.

No one can read Marlowe carefully without feeling that the social influences of his time made him a dramatist, and that he was by nature a lyric poet. He was intensely subjective, and incapable of taking an impersonal and comprehensive point of view. He always expresses his own aspiration for fame, or joy, or satisfaction, transcending anything earth can offer. «That like I best that flies beyond my reach.» This preoccupation with imaginative ideals made it impossible for him to understand every-day human nature. Hence no touch of humor vitalizes his work; and hence his efforts to depict women are always vague and unsatisfactory. He is at his best when expressing his own passions,—his adoration of light and color, of gold and sparkling gems, of milk-white beauties with rippling brilliant hair. Like the other men of his time, he loved nature: delighted in tinkling waters, wide skies, gay velvety blossoms. He is a thorough sensualist; frankly, ardently so in 'Hero and Leander,'—that beautiful love poem, a paraphrase of Musach's poem, of which he wrote the first two sestiads, and which after his death was finished by Chapman. Every one knows the lines, written in much the same spirit, of 'The Passionate Shepherd to his Love'; «that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe,» as Izaak Walton says. It had many imitations, and a charming response from the pen of Sir Walter Raleigh.

It has been suggested that Shakespeare in his early days may have looked enviously at the successful young Marlowe. This erring idealist aimed high, and left a lasting imprint upon English literature. He reached fame very quickly; made more friends than enemies; and his early death called out many tributes of love and admiration. Michael Drayton wrote of him:—

> «Next Marlowe, bathèd in the Thespian Springs,
> Had in him those brave translunary things
> That the first poets had: his raptures were
> All air and fire, which made his verses clear;
> For that fine madness still he did retain,
> Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.»

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, and hills, and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair linèd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

FROM 'TAMBURLAINE'

Alarms of battle within. Enter Cosroe, *wounded, and* Tamburlaine

COSROE — Barbarous and bloody Tamburlaine,
Thus to deprive me of my crown and life!
Treacherous and false Theridamas,
Even at the morning of my happy state,
Scarce being seated in my royal throne,
To work my downfall and untimely end!
An uncouth pain torments my grievèd soul,
And death arrests the organ of my voice,
Who, entering at the breach thy sword hath made,
Sacks every vein and artier of my heart. —
Bloody and insatiate Tamburlaine!

Tamburlaine —
The thirst of reign and sweetness of a crown
That caused the eldest son of heavenly Ops
To thrust his doting father from his chair,
And place himself in the empyreal heaven,
Moved me to manage arms against thy state.
What better precedent than mighty Jove?
Nature that framed us of four elements,
Warring within our breasts for regiment,
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds.
Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the world,
And measure every wandering planet's course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And always moving as the restless spheres,
Will us to wear ourselves, and never rest,
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all,—
That perfect bliss and sole delicity,
The sweet fruition of an earthly crown.

FROM 'TAMBURLAINE'

AH, FAIR Zenocrate! — divine Zenocrate! —
Fair is too foul an epithet for thee,
That in thy passion for thy country's love,
And fear to see thy kingly father's harm,
With hair disheveled wip'st thy watery cheeks;
And like to Flora in her morning pride,
Shaking her silver tresses in the air,

Rain'st on the earth resolvèd pearl in showers,
And sprinklest sapphires on thy shining face,
Where Beauty, mother to the Muses, sits
And comments volumes with her ivory pen,
Taking instructions from thy flowing eyes;
Eyes that, when Ebena steps to heaven,
In silence of thy solemn evening's walk,
Make, in the mantle of the richest night,
The moon, the planets, and the meteors, light.
There angels in their crystal armors fight
A doubtful battle with my tempted thoughts,
For Egypt's freedom and the Soldan's life;
His life that so consumes Zenocrate,
Whose sorrows lay more siege unto my soul,
Than all my army to Damascus's walls:
And neither Persia's sovereign, nor the Turk,
Troubled my senses with conceit of foil
So much by much as doth Zenocrate.
What is beauty, saith my sufferings, then?
If all the pens that ever poets held
Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,
And every sweetness that inspired their hearts,
Their minds, and muses on admirèd themes;
If all the heavenly quintessence they still
From their immortal flowers of poesy,
Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit;
If these had made one poem's period,
And all combined in beauty's worthiness,
Yet should there hover in their restless heads
One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least
Which into words no virtue can digest.
But how unseemly is it for my sex,
My discipline of arms and chivalry,
My nature, and the terror of my name,
To harbor thoughts effeminate and faint!
Save only that in beauty's just applause,
With whose instinct the soul of man is touched;
And every warrior that is wrapt with love
Of fame, of valor, and of victory,
Must needs have beauty beat on his conceits:
I thus conceiving and subduing both
That which hath stooped the chiefest of the gods,
Even from the fiery-spangled veil of heaven,

To feel the lowly warmth of shepherds' flames,
And mask in cottages of strowèd reeds,
Shall give the world to note for all my birth,
That virtue solely is the sum of glory,
And fashions men with true nobility.

FROM 'TAMBURLAINE'

TAMBURLAINE—But now, my boys, leave off and list to me,
That mean to teach you rudiments of war:
I'll have you learn to sleep upon the ground,
March in your armor thorough watery fens,
Sustain the scorching heat and freezing cold,
Hunger and thirst, right adjuncts of the war,
And after this to scale a castle wall,
Besiege a fort, to undermine a town,
And make whole cities caper in the air.
Then next the way to fortify your men:
In champion grounds, what figure serves you best,
For which the quinque-angle form is meet,
Because the corners there may fall more flat
Whereas the fort may fittest be assailed,
And sharpest where the assault is desperate.
The ditches must be deep; the counterscarps
Narrow and steep; the walls made high and broad:
The bulwarks and the rampires large and strong,
With cavalieros and thick counterforts,
And room within to lodge six thousand men.
It must have privy ditches, countermines,
And secret issuings to defend the ditch;
It must have high argins and covered ways,
To keep the bulwark fronts from battery,
And parapets to hide the musketers;
Casemates to place the great artillery;
And store of ordnance, that from every flank
May scour the outward curtains of the fort,
Dismount the cannon of the adverse part,
Murder the foe, and save the walls from breach.
When this is learned for service on the land,
By plain and easy demonstration
I'll teach you how to make the water mount,
That you may dry-foot march through lakes and pools,

Deep rivers, havens, creeks, and little seas,
And make a fortress in the raging waves,
Fencèd with the concave of monstrous rock,
Invincible by nature of the place.
When this is done then are ye soldiers,
And worthy sons of Tamburlaine the Great.

Calyphas— My lord, but this is dangerous to be done:
We may be slain or wounded ere we learn.

Tamburlaine—

Villain! Art thou the son of Tamburlaine,
And fear'st to die, or with a curtle-axe
To hew thy flesh, and make a gaping wound?
Hast thou beheld a peal of ordnance strike
A ring of pikes, mingled with shot and horse,
Whose shattered limbs, being tossed as high as Heaven,
Hang in the air as thick as sunny motes,
And canst thou, coward, stand in fear of death?
Hast thou not seen my horsemen charge the foe,
Shot through the arms, cut overthwart the hands,
Dyeing their lances with their streaming blood,
And yet at night carouse within my tent,
Filling their empty veins with airy wine,
That, being concocted, turns to crimson blood,—
And wilt thou shun the field for fear of wounds?
View me, thy father, that hath conquered kings,
And with his horse marched round about the earth
Quite void of scars and clear from any wound,
That by the wars lost not a drop of blood,—
And see him lance his flesh to teach you all.

[*He cuts his arm.*

A wound is nothing, be it ne'er so deep;
Blood is the god of war's rich livery.
Now look I like a soldier, and this wound
As great a grace and majesty to me,
As if a chain of gold, enamelèd,
Enchased with diamonds, sapphires, rubies,
And fairest pearl of wealthy India,
Were mounted here under a canopy,
And I sate down clothed with a massy robe,
That late adorned the Afric potentate,
Whom I brought bound unto Damascus's walls.
Come, boys, and with your fingers search my wound,
And in my blood wash all your hands at once,

While I sit smiling to behold the sight.
Now, my boys, what think ye of a wound?

Calyphas— I know not what I should think of it; methinks it is a pitiful sight.

Celebinus— 'Tis nothing: give me a wound, father.

Amyras— And me another, my lord.

Tamburlaine—
Come, sirrah, give me your arm.

Celebinus— Here, father, cut it bravely, as you did your own.

Tamburlaine—
It shall suffice thou darest abide a wound:
My boy, thou shalt not lose a drop of blood
Before we meet the army of the Turk;
But then run desperate through the thickest throngs,
Dreadless of blows, of bloody wounds, and death;
And let the burning of Larissa-walls,
My speech of war, and this my wound you see,
Teach you, my boys, to bear courageous minds
Fit for the followers of great Tamburlaine!

INVOCATION TO HELEN

From 'Doctor Faustus'

FAUSTUS—Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.
[*Kisses her.*
Her lips suck forth my soul; see where it flies!—
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for Heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy, shall Wertenberg be sacked;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colors on my plumèd crest;
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appeared to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky

In wanton Arethusa's azured arms:
And none but thou shalt be my paramour.

Ah, Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damned perpetually!
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come;
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
O lente, lente, currite noctis equi!
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The Devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.
Oh, I'll leap up to my God! Who pulls me down?
See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
One drop would save my soul!—half a drop; ah, my Christ!
Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!
Yet will I call on him: O spare me, Lucifer!—
Where is it now? 'tis gone; and see where God
Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows!
Mountain and hills come, come and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!
No! No!
Then will I headlong run into the earth;
Earth gape! Oh, no, it will not harbor me!
You stars that reigned at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist
Into the entrails of yon laboring clouds,
That when they vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from their smoky mouths,
So that my soul may but ascend to heaven.

[*The clock strikes the half-hour.*]

Ah, half the hour is past! 'twill all be past anon!
O God!
If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
Yet for Christ's sake whose blood hath ransomed me,
Impose some end to my incessant pain;
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years—
A hundred thousand, and—at last—be saved!

Oh, no end is limited to damnèd souls!
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Ah, Pythagoras's metempsychosis! were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be changed
Unto some brutish beast! all beasts are happy,
For, when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolved in elements;
But mine must live, still to be plagued in hell.
Curst be the parents that engendered me!
No, Faustus: curse thyself; curse Lucifer
That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven.

[*The clock strikes twelve.*]

Oh, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.

[*Thunder and lightning.*]

O soul, be changed into little water-drops,
And fall into the ocean—ne'er be found.

Enter Devils

My God! my God! look not so fierce on me!
Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile!
Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books!—Ah, Mephistophilis!

[*Exeunt Devils with Faustus.*]

Enter Chorus

Chorus—Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough,
That sometime grew within this learnèd man.
Faustus is gone: regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise
Only to wonder at unlawful things,
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practice more than heavenly power permits. [*Exit.*

FROM 'EDWARD THE SECOND'

KING EDWARD—
Who's there? what light is that? wherefore com'st thou?
Lightborn—To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.
King Edward—
Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks.
Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.
Lightborn— To murder you, my most gracious lord!
Far is it from my heart to do you harm.
The Queen sent me to see how you were used,
For she relents at this your misery;
And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,
To see a king in this most piteous state?
King Edward—
Weep'st thou already? List awhile to me:
And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,
Or as Matrevis's, hewn from the Caucasus,
Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale.
This dungeon where they keep me is the sink
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.
Lightborn— O villains!
King Edward—
And there in mire and puddle have I stood
This ten days' space; and lest that I should sleep,
One plays continually upon a drum;
They give me bread and water, being a king:
So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
My mind's distempered, and my body's numbed;
And whether I have limbs or no I know not.
Oh, would my blood dropped out from every vein,
As doth this water from my tattered robes.
Tell Isabel, the queen, I looked not thus
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
And there unhorsed the Duke of Cleremont.
Lightborn— Oh, speak no more, my lord! This breaks my heart.
Lie on this bed, and rest yourself awhile.
King Edward—
These looks of thine can harbor naught but death:
I see my tragedy written in thy brows.
Yet stay: awhile forbear thy bloody hand,
And let me see the stroke before it comes,
That even then, when I shall lose my life,
My mind may be more steadfast on my God.

Lightborn — What means your Highness to mistrust me thus?
King Edward —
What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus?
Lightborn — These hands were never stained with innocent blood,
Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.
King Edward —
Forgive my thought for having such a thought.
One jewel have I left; receive thou this. [*Giving jewel.*]
Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,
But every joint shakes as I give it thee.
Oh, if thou harborest murder in thy heart,
Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul.
Know that I am a king — oh, at that name
I feel a hell of grief! Where is my crown?
Gone, gone! and do I still remain alive?
Lightborn — You're overwatched, my lord: lie down and rest.
King Edward —
But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep;
For not these ten days have these eyelids closed.
Now as I speak they fall; and yet with fear
Open again. Oh, wherefore sitt'st thou here?
Lightborn — If you mistrust me, I'll begone, my lord.
King Edward —
No, no: for if thou mean'st to murder me,
Thou wilt return again; and therefore stay. [*Sleeps.*]
Lightborn — He sleeps.
King Edward [*waking*] —
Oh, let me not die yet! Oh, stay a while!
Lightborn — How now, my lord?
King Edward —
Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me if I sleep I never wake;
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus.
And therefore tell me, Wherefore art thou come?
Lightborn — To rid thee of thy life. — Matrevis, come!

Enter Matrevis *and* Gurney

King Edward —
I am too weak and feeble to resist:
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul!
Lightborn — Run for the table.
King Edward —
Oh, spare me, or dispatch me in a trice.

[*Matrevis brings in a table.*]

Lightborn— So, lay the table down, and stamp on it,
But not too hard, lest that you bruise his body.

[*King Edward is murdered.*]

Matrevis— I fear me that this cry will raise the town,
And therefore, let us take horse and away.
Lightborn— Tell me, sirs, was it not bravely done?
Gurney— Excellent well: take this for thy reward.

[*Gurney stabs Lightborn, who dies.*]

Come, let us cast the body in the moat,
And bear the King's to Mortimer our lord!
Away! [*Exeunt with the bodies.*

FROM 'THE JEW OF MALTA'

BARABAS—So that of thus much that return was made;
And of the third part of the Persian ships,
There was the venture summed and satisfied.
As for those Sabans, and the men of Uz,
That bought my Spanish oils and wines of Greece,
Here have I purst their paltry silverlings.
Fie; what a trouble 'tis to count this trash!
Well fare the Arabians, who so richly pay
The things they traffic for with wedge of gold,
Whereof a man may easily in a day
Tell that which may maintain him all his life.
The needy groom that never fingered groat
Would make a miracle of thus much coin;
But he whose steel-barred coffers are crammed full,
And all his lifetime hath been tired,
Wearying his fingers' ends with telling it,
Would in his age be loth to labor so,
And for a pound to sweat himself to death.
Give me the merchants of the Indian mines,
That trade in metal of the purest mold;
The wealthy Moor, that in the eastern rocks
Without control can pick his riches up,
And in his house heap pearls like pebble-stones,
Receive them free, and sell them by the weight;
Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
Jacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,

Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
And seld-seen costly stones of so great price,
As one of them indifferently rated,
And of a carat of this quantity,
May serve in peril of calamity
To ransom great kings from captivity.
This is the ware wherein consists my wealth;
And thus methinks should men of judgment frame
Their means of traffic from the vulgar trade,
And as their wealth increaseth, so inclose
Infinite riches in a little room. . . .

These are the blessings promised to the Jews,
And herein was old Abram's happiness:
What more may Heaven do for earthly man
Than thus to pour out plenty in their laps,
Ripping the bowels of the earth for them,
Making the seas their servants, and the winds
To drive their substance with successful blasts?
Who hateth me but for my happiness?
Or who is honored now but for his wealth?
Rather had I a Jew be hated thus,
Than pitied in a Christian poverty:
For I can see no fruits in all their faith,
But malice, falsehood, and excessive pride,
Which methinks fits not their profession.
Haply some hapless man hath conscience,
And for his conscience lives in beggary.
They say we are a scattered nation;
I cannot tell, but we have scambled up
More wealth by far than those that brag of faith.
There's Kirriah Jairim, the great Jew of Greece,
Obed in Bairseth, Nones in Portugal,
Myself in Malta, some in Italy,
Many in France, and wealthy every one;
Ay, wealthier far than any Christian.
I must confess we come not to be kings:
That's not our fault; alas, our number's few,
And crowns come either by succession,
Or urged by force; and nothing violent,
Oft have I heard tell, can be permanent.
Give us a peaceful rule; make Christians kings,
That thirst so much for principality.

CLÉMENT MAROT

(1497–1544)

THE quality that gives a peculiar charm to the verses of Marot is the blending of gayety and gravity. With light touches he expresses serious feeling, and the sincerity of his sentiment suffers no wrong from the fantastic dress of the period. His Muse wears a particolored robe; not that of Folly, but a garment of rich and noble patches, in which velvets and brocades oddly harmonize with the homespun they strengthen and adorn. It is because they are the velvets and brocades of the Renaissance, any scrap or shred of which had a decorative value. And still another material is to be observed: the strong linen of the Reformation, whose whiteness endues with the more picturesqueness the brilliant colors.

CLÉMENT MAROT

The poetic life of Clément Marot opened on the plane of pedantry, and closed on that of preaching; but between these two conditions — each of them the consequence of the influences of the time — his own individuality asserted itself in countless humorous, delicate, charming, exquisite «epistles» and «elegies,» «epitaphs» and «étrennes» and «ballades,» «dizains,» «rondeaux,» and «chansons,» and in «epigrammes,» — some of them coarse and cynical, and some to be counted among his best and most original work. He wrote also «eclogues»; and one on the death of the queen mother, Luise of Savoie, is considered a masterpiece. Two other kinds of composition in which he also excelled had in the sixteenth century a great vogue: the «blazon» and the «coq à l'âne.» The «blazons» were eulogistic or satirical descriptions of different parts of an object; they were devoted by the gallantry of the day to the description of a woman's eyebrow or eyes, or hand, or more intimate parts of the body. The two «blazons» of Marot ('Du Beau Tetin' and 'Du Layd Tetin') inspired a whole series of productions of the same kind from contemporary versifiers. The pieces called «coq à l'âne» were, before Marot, a *jeu d'esprit* of incoherent verses. Marot gave them a new character by making able use of this apparent incoherency to veil satirical attacks on formidable enemies.

It has been prettily said that he was as the bee among poets,—delicately winged, honey-making, and with a sting for self-defense.

Born in 1497, the son of a secretary of Queen Anne of Brittany, in 1515 the youthful poet presented to the youthful King (Francis the First) a poetical composition, the longest he ever wrote, entitled 'Le Temple de Cupido.' In 1519 he—"Le Despourveu," as he styled himself—was attached to the court of Marguerite (the sister of Francis), then the Duchesse d'Alençon. Five years later he became one of her pensioners, and through all his after life he was cared for and protected by her. In 1528 he was made one of the King's household, and at this moment his powers attained their highest point. The court, as he himself says, was his true "schoolmistress." In 1532 appeared the first collection of his verses.

But for some years previously his half-heretical opinions had drawn trouble upon him, protest as he might

> "Point ne suis Lutheriste,
> Ne Zuinglien, et moins Anabaptiste;
> Je suis de Dieu par son fils Jesuchrist."

In 1526 he suffered imprisonment for a few weeks, and this imprisonment was the occasion of a long poem entitled 'Hell,'—a satire on the tribunal and prison of the Châtelet. This "si gentil œuvre" was first printed at Antwerp, and was reprinted some years later by Estienne Dolet, "in the most beautiful form," he says, "and with the most ornament possible to me, . . . because in reading it I have found it free from anything scandalous respecting God and religion, and not containing anything against the majesty of princes." It was of such crimes that Marot had been accused.

In 1531 he was again brought before the Parliament, and once more he was summoned in 1535. The matter now looked so serious that he thought it best to fly to Ferrara, to the court of Renée of France, where he found himself in company with Calvin. The personal unhappiness of the Princess Renée made a profound impression on Marot. He saw this ardent protectress of the Protestants to be sadly in need herself of protection; and more than once, at this time and later, he addressed to her, and to others regarding her, strains of heartfelt compassion. Her ducal husband Ercole d'Este—the enemy of her friends—swept out of the city as with a besom all her protégés as often as he could; and Marot was soon obliged to make his way to Venice. Within the year, however, he received permission to return to France, and was once more high in the King's favor.

But the immense, wide-spread success of a translation of some of the Psalms he now made again roused the Sorbonne; and he was forced to take refuge at Turin, where he died in 1544. Two years later his friend Estienne Dolet was burned at the stake.

Such was the outward career of this vivid, eager poet. He was perhaps, in his relations to the world, audacious rather than bold; in his relations to the other world, a lover of novelty rather than of truth; as a man, somewhat vain and boastful, somewhat licentious in a licentious age,—but he wrote verses that disarm criticism. In reading the best of them, one is persuaded for the moment that nothing is so enchanting as spontaneity, gayety, grace, quickness, keenness, unimpassioned sentiment and natural courtesy, and the philosophy that jests at personal misfortunes, flowing from a heart of tenderness. Admiration of another kind also is excited in remembering that this poet, whose epistles to «the great»—to the King and his sister—are almost in the tone of equal addressing equal, was after all, nominally their servant, actually their dependent. A foolish legend has prevailed that the relations between Marot and the Queen of Navarre were of extreme intimacy. There is absolutely nothing to justify such a belief. The attachment between them—respectful on both sides—was only one of the illustrations of the relations brought about by the Renaissance between crowned heads and men of letters.

The long Epistles of Marot are his most interesting productions. He was the creator of the «épître-badine,» and he has never been surpassed in this kind of writing. The Epistle to Lyon Jamet, containing the fable of the rat and the lion, is the most famous; but its length and the exquisite quality of its style forbid any attempt at its reproduction here. In his Epistles, as elsewhere in his work, the best and most characteristic and the gayest verses of Marot are of extreme difficulty to translate. Their form is their very substance: change even the mere sound of a word, and its meaning is gone. He, like La Fontaine,—there are many similarities between the two,—can be known only by those who can read him in the original. The following translations can scarcely do more than show the subjects of the verses selected, and the general tone.

Marot exercised no durable influence, though his style was so marked that it became a generic designation—«le style Marotique.» But «le style Marotique» means different things according to the person using the phrase. Marmontel defines it as «a medley of phrases vulgar and noble, old-fashioned and modern.» La Harpe said «a 'style Marotique' is one that has the gay, agreeable, simple, natural manner peculiar to Marot.» La Harpe's definition is the truer, that of Marmontel the one most generally accepted.

OLD-TIME LOVE

IN GOOD old days such sort of love held sway
As artlessly and simply made its way,
And a few flowers, the gift of love sincere,
Than all the round earth's riches were more dear:

For to the heart alone did they address their lay.
And if they chanced to love each other, pray
Take heed how well they then knew how to stay
For ages faithful — twenty, thirty year —
In good old days.

But now is lost Love's rule they used t' obey;
Only false tears and changes fill the day.
Who would have me a lover now appear
Must love make over in the olden way,
And let it rule as once it held its sway
In good old days.

EPIGRAM

NO LONGER am I what I have been,
Nor again can ever be;
My bright Springtime and my Summer
Through the window flew from me.
Love, thou hast ever been my master,
I've served no other God so well; —
Oh, were I born a second time, Love,
Then my service none could tell.

TO A LADY WHO WISHED TO BEHOLD MAROT

BEFORE she saw me, reading in my book,
She loved me; then she wished to see my face:
Now she has seen me, gray, and swart of look,
Yet none the less remain I in her grace.
O gentle heart, maiden of worthy race,
You do not err: for this my body frail,
It is not I; naught is it but my jail:
And in the writings that you once did read,
Your lovely eyes — so may the truth avail —
Saw me more truly than just now, indeed.

THE LAUGH OF MADAME D'ALBRET

SHE has indeed a throat of lovely whiteness,
The sweetest speech, and fairest cheeks and eyes;
But in good sooth her little laugh of lightness
Is where her chiefest charm, to my thought, lies.
With its gay note she can make pleasure rise,
Where'er she hap to be, withouten fail;
And should a bitter grief me e'er assail,
So that my life by death may threatened be,
To bring me back to health will then avail
To hear this laugh with which she slayeth me.

FROM AN «ELEGY»

THY lofty place, thy gentle heart,
Thy wisdom true in every part,
Thy gracious mien, thy noble air,
Thy singing sweet, and speech so fair,
Thy robe that does so well conform
To the nature of thy lovely form:
In short, these gifts and charms whose grace
Invests thy soul and thee embrace,
Are not what has constrainèd me
To give my heart's true love to thee.
'Twas thy sweet smile which me perturbed,
And from thy lips a gracious word
Which from afar made me to see
Thou'd not refuse to hear my plea.
. . . . . .
Come, let us make one heart of two!
Better work we cannot do;
For 'tis plain our starry guides,
The accord of our lives besides,
Bid this be done. For of us each
Is like the other in thought and speech:
We both love men of courtesy,
We both love honor and purity,
We both love never to speak evil,
We both love pleasant talk that's civil,
We both love being in those places
Where rarely venture saddened faces,
We both love merry music's measure,
We both in books find frequent pleasure.

What more is there? Just this to sing
I'll dare: in almost everything
Alike we are, save hearts;—for thine
Is much more hard, alas! than mine.
Beseech thee now this rock demolish,
Yet not thy sweeter parts abolish.

THE DUCHESS D'ALENÇON

SUCH lofty worth has she, my great mistress,
That her fair body's upright, pure, and fine;
Her steadfast heart, when Fortune's star doth shine,
Is ne'er too light, nor elsetimes in distress.
Her spirit rare than angels is no less,
The subtlest sure that e'er the heavens bred.
O marvel great! Now can it clear be seen
That I the slave am of a wonder dread.—
Wonder, I say, for sooth she has, I ween,
A woman's form, man's heart, and angel's head.

TO THE QUEEN OF NAVARRE

MOURN for the dead, let who will for them mourn;—
But while I live, my heart is most forlorn
For those whose night of sorrow sees no dawn
On this earth.

O Flower of France whom at the first I served,
Those thou hast freed from pain that them unnerved
Have given pain to thee, ah! undeserved,
I'll attest.

Of ingrates thou hast sadly made full test;
But since I left thee (bound by stern behest),—
Not leaving thee,—full humbly I've addrest
A princess

Who has a heart that does not sorrow less
Than thine. Ah God! shall I ne'er know mistress,
Before I die, whose eye on sad distress
Is not bent?

Is not my Muse as fit and apt to invent
A song of peace that would bring full content
As chant the bitterness of this torment
Exceeding?

Ah! listen, Margaret, to the suffering
That in the heart of Renée plants its sting;
Then, sister-like, than hope more comforting,
Console her. . . .

FROM A LETTER TO THE KING; AFTER BEING ROBBED

. . . . . .

I HAD of late a Gascon serving-man:
A monstrous liar, glutton, drunkard, both,
A trickster, thief, and every word an oath,—
The rope almost around his neck, you see,—
But otherwise the best of fellows he.

This very estimable youngster knew
Of certain money given me by you:
A mighty swelling in my purse he spied;
Rose earlier than usual, and hied
To take it deftly, giving no alarm,
And tucked it snugly underneath his arm,—
Money and all, of course,—and it is plain
'Twas not to give it back to me again,
For never have I seen it, to this day.

But still the rascal would not run away
For such a trifling bagatelle as that,
So also took cloak, trousers, cape, and hat,—
In short, of all my clothes the very best,—
And then himself so finely in them dressed
That to behold him, e'en by light of day,
It was his master surely, you would say.

He left my chamber finally, and flew
Straight to the stable, where were horses two
Left me the worst, and mounted on the best,
His charger spurred, and bolted; for the rest,
You may be sure that nothing he omitted,
Save bidding me good-by, before he quitted.

So—ticklish round the throat, to say the truth,
But looking like St. George—this hopeful youth
Rode off, and left his master sleeping sound,
Who waking, not a blessed penny found.
This master was myself,—the very one,—
And quite dumbfounded to be thus undone;
To find myself without a decent suit,
And vexed enough to lose my horse, to boot.

But for the money you had given me,
The losing it ought no surprise to be;
For, as your gracious Highness understands,
Your money, Sire, is ever changing hands.

FROM A RHYMED LETTER TO THE KING

At the Time of his Exile at Ferrara—1535

I think it may be that your Majesty, Sovereign King, may believe that my absence is occasioned by my feeling the prick of some ill deed; but it is not so, for I do not feel myself to be of the number of the guilty: but I know of many corruptible judges in Paris, who, for pecuniary gain, or for friends, or for their own ends, or in tender grace and charity to some fair humble petitioner, will save the foul and guilty life of the most wicked criminal in the world; while on the other hand, for lack of bribing or protection, or from rancor, they are to the innocent so inhuman that I am loth to fall into their hands. . . .

They are much my enemies because of their hell, which I have set in a writing, wherein some few of their wicked wiles I lay bare. They wish great harm to me for a small work. . . .

As much as they, and with no good cause, wishes ill to me the ignorant Sorbonne. Very ignorant she shows herself in being the enemy of the noble trilingual academy [Collège de France] your Majesty has created. It is clearly manifest that within her precincts, against your Majesty's will is prohibited all teaching of Hebrew or Greek or Latin, she declaring it heretical. O poor creatures, all denuded of learning, you make true the familiar proverb, "Knowledge has no such haters as the ignorant." . . .

They have given me the name of Lutheran. I answer them that it is not so. Luther for me has not descended from heaven. Luther for my sins has not hung upon the cross; and I am quite sure that in his name I have not been baptized: I have been baptized in that Name at whose naming the Eternal Father gives that which is asked for, the sole Name in and by which this wicked world can find salvation. . . .

O Lord God . . . grant that whilst I live, my pen may be employed in thy honor; and if this my body be predestined by thee one day to be destroyed by fire, grant that it be for no light cause, but for thee and for thy Word. And I pray thee, Father, that the torture may not be so intense that my soul may be sunk in forgetfulness of thee in whom is all my trust.

FREDERICK MARRYAT

(1792–1848)

THOUGH it is nearly half a century since Captain Frederick Marryat passed away, he still lives in his sea stories. The circulating-library copies are dog's-eared with constant use, and an occasional new edition testifies to the favor of a younger generation. His most ardent admirers, however, do not rank him among the great novelists. He had no theories of fiction; he had little culture, and of philosophy or psychology he did not dream. But there is life, energy, directness in his tales, coupled with lively narrative and spontaneous humor which keep them fresh and interesting. He is a born story-teller; and the talent of the story-teller commands attention and enchains an audience, whatever the defects of manner.

FREDERICK MARRYAT

Marryat was descended from a Huguenot family that fled from France at the end of the sixteenth century and settled in England. On his mother's side he was of a German stock, transplanted to Boston, and there etherealized, perhaps, by east winds and Yankee cultivation. He boasted indeed of the blood of four different peoples. He was the second son of Joseph Marryat of Wimbledon, Member of Parliament for Sandwich, and was born in London. Educated at private schools, he was noted from his early boyhood for his boisterous and refractory though not unamiable temper, which often involved him in passionate quarrels with his teachers, and resulted in his running away. After he had run away repeatedly, and always with the intention of going to sea, his father, yielding to his determined bent, got him at the age of fourteen on board the frigate Impérieuse as midshipman. His ship was engaged as part of the squadron which supported the Catalonians against the French. His service there was active and brilliant: he took part in some fifty engagements, in one of which he was severely wounded and left for dead. His pugnacity saved him; for the contemptuous kick of a fellow midshipman, whom he hated, roused a fury in him that overcame his speechless and

apparently lifeless condition. The work of his division was cutting out privateers, storming batteries, and destroying marine signal telegraph stations. Long afterwards he portrayed the daring and judgment of his commander, Lord Cochrane, in the characters of Captain Savage in 'Peter Simple,' and Captain M—— in 'The King's Own.'

Marryat was a man of a personal daring as reckless as that of his favorite heroes. Again and again he risked his life to save drowning men or to protect his superiors. More than once he received the medal of the Humane Society, and King Louis Philippe decorated him with the cross of the Legion of Honor. A life of great exposure, constant danger, and severe exertion ruined his health; and before he was forty he resolved to leave the sea and devote himself to story-writing. He took many of his characters and incidents from real life, copying them closely in the main, but exaggerating and coloring them to meet the purposes of fiction. While not without imagination, he depended so greatly on his observation and experience that many of his novels may be said to be almost autobiographic. To this fact they owe much of their naturalness, vividness, and verisimilitude. His ample fund of rough humor and his extraordinary fondness for spinning yarns—a characteristic which belongs to the nautical temperament—contributed their best qualities to his books; giving them not only the hue and quality, but the very sound and odor of the sea. One of his old shipmates, who lived hale and hearty to be an octogenarian, used to say that to read 'Midshipman Easy' or 'Jacob Faithful' was exactly like spending half a day in the Captain's company in his best mood. There is very little art in his thirty-five or forty volumes. They are the narratives of a bluff, bold, thorough-going, somewhat coarse sailor, who has a strong dramatic sense and an intense relish for fun. Hardly any of his novels have what deserves to be called a plot,—the 'King's Own' and one or two others, perhaps, being exceptions,—nor are they generally finished, or even carefully studied. Frequently they read like half-considered, uncorrected manuscripts that have been dictated. The principal events are graphically recorded, the minor circumstances and their connections loosely woven. But with all their defects, the stories seem to the ordinary reader more as if they had actually happened than as if they had been invented. They are entirely realistic,—the characters being perfectly vitalized, acting, breathing human beings.

Among Marryat's best known novels, besides those already mentioned, are 'Adventures of a Naval Officer; or, Frank Mildmay,' his first work, published at twenty-eight; 'Newton Forster,' 'The Pacha of Many Tales,' 'The Pirate and the Three Cutters,' 'Japhet in Search of a Father,' 'Peter Simple,' 'Percival Keene,' 'Snarley-Yow,' 'The

Phantom Ship,' 'Poor Jack,' and 'The Privateersman One Hundred Years Ago,' all of which had a large sale. He served in the Mediterranean, in the East and West Indies, and off the coast of North America; participating during the war of 1812 in a gunboat fight on Lake Pontchartrain, just before the battle of New Orleans. In the same year he was made lieutenant, and after a few months commander. At twenty-seven he married a daughter of Sir Stephen Shairp, and became the father of eleven children. In 1837 he visited this country; and two years later published 'A Diary in America,' in which he ridiculed the republic,—as Mrs. Trollope had done in her 'Domestic Manners,' as Dickens is still believed (by those who have not read the book) to have done not long after in his 'American Notes,' and as he did most viciously in 'Martin Chuzzlewit' to revenge himself for the uproar over the 'American Notes.' Americans of the present generation are so much less sensitive than their predecessors, however, that they are perhaps more inclined to ask whether these adverse criticisms were not well founded than to resent their severity.

After this journey he produced divers miscellaneous books; among which 'Masterman Ready' and 'The Settlers in Canada' delighted the boys of two generations, and are still popular. 'Masterman Ready' was primarily written because his children wished him to write a sequel to the 'Swiss Family Robinson,' which was structurally not feasible; but was also designed to ridicule that priggish story, and was meant as a protest of naturalness against artificiality. Fortunate indeed is the owner of an early illustrated edition of 'Masterman,' portraying that excellent father of a family, Mr. Seagrave, walking about his fortuitous island, turning over turtles, building stockades, or gathering cocoanuts, attired in a swallow-tailed coat, voluminous cravat, trousers severely strapped down under high-heeled boots, and a tall silk hat which he seemed never to remove.

In his later life Marryat retired to Norfolk, and undertook amateur farming, with the usual result of heavy losses. He died in 1848 at Langham; comparatively poor, through carelessness, mismanagement, and extravagance, although for many years he had earned a large income. In England 'Peter Simple' and 'Mr. Midshipman Easy' take rank with Smollett's 'Peregrine Pickle' and 'Roderick Random.' Not a few of his characters are as individual and as often cited as 'Tom Bowling' and 'Jack Hatchway.' And if he is somewhat out of fashion in manner, it is still probable that his naturalness, his racy dialogue, and his comical incidents, will make him a welcome companion for years to come.

PERILS OF THE SEA

From 'Peter Simple'

WE CONTINUED our cruise along the coast until we had run down into the Bay of Arcason, where we captured two or three vessels and obliged many more to run on shore. And here we had an instance showing how very important it is that a captain of a man-of-war should be a good sailor, and have his ship in such discipline as to be strictly obeyed by his ship's company. I heard the officers unanimously assert, after the danger was over, that nothing but the presence of mind which was shown by Captain Savage could have saved the ship and her crew. We had chased a convoy of vessels to the bottom of the bay: the wind was very fresh when we hauled off, after running them on shore; and the surf on the beach even at that time was so great, that they were certain to go to pieces before they could be got afloat again. We were obliged to double-reef the topsails as soon as we hauled to the wind, and the weather looked very threatening. In an hour afterwards the whole sky was covered with one black cloud, which sank so low as nearly to touch our mast-heads; and a tremendous sea, which appeared to have risen up almost by magic, rolled in upon us, setting the vessel on a dead lee shore. As the night closed in, it blew a dreadful gale, and the ship was nearly buried with the press of canvas which she was obliged to carry: for had we sea-room, we should have been lying-to under storm staysails; but we were forced to carry on at all risks, that we might claw off shore. The sea broke over us as we lay in the trough, deluging us with water from the forecastle aft to the binnacles; and very often, as the ship descended with a plunge, it was with such force that I really thought she would divide in half with the violence of the shock. Double breechings were rove on the guns, and they were further secured with tackles; and strong cleats nailed behind the trunnions; for we heeled over so much when we lurched, that the guns were wholly supported by the breechings and tackles, and had one of them broken loose it must have burst right through the lee side of the ship, and she must have foundered. The captain, first lieutenant, and most of the officers remained on deck during the whole of the night: and really, what with the howling of the wind, the violence of the rain, the washing of the water

about the decks, the working of the chain pumps, and the creaking and groaning of the timbers, I thought that we must inevitably have been lost; and I said my prayers at least a dozen times during the night, for I felt it impossible to go to bed. I had often wished, out of curiosity, that I might be in a gale of wind; but I little thought it was to have been a scene of this description, or anything half so dreadful. What made it more appalling was, that we were on a lee shore; and the consultations of the captain and officers, and the eagerness with which they looked out for daylight, told us that we had other dangers to encounter besides the storm. At last the morning broke, and the lookout man upon the gangway called out, "Land on the lee beam!" I perceived the master dash his feet against the hammock rails as if with vexation, and walk away without saying a word, and looking very grave.

"Up there, Mr. Wilson," said the captain to the second lieutenant, "and see how far the land trends forward, and whether you can distinguish the point." The second lieutenant went up the main rigging, and pointed with his hand to about two points before the beam.

"Do you see two hillocks inland?"

"Yes, sir," replied the second lieutenant.

"Then it is so," observed the captain to the master; "and if we weather it we shall have more sea-room. Keep her full, and let her go through the water: do you hear, quartermaster?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Thus, and no nearer, my man. Ease her with a spoke or two when she sends; but be careful, or she'll take the wheel out of your hands."

It really was a very awful sight. When the ship was in the trough of the sea, you could distinguish nothing but a waste of tumultuous water; but when she was borne up on the summit of the enormous waves, you then looked down, as it were, upon a low, sandy coast, close to you, and covered with foam and breakers. "She behaves nobly," observed the captain, stepping aft to the binnacle and looking at the compass: "if the wind does not baffle us, we shall weather." The captain had scarcely time to make the observation when the sails shivered and flapped like thunder. "Up with the helm: what are you about, quartermaster?"

"The wind has headed us, sir," replied the quartermaster coolly.

The captain and master remained at the binnacle watching the compass; and when the sails were again full, she had broken off two points, and the point of land was only a little on the lee bow.

"We must wear her round, Mr. Falcon. Hands, wear ship—ready, oh, ready."

"She has come up again," cried the master, who was at the binnacle.

"Hold fast there a minute. How's her head now?"

"N. N. E., as she was before she broke off, sir."

"Pipe belay," said the captain. "Falcon," continued he, "if she breaks off again we may have no room to wear; indeed there is so little room now that I must run the risk. Which cable was ranged last night—the best bower?"

"Yes, sir."

"Jump down, then, and see it double-bitted and stoppered at thirty fathoms. See it well done—our lives may depend upon it."

The ship continued to hold her course good; and we were within half a mile of the point, and fully expected to weather it, when again the wet and heavy sails flapped in the wind, and the ship broke off two points as before. The officers and seamen were aghast, for the ship's head was right on to the breakers. "Luff now, all you can, quartermaster," cried the captain. "Send the men aft directly.—My lads, there is no room for words—I am going to *club-haul* the ship, for there is no time to wear. The only chance you have of safety is to be cool, watch my eye, and execute my orders with precision. Away to your stations for tacking ship. Hands by the best bower anchor. Mr. Wilson, attend below with the carpenter and his mates ready to cut away the cable at the moment that I give the order. Silence, there, fore and aft. Quartermaster, keep her full again for stays. Mind you, ease the helm down when I tell you." About a minute passed before the captain gave any further orders. The ship had closed-to within a quarter of a mile of the beach, and the waves curled and topped around us, bearing us down upon the shore, which presented one continued surface of foam, extending to within half a cable's length of our position, at which distance the enormous waves culminated and fell with the report of thunder. The captain waved his hand in silence to the quartermaster at the wheel, and the helm was put down. The ship turned slowly to the wind, pitching and chopping as the sails

were spilling. When she had lost her way, the captain gave the order, "Let go the anchor. We will haul all at once, Mr. Falcon," said the captain. Not a word was spoken; the men went to the fore-brace, which had not been manned; most of them knew, although I did not, that if the ship's head did not go round the other way, we should be on shore and among the breakers in half a minute. I thought at the time that the captain had said that he would haul all the yards at once: there appeared to be doubt or dissent on the countenance of Mr. Falcon, and I was afterwards told that he had not agreed with the captain; but he was too good an officer (and knew that there was no time for discussion) to make any remark: and the event proved that the captain was right. At last the ship was head to wind, and the captain gave the signal. The yards flew round with such a creaking noise that I thought the masts had gone over the side; and the next moment the wind had caught the sails, and the ship, which for a moment or two had been on an even keel, careened over to her gunnel with its force. The captain, who stood upon the weather hammock-rails, holding by the main-rigging, ordered the helm amidships, looked full at the sails and then at the cable, which grew broad upon the weather bow and held the ship from nearing the shore. At last he cried, "Cut away the cable!" A few strokes of the axes were heard, and then the cable flew out of the hawse-hole in a blaze of fire, from the violence of the friction, and disappeared under a huge wave which struck us on the chest-tree and deluged us with water fore and aft. But we were now on the other tack, and the ship regained her way, and we had evidently increased our distance from the land.

"My lads," said the captain to the ship's company, "you have behaved well, and I thank you; but I must tell you honestly that we have more difficulties to get through. We have to weather a point of the bay on this tack. Mr. Falcon, splice the mainbrace and call the watch. How's her head, quartermaster?"

"S. W. by S. Southerly, sir."

"Very well, let her go through the water;" and the captain, beckoning to the master to follow him, went down into the cabin. As our immediate danger was over, I went down into the berth to see if I could get anything for breakfast, where I found O'Brien and two or three more.

"By the powers, it was as nate a thing as ever I saw done," observed O'Brien: "the slightest mistake as to time or management, and at this moment the flatfish would have been dubbing at our ugly carcasses. Peter, you're not fond of flatfish, are you, my boy? We may thank heaven and the captain, I can tell you that, my lads; but now where's the chart, Robinson? Hand me down the parallel rules and compasses, Peter; they are in the corner of the shelf. Here we are now, a devilish sight too near this infernal point. Who knows how her head is?"

"I do, O'Brien: I heard the quartermaster tell the captain S. W. by S. Southerly."

"Let me see," continued O'Brien, "variation 2¼—leeway—rather too large an allowance of that, I'm afraid: but however, we'll give her 2½ points; the Diomede would blush to make any more, under any circumstances. Here—the compass—now we'll see;" and O'Brien advanced the parallel rule from the compass to the spot where the ship was placed on the chart. "Bother! you see it's as much as she'll do to weather the other point now, on this tack, and that's what the captain meant when he told us we had more difficulty. I could have taken my Bible oath that we were clear of everything, if the wind held."

"See what the distance is, O'Brien," said Robinson. It was measured, and proved to be thirteen miles. "Only thirteen miles; and if we do weather, we shall do very well, for the bay is deep beyond. It's a rocky point, you see, just by way of variety. Well, my lads, I've a piece of comfort for you, anyhow. It's not long that you'll be kept in suspense; for by one o'clock this day, you'll either be congratulating each other upon your good luck or you'll be past praying for. Come, put up the chart, for I hate to look at melancholy prospects; and steward, see what you can find in the way of comfort." Some bread and cheese, with the remains of yesterday's boiled pork, were put on the table, with a bottle of rum, procured at the time they "spliced the mainbrace"; but we were all too anxious to eat much, and one by one returned on deck, to see how the weather was, and if the wind at all favored us. On deck the superior officers were in conversation with the captain, who had expressed the same fear that O'Brien had in our berth. The men, who knew what they had to expect,—for this sort of intelligence is soon communicated through a ship,—were assembled in knots, looking very grave, but at the same time not wanting in confidence. They knew that they could

trust to the captain, as far as skill or courage could avail them; and sailors are too sanguine to despair, even at the last moment. As for myself, I felt such admiration for the captain, after what I had witnessed that morning, that whenever the idea came over me that in all probability I should be lost in a few hours, I could not help acknowledging how much more serious it was that such a man should be lost to his country. I do not intend to say that it consoled me; but it certainly made me still more regret the chances with which we were threatened.

Before twelve o'clock the rocky point which we so much dreaded was in sight, broad on the lee bow; and if the low sandy coast appeared terrible, how much more did this, even at a distance! the black masses of rock covered with foam, which each minute dashed up in the air higher than our lower mast-heads. The captain eyed it for some minutes in silence, as if in calculation.

"Mr. Falcon," said he at last, "we must put the mainsail on her."

"She never can bear it, sir."

"She *must* bear it," was the reply. "Send the men aft to the mainsheet. See that careful men attend the buntlines."

The mainsail was set; and the effect of it upon the ship was tremendous. She careened over so that her lee channels were under the water; and when pressed by a sea, the lee side of the quarter-deck and gangway were afloat. She now reminded me of a goaded and fiery horse, mad with the stimulus applied; not rising as before, but forcing herself through whole seas, and dividing the waves, which poured in one continual torrent from the forecastle down upon the decks below. Four men were secured to the wheel; the sailors were obliged to cling, to prevent being washed away; the ropes were thrown in confusion to leeward; the shot rolled out of the lockers, and every eye was fixed aloft, watching the masts, which were expected every moment to go over the side. A heavy sea struck us on the broadside, and it was some moments before the ship appeared to recover herself; she reeled, trembled, and stopped her way, as if it had stupefied her. The first lieutenant looked at the captain, as if to say, "This will not do." "It is our only chance," answered the captain to the appeal. That the ship went faster through the water and held a better wind, was certain; but just before we arrived at the point, the gale increased in force.

"If anything starts, we are lost, sir," observed the first lieutenant again.

"I am perfectly aware of it," replied the captain in a calm tone; "but as I said before, and you must now be aware, it is our only chance. The consequence of any carelessness or neglect in the fitting and securing of the rigging will be felt now; and this danger, if we escape it, ought to remind us how much we have to answer for if we neglect our duty. The lives of a whole ship's company may be sacrificed by the neglect or incompetence of an officer when in harbor. I will pay you the compliment, Falcon, to say that I feel convinced that the masts of the ship are as secure as knowledge and attention can make them."

The first lieutenant thanked the captain for his good opinion, and hoped it would not be the last compliment which he paid him.

"I hope not too; but a few minutes will decide the point."

The ship was now within two cables' lengths of the rocky point; some few of the men I observed to clasp their hands, but most of them were silently taking off their jackets and kicking off their shoes, that they might not lose a chance of escape provided the ship struck.

"'Twill be touch and go indeed, Falcon," observed the captain (for I had clung to the belaying pins, close to them, for the last half-hour that the mainsail had been set). "Come aft; you and I must take the helm. We shall want *nerve* there, and only there, now."

The captain and first lieutenant went aft and took the forespokes of the wheel; and O'Brien, at a sign made by the captain, laid hold of the spokes behind them. An old quartermaster kept his station at the fourth. The roaring of the seas on the rocks, with the howling of the winds, was dreadful; but the sight was more dreadful than the noise. For a few moments I shut my eyes, but anxiety forced me to open them again. As near as I could judge, we were not twenty yards from the rocks at the time that the ship passed abreast of them. We were in the midst of the foam, which boiled around us; and as the ship was driven nearer to them, and careened with the wave, I thought that our main yard-arm would have touched the rock; and at this moment a gust of wind came on which laid the ship on her beam-ends and checked her progress through the water, while the accumulated noise was deafening. A few moments more the

ship dragged on; another wave dashed over her and spent itself upon the rocks, while the spray was dashed back from them and returned upon the decks. The main rock was within ten yards of her counter, when another gust of wind laid us on our beam-ends; the foresail and mainsail split and were blown clean out of the bolt-ropes — the ship righted, trembling fore and aft. I looked astern; the rocks were to windward on our quarter, and we were safe. I thought at the time that the ship, relieved of her courses, and again lifting over the waves, was not a bad similitude of the relief felt by us all at that moment; and like her we trembled as we panted with the sudden reaction, and felt the removal of the intense anxiety which oppressed our breasts.

The captain resigned the helm, and walked aft to look at the point, which was now broad on the weather quarter. In a minute or two he desired Mr. Falcon to get new sails up and bend them, and then went below to his cabin. I am sure it was to thank God for our deliverance; I did most fervently, not only then, but when I went to my hammock at night. We were now comparatively safe — in a few hours completely so, for, strange to say, immediately after we had weathered the rocks the gale abated; and before morning we had a reef out of the topsails.

MRS. EASY HAS HER OWN WAY

From 'Mr. Midshipman Easy'

It was the fourth day after Mrs. Easy's confinement that Mr. Easy, who was sitting by her bedside in an easy-chair, commenced as follows: "I have been thinking, my dear Mrs. Easy, about the name I shall give this child."

"Name, Mr. Easy? why, what name should you give it but your own?"

"Not so, my dear," replied Mr. Easy: "they call all names proper names, but I think that mine is not. It is the very worst name in the calendar."

"Why, what's the matter with it, Mr. Easy?"

"The matter affects me as well as the boy. Nicodemus is a long name to write at full length, and Nick is vulgar. Besides, as there will be two Nicks, they will naturally call my boy Young Nick, and of course I shall be styled Old Nick, which will be diabolical."

"Well, Mr. Easy, at all events then let me choose the name."

"That you shall, my dear; and it was with this view that I have mentioned the subject so early."

"I think, Mr. Easy, I will call the boy after my poor father: his name shall be Robert."

"Very well, my dear: if you wish it, it shall be Robert. You shall have your own way. But I think, my dear, upon a little consideration, you will acknowledge that there is a decided objection."

"An objection, Mr. Easy?"

"Yes, my dear: Robert may be very well, but you must reflect upon the consequences; he is certain to be called Bob."

"Well, my dear, and suppose they do call him Bob?"

"I cannot bear even the supposition, my dear. You forget the county in which you are residing, the downs covered with sheep."

"Why, Mr. Easy, what can sheep have to do with a Christian name?"

"There it is: women never look to consequences. My dear, they have a great deal to do with the name of Bob. I will appeal to any farmer in the country if ninety-nine shepherds' dogs out of one hundred are not called Bob. Now observe: your child is out of doors somewhere in the fields or plantations; you want and you call him. Instead of your child, what do you find? Why, a dozen curs, at least, who come running up to you, all answering to the name of Bob, and wagging their stumps of tails. You see, Mrs. Easy, it is a dilemma not to be got over. You level your only son to the brute creation by giving him a Christian name which, from its peculiar brevity, has been monopolized by all the dogs in the county. Any other name you please, my dear; but in this one instance you must allow me to lay my positive veto."

"Well, then, let me see—but I'll think of it, Mr. Easy: my head aches very much just now."

"I will think for you, my dear. What do you say to John?"

"Oh no, Mr. Easy,—such a common name!"

"A proof of its popularity, my dear. It is Scriptural—we have the Apostle and the Baptist, we have a dozen popes who were all Johns. It is royal—we have plenty of kings who were Johns—and moreover, it is short, and sounds honest and manly."

"Yes, very true, my dear; but they will call him Jack."

"Well, we have had several celebrated characters who were Jacks. There was—let me see—Jack the Giant-Killer, and Jack of the Bean-Stalk — and Jack — Jack—"

"Jack Sprat."

"And Jack Cade, Mrs. Easy, the great rebel— and Three-fingered Jack, Mrs. Easy, the celebrated negro—and above all, Jack Falstaff, ma'am, Jack Falstaff—honest Jack Falstaff—witty Jack Falstaff—"

"I thought, Mr. Easy, that I was to be permitted to choose the name."

"Well, so you shall, my dear; I give it up to you. Do just as you please; but depend upon it that John is the right name. Is it not, now, my dear?"

"It's the way you always treat me, Mr. Easy: you say that you give it up, and that I shall have my own way, but I never do have it. I am sure that the child will be christened John."

"Nay, my dear, it shall be just what you please. Now I recollect it, there were several Greek emperors who were Johns; but decide for yourself, my dear."

"No, no," replied Mrs. Easy, who was ill, and unable to contend any longer, "I give it up, Mr. Easy. I know how it will be, as it always is: you give me my own way as people give pieces of gold to children; it's their own money, but they must not spend it. Pray call him John."

"There, my dear, did not I tell you you would be of my opinion upon reflection? I knew you would. I have given you your own way, and you tell me to call him John; so now we're both of the same mind, and that point is settled."

"I should like to go to sleep, Mr. Easy: I feel far from well."

"You shall always do just as you like, my dear," replied the husband, "and have your own way in everything. It is the greatest pleasure I have when I yield to your wishes. I will walk in the garden. Good-by, my dear."

Mrs. Easy made no reply, and the philosopher quitted the room. As may easily be imagined, on the following day the boy was christened John.

MARTIAL

(MARCUS VALERIUS MARTIALIS)

(50?–102? A. D.)

BY CASKIE HARRISON

MARTIAL (Marcus Valerius Martialis), the world's epigrammatist, was, like Seneca and Quintilian, a Spanish Latin. Born at Bilbilis about A. D. 40, he probably came to Rome in 63; but we first individualize him about 79. He lived in Rome for nearly thirty-five years, publishing epigrams, book after book and edition after edition, doing hack-work in his own line for those who had the money to buy but not the wit to produce, and plagiarized by those who lacked both the wit and the money; reading his last good thing to his own circle, from which he could not always exclude poachers on his preserves, and lending a courteous or a politic patience to the long-winded recitations of new aspirants; patronized in various more or less substantial ways by the Emperor and sundry men of wealth, influence, and position, on whom he pulled all the strings of fulsome flattery and importunate appeal; adjusting himself to the privileges and expectancies of Rome's miscellaneous "upper ten" in private and public resorts: solacing his better nature with the contact and esteem of the best authors of the day. Bored with the "fuss and feathers" of town life, and yearning for the lost or imagined happiness of his native place, he would from time to time fly to his Nomentane cottage or make trips into the provinces, only to be disenchanted by rustic monotony and depressed by the lack of urban occupations and diversions. His works, and his life as there sketched, expose the times and their representative men at their best and at their worst. This delineation gives to his writings an importance even greater than that due to his general pre-eminence as the one poet of his age, or to the special supremacy of his epigrams as such. His rating as a poet has indeed been questioned, and his restriction of the epigram deplored; but no

MARTIAL

one can question his portraiture of the Roman Empire at the turn of its troubled tide.

Returning to Spain early in Trajan's reign, he died there about 102; and his death is noted with sincere feeling by the younger Pliny, whose recognition must to a certain degree offset our repugnance to some of Martial's acknowledged characteristics. Martial was a man of many personal attractions: he was essentially sympathetic and true, loving nature and children; his manners were genial, and his education was finished; his acute observation was matched by his versatile wit; in an age of artifice, his style was as natural as his disposition was fair and generous. All these qualities are detected in his works, although his time demanded the general repression or the prudent display of such qualities by one whose livelihood must depend on patronage,—an inevitable professionalism that perhaps fully explains, not only his obsequiousness, but also his obscenity. Martial was a predestined gentleman and scholar, forced by his profession into a trimmer and a dependent: a man of stronger character might have refused to live such a life even at the cost of his vocation and its aptitudes; but Martial was a man of his own world.

Whether Martial was married, and how many times, it is hard to determine: he is his only witness, and his testimony is too indirect to be unquestionable; at any rate, he seems to have had no children. His pecuniary condition is equally doubtful: he credits himself with possessions adequate to comfort only as a basis for protestations of discomfort; but we know how time and circumstances alter one's standards of worldly contentment. Even when Martial speaks in the first person, we cannot be sure it is not the "professional," instead of the individual, first person,—the vicarious and anonymous first person of the myriad public whose hints he worked up into effective mottoes, valentines, and lampoons, and for whose holiday gifts he devised appropriate companion pieces of verse.

Martial's poems—fifteen books, containing about sixteen hundred numbers in several measures—are epigrams of different kinds. The 'Liber Spectaculorum' (The Show Book) merely depicts the marvels of the "greatest shows on earth," while eulogizing the generosity of the emperors who provided them. The 'Xenia' ("friendly gifts") and 'Apophoreta' ("things to take away with you") are couplets to label or convoy presents, whose enumeration includes an inventory of Flavian dietetics, costume, furniture, and bric-à-brac. The other twelve books are epigrams of the standard type; a kind illustrated indeed by the Greeks, but developed and fixed by the Romans from Catullus down, Martial being the perpetual exemplar of its possibilities.

Besides some lapses of taste, whereby the fatal facility of oversmartness sometimes leads to contaminating tender or lofty sentiments

by untimely pleasantry, Martial is justly condemned by the modern world for the two blemishes which have been already specified. How far he really felt his obsequiousness and his obscenity to be compromises of his dignity, and how far his life was cleaner than his page, we cannot tell: he was a client of Domitian's day, but he had enjoyed the countenance of Pliny. In justice to Martial's memory, it must be said that only about one-fifth of his epigrams are really offensive.

The reign of Domitian was a reaction within a reaction, characterized by the power and the impotence of wealth and its cheap imitations. It was an age of fads and nostrums: sincere, as the galvanizing of dead philosophies; affected, as the vicarious intellectualism or the vicarious athleticism of hired thinkers and hired gladiators. It was an age of forgotten fundamentals, with no enthusiasm except for practical advantage, with public spirit aped only in mutual admiration. Its art and literature had no creativeness and no responsibility; form and copy being ideals, and point demanding the highest season for its pungency, while the stage and the arena were scenes of filth or brutality. Its religion was either agnostic paganism or various novel sentimentalities. Its social functions were chiefly heterogeneous gatherings of a flotsam and jetsam assemblage of parvenus, where acquaintance was accidental and multitudinous isolation was the rule. The incongruities of the day afforded matchless targets for our poet's wit, many of them unfortunately not suited to modern light. Yet other ages of the world have indisputably exhibited in their own forms one or another of the features familiarized to us by Martial.

Martial divides with Juvenal the right to represent this period; but the division is not equal. The serious purpose of the satirist, even more than the purely impersonal attitude of the historian, leads him to emphasize unduly circumstances of perhaps great momentary importance, but of no ultimate or typical pertinence. On the other hand, the satirist and the historian are apt to neglect or overlook many aspects of contemporary life because these seem insignificant as regards any particular aim or tendency; whereas trifles are often the best exhibits of the actual offhand life, as distinguished from the professed principles and practice of the time. Hence Martial's epigrams have been well called by Merivale «the quintessence of the Flavian epoch.» The epigrammatist has no mission to fulfill; and the form as well as the volume of his works enables him to touch every aspect of life into the boldest relief. Especially interesting is the modernness of these touches; and it would startle a stranger to see how slight an adaptation or perversion of an epigram or a line or a word produces anticipatory echoes of present-day experiences, in their extremest or most peculiar features.

Повѣсть

Ꙗко побаѥть безмльвнꙗ сьвса
кымь тьщанїемь ѩсꙗ. вꙗко блв.
Рѣ авва антонїи ꙗкоры бы зака
снѣвающе насоушноумираю гь.
та коимнїсн кьсмеще кромѣ кѣлн.
спростоюче дїюмнвоуще. кьбе
змльвнѣи крѣпости сосладѣю.
побаѥть ко ꙗкоры кь вьморїе тако
намь вїкѣлнѥ тьꙗ тисе
ѥ лꙗко кьсмещевьнѣ. закоу
демь вноутрнѥ ѥсь хранїенїе.
рѣ цꙗкы ꙗкосладѣвьпоустнїи
безмльвствоуѥ со трѣбранїи
свободьѥ слоухабесѣды. ивн
дѣнїꙗ ѥдинь. тьмоимать.
соунсрунѣн. оць арсенїе нѣще
сьвполатѣурїи помлисе кьбоу
глѥ. гинаставнмеꙗко споусе.

Generally speaking, the Romans were humorous after the dry kind, while the Greeks were [illegible]. The Greek comedy and epigram are as humorous as those of any [illegible], and Martial vindicates the Roman capacity for [illegible] that shows all the colors of all the nationalities. The wit of America, of France, of Ireland, cross and blend with each other in Martial's epigrams; and even travesties like the American mockery of Hebrew or negro idiosyncrasies find illustration. Puns, parodies, paradoxes, refrains, antitheses, alliterations, echoes and surprises of all sorts are there, with some curious antetypes of modern slang, of present provincial or proverbial usages, and even of some ballads of recent comic songs. In the versions here appended, literalness has been sacrificed to spirit; the characteristic features of the original have been preserved in a modern countenance and expression. In the small space at command, preference has been given to our poet's wit rather than his other qualities, as being the special characteristic of himself and of the epigram; though the omission of other specimens is a sacrifice of his fines.

The [illegible] with German notes, the [illegible] There is no great translation [illegible] in prose and verse being the best complete reproduction; there are admirable versions of individual epigrams in all the modern languages. Sellar's monographs in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' and his 'Selections from Martial' give perhaps the best brief estimate of the poet in our tongue.

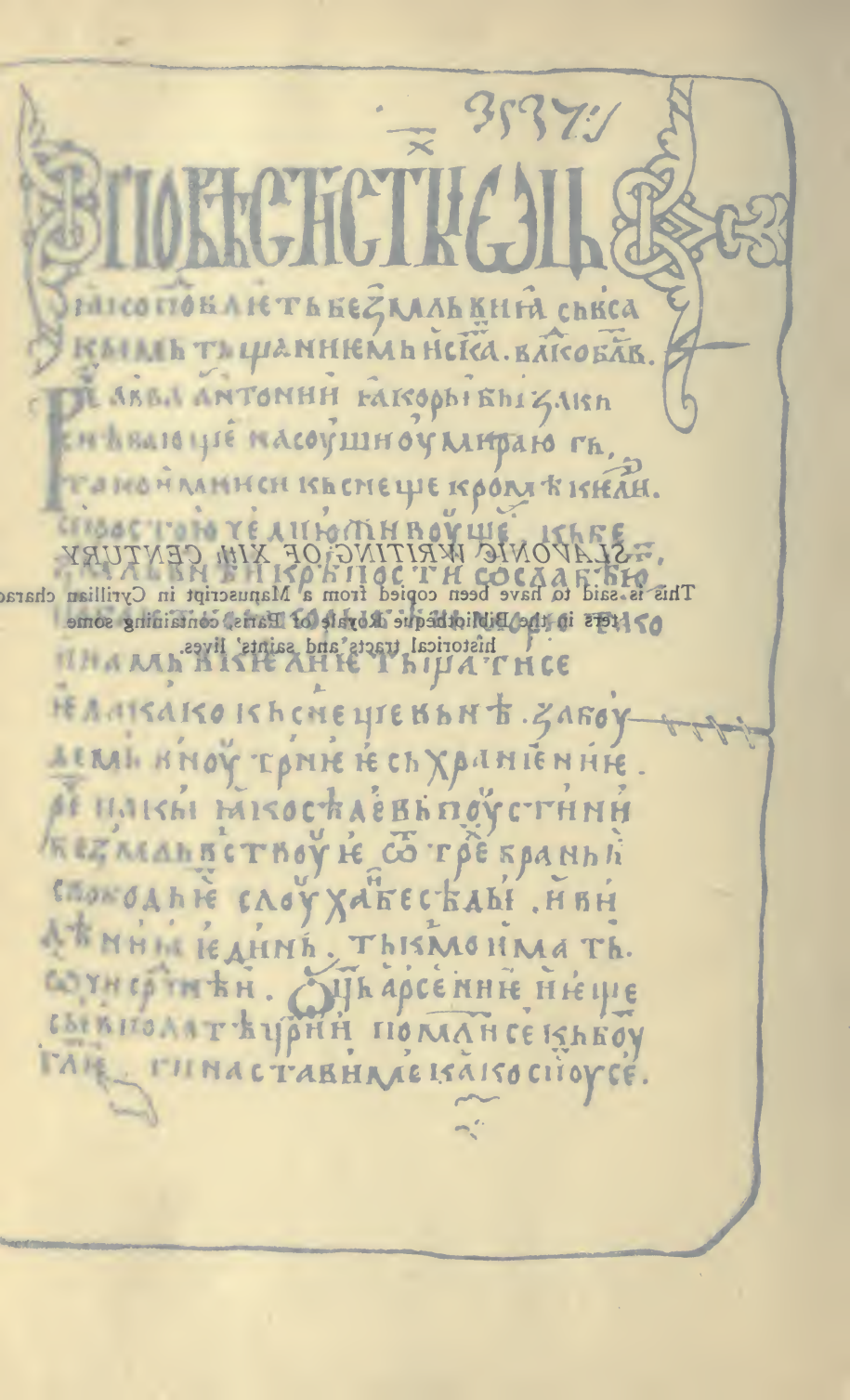
SLAVONIC WRITING OF XIth CENTURY

This is said to have been copied from a Manuscript in Cyrillian characters in the Bibliothèque Royale of Paris, containing some historical tracts and saints' lives.

Carlyle Harrison.

THE UNKINDEST CUT

LAST night as we boozed at our wine,
After having three bottles apiece,
You recall that I asked you to dine,
And you've come, you absurdest of geese!
I was maudlin, you should have been mellow,
All thought of the morrow away:
Well, he's but a sorry good fellow
Whose mind's not a blank the next day!



СТАРОЕ МЯТИЛОЕ ХИ СЕНТУРУ

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Generally speaking, the Romans were humorous after the dry kind, while the Greeks were witty; but Greek comedy and epigram are as humorous as those of any nation, and Martial vindicates the Roman capacity for triumphant wit—a wit that shows all the colors of all the nationalities. The wit of America, of France, of Ireland, cross and blend with each other in Martial's epigrams; and even travesties like the American mockery of Hebrew or negro idiosyncrasies find illustration. Puns, parodies, paradoxes, refrains, antitheses, alliterations, echoes and surprises of all sorts are there, with some curious antetypes of modern slang, of present provincial or proverbial usages, and even of some points of recent comic songs. In the versions here appended, literalness has been sacrificed to spirit; the characteristic features of the original have been preserved in a modern countenance and expression. In the small space at command, preference has been given to our poet's wit rather than his other qualities, as being the special characteristic of himself and of the epigram; though the omission of other specimens is a sacrifice of his dues.

The only notable edition of Martial is Friedländer's with German notes, the school manuals being inadequate and unsympathetic. There is no great translation, the French renderings in prose and verse being the best complete reproduction; there are admirable versions of individual epigrams in all the modern languages. Sellar's monographs in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' and his 'Selections from Martial' give perhaps the best brief estimate of the poet in our tongue.

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Whose mind's not a blank the next day!

EVOLUTION

A SURGEON once — a sexton now — twin personages:
Identical professions, only different stages!

VALE OF TEARS

ALONE she never weeps her father's death;
When friends are by, her tears time every breath.
Who weeps for credit, never grief hath known;
He truly weeps alone, who weeps alone!

SIC VOS NON VOBIS

IF THAT the gods should grant these brothers twain
Such shares of life as Leda's Spartans led,
A noble strife affection would constrain,
For each would long to die in brother's stead;
And he would say who first reached death's confine,
«Live, brother, thine own days, and then live mine!»

SILENCE IS GOLDEN

YOU'RE pretty, I know it; and young, that is true;
And wealthy — there's none but confesses that too:
But you trumpet your praises with so loud a tongue
That you cease to be wealthy or pretty or young!

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR

YES, New and I both here reside:
Our stoops you see are side by side;
And people think I'm puffed with pride,
And envy me serenely blessed,
With such a man for host and guest.
The fact is this — he's just as far
As folks in Borrioboola Gha.
What! booze with him? or see his face,
Or hear his voice? In all the place
There's none so far, there's none so near!
We'll never meet if both stay here!
To keep from knowing New at all,
Just lodge with him across the hall!

THE LEAST OF EVILS

WHILE some with kisses Julia smothers,
Reluctant hand she gives to others:
Give me thy merest finger-tips,
Or anything—but not thy lips!

THOU REASON'ST WELL

THE atheist swears there is no God
And no eternal bliss:
For him to own no world above
Doth make a heaven of this.

NEVER IS, BUT ALWAYS TO BE

YOU always say "to-morrow," "to-morrow" you will live;
But that "to-morrow," prithee, say when will it arrive?
How far is't off? Where is it now? Where shall I go to find it?
In Afric's jungles lies it hid? Do polar icebergs bind it?
It's ever coming, never here; its years beat Nestor's hollow!
This wondrous thing, to call it mine, I'll give my every dollar!
Why, man, to-day's too late to live—the wise is who begun
To live his life with yesterday, e'en with its rising sun!

LEARNING BY DOING

AS MITHRADATES used to drink the deadly serpent's venom,
That thus all noxious things might have for him no mischief in 'em,—
So Skinner feeds but once a day with scanty preparation,
To teach his folks to smile unfed nor suffer from starvation.

TERTIUM QUID

WHEN poets, croaking hoarse with cold,
To spout their verses seek,
They show at once they cannot hold
Their tongues, yet cannot speak.

SIMILIA SIMILIBUS

I WONDER not that this sweetheart of thine
Abstains from wine;
I only wonder that her father's daughter
Can stick to water.

CANNIBALISM

WITHOUT roast pig he never takes his seat:
Always a boor—a boar—companions meet!

EQUALS ADDED TO EQUALS

YOU ask why I refuse to wed a woman famed for riches:
Because I will not take the veil and give my wife the breeches.
The dame, my friend, unto her spouse must be subservient quite:
No other way can man and wife maintain their equal right.

THE COOK WELL DONE

WHY call me a bloodthirsty, gluttonous sinner
For pounding my chef when my peace he subverts?
If I can't thrash my cook when he gets a poor dinner,
Pray how shall the scamp ever get his deserts?

A DIVERTING SCRAPE

MY SHAVER, barber eke and boy,—
One such as emperors employ
Their hirsute foliage to destroy,—
I lent a friend as per request
To make his features look their best.
By test of testy looking-glass
He mowed and raked the hairy grass,
Forgetful how the long hours pass;
He left my friend a perfect skin,
But grew a beard on his own chin!

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND

YOU'D marry Crichton, Miss Jemima:
Smart for you!
But somehow he won't come to time. Ah!
He's smart too!

THE COBBLER'S LAST

PREDESTINED for patching and soling,
For fragrance of grease, wax, and thread,
You find yourself squire by cajoling,
When with pigs you should hobnob instead;
And midst your lord's vertu you're rolling,
With liquor and love in your head!
How foolish to send me to college,
To soak up unpractical views!
How slow is the progress of knowledge
By the march of your three-dollar shoes!

BUT LITTLE HERE BELOW

HIS grave must be shallow,—the earth on him light,—
Or else you will smother the poor little mite.

E PLURIBUS UNUS

WHEN hundreds to your parlors rush,
You wonder I evade the crush?
Well, frankly, sir, I'm not imbued
With love of social solitude.

FINE FRENZY

LONG and Short will furnish verse
To market any fake:
Do poets any longer dream,
Or are they wide-awake?

LIVE WITHOUT DINING

Now, if you have an axe to grind, or if you mean to spout,
If your invite is to a spread, then you must count me out:
I do not like that dark-brown taste, I dread the thought of gout,
I'm restless at the gorgeous gorge that ostentation dares.
My friend must offer me pot-luck on wash-days unawares;
I like my feed when his menu with my own larder squares.

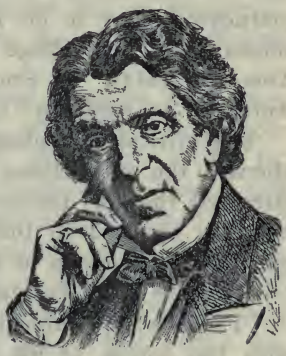
THE TWO THINGS NEEDFUL

How grand your gorgeous mansion shows
Through various trees in stately rows!
Yet two defects its splendors spite:
No charmed recess for tedious night—
No cheerful spot where friends may dine—
Well, your non-residence is fine!

JAMES MARTINEAU

(1805–1900)

Two names overtop all others in the history of English Unitarian thought and leadership,—Joseph Priestley and James Martineau. Priestley died in 1804, and Martineau was born the following year, April 21st, coming of a Huguenot family which had been long settled in England. From his father he inherited the gentleness and refinement of his nature, from his mother that intellectual strength in which his celebrated sister Harriet so fully shared. His education began at the "Grammar School" in Norwich, where his father was a manufacturer and wine merchant; and was continued at Bristol with Dr. Lant Carpenter, then a prominent Unitarian minister, but now best known as the father of the scientist W. B. Carpenter and Mary the philanthropist. The next step was to the workshop, with a view to making himself a civil engineer. This phase of his experience enriched his mind with the materials for many a brilliant metaphor in his writings, wonderful to his readers until they know his early history. But his heart was not in his work; and at length his father yielded to his solicitations, and assuring him that he was "courting poverty," sent him to Manchester New College, which was then at York,—a lineal descendant of that Warrenton Academy in which Priestley taught and Malthus was educated, but already, in 1824, a Unitarian theological school. Here Martineau was graduated in 1827, and soon after became junior pastor of a church in Dublin, nominally Presbyterian like most of the early Unitarian churches in England and Ireland. Already distinguished as a preacher of great eloquence and fervor, upon the death of his senior he refused to take that senior's place because it entailed the *regium donum:* a gift of the Crown to Protestant ministers, which he thought discriminated unfairly against Roman Catholics. His next charge was in Liverpool, whither he went in 1832, and in 1836 published his first book, 'Rationale of Religious Enquiry,' which was strikingly in advance of the current



James Martineau

Unitarian thinking. In 1839 he made himself a great reputation in the famous "Liverpool Controversy"; accepting, with the Unitarians Thom and Giles, the challenge of thirteen clergymen of the Established Church to a public debate. Martineau's contribution was the most brilliant and effective ever made to Unitarian controversial writing. This success may have done something to set the habit of his life; for it is certain that it continued ever after stoutly controversial,—his numerous essays and reviews, and even his most important books, being cast for the most part in a controversial mold, while his sermons frequently take on a controversial character without any of the personalities which the other things involve.

In 1840 he was made professor of mental and moral philosophy in Manchester New College; which, following its peripatetic habit, in 1841 returned from York to Manchester, went to London in 1847, and to Oxford in 1889. Martineau was connected with it as professor, and for many years as its head, until 1885. In the mean time he had removed from Liverpool to London, in 1857, after ten years of journeying there to his lectures and back to his pastoral work. The substance of his college work is embodied in his 'Types of Ethical Theory' (1885), 'A Study of Religion' (1888), and 'The Seat of Authority in Religion' (1890).

The critical radicalism of the last of these volumes did much to alienate the sympathies of those whose religious conservatism had attracted them to the two others, and to the general working of his mind as opposed to the materialistic tendencies which were dominant and aggressive in the third quarter of the century. But as a critic of the New Testament and Christian origins there was nothing in 'The Seat of Authority' to astonish or surprise any one acquainted with the course of his development. In this respect he had been consistently radical from first to last. Some of the most radical positions in the book will be found, germinal if not developed, in his reviews and studies of a much earlier date. The result of his criticisms was, for himself, a conception of Jesus and his work in history which, ethically and spiritually, transcended any that he found in the traditional presentation, but was strictly within the limits of a humanitarian view.

If Martineau's theological and philosophical position was conservative as compared with his criticism, it was so only from the accident of a temporary swaying of the pendulum of thought towards materialism — a tendency which has already reached its term, and which no English writer has done so much to counteract as he. But an intuitive philosophy, anti-materialistic, anti-necessarian, anti-utilitarian, was not a conservative but a radical philosophy from 1840 until 1860; and this was the philosophy of Martineau in those years of earnest thought

and active change. He had begun as an ardent disciple of Locke and Hartley and Priestley; serving out his captivity with them more patiently because of the idealization of their doctrine by the younger Mill, who as early as 1841 noticed in a syllabus of Martineau's lectures that he was falling away from his allegiance to the empirical school, and begged to have the lectures printed lest he should "be studying them in another state of existence" were their publication long delayed. In a little while Martineau found himself bound "to concede to the self-conscious mind itself, both as knowing and willing, an autonomous function distinct from each and all of the phenomena known, and changes willed, — a self-identity as unlike as possible to any growing aggregate of miscellaneous and dissimilar experiences." This involved a surrender of determinism and a revision of the doctrine of causation. In 1848–9 he spent fifteen months in Germany, studying with Trendelenburg, and was soon brought into the same plight with reference to the cognitive and æsthetic side of life that had already befallen him in regard to the moral. He had become a metaphysician,— the possible as real for him as the actual, *noumena* as real as phenomena, mind central to the universe, and God a righteous will.

It would be difficult to find a more brilliant series of writings — culminating in the elaborate treatises of 1885, 1887, 1890 — than those in which Martineau defended his new-found philosophic faith. He had many foemen worthy of his pen. In the persons of Mansel and Spencer he opposed himself to Agnosticism before Huxley had named the terrible child, and while it was provisionally called Nescience. Against Tyndall and others as the prophets of Materialism, he put forth his utmost strength. In the great battle with Determinism and Utilitarianism he met all those who came up against him with a dialectic supple and keen as a Damascus sword. On these several fields he was a recognized captain of the host, and obtained the admiration and the gratitude of many who could not abide his Unitarian faith. His scientific knowledge was so large that it enabled him to cope with noble confidence with scientists venturing across his lines. He lived to see many of the bolder of them retreating from positions too rashly taken up; but that his own are final is not to be supposed. One may greatly admire him, and yet conceive that he was far more apt in finding what is weakest in the philosophical and religious implications of a transitional science, than in appropriating those scientific elements which make for a more satisfactory solution of the universal mystery than any yet obtained.

But if Martineau had not been a master in philosophy and ethics, he would still have been one of the most distinguished preachers of his sect and time. His most helpful books have been his volumes

of sermons, especially the two volumes (1843–7) 'Endeavors after a Christian Life.' The published sermons of his later life are too much overcrowded by the fear that the materialists be upon us. They have not the joyous march and song of the 'Endeavors.' A penetrating spirituality is the dominant note of all his works; a passion for ideal truth and purity. The beauty of holiness shines from every page as from the preacher's face. His style, though marvelously brilliant, has undoubtedly been a deduction from his influence. It is so rich with metaphor that it dazzles the reader more than it illuminates the theme. Moreover, we are arrested by the beauty of the expression as by a painted window that conceals what is beyond. Nevertheless, for those straining after an ideal perfection, his sermons are as music to their feet. He won the unbounded love and reverence of his own household of faith; and all the great universities of Great Britain, America, and Continental Europe, accorded him their highest honors. His death occurred in 1900, at the advanced age of 95 years.

THE TRANSIENT AND THE REAL IN LIFE

From 'Hours of Thought on Sacred Things'

Job xii. 22: "*He discovereth deep things out of darkness; and bringeth out to light the shadow of Death.*"

It is the oldest, as it is the newest, reproach of the cynic against the devout, that they construe the universe by themselves; attribute it to a will like their own; tracing in it imaginary vestiges of a moral plan, and expecting from it the fulfillment of their brilliant but arbitrary dreams. Instead of humbly sitting at the feet of Nature, copying her order into the mind, and shaping all desire and belief into the form of her usages and laws, they turn out their own inward life into the spaces of the world, and impose their longings and admirations on the courses and issues of Time. With childish self-exaggeration, it is said, we fancy creation governed like a great human life,—peopled with motives, preferences, and affections parallel to ours,—its light and heat, its winds and tides, its seasons and its skies, administered by choice of good or ill, transparent with the flush of an infinite love, or suffused with the shadow of an infinite displeasure. We set at the helm of things a glorified humanity; and that is our God. We think away from society the cries of wrong

and the elements of sin, leaving only what is calm and holy; and that is our Kingdom of Heaven. We picture to ourselves youth that never wastes, thought that never tires, and friendship without the last adieu; and that is our immortality. Religion, we are assured, is thus born of misery: it is the soul's protest against disappointment and refusal to accept it, the pity which our nature takes upon its own infirmities, and is secured only on the pathos of the human heart.

Be it so. Are you sure that the security is not good? Are we so made as to learn everything from the external world, and nothing out of ourselves? Grant the allegation. Let our diviner visions be the native instinct, the home inspiration, of our thought and love: are they therefore false because *we* think them? illusory, because beautiful relatively to us? Am I to believe the register of my senses, and to contradict the divinations of conscience and the trusts of pure affection? Is it a sign of highest reason to deny God until I see him, and blind myself to the life eternal till I am born into its surprise? Nothing more arbitrary, nothing narrower, can well be conceived, than to lay down the rule that our lowest endowment — the perceptive powers which introduce us to material things — has the monopoly of knowledge; and that the surmises of the moral sense have nothing true, and the vaticinations of devoted love only a light that leads astray. The wiser position surely is, that the mind is a balanced organ of truth all round, — that each faculty sees aright on its own side of things, and can measure what the others miss: the hand, the palpable; the eye, the visible; the imagination, the beautiful; the spirit, the spiritual; and the will, the good. How else indeed could God and Heaven, if really there, enter our field of knowledge, but by standing thus in relation to some apprehensive gift in us, and emerging as the very condition of its exercise and the attendant shadow of its movements?

And in truth, if we are not strangely self-ignorant, we must be conscious of two natures blended in us, each carrying a separate order of beliefs and trusts, which may assert themselves with the least possible notice of the other. There is the nature which lies open to the play of the finite world, gathers its experience, measures everything by its standard, adapts itself to its rules, and discharges as fictitious whatever its appearances fail to show. And underlying this, in strata far below, there is the

nature which stands related to things infinite, and heaves and stirs beneath their solemn pressure, and is so engaged with them as hardly to feel above it the sway and ripple of the transitory tides. Living by the one, we find our place in nature; by the other, we lose ourselves in God. By the first, we have our science, our skill, our prudence; by the second, our philosophy, our poetry, our reverence for duty. The one computes its way by foresight; the other is self-luminous for insight. In short, the one puts us into communication with the order of appearances; the other with eternal realities. It is a shallow mind which can see to the bottom of its own beliefs, and is conscious of nothing but what it can measure in evidence and state in words; which feels in its own guilt no depth it cannot fathom, and in another's holiness no beauty it can only pine to seize; which reads on the face of things — on the glory of the earth and sky, on human joy and grief, on birth and death, in pity and heroic sacrifice, in the eyes of a trusting child and the composure of a saintly countenance — no meanings that cannot be printed; and which is never drawn, alone and in silence, into prayer exceeding speech. Things infinite and divine lie too near to our own centre, and mingle in too close communion, to be looked at as if they were there instead of here: they are given not so much for definition as for trust; are less the objects we think of than the very tone and color of our thought, the tension of our love, the unappeasable thirst of grief and reverence. Till we surrender ourselves not less freely to the implicit faiths folded up in the interior reason, conscience, and affection, than to the explicit beliefs which embody in words the laws of the outward world, we shall be but one-eyed children of Nature, and utterly blind prophets of God.

No doubt these two sides of our humanity, supplying the temporal and the spiritual estimates of things, are at ceaseless variance; they reckon by incommensurable standards, and the answers can never be the same. The natural world, with the part of us that belongs to it, is so framed as to make nothing of importance to us except the rules by which it goes, and to bid us ask no questions about its origin; since we have equally to fall in with its ways, be they fatal or be they divine. But to our reason in its noblest exercise, it makes a difference simply infinite, whether the universe it scans is in the hands of dead necessity or of the living God. This, which our science ignores,

is precisely the problem which our intellect is made to ponder. Again, our social system of rights and obligations is constructed on the assumption that with the springs of action we have no concern: they fulfill all conditions, if we ask nothing and give nothing beyond the conduct happiest in its results. But the natural conscience flies straight to the inner springs of action as its sole interest and object; it is there simply as an organ for interpreting them, and finding in them the very soul of righteousness: that which the outward observer shuns is the inward spirit's holy place. And once more, Nature, as the mere mother of us all, takes small account in this thronged and historic world of the single human life: repeating it so often as to render it cheap; short as it is, often cutting its brief thread; and making each one look so like the other that you would say it could not matter who should go. But will our private love, which surely has the nearer insight, accept this estimate? Do we, when its treasure has fallen from our arms, say of the term of human years, "It has been enough"?—that the possibilities are spent; that the cycle of the soul is complete; and that with larger time and renovated opportunity, it could learn and love and serve no more? Ah no! to deep and reverent affection there is an aspect under which death must ever appear unnatural; and its cloud, after lingering awhile till the perishable elements are hid, grows transparent as we gaze, and half shows, half veils, a glorious image in the depth beyond. Tell me not that affection is blind, and magnifies its object in the dark. Affection blind! I say there is nothing else that can see; that can find its way through the windings of the soul it loves, and know how its graces lie. The cynic thinks that all the fair look of our humanity is on the outside, inasmuch as each mind will put on its best dress for company; and if *there* he detects some littleness and weakness, which perhaps his own cold eye brings to the surface, there can be only what is worse within. Dupe that he is of his own wit! he has not found out that all the evil spirits of human nature flock to him; that his presence brings them to the surface from their recesses in every heart, and drives the blessed angels to hide themselves away: for who would own a reverence, who tell a tender grief, before that hard ungenial gaze? Wherever he moves, he empties the space around him of its purest elements: with his low thought he roofs it from the heavenly light and the sweet air; and then complains of the world as a close-breathed and

stifling place. It is not the critic, but the lover, who can know the real contents and scale of a human life; and that interior estimate, as it is the truer, is always the higher: the closest look becomes the gentlest too; and domestic faith, struck by bereavement, easily transfigures the daily familiar into an image congenial with a brighter world.

Our faculties and affections are graduated then to objects greater, better, fairer, and more enduring, than the order of nature gives us here. They demand a scale and depth of being which outwardly they do not meet, yet inwardly they are the organ for apprehending. Hence a certain glorious sorrow must ever mingle with our life: all our actual is transcended by our possible; our visionary faculty is an overmatch for our experience; like the caged bird, we break ourselves against the bars of the finite, with a wing that quivers for the infinite. To stifle this struggle, to give up the higher aspiration, and be content with making our small lodgings snug, is to cut off the summit of our nature, and live upon the flat of a mutilated humanity. To let the struggle be, however it may sadden us, to trust the pressure of the soul towards diviner objects and more holy life, and measure by it the invisible ends to which we tend,—this is true faith; the unfading crown of an ideal and progressive nature. It is indeed, and ever must be, notwithstanding the light that circles it, a crown of thorns; and the brow that wears it can never wholly cease to bleed. A nature which reaches forth to the perfect from a station in the imperfect must always have a pathetic tinge in its experience. Think not to escape it by any change of scene, though from the noisy streets to the eternal City of God. There is but One for whom there is no interval between what he thinks and what he is; in whom therefore is "light, and no darkness at all." For us, vain is the dream of a shadowless world, with no interruption of brilliancy, no remission of joy. Were our heaven never overcast, yet we meet the brightest morning only in escape from recent night; and the atmosphere of our souls, never passing from ebb and flow of love into a motionless constancy, must always break the white eternal beams into a colored and a tearful glory. Whence is that tincture of sanctity which Christ has given to sorrow, and which makes his form at once the divinest and most pathetic in the world? It is that he has wakened by his touch the illimitable aspirations of our bounded nature, and flung at once into

our thought and affection a holy beauty, a divine Sonship, into which we can only slowly grow. And this is a condition which can never cease to be. Among the true children of the Highest, who would wish to be free from it? Let the glorious burden lie! How can we be angry at a sorrow which is the birth-pang of a diviner life?

From this strife, of infinite capacity with finite conditions, spring all the ideal elements which mingle with the matter of our being. Nor is it our conscience only that betrays the secret of this double life. Our very memory too, though it seems but to photograph the actual, proves to have the artist's true selecting power, and knows how to let the transient fall away, and leave the imperishable undimmed and clear. As time removes us from each immediate experience, some freshening dew, some wave of regeneration, brightens all the colors and washes off the dust; so that often we discover the essence only when the accidents are gone, and the present must die from us ere it can truly live. The work of yesterday, with its place and hour, has but a dull look when we recall it. But the scene of our childish years,—the homestead, it may be, with its quaint garden and its orchard grass; the bridge across the brook from which we dropped the pebbles and watched the circling waves; the schoolhouse in the field, whose bell broke up the game and quickened every lingerer's feet; the yew-tree path where we crossed the church-yard, with arm round the neck of a companion now beneath the sod,—how soft the light, how tender the shadows, in which that picture lies! how musical across the silence are the tones it flings! The glare, the heat, the noise, the care, are gone; and the sunshine sleeps, and the waters ripple, and the lawns are green, as if it were in Paradise. But in these minor religions of life, it is the personal images of companions loved and lost that chiefly keep their watch with us, and sweeten and solemnize the hours. The very child that misses the mother's appreciating love is introduced, by his first tears, to that thirst of the heart which is the early movement of piety, ere yet it has got its wings. And I have known the youth who through long years of harsh temptation, and then short years of wasting decline, has, from like memory, never lost the sense as of a guardian angel near, and lived in the enthusiasm, and died into the embrace, of the everlasting holiness. In the heat and struggle of mid-life, it is a severe but often a purifying retreat to be lifted into the

lonely observatory of memory, above the fretful illusions of the moment, and in presence once more of the beauty and the sanctity of life. The voiceless counsels that look through the visionary eyes of our departed steal into us behind our will, and sweep the clouds away, and direct us on a wiser path than we should know to choose. If age ever gains any higher wisdom, it is chiefly that it sits in a longer gallery of the dead, and sees the noble and saintly faces in further perspective and more various throng. The dim abstracted look that often settles on the features of the old,—what means it? Is it a mere fading of the life? an absence, begun already, from the drama of humanity? a deafness to the cry of its woes and the music of its affections? Not always so: the seeming forgetfulness may be but brightened memory; and if the mists lie on the outward present, and make it as a gathering night, the more brilliant is the lamp within that illuminates the figures of the past, and shows again, by their flitting shadows, the plot in which they moved and fell.

It is through such natural experiences—the treasured sanctities of every true life—that God "discovereth to us deep things out of darkness, and turneth into light the shadow of death." They constitute the *lesser religions* of the soul; and say what you will, they come and go with the *greater*, and put forth leaf and blossom from the same root. We are so constituted throughout—in memory, in affection, in conscience, in intellect—that we cannot rest in the literal aspect of things as they materially come to us. No sooner are they in our possession, than we turn them into some crucible of thought, which saves their essence and precipitates their dross; and their pure idea emerges as our lasting treasure, to be remembered, loved, willed, and believed. What we thus gain, then,—is it a falsification? or a revelation? What we discard,—is it the sole constant, which alone we ought to keep? or the truly perishable, which we deservedly let slip? If the vision which remains with us is fictitious, then is there a fatal misadjustment between the actual universe and the powers given us for interpreting it; so that precisely what we recognize as highest in us—the human distinctions of art, of love, of duty, of faith—must be treated as palming off upon us a system of intellectual frauds. But if the idealizing analysis be true, it is only that our faculties have not merely passive receptivity, but discriminative insight, are related to the permanent as well as to the transient, and are at once prophetic and retrospective; and

thus are qualified to report to us, not only what is, but what ought to be and is to be. Did we apply the transforming imagination only *to the present*, so as to discern in it a better possibility beyond, it might be regarded as simply a provision for the progressive improvement of this world,—an explanation still carrying in itself the thought of a beneficent Provider. But we glorify no less what *has been* than what *now is;* and see it in a light in which it never appeared beneath the sun: and this is either an illusion or a prevision.

The problem whether the transfiguring powers of the mind serve upon us an imposture or open to us a divine vision, carries in its answer the whole future of society, the whole peace and nobleness of individual character. High art, high morals, high faith, are impossible among those who do not believe their own inspirations, but only court and copy them for pleasure or profit. And for great lives, and stainless purity, and holy sorrow, and surrendering trust, the souls of men must pass through all vain semblances, and touch the reality of an eternal Righteousness and a never-wearied Love.

ANDREW MARVELL

(1621–1678)

ANDREW MARVELL has been described as of medium height, sturdy and thick-set, with bright dark eyes, and pleasing, rather reserved expression.

He was born in 1621, at Winestead, near Hull, in Yorkshire. His father was master of the grammar school, and there Andrew was prepared for Trinity College, Cambridge. But a boyish escapade led to his expulsion before the completion of his university course, and for several years he lived abroad; visiting France, Holland, Spain, and Italy, and improving his mind "to very good purpose," as his friend John Milton said admiringly. He returned to become tutor to Lord Fairfax's young daughter, and lived at Nun Appleton near Hull. He was an ardent lover of nature, finding rest and refreshment in its color and beauty, noting the lilt of a bird or the texture of a blossom with a happy zest which recalls the songs of the Elizabethans. Much of his pastoral verse was written at this period. But his energetic nature soon tired of country calm. His connection with Lord Fairfax had made him known in Roundhead circles, and he left Nun Appleton, appointed by Cromwell tutor to his young ward Mr. Dutton, and afterwards engaged in politics. His native Hull elected him to Parliament three times; and he is said to have been the last member to receive wages—two shillings a day—for his services. So well did he satisfy his constituents that they continued him a pension until his death in 1678. His public career was distinguished for fearless integrity; and an often quoted instance of this describes Lord Treasurer Danby sent by Charles II. to seek out the poet in his poverty-stricken lodgings off the Strand, with enticing offers to join the court party. These Marvell stoutly declined; although the story adds that as soon as his flattering visitor had gone he was forced to send out for the loan of a guinea.

ANDREW MARVELL

Marvell's satiric prose was too bitter and too personal not to arouse great animosity, and he was often forced to circulate it in

manuscript or have it secretly printed. The vigorous style suggests Swift; and mingled with coarse invective and frequent brutalities there is sledge-hammer force of wit,—much of which, however, is lost to the modern reader from the fact that the issues involved are now forgotten.

The great objects of Marvell's veneration were Cromwell and Milton. He knew them personally, was the associate of Milton at the latter's request, and these master minds inspired some of his finest verse. He has been called «the poet of the Protectorate»; and perhaps no one has spoken more eloquently upon Cromwell than he in his 'Horatian Ode' and 'Death of Cromwell.' It is interesting to note that Milton and Cromwell admired and respected Marvell's talents, and that the former suggested in all sincerity that he himself might find matter for envy in the achievement of the lesser poet.

Marvell «was eminently afflicted with the gift of wit or ingenuity much prized in his time,» says Goldwin Smith. His fanciful artificialities, reflecting the contemporary spirit of Waller and Cowley, are sometimes tedious to modern taste. But in sincerer moods he could write poems whose genuine feeling, descriptive charm, and artistic skill are still as effective as ever.

THE GARDEN

How vainly men themselves amaze,
To win the palm, the oak, or bays:
And their incessant labors see
Crowned from some single herb, or tree,
Whose short and narrow-vergèd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all the flowers and trees do close,
To weave the garlands of repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow;
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.

Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress's name.
Little, alas! they know or heed,
How far these beauties her exceed!
Fair trees! where'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The gods, who mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race.
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness—
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find:
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds and other seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide:
There like a bird it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings;
And till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was the happy garden state,
While man there walked without a mate;
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet?

But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two paradises are in one,
To live in paradise alone.

How well the skillful gardener drew
Of flowers and herbs, this dial new!
Where from above the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run;
And as it works, th' industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we. .
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned, but with herbs and flowers?

THE EMIGRANTS IN BERMUDAS

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
In th' ocean's bosom, unespied—
From a small boat that rowed along,
The listening winds received this song:—

What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
Where he the huge sea monsters wracks
That lift the deep upon their backs,
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms and prelate's rage.
He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows;
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet;
But apples,—plants of such a price
No tree could ever bear them twice,—
With cedars, chosen by his hand
From Lebanon, he stores the land;
And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.

He cast (of which we rather boast)
The gospel's pearl upon our coast;
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound his name.
Oh, let our voice his praise exalt
Till it arrive at heaven's vault;
Which then, perhaps, rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay.

Thus they sang, in the English boat,
A holy and a cheerful note;
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

THE MOWER TO THE GLOW-WORMS

YE LIVING lamps, by whose dear light
The nightingale does sit so late,
And studying all the summer night,
Her matchless songs does meditate!

Ye country comets, that portend
No war, nor prince's funeral,
Shining unto no other end
Than to presage the grass's fall!

Ye glow-worms, whose officious flame
To wandering mowers shows the way,
That in the night have lost their aim,
And after foolish fires do stray!

Your courteous lights in vain you waste,
Since Juliana here is come;
For she my mind hath so displaced,
That I shall never find my home.

THE MOWER'S SONG

MY MIND was once the true survey
Of all these meadows fresh and gay;
And in the greenness of the grass
Did see its hopes as in a glass:
When Juliana came, and she,
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

But these, while I with sorrow pine,
Grew more luxuriant still and fine;
That not one blade of grass you spied
But had a flower on either side:
When Juliana came, and she,
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

Unthankful meadows, could you so
A fellowship so true forego,
And in your gaudy May-games meet,
While I lay trodden under feet?
When Juliana came, and she,
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

But what you in compassion ought,
Shall now by my revenge be wrought;
And flowers, and grass, and I, and all,
Will in one common ruin fall:
For Juliana comes, and she,
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

And thus ye meadows, which have been
Companions of my thoughts more green,
Shall now the heraldry become
With which I shall adorn my tomb:
For Juliana comes, and she,
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

THE PICTURE OF T. C.

In a Prospect of Flowers

See with what simplicity
This nymph begins her golden days!
In the green grass she loves to lie,
And there with her fair aspect tames
The wilder flowers, and gives them names;
But only with the roses plays,
And them does tell
What color best becomes them, and what smell.

Who can foretell for what high cause
This darling of the gods was born?

See! this is she whose chaster laws
The wanton Love shall one day fear,
And under her command severe,
See his bow broke and ensigns torn.
Happy who can
Appease this virtuous enemy of man!

Oh, then let me in time compound
And parley with those conquering eyes,
Ere they have tried their force to wound,—
Ere with their glancing wheels they drive
In triumph over hearts that strive,
And them that yield but more despise:
Let me be laid
Where I may see the glory from some shade.

Meanwhile, whilst every verdant thing
Itself does at thy beauty charm,
Reform the errors of the spring:
Make that the tulips may have share
Of sweetness, seeing they are fair;
And roses of their thorns disarm;
But most procure
That violets may a longer age endure.

But oh, young beauty of the woods,
Whom Nature courts with fruit and flowers,
Gather the flowers, but spare the buds,
Lest Flora, angry at thy crime
To kill her infants in their prime,
Should quickly make the example yours;
And ere we see,
Nip in the blossom all our hopes in thee.

KARL MARX

(1818–1883)

BY WILLIAM ENGLISH WALLING

It is the common belief that modern Socialism owes its principles largely to Karl Marx. But the central idea of Marx's thought was precisely that every great social movement is based not upon the ideas of any single man or group of men, but upon the economic conditions, the needs and the aspirations of whole populations — or rather of those social classes which are destined to predominate. His first and greatest teaching was that such a movement would come into existence whether or not there were any leaders capable of adequately formulating its thought.

According to the Marxian view, the importance of Karl Marx is not that he created the Socialist Movement or that he laid down its fundamental theoretical principles, but that his many-sided personality was thoroughly (though not completely) *representative* of that movement. To appreciate this representative character of Marx, it is not necessary to gain more than a rudimentary knowledge of his leading ideas. The briefest glance at his life and at the subject matter and titles of his writings is sufficient.

In the first place, his whole life and thought were thoroughly international; that is to say, his politics and economics did not rest upon the tradition of a single nation, but upon a comparative study of those three countries in which he lived, Germany, France, and England — the three leading countries of the world at the period in which he wrote. Even his descent and birthplace were significant. He was born of Jewish parents in the town of Trier in the year 1818. That is to say, he was born of an international stock within a few miles of the boundary of France and a very short distance from Belgium and Holland. Only his early youth was spent in Germany. During several years of his mature manhood he lived in exile in Paris and he spent the latter half of his life in exile in London. His father having been a banker, Marx was brought up in an atmosphere of business and since he devoted his life chiefly to the study of political economy he continued from his earliest years to his death to take a view of all public questions that was largely based upon an economic foundation. At the same time he was thorough master of all the public discussion of his time, whether from an economic, a philosophical, or a purely political standpoint. In Germany he mastered all the current philosophies of his period, especially those

of Hegel and Feuerbach. In France he devoured and assimilated all the Revolutionary and post-Revolutionary political thought. In England he not only became an adept in all the political economy of the period from Adam Smith to Ricardo and John Stuart Mill, but his keen powers of criticism soon enabled him to see all around these great economists — at least in many directions, as most later economists have admitted.

The Socialism of Karl Marx was thus essentially of a comparative or scientific character. Not only was it based on a comparative study of the three greatest and most advanced nations of Europe, but it was compounded of ideas drawn from three almost separate sources: German philosophy, French politics, and British economics. It may be admitted that the so-called Utopian Socialists of France and England, Fourier, St. Simon, and Owen, also exerted an influence. Undoubtedly they furnished Marx with an ideal — that of a scientifically organized industrial democracy. But this was only the smaller part of Marx's thought. He was concerned relatively little with the nature of the future society and concentrated his attention almost wholly on the ways and means of attaining it.

I have indicated the influence of the geographical environment upon the life and work of Karl Marx. It remains to mention the influence of the period in which he lived. His education and his earliest writing were dominated by the French Revolution and its after results. All the progressive political thought of Europe before 1848 was under the same influences: the theory of political democracy was accepted dogmatically and absolutely; consequently all progressive thought which concerned itself with social and economic questions tended to extend the idea of democracy to cover those fields, and the ideal of industrial and social democracy was in the air.

But Marx also drew a more immediate lesson from the French Revolution — in agreement, in this instance, with French political thought, but in disagreement both with the philosophy of Germany and with the economics of England. He held, with the French, that all thorough and radical social progress must be achieved in large part by the method of social revolution. He took from English political economy the idea — prevalent among business men everywhere and at all times — that social progress depends largely, if not chiefly, upon economic progress. But he thought that no very fundamental social progress, and especially no change for the benefit of the democracy, could be brought about without revolution. The old order is always defended to the last ditch by the privileged classes that benefit from it. This creates a «class struggle» between the privileged and the non-privileged, a «class struggle» which can only be terminated successfully by means of a political and social revolution.

This thought is in no way original with Marx, but was the prevalent

one in France even before 1848. The Revolution of 1848 very much strengthened this conception. Like the great French Revolution, it extended itself over Europe, indicating that it was directed not against the superficial political forms of a single nation, but against the fundamental economic and social conditions of a whole period. But the Revolution of 1848 was far more conscious than that of 1789. The earlier revolution was thought of by its partisans merely as a struggle between an old and a new order, the new order being regarded as a final and conclusive settlement of all fundamental social problems. The revolutionary movement of 1848 brought to various countries of Europe complicated class struggles, struggles participated in by several social classes: the land-owning nobilities, the peasantry, the urban middle classes, and the urban working classes, not to mention other social groups and subdivisions of those already named. The existence of these social classes was recognized by nearly all the historians and political and economic writers of the period. But nearly all of these writers were still under the Utopian illusion of the French Revolution, that the impending change would be the last great social upheaval. Karl Marx, realizing how far from Socialism were the ideals of the leading revolutionists of 1848, came to regard this revolution like its predecessor, as marking merely a stage in progress towards Socialism to be followed by a later revolution before a Socialist society could be ushered in.

It is doubtful whether we can say that Marx definitely applied the idea of evolution, which was not yet finally accepted in biology at the time when he wrote, to human society. Possibly a more accurate way of stating his position would be to say that he had advanced from the Utopian concept (which expected the final reorganization of society at a single bound) *in the direction* of an evolutionary concept which looks forward to endless change and progress in the fundamental organization of society as well as in all other directions. He had not fully attained this evolutionary view, for while he speaks of several fundamental revolutionary changes in the past, he looks forward to only one such change in the future, namely, the social revolution which was to usher in Socialism. On the other hand, his view is evolutionary in one exceedingly important aspect. He does not believe we shall be ready for that great social change with which he is chiefly concerned until a preliminary evolution is passed through with. Here indeed is the kernel of his thought. No great progress is possible except through revolution. But no revolution is possible except when the economic evolution of society has thoroughly prepared the soil by creating new social classes and by making practicable the new social institutions demanded by a new society. In his theory, then, it might be said that Marx was not wholly an evolutionist. In practice and in his attitude towards the existing economic questions his standpoint was entirely evolutionary.

The importance of Karl Marx, as I have said, lies in the fact that he

was so thoroughly representative of a great social movement. It is not surprising, then, that he could claim no originality in any of the ideas that I have mentioned up to the present point. What he did do was to express these ideas better than others, to connect them in a more logical system, and to discover a larger amount of evidence in support of these views. But Marx did make an original contribution to political thought and to the Socialist Movement — a contribution of the first magnitude. Undoubtedly many other persons in his period, and even before, were idealizing the rôle of «labor» as the social class upon which society rested and the class which would have to reorganize society in the end and establish Socialism. But few attempted to make this thought the fundamental and central thought of a whole social system — and such attempts as were made were unsuccessful; they did not leave a profound impression either upon the educated public generally or upon «labor.» Marx was the first to achieve a brilliant success in both of these directions — a success so brilliant that none of his successors have been able to make a very radical advance in this line of thought. Additions have been made and they have constituted advances, but it may safely be said that all the Marxism since the days of Marx is hardly as important as the writings of Marx himself.

It is impracticable in a brief space even to summarize the contents of the writings of Marx, but we may mention his leading works and indicate their relative importance. It is usual for the disciples of Marx, as well as for professional critics, to regard ‹Das Kapital› as his chief work. However, this monumental performance is of an exceedingly abstract and theoretical nature. In spite of the high regard in which it is held by the working classes, as well as all disciples and some critics of Marx, it is of such an abstruse character that it has had relatively few readers when compared with his other writings. In ‹Das Kapital› Marx exposes a new philosophy and logic (based upon Hegel), a new theory of history, and a new political economy. Besides the main theoretical argument, the work contains a vast amount of historical study and observation of the highest interest and value — matter which is merely illustrative, however. Of equal merit as studies of economic history, are Marx's shorter historical writings about the revolutions of 1789 and 1848 and the Paris Commune of 1871. There can be little question that these writings have had a far larger number of readers than his *magnum opus*. Even if it is possible that the first volume of ‹Das Kapital› may have had equally large editions, it is certain that a very large number of the volumes purchased have either remained largely unread or have been only partly read and still less understood. Even more important in actual influence on the political development of Europe has been the ‹Communist Manifesto,› written by Marx together with Frederick Engels in 1847 — and therefore among his very earliest writings. This is a relatively short pamphlet outlining

very briefly and with the utmost eloquence Marx's whole system. It would probably be impossible to make even an approximate calculation of the number of readers of this pamphlet. It has certainly circulated by many millions.

Marx is best represented by the ‹Communist Manifesto,› for several reasons. In the first place this document was, in a sense, the cause of the formation of the first International Working Men's Association, a body which for fifteen years played an important rôle in the history of labor in Europe and even in America. Then the Manifesto displays the true secret of Marx's power, his masterly grasp of social conditions, his thorough-going democracy, and his self-evident and absolute intellectual honesty. Incidentally, the Manifesto exhibits all the chief strength and weakness of Marxism as it has developed since its publication. It shows — intimately connected together — a deeply philosophical interest in social progress and an extraordinary grasp of practical politics. At the same time there is visible both the rigid dogmatism and the extreme partisanship of Marxism as the world has known it ever since that time.

The most original doctrine of Karl Marx is, of course, the doctrine which has created the most controversy, namely "the class-struggle." The fact that it has created the most controversy is by no means a paradox, for all great new systems of thought, in whatever field, arouse opposition in proportion to their originality. We may even go farther and say that it is usually found, after a lapse of time, that the more original and more valuable a new idea is, the more serious and profound is the error that is discovered to be an essential part of it. We have discovered that Marx's very concept of «labor» is necessarily vague, and vague to such a degree that it is never employed without leading to a large measure of confusion, perhaps to almost as much confusion as clarity of thought. For example, a larger and larger proportion of the population is growing to be employed by governments. These governments are still chiefly under the control of Capitalism, as all Marxists or Socialists of whatever school agree. Government employees of the lower ranks are treated like laborers and their condition is similar to that of the laborer in every way. On the other hand, the higher employees are drawn from privileged classes and their position is exceedingly similar in every way to that of the privileged classes from which they are drawn. Between these two groups there is a steady gradation, and it is utterly impossible to sharply define «labor» in government employment, though this definition is absolutely indispensable in all the generalizations of Karl Marx. And this is only one of the difficulties with the concept «labor.»

Not only is the concept «labor» vague, but the concept «capital» is equally so, and perhaps the idea of «struggle» is still more impossible to define. What Marx had in mind was undoubtedly a struggle leading

gradually to a revolutionary climax, but the majority of Marxists have already agreed to apply the term also to practically every struggle between employers and employed, no matter how small its area and without regard to the fact that sometimes a group of laborers may aim at its own advantage at the expense of other groups of laborers. Of course the strictly orthodox Marxists could not call the ordinary strike an example of class struggle, but this merely proves that the number of genuinely orthodox Marxists is so small as to be utterly insignificant — for the great majority do speak of practically every strike as an example of the class struggle, and of every labor union as an example of the economic organization of «labor» as a class struggling against capital. In politics it is still more difficult to define what is meant by the term «struggle» in the class struggle theory. There are all shades of Socialist co-operation with middle class parties, and even with the government of one's own nation in conflict with the government of another nation. In fact, a large majority of the Socialist parties of the world are now supporting their governments, and not a few of them — including those of several neutral nations — have actually become a part of the government by sending official representatives of the party into coalition ministries.

Marx expected that the period of industrial competition would bring itself to an end by creating monopolies in all the important fields of industry. However, he concluded that this period of industrial monopolies would be exceedingly short, as it would at once evolve into government ownership and government ownership would in turn evolve into Socialism. We now find ourselves in the period of monopoly, or very nearly in it. We also find ourselves approaching the period of government ownership. But the present order of society shows many signs of considerable stability. Therefore the writings of Marx have little application to the present time. His whole attack is against competition and his whole argument is that we can and should take advantage of the ending of competition to transform the existing order into a Socialist society. He throws no light upon, and gives no direction with regard to, the intervening stages — that is to say, his references to the period in which we now live are entirely incidental and almost casual.

Marx did not foresee a long intervening period of State Socialism. Hence, he did not credit social reform with the power of making any of those radical improvements in conditions which we see taking place all about us to-day. All the weaknesses of the period of industrial competition he supposed would be continued up to the very moment of social revolution and Socialism — especially pauperism or poverty in an extreme form.

A closely related error is that «labor» can gain no radical advance except through its own effort, «the class struggle,» and that, as soon as it gains anything very important, this is a sign that it is getting the

upper hand over capital and that the social revolution is at hand. Until that moment arrives, Marx held little, if any gain is theoretically possible. On the contrary, we see the governments all tending in the direction of the adoption of a policy of national efficiency — which requires that the individual efficiency of «labor» shall be raised by means of radical social reforms. This policy is being adopted not only because of competition between nations, but because the upper and privileged classes find that a policy of enlightened selfishness may produce far larger profits than to allow the working class to stagnate or decay. At the same time the advances of the privileged still remain far greater proportionately than the advances of the non-privileged. In other words, the relative power of the working classes is not increasing, and we are therefore not at present approaching a revolution. Whether we shall ever do so is a question for the future to decide. It is certain that the tendency of the present moment is not in that direction. On the contrary, the best hope of a social revolution which might establish social and industrial democracy is precisely that the physical and mental condition of «labor» is being rapidly improved — in spite of the fact that it has no power to compel such improvements. Thus «labor» is becoming stronger decade by decade. In spite of the fact that the condition of the other classes is improving still more rapidly, the time may come when, by virtue of its own organized power, «labor» will be able to compel radical changes in society in the direction of Socialism — possibly even to the extent of introducing a Socialist society — one in which their children will have equal economic opportunity with the children of other social classes.

Up to this point we have considered Marx as the formulator of a political doctrine and the organizer of a political movement. But it would be a great mistake, and a gross injustice to Marx, to gauge his value solely by the nature and influence of his purely intellectual achievements. Intellectually he was limited by the thought of his time. Fundamentally he held to the philosophy, the logic and the political economy of his period. His conclusions were radically different from those of his contemporaries, but his starting-point, his fundamental assumptions and methods of thought were the same. The immense influence he still wields, both over the working classes and over a large part of the educated classes of the world to-day, is due in large measure to another aspect of his character. It may be doubted if any individual has ever been more passionately devoted to the cause of social progress or has ever been able to bring a greater capacity to its service. The vigor of Marx's personality and the immense literary power and propaganda value of his writings are due at least as much to his social sympathies as to the clarity and accuracy of his thinking. Few historians would question the fact that he had a larger and more thorough grasp on the social conditions of his time than any other

living man. He not only realized these conditions, but he made an encyclopædic review of all the remedies that had been offered and all the hopes that had been held before the masses of mankind. From this review he then succeeded — unquestionably — in picking out those social facts and tendencies and those remedies which promised the best for the future. Later history has shown that he was very radically wrong in many of his predictions and conceptions — but it still remains true that he was probably less wrong than any of his contemporaries. If his predictions have proved partly false they have proved partly true — and in larger measure than those of any other social philosopher or statesman of his period.

When Marx first wrote, «labor» was disunited and doubtful of its own future. He succeeded, in large measure, in uniting labor—in so far as this could be done by giving it a single point of view. Moreover, he popularized politics and economics among the masses, largely because of the hope he offered to democracy in all of his writings. Every orderly discussion requires a working hypothesis. Marx provided working hypotheses so excellent that some of them remain more or less serviceable even to-day. At any rate, they were well in advance of the prevailing hypotheses of his time and they served their purpose of fixing in the workers' minds an orderly and logical picture — largely accurate — of economic and social progress.

The social sympathy and absolute intellectual honesty of Karl Marx are chiefly responsible for the enormous following he has gained. If his intellectual achievement loses in value, this does not in any way lessen the stupendous contribution he made to social progress. Moreover the negative value of his work is lasting and cannot be overestimated. He overthrew the reign in the minds of the people of every manner of obsolete theory, from theology to a social philosophy, a political economy and a political science which were almost consciously formulated for the purpose of preventing social change and deceiving the masses.

As far as his popular influence is concerned, it may even be said that Marx succeeded too well. Possibly he planted hope so firmly in the hearts of the working classes as to produce a form of optimistic fatalism. Possibly he so weakened the theory of individualism as to aid materially in the upgrowth of a tyrannical State Socialism. Again, it may be held that he popularized history to such a degree that he has brought the working people of Continental Europe — for example, those of Germany and France — to fix their attention too firmly upon the past, and especially upon its revolutions and upon a class alignment which after all may be destined to play only a limited rôle in history.

BOURGEOIS AND PROLETARIANS.[1]

From ‹The Manifesto of the Communist Party,› by Karl Marx and Frederick Engels. Translated by Samuel Moore.

THE history of all hitherto existing society[2] is the history of class struggles.

Freeman and slave, patrician and plebeian, lord and serf, guildmaster[3] and journeyman, in a word, oppressor and oppressed, stood in constant opposition to one another, carried on an uninterrupted, now hidden, now open fight, that each time ended, either in revolutionary reconstitution of society at large, or in the common ruin of the contending classes.

In the earlier epochs of history we find almost everywhere a complicated arrangement of society into various orders, a manifold gradation of social rank. In ancient Rome we have patricians, knights, plebeians, slaves; in the Middle Ages, feudal lords, vassals, guildmasters, journeymen, apprentices, serfs; in almost all of these classes, again, subordinate gradations.

The modern Bourgeois society that has sprouted from the ruins of feudal society has not done away with class antagonisms. It has but established new classes, new conditions of oppression, new forms of struggle in place of the old ones.

Our epoch, the epoch of the bourgeois, possesses, however, this distinctive feature: it has simplified the class antagonisms. Society as a whole is more and more splitting up into two great hostile camps,

[1] By bourgeoisie is meant the class of modern capitalists, owners of the means of social production and employers of wage-labor. By proletariat, the class of modern wage-laborers who, having no means of production of their own, are reduced to selling their labor-power in order to live.

[2] That is, all *written* history. In 1847, the pre-history of society, the social organization existing previous to recorded history, was all but unknown. Since then, Haxthausen discovered common ownership of land in Russia, Maurer proved it to be the social foundation from which all Teutonic races started in history, and by and by village communities were found to be, or to have been the primitive form of society everywhere from India to Ireland. The inner organization of this primitive Communistic society was laid bare, in its typical form, by Morgan's crowning discovery of the true nature of the *gens* and its relation to the *tribe*. With the dissolution of these primæval communities society begins to be differentiated into separate and finally antagonistic classes. I have attempted to retrace this process of dissolution in : ‹Der Ursprung der Familie, des Privateigenthums und des Staats,› 2nd edit., Stuttgart, 1886.

[3] Guildmaster, that is a full member of a guild, a master within, not a head of a guild.

into two great classes directly facing each other: Bourgeoisie and Proletariat.

From the serfs of the Middle Ages sprang the chartered burghers of the earliest towns. From these burgesses the first elements of the bourgeoisie were developed.

The discovery of America, the rounding of the Cape, opened up fresh ground for the rising bourgeoisie. The East Indian and Chinese markets, the colonization of America, trade with the colonies, the increase in the means of exchange and in commodities generally, gave to commerce, to navigation, to industry, an impulse never before known, and thereby, to the revolutionary element in the tottering feudal society, a rapid development.

The feudal system of industry, under which industrial production was monopolized by close guilds, now no longer sufficed for the growing wants of the new markets. The manufacturing system took its place. The guildmasters were pushed on one side by the manufacturing middle class; division of labor between the different corporate guilds vanished in the face of division of labor in each single workshop.

Meantime the markets kept ever growing, the demand ever rising. Even manufacture no longer sufficed. Thereupon steam and machinery revolutionized industrial production. The place of manufacture was taken by the giant, Modern Industry, the place of the industrial middle class, by industrial millionaires, the leaders of whole industrial armies, the modern bourgeois.

Modern industry has established the world's market, for which the discovery of America paved the way. The market has given an immense development to commerce, to navigation, to communication by land. This development has, in its turn, reacted on the extension of industry; and in proportion as industry, commerce, navigation, and railways extended, in the same proportion the bourgeoisie developed, increased its capital, and pushed into the background every class handed down from the Middle Ages.

We see, therefore, how the modern bourgeoisie is itself the product of a long course of development, of a series of revolutions in the modes of production and of exchange.

Each step in the development of the bourgeoisie was accompanied by a corresponding political advance of that class. An oppressed class under the sway of the feudal nobility, an armed and self-governing association in the mediæval commune, here independent urban republic (as in Italy and Germany), there taxable «third estate»

of the monarchy (as in France), afterwards, in the period of manufacture proper, serving either the semi-feudal or the absolute monarchy as a counterpoise against the nobility, and, in fact, cornerstone of the great monarchies in general, the bourgeoisie has at last, since the establishment of Modern Industry and of the world's market, conquered for itself, in the modern representative State, exclusive political sway. The executive of the modern State is but a committee for managing the common affairs of the whole bourgeoisie.

The bourgeoisie, historically, has played a most revolutionary part.

The bourgeoisie, wherever it has got the upper hand, has put an end to all feudal, patriarchal, idyllic relations. It has pitilessly torn asunder the motley feudal ties that bound man to his «natural superiors,» and has left remaining no other nexus between man and man than naked self-interest, callous «cash payment.» It has drowned the most heavenly ecstasies of religious fervor, of chivalrous enthusiasm, of philistine sentimentalism, in the icy water of egotistical calculation. It has resolved personal worth into exchange value, and in place of the numberless indefeasible chartered freedoms, has set up that single, unconscionable freedom — Free Trade. In one word, for exploitation, veiled by religious and political illusions, it has substituted naked, shameless, direct, brutal exploitation.

The bourgeoisie has stripped of its halo every occupation hitherto honored and looked up to with reverent awe. It has converted the physician, the lawyer, the priest, the poet, the man of science, into its paid wage-laborers.

The bourgeoisie has torn away from the family its sentimental veil, and has reduced the family relation to a mere money relation.

The bourgeoisie has disclosed how it came to pass that the brutal display of vigor in the Middle Ages, which Reactionists so much admire, found its fitting complement in the most slothful indolence. It has been the first to show what man's activity can bring about. It has accomplished wonders far surpassing Egyptian pyramids, Roman aqueducts, and Gothic cathedrals; it has conducted expeditions that put in the shade all former Exoduses of nations and crusades.

The bourgeoisie cannot exist without constantly revolutionizing the instruments of production, and thereby the relations of production, and with them the whole relations of society. Conservation of the old modes of production in unaltered forms, was, on the contrary, the first condition of existence for all earlier industrial classes. Constant revolutionizing of production, uninterrupted disturbance

of all social conditions, everlasting uncertainty and agitation, distinguish the bourgeois epoch from all earlier ones. All fixed, fast-frozen relations, with their train of ancient and venerable prejudices and opinions, are swept away; all new-formed ones become antiquated before they can ossify. All that is solid melts into air, all that is holy is profaned, and man is at last compelled to face with sober senses his real conditions of life and his relations with his kind.

The need of a constantly expanding market for its products chases the bourgeoisie over the whole surface of the globe. It must nestle everywhere, settle everywhere, establish connections everywhere.

The bourgeoisie has through its exploitation of the world's market given a cosmopolitan character to production and consumption in every country. To the great chagrin of Reactionists, it has drawn from under the feet of industry the national ground on which it stood. All old-established national industries have been destroyed or are daily being destroyed. They are dislodged by new industries, whose introduction becomes a life and death question for all civilized nations, by industries that no longer work up indigenous raw material, but raw material drawn from the remotest zones, industries whose products are consumed, not only at home, but in every quarter of the globe. In place of the old wants, satisfied by the productions of the country, we find new wants, requiring for their satisfaction the products of distant lands and climes. In place of the old local and national seclusion and self-sufficiency, we have intercourse in every direction, universal inter-dependence of nations. And as in material, so also in intellectual production. The intellectual creations of individual nations become common property. National one-sidedness and narrow-mindedness become more and more impossible, and from the numerous national and local literatures, there arises a world literature.

The bourgeoisie, by the rapid improvement of all instruments of production, by the immensely facilitated means of communication, draws all, even the most barbarian, nations into civilization. The cheap prices of its commodities are the heavy artillery with which it batters down all Chinese walls, with which it forces the barbarians' intensely obstinate hatred of foreigners to capitulate. It compels all nations, on pain of extinction, to adopt the bourgeois mode of production; it compels them to introduce what it calls civilization into their midst, *i. e.*, to become bourgeois themselves. In one word, it creates a world after its own image.

The bourgeoisie has subjected the country to the rule of the towns. It has created enormous cities, has greatly increased the urban population as compared with the rural, and has thus rescued a considerable part of the population from the idiocy of rural life. Just as it has made the country dependent on the towns, so it has made barbarian and semi-barbarian countries dependent on the civilized ones, nations of peasants on nations of bourgeois, the East on the West.

The bourgeoisie keeps more and more doing away with the scattered state of the population, of the means of production, centralizes means of production, and has concentrated property in a few hands. The necessary consequence of this was political centralization. Independent, or but loosely connected provinces, with separate interests, laws, governments, and systems of taxation, became lumped together into one nation, with one government, one code of laws, one national class interest, one frontier, and one customs tariff.

The bourgeoisie, during its rule of scarce one hundred years, has created more massive and more colossal productive forces than have all preceding generations together. Subjection of Nature's forces to man, machinery, application of chemistry to industry and agriculture, steam navigation, railways, electric telegraphs, clearing of whole continents for cultivation, canalization of rivers, whole populations conjured out of the ground — what earlier century had even a presentiment that such productive forces slumbered in the lap of social labor?

We see then: the means of production and of exchange on whose foundation the bourgeoisie built itself up were generated in feudal society. At a certain stage in the development of these means of production and of exchange, the conditions under which feudal society produced and exchanged, the feudal organization of agriculture and manufacturing industry, in one word, the feudal relations of property, became no longer compatible with the already developed productive forces; they became so many fetters. They had to be burst asunder.

Into their place stepped free competition, accompanied by a social and political constitution adapted to it, and by the economical and political sway of the bourgeois class.

A similar movement is going on before our own eyes. Modern bourgeois society with its relations of production, of exchange, and of property, a society that has conjured up such gigantic means of production and of exchange, is like the sorcerer, who is no longer able to control the powers of the nether world whom he has called up by

his spells. For many a decade past the history of industry and commerce is but the history of the revolt of modern productive forces against modern conditions of production, against the property relations that are the conditions for the existence of the bourgeoisie and of its rule. It is enough to mention the commercial crises that by their periodical return put on its trial, each time more threateningly, the existence of the bourgeois society. In these crises a great part not only of the existing products, but also of the previously created productive forces, is periodically destroyed. In these crises there breaks out an epidemic that, in all earlier epochs, would have seemed an absurdity — the epidemic of overproduction. Society suddenly finds itself put back into a state of momentary barbarism; it appears as if a famine, a universal war of devastation had cut off the supply of every means of subsistence; industry and commerce seem to be destroyed; and why? because there is too much civilization, too much means of subsistence, too much industry, too much commerce. The productive forces at the disposal of society no longer tend to further the development of the conditions of bourgeois property; on the contrary, they have become too powerful for these conditions, by which they are fettered, and so soon as they overcome these fetters, they bring disorder into the whole of bourgeois society, endanger the existence of bourgeois property. The conditions of bourgeois society are too narrow to comprise the wealth created by them. And how does the bourgeoisie get over these crises? On the one hand, by enforced destruction of a mass of productive forces; on the other, by the conquest of new markets, and by the more thorough exploitation of the old ones. That is to say, by paving the way for more extensive and more destructive crises, and by diminishing the means whereby crises are prevented.

The weapons with which the bourgeoisie felled feudalism to the ground are now turned against the bourgeoisie itself.

But not only has the bourgeoisie forged the weapons that bring death to itself; it has also called into existence the men who are to wield those weapons — the modern working class — the proletarians.

In proportion as the bourgeoisie, *i. e.*, capital, is developed, in the same proportion is the proletariat, the modern working class, developed; a class of laborers, who live only so long as they find work, and who find work only so long as their labor increases capital. These laborers, who must sell themselves piecemeal, are a commodity, like every other article of commerce, and are consequently exposed

to all the vicissitudes of competition, to all the fluctuations of the market.

Owing to the extensive use of machinery and to division of labor, the work of the proletarians has lost all individual character, and, consequently, all charm for the workman. He becomes an appendage of the machine, and it is only the most simple, most monotonous, and most easily acquired knack, that is required of him. Hence, the cost of production of a workman is restricted almost entirely to the means of subsistence that he requires for his maintenance, and for the propagation of his race. But the price of a commodity, and therefore also of labor, is equal to its cost of production. In proportion, therefore, as the repulsiveness of the work increases, the wage decreases. Nay, more, in proportion as the use of machinery and division of labor increases, in the same proportion the burden of toil also increases, whether by prolongation of the working hours, by increase of the work exacted in a given time, or by increased speed of the machinery, etc.

Modern industry has converted the little workshop of the patriarchal master into the great factory of the industrial capitalist. Masses of laborers, crowded into the factory, are organized like soldiers. As privates of the industrial army they are placed under the command of a perfect hierarchy of officers and sergeants. Not only are they slaves of the bourgeois class, and of the bourgeois State, they are daily and hourly enslaved by the machine, by the over-looker, and, above all, by the individual bourgeois manufacturer himself. The more openly this despotism proclaims gain to be its end and aim, the more petty, the more hateful, and the more embittering it is.

The less skill and exertion of strength is implied in manual labor, in other words, the more modern industry becomes developed, the more is the labor of men superseded by that of women. Differences of age and sex have no longer any distinctive social validity for the working class. All are instruments of labor, more or less expensive to use, according to age and sex.

No sooner is the exploitation of the laborer by the manufacturer so far at an end that he receives his wages in cash, than he is set upon by the other portions of the bourgeoisie, the landlord, the shopkeeper, the pawnbroker, etc.

The lower strata of the middle class — the small tradespeople, shopkeepers, and retired tradesmen generally, the handicraftsmen and peasants — all these sink gradually into the proletariat, partly

because their diminutive capital does not suffice for the scale on which modern industry is carried on, and is swamped in the competition with the large capitalists, partly because their specialized skill is rendered worthless by new methods of production. Thus the proletariat is recruited from all classes of the population.

The proletariat goes through various stages of development. With its birth begins its struggle with the bourgeoisie. At first the contest is carried on by individual laborers, then by the workpeople of a factory, then by the operatives of one trade, in one locality against the individual bourgeois who directly exploits them. They direct their attacks not against the bourgeois conditions of production, but against the instruments of production themselves; they destroy imported wares that compete with their labor, they smash to pieces machinery, they set factories ablaze, they seek to restore by force the vanished status of the workman of the Middle Ages.

At this stage the laborers still form an incoherent mass scattered over the whole country, and broken up by their mutual competition. If anywhere they unite to form more compact bodies, this is not yet the consequence of their own active union, but of the union of the bourgeoisie, which class, in order to attain its own political ends, is compelled to set the whole proletariat in motion, and is moreover yet, for a time, able to do so. At this stage, therefore, the proletarians do not fight their enemies, but the enemies of their enemies, the remnants of absolute monarchy, the landowners, the non-industrial bourgeois, the petty bourgeoisie. Thus the whole historical movement is concentrated in the hands of the bourgeoisie; every victory so obtained is a victory for the bourgeoisie.

But with the development of industry the proletariat not only increases in number; it becomes concentrated in greater masses, its strength grows and it feels that strength more. The various interests and conditions of life within the ranks of the proletariat are more and more equalized, in proportion as machinery obliterates all distinctions of labor, and nearly everywhere reduces wages to the same low level. The growing competition among the bourgeois, and the resulting commercial crises, make the wages of the workers ever more fluctuating. The unceasing improvement of machinery, ever more rapidly developing, makes their livelihood more and more precarious; the collisions between individual workmen and individual bourgeois take more and more the character of collisions between two classes. Thereupon the workers begin to form combinations (Trades' Unions)

against the bourgeois; they club together in order to keep up the rate of wages; they found permanent associations in order to make provision beforehand for these occasional revolts. Here and there the contest breaks out into riots.

Now and then the workers are victorious, but only for a time. The real fruit of their battles lies not in the immediate result but in the ever improved means of communication that are created in modern industry and that place the workers of different localities in contact with one another. It was just this contact that was needed to centralize the numerous local struggles, all of the same character, into one national struggle between classes. But every class struggle is a political struggle. And that union, to attain which the burghers of the Middle Ages, with their miserable highways, required centuries, the modern proletarians, thanks to railways, achieve in a few years.

This organization of the proletarians into a class, and consequently into a political party, is continually being upset again by the competition between the workers themselves. But it ever rises up again; stronger, firmer, mightier. It compels legislative recognition of particular interests of the workers, by taking advantage of the divisions among the bourgeoisie itself. Thus the ten-hours' bill in England was carried.

Altogether collisions between the classes of the old society further, in many ways, the course of development of the proletariat. The bourgeoisie finds itself involved in a constant battle. At first with the aristocracy; later on, with those portions of the bourgeoisie itself whose interests have become antagonistic to the progress of industry; at all times with the bourgeoisie of foreign countries. In all these countries it sees itself compelled to appeal to the proletariat, to ask for its help, and thus to drag it into the political arena. The bourgeoisie itself, therefore, supplies the proletariat with weapons for fighting the bourgeoisie.

Further, as we have already seen, entire sections of the ruling classes are, by the advance of industry, precipitated into the proletariat, or are at least threatened in their conditions of existence. These also supply the proletariat with fresh elements of enlightenment and progress.

Finally, in times when the class struggle nears the decisive hour, the process of dissolution going on within the ruling class, in fact within the whole range of old society, assumes such a violent, glaring character, that a small section of the ruling class cuts itself adrift,

and joins the revolutionary class, the class that holds the future in its hands. Just as, therefore, at an earlier period, a section of the nobility went over to the bourgeoisie, so now a portion of the bourgeoisie goes over to the proletariat, and in particular, a portion of the bourgeois ideologists, who have raised themselves to the level of comprehending theoretically the historical movement as a whole.

Of all the classes that stand face to face with the bourgeoisie to-day, the proletariat alone is a really revolutionary class. The other classes decay and finally disappear in the face of modern industry; the proletariat is its special and essential product.

The lower middle class, the small manufacturer, the shopkeeper, the artisan, the peasant, all these fight against the bourgeoisie to save from extinction their existence as fractions of the middle class. They are, therefore, not revolutionary, for they try to roll back the wheel of history. If by chance they are revolutionary, they are so only in view of their impending transfer into the proletariat; they thus defend not their present, but their future interests, they desert their own standpoint to place themselves at that of the proletariat.

The «dangerous class,» the social scum, that passively rotting class thrown off by the lowest layers of old society, may, here and there, be swept into the movement by a proletarian revolution; its conditions of life, however, prepare it far more for the part of a bribed tool of reactionary intrigue.

In the conditions of the proletariat, those of old society at large are already virtually swamped. The proletarian is without property; his relation to his wife and children has no longer anything in common with the bourgeois family relations;. modern industrial labor, modern subjection to capital, the same in England as in France, in America as in Germany, has stripped him of every trace of national character. Law, morality, religion, are to him so many bourgeois prejudices, behind which lurk in ambush just as many bourgeois interests.

All the preceding classes that got the upper hand sought to fortify their already acquired status by subjecting society at large to their conditions of appropriation. The proletarians cannot become masters of the productive forces of society, except by abolishing their own previous mode of appropriation, and thereby also every other previous mode of appropriation. They have nothing of their own to secure and to fortify; their mission is to destroy all previous securities for, and insurances of, individual property.

All previous historical movements were movements of minorities, or in the interest of minorities. The proletarian movement is the self-conscious, independent movement of the immense majority, in the interest of the immense majority. The proletariat, the lowest stratum of our present society, cannot stir, cannot raise itself up, without the whole super-incumbent strata of official society being sprung into the air.

Though not in substance, yet in form, the struggle of the proletariat with the bourgeoisie is at first a national struggle. The proletariat of each country must, of course, first of all settle matters with its own bourgeoisie.

In depicting the most general phases of the development of the proletariat, we traced the more or less veiled civil war, raging within existing society, up to the point where that war breaks out into open revolution, and where the violent overthrow of the bourgeoisie lays the foundation for the sway of the proletariat.

Hitherto every form of society has been based, as we have already seen, on the antagonism of oppressing and oppressed classes. But in order to oppress a class certain conditions must be assured to it under which it can, at least, continue its slavish existence. The serf, in the period of serfdom, raised himself to membership in the commune, just as the petty bourgeois, under the yoke of feudal absolutism, managed to develop into a bourgeois. The modern laborer, on the contrary, instead of rising with the progress of industry, sinks deeper and deeper below the conditions of existence of his own class. He becomes a pauper, and pauperism develops more rapidly than population and wealth. And here it becomes evident that the bourgeoisie is unfit any longer to be the ruling class in society and to impose its conditions of existence upon society as an overriding law. It is unfit to rule because it is incompetent to assure an existence to its slave within his slavery, because it cannot help letting him sink into such a state that it has to feed him instead of being fed by him. Society can no longer live under this bourgeoisie; in other words, its existence is no longer compatible with society.

The essential condition for the existence, and for the sway, of the bourgeois class, is the formation and augmentation of capital; the condition for capital is wage-labor. Wage-labor rests exclusively on competition between the laborers. The advance of industry, whose involuntary promoter is the bourgeoisie, replaces the isolation of the laborers, due to competition, by their revolutionary combination, due

to association. The development of modern industry, therefore, cuts from under its feet the very foundation on which the bourgeoisie produces and appropriates products. What the bourgeoisie therefore produces, above all, are its own grave-diggers. Its fall and the victory of the proletariat are equally inevitable.

JOHN MASEFIELD

(1874–)

BY JOYCE KILMER

To be versatile and prolific generally is to be unimportant. Especially in literature, Jack-of-all-trades is, as a rule, master of none. An exception brilliantly proving this rule is John Masefield.

Homer (scholars tell us) was not one man but a company of poets, writing through more than one century. Shakespeare (we are encouraged to believe) was not a theatrical manager who liked occasionally to build a play to show his dramatists how it should be done, but a syndicate of philosophers, poets, playwrights, scientists, and politicians. Three hundred years from now literary detectives will busy themselves with discovering the names of the sailor, the farmer, the Hellenist, the Orientalist, the sociologist, the realist, the romanticist, the dramatist, the ballad maker, the sonneteer, the novelist, the short story writer, who called their conspiracy John Masefield. They will attribute some of the Salt Water Ballads to Kipling, some to Henry Newbolt, some to C. Fox Smith. They will attribute ‹The Sweeps of Ninety-Eight› to Dr. Douglas Hyde. They will attribute ‹The Faithful› to Sturge Moore. They will attribute ‹The Tragedy of Nan› to D. H. Lawrence, part of ‹A Mainsail Haul› to Charles Whibley, part of it to Algernon Blackwood, and part of it to Robert Louis Stevenson. And some of his ballads they will attribute to Wilfrid Gibson and some of his lyrics to William Butler Yeats. This will be a stupid thing for them to do, but, nevertheless, they will do it.

One reason why the conduct of these hypothetical scholars is particularly irritating is that John Masefield is a writer of strong individuality. He has a distinct and easily recognizable style; his theme may be a battle of wits between Tiger Roche and the rebel hunters of 1798, or the tragedy of Nan Hardwick and the mutton parsties and the malicious Pargetters, or the great intrigues of royal Spain, or the ambitions of Pompey, or the soul of man in its relation to the mercy of God — whatever his theme may be, his style is the same. The writer's eyes may be fixed upon the mysteries of his own heart, or they may be searching the boundless heavens; he is, nevertheless, always a realist. They may be curiously studying the most ordinary details of modern life; he is, nevertheless, always an idealist. So the intellectual, perhaps it might be said the spiritual, attitude of John Masefield is unvarying. And

in this is to be found the reason for the intense individuality of the writer as seen in his works, for the feeling, common to all his readers, of being in direct communication with him. And the style of the sequence of sonnets in the Shakespearean manner is much the same as that of the stories about pirates and the drama of ancient Japan. The nervous expressive diction, the direct Elizabethan colloquialism, these things are Masefield; the form may vary, but not in its characteristics, the language.

A writer's attitude toward life and toward the things beyond life is his own; it is not to be accounted for by heredity or environment. But a writer's style must necessarily be influenced by what he reads and by the talk of those with whom he spends the formative periods of his life. Even the careless reader of John Masefield's books will notice occasionally in them, especially in the lyrics, a strong Celtic flavor. Masefield's ‹Sea Fever› and ‹Roadways› and ‹Cardigan Bay› and ‹Trade Winds› and ‹The Harper's Song› surely belong to the same family as Eva Gore Booth's ‹The Little Waves of Breffny› and William Butler Yeats's ‹The Lake Isle of Innisfree.› Furthermore, Masefield has that belief in the beauty of tragedy, tragedy in itself without regard to its moral significance, which is characteristic of many of the Irish writers of our generation. In the preface to ‹The Tragedy of Nan› he writes:

«Tragedy at its best is a vision of the heart of life. The heart of life can only be laid bare in the agony and exultation of dreadful acts. The vision of agony, or spiritual contest, pushed beyond the limits of the dying personality, is exalting and cleansing. It is only by such visions that a multitude can be brought to the passionate knowledge of things exulting and eternal. . . . Our playwrights have all the powers except that power of exaltation which comes from a delighted brooding on excessive, terrible things. That power is seldom granted to men; twice or thrice to a race perhaps, not oftener. But it seems to me certain that every effort, however humble, towards the achieving of that power helps the genius of a race to obtain it, though the obtaining may be fifty years after the strivers are dead.»

Now in our time only one other writer has expressed this idea with equal force. And that writer is Mr. William Butler Yeats. He has written in an essay: «Tragic art, passionate art, . . . the confounder of understanding, moves us by setting us to reverie, by alluring us almost to the intensity of trance.» So we find the Irish and the English writer guided by one impulse and by one conviction. And the result is that considering this, and considering also the Celtic idiom which seemingly comes so naturally from the lips of Mr. Masefield, Englishman though he be, in his lyrics, in his poetic dramas, and in many of the stories in ‹A Mainsail Haul,› we are tempted to believe that the Irish literary movement has stretched a shadowy arm across the channel and laid its potent spell upon a man of Saxon blood. And to this theory Masefield's close friendship with William Butler Yeats lends color.

But there are flaws in this theory. One of them is that Masefield was writing in this manner before he met Yeats, before, indeed, the Irish literary movement had attracted much attention outside of its home. Another flaw is that this idea of the nobility, one might almost say, of the loveliness of tragedy, while it is in our time more Irish than English, was held by the English dramatists and poets of centuries ago — Marlowe, for instance, and Webster and Shakespeare himself. The very earliest English poets selected tragic themes as a matter of course. Which of the great old ballads is without at least one bloody murder? Furthermore, the modern Irish-English idiom is to a great extent the idiom of England some centuries ago. There are rhymes in Shakespeare and even in Pope which show that what we consider Irish mispronunciations of English are simply English pronunciations that have been carried through the ages unchanged — the «ay» sound for «ea» is an example of that. «Our gracious Anne, whom the three realms obey, does sometimes counsel take, and sometimes tea.» Chaucerian scholars say that the Wife of Bath talked what we would call Irish dialect. Now, John Masefield's literary idols belong not to his own generation or that immediately preceding it but to the early days of English letters. His favorite poem, he has told me, is Chaucer's «Ballad of Good Counsel.» This reading has affected his style and it has affected also his thought, to the strengthening of the first and the deepening of the second.

There has been much said and written about Masefield's romantic youth — about his experiences before the mast and behind the bar. There was a tendency during his tour of the United States in the early spring of 1916 to regard him as very much a self-made man, to marvel at the miracle of genius which turned a bartender-sailor into a great poet. But the fact of the matter is that Masefield is essentially of the literary type, a man who might readily have supported himself by school-teaching, journalism, or some other unromantic trade, but deliberately selected colorful and exciting occupations. No one can talk to him and retain the idea that Masefield is a «sailor-poet» or a «bartender-poet.» He is an educated English gentleman, very thoroughly a man of letters, who has had the good fortune to add to his treasury of experience by travels in strange places and among strange people.

Masefield's first important romantic experience, however, was undergone at a time when the poet was so young that it can scarcely have been the result of his own volition. Born in 1874 at Ledbury, in the west of England, he was indentured to a captain in the English merchant marine at the age of fourteen years. A fourteen-year-old boy on shipboard generally learns to hate passionately and consistently the sea and all that is associated with it. And it would not be strictly true to say that Masefield gained from this early adventure a love of the sea.

Rather he then came under the spell of the sea, a spell from which he has never escaped. He has not that sentimental affection for the sea which inspires the life-on-the-ocean-waves' verse written by landsmen who know Neptune only by week-end visits in the summer time. He has been in the power of the sea more than it is altogether safe for so sensitive a spirit to be. He seems haunted by the sea; in those of his writings which in theme are least related to the sea the reader finds that again and again the figures and comparisons are drawn from the poet's memory of days when above and beyond him were nothing but water and sky. Not even Algernon Charles Swinburne was so much influenced by the sea as Masefield has been.

It is true that Masefield has given more beautiful expression to love for the sea than any other poet of our time — ‹Sea-Fever› alone would establish him as the sea's true lover. But also Masefield has expressed with terrible force the cruelty of the sea, its brutal and terrifying energy, its soul-shattering melancholy. And nowhere in English literature is it possible to find more vivid pictures of the bitter hardship of a seaman's life than in the Salt Water Poems and Ballads. Masefield is not elective nor selective in his attitude toward the sea; his feeling toward the sea seems almost an obsession. The sea is not subject to his genius; it speaks through him.

Masefield's life on shipboard did more than put him in the power of the sea, it began his interest in the lives and thoughts of simple hard-working people. And this interest has never left him. It is true that he occasionally gives us something like ‹The Faithful› or ‹Philip, the King› or ‹The Tragedy of Pompey the Great.› But his heart is in poems like ‹Dauber› and ‹The Everlasting Mercy› and in stories like ‹A Deal of Cards,› in which he writes of unsophisticated people who feel strongly and do not conceal their emotions.

It was, perhaps, because of a real sense of the value and interest of life among simple people that Masefield made the selection he did of work to support himself during his first visit to the United States. In Connecticut he was a farm laborer, in Yonkers he was a hand in a carpet-factory and in New York City he was a sort of helper to the bartender in the old Colonial hotel on Sixth Avenue near Jefferson Market Court. This hotel is still in the possession of the family who employed Masefield and their recollections of him are highly entertaining. The writer once asked the eldest son of the family if Masefield had written anything during the days of his employment there. He had not, it seemed, and he was associated in the minds of the family with the art of poetry for one reason only — that being that he used to sing to the fretful baby, holding it in his lap as he sat in a rocking-chair in the kitchen, waiting for his employer's wife to serve his dinner.

When Masefield went back to England he went to work as a clerk in a London office. He was writing now, putting on paper the pictures

that had been etched in his brain and in his heart during his wander years. Now he perceived the deep and abiding beauty and the deep and abiding tragedy (to Masefield they are the same) of his experiences. How this knowledge came to him he has told in twelve intensely sincere lines. E. A. Robinson has said that poetry is a language which tells, by means of a more or less emotional reaction, that which cannot be stated in prose. And therefore it is better to let Masefield tell this in poetry than to attempt to paraphrase it. He wrote, by way of preface to ‹A Mainsail Haul›:

«I yarned with ancient shipmen beside the galley range
And some were fond of women, but all were fond of change;
They sang their quavering chanties, all in a fo'c's'le drone,
And I was finally suited, if I had only known.

I rested in an ale-house that had a sanded floor,
Where seamen sat a-drinking and chalking up the score;
They yarned of ships and mermaids, of topsail sheets and slings,
But I was discontented; I looked for better things.

I heard a drunken fiddler in Billy Lee's saloon,
I brooked an empty belly with thinking of the tune;
I swung the doors disgusted as drunkards rose to dance,
And now I know the music was life and life's romance.»

Masefield's work soon attracted the attention of William Butler Yeats, John Galsworthy, Sturge Moore, and other English men of letters, and largely through their efforts was brought to the attention of the public. American readers first became aware of him through the publication of two long poems — ‹The Everlasting Mercy› and ‹The Widow in the Bye Street.› To say that these were long narrative poems dealing with intensely tragic and dramatic events in the life of the British poor is not to describe them adequately. They were a poetry new to our generation. They showed an intimate knowledge of the lives of the poor, especially of the criminal poor, not to be found in the amiable poems of Mr. W. W. Gibson and similar socialistic dilletantes. They were not socialistic in message; rather they were individualistic. Saul Kane was not a drunkard because of economic pressure; Jimmy's siren lived an evil life merely because she was evil, not as a result of the injustice of man-made laws or anything else of the sort. So precedents were violated and Masefield scored a success of sensation. The savage colloquialisms of the poems, their violent emotionalism, their melodrama — these things brought them to the attention of a large number of people not ordinarily interested in the work of new poets, and thus an audience was prepared for the poet's later and more important work.

There can be no doubt that the work published later was more

important. There were crudities in these two narrative poems which seemed to be put there deliberately, in order to startle and shock the reader. Masefield followed these poems with other poems in the same manner done with much greater technical skill and with a more convincing sincerity. ‹Dauber› and ‹Biography› and the ‹Daffodill Fields› are more likely to be read by the next generation than are ‹The Widow in the Bye Street› and ‹The Everlasting Mercy,› in spite of the fact that the last mentioned poem was awarded the Edward de Polignac prize of $500 by the Royal Society of Literature.

It is hard to tell just what form Masefield will finally select for the expression of his genius. He has written ballads, lyrics, plays, novels, short-stories, even histories, and all these forms he has molded to his own use. At the time of writing he is in France actively engaged in Red Cross work, and has begun to send to the magazines stories of the things that he has seen which entitle him to be called a great reporter. The quest for beauty has been and is his ruling passion — he is splendidly explicit on this subject in the magnificent sequence of Shakespearean sonnets printed in ‹Good Friday and Other Poems.› He has searched for this beauty on the boundless sea, in noisy barrooms, in English meadows, in the streets of New York. He is seeking it now, we may believe, in the tragedy and heroism of the battlefield. And always, his sonnets tell us, it is evasive and very distant, because its real dwelling place is his own soul.

FROM ‹THE EVERLASTING MERCY›

FROM '41 to '51
I was my folk's contrary son;
I bit my father's hand right through
And broke my mother's heart in two.
I sometimes go without my dinner
Now that I know the times I've gi'n her.

From '51 to '61
I cut my teeth and took to fun.
I learned what not to be afraid of
And what stuff women's lips are made of;
I learned with what a rosy feeling
Good ale makes floors seem like the ceiling,
And how the moon gives shiny light
To lads as roll home singing by't.
My blood did leap, my flesh did revel,
Saul Kane was tokened to the devil.

From '61 to '67
I lived in disbelief of Heaven.
I drunk, I fought, I poached, I whored,
I did despite unto the Lord.
I cursed, 'would make a man look pale,
And nineteen times I went to gaol.

Now friends, observe and look upon me,
Mark how the Lord took pity on me.
By Dead Man's Thorn, while setting wires,
Who should come up but Billy Myers,
A friend of mine, who used to be
As black a sprig of hell as me,
With whom I'd planned, to save encroachin',
Which fields and coverts each should poach in.
Now when he saw me set my snare,
He tells me «Get to hell from there.
This field is mine,» he says, «by right;
If you poach here, there'll be a fight.
Out now,» he says, «and leave your wire;
It's mine.»
«It ain't.»
«You put.»
«You liar.»
«You closhy put.»
«You bloody liar.»
«This is my field.»
«This is my wire.»
«I'm ruler here.»
«You ain't.»
«I am.»
«I'll fight you for it.»
«Right, by damn.
Not now, though, I've a-sprained my thumb,
We'll fight after the harvest hum.
And Silas Jones, that bookie wide,
Will make a purse five pounds a side.»
Those were the words, that was the place
By which God brought me into grace.

On Wood Top Field the peewits go
Mewing and wheeling ever so;
And like the shaking of a timbrel
Cackles the laughter of the whimbrel.

In the old quarry-pit they say
Head-keeper Pike was made away.
He walks, head-keeper Pike, for harm,
He taps the windows of the farm;
The blood drips from his broken chin,
He taps and begs to be let in.
On Wood Top, nights, I've shaked to hark
The peewits wambling in the dark
Lest in the dark the old man might
Creep up to me to beg a light.

But Wood Top grass is short and sweet
And springy to a boxer's feet;
At harvest hum the moon so bright
Did shine on Wood Top for the fight.

When Bill was stripped down to his bends
I thought how long we two'd been friends,
And in my mind, about that wire,
I thought, «He's right, I am a liar.
As sure as skilly's made in prison
The right to poach that copse is his'n.
I'll have no luck to-night,» thinks I.
«I'm fighting to defend a lie.
And this moonshiny evening's fun
Is worse than aught I've ever done.»
And thinking that way my heart bled so
I almost stept to Bill and said so.
And now Bill's dead I would be glad
If I could only think I had.
But no. I put the thought away
For fear of what my friends would say.
They'd backed me, see? O Lord, the sin
Done for the things there's money in.

The stakes were drove, the ropes were hitched,
Into the ring my hat I pitched.
My corner faced the Squire's park
Just where the fir trees made it dark;
The place where I begun poor Nell
Upon the woman's road to hell.

I thought of't, sitting in my corner
After the time-keep struck his warner
(Two brandy flasks, for fear of noise,
Clinked out the time to us two boys).

And while my seconds chafed and gloved me
I thought of Nell's eyes when she loved me,
And wondered how my tot would end,
First Nell cast off and now my friend;
And in the moonlight dim and wan
I knew quite well my luck was gone;
And looking round I felt a spite
At all who'd come to see me fight;
The five and forty human faces
Inflamed by drink and going to races,
Faces of men who'd never been
Merry or true or live or clean;
Who'd never felt the boxer's trim
Of brain divinely knit to limb,
Nor felt the whole live body go
One tingling health from toe to toe;
Nor took a punch nor given a swing,
But just soaked deady round the ring
Until their brains and bloods were foul
Enough to make their throttles howl,
While we whom Jesus died to teach
Fought round on round, three minutes each.

And thinking that, you'll understand
I thought, «I'll go and take Bill's hand.
I'll up and say the fault was mine,
He shan't make play for these here swine.»
And then I thought that that was silly,
They'd think I was afraid of Billy;
They'd think (I thought it, God forgive me)
I funked the hiding Bill could give me.
And that would make me mad and hot.
«Think that, will they? Well, they shall not.
They shan't think that. I will not. I'm
Damned if I will. I will not.»
Time!

. . . . . .

Out into darkness, out to night
My flaring heart gave plenty light,
So wild it was there was no knowing
Whether the clouds or stars were blowing;
Blown chimney pots and folk blown blind,
And puddles glimmering like my mind,

And clinking glass from windows banging,
And inn signs swung like people hanging,
And in my heart the drink unpriced,
The burning cataracts of Christ.

I did not think, I did not strive,
The deep peace burnt my me alive;
The bolted door had broken in,
I knew that I had done with sin.
I knew that Christ had given me birth
To brother all the souls on earth,
And every bird and every beast
Should share the crumbs broke at the feast.

O glory of the lighted mind.
How dead I'd been, how dumb, how blind.
The station brook, to my new eyes,
Was babbling out of Paradise,
The waters rushing from the rain
Were singing Christ has risen again.
I thought all earthly creatures knelt
From rapture of the joy I felt.
The narrow station-wall's brick ledge,
The wild hop withering in the hedge,
The lights in huntsman's upper storey
Were parts of an eternal glory,
Were God's eternal garden flowers.
I stood in bliss at this for hours.

O glory of the lighted soul.
The dawn came up on Bradlow Knoll,
The dawn with glittering on the grasses,
The dawn which pass and never passes.

«It's dawn,» I said, «And chimney's smoking,
And all the blessed fields are soaking.
It's dawn, and there's an engine shunting;
And hounds, and I must wander north
Along the road Christ led me forth.»

THE YARN OF THE «LOCH ACHRAY»

THE «Loch Achray» was a clipper tall
With seven-and-twenty hands in all.
Twenty to hand and reef and haul,
A skipper to sail and mates to brawl
«Tally on the tackle-fall,
Heave now'n' start her, heave'n' pawl!»
Hear the yarn of a sailor,
An old yarn learned at sea.

Her crew were shipped and they said «Farewell,
So-long, my Tottie, my lovely gell;
We sail to-day if we fetch to hell,
It's time we tackled the wheel a spell.»
Hear the yarn of a sailor,
An old yarn learned at sea.

The dockside loafers talked on the quay
The day that she towed down to sea:
«Lord, what a handsome ship she be!
Cheer her, sonny boys, three times three!»
And the dockside loafers gave her a shout
As the red-funnelled tug-boat towed her out;
They gave her a cheer as the custom is,
And the crew yelled «Take our loves to Liz —
Three cheers, bullies, for old Pier Head
'N' the bloody stay-at-homes!» they said.
Hear the yarn of a sailor,
An old yarn learned at sea.

In the gray of the coming on of night
She dropped the tug at the Tuskar Light,
'N' the topsails went to the topmast head
To a chorus that fairly awoke the dead.
She trimmed her yards and slanted South
With her royals set and a bone in her mouth.
Hear the yarn of a sailor,
An old yarn learned at sea.

She crossed the Line and all went well,
They ate, they slept, and they struck the bell
And I give you a gospel truth when I state
The crowd didn't find any fault with the Mate,
But one night off the River Plate.
Hear the yarn of a sailor,
An old yarn learned at sea.

It freshened up till it blew like thunder
And burrowed her deep, lee-scuppers under.
The old man said, «I mean to hang on
Till her canvas busts or her sticks are gone»—
Which the blushing looney did, till at last
Overboard went her mizzen-mast.
Hear the yarn of a sailor,
An old yarn learned at sea.

Then a fierce squall struck the «Loch Achray,»
And bowed her down to her water-way;
Her main-shrouds gave and her forestay,
And a green sea carried her wheel away;
Ere the watch below had time to dress
She was cluttered up in a blushing mess.
Hear the yarn of a sailor,
An old yarn learned at sea.

She couldn't lay-to nor yet pay-off,
And she got swept clean in the bloody trough,
Her masts were gone, and afore you knowed
She filled by the head and down she goed.
Her crew made seven-and-twenty dishes
For the big jack-sharks and the little fishes,
And over their bones the water swishes.
Hear the yarn of a sailor,
An old yarn learned at sea.

The wives and girls they watch in the rain
For a ship as won't come home again.
«I reckon it's them head-winds,» they say,
«She'll be home to-morrow, if not to-day.
I'll just nip home 'n' I'll air the sheets
'N' buy the fixin's 'n' cook the meats
As my man likes 'n' as my man eats.»

So home they goes by the windy streets,
Thinking their men are homeward bound
With anchors hungry for English ground,
And the bloody fun of it is, they're drowned!
Hear the yarn of a sailor,
An old yarn learned at sea.

SEA-FEVER

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I MUST down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a gray mist on the sea's face and a gray dawn breaking.

I must down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must down to the seas again to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

D'AVALOS' PRAYER

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WHEN the last sea is sailed and the last shallow charted,
When the last field is reaped and the last harvest stored,
When the last fire is out and the last guest departed,
Grant the last prayer that I shall pray, Be good to me, O Lord!

And let me pass in a night at sea, a night of storm and thunder,
In the loud crying of the wind through sail and rope and spar;
Send me a ninth great peaceful wave to drown and roll me under
To the cold tunny-fishes' home where the drowned galleons are.

And in the dim green quiet place far out of sight and hearing,
Grant I may hear at whiles the wash and thresh of the sea-foam
About the fine keen bows of the stately clippers steering
Towards the lone northern star and the fair ports of home.

SONNETS

From (Good Friday and Other Poems.)

LONG ago when all the glittering earth
Was heaven itself, when drunkards in the street
Were like mazed kings shaking at giving birth
To acts of war that sickle men like wheat,
When the white clover opened Paradise
And God lived in a cottage up the brook,
Beauty, you lifted up my sleeping eyes
And filled my heart with longing with a look;
And all the day I searched and could not find
The beautiful dark-eyed who touched me there,
Delight in her made trouble in my mind,
She was within all Nature, everywhere,
The breath I breathed, the brook, the flower, the grass,
Were her, her word, her beauty, all she was.

Night came again, but now I could not sleep.
The owls were watching in the yew, the mice
Gnawed at the wainscot; the mid dark was deep,
The death-watch knocked the dead man's summons thrice.
The cats upon the pointed housetops peered
About the chimneys, with lit eyes which saw
Things in the darkness, moving, which they feared.
The midnight filled the quiet house with awe.
So, creeping down the stair, I drew the bolt
And passed into the darkness, and I knew
That Beauty was brought near by my revolt.
Beauty was in the moonlight, in the dew,
But more within myself whose venturous tread
Walked the dark house where death ticks called the dead.

Even after all these years there comes the dream
Of lovelier life than this in some new earth,
In the full summer of that unearthly gleam
Which lights the spirit when the brain gives birth,

Of a perfected I, in happy hours,
Treading above the sea that trembles there,
A path through thickets of immortal flowers
That only grow where sorrows never were.
And, at a turn, of coming face to face
With Beauty's self, that Beauty I have sought
In women's hearts, in friends, in many a place,
In barren hours passed at grips with thought,
Beauty of woman, comrade, earth and sea,
Incarnate thought come face to face with me.

If I could come again to that dear place
Where once I came, where Beauty lived and moved,
Where, by the sea, I saw her face to face,
That soul alive by which the world has loved;
If, as I stood at gaze among the leaves,
She would appear again, as once before,
While the red herdsman gathered up his sheaves
And brimming waters trembled up the shore;
If, as I gazed, her Beauty that was dumb,
In that old time, before I learned to speak,
Would lean to me and revelation come,
Words to the lips and color to the cheek,
Joy with its searing-iron would burn me wise,
I should know all; all powers, all mysteries.

Let that which is to come be as it may,
Darkness, extinction, justice, life intense,
The flies are happy in the summer day,
Flies will be happy many summers hence.
Time with his antique breeds that built the Sphynx
Time with her men to come whose wings will tower,
Poured and will pour, not as the wise man thinks,
But with blind force, to each his little hour.
And when the hour has struck, comes death or change,
Which, whether good or ill, we cannot tell,
But the blind planet will wander through her range
Bearing men like us who will serve as well.
The sun will rise, the winds that ever move
Will blow our dust that once were men in love.

Flesh, I have knocked at many a dusty door,
Gone down full many a midnight lane,
Probed in old walls and felt along the floor,
Pressed in blind hope the window-pane.

But useless all, though sometimes, when the moon
Was full in heaven and the sea was full,
Along my body's alleys came a tune
Played in the tavern by the Beautiful.
Then for an instant I have felt at point
To find and seize her, whosoe'er she be,
Whether some saint whose glory does anoint
Those whom she loves, or but a part of me,
Or something that the things not understood
Make for their uses out of flesh and blood.

MASQUES

BY ERNEST RHYS

SOME of the prettiest things in all literature lie hidden and half forgotten in the «masques» and «triumphs» to be found in the old quartos and dusty folios of the early seventeenth century. Lord Bacon unbent to praise them; Milton and Ben Jonson wrote them; Campion used both his music and his poetry upon them; Inigo Jones lent them his art. These are famous names, and in a brief account one must keep to the great craftsmen who worked in that way; but it is fair to remember too the number of less known writers who left things of the kind, imperfect as whole performances, but full of such effects and pleasant passages as well reward the students and lovers of old poetry.

Among the poets who have not come popularly into the first or second rank, Samuel Daniel,—«the well-languaged Daniel,» as he has been called—has written exquisitely parts and passages in this kind. Daniel, it may be recalled, besides writing plays on a classical Senecan model, very remarkable and exceptional in the literature of the time, wrote a very convincing retort in his 'Defence of Rhyme' to Campion's attack on its use in English poetry. The prose 'Defence' had its verse counterpart in 'Musophilus'; in whose terse lines may be found some that may grow proverbial, as *e. g.*:—

> «While timorous knowledge stands considering,
> Audacious ignorance hath done the deed.»

Something of the same idiomatic force of expression may be found in his masques and in his plays. In his masque of 'Tethys's Festival, or the Queen's Wake,' which was celebrated at Whitehall in 1610, and which like so many of Ben Jonson's masques owed a moiety at least of their effect to the genius of Inigo Jones,—as becomes a play devoted to Tethys, Queen of Ocean, and her nymphs, we find that—

> «The Scene it selfe was a Port or Haven, with Bulworkes at the entrance, and the figure of a Castle commaunding a fortified towne: within this Port were many Ships, small and great, seeming to lie at anchor, some neerer, and some further off, according to perspective: beyond all appeared the Horizon or termination of the Sea, which seemed to moove with a gentle gale, and many Sayles lying, some to come into the Port, and others passing out. From this Scene issued Zephyrus, with eight Naydes, Nymphs of fountaines, and two Tritons sent from Tethys.»

Then followed songs and dances, and a change of scene accomplished during a wonderful circular dance of mirrors and lights, devised by Inigo Jones.

«After this, Tethys rises, and with her Nymphes performes her second daunce, and then reposes her againe upon the Mount, entertained with another song:—

«Are they shadowes that we see?
And can shadowes pleasure give?
Pleasures onely shadowes bee
Cast by bodies we conceive;
And are made the things we deeme,
In those figures which they seeme.

«But these pleasures vanish fast,
Which by shadowes are exprest:
Pleasures are not, if they last;
In their passing is their best.
Glory is most bright and gay
In a flash, and so away.»

Another poet and playwright of a distinctly lower rank than Daniel, and yet a better writer perhaps than we now usually deem him, —Sir William Davenant,—also wrote masques in conjunction with Inigo Jones. Whether it was that Inigo had a good and inspiring influence on the Oxford vintner's son, whom old report has associated now and again with Shakespeare himself, certainly Davenant is found quite at his most interesting pitch in such masques as 'The Temple of Love,' written some twenty-four years after Daniel's 'Tethys's Festival,' and presented by the «Queenes Majesty and her Ladies at Whitehall, on Shrove Tuesday 1634.» The Queen was Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I. There is a certain quaintness in the conception of this masque, in which «Divine Poesie,» who is called «the Secretary of Nature» in the Argument, plays a prominent part. She appears in the masque itself as «a beautiful woman, her garment sky-color, set all with stars of gold, her head crowned with laurel, a spangled veil hanging down behind,» a swan at her side, attended by the Greek poets. For high-priest she has Orpheus, who is seen most picturesquely in the following scene:—

«Out of a Creeke came waving forth a Barque of a gracious Antique designe, adorned with Sculpture finishing in Scrowles, that on the poope had for Ornament a great Masque head of a Sea-god; and all the rest enriched with embost worke touched with silver and gold. In the midst of this Barque sate Orpheus with his Harpe; he wore a white robe girt, on his shoulders was a mantle of carnation, and his head crowned with a laurell garland; with him, other persons in habits of Sea-men as pilots and guiders of the Barque he playing one straine was answered with the voyces and instruments.

THE SONG

HEARKE! Orpheus is a Sea-man growne;
No winds of late have rudely blowne,
Nor waves their troubled heads advance!
His Harpe hath made the winds so mild,
They whisper now as reconciled;
The waves are soothed into a dance.»

Obviously much of the picturesqueness of such scenes was due to the fine art of Inigo Jones. But we have to remember that music too was an essential part; and this brings us to the conclusion that in the masque, the arts all meet and combine in close accord. Painting and poetry, music and dancing,— nay, even architecture and sculpture, have their allotted uses in it. For, to take sculpture, not only does the devising and posing of the masquers and their draperies seem as much a sculptor's as a painter's prerogative, but in the old masques the device of living statues was a common one. Take for example the 'Masque of the Gentlemen of Gray's Inn,' by Francis Beaumont:—

«The statues were attired in cases of gold and silver close to their bodies, faces, hands, and feet,— nothing seen but gold and silver, as if they had been solid images of metal; tresses of hair, . . . girdles and small aprons of oaken leaves, as if they had been carved or molded out of the metal. At their coming, the music changed from violins to hautboys, cornets, etc.; and the air of the music was utterly turned into a soft time, with drawing notes, excellently expressing their natures, ... and the statues placed in such several postures . . . as was very graceful, besides the novelty.»

This is enough to give an idea of the charm, in daintily mingled effects of color and music, which exists in this realm of masques and pageants; which is wide enough to include such pure poetry as Milton's 'Comus,' and such splendid scenes of State as the Field of the Cloth of Gold. A pleasant realm to wander in, which leaves one haunted indeed by such sights and sounds as those of the Dance of the Stars, so frequently introduced, and the song that attended its progress:—

«Shake off your heavy trance,
And leap into a dance,
Such as no mortals use to tread;
Fit only for Apollo
To play to, for the moon to lead,
And all the stars to follow.»

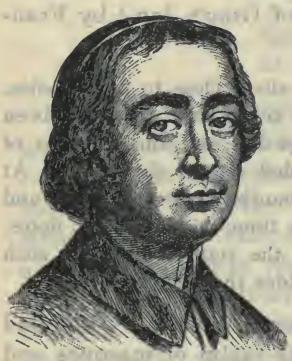
Ernest Rhys

JEAN BAPTISTE MASSILLON

(1663–1742)

BY J. F. BINGHAM

THE subject of this sketch, the celebrated Bishop of Clermont, was the last of the three greatest preachers of the great age of pulpit eloquence in France — the age, as Voltaire has observed, probably the greatest in pulpit oratory of all time. Massillon, by the consensus of the world, has been adjudged the greatest of the great three, in the region of the pathetic, or persuasion by the resource of emotion, or in still other words, as a preacher; that is, in the power of stirring the hearts and moving the passions of multitudes of men towards that which all men know to be the noblest and best, whatever the practice of their lives may be.



J. B. MASSILLON

Bossuet, the monarch of the pulpit, moved on with a magnificent and thundering tread, trampling down all opposition; in a dignified and elegant fury, subduing all things to his imperial will. Bourdaloue, the Jesuit and incomparable logician, a combatant by far more skillful than even Bossuet, with no flourish of trumpets, brought up the irresistible battalions of arguments, marshaled with matchless skill, swiftly succeeding one another with an unerring aim, all in fighting undress, without waving plumes or the clank of glittering trappings or the frippery of gilded lace and pompous orders, but with victory written on every banner; and when the hour of conflict was over, stood on a field strewed with the wrecks of every adversary.

Massillon, coming immediately after these giants of a world-wide renown, while yet the air was ringing of their hitherto unequaled achievements,— with the great advantage, indeed, of being offered the opportunity of learning much from their skill,— yet struck out a wholly new method for himself. Each of the three evinced enormous native oratorical talent. Each had acquired and mastered whatever the schools can furnish of rhetorical skill and finish; and this is much. But Massillon evinced an enormous superiority in that which

was a peculiarity of his own—and it was a peculiarity of measureless consequence. He evinced a moral constitution more subtle and more refined than either; a knowledge of the secret depths of the human heart more profound; and a certain sympathetic power, indescribable in words, but infinitely effective in stirring the emotions and rousing the passions of the hearer into an irresistible conflict in his soul with his own perverse inclinations: while at the same moment he was enchanting him with the purest and most perfect graces of style; and was sweetly, almost unconsciously, leading him along, not able, not wishing, to resist; or even affrighting him by a sudden cry of alarm, as sincere and tender as that of a mother frightening her infant away from the wrong way into the right.

In respect of purity and beauty of style, Fénelon, and Fénelon alone of all preachers, might come into competition with him; but Fénelon having ordered his sermons to be burned, we have little or nothing of his in this line.

It is a happy consequence of this extreme elegance, this matchless purity and beauty of style,—and it is one of the rarest in the world, in the case of the great preachers,—that after deducting the necessary and unspeakable loss of his majestic presence, his impressive manner, his wonderfully lovely voice, his perfect and bewitching elocution, his printed sermons were read by the most refined of his contemporaries in the closet, and for nearly two hundred years have been and are still read (in the original), with unabated delight. The young King Louis XV., we are told, «learned them by heart. the magistrate had them in his office, the fine lady on her toilet table.» Unfortunately there are not, perhaps there cannot be, anv translation of his masterpieces which in respect of style would be judged, by those most competent to judge, to be worthy of him. From the smoothness and harmonious flow of his sentences, Voltaire named him the Racine of the pulpit; and tells us that the 'Athalie' of Racine and the 'Grand Carême' of Massillon (the forty-two sermons preached at Versailles before Louis XIV. during the Lent of 1704) are always lying on his table side by side.

This remarkable man was the son of a minor officer of the law: born in the little city of Hyères,—an ancient watering-place on the French Riviera, some fifty miles east of Marseilles,—and educated at the College of the Oratorians at Marseilles, of which liberal order he became in due time a priest. He was a true child of the fervid south. The warm blood of Provence galloped through his veins, and the hot passions of human nature were strong in his soul. His infant rambles were among orange groves, olives, and palms. The soft breezes of the Mediterranean fanned the cheeks of his youth; and from infancy up his ears were daily saluted by the gay

and amorous melodies of the Troubadours. He was rusticated from his college for some *faux pas* with the sex. It was nothing very serious, we imagine (he was only eighteen), and he was restored to his classes within the year. After his great sermon on the Prodigal Son, in which he so profoundly analyzes the workings of the voluptuous passions, he was asked «where, being a recluse, he could have obtained such a profound knowledge of the voluptuous life?» He replied, «In my own heart.»

He was not only born in the land of love and song, he was born an orator. It is related of him that in early childhood he was accustomed, on Sundays and holy days, to gather his comrades around him, then mount a rock, a box, or a chair, and declaim to them the substance of the sermon he had heard at mass. In college he pursued the humanities with the greatest zeal, and was greatly distinguished in all the rhetorical exercises; yet after becoming a priest and furnished with such a magnificent equipment, he grew shy of this great talent, made repeated attempts to escape the pulpit, and finally began the exercise of his remarkable gifts only on the absolute command of the superior of his order. From the first moment a brilliant career was assured. Success swiftly followed success. He passed rapidly up the ladder of promotion. The great capital was already whispering his fame, when in his thirty-third year he found himself actually planted in that wicked Babylon, and summoned to preach in its most prominent pulpits. Improving his opportunity to hear the greatest preachers there (including of course Bossuet and Bourdaloue, and probably Fléchier and Mascaron), he said on one occasion to a brother priest who accompanied him: «I feel their intellectual force, I recognize their great talents; but if I preach, I shall not preach like them.» And surely he did not.

From this moment, to hear a sermon of Massillon was a new experience to Paris. Many stories have come down to us of the effects of this new method in the hands of this unparalleled master. We can cite but a specimen. To illustrate how widely his influence pervaded the lowest as well as the highest classes of society, it is related that when Massillon was to preach in Notre Dame, the crush at the entrance was something extraordinary even for a Paris crowd. On one occasion a rather powerful woman of the town, bent on hearing him, roughly elbowing her way through the mass, whispered aloud, «Eh! wherever this devil of a Massillon preaches, he makes such a row!» Baron, the comic author and actor, at that time the leading star of the French stage, soon went to hear him. Struck by the simplicity of his manner and the impressive truthfulness of his elocution, he said to a brother actor who accompanied him, «There, my friend, is an orator: we are but players.» Laharpe relates that a courtier

going to a new opera, found his carriage blocked in a double file of carriages, the one bound for the opera, the other for the Quinze-vingts. The church was near where Massillon was preaching. In his impatience he dismounted from the carriage, and out of curiosity for a sight of the famous preacher, he entered the church. The sermon was already begun. It was the celebrated discourse 'On the Word of God.' At that moment Massillon raised his usually downcast look, and sweeping the congregation with his wonderful eye, uttered the apostrophe — *Tu es ille vir!* [Thou art the man.] The gentleman was struck as by an arrow. He remained till the end of the sermon, fixed in his place as by a charm. At the close he did not go to the opera, but returned to his home a changed man. Bourdaloue, after hearing him, being asked by a distinguished brother of his own order how he ranked the new orator, is said to have replied in the words of the Forerunner concerning the just appearing Messiah: "He must increase, but I must decrease." The celebrated compliment of Louis XIV. at the close of the 'Grand Carême,' though threadbare and possibly intended to be equivocal, must not be omitted, because it was unquestionably as true as it was elegant, when he said to him: "Father, I have heard several great orators in my chapel; I have been mightily pleased with them: as for you, every time I have heard you, I have been very much displeased — with myself." He presently added: "And I wish to hear you, father, hereafter every two years." Yet for this or some other now unknown reason, Massillon was never again invited by Louis XIV. to preach before him. Bourdaloue, than whom there could be no abler or severer judge, after reading his printed discourses declared: "The progress one has made in eloquence must be judged of by the relish he finds in reading Massillon's works." In 1717 he was appointed by Louis XV. Bishop of Clermont, and in 1719 he was elected one of the French Academy. He died at the age of eighty, of apoplexy, in his country house a few miles outside his see-city.

Now what were the great and distinguishing features of this "new method," which resulted in such enormous contemporary as well as lasting success? Setting aside, as having been sufficiently noticed, the extraordinary witchery of his person, of his voice, of his manner, of even his delicious language and perfect literary form, what particulars can we discover, in the printed pages of his sermons, as we have them in our hands to-day, to account for the prodigious strength and unrelaxing permanence of his grip on the minds and hearts of men? This we shall try to show in the selections we now offer the reader from his most famous discourses.

There are two observations to be made in a general way toward answering this question, before descending to more definite particulars.

One strikes us, on the first notice of the subjects he has chosen to discourse on. He had observed, he once said, that there was too much dwelling on external manners and a general and vague morality. If we examine, we find that his subject-matter is always something definite and personal, something that comes home to "the business and bosom" of every one of his auditory. This is too evident in every one of his discourses to need any citations.

Then it is conspicuous how little space he gives to establishing accepted truths and general propositions universally adopted. He assumes these, or at most confirms them in a paragraph or two. Then he sets himself to search out in the bottom of the hearts of his hearers—in their criminal attachments, in their earthly interests—the reasons why each one in particular, without contesting the existence of the law or the necessity of obeying it, pretends that he can give himself a dispensation from submitting himself to it. This too, as we shall see, appears in every sermon.

Another characteristic which pervades his whole method, and is found in every discourse, and in which Buffon in his treatise on 'Eloquence' gives it as his judgment that Massillon surpasses all the orators ancient and modern, is called in the schools Amplification. It consists in the difficult but effective art of developing a principal thought in one long composite sentence, which occupies an entire paragraph, and is made up of an expanding series of intensifying clauses, flowing in one indivisible stream of multiplying minor thoughts, which roll the fundamental sentiment along, exhibiting continually new relations, new colors, new charms, with ever increasing force. As he thus revolved his thought through every application and under every light, not only did the gathering force bear on all before it, but each individual for himself, sooner or later, found his own moral picture flashed into his soul; and these individual convictions, melting into one mighty sentiment, set the whole auditory in commotion as if it were but a single soul. For an example of the pathetic thus amplified, take the famous

Picture of the Death-Bed of a Sinner

Then the dying sinner, finding no longer in the remembrance of the past, anything but regrets which overwhelm him; in all which is passing from his sight, but images which afflict him; in the thought of the future, but horrors which affright him;—knowing no longer to whom he should have recourse: neither to the creatures, which are escaping from him, nor to the world, which is vanishing; nor to men, who do not know how

to deliver him from death; nor to the just God, whom he regards as his declared enemy, whose indulgence he must no longer expect; — he revolves his horrors in his soul; he torments himself, he tosses himself hither and thither, to flee from death which is seizing him, or at least to flee from himself; from his dying eyes issues a gloomy wildness which bespeaks the furiousness of his soul; from the depths of his dejection he throws out words broken by sobs, which one but half understands, and knows not whether it is despair or repentance which has given them form; he casts on the crucifix affrighted looks, and such as leave us to doubt whether it is fear or hope, hatred or love, which they mean; he goes into convulsions in which one is ignorant whether it is the body dissolving, or the soul perceiving the approach of her judge; he sighs deeply, and one cannot tell whether it is the memory of his crimes which is tearing these sighs from him, or his despair at relinquishing life. Finally, in the midst of his mournful struggles, his eyes become fixed, his features change, his countenance is distorted, his livid mouth falls open; his whole body trembles, and with this last struggle his wretched soul is sorrowfully torn from this body of clay, falls into the hands of God, and finds itself at the foot of the awful tribunal.

New translation by J. F. B.

In his painting of manners to be reproved, while always abiding in the perfection of elegance, he sometimes descended with a frank and bold simplicity to startling details. An example of this stripping luxury naked for chastisement appears in the following exposure of the ways by which it seeks to elude the rigor of the precept, from the opening sermon of the 'Grand Carême,' on —

Fasting

Text: «Cum jejunatis, nolite fieri sicut hypocritæ, tristes.» — Vulgate. [When thou fastest, be not like the hypocrites, sad. — French Translation.]

My brethren, there is more than one kind of sadness. There is a sadness of penitence which works salvation, and the joy of the Holy Spirit is always its sweetest fruit; a sadness of hypocrisy, which observes the letter of the law, wearing an affected exterior, pale and disfigured, in order not to lose before men the merit of its penitence, — and this is rare; finally, there is a sadness of corruption, which opposes to this holy law

a depth of corruption and of sensuality: and one may safely say that this is the most universal impression which is made on us by the precept of the fast and of abstinence. . . .

I ask you whether, if it mortified the body and the passions of the flesh, this ought to be by the length of the abstinence, or by the simplicity of the food one makes use of, or in the frugality which one observes in his repasts. Pardon me this detail: it is here indispensable, and I will make no abuse of it.

Is it the length of the abstinence? But if, for gathering the fruit and merit of the fast, the body must languish and faint in the restriction of its nourishment, in order that the soul, while expiating her profane voluptuousness, may learn in this natural desire what ought to be her hunger and her thirst for the everlasting righteousness, and for that blessed estate in which, established again in the truth, we shall be delivered from all these humiliating necessities,—oh, what of the useless and unfruitful fasts in the Church!

Alas! the first believers, who did not break it till after the sun was set; they whom a thousand holy and laborious exercises had prepared for the hour of the repast: they who during the night which preceded their fasting, had often watched in our temples, and chanted hymns and canticles on the tombs of the martyrs,—these pious believers might safely have referred the whole merit of their fasting to the length of their abstinence, and yet only then could their flesh and their criminal passions be enfeebled. But for us, my brethren, it is no longer there that the merit of our fastings must be sought; for besides that the Church, by consenting that the hour of the repast should be advanced, has spared this rigor to the faithful, what unworthy easements have not been added to her indulgence? It seems that all one's attention is limited to doing in a way that will bring one to the hour of the repast, without one's really perceiving the length and the rigor of the fasting.

And beyond this (since you oblige us to say it here, and to put these indecent details in the place of the great verities of religion), one prolongs the hours of his sleep in order to shorten those of his abstinence; one dreads to feel for a single instant the rigor of the precept, one stifles in the softness of repose the prick of hunger, from which even the fasting of Jesus was not exempt; in the sloth of a bed one nurses a flesh which the Church had purposed to emaciate and afflict by punishment; and

far from taking nourishment as a necessary relief accorded at last to the length of one's abstinence, one brings to it a body still all full of the fumes of the night, and does not find in it even the relish which pleasure alone would have desired for its own satisfaction.

Translation of J. F. B.

A similar heart-searching severity pervades the following chastisement, from the magnificent sermon on Alms-giving:—

Hypocritical Humility in Charity

In truth, there are few of those coarse and open hypocrisies which publish on the house-tops the merit of their holy deeds; the pride is more adroit, and never immediately unmasks: but what in the world, nevertheless, has less of the true zealot of charity, who seeks, like Jesus Christ, solitary and desert places to conceal his charitable prodigality! One hardly sees any of these ostentatious zealots who do not keep their eye out merely for miseries of renown, and piously wish to put the public into their confidence concerning their largesses; a good many means are sometimes taken to cover them, but nobody is sorry that an indiscretion has drawn them out; one will not seek the public eye, but one will be enraptured when the public eye overtakes us; and the liberalities which are unknown are almost regarded as lost.

Alas! with their gifts on every side, were not our temples and our altars the names and the marks of their benefactors, that is to say, the public monuments of the vanity of our fathers and of our own? If one wished only the invisible eye of the heavenly Father for witness, to what good this vain ostentation? Do you fear that the Lord forgets your offerings? Is it necessary that he should not be able to glance from the depth of the sanctuary, where we adore him, without finding again the remembrance of them? If you propose only to please him, why expose your bounties to other eyes than his? Why shall his ministers themselves, in the most awful functions of the priesthood, appear at the altar—where they ought to bring only the sins of the people—loaded and clothed with marks of your vanity? Why these titles and inscriptions which immortalize on sacred walls your gifts and your pride? Was it not enough that these gifts should be written by the hand of the Lord in the Book of Life? Why

engrave, on marble which will perish, the merit of an action which the charity of it was sufficient to render immortal?

Ah! Solomon, after having reared the most stately and magnificent temple that ever was, had engraved on it only the awful name of the Lord, and took care not to mix the marks of the grandeur of his race with those of the eternal majesty of the King of Kings. A pious name is given to this custom; people believe that these public monuments allure the liberality of the faithful. But has the Lord charged your vanity with the care of attracting bounties to his altars? and has he permitted you to be a modest means that your brethren should become more charitable? Alas! the most powerful among the first believers brought simply, like the most obscure, their patrimonies to the feet of the apostles; they saw, with a holy joy, their names and their goods confounded with those of their brethren who had offered less than they; people were not distinguished then in the assemblies of the faithful in proportion to their benefactions; the honors and the precedences there were not yet the price of gifts and offerings; and one did not care to change the eternal recompense which was awaited from the Lord, into this frivolous glory which might be received from men: and to-day the Church has not privileges enough to satisfy the vanity of her benefactors; their places with us are marked in the sanctuary; their tombs with us appear even under the altar, where only the ashes of the martyrs should repose; honors even are rendered to them which ought to be reserved to the glory of the priesthood; and if they do not bring their hand to the censer, they at least wish to share with the Lord the incense which burns on his altars. Custom authorizes this abuse, it is true; but that which it authorizes, custom never justifies.

Charity, my brethren, is that sweet odor of Jesus Christ which evaporates and is lost the moment it is uncovered. It does not cause to abstain from the public duties of benevolence; we owe to our brethren edification and example; it is a good thing for them to see our works, but we should not see them ourselves; and our left hand ought not to know the gifts our right distributes; the achievements even which duty renders the most brilliant, ought always to be secret in the preparations of the heart; we ought to entertain a kind of jealousy for them against others' gaze; and not think their innocence sure, but when they are under the eyes of God alone. Yes, my brethren,

the alms which have almost always rolled along in secret, have arrived much more pure into the bosom of God himself than those which, exposed even against our will to the eyes of men, have been somewhat befouled and disturbed on their course by the unavoidable complaisances of self-love and the praise of the spectators: like those streams which have almost always rolled under the ground, and which carry into the bosom of the sea waters living and pure; while, on the contrary, those which have traversed level and exposed tracts in the open ordinarily carry there only defiled waters, which are always dragging along the rubbish, the corpses, the slime which they have amassed on their route.

Translation of J. F. B.

Massillon was especially noted for the appositeness and beauty of his exordiums; and one of his sermons of great repute owes its enormous fame to that peculiarity of the text and to the action of the first three minutes. Massillon used no gestures, properly so called: but in the words of the Abbé Maury, he had an eloquent eye; which, Sainte-Beuve has added, made for him the most beautiful of gestures. The sermon in question was that which he pronounced in the final obsequies for Louis XIV. He entered the pulpit with lowered eyes, as was his custom. At length, raising them, he swept them in silence over all that magnificent funeral pomp. Then he fixed them on the lofty catafalque, and slowly pronounced the words of his text, taken from the first chapter of Ecclesiastes. in the French version of the Vulgate: «I have become great; I have surpassed in glory all who have preceded me in Jerusalem.» After a long silence, and upon the excited expectation of the auditory, he began with the ever since famous words: «My brethren, God alone is great.»

Perhaps this bewitching felicity was never more striking than in the exordium of his first sermon before the same Louis XIV., when, knowing that a reputation for austerity had preceded him, he made his début before that glittering earthy crowd in the following way, with the sermon on —

The Blessedness of the Righteous

Text: «Blessed are they that mourn.»

Sire: If the world were speaking here instead of Jesus Christ, no doubt it would not offer such language as this to your Majesty.

«Blessed the Prince,» it would say to you, «who has never fought but to conquer; who has seen so many powers in arms

against him, only to gain glory in granting them peace; who has always been equally greater than danger and greater than victory!

"Blessed the Prince, who throughout the course of a long and flourishing reign has peacefully enjoyed the emoluments of his glory, the love of his subject peoples, the esteem of his enemies, the admiration of all the world, the advantage of his conquests, the magnificence of his works, the wisdom of his laws, the august hope of a numerous posterity; and who has nothing more to desire than long to preserve that which he possesses!"

Thus the world would speak; but, Sire, Jesus does not speak like the world.

"Blessed," says he to you, "not he who is achieving the admiration of his age, but he who is making the world to come his principal concern, and who lives in contempt of himself, and of all that is passing away; because his is the kingdom of heaven.

"Blessed, not he whose reign and whose acts history is going to immortalize in the remembrance of men, but he whose tears shall have effaced the story of his sins from the remembrance of God himself; because he will be eternally comforted.

"Blessed, not he who shall have extended by new conquests the limits of his empire, but he who shall have confined his inclinations and passions within the limits of the law of God; because he will possess an estate more lasting than the empire of the whole world.

"Blessed, not he who, raised by the acclamations of subject peoples above all the princes who have preceded him, peacefully enjoys his grandeur and his glory, but he who, not finding on the throne even anything worthy of his heart, seeks for perfect happiness here below only in virtue and in righteousness; because he will be satisfied.

"Blessed, not he to whom men shall have given the glorious titles of 'Great' and 'Invincible,' but he to whom the unfortunate shall have given, before Jesus, the title of 'Father' and of 'Merciful'; because he will be treated with mercy.

"Blessed, in fine, not he who, being always arbiter of the destiny of his enemies, has more than once given peace to the earth, but he who has been able to give it to himself, and to banish from his heart the vices and inordinate affections which trouble the tranquillity of it; because he will be called a child of God."

These, Sire, are they whom Jesus calls blessed, and the Gospel does not know any other blessedness on earth than virtue and innocence.

New translation by J. F. B.

Further on in this same discourse, where he feels called upon to defend himself from the charge of preaching on imaginary or at least exaggerated delusions of the world, he draws, as follows,—

One of His Celebrated Pictures of General Society

What is the world for the worldlings themselves who love it, who seem intoxicated with its pleasures, and who are not able to step from it? The world?—It is an everlasting servitude, where no one lives for himself, and where to be blest one must be able to kiss one's fetters and love one's slavery. The world?—It is a daily round of events which awaken in succession, in the hearts of its partisans, the most violent and the most gloomy passions, cruel hatreds, hateful perplexities, bitter fears, devouring jealousies, overwhelming griefs. The world?—It is a territory under a curse, where even its pleasures carry with them their thorns and their bitternesses; its sport tires by its furies and its caprices; its conversations annoy by the oppositions of its moods and the contrariety of its sentiments; its passions and criminal attachments have their disgusts, their derangements, their unpleasant brawls; its shows, hardly finding more in the spectators than souls grossly dissolute, and incapable of being awakened but by the most monstrous excesses of debauchery, become stale, while moving only those delicate passions which only show crime in the distance, and dress out traps for innocence. The world, in fine, is a place where hope, regarded as a passion so sweet, renders everybody unhappy; where those who have nothing to hope for, think themselves still more miserable; where all that pleases, pleases never for long; and where *ennui* is almost the sweetest destiny and the most supportable that one can expect in it.

This, my brethren, is the world: and it is not the obscure world, which knows neither the great pleasures nor the charms of prosperity, of favor, and of wealth,—it is the world at its best; it is the world of the court; it is you yourselves who hear me, my brethren.

This is the world; and it is not, in this aspect, one of those paintings from imagination of which the resemblance is nowhere to be found. I am painting the world only after your own hearts; that is, such as you know it and always feel it yourselves to be.

There, notwithstanding, is the place where all sinners are seeking their felicity. There is their country. It is there that they wish they could eternize themselves. This is the world which they prefer to the eternal joys and to all the promises of faith.

New translation by J. F. B.

An exhaustive, masterly, and tremendous discourse, perhaps without a parallel in all literature for boldness and terrible severity in scoring the sin of unchastity, was that on the 'Prodigal Son,' pronounced before Louis XIV. in the chapel at Versailles during the 'Grand Carême.' His text was: "He went into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living." His exordium consists in repeating minutely the story, dwelling on the willingness to live far from home, with swine and like swine,—the nastiness, the emptiness, the deadliness of such a life,—and closes with this affecting

PRAYER

PURIFY my lips, O my God! and while I shall recount the excess of a voluptuous sinner, furnish me with expressions which will not offend a virtue, the love of which I come to-day to inspire in those who hear me; for the world, which no longer knows any restraint on this vice, exacts much notwithstanding of us in the language which condemns it.

Then he opens upon this sin his clean-sweeping artillery thus:—

The vice the deadly consequences of which I am to-day undertaking to expose—this vice so universally spread abroad on the earth, and which is desolating with such fury the heritage of Jesus; this vice of which the Christian religion had purged the world, and which to-day has prevailed on religion itself—is marked by certain peculiar characteristics, all which I find in the story of the wanderings of the Prodigal Son.

There is never a vice which more separates the sinner from God; there is never a vice which, after it has separated him from God, leaves him less resource for returning to Him; there is never a vice which renders the sinner more insupportable to

himself; finally, there is not one which renders him more contemptible in the eyes even of other men. Observe, I pray, all these characteristics in the story of the sinner of our gospel.

The first characteristic of the vice of which we are speaking is the putting, as it were, an abyss between God and the voluptuous soul, and the leaving him almost no more hope of return. The prodigal of our gospel went off at first into a very far country, which left no longer anything in common between him and his natural father: "He took his journey into a far country."

Indeed, in all the other vices, the sinner seems still to hold upon God by some feeble ties. There are some vices which respect at least the sacredness of the body, and do not strengthen its inordinate inclinations; there are others which do not spread so deep darkness on the mind, and leave at least some use of the light of reason; finally, there are some which do not occupy the heart to such a degree as absolutely to take away from it the relish for all which could lead back to God. But the shameful passion of which I am speaking dishonors the body, extinguishes reason, renders all the things of heaven disagreeable, and raises a wall of separation between God and the sinner which seems to take away all hope of reunion.—"He took his journey into a far country."

I said that it dishonors the body of the Christian; it profanes the temple of God in us; it makes the members of Jesus do an ignominious service: it soils a flesh nourished on his body and his blood, consecrated by the grace of baptism; a flesh which is to attain immortality and be conformable to the glorious likeness of Jesus risen; a flesh which will repose in the holy place, and whose ashes will await, under the altar of the Lamb, the day of revelation, mingled with the ashes of the virgins and the martyrs; a flesh more holy than those august temples where the glory of the Lord reposes; more worthy of being possessed with honor and with reverence than the very vases of the sanctuary, consecrated by the terrible mysteries which they inclose. But what a barrier does not the opprobrium of this vice put to the return of God into us! Can a holy God, in whose sight even the heavenly spirits are unclean, sufficiently separate himself from a flesh covered with shame and ignominy? The creature being but dust and ashes, the holiness of God must suffer by lowering himself down to it: ah, what then can the sinner promise himself who joins to his own nothingness and baseness the indignities of a

body shamefully dishonored?—"He took his journey into a far country."

I said that this vice extinguishes even in the soul all her lights, and that the sinner is no longer capable of those salutary reflections which often lead back an unbelieving soul. The prodigal of our gospel, already blinded by his passion, does not see the wrong he is doing himself in separating himself from his paternal home; the ingratitude of which he is rendering himself culpable towards his natural father; the dangers to which he is exposing himself in wishing to be the sole arbiter of his own destiny; the decencies even which he is violating in setting out for a far country, without the counsel and advice of him to whom he owes at least the sentiments of reverence and deference which mere nature itself inspires. He starts, and no longer sees but by the eyes of his passion.—"He took his journey into a far country."

Such is the characteristic of this ill-fated passion,—it spreads a thick cloud over reason: men wise, shrewd, brilliant, lose here at once all their shrewdness, all their wisdom; all their principles of conduct are instantly effaced; a new manner of thinking is made up, in which all the ordinary ideas are proscribed,—it is no longer light and counsel, it is an impetuous inclination which decides and rules all their proceedings; what one owes to others and what one owes to one's self is forgotten; one is blind to one's fortune, to one's duty, to one's reputation, to one's interests, to the decencies even of which the other passions are so jealous; and while one is giving one's self for a spectacle to the public, it is one's self alone that does not see one. One is made blind to fortune: and Ammon loses his life and crown for not having been able to subdue his unjust feebleness. One is made blind to duty: and the impassioned wife of Potiphar no longer remembers that Joseph is a slave; she forgets her birth, her glory, her pride, and no longer sees in that Hebrew aught but the object of her shameful passion. One is made blind to gratitude: and David has no longer eyes either for Uriah's faithfulness, or for the ingratitude of which he is going to render himself guilty towards a God who had drawn him from the dust to set him on the throne of Judah; from the time that his heart was touched, all his lights were extinguished. . . . Thus it is, O my God! that thou punishest the passions of the flesh by the darkness of the mind; that thy light shines no longer on souls adulterous and

corrupt, and that their foolish heart is darkened. — "He took his journey into a far country."

Finally, this deplorable passion puts into the heart an invincible disgust for the things of heaven. . . . Whatever is not marked by the shameful characteristic of voluptuousness interests no longer. Even the duties of society, the functions of a charge, the decencies of a dignity, domestic cares,—all weary, all become disagreeable, outside of passion. . . . Solomon is more attentive to building profane temples to the gods of his foreign wives than to easing his people of the weight of the public expense. [A thrust of amazing boldness in the face of Louis XIV.!] . . . One employs one s self in occupations all which go to nourish voluptuousness, — profane shows, pernicious reading, lascivious music, obscene pictures. . . . It is the characteristic of this passion to fill the whole heart entirely; one is no longer able to occupy one's self but with it; one is possessed, drunk with it; one finds it everywhere; everything shows the marks of its deadly impress; everything awakens its iniquitous desires; the world, solitude, presence, absence, objects the most indifferent, occupations the most serious, the holy temple itself, the sacred altars, the terrible mysteries, recall the remembrance of it: and everything becomes unclean, as the Apostle says, to him who is already himself unclean. — "He took his journey into a far country."

Look back, unbelieving soul; recall those first sentiments of modesty and virtue with which you were born, and see all the way you have made in the road of iniquity, since the fatal day when this shameful vice soiled your heart; and how much you have since removed yourself away from your God: "He took his journey into a far country."

Translation of J. F. B.

Probably the most visibly effective of all the many extraordinary bursts of Massillon's oratory was the celebrated passage in the peroration of the sermon on the 'Small Number of the Saved,' pronounced before Louis XIV. in the chapel royal at Versailles in the course of the 'Grand Carême'; when, having in a long discourse wrought up and prepared his auditory, he began:—

If Jesus should appear in this temple, in the midst of this assembly, the most august in the whole world, to be our judge, to make the terrible separation between the sheep and the goats.

do you believe that the greater number of us would be set on his right hand?—do you believe that things would be at least equal?—do you believe there would be found here only ten righteous, which the Lord was not able to find formerly in five entire cities? I ask you;—you do not know, I do not know myself. Thou alone, O God, dost know those who belong to thee! But if we do not know who belong to him, we do know at least that sinners do not. But who are the faithful believers here assembled?—Titles and dignities must be counted for nothing; you will be stripped of them before Jesus. Who are they? A mass of sinners who do not wish to be converted; still more who wish to be, but who are putting off their conversion: a good many who were converted, but only always to backslide; finally, a great number who think they have no need of conversion: here is the party of the reprobates. Retrench these four sorts of sinners from this holy assembly; for they will be retrenched in the great day;—appear now, ye righteous: where are you! Remnant of Israel, pass to the right; wheat of Jesus, separate yourselves from this chaff destined to the fire. O God! where are thine elect? and what remains for thy portion?

New translation by J. F. B.

It is a curious and very significant tradition that this tremendous sermon had been pronounced before in St. Eustache in Paris, where the turn in the passage given above was unexpected, and the effect unparalleled. At his call for "the remnant of Israel," it is said that the whole congregation, carried away in sympathy with the orator, rose to their feet in a body, not knowing what they were doing. Stranger still, this was known at Versailles, and the passage was expected and eagerly awaited. Yet hard as it is to credit it, we are told that the effect was not a whit less tremendous. Strangest perhaps of all, it is said that Massillon himself, by his posture, by his look of dejection, by his silence of some seconds (a frequent usage of his to add emphasis), associated himself with and augmented the terror of the audience in the chapel royal at Versailles. But we must suppose that it was an expression of sincere sympathy, as well as a sentiment of refinement and decency.

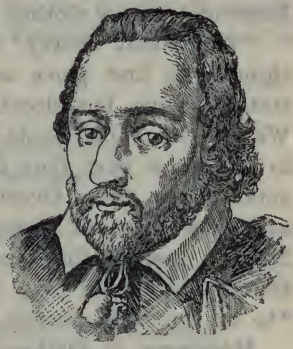
J. F. Bingham

PHILIP MASSINGER

(1583–1640)

BY ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

THE plays of Philip Massinger embody the prosaic spirit of the period of decline which followed Shakespeare. This spirit is not indicated by the subject-matter of his dramas. The plots of 'The Duke of Milan,' 'The Guardian,' or 'The Fatal Dowry,' admit of great treatment. In Massinger's hands they are at least well woven. His absence of imagination is shown rather by his lack of moral consistency in the depiction of character. His men and women are puppets, moved to action by the will of their artificer, not by the laws of their individuality.



PHILIP MASSINGER

The events of Massinger's life are obscure and elusive. He was born in 1583; he entered St. Albans Hall, Oxford, in 1602. During his four years' residence there "he gave his mind more to poetry and romances than to logic and philosophy." After leaving Oxford he went up to London, to throw in his fortunes with the frequenters of the Mermaid Tavern. The enchanted world of the drama was at that time clothed in the richness and beauty of its prime. The young hearts of Beaumont and Fletcher, of Webster and Tourneur, still throbbed with "the love of love, the hate of hate." The brain of genius was still unchilled by doubt and speculation.

Massinger, though contemporary with these great children of a great age, belongs by his spirit to a duller time. His dramas have the solidity of prose without its freedom. His characters and situations lack the spontaneity of nature. He is melodramatic in the sense that his men and women are personifications of virtue or vice. The broad *via media*, the highway on which the majority of mankind is afoot, has no place in his dramas. He is blind to the half-lights of character,—to the subtle blendings of shade and color in the minds of men.

Camiola and Adorni in 'The Maid of Honour' are exceptions to this rule. Camiola, who loves Bertoldo and is herself hopelessly beloved of Adorni, is "a small but ravishing substance." Her impetuous affection, like Juliet's, goes directly to its goal without subterfuge or deviation. When she learns from the servants that Bertoldo is in prison, abandoned by the King, the impatience of her sorrow leaps to her lips:—

> "Possible! Pray you, stand off.
> If I do mutter treason to myself
> My heart will break; and yet I will not curse him,—
> He is my King. The news you have delivered
> Makes me weary of your company: we'll salute
> When we meet next. I'll bring you to the door.
> Nay, pray you, no more compliments."

Adorni is a noble and convincing figure. When commissioned by Camiola to rescue his rival, she asks of him, "You will do this?" He answers, "Faithfully, madam;" then aside, "but not live long after." Massinger rarely clothes such abundance of meaning in so few words.

'The Fatal Dowry' and 'The Duke of Milan' are generally assigned the first place among the tragedies of Massinger. They are stately plays, but dreary and lifeless. His two comedies 'A New Way to Pay Old Debts' and 'The City Madam' are comedies only in the sense that they do not end in death and disaster. The character of Sir Giles Overreach in the former play has held the stage until the present time. Of Massinger's classical dramas, Arthur Symons assigns the highest place to 'Believe as You List,' though the better known play 'The Roman Actor' was held by the author "to be the most perfect work of my Minerva."

Massinger is farthest from greatness in his depiction of women. With the exception of Camiola, of Lidia in the 'Great Duke of Florence,' of Bellisant in the 'Parliament of Love,' of Matilda in the 'Bashful Lover,' and of one or two others, his women are vulgar and sensual. Their purity and their vice are alike unconvincing. This defect of portrayal is common, however, to the majority of Massinger's characters. They are uninteresting because their qualities are imposed upon them. There is no fidelity to the hidden springs of action.

Massinger wrote a number of plays in conjunction with other dramatists. The best known is 'The Virgin-Martyr.' Dekker's touch is recognizable in such lines as these:—

> "I could weary stars,
> And force the wakeful moon to lose her eyes,
> With my late watching."

Massinger was a prolific writer. Beside the plays already mentioned, he gave to the stage of his day 'The Renegado,' 'The Bondman,' 'A Very Woman,' 'The Emperor of the East,' 'The Picture,' and 'The Unnatural Combat.' Coleridge has recommended the diction of Massinger to the imitation of modern writers, on the ground that it is the nearest approach to the language of real life at all compatible with a fixed metre. It is this very characteristic of it which deprives it of the highest poetical quality.

Anna McClure Sholl

FROM 'THE MAID OF HONOUR'

[Camiola, who is in love with Bertoldo, is told by his friends Antonio and Gasparo that he is a prisoner, and that the King has refused to pay his ransom.]

Enter a Servant

Servant — The signiors, madam, Gasparo and Antonio,
Selected friends of the renowned Bertoldo,
Put ashore this morning.
Camiola — Without him?
Servant — I think so.
Camiola — Never think more, then!
Servant — They have been at court,
Kissed the King's hand, and, their first duties done
To him, appear ambitious to tender
To you their second service.
Camiola — Wait them hither.
Fear, do not rack me! Reason, now if ever
Haste with thy aids, and tell me, such a wonder
As my Bertoldo is, with such care fashioned,
Must not, nay, cannot, in Heaven's providence
So soon miscarry! —

Enter Antonio *and* Gasparo

Pray you, forbear: ere you take
The privilege as strangers to salute me,
(Excuse my manners) make me first understand
How it is with Bertoldo.

Gasparo— The relation
Will not, I fear, deserve your thanks.
Antonio— I wish
Some other should inform you.
Camiola— Is he dead?
You see, though with some fear, I dare inquire it.
Gasparo—Dead! Would that were the worst: a debt were paid then.
Kings in their birth owe nature.
Camiola— Is there aught
More terrible than death?
Antonio— Yes, to a spirit
Like his: cruel imprisonment, and that
Without the hope of freedom.
Camiola— You abuse me:
The royal King cannot, in love to virtue,
(Though all the springs of affection were dried up)
But pay his ransom.
Gasparo— When you know what 'tis,
You will think otherwise: no less will do it
Than fifty thousand crowns.
Camiola— A petty sum,
The price weighed with the purchase: fifty thousand!
To the King 'tis nothing. He that can spare more
To his minion for a masque, cannot but ransom
Such a brother at a million. You wrong
The King's munificence.
Antonio— In your opinion;
But 'tis most certain: he does not alone
In himself refuse to pay it, but forbids
All other men.
Camiola— Are you sure of this?
Gasparo— You may read
The edict to that purpose, published by him.
That will resolve you.
Camiola— Possible! Pray you, stand off.
If I do mutter treason to myself
My heart will break; and yet I will not curse him,—
He is my King. The news you have delivered
Makes me weary of your company: we'll salute
When we meet next. I'll bring you to the door.
Nay, pray you, no more compliments.

FROM 'A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS'

[Sir Giles Overreach, on fire with greed and with ambition to found a great feudal house, treats about marrying his daughter with Lord Lovell.]

OVERREACH — To my wish: we are private.
I come not to make offer with my daughter
A certain portion,—that were poor and trivial:
In one word I pronounce all that is mine,
In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,
With her, my lord, comes to you; nor shall you have
One motive to induce you to believe
I live too long, since every year I'll add
Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too.

Lovell — You are a right kind father.

Overreach — You shall have reason
To think me such. How do you like this seat?
It is well wooded and well watered,—the acres
Fertile and rich: would it not serve for change
To entertain your friends in a summer progress?
What thinks my noble lord?

Lovell — 'Tis a wholesome air,
And well built; and she that is mistress of it
Worthy the large revenues.

Overreach — She the mistress!
It may be so for a time; but let my lord
Say only that he but like it, and would have it,—
I say, ere long 'tis his.

Lovell — Impossible!

Overreach —
You do conclude too fast: not knowing me,
Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone
The lady Allworth's lands;—but point out any man's
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient
And useful for your Lordship, and once more
I say aloud, they are yours.

Lovell — I dare not own
What's by unjust and cruel means extorted.
My fame and credit are more dear to me,
Than so to expose 'em to be censured by
The public voice.

Overreach — You run, my lord, no hazard:
Your reputation shall stand as fair
In all good men's opinions as now.
Nor can my actions, though condemned for ill,
Cast any foul aspersion upon yours:

For though I do contemn report myself,
As a mere sound, I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you in all points of honor,
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,
Nor your unquestioned integrity,
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot
That may take from your innocence and candor.
All my ambition is to have my daughter
Right Honorable, which my lord can make her;
And might I live to dance upon my knee
A young Lord Lovell, born by her unto you,
I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.
As for possessions and annual rents,
Equivalent to maintain you in the part
Your noble birth and present state require,
I do remove the burden from your shoulders,
And take it on my own; for though I ruin
The country to supply your riotous waste,
The scourge of prodigals (want) shall never find you.

Lovell— Are you not frighted with the imprecations
And curses of whole families, made wretched
By your sinister practices?

Overreach— Yes, as rocks are
When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is moved
When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her brightness.
I am of a solid temper, and like these,
Steer on a constant course: with mine own sword,
If called into the field, I can make that right
Which fearful enemies murmured at as wrong.
Now, for those other piddling complaints,
Breathed out in bitterness: as when they call me
Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder
On my poor neighbor's rights, or grand incloser
Of what was common to my private use;
Nay, when my ears are pierced with widows' cries,
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold·
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right Honorable; and 'tis a powerful charm
Makes me insensible of remorse or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.

Lovell— I admire
The toughness of your nature.

Overreach— 'Tis for you,
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble.

BRANDER MATTHEWS

(1852–)

BY ERNEST HUNTER WRIGHT

BORN at New Orleans February 21st, 1852, Brander Matthews was educated in New York, where he was graduated from Columbia College in 1871 and from the Columbia Law School two years later. He was admitted to the bar, but a fortunate choice soon turned him to the profession of letters. His first book was published in 1879, and since that date he has contributed uninterruptedly to literature, in drama, fiction, biography, and perhaps most signally, in criticism. In recognition of the distinction of his books he was called to Columbia as lecturer in English in 1891, and in the following year was appointed professor of literature. In 1899 he became the professor of dramatic literature, and in this professorate he has been, since 1903, the senior member of the Department of English in the university.

He has been a prolific author in several fields. Beginning with a volume on ‹The Theatres of Paris› in 1880, he continued his studies of the French stage with ‹French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century› in 1881. Without taking leave of the field of criticism, he then devoted himself principally for more than ten years to the drama, the novel, and the short story. His comedy of ‹Margery's Lovers,› produced in 1884, was followed by ‹This Picture and That› in 1887 and ‹The Decision of the Court› in 1893; and he also collaborated with George H. Jessop in ‹A Gold Mine› (1887) and ‹On Probation› (1889), and with Bronson Howard in ‹Peter Stuyvesant› (1898). In fiction he was more productive; the titles of the novels and short stories in his seventeen volumes of narrative are too numerous for full citation here. They include ‹Tom Paulding› (1892), ‹His Father's Son› (1895), ‹Tales of Fantasy and Fact› (1896), ‹Outlines in Local Color› (1897), ‹A Confident Tomorrow› (1899), and ‹Vistas of New York› (1912). Without delivering himself to the rigors of realistic theory, Professor Matthews consistently wrote of the life that passed before his eyes; and if one type of his fiction should be selected more than another for especial mention, it should probably be such stories as the ‹Vignettes of Manhattan› (1894), in which, over and above the tale that is told, he has given us faithful etchings of certain characters and certain modes of living which the hurried growth of the metropolis has all but obliterated and which now endure dimly in the memories of men turned gray.

During the years devoted largely to drama and to fiction, Professor Matthews was also steadily producing in the essay form, using it principally for literary and dramatic criticism, and in the last twenty years the bulk of his work has been done in this field. In the total product of his pen his criticisms form the major part, and probably will prove his most valuable work. ‹Pen and Ink,› from 1888, is a sheaf of essays on various subjects, grave and gay. ‹Americanisms and Briticisms› (1892) presents, among other things, an unbiassed study of variant diction in which information is seasoned with amusement. ‹Studies of the Stage› (1894) treats various aspects of the art to which the author has given most thought and devotion. ‹Bookbindings, Old and New› (1895) betrays by its title another interest of the author which is reflected here and there in others of his works. The ‹Introduction to the Study of American Literature› (1896) has been a companion to thousands of students through school and college courses. ‹Aspects of Fiction› (1896) contains, beside much else, studies in the technic of the novel and the short story, an art to which, incidentally, the author has contributed in criticism a body of doctrine comparable with the more extended doctrine of the drama of which he has been a leading formulator. Criticism of this and other kinds he carries on into ‹The Historical Novel and Other Essays› in 1901. In ‹Parts of Speech,› from the same year, he returns to a study somewhat similar to that of the title-essay in ‹Americanisms and Briticisms.› In ‹The Development of the Drama› (1903) he traces the history of dramatic art from its beginnings among barbarian tribes to its full development in modern society. Then, after two volumes of essays on various subjects in ‹Inquiries and Opinions› (1907) and ‹The American of the Future, and Other Essays› (1909), he returns to the art of play-making in ‹A Study of the Drama› in 1910. ‹A Study of Versification› followed this in the next year. Miscellaneous treatises on literary topics were combined in ‹Gateways to Literature› in 1913. And ‹A Book About the Theatre,› in 1916, is the author's latest volume of studies in his favorite art.

Within the limits of this article it is not possible to mention, even by name, all the works of Professor Matthews. A list that should include, besides those already mentioned and others similar in kind, his various pamphlets and booklets, his numerous prefaces and extensive editorial work, and the chapters he has contributed to volumes written in collaboration, would be impressive for its length; and it is superfluous to say that the exceptionally sustained quality of work so varied has long since assured him a position in the front rank of contemporary authors in America. But two at least of his later volumes call for especial notice. In more than one sense his biography of ‹Molière,› from 1910, and his ‹Shakespeare as a Playwright,› from 1913, are the work of a lifetime. The one he had actually planned in youth, and the other voices with equal emphasis a lifelong interest. But more than this, the matured

critical gifts of the author, which had always been devoted most willingly and most valuably to the drama, find here their amplest opportunity in the two leading dramatists of modern times; and the principles of the dramatic art, which the author has derived from the study of its entire history and which he has formulated in a score of other works, are here given their fullest application and illustration. To Professor Matthews the drama has always been much more than a literary art. It is the picture of an action shown not merely in words, but in the flesh, in the persons of certain actors before a certain audience in a certain kind of theatre. It is a plastic as well as a literary art. For the kind of criticism that recognizes it as such, Professor Matthews has been one of the leading spokesmen in America, and possibly his success in this endeavor has been his main achievement as a critic. It is therefore natural that the most original chapters of his ⟨Molière⟩ and of his ⟨Shakespeare⟩ should be those that attempt to show — what had been too often neglected — how the plays of these dramatists were molded, in accordance with the cardinal laws of all drama, with an eye upon the actors who were to produce them, upon the audiences who were to witness them, and upon the theatres which aided and limited the presentation of them.

The work of Professor Matthews has not failed of recognition. Since the days when he used to write for the Saturday Review his reputation has been international. He is a member of many clubs and societies in America and abroad. Of several of these he was a founder, among them the Authors and the Players in New York, and the Kinsmen in New York and London. He was also an organizer of the American Copyright League, of the Columbia University Press, of the Dunlap Society, of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, and of the Simplified Spelling Board. The last three of these he has served as president or chairman. He bears the honorary doctorate from several universities, wears the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and sits in the American Academy of Arts and Letters. His friends form a host; the list of them is like a roll-call of the great men of three nations in the last half-century. It is not necessary to add that he knows himself how to be a friend. In conversation he is one of the foremost of American wits. In his work he has been at once a scholar and a man of letters — one of the few men of his time who has given to scholarship the voice of literature. That voice, above all else, has been one of clarity. They say in France that if a sentence is not clear it is not French. Certainly we of the English tongue can boast no such distinction. But the author whose work we have here been reviewing has been a lifelong reader of French prose, and whether this be part of the reason or not, there is no exaggeration in the statement that if a sentence fails of clarity it was not written by Brander Matthews. And clarity in diction, here as usually, is the token of lucidity of mind and sincerity of purpose.

AMERICAN CHARACTER

I

IN a volume recording a series of talks with Tolstoi, published by a French writer in the final months of 1904, we are told that the Russian novelist thought the Dukhobors had attained to a perfected life, in that they were simple, free from envy, wrath, and ambition, detesting violence, refraining from theft and murder, and seeking ever to do good. Then the Parisian interviewer asked which of the peoples of the world seemed most remote from the perfection to which the Dukhobors had elevated themselves; and when Tolstoi returned that he had given no thought to this question, the French correspondent suggested that we Americans deserved to be held up to scorn as the least worthy of nations.

The tolerant Tolstoi asked his visitor why he thought so ill of us; and the journalist of Paris then put forth the opinion that we Americans are «a people terribly practical, avid of pleasure, systematically hostile to all idealism. The ambition of the American's heart, the passion of his life, is money; and it is rather a delight in the conquest and possession of money than in the use of it. The Americans ignore the arts; they despise disinterested beauty. And now, moreover, they are imperialists. They could have remained peaceful without danger to their national existence; but they had to have a fleet and an army. They set out after Spain, and attacked her; and now they begin to defy Europe. Is there not something scandalous in this revelation of the conquering appetite in a new people with no hereditary predisposition toward war?»

It is to the credit of the French correspondent that after setting down this fervid arraignment, he was honest enough to record Tolstoi's dissent. But although he dissented, the great Russian expressed little surprise at the virulence of this diatribe. No doubt it voiced an opinion familiarized to him of late by many a newspaper of France and of Germany. Fortunately for us, the assertion that foreign nations are a contemporaneous posterity is not quite true. Yet the opinion of foreigners, even when most at fault, must have its value for us as a useful corrective of conceit. We ought to be proud of our country; but we need not be vain about it. Indeed, it would be difficult for the most patriotic of us to find any satisfaction in the figure of the typical American which apparently exists in the mind

of most Europeans, and which seems to be a composite photograph of the backwoodsman of Cooper, the negro of Mrs. Stowe, and the Mississippi river-folk of Mark Twain, modified perhaps by more vivid memories of Buffalo Bill's Wild West. Surely this is a strange monster; and we need not wonder that foreigners feel towards it as Voltaire felt toward the prophet Habakkuk, — whom he declared to be «capable of anything.»

It has seemed advisable to quote here what the Parisian journalist said of us, not because he himself is a person of consequence, indeed, he is so obscure that there is no need even to mention his name, but because he has had the courage to attempt what Burke declared to be impossible, — to draw an indictment against a whole nation. It would be easy to retort on him in kind, for, unfortunately, — and to the grief of all her friends, — France has laid herself open to accusations as sweeping and as violent. It would be easy to dismiss the man himself as one whose outlook on the world is so narrow that it seems to be little more than what he can get through a chance slit in the wall of his own self-sufficiency. It would be easy to answer him in either of these fashions, but what is easy is rarely worth while; and it is wiser to weigh what he said and to see if we cannot find our profit in it.

Sifting the essential charges from out the mass of his malevolent accusation, we find this Frenchman alleging first, that we Americans care chiefly for making money; second, that we are hostile to art and to all forms of beauty; and thirdly, that we are devoid of ideals. These three allegations may well be considered, one by one, beginning with the assertion that we are mere money-makers.

II

Now, in so far as this Frenchman's belief is but an exaggeration of the saying of Napoleon's, that the English were a nation of shopkeepers, we need not wince, for the Emperor of the French found to his cost that those same English shopkeepers had a stout stomach for fighting. Nor need we regret that we can keep shop profitably, in these days when the doors of the bankers' vaults are the real gates of the Temple of Janus, war being impossible until they open. There is no reason for alarm or for apology so long as our shopkeeping does not cramp our muscle or curb our spirit, for, as Bacon declared three centuries ago, «walled towns, stored arsenals and armories, goodly races of horse, chariots of war, elephants, ordnance, artillery, and the

like, all this is but a sheep in a lion's skin, except the breed and disposition of the people be stout and warlike.»

Even the hostile French traveler did not accuse us of any flabbiness of fibre; indeed, he declaimed especially against our «conquering appetite,» which seemed to him scandalous «in a new people with no hereditary predisposition toward war.» But here he fell into a common blunder; the United States may be a new nation — although as a fact the stars-and-stripes is now older than the tricolor of France, the union jack of Great Britain, and the standards of those newcomers among the nations, Italy and Germany — the United States may be a new nation, but the people here have had as many ancestors as the population of any other country. The people here, moreover, have «a hereditary predisposition toward war,» or at least toward adventure, since they are, every man of them, descended from some European more venturesome than his fellows, readier to risk the perils of the Western Ocean and bolder to front the unknown dangers of an unknown land. The warlike temper, the aggressiveness, the imperialistic sentiment, — these are in us no new development of unexpected ambition; and they ought not to surprise anyone familiar with the way in which our forefathers grasped this Atlantic coast first, then thrust themselves across the Alleghanies, spread abroad to the Mississippi, and reached out at last to the Rockies and to the Pacific. The lust of adventure may be dangerous, but it is no new thing; it is in our blood, and we must reckon with it.

Perhaps it is because «the breed and disposition of the people» is «stout and warlike» that our shopkeeping has been successful enough to awaken envious admiration among other races whose energy may have been relaxed of late. After all, the arts of war and the arts of peace are not so unlike; and in either a triumph can be won only by an imagination strong enough to foresee and to divine what is hidden from the weakling. We are a trading community, after all and above all, even if we come of fighting stock. We are a trading community, just as Athens was, and Venice and Florence. And like the men of these earlier commonwealths, the men of the United States are trying to make money. They are striving to make money not solely to amass riches, but partly because having money is the outward and visible sign of success, — because it is the most obvious measure of accomplishment.

In his talk with Tolstoi our French critic revealed an unexpected insight when he asserted that the passion of American life was not

so much the use of money as a delight in the conquest of it. Many an American man of affairs would admit without hesitation that he would rather make half a million dollars than inherit a million. It is the process he enjoys, rather than the result; it is the tough tussle in the open market which gives him the keenest pleasure, and not the idle contemplation of wealth safely stored away. He girds himself for battle and fights for his own hand; he is the son and the grandson of the stalwart adventurers who came from the Old World to face the chances of the new. This is why he is unwilling to retire as men are wont to do in Europe when their fortunes are made. Merely to have money does not greatly delight him — although he would regret not having it; but what does delight him unceasingly is the fun of making it.

The money itself often he does not know what to do with; and he can find no more selfish use for it than to give it away. He seems to recognize that his making it was in some measure due to the unconscious assistance of the community as a whole; and he feels it his duty to do something for the people among whom he lives. It must be noted that the people themselves also expect this from him; they expect him sooner or later to pay his footing. As a result of this pressure of public opinion and of his own lack of interest in money itself, he gives freely. In time he comes to find pleasure in this as well; and he applies his business sagacity to his benefactions. Nothing is more characteristic of modern American life than this pouring out of private wealth for public service. Nothing remotely resembling it is to be seen now in any country of the Old World; and not even in Athens in its noblest days was there a larger-handed lavishness of the individual for the benefit of the community.

Again, in no country of the Old World is the prestige of wealth less powerful than it is here. This, of course, the foreigner fails to perceive; he does not discover that it is not the man who happens to possess money that we regard with admiration but the man who is making money, and thereby proving his efficiency and indirectly benefiting the community. To many it may sound like an insufferable paradox to assert that nowhere in the civilized world to-day is money itself of less weight than here in the United States; but the broader his opportunity the more likely is an honest observer to come to this unexpected conclusion. Fortunes are made in a day almost, and they may fade away in a night; as the Yankee proverb put it pithily, «it's only three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves.» Wealth is likely to lack something of its glamour in a land

where well-being is widely diffused and where a large proportion of the population have either had a fortune and lost it, or else expect to gain one in the immediate future.

Probably also there is no country which now contains more men who do not greatly care for large gains and who have gladly given up money-making for some other occupation they found more profitable for themselves. These are the men like Thoreau — in whose ‹Walden,› now half a century old, we can find an emphatic declaration of all the latest doctrines of the simple life. We have all heard of Agassiz, — best of Americans, even though he was born in another republic, — how he repelled the proffer of large terms for a series of lectures, with the answer that he had no time to make money. Closely akin was the reply of a famous machinist in response to an inquiry as to what he had been doing — to the effect that he had accomplished nothing of late, — «we have just been building engines and making money, and I'm about tired of it.» There are not a few men to-day in these toiling United States who hold with Ben Jonson that «money never made any man rich, — but his mind.»

But while this is true, while there are some men among us who care little for money, and while there are many who care chiefly for the making of it, ready to share it when made with their fellow-citizens, candor compels the admission that there are also not a few who are greedy and grasping, selfish and shameless, and who stand forward, conspicuous and unscrupulous, as if to justify to the full the aspersions which foreigners cast upon us. Although these men manage for the most part to keep within the letter of the law, their morality is that of the wrecker and of the pirate. It is a symptom of health in the body politic that the proposal has been made to inflict social ostracism upon the criminal rich. We need to stiffen our conscience and to set up a loftier standard of social intercourse, refusing to fellowship with the men who make their money by overriding the law or by undermining it, — just as we should have declined the friendship of Captain Kidd laden down with stolen treasure.

In the immediate future these men will be made to feel that they are under the ban of public opinion. One sign of an acuter sensitiveness is the recent outcry against the acceptance of «tainted money» for the support of good works. Although it is wise always to give a good deed the credit of a good motive, yet it is impossible sometimes not to suspect that certain large gifts have an aspect of «conscience money.» Some of them seem to be the result of a desire to divert public attention from the evil way in which the money was

made to the nobler manner in which it is spent. They appear to be the attempt of a social outlaw to buy his peace with the community. Apparently there are rich men among us, who, having sold their honor for a price, would now gladly give up the half of their fortunes to get it back.

Candor compels the admission also that by the side of the criminal rich there exists the less noxious but more offensive class of the idle rich, who lead lives of wasteful luxury and of empty excitement. When the French reporter who talked with Tolstoi called us Americans «avid of pleasure» it was this little group he had in mind, as he may have seen the members of it splurging about in Paris, squandering and self-advertising. Although these idle rich now exhibit themselves most openly and to least advantage in Paris and in London, their foolish doings are recorded superabundantly in our own newspapers; and their demoralizing influence is spread abroad. The snobbish report of their misguided attempts at amusement may even be a source of danger in that it seems to recognize a false standard of social success or in that it may excite a miserable ambition to emulate these pitiful frivolities. But there is no need of delaying longer over the idle rich; they are only a few, and they have doomed themselves to destruction, since it is an inexorable fact that those who break the laws of nature can have no hope of executive clemency.

«Patience a little; learn to wait,
Years are long on the clock of fate.»

III

The second charge which the wandering Parisian journalist brought against us was that we ignore the arts and that we despise disinterested beauty. Here again the answer that is easiest is not altogether satisfactory. There is no difficulty in declaring that there are American artists, both painters and sculptors, who have gained the most cordial appreciation in Paris itself, or in drawing attention to the fact that certain of the minor arts — that of the silversmith, for one, and for another, that of the glass-blower, and the glass-cutter — flourish in the United States at least as freely as they do anywhere else, while the art of designing in stained glass has had a new birth here, which has given it a vigorous vitality lacking in Europe since the Middle Ages. It would not be hard to show that our American architects are now undertaking to solve new problems wholly unknown to the builders of Europe, and that they are often

succeeding in this grapple with unprecedented difficulty. Nor would it take long to draw up a list of the concerted efforts of certain of our cities to make themselves more worthy and more sightly with parks well planned and with public buildings well-proportioned and appropriately decorated. We might even invoke the memory of the evanescent loveliness of the White City that graced the shores of Lake Michigan a few years ago; and we might draw attention again to the Library of Congress, a later effort of the allied arts of the architect, the sculptor, and the painter.

But however full of high hope for the future we may esteem these several instances of our reaching out for beauty, we must admit — if we are honest with ourselves — that they are all more or less exceptional, and that to offset this list of artistic achievements the Devil's Advocate could bring forward a damning catalogue of crimes against good taste which would go far to prove that the feeling for beauty is dead here in America and also the desire for it. The Devil's Advocate would bid us consider the flaring and often vulgar advertisements that disfigure our highways, the barbaric ineptness of many of our public buildings, the squalor of the outskirts of our towns and villages, the hideousness and horror of the slums in most of our cities, the negligent toleration of dirt and disorder in our public conveyances, and many another pitiable deficiency of our civilization present in the minds of all of us.

The sole retort possible is a plea of confession and avoidance, coupled with a promise of reformation. These evils are evident and they cannot be denied. But they are less evident to-day than they were yesterday; and we may honestly hope that they will be less evident to-morrow. The bare fact that they have been observed warrants the belief that unceasing effort will be made to do away with them. Once aroused, public opinion will work its will in due season. And here occasion serves to deny boldly the justice of a part of the accusation which the French reporter brought against us. It may be true that we «ignore the arts,» — although this is an obvious overstatement of the case; but it is not true that we «despise beauty.» However ignorant the American people may be as a whole, they are in no sense hostile toward art — as certain other peoples seem to be. On the contrary, they welcome it; with all their ignorance, they are anxious to understand it; they are pathetically eager for it. They are so desirous of it that they want it in a hurry, only too often to find themselves put off with an empty imitation. But the desire itself is indisputable; and its accomplishment is likely to

be helped along by the constant commingling here of peoples from various other stocks than the Anglo-Saxon, since the mixture of races tends always to a swifter artistic development.

It is well to probe deeper into the question and to face the fact that not only in the arts but also in the sciences we are not doing all that may fairly be expected of us. Athens was a trading city as New York is, but New York has had no Sophocles and no Phidias. Florence and Venice were towns whose merchants were princes, but no American city has yet brought forth a Giotto, a Dante, a Titian. It is now nearly threescore years and ten since Emerson delivered his address on the ‹American Scholar,› which has well been styled our intellectual Declaration of Independence, and in which he expressed the hope that «perhaps the time is already come . . . when the sluggard intellect of this continent will look from under its iron lids and fulfill the postponed expectation of the world with something better that the exertions of a mechanical skill.» Nearly seventy years ago was this prophecy uttered which still echoes unaccomplished.

In the nineteenth century in which we came to maturity as a nation, no one of the chief leaders of art, even including literature in its broadest aspects, and no one of the chief leaders in science, was native to our country. Perhaps we might claim that Webster was one of the world's greatest orators and that Parkman was one of the world's greatest historians; but probably the experts outside of the United States would be found unprepared and unwilling to admit either claim, however likely it may be to win acceptance in the future. Lincoln is indisputably one of the world's greatest statesmen; and his fame is now firmly established throughout the whole of civilization. But this is all we can assert; and we cannot deny that we have given birth to very few indeed of the foremost poets, dramatists, novelists, painters, sculptors, architects, or scientific discoverers of the last hundred years.

Alfred Russell Wallace, whose renown is linked with Darwin's and whose competence as a critic of scientific advance is beyond dispute, has declared that the nineteenth century was the most wonderful of all since the world began. He asserts that the scientific achievements of the last hundred years, both in the discovery of general principles and in their practical application, exceed in number the sum total of the scientific achievements to be credited to all the centuries that went before. He considers, first of all, the practical applications, which made the aspect of civilization in 1900 differ in a thousand ways from what it had been in 1801. He names a

dozen of these practical applications: railways, steam navigation, the electric telegraph, the telephone, friction-matches, gas-lighting, electric lighting, the photograph, the Roentgen rays, spectrum analysis, anæsthetics, and antiseptics. It is with pride than an American can check off not a few of these utilities as being due wholly or in large part to the ingenuity of one or another of his countrymen.

But his pride has a fall when Wallace draws up a second list not of mere inventions but of those fundamental discoveries, of those fecundating theories underlying all practical applications and making them possible, of those principles «which have extended our knowledge or widened our conceptions of the universe.» Of these he catalogues twelve; and we are pained to find that no American has had an important share in the establishment of any of these broad generalizations. He may have added a little here and there; but no single one of all the twelve discoveries is mainly to be credited to any American. It seems as if our French critic was not so far out when he asserted that we were «terribly practical.» In the application of principles, in the devising of new methods, our share was larger than that of any other nation. In the working out of the stimulating principles themselves, our share was less than «a younger brother's portion.»

It is only fair to say, however, that even though we may not have brought forth a chief leader of art or of science to adorn the wonderful century, there are other evidences of our practical sagacity than those set down by Wallace, evidences more favorable and of better augury for our future. We derived our language and our laws, our public justice and our representative government from our English ancestors, as we derived from the Dutch our religious toleration and perhaps also our large freedom of educational opportunity. In our time we have set an example to others and helped along the progress of the world. President Eliot holds that we have made five important contributions to the advancement of civilization. First of all, we have done more than any other people to further peace-keeping, and to substitute legal arbitration for the brute conflict of war. Second, we have set a splendid example of the broadest religious toleration — even though Holland had first shown us how. Thirdly, we have made evident the wisdom of universal manhood suffrage. Fourthly, by our welcoming of newcomers from all parts of the earth, we have proved that men belonging to a great variety of races are fit for political freedom. Finally, we have succeeded in diffusing material well-being among

the whole population to an extent without parallel in any other country in the world.

These five American contributions to civilization are all of them the result of the practical side of the American character. They may even seem commonplace as compared with the conquering exploits of some other races. But they are more than merely practical; they are all essentially moral. As President Eliot insists, they are «triumphs of reason, enterprise, courage, faith, and justice over passion, selfishness, inertness, timidity, and distrust. Beneath each of these developments there lies a strong ethical sentiment, a strenuous moral and social purpose. It is for such work that multitudinous democracies are fit.»

IV

A «strong ethical sentiment,» and a «strenuous moral purpose» cannot flourish unless they are deeply rooted to idealism. And here we find an adequate answer to the third assertion of Tolstoi's visitor, who maintained that we are «hostile to all idealism.» Our idealism may be of a practical sort, but it is idealism none the less. Emerson was an idealist, although he was also a thrifty Yankee. Lincoln was an idealist, even if he was also a practical politician, an opportunist, knowing where he wanted to go, but never crossing a bridge before he came to it. Emerson and Lincoln had ever a firm grip on the facts of life; each of them kept his gaze fixed on the stars, — and he also kept his feet firm on the soil.

There is a sham idealism, boastful and shabby, which stares at the moon and stumbles in the mud, as Shelley and Poe stumbled. But the basis of the highest genius is always a broad common sense. Shakespeare and Molière were held in esteem by their comrades for their understanding of affairs; and they each of them had money out at interest. Sophocles was entrusted with command in battle; and Goethe was the shrewdest of the Grand Duke's counselors. The idealism of Shakespeare and of Molière, of Sophocles and of Goethe, is like that of Emerson and of Lincoln; it is unfailingly practical. And thereby it is sharply set apart from the aristocratic idealism of Plato and of Renan, of Ruskin and of Nietzsche, which is founded on obvious self-esteem and which is sustained by arrogant and inexhaustible egotism. True idealism is not only practical, it is also liberal and tolerant.

Perhaps it might seem to be claiming too much to insist on certain points of similarity between us and the Greeks of old. The points

of dissimilarity are only too evident to most of us; and yet there is a likeness as well as an unlikeness. Professor Butcher has recently asserted that «no people was ever less detached from the practical affairs of life» than the Greeks, «less insensible to outward utility; yet they regarded prosperity as a means, never as an end. The unquiet spirit of gain did not take possession of their souls. Shrewd traders and merchants, they were yet idealists. They did not lose sight of the higher and distinctively human aims which give life its significance.» It will be well for us if this can be said of our civilization two thousand years after its day is done; and it is for us to make sure that «the unquiet spirit of gain» shall not take possession of our souls. It is for us also to rise to the attitude of the Greeks, among whom, as Professor Butcher points out, «money lavished on personal enjoyment was counted vulgar, oriental, inhuman.»

There is comfort in the memory of Lincoln and of those whose death on the field of Gettysburg he commemorated. The men who there gave up their lives that the country might live, had answered to the call of patriotism, which is one of the sublimest images of idealism. There is comfort also in the recollection of Emerson, and in the fact that for many of the middle years of the nineteenth century he was the most popular of lecturers, with an unfading attractiveness to the plain people, perhaps, because, in Lowell's fine phrase, he «kept constantly burning the beacon of an ideal life above the lower region of turmoil.» There is comfort again in the knowledge that idealism is one manifestation of imagination, and that imagination itself is but an intenser form of energy. That we have energy and to spare, no one denies; and we may reckon him a nearsighted observer who does not see also that we have our full share of imagination, even though it has not yet expressed itself in the loftiest regions of art and of science. The outlook is hopeful, and it is not true that

> «We, like sentries, are obliged to stand
> In starless nights and wait the appointed hour.»

The foundations of our commonwealth were laid by the sturdy Elizabethans who bore across the ocean with them their portion of that imagination which in England flamed up in rugged prose and in superb and soaring verse. In two centuries and a half the sons of these stalwart Englishmen have lost nothing of their ability to see visions and to dream dreams, and to put solid foundations under their castles in the air. The flame may seem to die down for a season, but it springs again from the embers most unexpectedly, as it broke

forth furiously in 1861. There was imagination at the core of the little war for the freeing of Cuba, — the very attack on Spain, which the Parisian journalist cited to Tolstoi as the proof of our predatory aggressiveness. We said that we were going to war for the sake of the ill-used people in the suffering island close to our shores; we said that we would not annex Cuba; we did the fighting that was needful;—and we kept our word. It is hard to see how even the most bitter of critics can discover in this anything selfish.

There was imagination also in the sudden stopping of all the steamcraft, of all the railroads, of all the street-cars, of all the incessant traffic of the whole nation, at the moment when the body of a murdered chief magistrate was lowered into the grave. This pause in the work of the world was not only touching, it had a large significance to anyone seeking to understand the people of these United States. It was a testimony that the Greeks would have appreciated; it had the bold simplicity of an Attic inscription. And we would thrill again in sympathetic response if it was in the pages of Plutarch that we read the record of another instance. When the time arrived for Admiral Sampson to surrender the command of the fleet he had brought back to Hampton Roads, he came on deck to meet there only those officers whose prescribed duty required them to take part in the farewell ceremonies as set forth in the regulations. But when he went over the side of the flagship he found that the boat which was to bear him ashore was manned by the rest of the officers, ready to row him themselves and eager to render this last personal service; and then from every other ship of the fleet there put out a boat also manned by officers, to escort for the last time the commander whom they loved and honored.

V

As another illustration of our regard for the finer and loftier aspects of life, consider our parks, set apart for the use of the people by the city, the state, and the nation. In the cities of this new country the public playgrounds have had to be made, the most of them, and at high cost,— whereas the towns of the Old World have come into possession of theirs for nothing, more often than not inheriting the private recreation-grounds of their rulers. And Europe has little or nothing to show similar either to the reservations of certain states, like the steadily enlarging preserves in the Catskills and the Adirondacks, or to the ampler national parks, the Yellowstone, the Yosemite, and the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, some of them far

larger in area than one at least of the original thirteen states. Overcoming the pressure of private greed, the people have ordained the preservation of this natural beauty and its protection for all time under the safe guardianship of the nation and with free access to all who may claim admission to enjoy it.

In like manner many of the battlefields, whereon the nation spent its blood that it might be what it is and what it hopes to be, — these have been taken over by the nation itself and set apart and kept as holy places of pilgrimage. They are free from the despoiling hand of any individual owner. They are adorned with monuments recording the brave deeds of the men who fought there. They serve as constant reminders of the duty we owe to our country and of the debt we owe to those who made it and who saved it for us. And the loyal veneration with which these fields of blood have been cherished here in the United States finds no counterpart in any country in Europe, no matter how glorious may be its annals of military prowess. Even Waterloo is in private hands; and its broad acres, enriched by the bones of thousands, are tilled every year by the industrious Belgian farmers. Yet it was a Frenchman, Renan, who told us that what welds men into a nation is «the memory of great deeds done in common and the will to accomplish yet more.»

According to the theory of the conservation of energy, there ought to be about as much virtue in the world at one time as at another. According to the theory of the survival of the fittest, there ought to be a little more now than there was a century ago. We Americans to-day have our faults, and they are abundant enough and blatant enough, and foreigners take care that we shall not overlook them; but our ethical standard — however imperfectly we may attain to it — is higher than that of the Greeks under Pericles, of the Romans under Cæsar, of the English under Elizabeth. It is higher even than that of our forefathers who established our freedom, as those know best who have most carefully inquired into the inner history of the American Revolution. In nothing was our advance more striking than in the different treatment meted out to the vanquished after the Revolution and after the Civil War. When we made our peace with the British the native tories were proscribed, and thousands of loyalists left the United States to carry into Canada the indurated hatred of the exiled. But after Lee's surrender at Appomattox, no body of men, no single man indeed, was driven forth to live an alien for the rest of his days; even though a few might choose to go, none were compelled.

This change of conduct on the part of those who were victors in the struggle was evidence of an increasing sympathy. Not only is sectionalism disappearing, but with it is departing the feeling that really underlies it,— the distrust of those who dwell elsewhere than where we do. This distrust is common all over Europe to-day. Here in America it has yielded to a friendly neighborliness which makes the family from Portland, Maine, soon find itself at home in Portland, Oregon. It is getting hard for us to hate anybody, — especially since we have disestablished the devil. We are good-natured and easy-going; Herbert Spencer even denounced this as our immediate danger, maintaining that we were too good-natured, too easy-going, too tolerant of evil; and he insisted that we needed to strengthen our wills to protest against wrong, to wrestle with it resolutely, and to overcome it before it is firmly rooted.

VI

We are kindly and we are helpful; and we are fixed in the belief that somehow everything will work out all right in the long run. But nothing will work out all right unless we so make it work; and excessive optimism may be as corrupting to the fibre of the people as «the Sabbathless pursuit of fortune,» as Bacon termed it. When Mr. John Morley was last in this country he seized swiftly upon a chance allusion of mine to this ingrained hopefulness of ours. «Ah, what you call optimism,» he cried, «I call fatalism.» But an optimism which is solidly based on a survey of the facts cannot fairly be termed fatalism; and another British student of political science, Mr. James Bryce, has recently pointed out that the intelligent native American has — and by experience is justified in having — a firm conviction that the majority of qualified voters are pretty sure to be right.

Then he suggested a reason for the faith that is in us, when he declared that no such feeling exists in Europe, since in Germany the governing class dreads the spread of socialism, in France the republicans know that it is not impossible that Monarchism and Clericalism may succeed in upsetting the Republic, while in Great Britain each party believes that the other party, when it succeeds, succeeds by misleading the people, and neither party supposes that the majority are any more likely to be right than to be wrong.

Mr. Morley and Mr. Bryce were both here in the United States in the fall of 1904, when we were in the midst of a presidential election, one of those prolonged national debates, creating incessant commotion, but invaluable agents of our political education, in so

far as they force us all to take thought about the underlying principles of policy, by which we wish to see the government guided. It was while this political campaign was at its height that the French visitor to the Russian novelist was setting his notes in order and copying out his assertion that we Americans were mere money-grubbers, «systematically hostile to all idealism.» If this unthinking Parisian journalist had only taken the trouble to consider the addresses which the chief speakers of the two parties here in the United States were then making to their fellow-citizens in the hope of winning votes, he would have discovered that these practical politicians, trained to perceive the subtler shades of popular feeling, were founding all their arguments on the assumption that the American people as a whole wanted to do right. He would have seen that the appeal of these stalwart partisans was rarely to prejudice or to race-hatred, — evil spirits that various orators have sought to arouse and to intensify in the more recent political discussions of the French themselves.

An examination of the platforms, of the letters of the candidates, and of the speeches of the more important leaders on both sides revealed to an American observer the significant fact that «each party tried to demonstrate that it was more peaceable, more equitable, more sincerely devoted to lawful and righteous behavior than the other»; and «the voter was instinctively credited with loving peace and righteousness, and with being stirred by sentiments of good-will toward men.» This seems to show that the heart of the people is sound, and that it does not throb in response to ignoble appeals. It seems to show that there is here the desire ever to do right and to see right done, even if the will is weakened a little by easy-going good-nature, and even if the will fails at times to stiffen itself resolutely to make sure that the right shall prevail.

«Liberty hath a sharp and double edge fit only to be handled by just and virtuous men,» so Milton asserted long ago, adding that «to the bad and dissolute, it becomes a mischief unwieldy in their own hands.» Even if we Americans can clear ourselves of being «bad and dissolute,» we have much to do before we may claim to be «just and virtuous.» Justice and virtue are not to be had for the asking; they are the rewards of a manful contest with selfishness and with sloth. They are the results of an honest effort to think straight, and to apply eternal principles to present needs. Merely to feel is only the beginning; what remains is to think and to act.

A British historian, Mr. Frederic Harrison, who came here to spy out the land three or four years before Mr. Morley and Mr. Bryce

last visited us, was struck by the fact — and by the many consequences of the fact — that «America is the only land on earth where caste has never had a footing, nor has left a trace.» It seemed to him that «vast numbers and the passion of equality tend to low averages in thought, in manners, and in public opinion, which the zeal of the devoted minority tends gradually to raise to higher planes of thought and conduct.» He believed that we should solve our problems one by one because «the zeal for learning, justice, and humanity» lies deep in the American heart. Mr. Harrison did not say it in so many words, but it is implied in what he did say, that the absence of caste and the presence of low averages in thought, in manners, and in public opinion, impose a heavier task on the devoted minority, whose duty it is to keep alive the zeal for learning, justice, and humanity.

Which of us, if haply the spirit moves him, may not elect himself to this devoted minority? Why should not we also, each in our own way, without pretense, without boastfulness, without bullying, do whatsoever in us lies for the attainment of justice and of virtue? It is well to be a gentleman and a scholar; but after all it is best to be a man, ready to do a man's work in the world. And indeed there is no reason why a gentleman and a scholar should not also be a man. He will need to cherish what Huxley called «that enthusiasm for truth, that fanaticism for veracity, which is a greater possession than much learning, a nobler gift than the power of increasing knowledge.» He will need also to remember that

> «Kings have their dynasties, — but not the mind;
> Cæsar leaves other Cæsars to succeed,
> But Wisdom, dying, leaves no heir behind.»

(1905.)

SHAKSPERE'S ACTORS

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I

It would be interesting if we could also ascertain the names of the original performers of the important parts in all Shakspere's plays. Here our information is pitiably scant. There were in those days no printed playbills in the theatre itself; and there were no theatrical criticisms in the newspapers, for the sufficient reason that there were no newspapers. When a play was published it rarely contained a list of the characters carrying on its plot; in the First

Folio such a list is appended to only two or three of Shakspere's pieces, the ‹Winter's Tale› for one and the second part of ‹Henry IV.› for another. And even when the list of characters is given there is no indication of the names of the performers who played the several parts.

Yet even if our information is scant, it is not wholly lacking. From an elegy written upon the death of Richard Burbage we learn, what we might have inferred without this positive assurance, that he was the performer of Hamlet, Othello, and King Lear, and another poem of the period authorizes us to believe that he also played Richard III. In the First Folio ‹Romeo and Juliet› in the fourth act the stage-direction reads «enter Peter,» whereas in the second and third quartos the stage direction reads «enter Will Kempe»; and we have no right to doubt that Kemp was the original actor of Peter. In ‹Much Ado about Nothing› a similar slip supplies us with two similar identifications of an actor with a part: in the fourth act, when the watch enters, the speeches of Dogberry and Verges are assigned to Kemp and Cowley, the names of the performers themselves carelessly appearing in place of the names of the characters they were impersonating. And earlier in the same play, in the second act, the stage-direction reads, «enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Jacke Wilson,» which is evidence that Wilson was the performer of the part of Balthasar (who sings «Sigh no more, ladies; sigh no more»). Another slip of the same kind informs us that the servant who enters in the third act of the ‹Taming of the Shrew› was played by an actor known in the theatre as «Nick.»

It may be noted that Will Kemp resigned about 1598, and that his place was taken by Robert Armin, who seems to have been connected with the company off and on for at least ten years. In the dedication of a play of Armin's published in 1609, he discloses the fact that he had impersonated Dogberry; it is likely, therefore, that he succeeded to all of Kemp's characters when he joined the company after Kemp had left it.

In the quarto edition of Ben Jonson's ‹Every Man in His Humour,› printed in 1603, there is a list of the actors who appeared in this play: «Will. Shakspeare, Aug. Philips, Hen. Condel, Will. Slye, Will Kempe, Ric. Burbage, J. Hemings, Thos. Pope, Chr. Beeston, and John Duke.» The play had been produced by the company to which Shakspere belonged in 1598, and the list given in 1603 is probably an incomplete roster of the company as it was in 1598, since it includes Kemp, who seems to have withdrawn shortly after Jonson's

comedy was first performed. When Jonson's tragedy of ‹Sejanus› was published in 1605, the final page tells us that «this Tragaedie was first acted in the yeere 1603 By the King's Majesties Servants» and that «the principal Tragaedians were Ric. Burbadge, Aug. Philips, Will. Sly, Joh. Lowin, Will. Shakes-peare, Joh. Hemings, Hen. Condel, Alex. Cooke.» Mention must be made also of the fact that the ‹Seven Deadly Sins› (acted in all probability in 1592) had among its performers Burbage, Philips, Pope, Condell, Cowley, Sly, Duke, and Bryan.

In the First Folio we have a list of «the names of the Principall Actors in all these Plays» arranged in two columns:

William Shakespeare	Samuel Gilburne
Richard Burbage	Robert Armin
John Hemmings	William Ostler
Augustine Phillips	Nathan Field
William Kempt	John Underwood
Thomas Poope	Nicholas Tooley
George Bryan	William Ecclestone
Henry Condell	Joseph Taylor
William Slye	Robert Benfield
Richard Cowly	Robert Goughe
John Lowine	Richard Robinson
Samuell Crosse	John Shancke
Alexander Cooke	John Rice

But this list is not absolutely complete, since it omits the names of John Duke, Christopher Beeston, and John Sinkler. Also to be noted is the fact that it contains the names of actors probably not in the company at the same time; Kemp and Armin, for example. It may be doubted whether the company ever numbered as many as twenty-six, even at its fullest strength. The usual number was probably not more than fifteen. A single actor would often appear in two or more of the less important parts. The suggestion has even been made that one actor, possibly Wilson, thus «doubled» Cordelia and the Fool.

II

Apparently it was about 1590 that Shakspere joined the company, when certain of its leading members had already been associated for some years. It had been organized before the Burbages built

the first Theatre in 1576, the materials of which were used in the erection of the Globe twenty years later. It bore various titles, being called Lord Strange's men, Lord Derby's and Lord Hunsdon's, and the Lord Chamberlain's company; and finally, in 1603, after the accession of James, it was authorized to call itself the King's Players. In London, it acted not only at the Theatre and the Rose, and then at the Globe, but still later also at the Blackfriars. It went on frequent strolling expeditions in the provinces; and it may have given performances in Stratford when Shakspere was still a resident in his native town. But although it altered its name from time to time, and although it acted in different places, it retained its membership for a score of years after 1590 with comparatively few changes. It seems to have been well chosen at the start and to have been skillfully recruited as vacancies were caused by retirement or by death. Its half dozen or half score chief members, the «sharers» or associated managers, who hired the boys and subordinate performers, were not only good actors, they were also men of good character bound by ties of friendship as well as of interest. Its leading actors were partners in the management and in the very considerable profits of the enterprise. In fact, in its organization, in the qualities of its constituent elements, in its enduring solidarity it bears a striking likeness to the company which Molière brought back to Paris in 1658 and which still survives as the Comédie-Française. Theatrical conditions in London, when Shakspere retired in the first quarter of the seventeenth century, did not widely differ from those in Paris when Molière died toward the end of the third quarter of that century; but theatrical conditions then were very different from theatrical conditions now. To-day, in the first quarter of the twentieth century, there is not to be seen in London or in New York a single permanent company, and in Paris there is but one which is substantially the same year after year.

Nowadays a special company is engaged for every new play that is produced and for every important revival. To-day there is a vast body of unemployed actors and actresses from whom the manager can select the performers best suited to the several parts of the piece he is about to bring out; and the dramatist composes his play, having in mind special actors only for one or more of the salient characters, knowing that there will be no difficulty in securing fairly satisfactory performers for the less important parts. But in Shakspere's time, as in Molière's, there were at call few disengaged performers of merit; most of the available actors were already attached to one

or another of the existing companies in London or in the provinces. The dramatist, therefore, composed his play specifically for the members of some one of these companies, perforce adjusting the parts to the performers who were originally to undertake them, and carefully refraining from the introduction of any part for which there was not a fit performer already in the company. What is now known as a «special engagement» was then impossible, because it would not have been profitable, since the company kept all its successful plays in repertory, ready for immediate performance in its own theatre in London and in any convenient hall in the country towns when it went on its frequent strolling excursions. In London fifteen to twenty new plays were produced by a company every season; and no one of them had more than fifteen or twenty performances, scattered through the year, and never consecutive.

It has been pointed out that Molière has no maternal love in any of his plays, because his company did not contain any «old woman»; and the elderly females who do appear now and again in his comedies were all of them highly colored so that they could be performed by a male actor, in accord with mediæval tradition still surviving in the French theatre during the seventeenth century. Shakspere, like Molière, composed all his plays for one particular company, that to which he himself belonged. We may rest assured that Shakspere and Molière rarely wrote any part for which there was not a proper performer already in the company. We may feel certain also that Shakspere, like Molière, fitted the characters in his comedies and his tragedies to the special actors for whom he intended them. As the repertory was large and as the program was changed daily, it is probable that a prominent actor was not unwilling now and again to appear in a part of less prominence than his importance in the theatre would warrant; and it may be noted that this was the practice in the famous Meiningen company toward the end of the nineteenth century.

We know very little about the histrionic ability of the members of the company for which Shakspere wrote. We have no record of the manner in which Burbage acted Othello and Lear, or of the method of Kemp in Peter and Dogberry. Yet with the evidence of Shakspere's plays before us, and with our knowledge of the extraordinary demands they make upon the performers, we are justified in believing that the company must have been very strong indeed, rich in actors of varied accomplishment. We should have the same conviction in regard to Molière's company, on the sole testimony of his plays, even if we were without the abundant contemporary evi-

dence to the merits of Molière and his wife, of La Grange and Madeleine Bejart. By the fact that Shakspere wrote Othello and Lear and Hamlet for Burbage we are debarred from any right to doubt that Burbage was a great tragedian. The parts that Shakspere composed for Kemp, and later for Armin, may be taken as proof positive that these two actors had a broad vein of humor like that which Charles Lamb relished in Dowton. The swift succession of Portia and Beatrice, Rosalind and Viola, is irrefragable testimony to the histrionic capacity of the shaven lad who impersonated these lovely creatures one after another. A good company it must have been, that for which Shakspere wrote his twoscore histories and comedies and tragedies, filled with superb parts stimulating to the ambition of the actors who were his associates; and it was a good all-round company also, versatile and energetic.

That Shakspere fitted these actors with parts, that he adjusted his characters to the capacity of the performers, that he was moved in his choice of subject by his intimate knowledge of the histrionic capability of his fellow-actors, and perhaps also by their expressed desire for more ambitious opportunities, this is surely beyond question, since we know that it is just what Molière did in his day and just what every dramatist has done and must do. The author of ‹Ralph Roister Doister› was head-master of Eton; and he put together that piece of boisterous fun-making for the crude acting of his robustious young scholars. Lyly's more delicate comedies were most of them composed for performance by choir-boys; and they are found to be devoid of any violence of emotion which might be beyond the power of youthful inexperience. What may be observed in the seventeenth century can be seen also in the nineteenth; and the best of Labiche's farces were not more closely adjusted to the company at the Palais Royal than were the later plays of the younger Dumas adjusted to the incomparable assembly of actors at the Théâtre Français.

Just as Mr. Crummles, having bought a pump cheap, insisted upon the introduction of that implement into the next play which Nicholas Nickleby adapted for his company, so every dramatist is moved, perhaps more or less unconsciously, to utilize the gifts of the actors for whom he is working. If one of them is a trained singer, a Jack Wilson, then he is tempted to write in a part for that performer and so give him one or more songs. This fact was seized by the acute intellect of James Spedding, who once wrote a letter to Furnivall in criticism of the latter's attempt to classify Shakspere's plays in chronological order in accordance with the mood of the dram-

atist at the time when they were written. Spedding insisted that the distinguishing feature of every play «would depend upon many things besides the author's state of mind. It would depend upon the story which he had to tell; and the choice of the story would depend upon the requirements of the theatre, the taste of the public, the popularity of the different actors, the strength of the company. A new part might be wanted for Burbage or Kemp. The two boys that acted Hermia and Helena — the tall and the short one — or the two men who were so alike that they might be mistaken for each other, might want new pieces to appear in; and so on.»

The vice of the narrowly philosophic criticism of Shakspere, which was so prevalent in the nineteenth century, lies in its consideration of his characters solely and exclusively as characters. They are characters, of course, but they are also parts prepared for particular actors. They form a succession of magnificent parts, making the most varied demand upon these actors. They are parts, first of all, conceived in consonance with their author's intimate knowledge of the histrionic abilities of his fellow-players, even if every one of them is also a character, subtler and broader and deeper than any mere part needs to be. In devising these parts Shakspere was fitting the performers of the company to which he belonged, even if he was also availing himself of the opportunity to body forth his own vision of life.

III

When we have once grasped the significance of the relation of the author and the actor our disappointment is redoubled that we know so little about the various members of Shakspere's company. Our acquaintance with the career of Coquelin helps us to understand the structure of ‹Cyrano de Bergerac,› just as our familiarity with the needs of Macready as an actor-manager helps to eludicate the qualities of ‹Richelieu› and ‹Money.› But we do not know Burbage and Kemp, Heming and Armin, as we know Macready and Coquelin. Instead of being able to explain their parts in some measure by their personalities and by their abilities, we are forced to guess at their personalities and their abilities by an analysis of the parts which Shakspere intrusted to them. And here again we are at sea, since we lack detailed information as to the parts they severally performed.

Yet there are a few things which we may fairly infer, without involving ourselves in the fog of dangerous conjecture. If Burbage was the original impersonator of Hamlet and Lear, of Othello and

Richard III., we may assume that he was also the original performer of all Shakspere's tragic heroes, of Romeo and Richard II., Macbeth and Brutus. Burbage played early in the seventeenth century all the parts which were undertaken toward the end of the nineteenth century by Booth and Irving — with the possible exception only of Shylock, which seems to have been in its author's intent a serio-comic character, at once grim and grotesque, and which therefore might fall to the lot of the actor who had appeared as Falstaff or else to the habitual impersonator of villains. Burbage left behind him the reputation of the foremost tragedian of his time; and since he was intrusted by Shakspere with these overwhelming characters, one after another, he must have been a great actor, noble in bearing, eloquent in delivery, passionate and versatile. As he grew older, so did the characters which Shakspere composed for him to act, Romeo having been written for him in his ardent and energetic youth, while Lear was prepared later in his riper maturity. After his death, in 1619, his parts seem to have been divided between Lowin and Taylor.

Just as we may feel safe in assuming that Burbage impersonated all Shakspere's tragic heroes, because we know that he played Hamlet and Othello, so we are justified in assigning a succession of comic characters in Shakspere's earliest comedies to Kemp because of our knowledge that he appeared as Peter and Dogberry. There is a strong family likeness between Peter and a group of other low-comedy parts, composed at no great interval before or after ‹Romeo and Juliet›—simple figures of fun, mere «clownes,» as they were then called, quick in quips, but lacking altogether the mellower humor of Shakspere's later comic characters. Since Kemp was the original Peter, it is reasonable to suppose that he was also one of the two Dromios and one of the two Gobbos, and that he appeared either as Costard or Dull in ‹Love's Labour's Lost› and either as Launce or Speed in the ‹Two Gentlemen of Verona.› And we can find confirmation for this surmise in the disappearance of this sort of part from Shakspere's plays after Kemp left the company, to be replaced by Armin. No doubt Armin took over all these earlier parts whenever the older plays were performed; but in the new plays the corresponding characters — Touchstone, for example, the Gravedigger in ‹Hamlet› and the Porter in ‹Macbeth› — are less frivolous, almost graver in their method. Nowadays the comedian who acts Touchstone also acts Sir Toby Belch, and it is inherently likely that Armin was the original of that unctuously humorous character, al-

though this part may have been cast to the original performer of Falstaff (possibly Heming). There is to be noted in Molière's plays a curious parallel to this modification of the low-comedy parts in Shakspere's plays after Armin had succeeded Kemp. Molière composed all his earlier soubrettes, his exuberant serving-maids, for Madeleine Bejart; and after her death, when her place was taken by Mademoiselle Beauval, who had less authority and a more contagious gayety, the soubrettes in these later comedies change in tone to adjust themselves to the different gifts of the new actress.

One other piece of information is also in our possession: the Balthasar, who sings in ‹Much Ado,› was played by Jack Wilson. From this we may fairly assume that Wilson also appeared as Amiens, who sings in ‹As You Like it,› and as Feste, who sings in ‹Twelfth Night.› This assumption is strengthened by the fact that ‹Much Ado,› ‹As you Like it,› and the ‹Twelfth Night› are closely related, having been composed rapidly one after the other. Then, if we choose, we may risk a more daring speculation—that Wilson was also the actor who created a little later the part of the Fool in ‹King Lear,› since this character is called upon for frequent snatches of song.

In dealing with Burbage and Wilson, with Kemp and Armin, we are on fairly solid ground; that is to say, we are making inferences from known facts. But when we desire to push our investigations further our footing is less secure; yet it is not impossible to venture a little distance in advance. At least, there are a few questions which we may put to ourselves with advantage, even though we may not be completely satisfied by the best answers that we can find. For example, the original performer of Falstaff — Heming or another — was possibly the original performer of Shylock, and probably the original performer of Sir Toby. This creates a likelihood that he had also impersonated Bottom. It is also not unlikely that he was intrusted with the Dromio that Kemp did not play, and also with either Launce or Speed, Costard or Dull. And he seems to be the performer who would naturally be called upon later to impersonate Caliban.

IV

We can also get a little light upon the probable organization of the company at the Globe when Shakspere was a member of it by considering the organization of Drury Lane when Sheridan was its manager and when the stock-company system was in its prime. Indeed, a similar organization is to be observed to-day in the many

minor stock companies scattered throughout the United States. The governing principle in Drury Lane and in the modern theatres occupied by stock companies is that every one of the several actors has his own «line of business,» as it is called; that is to say, he confines himself to a certain definite class of characters. When an old play is revived, and even when a new play is produced, the actor is generally able to recognize at a glance the part to which he is entitled. The «leading man» and the «leading lady» expect, of course, to impersonate the hero and the heroine. The «low comedian» is ready at once to undertake the broadly comic character, and the «soubrette» (or «chambermaid») is equally ready to assume the corresponding female part. The villain falls to the lot of the «heavy man.» The «old man» and the «old woman» naturally assume the more elderly characters. The «light comedy» part is the privilege of one actor, and the «character part» is the duty of another. In a large company there would be also a «second low comedian,» a «second old man,» and soon, besides several trustworthy performers known as «responsible utilities.»

This organization is efficient, and its influence can be detected very clearly in the English drama until the final years of the nineteenth century, when the stock-company system was abolished in the more important theatres of London and New York. It was not absolutely rigid, of course; and now and again an actor of exceptional power and range did not hesitate to undertake parts not strictly in his own «line of business.» John Kemble, for example, the foremost tragedian of his time, liked to appear in the light comedy part of Charles Surface, a performance which was wittily described as «Charles's Martyrdom.» His brother, Charles Kemble, the foremost light comedian of his time, had an infelicitous aspiration for tragic characters. But even if this method of distributing the several parts in a play among the several members of the company was not absolutely fixed and final, it was generally acceptable. The departures from the rules were infrequent in Drury Lane under Sheridan; and we have no reason to doubt that they were quite as infrequent in the Globe when Shakspere was writing his plays for its company.

The line of business which any one of Shakspere's fellow-actors undertook would be the same, of course, whether the play were written by Shakspere himself or by another playwright. Therefore, if we could discover any part played by any one of these actors in a piece not by Shakspere, we might guess at the line of business he was in the habit of playing and thus we might infer that he may

have been the original performer of those Shaksperean characters which plainly belong to the particular line of business. Now, there is a little evidence of this sort. We know, for example, that Burbage played Hieronimo in the ‹Spanish Tragedy›; and this would give us warrant for believing that he played Hamlet and Othello, even if we had not more emphatic testimony. We know also that Condell played the Cardinal in Webster's ‹Duchess of Malfi,› which is a «heavy» part, a stage villain of the deepest dye. If we may assume from this that Condell was the regular performer of «heavies,» then we may venture to ascribe to him not a few of Shakspere's villains — Edmund in ‹King Lear› and, above all, Iago. We may even go further and suggest the probability that he was also the original performer of Don John in ‹Much Ado,› of the usurping Duke in ‹As you Like it,› and of the King in ‹Hamlet.›

Unfortunately, we have no clue as significant as this to guide us to a guess as to the original performer of another line of business, very important in Shakspere's plays — that of «juvenile lead» or «light comedy.» Some of the parts seem to belong to one group and some to another, yet they were probably played by the same actor in Shakespeare's company, since they are now generally undertaken by the same actor in our modern companies. These are the parts in which Charles Kemble excelled; they are the parts in which Edwin Adams and Lawrence Barrett supported Booth and in which Terriss and Alexander supported Irving. In the tragedies these characters are Laertes, Richmond, Cassio, and Mercutio; and in the comedies they are Gratiano, Claudio and Orsino. And the same actor would logically be intrusted also with Faulconbridge, with Hotspur, and probably with Bolingbroke. These are most of them characters which require for their adequate rendition youth and fire, vigor and vivacity, wit and grace. We may never discover the name of the actor who created these parts, but that they were all of them created by one and the same performer seems highly probable. To those who are familiar with the inner workings of the theatre there will be nothing fanciful in the suggestion that the «tag» — the final speech — of the ‹Merchant of Venice› may have been given to Gratiano as some compensation to this actor for the early killing off of Mercutio, in ‹Romeo and Juliet,› the play which almost immediately preceded the ‹Merchant of Venice.› In general the tag is given by Shakspere to the most important of the surviving characters.

As to the several boys who were intrusted with Shakspere's women we are absolutely in the dark. We can see with Spedding

that there were in the company at one time two lads who appeared as the comedy heroines, one of them taller than the other; Le Beau tells Orlando that Celia is taller than Rosalind, and Hero is repeatedly called short. To one or another of these boys were committed also Portia and Jessica, Viola and Olivia, Mrs. Page and Anne Page. Mrs. Ford must have fallen to the lot of a third lad, who was later to display his captivating humor as Maria in ‹Twelfth Night,› having already appeared as the laughing Nerissa in the ‹Merchant of Venice› and as the giggling Audrey in ‹As you Like it.› But which of these three boys was bold enough to undertake Cleopatra or Lady Macbeth?

It is not difficult to believe that the Queen Margaret who curses so copiously was impersonated by the young fellow who was soon after to appear as Kate the cursed. What became of this lad, and of the others also, when their voices cracked and they grew to manhood? Probably most of them remained in the company and took to male characters, returning on occasion to the other sex when there arrived a strongly marked part for an «old woman» — a part which did not demand actual youth. One such actor, boy or man, must have created the Nurse in ‹Romeo and Juliet›, the various Mrs. Quicklys in the two parts of ‹Henry IV.,› in ‹Henry V.,› and in the ‹Merry Wives,› and Mrs. Overdone in ‹Measure for Measure,› characters closely akin in their oily humor.

A few further suggestions may be risked. It seems highly probable that the performer who was the original Slender in the ‹Merry Wives› was also the creator of Sir Andrew Aguecheek in ‹Twelfth Night,› of Le Beau in ‹As you Like it› and of Osric in ‹Hamlet.› We may also venture the surmise that the actor who created Christopher Sly in the induction of the ‹Taming of the Shrew› had also created one of the strongly marked comic characters in the Falstaff plays, Nym or Pistol, but more probably Bardolph.

These scattered suggestions may seem fantastic. They are suggestions only, hypotheses which may be verified by further investigation or which may be contradicted by more diligent research. The inquiry here initiated modestly can be pushed further; for example, we have some information as to the actors who personated the chief parts in certain of the Beaumont and Fletcher plays, and a study of these parts may indicate the lines of business they were in the habit of playing and thus point to their possible Shaksperean parts. Such an inquiry is likely to increase our knowledge of the theatrical conditions under which Shakspere worked and to which he had to conform.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT

(1850–1893)

BY FIRMIN ROZ

WHEN, after a volume of poetry, 'Des Vers' (Verses: 1880), Guy de Maupassant published in 1881 the famous story 'Boule de Suif' (Tallow-Ball), he was claimed by the naturalists; and Zola, in an enthusiastic article, introduced the author and the work to the public. It learned that the new-comer to the Soirées de Médan was a robust Norman, proud of his strength, skilled in physical exercises. During ten years, Gustave Flaubert, his godfather, had gradually and patiently taught him his profession of observer and writer. According to some, the pupil equaled the master. He certainly excelled a great number of those who claimed to be enrolled in their ranks.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT

The document school was then in all its glory. It was the heroic time of the so-called realistic novel, composed of slices out of life; of the scientific and psychologic novel, in which the study of the passions, the conflicts of reason with instinct,—all the old-time psychology, in short,—was replaced by the organic dissection of the characters, atavism, the influence of environment and circumstances,—all determinism, in a word. In this examination of facts, hearts were neglected; and novels laboriously constructed according to the positivist method set forth by Zola in 'Le Roman Experimental'—novels in which all must be explained and demonstrated, which attempted to reproduce the very movement of life—were sometimes as false and devoid of life as photographs, which exactly reproduce the details of a face without catching its expression.

By temperament, by education, Guy de Maupassant was above all a realist. He had learned from Flaubert that anything is worthy of art when the artist knows how to fashion it. A country pharmacist, pretentious and commonplace (Bournisien in 'Madame Bovary'), is no less interesting than a scholar, a poet, or a prince. The writer

should not accord any preference to one or another of his heroes. His impartiality guarantees the sureness of his observation. His rôle is to express life simply and purely, without seeking its meaning, without choosing this or that form to the exclusion of some other. But if the vulgarity or even coarseness of the characters and environment, the crudeness of scene and language, aroused the curiosity of the public, and assisted the author's success by winning admirations not always addressed perhaps to what was truly admirable,—the learned, the connoisseurs, were not deceived. They greeted him as a master writer, an unequaled story-teller, who in spite of Zola preserved the classic virtues—precision, clearness, art of composition—which are necessary to the novel, indispensable to the short story. This alone was enough to distinguish Maupassant from the Zolaists and the De Goncourtists, who were then swarming: his firm, alert prose is so profoundly French, free from neologisms, strong in verbs, sober in adjectives, every sentence standing out with no apparent effort, no excess, like a muscle in the perfect body of a young athlete.

In less than twelve years Guy de Maupassant published ten collections of short stories and tales: 'Mademoiselle Fifi,' 'Miss Harriett,' 'Au Soleil' (In the Sunshine), 'Les Sœurs Rondoli' (The Sisters Rondoli), 'Contes de la Bécasse,' 'M. Parent,' 'L'Inutile Beauté' (Vain Beauty), etc.; and six novels: 'Une Vie' (A Life: 1883), 'Mont-Oriol,' 'Bel-Ami' (1885), 'Pierre et Jean' (Peter and John: 1888), 'Fort comme la Mort' (Strong as Death: 1889), 'Notre Cœur' (Our Heart: 1893).*

Guy de Maupassant's place, then, is in the first rank of the realists, and nearer to Flaubert than to De Goncourt and Zola. For the purest expression of naturalism, one must seek him and his master. He has that sense of the real which so many naturalists lack, and which the care for exact detail does not replace. Beside the congealed works of that school his work lives, not as a representation of life but as life itself,—interior life expressed by exterior life, life of men and of animals, the complex and multiform life of the universe weighed down by eternal fatalities. And in the least little stories, most often far from gay,—between two phrases of Rachel Rondoli or of M. Parent; through evocation of a sky, a perfume, a landscape,—one experiences the disquiet of physical mysteries, the shudder of love or of death. This living realism is absolutely pure with Guy de Maupassant. There is no longer any trace of that romantic heredity which is still apparent with the author of 'Salammbô' and of 'La Tentation de Saint Antoine.' He was rarely even tempted toward the study and description of what are called the upper classes; or by the luxury which fascinated Balzac. His predilection for ordinary

*Published by V. Havard in nine volumes; by Ollendorff in eight volumes.

scenes and ordinary types is everywhere evident; he uses all kinds of settings,—a café, a furnished room, a farm-yard, seen in their actual character without poetic transfiguration, with all their vulgarity, their poverty, their ugliness. And he uses too all kinds of characters,—clerks, peasants of Normandy, petty bourgeois of Paris and of the country. They live the empty, tragic, or grotesque hours of their lives; are sometimes touching, sometimes odious; and never achieve greatness either in heroism or in wickedness.

They are not gay, these stories; and the kind of amusement they afford is strongly mixed with irony, pity, and contempt. Gayety, whether brutal, frank, mocking, or delicate, never leaves this bitter taste in the heart. How pitiful in its folly, in its vanity, in its weakness, is the humanity which loves, weeps, or agitates in the tales of Maupassant! There, virtue if awkward is never recompensed, nor vice if skillful punished; mothers are not always saints, nor sons always grateful and respectful; the guilty are often ignorant of remorse. Then are these beings immoral? To tell the truth, they are guided by their instincts, by events, submissive to the laws of necessity, and apparently released by the author from all responsibility.

Such is the individual humor of Guy de Maupassant,—a humor rarely joyous, without sparkling shocks of repartee; a humor tinged with bitterness and contempt, arising usually from the seriousness of ridiculous people and from the ridiculousness of serious people, and nearly always from the universal powerlessness to advance beyond mediocrity. And if Maupassant is cruel to his heroes, he would doubtless say that it is because life too is cruel, unjust, sad, deceiving; and that beauty, virtue, and happiness are only exceptions.

Thence the pessimistic tendency of his work. Nothing shows this original pessimism—rough and lucid, emotional without lyricism—better than the novel 'Une Vie.' It is the story of a commonplace existence: the life of a country woman, married to a brutal and avaricious country squire, delivered from him through a neighbor's vengeance, deceived by her son as well as by her husband, and fixing her obstinate hope upon the grandchild, who perhaps, if death does not liberate her in time, will add one supreme deception to all the others. This woman, who believes herself the victim of a special fatality, has against her nothing but the chance of a bad choice, and the weakness of her own tender spirit, incapable of struggle or action. She is good, pure, and perhaps more sympathetic than any other of Maupassant's heroines. Her life is like many other lives, and doubtless the sadness which emanates from it widens to infinity.

In the short stories, this pessimistic tendency grows finer and sharper so as sometimes to find expression in a tragic element. But with Maupassant the tragic is of very special essence, and not

expressed in grand melodramatic effects or catastrophes as in romanticism. Nor does it consist in the classic debate between duty and passion. No, it consists rather in a wholly physical emotion, excited by the wretchedness of certain destinies, and evoking in its turn the mysterious menaces which hover over us. Disease, madness, death, are in ambush behind every door of our house; and no one has expressed better than Maupassant the terror of the being who feels their breath or sees them face to face. No one has felt with deeper sorrow behind this human misery, the frightful solitude of man among men; the black chasm which separates us from those whom we love; the impossibility of uniting two hearts or two thoughts; the slow succession of the little miseries of life; the fatal disorganization of a solitary existence whose dreams have vanished; and the reason of those tragic endings which only nervous, sensitive minds can understand.

This enables us to grasp the very principle of Maupassant's pessimism, and of this disorganization in which his clear and vigorous intellect foundered. Even his first volume, 'Des Vers,' showed this haunting thought of death, this sadness of the supersensitive soul harassed and unsatisfied, powerless to take pleasure in the joys which are scattered through the universe. In the two little poems 'La Venus Rustique' (The Country Venus) and 'Au Bord de l'Eau' (On the Water's Brink), there is as it were an intoxication with life, which at first appears the sane and happy expression of a robust temperament, but which quickly ends in nostalgia and horror of nothingness. And here is the keynote to Maupassant's sensualism: it is the frantic desire to concentrate in the senses of a single man all that the material world contains of delight,—colors, sounds, perfumes, beauty under all its forms; it is the adoration of matter, and it is the despair of a being crushed by the blind, implacable, and eternal divinity which it has chosen. What does feeling become in this pagan joy, this mother of pains and slaveries? It is easy to see: love is as fatal as death. It is a force of nature which we can neither control nor avoid, nor fix according to our wish; and its very nature explains the derangements of hearts, the betrayals, the jealousies, which deck it in fictitious sentimentality. Final conclusion:—our free will, our liberty, are illusions; and morality is suppressed at the same time that remorses, internal conflicts, duties are reduced to mere conventions useful to society.

This is the principle of Maupassant's pessimism. As is evident, it springs directly from his naturalism. His conception of art and his conception of life are closely allied. This pessimism became more and more accentuated from one work to another; from 'Une Vie' (1883) to 'Notre Cœur' (1892). But in the measure of the novelist's

more and more profound investigation of life, he imperceptibly and to a certain degree substituted psychological study for realism according to Flaubert's formula. This evolution of Guy de Maupassant's talent asserts itself in 'Pierre et Jean' (1888), and is still more clearly delineated in 'Fort comme la Mort' and 'Notre Cœur.' We are far away from the 'Boule de Suifs' and the like. His observation has become acuter, his language better shaded. There is a more flexible precision in the study of more delicate sentiments and of more complicated minds. Is not the love of the old painter Bertin for the daughter of the woman he has passionately loved an exceptional sentiment? It was a ticklish subject; and the author presented it very ably, without brutalities. We cannot help pitying the woman who feels herself growing old, the man who cherished in his friend's daughter the young beauty of the mother whom he once loved. But the charming child is ignorant of the harm she is innocently doing. She marries, and the old painter bears his passion with him in death; while Madame de Guilleroy burns the old letters, their love letters, found in a drawer, and Olivier's resigned agony is lighted up by the reflection of their blazing leaves.

This novel was less successful than its predecessors. The ordinary public, who had enjoyed 'Maître Hauchecorne' and 'Mademoiselle Fifi,' thought that its author had been changed. It asserted that the success of the psychologic novel had fascinated Maupassant. Perhaps we should see in this new phase of his talent only a consequence of the modification which years and the events of his intimate life had little by little brought about. 'Notre Cœur' would confirm this view. It resembles an autobiography. It is the eternal misunderstanding between man and woman,—drawing near for an instant, never united, and never giving the same words the same meaning. What an exquisite charming face is that of Michelle de Burne! a costly flower blossoming after centuries of extreme civilization; a positive, gently egoistic being, in whom nothing is left of primitive woman except the need of dazzling others and of being adored. Simple sincere Elizabeth may console André Mariolle; but neither brilliant orchid nor humble daisy can replace or make the other forgotten. That is why André, uniting the two in a single bouquet, renounces the torturing dream of one only love. Thus Guy de Maupassant had been led by the progress of his observation and his analysis to penetrate into the intimate regions of the heart, where our most secret and most diverse sentiments hide, struggle, supplicate, and contend with each other. This progress of the novelist is natural. As his observation grows sharper and finer, it penetrates deeper; proceeds from faces to minds, and from gestures to feelings. Psychological analysis appears, and with it reflection. The mind falls

back upon itself; the man returns to his own thoughts, his dreams, his emotions. He descends into his own heart, and irony becomes pity and tenderness. His art is perhaps more human.

Neither 'Fort comme la Mort' nor 'Notre Cœur,' Guy de Maupassant's last two novels, shows any trace of insanity. Yet when the world learned in 1893 that this terrible disease had seized the famous novelist, those who had read and studied his work were only half surprised. It was then some years since the reading of 'Horla' had made them anxious.

What is 'Horla'?—It is not a spirit, it is not a phantom of the imagination. It is not any kind of a creature either natural or supernatural. It is not even an illusion of sick senses, a hallucination of fever. No; it is something both more real and less real, less disquieting and more so: it is the unknown hostility surrounding one in the invisible. It is everywhere,—in the bed curtains, in the water pitcher, in the fire lighted to drive it from the house. Dream of a madman, whom the wing of insanity had brushed! Already in 1884, in the story entitled 'Lui,' there had been signs of this fear of fears, fear of the spasms of a wandering mind, fear of that horrible sensation of incomprehensible terror:—"I am afraid of the walls, of the furniture, of the familiar objects which seem to me to assume a kind of animal life. Above all I fear the horrible confusion of my thought, of my reason escaping, entangled and scattered by an invisible and mysterious anguish."

Sensuality, pessimism, obsession of nothingness, hallucinations of the strange,—these different states cruelly asserted their logical dependence in the intellectual history of Guy de Maupassant. The mind which had seemed so profoundly sane and free from any morbid germ became disordered, and then shattered entirely. The universe of forms, sounds, colors, and perfumes, to which he had so complaisantly surrendered himself, became uninhabitable. Perhaps it is necessary that in its attitude toward matter the mind should always retain a kind of distrust, and dominate it without yielding completely to its sorceries and enchantments. To this feast Maupassant had opened all his senses. The day came when he felt his ideas flying around him, he said, like butterflies. With his habitual grasp he still sought to seize them while they were already far from his empty brain. Guy de Maupassant died in 1893, when forty-three years old. His robust constitution could not resist the excessive expenditure of all his energies.

Firmin Roz

THE LAST YEARS OF MADAME JEANNE

From 'A Life'

JEANNE did not go out any more. She hardly bestirred herself. Each morning she got up at the same hour; took notice of the weather outside; and then went down and seated herself before the fire in the hall.

She would remain there whole days, immovable, her eyes fixed upon the flame, giving course to lamentable thoughts, following the melancholy retrospect of her sorrows. Little by little darkness would invade the small room as the day closed, without her having made any other movement than to put more wood on the fire. Then Rosalie would bring the lamp, exclaiming to her, "Come, come, Madame Jeanne! You must shake yourself up a bit, or really you won't have any appetite this evening for supper."

Often, too, she was persecuted by fixed ideas, which besieged and tortured her; by insignificant preoccupations,—mere trifles which took in her dim brain a false importance.

More than anything else she took to living over the past,—her past that lay furthest back, haunted by the early days of her life,—by her wedding trip, over there in Corsica. Suddenly there would rise up before her, landscapes of that island so long forgotten, seen now in the embers of the fireplace: she would recall all the details, all the trivial little episodes, every face once met in that time; the fine head of the guide that they had employed—Jean Ravoli—kept coming before her, and she sometimes fancied that she heard his voice.

Then too she would fall into a revery upon the happy years of her son's childhood, when she and Aunt Lison, with Paul, had worked in the salad-bed together, kneeling side by side in the soft ground, the two women rivals in their effort to amuse the child as they toiled among the young plants.

So musing, her lips would murmur, "Poulet, Poulet! my little Poulet,"—as if she were speaking to him; and, her revery broken as she spoke, she would try during whole hours to write the boy's name in the air, shaping with her outstretched finger these letters. She would trace them slowly in space before the fire, sometimes imagining that she really saw them, then believing that her eyes had deceived her; and so she would rewrite the capital *P* again, her old arm trembling with fatigue, but forcing herself to trace

the name to its end; then when she had finished it she would write it over again. At last she could not write it any more. She would confuse everything,—form other words at random, enfeebled almost to idiocy.

All the little manias of those who live solitary took hold of her. The least change in her surroundings irritated her.

Rosalie would often insist upon making her walk about, and even carry her off to the roadside: but Jeanne at the end of twenty minutes would always end up by saying, "No, I am too tired out, my good girl;" and then she would sit down on the edge of the green roadside.

Indeed, movement of any kind was soon distasteful to her, and she would stay in bed in the morning as late as possible. Ever since her infancy one particular habit had remained tenaciously with her,—that of jumping up out of bed just as soon as she had swallowed her morning coffee. She was very much set on that way of breakfasting, and the privation would have been felt more than anything else. Each morning she would await Rosalie's arrival at her bedside with an exaggerated impatience, and just as soon as the cup was put upon the table at her side, she would start up and empty it almost greedily, and then begin to dress herself at once.

But now, little by little, she had grown into the habit of dreamily waiting some seconds after she had put back the cup into the plate; then she would settle herself again in her bed; and then, little by little, would lengthen her idleness from day to day, until Rosalie would come back furious at such delay, and would dress her mistress almost by force.

Besides all this, she did not seem to have now any appearance of a will about matters; and each time that Rosalie would ask her opinion as to whether something was to be one way or another, she would answer, "Do as you think best, my girl."

She fancied herself directly pursued by obstinate misfortune, against which she made herself as fatalistic as an Oriental: the habit of seeing her dreams evaporate, and her hopes come to nothing, put her into the attitude of being afraid to undertake anything; and she hesitated whole days before accomplishing the most simple affair, convinced that she would only set out the wrong way to do it, and that it would turn out badly. She repeated continually, "I have never had any luck in my life." Then it was Rosalie's turn to cry to her, "What would you say

if you had had to work for your bread, — if you were obliged to get up every morning at six o'clock and go out for your day's doings? There are lots of people who are obliged to do that, nevertheless; and when such people become too old, *they* have to die — just of their poverty."

A little more strength came to her when the air softened into the first days of spring; but she used this new activity only to throw herself more and more into sombre thoughts.

One morning, when she had climbed up into the garret to hunt for something, she happened to open a trunk full of old calendars; somebody had kept them, as certain country people have a habit of doing. It seemed to her that in finding them she found the very years themselves of her past life; and she remained stricken with a strange and confused emotion before that pile of cardboard squares.

She took them up and carried them down-stairs. They were of all shapes, big and little. She began to arrange them year by year, upon the table; and then, all at once, she found the very first one that had belonged to her, — the same one that she had brought to Peuples. She looked at this one a long time, with the dates marked off by her the morning of her departure from Rouen, the day after her going away from the convent. She wept over it. Sadly and slowly the tears fell; the bitter tears of an old woman whose life was spread out before her on that table.

With the calendars came to her an idea that soon became a sort of obsession; terrible, incessant, inexorable. She would try to remember just whatever she had done from day to day during all her life. She pinned the calendars against the walls and on the carpet one after the other — those faded pieces of cardboard; and so she came to pass hours face to face with them, continually asking herself, "Now let me see, — what *was* it happened to me that month?"

She had checked certain memorable days in the course of her life, hence now and then she was able to recall the episodes of an entire month, bringing them up one by one, grouping them together, connecting one by another all those little matters which had preceded or followed some important event. She succeeded by sheer force of attention, by force of memory and of concentrated will, in bringing back to mind almost completely her two first years at Peuples. Far-away souvenirs of her life returned to

her with a singular facility, and with a kind of relief in them; but the later years gradually seemed to lose themselves in a mist,—to become mixed one with another: and so Jeanne would remain now and then an indefinite time, her head bowed toward one of the calendars, her mind spellbound by the past, without being able to remember whether it was in this or that calendar that such or such a remembrance ought to be decided. She ranged them around the room like the religious pictures that point out the Way of the Cross in a church,—these tableaux of days that were no more. Then she would abruptly set down her chair before one of them; and there she would sit until night came, immobile, staring at it, buried in her vague researches.

All at once, when the sap began to awaken in the boughs beneath the warmth of the sun; when the crops began to spring up in the fields, the trees to become verdant; when the apple-trees in the orchard swelled out roundly like rosy balls, and perfumed the plain,—then a great counter-agitation came over her; she could not seem to stay still. She went and came; she left the house and returned to it twenty times a day, and even took now and then a stroll the length of the farming tracts, excited to a sort of fever of regret. The sight of a daisy blossoming in a tuft of grass, the flash of a ray of sun slipping down between the leaves, the glittering of a strip of water in which the blue sky was mirrored,—all moved her; awakened a tenderness in her; gave her sensations very far away, like an echo of her emotions as a young girl, when she went dreaming about the country-side.

One morning the faithful Rosalie came later than usual into her room, and said, setting down upon the table the bowl of coffee: "Come now, drink this. Denis is down-stairs waiting for us at the door. We will go over to Peuples to-day: I've got some business to attend to over there."

Jeanne thought that she was going to faint, so deep was her emotion at the sound of that name, at the thought of going to the home of her girlhood. She dressed herself, trembling with emotion, frightened and tremulous at the mere idea of seeing again that dear house.

A radiant sky spread out above over all the world; the horse, in fits and starts of liveliness, sometimes went almost at a gallop. When they entered into the commune of Etouvent, Jeanne could

hardly breathe, so much did her heart beat; and when she saw from a distance the brick pillars of the boundary-line of her old home, she exclaimed in a low voice two or three times, and as if in spite of herself, «Oh!—oh!—oh!—» as if before things that threatened to revolutionize all her heart.

They left the wagon with the Couillard family: then, while Rosalie and her son went off to attend to their business, the caretakers offered Jeanne the chance of taking a little turn around the château, the present owners of it being absent; so they gave her the keys.

Alone she set out; and when she was fairly before the old manor-house by the seaside, she stopped to look at its outside once again. It had changed in nothing outside. The large, grayish building that day showed upon its old walls the smile of the sunshine. All the shutters were closed.

A bit of a dead branch fell from above upon her dress. She raised her eyes. It came from the plane-tree. She drew near the big tree with its smooth, pale bark; she caressed it with her hand almost as if it had been an animal. Her foot struck something in the grass,—a fragment of rotten wood; lo! it was the last fragment of the very bench on which she had sat so often with those of her own family about her, so many years ago; the very bench which had been set in place on the same day that Julien had made his first visit.

She turned then to the double doors of the vestibule of the house, and she had great trouble to open them; for the heavy key, grown rusty, refused to turn in the lock. At length the lock yielded with a heavy grinding of its springs; and the door, a little obstinate itself, gave her entrance with a cloud of dust.

At once, and almost running, she went up-stairs to find what had been her own room. She could hardly recognize it, hung as it was with a light new paper: but throwing open a window, she looked out and stood motionless, stirred even to the depth of her being at the sight of all that landscape so much beloved; the thicket, the elm-trees, the flat reaches, and the sea dotted with brown sails, seeming motionless in the distance.

She began prowling about the great empty, lonely dwelling. She even stopped to look at the discolorations on the walls; spots familiar to her eyes. Once she stood before a little hole crushed in the plaster by her father himself; who had often amused himself with making passages at arms, cane in hand, against the partition wall, when he would happen to be passing this spot.

Her mother's room — in it she found, stuck behind the door in a dark corner near the bed, a fine gold hairpin; one which she herself had stuck there so long ago, and which she had often tried to find during the past years. Nobody had ever come across it. She drew it out as a relic beyond all price, and kissed it, and carried it away with her. Everywhere about the house she walked, recognizing almost invisible marks in the hangings of the rooms that had not been changed; she made out once more those curious faces that a childish imagination gives often to the patterns and stuffs, to marbles, and to shadings of the ceilings, grown dingy with time. On she walked, with soundless footsteps, wholly alone in the immense, silent house, as one who crosses a cemetery. All her life was buried in it.

She went down-stairs to the drawing-room. It was sombre behind the closed shutters: for some time she could not distinguish anything; then her eyes became accustomed to the darkness. She recognized, little by little, the tall hangings with their patterns of birds flitting about. Two arm-chairs were set before the chimney, as if people had just quitted them; and even the odor of the room, an odor which it had always kept,— that old vague, sweet odor belonging to some old houses,— entered Jeanne's very being, enwrapt her in souvenirs, intoxicated her memory. She remained gasping, breathing in that breath of the past, and with her eyes fixed upon those two chairs; for suddenly, in a sort of hallucination which gave place to a positive idea, she saw — as she had so often seen them — her father and her mother, sitting there warming their feet by the fire. She drew back terrified, struck her back against the edge of the door, caught at it to keep herself from falling, but with her eyes still fixed upon the chairs.

The vision disappeared. She remained forgetful of everything during some moments; then slowly she recovered her self-possession, and would have fled from the room, fearful of losing her very senses. By chance, her glance fell against the door-post on which she chanced to be leaning; and lo! before her eyes were the marks that had been made to keep track of Poulet's height as he was growing up!

The little marks climbed the painted wood with unequal intervals; figures traced with the penknife noted down the different ages and growths during the boy's life. Sometimes the jottings were in the handwriting of her father, a large hand; sometimes they were in her own smaller hand; sometimes in that of Aunt

Lison, a little tremulous. It seemed to her that the child of other days was actually there, standing before her with his blond hair, pressing his little forehead against the wall so that his height could be measured; and the Baron was crying, "Why, Jeanne! he has grown a whole centimetre since six weeks ago!" She kissed the piece of wood in a frenzy of love and desolateness.

But some one was calling her from outside. It was Rosalie's voice: "Madame Jeanne, Madame Jeanne! We are waiting for you, to have luncheon." She hurried away from the room half out of her senses. She hardly understood anything that the others said to her at luncheon. She ate the things that they put on her plate; she listened without knowing what she heard, talking mechanically with the farming-women, who inquired about her health; she let them embrace her, and herself saluted the cheeks that were held out to her; and then got into the wagon again.

When the high roof of the château was lost to her sight across the trees, she felt in her very heart a direful wrench. It seemed to her in her innermost spirit that now she had said farewell forever to her old home!

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by E. Irenæus Stevenson

A NORMANDY OUTING: JEAN ROLAND'S LOVE-MAKING

From 'Pierre and Jean.' Copyright 1890, by Hugh Craig. Published by Home Book Company

THE harvest was ripe. Beside the dull green of the clover and the bright green of the beets, the yellow stalks of wheat illuminated the plains with a tawny golden gleam. They seemed to have imbibed the sunlight that fell upon them. Here and there the reapers were at work; and in the fields attacked by the scythe the laborers were seen, swinging rhythmically as they swept the huge, wing-shaped blade over the surface of the ground.

After a drive of two hours, the break turned to the left, passed near a windmill in motion,—a gray melancholy wreck, half rotten and condemned, the last survivor of the old mills,—

and then entered a pretty court-yard and drew up before a gay little house, a celebrated inn of the district.

They started out, net on shoulder and basket on back. Madame Rosémilly was charming in this costume, with an unexpected, rustic, fearless style of beauty.

The petticoat borrowed from Alphonsine, coquettishly raised and held by a few stitches, so as to enable the wearer to run and leap without fear among the rocks, displayed her ankle and the lower part of the calf—the firm calf of a woman at once agile and strong. Her figure was loose, to leave all her movements easy; and she had found, to cover her head, an immense gardener's hat of yellow straw, with enormous flaps, to which a sprig of tamarisk, holding one side cocked up, gave the dauntless air of a dashing mousquetaire.

Jean, since receiving his legacy, had asked himself every day whether he should marry her or no. Every time he saw her, he felt decided to make her his wife; but when he was alone, he thought that meanwhile there was time to reflect. She was now not as rich as he was, for she possessed only twelve thousand francs a year;—but in real-estate farms, and lots in Havre on the docks, and these might in time be worth a large sum. Their fortunes, then, were almost equivalent; and the young widow assuredly pleased him much.

As he saw her walking before him on this day, he thought, "Well, I must decide. Beyond question, I could not do better."

They followed the slope of a little valley, descending from the village to the cliff; and the cliff at the end of this valley looked down on the sea from a height of nearly three hundred feet. Framed in by the green coast, sinking away to the left and right, a spacious triangle of water, silvery blue in the sunlight, was visible; and a sail, scarcely perceptible, looked like an insect down below. The sky, filled with radiance, was so blended with the water that the eye could not distinguish where one ended and the other began; and the two ladies, who were in front of the three men, cast on this clear horizon the clear outline of their compact figures.

Jean, with ardent glance, saw speeding before him the enticing hat of Madame Rosémilly. Every movement urged him to those decisive resolutions which the timid and the hesitating take abruptly. The warm air, in which was blended the scent of the

coast, of the reeds, the clover, the grasses, and the marine odor of the rocks exposed by the tide, animated him with a gentle intoxication; and he decided, more and more at every step, at every second, at every look he cast on the graceful outline of the young woman — he decided to hesitate no longer, to tell her that he loved her and wanted to marry her. The fishing party would be of service: it would render a tête-à-tête more easy; and besides, it would furnish a pretty background, a pretty scene for words of love, with their feet in a basin of limpid water, as they watched the long feelers of the shrimps darting through the sea-weeds.

When they reached the end of the valley at the edge of the bluff, they perceived a little path that ran down the cliff; and below them, between the sea and the foot of the precipice, about half-way down, a wondrous chaos of enormous rocks, that had fallen or been hurled down, heaped on each other on a kind of grassy broken plain which disappeared toward the south, and which had been formed by ancient landslips. In the long strip of brushwood and turf, tossed, one might say, by the throes of a volcano, the fallen rocks resembled the ruins of a great vanished city that once on a time had looked down on the ocean, itself dominated by the white and endless wall of the cliff.

"How beautiful!" said Madame Rosémilly, pausing.

Jean joined her, and with beating heart offered his hand to guide her down the narrow steps cut in the rock.

They went on in front; while Beausire, stiffening himself on his short legs, held out his bent arm to Madame Roland, who was dazed by the blank depth.

Roland and Pierre came last; and the doctor had to support his father, who was so troubled by vertigo that he sat down, and thus slid from step to step.

The young people, who descended at the head of the party, went rapidly, and suddenly caught sight of a streamlet of pure water springing from a little hole in the cliff, by the side of a wooden bench, which formed a resting-place about the middle of the slope. The streamlet at first spread into a basin about the size of a wash-hand bowl, which it had excavated for itself; and then, falling in a cascade of about two feet in height, flowed across the path where a carpet of cress had grown, and then disappeared in the reeds and grass, across the level where the landslips were heaped up.

"How thirsty I am!" cried Madame Rosémilly.

But how to drink? She tried to collect in the hollow of her hand the water which escaped between her fingers. Jean had a bright idea; he placed a stone in the road, and she knelt on it to drink from the very source with her lips, which were thus raised to the same height.

When she raised her head, covered with glittering drops sprinkled by thousands over her face, her hair, her eyelashes, her bust,—Jean, bending toward her, whispered:—

"How pretty you are!"

She replied in the tone one assumes to scold a child:—

"Will you hold your tongue?"

These were the first words of flirtation which they had exchanged.

"Come," said Jean, rather discomfited, "let us be off before they overtake us."

In fact, he was aware that Captain Beausire was quite close to them, and was descending backwards in order to support Madame Roland with both hands; while, higher up and farther away, M. Roland, in a sitting posture, was dragging himself down by his feet and elbows with the speed of a tortoise, and Pierre went before him to superintend his movements.

The path became less steep, and formed now a sloping road that skirted the enormous blocks that had fallen from above. Madame Rosémilly and Jean began to run, and were soon on the shingle. They crossed it to gain the rocks, which extended in a long and flat surface covered with seaweed, in which innumerable flashes of water glittered. The tide was low and far out, behind this slimy plain of sea-wrack with its shining green and black growths.

Jean rolled up his trousers to the knee and his sleeves to the elbow, so as to wet himself with impunity, and cried "Forward!" as he boldly leaped into the first pool that presented itself.

With more prudence, though with equal determination to wade into the water at once, the young woman went around the narrow basin with timid steps,—for she slipped on the slimy weeds.

"Do you see anything?" she said.

"Yes, I see your face reflected in the water."

"If you only see that, you will not have any fishing to boast of."

He said in a tender voice:—

"Ah, that is fishing I shall prefer over all!"

She laughed.

«Try, then, and you'll see how it slips through your net.»

«Well, if you like—»

«I should like to see you catch some prawns—and nothing more—just at present.»

«You are cruel. Let us go farther: there is nothing here.»

He offered her his hand to steady her on the greasy rocks. She leaned on it rather timidly; and he, all at once, felt himself invaded by love, throbbing with desire, hungering for her, as if the passion that was germinating in him had waited for that day to burst forth.

They soon arrived at a deeper crevice, where, beneath the rippling water flowing to the distant sea by an invisible fissure, long, fine, strangely colored seaweeds, with tresses of rose and green, floated as if they were swimming.

Madame Rosémilly exclaimed:—

«Look, look, I see one—a big one, a very big one, down there!»

He perceived it in turn, and went down into the crevice, although the water wet him to the waist.

But the creature, moving its long feelers, quietly retired before the net. Jean drove it toward the wreck, sure of catching it there. When it found itself blockaded, it made a sudden dash over the net, crossed the pool, and disappeared.

The young woman, who was watching in panting eagerness his attempt, could not refrain from crying.—

«Ah, clumsy!»

He was vexed, and without thinking, dragged his net through a pool full of weeds. As he raised it to the surface, he saw in it three large transparent prawns, which had been blindly dragged from their invisible hiding-place.

He presented them in triumph to Madame Rosémilly, who dared not touch them for fear of the sharp, tooth-like point which arms their heads. At last she decided to take them; and seizing between two of her fingers the thin end of their beard, she placed them one after the other in her basket, with some weed to keep them alive.

Then, on finding a shallower piece of water, she entered it with hesitating steps, and catching her breath as the cold struck her feet, began to fish herself. She was skillful and cunning, with a supple wrist and a sportman's instinct. At about every cast she brought out some victims, deceived and surprised by the ingenious slowness with which she swept the pool.

Jean was taking nothing; but he followed her step by step, touched her dress, bent over her, pretended to be in despair at his awkwardness, and wished her to teach him.

"Show me how," he said; "show me!"

Then, as their two faces were reflected one beside the other in the clear water, which the deep-growing seaweeds formed into a limpid mirror, Jean smiled at the face so near his which looked up to him from below; and at times threw to it, from the tips of his fingers, a kiss which seemed to fall on it.

"You are very tiresome," the young woman said. "My dear fellow, never do two things at the same time."

He replied:—

"I am only doing one. I love you."

She drew herself up erect, and said in a serious tone:—

"Come now, what is the matter with you for the last ten minutes? Have you lost your head?"

"No, I have not lost my head. I love you, and at last dare to tell you so."

They were now standing in the pool of sea-water that rose nearly to their knees, and with their dripping hands leaning on their nets, looked into the depth of each other's eyes.

She resumed in a playful and rather annoyed tone:—

"You are badly advised to speak to me thus at this moment. Could you not wait another day, and not spoil my fishing?"

He replied:—

"Pardon me, but I could not keep silence. I have loved you a long time. To-day you have made me lose my senses."

Then she seemed at once to take her resolution, and to resign herself to talk business and renounce amusement.

"Let us sit on this rock," she said: "we shall be able to talk quietly."

They climbed on a rock a little higher; and when they were settled, side by side, their feet hanging down in the full sunshine, she rejoined:—

"My friend, you are not a child, and I am not a girl. Both of us know what we are about, and can weigh all the consequences of our acts. If you decide to-day to declare your love to me, I suppose naturally you wish to marry me."

He had scarcely expected such a clear statement of the situation, and answered sheepishly:—

"Why, yes!"

"Have you spoken to your father and mother?"

"No. I wished to know if you would accept me."

She extended to him her hand, which was still wet, and as he placed his own in it with fervor—

"I am willing," she said. "I believe you good and loyal. But do not forget that I would not displease your parents."

"Do you think that my mother has foreseen nothing, and that she would love you as she does if she did not desire a marriage between us?"

"True: I am rather confused."

They were silent. On his part, he was astonished that she was so little confused and so reasonable. He had expected some pretty airs and graces, refusals which say yes, a whole coquettish comedy of love blended with fishing and the splashing of water. And it was all over; he felt himself bound and married in a score of words. They had nothing more to say to each other, since they were in full accord; and they both now remained somewhat embarrassed at what had passed so rapidly between them, perhaps even somewhat confused,—not daring to speak further, not daring to fish further, not knowing what to do.

Translation of Hugh Craig.

THE PIECE OF STRING

From 'The Odd Number.' Copyright 1889, by Harper & Brothers

It was market day, and over all the roads round Goderville the peasants and their wives were coming towards the town. The men walked easily, lurching the whole body forward at every step. Their long legs were twisted and deformed by the slow, painful labors of the country: by bending over to plow, which is what also makes their left shoulders too high and their figures crooked; and by reaping corn, which obliges them for steadiness' sake to spread their knees too wide. Their starched blue blouses, shining as though varnished, ornamented at collar and cuffs with little patterns of white stitch-work, and blown up big around their bony bodies, seemed exactly like balloons about to soar, but putting forth a head, two arms, and two feet.

Some of these fellows dragged a cow or a calf at the end of a rope. And just behind the animal, beating it over the back with a leaf-covered branch to hasten its pace, went their wives, carrying large baskets from which came forth the heads

of chickens or of ducks. These women walked with steps far shorter and quicker than the men; their figures, withered and upright, were adorned with scanty little shawls pinned over their flat bosoms; and they enveloped their heads each in a white cloth, close fastened round the hair and surmounted by a cap.

Now a char-à-banc passed by, drawn by a jerky-paced nag. It shook up strangely the two men on the seat. And the woman at the bottom of the cart held fast to its sides to lessen the hard joltings.

In the market-place at Goderville was a great crowd, a mingled multitude of men and beasts. The horns of the cattle, the high and long-napped hats of wealthy peasants, the head-dresses of the women, came to the surface of that sea. And voices clamorous, sharp, shrill, made a continuous and savage din. Above it a huge burst of laughter from the sturdy lungs of a merry yokel would sometimes sound, and sometimes a long bellow from a cow tied fast to the wall of a house.

It all smelled of the stable, of milk, of hay, and of perspiration; giving off that half human, half animal odor which is peculiar to the men of the fields.

Maître Hauchecorne, of Bréauté, had just arrived at Goderville, and was taking his way towards the square, when he perceived on the ground a little piece of string. Maître Hauchecorne, economical like all true Normans, reflected that everything was worth picking up which could be of any use; and he stooped down—but painfully, because he suffered with rheumatism. He took the bit of thin cord from the ground, and was carefully preparing to roll it up when he saw Maître Malandain the harness-maker on his doorstep, looking at him. They had once had a quarrel about a halter, and they had remained angry, bearing malice on both sides. Maître Hauchecorne was overcome with a sort of shame at being seen by his enemy looking in the dirt so for a bit of string. He quickly hid his find beneath his blouse; then in the pocket of his breeches; then pretended to be still looking for something on the ground which he did not discover; and at last went off towards the market-place, with his head bent forward, and a body almost doubled in two by rheumatic pains.

He lost himself immediately in the crowd, which was clamorous, slow, and agitated by interminable bargains. The peasants examined the cows, went off, came back, always in great perplexity and fear of being cheated, never quite daring to decide,

spying at the eye of the seller, trying ceaselessly to discover the tricks of the man and the defect in the beast.

The women, having placed their great baskets at their feet, had pulled out the poultry, which lay upon the ground, tied by the legs, with eyes scared, with combs scarlet.

They listened to propositions, maintaining their prices, with a dry manner, with an impassive face; or suddenly, perhaps, deciding to take the lower price which was offered, they cried out to the customer, who was departing slowly:—

"All right: I'll let you have them, Maît' Anthime."

Then, little by little, the square became empty; and when the Angelus struck midday, those who lived at a distance poured into the inns.

At Jourdain's, the great room was filled with eaters, just as the vast court was filled with vehicles of every sort,—wagons, gigs, char-à-bancs, tilburies, tilt-carts which have no name, yellow with mud, misshapen, pieced together, raising their shafts to heaven like two arms, or it may be with their nose in the dirt and their rear in the air.

Just opposite to where the diners were at table, the huge fireplace, full of clear flame, threw a lively heat on the backs of those who sat along the right. Three spits were turning, loaded with chickens, with pigeons, and with joints of mutton; and a delectable odor of roast meat, and of gravy gushing over crisp brown skin, took wing from the hearth, kindled merriment, caused mouths to water.

All the aristocracy of the plow were eating there, at Maît' Jourdain's, the innkeeper's,—a dealer in horses also, and a sharp fellow who had made a pretty penny in his day.

The dishes were passed round, were emptied, with jugs of yellow cider. Every one told of his affairs, of his purchases and his sales. They asked news about the crops. The weather was good for green stuffs, but a little wet for wheat.

All of a sudden the drum rolled in the court before the house. Every one, except some of the most indifferent, was on his feet at once and ran to the door, to the windows, with his mouth still full, and his napkin in his hand.

When the public crier had finished his tattoo, he called forth in a jerky voice, making his pauses out of time:—

"Be it known to the inhabitants of Goderville, and in general to all—persons present at the market, that there has been lost

this morning, on the Beuzeville road, between — nine and ten o'clock, a pocket-book of black leather, containing five hundred francs and business papers. You are requested to return it — to the mayor's office at once, or to Maître Fortuné Houlbrèque of Manneville. There will be fifty francs reward."

Then the man departed. They heard once more at a distance the dull beatings on the drum, and the faint voice of the crier.

Then they began to talk of this event, reckoning up the chances which Maître Houlbrèque had of finding or of not finding his pocket-book again.

And the meal went on.

They were finishing their coffee when the corporal of gendarmes appeared on the threshold.

He asked: —

"Is Maître Hauchecorne, of Bréauté, here?"

Maître Hauchecorne, seated at the other end of the table, answered: —

"Here I am."

And the corporal resumed: —

"Maître Hauchecorne, will you have the kindness to come with me to the mayor's office? M. le Maire would like to speak to you."

The peasant, surprised and uneasy, gulped down his little glass of cognac, got up, and — even worse bent over than in the morning, since the first steps after a rest were always particularly difficult — started off, repeating: —

"Here I am, here I am."

And he followed the corporal.

The mayor was waiting for him, seated in an arm-chair. He was the notary of the place, a tall, grave man of pompous speech.

"Maître Hauchecorne," said he, "this morning, on the Beuzeville road, you were seen to pick up the pocket-book lost by Maître Houlbrèque of Manneville."

The countryman, speechless, gazed at the mayor; frightened already by this suspicion, which rested on him he knew not why.

"I — I picked up that pocket-book?"

"Yes, you."

"I swear I didn't even know nothing about it at all."

"You were seen."

"They saw me — me? Who is that who saw me?"

"M. Malandain, the harness-maker."

Then the old man remembered, understood, and reddening with anger:—

"Ah! he saw me, did he, the rascal? He saw me picking up this string here, M'sieu' le Maire."

And fumbling at the bottom of his pocket, he pulled out of it the little end of string.

But the mayor incredulously shook his head:—

"You will not make me believe, Maître Hauchecorne, that M. Malandain, who is a man worthy of credit, has mistaken this string for a pocket-book."

The peasant, furious, raised his hand and spit as if to attest his good faith, repeating:—

"For all that, it is the truth of the good God, the blessed truth, M'sieu' le Maire. There! on my soul and my salvation I repeat it."

The mayor continued:—

"After picking up the thing in question, you even looked for some time in the mud to see if a piece of money had not dropped out of it."

The good man was suffocated with indignation and with fear.

"If they can say—! If they can say such lies as that to slander an honest man! If they can say—!"

He might protest, he was not believed.

He was confronted with M. Malandain, who repeated and sustained his testimony. They abused one another for an hour. At his own request, Maître Hauchecorne was searched. Nothing was found on him.

At last the mayor, much perplexed, sent him away, warning him that he would inform the public prosecutor and ask for orders.

The news had spread. When he left the mayor's office, the old man was surrounded, interrogated with a curiosity which was serious or mocking as the case might be, but into which no indignation entered. And he began to tell the story of the string. They did not believe him. They laughed.

He passed on, buttonholed by every one, himself buttonholing his acquaintances, beginning over and over again his tale and his protestations, showing his pockets turned inside out to prove that he had nothing.

They said to him:—

"You old rogue, *va!*"

And he grew angry, exasperated, feverish, in despair at not being believed; and always telling his story.

The night came. It was time to go home. He set out with three of his neighbors, to whom he pointed out the place where he had picked up the end of string; and all the way he talked of his adventure.

That evening he made the round in the village of Bréauté, so as to tell every one. He met only unbelievers.

He was ill of it all night long.

The next day, about one in the afternoon, Marius Paumelle, a farm hand of Maître Breton, the market-gardener at Ymauville, returned the pocket-book and its contents to Maître Houlbrèque of Manneville.

This man said that he had indeed found it on the road; but not knowing how to read, he had carried it home and given it to his master.

The news spread to the environs. Maître Hauchecorne was informed. He put himself at once upon the go, and began to relate his story as completed by the dénouement. He triumphed.

"What grieved me," said he, "was not the thing itself, do you understand; but it was the lies. There's nothing does you so much harm as being in disgrace for lying."

All day he talked of his adventure; he told it on the roads to the people who passed; at the cabaret to the people who drank; and the next Sunday, when they came out of church. He even stopped strangers to tell them about it. He was easy now, and yet something worried him without his knowing exactly what it was. People had a joking manner while they listened. They did not seem convinced. He seemed to feel their tittle-tattle behind his back.

On Tuesday of the next week he went to market at Goderville, prompted entirely by the need of telling his story.

Malandain, standing on his door-step, began to laugh as he saw him pass. Why?

He accosted a farmer of Criquetot, who did not let him finish, and giving him a punch in the pit of his stomach, cried in his face:—

"Oh you great rogue, *va!*" Then turned his heel upon him.

Maître Hauchecorne remained speechless, and grew more and more uneasy. Why had they called him "great rogue"?

When seated at table in Jourdain's tavern he began again to explain the whole affair.

A horse-dealer of Montivilliers shouted at him:—

"Get out, get out, you old scamp: I know all about your string!"

Hauchecorne stammered:—

"But since they found it again, the pocket-book—!"

But the other continued:—

"Hold your tongue, daddy: there's one who finds it and there's another who returns it. And no one the wiser."

The peasant was choked. He understood at last. They accused him of having had the pocket-book brought back by an accomplice, by a confederate.

He tried to protest. The whole table began to laugh.

He could not finish his dinner, and went away amid a chorus of jeers.

He went home ashamed and indignant, choked with rage, with confusion; the more cast down since from his Norman cunning, he was perhaps capable of having done what they accused him of, and even of boasting of it as a good trick. His innocence dimly seemed to him impossible to prove, his craftiness being so well known. And he felt himself struck to the heart by the injustice of the suspicion.

Then he began anew to tell of his adventure, lengthening his recital every day, each time adding new proofs, more energetic protestations, and more solemn oaths which he thought of, which he prepared in his hours of solitude, his mind being entirely occupied by the story of the string. The more complicated his defense, the more artful his arguments, the less he was believed.

"Those are liars' proofs," they said behind his back.

He felt this; it preyed upon his heart. He exhausted himself in useless efforts.

He was visibly wasting away.

The jokers now made him tell "the story of the piece of string" to amuse them, just as you make a soldier who has been on a campaign tell his story of the battle. His mind, struck at the root, grew weak.

About the end of December he took to his bed.

He died early in January, and in the delirium of the death agony he protested his innocence, repeating:—

"A little bit of string—a little bit of string—see, here it is, M'sieu' le Maire."

Translation of Jonathan Sturges.

FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE

(1805–1872)

FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE takes high rank among the religious teachers of this century, more by virtue of what he was than of what he wrote. He is of those elect souls whose insight becomes a guiding force both to themselves and to their fellows. Of a generation which knew Carlyle and Mill and Darwin, which was given over to the dry-rot of intellectual despair in all matters concerning the religious life of man, Maurice seemed born out of due time. He belonged apparently to an earlier or to a later day. Yet by force, not of his intellect but of his faith, he succeeded in turning many of his contemporaries to the Christian ideal which haunted him throughout his life, and which perpetually dominated his nineteenth-century inheritance of skepticism. Unlike Newman, with whom he was associated at Oxford, Maurice was content to find in the Church of England, as in all churches, only a partial realization of his ideal of righteousness. He is of those who believe that the whole truth can never be revealed to one generation. He shares the Platonic belief that the vision of God becomes gradually apparent through many æons. This liberalism was the mainspring of his power as a religious teacher.

FREDERICK D. MAURICE

His early training had enlarged his sympathies and prepared the way for his future ministrations. He was born in 1805 of a Unitarian father, and of a mother who adhered to the doctrines of Calvin. His first religious problem was to reconcile these differences of faith. Later his education at Cambridge deepened within him the evangelical sympathies, which made him long to unite the world under one banner as Sons of God. Upon leaving Cambridge he undertook the editorship of the Athenæum in London, and while engaged upon this work became a member of the Church of England. His residence at Oxford was the natural outcome of this step. The stronghold of mediævalism was then vital with the presence of Newman,

of Pusey, of Keble, and of others who were seeking with passionate eagerness a refuge from the insistent doubts and difficulties of the age. The spirit of the age was then trying all men through the religious faculty. Maurice, as if anticipating the Christianity of the twentieth century, found the key to all problems, not in an infallible church nor in infallible reason, but in the everlasting love and fatherhood of God, and in the universal sonship of men. Cambridge had increased his liberality; Oxford deepened his idealism. Maurice would exclude no man, whether Jew, Turk, infidel, or heretic, from the Divine family; yet in his exalted worship of Jesus he was linked to the mediæval mystic. This rare combination gave him charm, and drew to him thoughtful and cultured men who were too large for narrowed and dogmatic Christianity, yet who longed to give expression to the soul of worship within them. It drew to him also the workingmen of London. After Maurice left Oxford he was appointed to the chaplaincy of Guy's Hospital in London. He held also the chairs of history, literature, and divinity in King's College, and the chaplaincy of Lincoln's Inn and of St. Peter's. During his long residence in London, from 1834 until 1866, the broad and fervent religious spirit of Maurice found expression in social work. The man who would knit together all the kindreds of the world in the bonds of Divine fellowship could not limit his ministrations to certain classes of society. He was in strong sympathy with workingmen, believing that their lack of education by no means debarred them from the apprehension of the highest spiritual truths. His foundation of the Workingman's College was the outcome of this sympathy. He founded also Queen's College for women; and thus established still further his claim to be ranked with the prophets of his time. In 1866 he became professor of moral philosophy at Cambridge. He died in 1872.

Frederick Denison Maurice was the author of many religious works, but his pre-eminent power is in his sermons. His 'Lectures on Ecclesiastical History,' his 'Theological Essays,' his 'Kingdom of Christ,' his 'Unity of the New Testament,' have literary value in proportion as they exhibit the spirit of the preacher. In his sermons the luminous spirituality of Maurice and his strength as a writer find completest expression. The man himself can be most closely approached in his sensitive and thoughtful letters to his friends.

FROM A LETTER TO REV. J. DE LA TOUCHE

HOLDOR HOUSE, DORKING, April 14th, 1863.

I DO not know whether you will think me less or more fitted to enter into that tremendous difficulty of which you speak in your last letter, when I tell you that I was brought up a Unitarian, and that I have distinctly and deliberately accepted the belief which is expressed in the Nicene Creed as the only satisfaction of the infinite want which Unitarianism awakened in me; yes, and as the only vindication of the truth which Unitarianism taught me.

You feel that our Lord is a man in the most perfect sense of the word. You cannot convince yourself that he is more. No, nor will any arguments convince you that he is more. For what do you mean by that *more?* Is it a Jupiter Tonans whom you are investing with the name of God? is it to him you pray when you say "Our Father which art in heaven"? *Is* God a Father,—really and actually a Father? is he in heaven, far away from our conceptions and confusions,—one whom we cannot make in the likeness of anything above, around, beneath us? Or is all this a dream? is there no God, no father? has he never made himself known, never come near to men? can men never come near to him?

Are you startled that I put these questions to you? Do they seem more terrible than any that have yet presented themselves to you? Oh, they are the way back to the faith of the little child, and to the faith of the grown man. It is not Christ about whom our doubts are. We are feeling after *God* if haply we may find him. We cannot find him in nature. Paley will not reveal him to us. But he is very near us; very near to those creatures whom he has formed in his own image; seeking after them; speaking to them in a thousand ways.

The belief of a Son who was with him before all worlds, in whom he created and loves the world; who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven and became incarnate, and died, and was buried, and rose again for us, and ascended on high to be the High Priest of the universe,—this belief is what? Something that I can prove by texts of Scripture or by cunning arguments of logic? God forbid! I simply commend it to you. I know that you want it. I know that it meets exactly what your spirit is looking after, and cannot meet with in any

books of divinity. For we have to find out that God is not in a book; that he *is;* that he must reveal himself to us;—that he is revealing himself to us.

I am *not* distressed that you should be brought to feel that these deep and infinite questions—not questions about the arithmetic of the Bible—are what are really haunting and tormenting you. I believe that the clergy must make this discovery. We have been repeating phrases and formulas. We have not entered into them, but only have accepted certain reasonings and proofs about them. Now they are starting up and looking at us as if they were alive, and we are frightened at the sight. It is good for us to be frightened; only let us not turn away from them, and find fault with them, but ask God—if we believe that he can hear us—to search us and show us what is true, and to bring us out of our atheism.

How, you ask, can I use the prayers of the Church which assume Christ's divinity when I cannot see sufficient proof that he is divine? That is a question, it seems to me, which no man can answer for you; nay, which you cannot answer for yourself. If I am right, it is in prayer that you must find the answer. Yes, in prayer to be able to pray; in prayer to know what prayer is; in prayer to know whether, without a Mediator, prayer is not a dream and an impossibility for you, me, every one. I cannot solve this doubt. I can but show you how to get it solved. I can but say, The doubt itself may be the greatest blessing you ever had, may be the greatest striving of God's Spirit within you that you have ever known, may be the means of making every duty more real to you.

I do not know who your bishop is. If he is a person with whom it is possible to communicate freely, I should tell him that I had perplexities which made the use of the Prayer Book not as true to me as it once was; that I wanted time for quiet thought; that I should like to be silent for a little while;—I would ask him to let me commit my charge to a curate till I could see my way more clearly. That would be better, surely, than a resignation, painful not merely to your friends but injurious to the Church, and perhaps a reason for severe repentance afterwards. But I may be only increasing your puzzles by this suggestion. Of the fathers in God on earth I have no certainty. Of the Father in heaven I can be quite certain. Therefore one of my hints may be worth nothing. The other is worth everything.

FROM A LETTER TO REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY

MARCH 9TH, 1849.

I HAVE done your bidding and read Froude's book (the 'Nemesis of Faith'), with what depth of interest I need not tell you. It is a very awful, and I think may be a very profitable book. Yes, God would not have permitted it to go forth if he did not mean good to come out of it. For myself, I have felt more than ever since I read it how impossible it is to find any substitute for the old faith. If after all that experience, a man cannot ask the God of Truth to give him his spirit of truth, to guide him into all truth, what is left but just what he describes,—doubt; not merely of existence, but of doubt itself; doubt whether every superstition may not be real, every lie a fact? It is undoubted that such a state of mind is possible,—yes, is near to all of us; Froude is no false witness. But if it is possible, there must be some one to bring us out of it; clearly the deliverance is not in ourselves. And what is the Bible after all but the history of a deliverer; of God proclaiming himself as man's deliverer from the state into which he is ever ready to sink,—a state of slavery to systems, superstitions, the world, himself, atheism? The book is good for this: it brings us to the root of things; and there is nothing, or there is God. It is good for this: it shows that God must come forth and do the work for us, and that all the religions we make for ourselves, whatever names we give them, are miserable mutilated attempts to fashion him after our image, with yet such fragments of truth as show that we are formed in his.

THE SUBJECTS AND LAWS OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

TEXT:—«And he lifted up his eyes on his disciples, and said, Blessed be ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of God.»—ST. LUKE vi. 20.

SO BEGINS a discourse which has often been said to contain a code of very high morality for those who forsake the low level of the crowd, and aim at a specially elevated standard of excellence. The previous sentence explains to whom the discourse was addressed. «And he came down with them, and stood in the plain, and the company of his disciples, and a great multitude of people out of all Judea and Jerusalem, and from the sea-coast of Tyre and Sidon. which came to hear him, and to

be healed of their diseases." Those were the people who heard Christ say, "Blessed are ye poor, for yours is the Kingdom of Heaven."

We were wont to mitigate the force of this sentence by referring to the one in St. Matthew's Gospel which most resembles it. For "poor," we say, the other Evangelist gives us "poor in spirit." Is not that the sense in which we must understand the words here? I am most thankful for the expression in St. Matthew, and am quite willing to use it for the illustration of the discourse in which it occurs. We may find it a great help hereafter in understanding St. Luke. But I must take *his* language as it stands. He says that our Lord lifted up his eyes on a miscellaneous crowd. He cannot have expected that crowd to introduce any spiritual qualification into the words, "Yours is the Kingdom of Heaven." What then did those words import? Might they be addressed to a multitude similarly composed in London? . . .

Surely, in this very simple and direct sense. Our Lord had come to tell them who was governing them; under whose authority they were living. Who had they fancied was governing them? One who regarded the rich with affection; who had bestowed great advantages upon *them;* who had given *them* an earnest here of what he might do for them hereafter. It was most natural for poor men to put this interpretation upon that which they saw and that which they felt. It was difficult for them to find any other interpretation. It was not *more* difficult for the people who dwelt about the coasts of Tyre and Sidon than for the people who dwell in the courts and alleys of London. The difficulty is the same precisely in kind. The degree of it must be greater, on some accounts, for the dwellers in a crowded modern city than for those who breathed the fresh air of Galilee. The difficulty was not diminished for the latter (I mean for the Galileans) by anything which they heard from their religious teachers. It was enormously increased. God was said to demand of these poor people religious services which they could not render; an account of knowledge about his law which they could not possess. His prizes and blessings here and hereafter were said to be contingent upon their performing these services, upon their having that knowledge. Whichever way they turned,—to their present condition, to the forefathers to whose errors or sins they must in great part attribute that condition,

to the future in which they must expect the full fruit of the misery and evil into which they had fallen,—all looked equally dark and hopeless.

Startling indeed, then, were the tidings, "*Yours is the Kingdom of Heaven.*" Most startling when they were translated into these: "You have a Father in heaven who is seeking after you, watching over you, whom you may trust entirely. He ruled over your forefathers. He promised that he would show forth his dominion fully and perfectly in the generations to come. I am come to tell you of him; to tell you how he rules over you, and how you may be in very deed his subjects. I am come that you and your children may be citizens in God's own city, that the Lord God himself may reign over you." I cannot render the phrase into any equivalents that are simpler, more obvious, than these. And if they were true, must they not have been true for all that crowd, for every thief and harlot in it? Was not this the very message of John, delivered by Him who could not only call to repentance but give repentance?

"Yes," it may be answered, "that might be so, if the language only declared to the poor that there was a Heavenly Father who cared for them *no less* than he cared for the rich: but the sentences which follow give them a positive advantage: it would appear as if the blessing on the poor involved a curse on the rich. What other force can you put on such sentences as these? 'Blessed are ye that hunger now, for ye shall be filled. Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh. But woe unto you that are rich, for ye have received your consolation. Woe unto you that are full, for ye shall hunger. Woe unto you that laugh now, for ye shall mourn and weep.'"

Language so explicit as this cannot be evaded. And I hold it is greatly for the interest of all of us who are leading easy and comfortable lives in the world, that it should not be evaded. If any amount of riches greater or smaller does give us consolation, it is well for us to understand that there is a woe upon those riches. They were not meant to give consolation; we were not meant to find it in them. If any laughter of ours does make us incapable of weeping, incapable of entering into the sorrow of the world in which we are dwelling, we ought to feel that there is misery and death in that laughter. Our Lord does not speak against laughter; he sets it forth as a blessing. He does denounce all that laughter which is an exultation in our own

prosperity and in the calamities of others. He does promise that those who are indulging that sort of laughter shall weep. I use the word *promise* advisedly. It is a promise, not a threatening; or if you please, a threat which contains a promise. It is the proof that we are under a Kingdom of Heaven; that God does not allow such laughter to go on; that he stops it; that he gives the blessing of sorrow in place of it. And thus all alike are taught that they are under this fatherly government. All are shown that the Father in heaven is aware of the discipline which they need, and will apportion it. All may be brought to take their places with their brethren in this kingdom. All may be taught that the common blessings — the blessings from which one cannot exclude another — are the highest blessings. All may be brought to know that this one fact, that they have a Father in heaven, is worth all others. And so that poverty of spirit which is only another name for childlike dependence upon One who is above us, and is all good because we have found we cannot depend upon ourselves, may be wrought by Him with whom we have to do in rich and poor equally. The heavenly treasures may be revealed to both, which moth and rust cannot corrupt, which thieves cannot break through and steal.

Thus far, assuredly, the tendency of this discourse of our Lord's has been to level, not to exalt. The Kingdom of Heaven has not been a prize for those who are unlike their fellows, but for those who will take their stand by them — who will set up no exclusive pretensions of their own. But what shall we say of this benediction — "Blessed are ye when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and shall cast out your name as evil, for the Son of Man's sake. Rejoice ye in that day, and leap for joy, for behold your reward is great in heaven: for in the like manner did their fathers unto the prophets"? And again of this woe — "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you, for so did their fathers unto the false prophets"? Is there not here a glorification of the little minority which is persecuted, a denunciation of the majority which persecutes?

The comment on the language is in the actual history. Why was St. Stephen, whom we have been remembering lately, cast out of the city of Jerusalem and stoned? Because he was accused of breaking down the barriers which separated the chosen

people from the surrounding nations. Why was the young man at whose feet the witnesses against Stephen laid down their clothes, afterwards denounced in the same city as one who ought not to live? Because he said that he was sent with a message of peace and reconciliation to the Gentiles. What was it that sustained and comforted Stephen in the hour when his countrymen were gnashing upon him with their teeth? The sight of the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God; the Savior and King, not of him and his brother disciples, but of mankind. What was St. Paul's deepest sorrow, and how was it that in the midst of that sorrow he could always rejoice? His sorrow was that his kinsmen after the flesh were to be cut off, because they were enemies to God and contrary to all men. His joy was in the thought that "all Israel should be saved;" that "God had concluded all in unbelief, that he might have mercy upon all." This then was the witness of the little band of the persecuted, that God is the Father of all; that his Kingdom is over all. And the determination of that powerful majority of persecutors was to keep the favor of God and the Kingdom of Heaven to themselves. Those of whom all men speak well are those who flatter their exclusiveness; who lead them to think that they are better than others, and that they shall have mercies which are denied to others. The comfort of the persecuted, which the persecutor could not have, was the comfort of believing that God would conquer all obstacles; that the Son of Man, for whose sake they loved not their lives, would be shown in very deed to be King of kings and Lord of lords—all human wills being subjected to his will.

And so you perceive how the next precepts, which we often read as if they were mere isolated maxims, are connected with these blessings and these woes. "But I say unto you which hear,"—unto you, that is, whom I have told that men shall separate you from their company, and cast out your persons as evil,—"Love your enemies; do good to them which persecute you. Bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you. And unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek offer also the other; and him that taketh away thy cloke forbid not to take thy coat also. Give to every man that asketh of thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again. And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise. For if ye love them which love you, what

thank have ye? for sinners also love those that love them. And if ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye? for sinners also do even the same. And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye? for sinners also lend to sinners, to receive as much again. But love ye your enemies, and do good; and lend, hoping for nothing again. And ye shall be the children of the Highest; for he is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil. Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father in heaven is merciful."

In these passages is contained the sum of what we have been used to call the peculiar Christian morality. It is supposed to be very admirable, but far too fine for common use. He who aims at following it is to be counted a high saint. He claims a state immensely above the ordinary level of humanity. He even discards the maxims by which civil society is governed—those which the statesman considers necessary for his objects. No doubt, it is said, this transcendent doctrine has had a certain influence upon the nations in which it is promulgated. It has modified some of the thoughts and feelings which are most adverse to it. The beauty of it is confessed by many who never dream of practicing it. There are some unbelievers who try to practice it, and say that if this part of Christianity could be separated from its mysterious part, they could not reverence it too highly. But though this is true, we have proofs, it is said, every day and hour, that this love to enemies, this blessing them that curse, this turning the one cheek to him who smites the other, is altogether contrary to the habits and tempers of the world.

My friends, the evidence goes much further than that. We need not derive our proofs that the natural heart revolts against these precepts from what is called *The World.* The records of the *Church* will furnish that demonstration much more perfectly. Hatred of those whom they have counted their enemies,—this has been the too characteristic sign of men who have called themselves Christ's servants and soldiers. Curses have been their favorite weapons. No church can bring that charge against another without laying itself open to retaliation. And it cannot be pleaded, "Oh, there is a corrupt unbelieving leaven in every Christian society." The habit I speak of has come forth often most flagrantly in those who were denouncing this leaven, who were seeking to cast it out. I am not saying that they were not good men. The case is all the stronger if they were. I am not

saying that a genuine zeal for truth was not at the root of their rage, and did not mingle with the most outrageous acts of it. Of all this, God will be the judge. We are not wise to anticipate his decisions. But such facts, which are notorious, and are repeated in every age and in every country, show the absurdity of the theory that what our Lord lays down as the laws of the Kingdom of Heaven are intended for the use of a particular class of persons, who aspire to outstrip their fellows and win higher prizes than the rest of mankind. They lead us to suspect that those who have aimed at such distinctions and pursued such objects have not been able to submit to his government — have assumed a position which was essentially rebellious. They lead us back to the leveling sentence with which the discourse opens, and which must be accepted as the key to the whole of it. What business has any citizen of a kingdom to talk of a certain standard which is meant for him and not for all the subjects of it? What is that but adopting the maxim which the Roman poet unfairly ascribed to the Greek hero, that "laws were not born for him"?

How reasonable, on the other hand,—how perfectly consistent,—is our Lord's language, if we suppose him to be revealing the laws under which God has constituted human beings,—the laws which are the expression of his own Divine nature, the laws which were perfectly fulfilled in his Son, the laws which his Spirit is seeking to write on all hearts! What signifies it to the reality of such laws that this or that man transgresses them; that he who transgresses them calls himself Churchman or Dissenter, Catholic or Protestant, believer or infidel? If they are true, they must stand in spite of such transgressions; they will make their power manifest through such transgressions. There will be a witness on behalf of them, such as we see there is in all human consciences; there will be a resistance to them, such as we see there is in all human wills. Our belief in their ultimate triumph over that which opposes them must depend on our belief in Him who is the Author of the law. If we think that he is our Father in heaven, and that his law of forgiveness has been fully accomplished in Christ, and that his Spirit is stronger than the Evil Spirit, every sign of the victory of love over striving and hating wills must be a pledge how the battle is to terminate: *no* success of bitterness, and wrath, and malice. however it may shake our minds, can be anything but a proof that less than Almighty love, less than a Divine sacrifice, would

have been unable to subdue such adversaries. But if we think this discourse to be the announcement of a refined ethical system,—not the proclamation of a Kingdom of Heaven, as it professes to be,—we may well complain how feeble and ineffective it is and must always be. We may say that its power can never be recognized beyond a circle of rare exceptional persons. And we may find that these rare exceptional persons are always supplied with a set of evasions, equivocations, and apologies for violating every one of its principles, especially in those acts which they consider most religious and meritorious.

Those who confine this discourse to saints speedily contradict themselves. When they bring forth evidences of Christianity, or evidences of the influence of the Catholic Church, they appeal to the power which the Cross, with its proclamation of Divine forgiveness to enemies, has exercised over the wild warring tribes that have fashioned modern Europe. They ask whether the conscience of those tribes, in the midst of all their bloody feuds and acts of personal vengeance, did not stoop to the authority of a Prince of Peace; whether it did not confess him as King of kings and Lord of lords; whether it did not acknowledge those as especially his ministers who in bodily weakness—in defiance of the physically strong—showed forth the loving-kindness which they said was his, and claimed the serf and the noble as alike his subjects and his brethren. The facts cannot be gainsaid. They are written in sunbeams on all the darkest pages of modern history. What do they prove? Surely, that our Lord was not proclaiming a code which was at variance with civil order and obedience,—a transcendental morality,—but principles which were the foundation of civil order and obedience; principles which were to undermine and uproot the very evils which all national codes are endeavoring to counteract. The national code—the most exalted, the most divine code—can only forbid, only counteract. If it aspires to do more, if it strives to extirpate vices instead of to punish crimes, if it enjoins virtues instead of demanding simple submission to its decrees,—it proves its own impotence. It is always asking for help to do that which it cannot do. It wants a power to make the obedience which it needs voluntary; to kindle the patriotism without which it will only be directed to a herd of animals, not a race of men. Wherever there has been a voluntary obedience, wherever there has been a patriotism which has made men willing to die that their land

might not be in the possession of strangers, there has been faith in an unseen Ruler; there has been a confidence that he wills men to be free. The Jewish history interprets other history. It shows what has been the source of law and freedom; what has been the destruction of both; what has been the preservation of both. This discourse, because it proclaims a more universal principle than the Jewish or national principle, is supposed to set that aside. I accept our Lord's words, "I come not to destroy, but to fulfill," as true in every case. He does not destroy the fundamental maxim that God is the author of the Commandments. He fulfills it by proclaiming the *mind* of his Father in heaven as the ground of all the acts of his children. He does not destroy one sacrifice which any patriot had made for his people's freedom. He fulfills it in his perfect sacrifice to God and for us. He does not destroy any one precept of duty to God or to our neighbor. He fulfills it by baptizing with his Spirit; by making duty to God the surrender of man's will to his will which is working in us; that will binding men to each other as members of the same body; that will fighting with all the selfish impulses which tear us asunder. There is no opposition between the Kingdom of Heaven and any kingdom of earth, except what is produced by this selfishness which is the enemy of both. If the civil ruler sanctions one law for the rich and one law for the poor, he offends against the maxims of the Kingdom of Heaven; but then he also introduces a confusion into his own. If he prefers war to peace, gambling to honesty, bondage to freedom, and if he seeks religious sanctions to uphold him in these tastes, he offends against the maxims of the Kingdom of Heaven, and he is preparing ruin for his own State. If the ecclesiastic proclaims one law for the saint and another for the common man, he overthrows the common order and morality of nations; but he sins still more directly against the laws which Christ proclaimed on the Mount. If he sets up the priest against the magistrate, he disturbs the peace of civil communities; but he also exalts the priest into the place of God, and so commits treason against the Kingdom of Heaven. If he assume the office of a judge of his brethren, he may do much mischief on earth which the ruler on earth cannot hinder. But he falls under *this* sentence: "Judge not, and ye shall not be judged; condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned; forgive, and ye shall be forgiven."

These laws of the Kingdom of Heaven seem very hard to keep. See what hinders us from keeping them. It is not some incapacity. It is our determination to assume a place which is not ours. Each of us is continually setting up himself to be a God. Each is seizing the judgment-throne of the universe. We know that it is so. And from this throne we must come down. We must confess that we are not gods; not able to pronounce on the condition of our fellows, needing forgiveness every day from our Father and from each other, permitted to dispense what he sends us. The lesson is a simple one. Yet every other is contained in it. If we do in very deed come to the light, our deeds may be made manifest; if we ask to be judged — if we ask our Father in Heaven to make us his ministers and not his rivals — we shall be able to enter into the wonderful precept that follows (v. 38): "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure pressed down and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again." They had been told before that they were "to do good and lend, hoping for nothing again." How is it that we are encouraged to hope here that if we give it shall be given to us? The two passages explain each other; experience confirms them both. *Only* the man who gives hoping for nothing again, who gives freely without calculation out of the fullness of his heart, ever can find his love returned to him. He may win hatred as well as love; but love does come in measures that he never could dream of. We see it every day; and every day, perhaps, we may be disappointed at finding some favors which we thought were well laid out bringing back no recompense. They were bestowed with the hope of something again.

Yes, friends: most truly are these the unchangeable laws of the Kingdom of Heaven. That which we measure is measured against us again; selfishness for selfishness, love for love. It may not be clear to us now that it is. We shall be sure of it one day — in that day which shall show Him who spoke this discourse to be indeed the King of kings and Lord of lords. For, as his next words tell us, this has been the great inversion of order: "The blind have been leading the blind; the disciples have been setting themselves above their Master." We have been laying down our own maxims and codes of morality. Each one has been saying to his brother, "Brother, let me pull out the mote

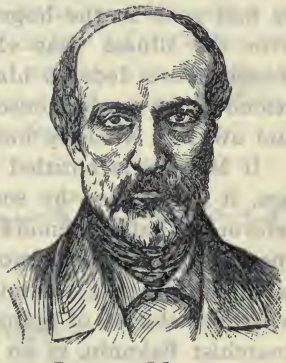
out of thine eye." We have had such a clear discernment of these motes! And all the while none of us has been aware of the beam in his own eye. And how can any of us become aware of it; how can we escape the charge of hypocrisy which our consciences own to be so well deserved? Only if there is a King and Judge over us who detects the beam; who makes us feel that it is there; who himself undertakes to cast it out. To that point we must always return. We may boast of this morality as something to glorify saints. We may call it "delicious," as a modern French critic calls it. Only when it actually confronts us, as the word of a King who is speaking to us and convicting us of our departures from it — only then shall we discover that it is for sinners, not saints; that it is terrible, not delicious. But only then shall we know what the blessedness is of being claimed as children of this kingdom; only then shall we begin to apprehend the glory of which we are inheritors. For we then shall understand that there is a selfish evil nature in every man, let him call himself churchman or man of the world, believer or unbeliever, which cannot bring forth good fruit — which is utterly damnable; and that there is a Divine root of humanity, a Son of Man, whence all the good in churchman or man of the world, in believer or unbeliever, springs — whence nothing but good can spring. If we exalt ourselves upon our privileges as Christians or saints, the King will say to us, "Why call ye me Lord, and do not the things which I say?" If we submit to his Spirit we may bring forth now the fruits of good works which are to his glory; we may look for the day when every law of his kingdom shall be fulfilled, when all shall know him from the least to the greatest. And churches, in the sense of their own nothingness, may seek after the foundation which God has laid, and which will endure the shock of all winds and waves. And churches which rest upon their own decrees and traditions and holiness will be like the man "who without a foundation built an house upon the earth, against which the stream did beat vehemently, and immediately it fell; and the ruin of that house was great."

JOSEPH MAZZINI

(1805–1872)

BY FRANK SEWALL

AMONG the liberators of modern Italy, ranking in influence with Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, and Garibaldi, Joseph Mazzini was unique in his combination of deep religious motive, philosophic insight, and revolutionary zeal. His early studies of Dante inspired in him two ideals: a restored Italian unity, and the subordination of political government to spiritual law, exercised in the conscience of a free people. Imprisoned in early life for participation in the conspiracy of the Carbonari, he left Italy in his twentv-sixth year, to spend almost the entire remainder of his life in exile. While living as a refugee in Marseilles and in Switzerland, from 1831 to 1836, he fostered the revolutionary association of young Italian enthusiasts, and edited their journal, the Giovine Italia, its purpose being to bring about a national revolution through the insurrection of the Sardinian States. In Switzerland he organized in the same spirit the "Young Switzerland" and the "Young Europe," fostering the idea of universal political reform, and the bringing in of a new era of the world, in which free popular government should displace the old systems both of legitimate monarchy and despotic individualism. Banished from Switzerland under a decree of the French government, in 1836 Mazzini found refuge in London; and for the remainder of his life the English press was the chief organ of his world-wide influence as a reformer, while his literary ability won him a place among the most brilliant of the modern British essayists. Only for brief intervals did Mazzini appear again in Italy; notably in the period of 1848 and 1849, when, on the insurrection of Sicily and Venetian Lombardy and the flight of Pio Nono from Rome, like a Rienzi of the nineteenth century he issued from that "city of the soul" the declaration of the Roman Republic, and was elected one of the triumvirs. He led in a heroic resistance



JOSEPH MAZZINI

to the besieging French army until compelled to yield; and he was content to have brought forth from the conflict the unstained banner, "God and the People," to be the standard for all future struggles for the union of free Italy under the rightful leadership of Rome. In 1857 he again took part in person in the insurrections in Genoa and in Sicily, and was laid under sentence of death, a judgment which was removed in 1865. In 1870, on his attempting to join Garibaldi in Sicily, he was arrested at sea and imprisoned at Gaëta, to be released in two months, as the danger of a general insurrection disappeared. During all this time he had been carrying on, mainly from England, his propaganda through the press; publishing in 1852, in the Westminster Review, the essay 'Europe, its Conditions and Prospects,' completing in 1858 'The Duties of Man,' and addressing open letters to Pio Nono, to Louis Napoleon, and to Victor Emmanuel. In 1871 he contributed to the Contemporary Review an essay on 'The Franco-German War and the Commune.' The last production of his pen was his essay on Renan's 'Reforme Morale et Intellectuelle,' finished in March 1872, and published in the Fortnightly Review in 1874.

It was shortly after the completion of this essay at Pisa, whither he had gone in the hope of regaining his health, that he was seized with the illness that closed his earthly life on March 10th, 1872. Honors were decreed him by the Italian Parliament, his funeral was attended by an immense concourse of people, and his remains were laid away in a costly monument in the Campo Santo of Genoa.

If Mazzini is entitled to be called the prophet of a new political age, it is because he sought for a new spiritual basis for political reform. What is remarkable is, that his bold and ingenuous insistence on the religious motive as fundamental in the government that is to be, did not diminish his influence with his contemporaries of whatever shades of opinion. Even so radical a writer as the Russian anarchist Bakunin, in an essay on the 'Political Theology' of Mazzini, speaks of him as one of the noblest and purest individualities of our age.

The two fundamental principles for which Mazzini stood were collective humanity as opposed to individualism, and duty as opposed to rights. His position was, that the revolutionary achievements of the past had at most overcome the tyranny of monarchy in asserting the principle of the rights of the individual. But this is not in itself a unifying motive. The extreme assertion of this leads to disunion and weakness, and makes way only for another and more hopeless despotism. The rights of the individual must now be sacrificed to the collective good, and the motive of selfish aggrandizement must yield to the sacred law of duty under the Divine government. It is this undeviating regard for the supreme principle of duty to the collective

man, under the authority of the Divine law, that alone can make the perpetuation of the republic possible.

Mazzini's devotion to this principle accounts for his apparent lukewarmness in many of the boldest and most conspicuous movements in the progress of Italian liberation and unity. It was because he saw the preponderance of sectional aims rather than the participation of all in the new federation, that he criticized the Carbonari king, Charles Albert, in 1831, and that he fought against the policy of obtaining at the cost of Savoy and Nice «a truncated Italy of monarchy and diplomacy, the creation of Victor Emmanuel, Louis Napoleon, and Cavour.» He lived to see Italy, nominally at least, a united nation, freed from foreign control; but far from being the ideal republic whose law is from above, and whose strength is in the supreme devotion of each citizen to the good of all, and to the realization in this manner of a Divine government in the world. Toward the attainment of this ideal by progressive governments everywhere, the influence of Mazzini will long be a powerful factor, and his mission more and more recognized as that of a true prophet of a new political era of the world.

Among Mazzini's literary writings may be mentioned his essays on 'Victor Hugo,' 'George Sand,' 'Byron and Goethe,' 'The Genius and Tendency of the Writings of Thomas Carlyle,' and that on 'M. Renan and France.' His 'Life and Writings,' in six volumes, were published in London in 1870; and a volume of 'Essays, Selected,' in 1887.

Frank Sewall

FAITH AND THE FUTURE

From the 'Essays'

FAITH requires an aim capable of embracing life as a whole, of concentrating all its manifestations, of directing its various modes of activity, or of repressing them all in favor of one alone. It requires an earnest, unalterable conviction that that aim will be realized; a profound belief in a mission and the obligation to fulfill it; and the consciousness of a supreme power watching over the path of the faithful towards its accomplishment. These elements are indispensable to faith; and where any one of these is wanting, we shall have sects, schools, political parties, but no faith,—no constant hourly sacrifice for the sake of a great religious idea.

Now we have no definite religious idea, no profound belief in an obligation entailed by a mission, no consciousness of a supreme protecting power. Our actual apostolate is a mere analytical opposition; our weapons are interest, and our chief instrument of action is a theory of rights. We are all of us, notwithstanding our sublime presentiments, the sons of rebellion. We advance like renegades, without a God, without a law, without a banner to lead us towards the future. Our former aim has vanished from our view; the new, dimly seen for an instant, is effaced by that doctrine of rights which alone directs our labors. We make of the individual both the means and the aim. We talk of humanity—a formula essentially religious—and banish religion from our work. We talk of synthesis, and yet neglect the most powerful and active element of human existence. Bold enough to be undaunted by the dream of the material unity of Europe, we thoughtlessly destroy its moral unity by failing to recognize the primary condition of all association,—uniformity of sanction and belief. And it is amidst such contradictions that we pretend to renew a world. . . .

Right is the faith of the individual. Duty is the common collective faith. Right can but organize resistance: it may destroy, it cannot found. Duty builds up, associates, and unites: it is derived from a general law, whereas right is derived only from human will. There is nothing, therefore, to forbid a struggle against right; any individual may rebel against any right in another individual which is injurious to him, and the sole judge left between the adversaries is force: and such in fact has frequently been the answer which societies based upon right have given to their opponents.

Societies based upon duty would not be compelled to have recourse to force; duty, once admitted as the rule, excludes the possibility of struggle; and by rendering the individual subject to the general aim, it cuts at the very root of those evils which right is unable to prevent, and only affects to cure. Moreover, progress is not a necessary result of the doctrine of right: it merely admits it as a fact. The exercise of rights being of necessity limited by capacity, progress is abandoned to the arbitrary rule of an unregulated and aimless liberty.

The doctrine of rights puts an end to sacrifice, and cancels martyrdom from the world: in every theory of individual rights, interests become the governing and motive power, and martyrdom

an absurdity; for what interest can endure beyond the tomb? Yet how often has martyrdom been the initiation of progress, the baptism of a world! . . .

Faith, which is intellect, energy, and love, will put an end to the discords existing in a society which has neither church nor leaders; which invokes a new world, but forgets to ask its secret, its Word, from God.

With faith will revive poetry, rendered fruitful by the breath of God and by a holy creed. Poetry, exiled now from a world a prey to anarchy; poetry, the flower of the angels, nourished by the blood of martyrs and watered by the tears of mothers, blossoming often among ruins but ever colored by the rays of dawn; poetry, a language prophetic of humanity, European in essence and national in form,—will make known to us the fatherland of all the nations hitherto; translate the religious and social synthesis through art; and render still lovelier by its light, Woman, an angel,—fallen, it is true, but yet nearer heaven than we,—and hasten her redemption by restoring her to her mission of inspiration, prayer, and pity, so divinely symbolized by Christianity in Mary. . . .

The soul of man had fled; the senses reigned alone. The multitude demanded bread and the sports of the circus. Philosophy had sunk first into skepticism, then into epicureanism, then into subtlety and words. Poetry was transformed into satire.

Yet there were moments when men were terror-struck at the solitude around them, and trembled at their isolation. They ran to embrace the cold and naked statues of their once venerated gods; to implore of them a spark of moral life, a ray of faith, even an illusion! They departed, their prayers unheard, with despair in their hearts and blasphemy upon their lips. Such were the times; they resembled our own.

Yet this was not the death agony of the world. It was the conclusion of one evolution of the world which had reached its ultimate expression. A great epoch was exhausted, and passing away to give place to another, the first utterances of which had already been heard in the north, and which awaited but the Initiator to be revealed.

He came,—the soul the most full of love, the most sacredly virtuous, the most deeply inspired by God and the future that men have yet seen on earth,—Jesus. He bent over the corpse of the dead world, and whispered a word of faith. Over the clay that had lost all of man but the movement and the form, he

uttered words until then unknown,—love, sacrifice, a heavenly origin. And the dead arose. A new life circulated through the clay, which philosophy had tried in vain to reanimate. From that corpse arose the Christian world, the world of liberty and equality. From that clay arose the true man, the image of God, the precursor of humanity.

THOUGHTS ADDRESSED TO THE POETS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

From 'Giovine Italia'

THE future is humanity. The world of individuality, the world of the Middle Ages, is exhausted and consumed. The modern era of the social world is now in the dawn of its development; and genius is possessed by the consciousness of this coming world.

Napoleon and Byron represented, summed up, and concluded the epoch of individuality: the one the monarch of the kingdom of battle, the other the monarch of the realm of imagination; the poetry of action, the poetry of thought.

Created by nature deeply to feel, and identify himself with the first sublime image offered to his sight, Byron gazed around upon the world and found it not.

Religion was no more. An altar was yet standing, but broken and profaned: a temple silent and destitute of all noble and elevating emotion, and converted into a fortress of despotism; in it a neglected cross. Around him a world given up to materialism, which had descended from the rank of philosophical opinion to the need of practical egotism, and the relics of a superstition which had become deformed and ridiculous since the progress of civilization had forbidden it to be cruel. Cant was all that was left in England, frivolity in France, and inertia in Italy. No generous sympathy, no pure enthusiasm, no religion, no earnest desire, no aspiration visible in the masses.

Whence could the soul of Byron draw inspiration? where find a symbol for the immense poetry that burned within him? Despairing of the world around him, he took refuge in his own heart, and dived into the inmost depths of his own soul. It was indeed a whole world, a volcano, a chaos of raging and tumultuous passions,—a cry of war against society such as tyranny had made it; against religion such as the pope and the craft of priests

had made it; and against mankind as he saw them,—isolated, degraded, and deformed.

The result was a form of poetry purely individual,—all of individual sensation and images; a poetry having no basis in humanity, nor in any universal faith; a poetry over which, with all its infinity of accessories drawn from nature and the material world, there broods the image of Prometheus bound down to earth and cursing the earth, an image of individual will striving to substitute itself by violence for the universal will and universal right.

Napoleon fell; Byron fell. The tombs of St. Helena and Missolonghi contain the relics of an entire world.

ON CARLYLE

From the 'Essays'

WE ALL seek God; but we know that here below we can neither attain unto him, nor comprehend him, nor contemplate him: the absorption into God of some of the Brahminical religions, of Plato, and of some modern ascetics, is an illusion that cannot be realized. Our aim is to approach God: this we can do by our works alone. To incarnate as far as possible his word; to translate, to realize his thought,—is our charge here below. It is not by contemplating his works that we can fulfill our mission upon earth; it is by devoting ourselves to our share in the evolution of his work, without interruption, without end. The earth and man touch at all points on the infinite: this we know well, but is it enough to know this? have we not to march onwards, to advance into this infinite? But can the individual finite creature of a day do this if he relies only upon his own powers? It is precisely from having found themselves for an instant face to face with infinity, without calculating upon other faculties, upon other powers, than their own, that some of the greatest intellects of the day have been led astray into skepticism or misanthropy. Not identifying themselves sufficiently with humanity, and startled at the disproportion between the object and the means, they have ended by seeing naught but death and annihilation on every side, and have no longer had courage for the conflict. The ideal has appeared to them like a tremendous irony.

In truth, human life, regarded from a merely individual point of view, is deeply sad. Glory, power, grandeur, all perish,—playthings of a day, broken at night. The mothers who loved us, whom we love, are snatched away; friendships die, and we survive them. The phantom of death watches by the pillow of those dear to us. The strongest and purest love would be the bitterest irony, were it not a promise for the future; and this promise itself is but imperfectly felt by us, such as we are at the present day. The intellectual adoration of truth without hope of realization is sterile: there is a larger void in our souls, a yearning for more truth than we can realize during our short terrestrial existence. . . .

Sadness, unending sadness, discordance between the will and the power, disenchantment, discouragement—such is human life, when looked at only from the individual point of view. A few rare intellects escape the common law and attain calmness: but it is the calm of inaction, of contemplation; and contemplation here on earth is the selfishness of genius.

I repeat, Mr. Carlyle has instinctively all the presentiments of the new epoch; but following the teachings of his intellect rather than his heart, and rejecting the idea of the collective life, it is absolutely impossible for him to find the means of their realization. A perpetual antagonism prevails throughout all he does; his instincts drive him to action, his theory to contemplation. Faith and discouragement alternate in his works, as they must in his soul. He weaves and unweaves his web, like Penelope; he preaches by turns life and nothingness; he wearies out the powers of his readers by continually carrying them from heaven to hell, from hell to heaven. Ardent, and almost menacing, upon the ground of ideas, he becomes timid and skeptical as soon as he is engaged on that of their application. I may agree with him with respect to the aim, I cannot respecting the means: he rejects them all, but he proposes no others. He desires progress, but shows hostility to all who strive to progress; he foresees, he announces as inevitable, great changes or revolutions in the religious, social, political order, but it is on condition that the revolutionists take no part in them; he has written many admirable pages on Knox and Cromwell, but the chances are that he would have written them as admirably, although less truly, against them had he lived at the commencement of their struggles. . . .

What is meant by "reorganizing labor" but bringing back the dignity of labor? What is a new form but the *case* or the symbol of a new idea? We perhaps have had a glimpse of the ideal in all its purity; we feel ourselves capable of soaring into the invisible regions of the spirit. But are we, on this account, to isolate ourselves from the movement which is going on among our brethren beneath us? Must we be told, "You profane the sanctity of the idea," because the men into whom we seek to instill it are flesh and blood, and we are obliged to speak to their senses? Condemn all action, then; for action is only a form given to thought—its application, practice. "The end of man is an action and not a thought." Mr. Carlyle himself repeats this in his 'Sartor Resartus'; and yet the spirit which pervades his works seems to me too often of a nature to make his readers forget it.

It has been asked, what is at the present day the duty of which we have spoken so much? A complete reply would require a volume, but I may suggest it in a few words. Duty consists of that love of God and man which renders the life of the individual the representation and expression of *all* that he believes to be the truth, absolute or relative. Duty is progressive, as the evolution of truth; it is modified and enlarged with the ages; it changes its manifestations according to the requirement of times and circumstances. There are times in which we must be able to die like Socrates; there are others in which we must be able to struggle like Washington: one period claims the pen of the sage, another requires the sword of the hero. But here and everywhere the source of this duty is God and his law; its object, humanity; its guarantee, the mutual responsibility of men; its measure, the intellect of the individual and the demands of the period; its limit, power.

Study the universal tradition of humanity, with all the faculties, with all the disinterestedness, with all the comprehensiveness of which God has made you capable: where you find the general permanent voice of humanity agreeing with the voice of your conscience, be sure that you hold in your grasp something of absolute truth—gained, and forever yours. Study also with interest, attention, and comprehensiveness, the tradition of your epoch and of your nation—the idea, the want, which ferments within them: where you find that your conscience sympathizes with the general aspiration, you are sure of possessing the relative truth. Your life must embody both these truths, must

represent and communicate them, according to your intelligence and your means: you must be not only MAN, but a man of your age; you must act as well as speak; you must be able to die without being compelled to acknowledge, "I have known such a fraction of the truth, I could have done such a thing for its triumph, and I have not done it."

Such is duty in its most general expression. As to its special application to our times, I have said enough on this point in that part of my article which establishes my difference from the views of Mr. Carlyle, to render its deduction easy. The question at the present day is the perfecting of the principle of association, a transformation of the medium in which mankind moves: duty therefore lies in a *collective* labor. Every one should measure his powers, and see what part of this labor falls to him. The greater the intellect and influence a man enjoys, the greater his responsibility; but assuredly contemplation cannot satisfy duty in any degree.

Mr. Carlyle's idea of duty is naturally different. Thinking only of individuality, calculating only the powers of the individual, he would rather restrict than enlarge its sphere. The rule which he adopts is that laid down by Goethe,—"Do the duty which lies nearest thee." And this rule, like all other moral rules, is good in so far as it is susceptible of a wide interpretation; bad so far as, taken literally, and fallen into the hands of men whose tendencies to self-sacrifice are feeble, it may lead to the justification of selfishness, and cause that which at bottom should only be regarded as the wages of duty to be mistaken for duty itself. It is well known what use Goethe, the high priest of the doctrine, made of this maxim: enshrining himself in what he called "Art"; and amidst a world in misery, putting away the question of religion and politics as "a troubled element for Art," though a vital one for man, and giving himself up to the contemplation of forms and the adoration of self.

There are at the present day but too many who imagine they have perfectly done their duty, because they are kind toward their friends, affectionate in their families, inoffensive toward the rest of the world. The maxim of Goethe and of Mr. Carlyle will always suit and serve such men, by transforming into duties the individual, domestic, or other affections,—in other words, the consolations of life. Mr. Carlyle probably does not carry out his maxim in practice; but his principle leads to this result, and cannot theoretically have any other.

JOHANN WILHELM MEINHOLD

(1797–1851)

IN THE year 1843 appeared from an important Prussian publishing house a small volume, which was received with the liveliest interest by literary Germany. Its title was 'Maria Schweidler, the Amber-Witch: Being the most Interesting Trial for Witchcraft yet Known: Taken from a Defective Manuscript, made by the Father of the Accused, the Reverend Abraham Schweidler, of Coserow [Usedom Island]; Edited by Reverend W. Meinhold.' Within its pages was brought up from the superstitious past of the rural life of North Germany, in 1630, a grim yet absorbingly interesting picture and personal drama. Rev. Johann Wilhelm Meinhold, in editing the relic, stated that he had discovered its yellowed and torn pages by merest accident among some literary rubbish in the choir of the old Coserow church. The writer of it, the Reverend Abraham Schweidler, a godly and simple-minded man, had almost lost his only child Maria through a villainous plot on the part of a rejected suitor, aided by an evil and jealous woman of the neighborhood,—the latter confessing herself an actual servant of Satan. After a formal trial, and the beginnings of those direful tortures to induce confession that were then the ordinary accompaniment of German criminal processes, the unfortunate young girl, wholly innocent of the preposterous charge, had confessed it. She had found herself conquered by sheer physical agony, and by her inability to endure the torment of the executioners. Sentenced to the stake, Maria had prepared herself to meet her undeserved doom; and not before she was fairly on the way to the pyre was she rescued by a courageous young nobleman who loved her, and not only made himself her deliverer, but anon her husband and protector for life. The whole narrative was given with a simplicity of accent, and with a minuteness of detail, that precluded doubt as to its being a genuine contribution to the literature of the witchcraft delusion in Europe,—to which Massachusetts furnished an American supplement.

In offering to the public his interesting treasure, the Reverend Pastor Meinhold particularly stated that he had kept the connection between the fragments of Pastor Schweidler's old manuscript by interpolating passages of his own editorial composition, "imitating as accurately as I was able the language and manner of the old

biographer." The careful Meinhold noted that he expressly refrained from pointing out the particular passages supplied, because "modern criticism, which has now attained to a degree of acuteness never before equaled," could easily distinguish them.

The work met with the most complete success. 'Maria Schweidler, the Amber-Witch' was received with high commendation, as a mediæval document most happily brought to light. Not only did its dramatic treatment attract critical notice: a sharp argument soon arose among those reviewers especially keen in dealing with curious mediæval chronicles, as to the extent of Pastor Meinhold's "editorial" additions; and as to whether this passage or that were original, or only a nice imitation of the crabbed chronicle. The discussion soon became a literary tempest in a teapot. Meinhold observed for months a strict silence: then he abruptly announced that 'Maria Schweidler, the Amber-Witch' was a total fabrication; that he had written the whole story; that no part of it had ever been found in Coserow Church or elsewhere; and further, that he had not been inspired to perpetrate his brilliant fraud by merely the innocent vanity of a story-teller or antiquarian. He had desired to prove to the learned Biblical critics of the date (it was the time of the attacks of Strauss and Baur on the authenticity of certain books of the Scriptures) how untrustworthy was their reasoning, from purely internal evidence, as to the sources of the Canon. If a contemporary could deceive their judgment with a forged romance, how much more might they err in their Biblical arguments! 'Maria Schweidler, the Amber-Witch' was thus a country parson's protest against inerrancy in the "higher criticism" then agitating German orthodoxy. It is interesting to know that Meinhold's confession was at first rejected; although he soon proved the story to be indeed the result of his scholarship and quaint imagination. Its reputation grew; and the acknowledged imposture only added to its circulation.

Of Meinhold's life and career, except as the author of 'Maria Schweidler, the Amber-Witch,' there is little to be said. His father was a Protestant minister, eccentric almost to the degree of insanity. Wilhelm was born at Netzelkow, Usedom Island, February 27th, 1797. He studied at Greifswald University, was a private tutor at Uekermunde and a curate at Gutzkow. On his marriage he settled first at Usedom, later at Coserow. His literary success attracted the favor of King Frederic Wilhelm IV. of Prussia; but after taking a pastorate at Rehwinkel, in Stargard, Meinhold remained there almost to the close of his life, although he inclined to the Roman Catholic theology as he came to middle years. Another mediæval romance of witchcraft, 'Sidonia von Bork, the Cloister-Witch,' is by some critics considered superior to 'Maria Schweidler, the Amber-Witch'; but it

has never met with the popularity of the less pretentious story that gave the Usedom clergyman his wide reputation. It is of interest to add that not only has the translation of the tale by Lady Duff-Gordon been recognized as one of the very best examples of English translation of a fiction,—the translation that does not suggest the conveyance of a tale at second-hand,—but that on the appearance of her version she was credited with the authorship of the story, and the likelihood of a German original denied. From first to last, the drama of Maria Schweidler's peril and romance seems to have been destined to deceive better even than it was planned to deceive.

The 'Amber-Witch' belongs in the same category of "fictions that seem fact" which includes Defoe's 'Robinson Crusoe,' or his 'History of the Plague in London'; where the appropriate detail is so abundant, and the atmosphere of an epoch and community is so fully conveyed, as to bar suspicion that the story is manufactured. As Mr. Joseph Jacobs happily remarks in his excellent study of Meinhold, and of the history that has kept his name alive among German romanticists:—

"Who shall tell where Art will find her children? On the desolate and gloomy shores of the Baltic, the child of a half-crazy father, unfriendly and unfriended as a *bursch*,—a Protestant pastor with Romanist tendencies,—who would have anticipated from Meinhold perhaps the most effective presentation of mediæval thought and feeling which the whole Romantic movement produced? And the occasion of the production of 'The Amber-Witch' was equally unexpected. Meinhold went forth to refute Strauss, and founded on his way a new kingdom in the realm of Romance. It is a repetition of the history of Saul."

THE RESCUE ON THE ROAD TO THE STAKE

From 'The Amber-Witch'

[The following extract is from the concluding portion of the terrible experiences of Maria Schweidler. She has been tried and convicted of sorcery, and solemnly sentenced. Seated in a cart, in which her father and her godfather (the Pastor *Benzensis* of the chronicle) are allowed to accompany her to her doom, the young girl maintains the courage of despair. On her ride to the mountain, where the pyre has been raised, she is surrounded by successive mobs of infuriated peasants; but is not unnerved, and advances toward her death reciting prayers and hymns. Popular fury against her is deepened by the rising of a violent storm, naturally laid to the young girl's last spells; and by the violent death of her chief accuser, the wicked Sheriff Wittich, who is killed by falling into the wheel of a roadside mill. At last the elements and the populace are quieted enough to allow the death procession to be resumed. Surrounded by guards with pitchforks, and bound in the cart, Maria is drawn toward the Blocksberg; and nothing apparently can interfere with the legal tragedy of which she is the heroine. At this point the incident occurs which is told in the excerpt.]

How My Daughter was at Length Saved by the Help of the All-Merciful, yea, of the All-Merciful God

Meanwhile, by reason of my unbelief, wherewith Satan again tempted me, I had become so weak that I was forced to lean my back against the constable his knees, and expected not to live till even we should come to the mountain; for the last hope I had cherished was now gone, and I saw that my innocent lamb was in the same plight. Moreover the reverend Martinus began to upbraid her, saying that he too now saw that all her oaths were lies, and that she really could brew storms. Hereupon she answered with a smile, although indeed she was as white as a sheet, "Alas, reverend godfather, do you then really believe that the weather and the storms no longer obey our Lord God? Are storms then so rare at this season of the year that none save the foul fiend can cause them? Nay, I have never broken the baptismal vow you once made in my name, nor will I ever break it, as I hope that God will be merciful to me in my last hour, which is now at hand." But the reverend Martinus shook his head doubtingly, and said, "The Evil One must have promised thee much, seeing thou remainest so stubborn even unto thy life's end, and blasphemest the Lord thy God; but wait, and thou wilt soon learn with horror that the devil "is a liar, and the father of it" (St. John viii.). Whilst he yet spake this, and more of a like kind, we came to Uekeritze, where all the people both great and small rushed out of their doors, also Jacob Schwarten his wife, who as we afterwards heard had only been brought to bed the night before, and her goodman came running after her to fetch her back. In vain: she told him he was a fool, and had been one for many a weary day, and that if she had to crawl up the mountain on her bare knees, she would go to see the parson's witch burned; that she had reckoned upon it for so long, and if he did not let her go, she would give him a thump on the chaps, etc.

Thus did the coarse and foul-mouthed people riot around the cart wherein we sat; and as they knew not what had befallen, they ran so near us that the wheel went over the foot of a boy. Nevertheless they all crowded up again, more especially the lasses, and felt my daughter her clothes, and would even see her shoes and stockings, and asked her how she felt. *Item*, one fellow asked whether she would drink somewhat, with many more

fooleries besides; till at last, when several came and asked her for her garland and her golden chain, she turned towards me and smiled, saying, "Father, I must begin to speak some Latin again; otherwise the folks will leave me no peace." But it was not wanted this time: for our guards with the pitchforks had now reached the hindmost, and doubtless told them what had happened, as we presently heard a great shouting behind us, for the love of God to turn back before the witch did them a mischief, and as Jacob Schwarten his wife heeded it not, but still plagued my child to give her her apron to make a christening coat for her baby, for that it was a pity to let it be burnt, her goodman gave her such a thump on her back with a knotted stick which he had pulled out of the hedge that she fell down with loud shrieks: and when he went to help her up she pulled him down by his hair, and as reverend Martinus said, now executed what she had threatened; inasmuch as she struck him on the nose with her fist with might and main, until the other people came running up to them, and held her back. Meanwhile, however, the storm had almost passed over, and sank down toward the sea.

And when we had gone through the little wood, we suddenly saw the Streckelberg before us covered with people, and the pile and stake upon the top, upon the which the tall constable jumped up when he saw us coming, and beckoned with his cap with all his might. Thereat my senses left me, and my sweet lamb was not much better, for she bent to and fro like a reed, and stretching her bound hands towards heaven, she once more cried out:—

"Rex tremendæ majestatis!
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis!"

And behold, scarce had she spoken these words, when the sun came out and formed a rainbow right over the mountain most pleasant to behold; and it is clear that this was a sign from the merciful God, such as he often gives us, but which we blind and unbelieving men do not rightly mark. Neither did my child heed it; for albeit she thought upon that first rainbow which shadowed forth our troubles, yet it seemed to her impossible that she could now be saved: wherefore she grew so faint, that she no longer heeded the blessed sign of mercy, and her head fell forward (for she could no longer lean it upon me, seeing that I lay my length at the bottom of the cart), till her garland almost

touched my worthy gossip his knees. Thereupon he bade the driver stop for a moment, and pulled out a small flask filled with wine, which he always carries in his pocket when witches are to be burnt, in order to comfort them therewith in their terror. (Henceforth, I myself will ever do the like, for this fashion of my dear gossip pleases me well.) He first poured some of this wine down my throat, and afterwards down my child's: and we had scarce come to ourselves again, when a fearful noise and tumult arose among the people behind us, and they not only cried out in deadly fear, "The sheriff is come back! the sheriff is come again!" but as they could neither run away forwards or backwards (being afraid of the ghost behind and of my child before them), they ran on either side; some rushing into the coppice and others wading into the Achterwater up to their necks.

Item, as soon as Dom. Camerarius saw the ghost come out of the coppice with a gray hat and a gray feather, such as the sheriff wore, riding on the gray charger, he crept under a bundle of straw in the cart; and Dom. Consul cursed my child again, and bade the coachman drive on as madly as they could, even should all the horses die of it, when the impudent constable behind us called to him, "It is not the sheriff, but the young lord of Nienkerken, who will surely seek to save the witch: shall I then cut her throat with my sword?" At these fearful words my child and I came to ourselves again, and the fellow had already lift up his naked sword to smite her, seeing Dom. Consul had made him a sign with his hand, when my dear gossip, who saw it, pulled my child with all his strength into his lap. (May God reward him on the Day of Judgment, for I never can.) The villain would have stabbed her as she lay in his lap; but the young lord was already there, and seeing what he was about to do, thrust the boar-spear which he held in his hand in between the constable's shoulders, so that he fell headlong on the earth, and his own sword, by the guidance of the most righteous God, went into his ribs on one side and out again at the other. He lay there and bellowed; but the young lord heeded him not, but said to my child, "Sweet maid, God be praised that you are safe!" When, however, he saw her bound hands, he gnashed his teeth; and cursing her judges, he jumped off his horse, and cut the rope with his sword which he held in his right hand, took her hand in his, and said, "Alas, sweet maid, how have I

sorrowed for you! but I could not save you, as I myself also lay in chains, which you may see from my looks."

But my child could answer him never a word, and fell into a swound again for joy; howbeit she soon came to herself again, seeing my dear gossip still had a little wine by him. Meanwhile the dear young lord did me some injustice, which however I freely forgive him; for he railed at me and called me an old woman, who could do naught save weep and wail. Why had I not journeyed after the Swedish king, or why had I not gone to Mellenthin myself to fetch his testimony, as I knew right well what he thought about witchcraft? (But, blessed God, how could I do otherwise than believe the judge, who had been there? Others besides old women would have done the same; and I never once thought of the Swedish king; and say, dear reader, how could I have journeyed after him and left my own child? But young folks do not think of these things, seeing they know not what a father feels.)

Meanwhile, however, Dom. Camerarius, having heard that it was the young lord, had again crept out from beneath the straw; *item*, Dom. Consul had jumped down from the coach and ran towards us, railing at him loudly, and asking him by what power and authority he acted thus, seeing that he himself had heretofore denounced the ungodly witch? But the young lord pointed with his sword to his people, who now came riding out of the coppice about eighteen strong, armed with sabres, pikes, and muskets, and said, "There is my authority; and I would let you feel it on your back if I did not know that you were but a stupid ass. When did you hear any testimony from me against this virtuous maiden? You lie in your throat if you say you did." And as Dom. Consul stood and straightway forswore himself, the young lord, to the astonishment of all, related as follows:—

That as soon as he heard of the misfortune which had befallen me and my child, he ordered his horse to be saddled forthwith, in order to ride to Pudgla to bear witness to our innocence: this, however, his old father would nowise suffer, thinking that his nobility would receive a stain if it came to be known that his son had conversed with a reputed witch by night on the Streckelberg. He had caused him therefore, as prayers and threats were of no avail, to be bound hand and foot and confined in the donjon-keep, where till *datum* an old servant had

watched him; who refused to let him escape, notwithstanding he offered him any sum of money; whereupon he fell into the greatest anguish and despair at the thought that innocent blood would be shed on his account: but that the all-righteous God had graciously spared him this sorrow; for his father had fallen sick from vexation, and lay abed all this time, and it so happened that this very morning, about prayer-time, the huntsman in shooting at a wild duck in the moat had by chance sorely wounded his father's favorite dog, called Packan, which had crept howling to his father's bedside and had died there; whereupon the old man, who was weak, was so angered that he was presently seized with a fit and gave up the ghost too. Hereupon his people released him; and after he had closed his father's eyes and prayed an "Our Father" over him, he straightway set out with all the people he could find in the castle in order to save the innocent maiden. For he testified here himself before all, on the word and honor of a knight,—nay, more, by his hopes of salvation,—that he himself was that devil which had appeared to the maiden on the mountain in the shape of a hairy giant: for having heard by common report that she ofttimes went thither, he greatly desired to know what she did there, and that from fear of his hard father he disguised himself in a wolf's skin, so that none might know him, and he had already spent two nights there, when on the third the maiden came; and he then saw her dig for amber on the mountain, and that she did not call upon Satan, but recited a Latin *carmen* aloud to herself. This he would have testified at Pudgla, but from the cause aforesaid he had not been able: moreover his father had laid his cousin, Claus von Nienkerken, who was there on a visit, in his bed, and made him bear false witness; for as Dom. Consul had not seen him (I mean the young lord) for many a long year, seeing he had studied in foreign parts, his father thought that he might easily be deceived, which accordingly happened.

When the worthy young lord had stated this before Dom. Consul and all the people, which flocked together on hearing that the young lord was no ghost, I felt as though a millstone had been taken off my heart; and seeing that the people (who had already pulled the constable from under the cart, and crowded round him like a swarm of bees) cried to me that he was dying, but desired first to confess somewhat to me, I jumped from the cart as lightly as a young bachelor, and called to Dom. Consul

and the young lord to go with me, seeing that I could easily guess what he had on his mind. He sat upon a stone, and the blood gushed from his side like a fountain, now that they had drawn out the sword; he whimpered on seeing me, and said that he had in truth hearkened behind the door to all that old Lizzie had confessed to me, namely, that she herself, together with the sheriff, had worked all the witchcraft on man and beast, to frighten my poor child and force her to play the wanton. That he had hidden this, seeing that the sheriff had promised him a great reward for so doing; but that he would now confess it freely, since God had brought my child her innocence to light. Wherefore he besought my child and myself to forgive him. And when Dom. Consul shook his head, and asked whether he would live and die on the truth of this confession, he answered, "Yes!" and straightway fell on his side to the earth and gave up the ghost.

Meanwhile time hung heavy with the people on the mountain, who had come from Coserow, from Zitze, from Gnitze, etc., to see my child burnt; and they all came running down the hill in long rows like geese, one after the other, to see what had happened. And among them was my ploughman, Claus Neels. When the worthy fellow saw and heard what had befallen us, he began to weep aloud for joy; and straightway he too told what he had heard the sheriff say to old Lizzie in the garden, and how he had promised a pig in the room of her own little pig, which she had herself bewitched to death in order to bring my child into evil repute. *Summa:* all that I have noted above, and which till *datum* he had kept to himself for fear of the question. Hereat all the people marveled, and greatly bewailed her misfortunes; and many came, among them old Paasch, and would have kissed my daughter her hands and feet, as also mine own, and praised us now as much as they had before reviled us. But thus it ever is with the people. Wherefore my departed father used to say:—

> "The people's hate is death;
> Their love a passing breath!"

My dear gossip ceased not from fondling my child, holding her in his lap, and weeping over her like a father (for I could not have wept more myself than he wept). Howbeit she herself wept not, but begged the young lord to send one of his horsemen

to her faithful old maid-servant at Pudgla, to tell her what had befallen us, which he straightway did to please her. But the worshipful court (for Dom. Camerarius and the *scriba* had now plucked up a heart, and had come down from the coach) was not yet satisfied, and Dom. Consul began to tell the young lord about the bewitched bridge, which none other save my daughter could have bewitched. Hereto the young lord gave answer that this was indeed a strange thing, inasmuch as his own horse had also broken a leg thereon; whereupon he had taken the sheriff his horse, which he saw tied up at the mill: but he did not think that this could be laid to the charge of the maiden, but that it came about by natural means, as he had half discovered already, although he had not had time to search the matter thoroughly. Wherefore he besought the worshipful court and all the people, together with my child herself, to return back thither, where, with God's help, he would clear her from this suspicion also, and prove her perfect innocence before them all.

Thereunto the worshipful court agreed; and the young lord, having given the sheriff his gray charger to my ploughman to carry the corpse, which had been laid across the horse's neck, to Coserow, the young lord got into the cart by us, but did not seat himself beside my child, but backward by my dear gossip. Moreover, he bade one of his own people drive us instead of the old coachman, and thus we turned back in God his name. Custos Benzensis, who with the children had run in among the vetches by the wayside (my defunct Custos would not have done so, he had more courage), went on before again with the young folks; and by command of his reverence the pastor led the Ambrosian Te Deum, which deeply moved us all, more especially my child, insomuch that her book was wetted with her tears, and she at length laid it down and said, at the same time giving her hand to the young lord, "How can I thank God and you for that which you have done for me this day?" Whereupon the young lord answered, saying, "I have greater cause to thank God than yourself, sweet maid, seeing that you have suffered in your dungeon unjustly, but I justly, inasmuch as by my thoughtlessness I brought this misery upon you. Believe me that this morning, when in my donjon-keep I first heard the sound of the dead-bell, I thought to have died; and when it tolled for the third time, I should have gone distraught in my grief, had not the Almighty God at that moment taken the life of my strange

father, so that your innocent life should be saved by me. Wherefore I have vowed a new tower, and whatsoe'er beside may be needful, to the blessed house of God; for naught more bitter could have befallen me on earth than your death, sweet maid, and naught more sweet than your life!"

But at these words my child only wept and sighed; and when he looked on her, she cast down her eyes and trembled, so that I straightway perceived that my sorrows were not yet come to an end, but that another barrel of tears was just tapped for me; and so indeed it was. Moreover, the ass of a Custos, having finished the Te Deum before we were come to the bridge, straightway struck up the next following hymn, which was a funeral one, beginning "The body let us now inter." (God be praised that no harm has come of it till *datum.*) My beloved gossip rated him not a little, and threatened him that for his stupidity he should not get the money for the shoes which he had promised him out of the Church dues. But my child comforted him, and promised him a pair of shoes at her own charges, seeing that peradventure a funeral hymn was better for her than a song of gladness.

And when this vexed the young lord, and he said, "How now, sweet maid, you know not how enough to thank God and me for your rescue, and yet you speak thus?" she answered, smiling sadly, that she had only spoken thus to comfort the poor Custos. But I straightway saw that she was in earnest; for that she felt that although she had escaped one fire, she already burned in another.

Meanwhile we were come to the bridge again; and all the folks stood still, and gazed open-mouthed, when the young lord jumped down from the cart, and after stabbing his horse, which still lay kicking on the bridge, went on his knees, and felt here and there with his hand. At length he called to the worshipful court to draw near, for that he had found out the witchcraft. But none save Dom. Consul and a few fellows out of the crowd, among whom was old Paasch, would follow him; *item*, my dear gossip and myself: and the young lord showed us a lump of tallow about the size of a large walnut which lay on the ground, and wherewith the whole bridge had been smeared, so that it looked quite white, but which all the folks in their fright had taken for flour out of the mill; *item*, with some other *materia* which stunk like fitchock's dung, but what it was we could not

find out. Soon after a fellow found another bit of tallow, and showed it to the people; whereupon I cried, "Aha! none hath done this but that ungodly miller's man, in revenge for the stripes which the sheriff gave him for reviling my child." Whereupon I told what he had done, and Dom. Consul, who also had heard thereof, straightway sent for the miller.

He, however, did as though he knew naught of the matter; and only said that his man had left his service about an hour ago. But a young lass, the miller's maid-servant, said that that very morning before daybreak, when she had got up to let out the cattle, she had seen the man scouring the bridge; but that she had given it no further heed, and had gone to sleep for another hour—and she pretended to know no more than the miller whither the rascal was gone. When the young lord had heard this news, he got up into the cart and began to address the people, seeking to persuade them no longer to believe in witchcraft, now that they had seen what it really was. When I heard this, I was horror-stricken (as was but right) in my conscience as a priest, and I got upon the cart-wheel, and whispered into his ear for God his sake to leave this *materia;* seeing that if the people no longer feared the Devil, neither would they fear our Lord God.

The dear young lord forthwith did as I would have him, and only asked the people whether they now held my child to be perfectly innocent? and when they had answered "Yes!" he begged them to go quietly home, and to thank God that he had saved innocent blood. That he too would now return home, and that he hoped that none would molest me and my child if he let us return to Coserow alone. Hereupon he turned hastily towards her, took her hand, and said, "Farewell, sweet maid: I trust that I shall soon clear your honor before the world; but do you thank God therefor, not me." He then did the like to me and to my dear gossip, whereupon he jumped down from the cart and went and sat beside Dom. Consul in his coach. The latter also spake a few words to the people, and likewise begged my child and me to forgive him (and I must say it to his honor that the tears ran down his cheeks the while); but he was so hurried by the young lord that he brake short his discourse, and they drove off over the little bridge without so much as looking back. Only Dom. Consul looked round once, and called out to me that in his hurry he had forgotten to tell the executioner

that no one was to be burned to-day: I was therefore to send the churchwarden of Uekeritze up the mountain, to say so in his name; the which I did. And the bloodhound was still on the mountain, albeit he had long since heard what had befallen; and when the bailiff gave him the orders of the worshipful court, he began to curse so fearfully that it might have awakened the dead; moreover he plucked off his cap and trampled it under foot, so that any one might have guessed what he felt.

But to return to ourselves. My child sat as still and as white as a pillar of salt after the young lord had left her so suddenly and so unawares; but she was somewhat comforted when the old maid-servant came running with her coats tucked up to her knees, and carrying her shoes and stockings in her hands. We heard her afar off, as the mill had stopped, blubbering for joy; and she fell at least three times on the bridge, but at last she got over safe, and kissed now mine and now my child her hands and feet; begging us only not to turn her away, but to keep her until her life's end; the which we promised to do. She had to climb up behind where the impudent constable had sat, seeing that my dear gossip would not leave me until I should be back in mine own manse. And as the young lord his servant had got up behind the coach, old Paasch drove us home, and all the folks who had waited till *datum* ran beside the cart, praising and pitying as much as they had before scorned and reviled us. Scarce however had we passed through Uekeritze, when we again heard cries of—"Here comes the young lord, here comes the young lord!" so that my child started up for joy and became as red as a rose; but some of the folks ran into the buckwheat by the road again, thinking it was another ghost. It was however in truth the young lord, who galloped up on a black horse, calling out as he drew near us, "Notwithstanding the haste I am in, sweet maid, I must return and give you safe-conduct home, seeing that I have just heard that the filthy people reviled you by the way, and I know not whether you are yet safe." Hereupon he urged old Paasch to mend his pace; and as his kicking and trampling did not even make the horses trot, the young lord struck the saddle-horse from time to time with the flat of his sword, so that we soon reached the village and the manse. Howbeit when I prayed him to dismount awhile, he would not, but excused himself, saying that he must still ride through Usedom to Anclam; but charged old Paasch, who was our bailiff, to watch over my

child as the apple of his eye, and should anything unusual happen he was straightway to inform the town-clerk at Pudgla, or Dom. Consul at Usedom, thereof. And when Paasch had promised to do this, he waved his hand to us and galloped off as fast as he could.

But before he got round the corner by Pagel his house, he turned back for the third time; and when we wondered thereat, he said we must forgive him, seeing his thoughts wandered to-day.

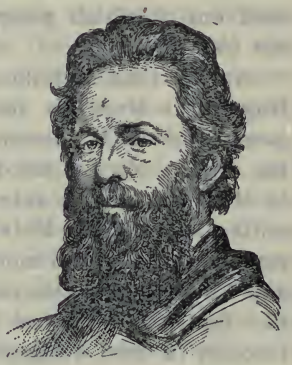
That I had formerly told him that I still had my patent of nobility, the which he begged me to lend him for a time. Hereupon I answered that I must first seek for it, and that he had best dismount the while. But he would not, and again excused himself, saying he had no time. He therefore stayed without the door until I brought him the patent; whereupon he thanked me and said, "Do not wonder hereat: you will soon see what my purpose is." Whereupon he struck his spurs into his horse's sides and did not come back again.

Translation of Lady Duff-Gordon.

HERMAN MELVILLE

(1819–1891)

IN 1846 appeared a volume of travel and adventure called 'Typee,' with the name of Herman Melville on the title-page. It created a stir, which in these days would be called a sensation, which speedily spread to England. What was Typee? What was this South Sea island? Did it exist, with its soft airs and compliant people, only in romance? The romantic name "Herman Melville" must be only a *nom de plume*. The critics and the newspapers took up the mystery and tossed it about. Was the whole thing an invention of a clever romancer? Was there any such person as Melville and his sailor comrade "Toby"? The newspapers were facetious about the latter, and headed their paragraphs "To Be or not To Be." It was a great relief when one day the veritable sailor Toby turned up in Buffalo, New York, and made affirmation to the truth of the whole narrative.



HERMAN MELVILLE

'Typee' was the first of the long line of books of travel, adventure, and romance about the South Seas; and Fayaway was the first of the Polynesian maidens to attract the attention of the world. The book not only opened a new world, but it gave new terms — like *taboo* — to our language. It led the way to a host of other writers, among whom recently are Pierre Loti and Stevenson. The 'Mariage de Loti,' in its incidents and romanticism, copies 'Typee.' It is not probable, however, that Pierre Loti ever saw Melville's book, or he would not have made such an imitation.

Herman Melville, son of a New York merchant, and born in that city in October 1819, in a state of life which hedged him about with a thousand social restrictions, early "came to live in the all," as Goethe has it; though Melville himself put the transformation much later, when he broke away from home, became a sailor on a whaling vessel, and there endured innumerable hardships and cruelties. Finally escaping from his tyrants, he reached the Marquesas Islands,

where he enjoyed strange adventures for many months,—a captive in a tribe of cannibals in the Typee Valley. An Australian ship having taken him aboard, he returned home, the hero of strange tales which he at once chronicled in the romances 'Typee' (1846) and 'Omoo' (1847). No sooner were these volumes published than his promise of lasting fame «was voluble in the mouths of wisest censure,» while his actual success put him in the first rank of American authors at the age of twenty-six. But for some mysterious reason (for most of his other books were written on the subject which inspired 'Typee' and 'Omoo,' and were possessed with the same enthusiasm) 'Moby Dick,' published when he was only thirty-two years old, disclosed that he had «come to the last leaf in the bulb.» He wrote several books afterwards, musings and stories, and three volumes of poems which just miss the mark. Mr. R. H. Stoddard, his kindly and sympathetic critic, said of him that he thought like a poet, saw like a poet, felt like a poet; but never attained any proficiency in verse, because, though there was a wealth of imagination in his mind, it was an untrained imagination, and «a world of the stuff out of which poetry is made, but no poetry, which is creation, not chaos.»

At one time Melville and Hawthorne were near neighbors,—when Hawthorne lived on the brink of Stockbridge pool, and Melville at Lenox; and it is possible that each was influenced by the genius of the other. Mr. Stoddard thinks there were dark, mysterious elements in Melville's nature akin to those that possessed Hawthorne; but that unlike Hawthorne, Melville did not control his melancholy, letting it rather lead him into morbid moods. Certainly, in the days of 'Omoo' and 'Typee' Melville exhibited no such traits; but he had probably, like Emily Brontë, «an intense and glowing mind» to see everything through its own atmosphere. Really to know Melville the man, it is necessary to read the letters that passed between Hawthorne and himself, which are printed in Mr. Julian Hawthorne's memoir of his parents. There Melville pours out his sad strange views of life, which on the whole had treated him kindly, given him a success which would have intoxicated another man with joy, and the promise of favors to come.

His later years were passed in the world of thought rather than of action. He published nothing; and New York, his old camping-ground, seldom knew him. But when he appeared, his gray figure, gray hair and coloring, and piercing gray eyes, marked him to the most casual observer. Though a man of moods, he had a peculiarly winning and interesting personality, suggesting Laurence Oliphant in his gentle deference to an opponent's conventional opinion while he expressed the wildest and most emancipated ideas of his own.

Herman Melville died in New York, September 28th, 1891; and in his death he was revived in the memories of many of his old-time associates and admirers, to whom his personality had become shadowy, but who still regarded 'Omoo' and 'Typee' as landmarks in American literature.

The Marquesas Islands, when Melville visited them, were virgin soil; the report that their inhabitants were cannibals having kept the country safe from the invading tourist. Melville soon ingratiated himself with the gentle creatures who ate human beings, as Emerson's savage kills his enemy, only out of pure compliment to their virtues, fancying that the qualities of a great antagonist will pass into his conqueror. The feminine element came in to add romance; and though a human soul, even that of a South Sea Islander, is always more interesting than all the coral reefs and the cocoanut palms in the world, and Melville's beautiful heroines are a little too subsidiary to scenery, the critic must remember that the primitive woman is a thing of traits, not of peculiarities, and therefore alike the world over.

We should therefore judge him not too harshly because there is little character-drawing in his romances; and be thankful to breathe —as he makes us breathe—the soft airs, see the blue sky, and visit the coral caves, of the South Seas. His great advantage is in placing his stories in a sort of poetic or fairy precinct, where the groves are sylvan haunts and the very names full of romance; while his *dramatis personæ*, if not marked, are a people gentle but lofty, eloquent, and full of poetry and hospitality. All this he embodied in his first novels; and although he had the advantage of "breaking ground," as the farmers say, he had to compete not with the literature of a new country, but with the prejudices of a new country against anything not produced in the old. 'Omoo's' charms, however, penetrated the conservatism of Blackwood and the Edinburgh Review; while his confrères—Lowell, Hawthorne, Bayard Taylor, and the rest—were proud of his recognition abroad.

A re-reading does not destroy the illusion of his reputation. The spirit of his books is as fresh and penetrating as when they were first written, his genius keeping for him the secret of eternal youth. His vocabulary is perhaps too large, too fluent; it has been called unliterary: but what he lacks in conciseness is atoned for in spontaneity. And although his romances are permeated with languid airs and indolent odors, and although flower-decked maidens turn their brown shoulders and their soft eyes to the captive hero, the books have a healthy, manly ring as far from sensuousness as from austerity; the reader knows that after all it is a captive's tale, and that one day, when the winds blow to stir him to action, he will sail away to a more bracing clime.

A TYPEE HOUSEHOLD

From 'Typee'

MEHEVI having now departed, and the family physician having likewise made his exit, we were left about sunset with the ten or twelve natives who by this time I had ascertained composed the household of which Toby and I were members. As the dwelling to which we had been first introduced was the place of my permanent abode while I remained in the valley, and as I was necessarily placed upon the most intimate footing with its occupants, I may as well here enter into a little description of it and its inhabitants. This description will apply also to nearly all the other dwelling-places in the vale, and will furnish some idea of the generality of the natives.

Near one side of the valley, and about midway up the ascent of a rather abrupt rise of ground waving with the richest verdure, a number of large stones were laid in successive courses to the height of nearly eight feet, and disposed in such a manner that their level surface corresponded in shape with the habitation which was perched upon it. A narrow space however was reserved in front of the dwelling, upon the summit of this pile of stones (called by the natives a "pi-pi"), which being inclosed by a little pocket of canes gave it somewhat the appearance of a veranda. The frame of the house was constructed of large bamboos planted uprightly, and secured together at intervals by transverse stalks of the light wood of the hibiscus, lashed with thongs of bark. The rear of the tenement — built up with successive ranges of cocoanut boughs bound one upon another, with their leaflets cunningly woven together — inclined a little from the vertical, and extended from the extreme edge of the "pi-pi" to about twenty feet from its surface; whence the shelving roof, thatched with the long tapering leaves of the palmetto, sloped steeply off to within about five feet of the floor, leaving the eaves drooping with tassel-like appendages over the front of the habitation. This was constructed of light and elegant canes, in a kind of open screen-work, tastefully adorned with bindings of variegated sinnate, which served to hold together its various parts. The sides of the house were similarly built; thus presenting three quarters for the circulation of the air, while the whole was impervious to the rain.

In length this picturesque building was perhaps twelve yards, while in breadth it could not have exceeded as many feet. So much for the exterior; which with its wire-like reed-twisted sides not a little reminded me of an immense aviary.

Stooping a little, you passed through a narrow aperture in its front: and facing you on entering, lay two long, perfectly straight, and well-polished trunks of the cocoanut-tree, extending the full length of the dwelling; one of them placed closely against the rear, and the other lying parallel with it some two yards distant, the interval between them being spread with a multitude of gayly worked mats, nearly all of a different pattern. This space formed the common couch and lounging-place of the natives, answering the purpose of a divan in Oriental countries. Here would they slumber through the hours of the night, and recline luxuriously during the greater part of the day. The remainder of the floor presented only the cool shining surfaces of the large stones of which the "pi-pi" was composed.

From the ridge-pole of the house hung suspended a number of large packages enveloped in coarse tappa; some of which contained festival dresses, and various other matters of the wardrobe, held in high estimation. These were easily accessible by means of a line, which, passing over the ridge-pole, had one end attached to a bundle; while with the other, which led to the side of the dwelling and was there secured, the package could be lowered or elevated at pleasure.

Against the farther wall of the house were arranged in tasteful figures a variety of spears and javelins, and other implements of savage warfare. Outside of the habitation, and built upon the piazza-like area in its front, was a little shed used as a sort of larder or pantry, and in which were stored various articles of domestic use and convenience. A few yards from the "pi-pi" was a large shed built of cocoanut boughs, where the process of preparing the "poee-poee" was carried on, and all culinary operations attended to.

Thus much for the house and its appurtenances; and it will be readily acknowledged that a more commodious and appropriate dwelling for the climate and the people could not possibly be devised. It was cool, free to admit the air, scrupulously clean, and elevated above the dampness and impurities of the ground.

But now to sketch the inmates; and here I claim for my tried servitor and faithful valet Kory-Kory the precedence of a first

description. As his character will be gradually unfolded in the course of my narrative, I shall for the present content myself with delineating his personal appearance. Kory-Kory, though the most devoted and best-natured serving-man in the world, was, alas! a hideous object to look upon. He was some twenty-five years of age, and about six feet in height, robust and well made, and of the most extraordinary aspect. His head was carefully shaven, with the exception of two circular spots, about the size of a dollar, near the top of the cranium, where the hair, permitted to grow of an amazing length, was twisted up in two prominent knots, that gave him the appearance of being decorated with a pair of horns. His beard, plucked out by the roots from every other part of his face, was suffered to droop in hairy pendants, two of which garnished his upper lip, and an equal number hung from the extremity of his chin.

Kory-Kory, with a view of improving the handiwork of nature, and perhaps prompted by a desire to add to the engaging expression of his countenance, had seen fit to embellish his face with three broad longitudinal stripes of tattooing, which, like those country roads that go straight forward in defiance of all obstacles, crossed his nasal organ, descended into the hollow of his eyes, and even skirted the borders of his mouth. Each completely spanned his physiognomy; one extending in a line with his eyes, another crossing the face in the vicinity of the nose, and the third sweeping along his lips from ear to ear. His countenance thus triply hooped, as it were, with tattooing, always reminded me of those unhappy wretches whom I have sometimes observed gazing out sentimentally from behind the grated bars of a prison window; whilst the entire body of my savage valet, covered all over with representations of birds and fishes, and a variety of most unaccountable-looking creatures, suggested to me the idea of a pictorial museum of natural history, or an illustrated copy of 'Goldsmith's Animated Nature.'

But it seems really heartless in me to write thus of the poor islander, when I owe perhaps to his unremitting attentions the very existence I now enjoy. Kory-Kory, I mean thee no harm in what I say in regard to thy outward adornings; but they were a little curious to my unaccustomed sight, and therefore I dilate upon them. But to underrate or forget thy faithful services is something I could never be guilty of, even in the giddiest moment of my life.

The father of my attached follower was a native of gigantic frame, and had once possessed prodigious physical powers; but the lofty form was now yielding to the inroads of time, though the hand of disease seemed never to have been laid upon the aged warrior. Marheyo — for such was his name — appeared to have retired from all active participation in the affairs of the valley, seldom or never accompanying the natives in their various expeditions; and employing the greater part of his time in throwing up a little shed just outside the house, upon which he was engaged to my certain knowledge for four months, without appearing to make any sensible advance. I suppose the old gentleman was in his dotage, for he manifested in various ways the characteristics which mark this particular stage of life.

I remember in particular his having a choice pair of ear ornaments, fabricated from the teeth of some sea-monster. These he would alternately wear and take off at least fifty times in the course of the day, going and coming from his little hut on each occasion with all the tranquillity imaginable. Sometimes slipping them through the slits in his ears, he would seize his spear — which in length and slightness resembled a fishing-pole — and go stalking beneath the shadows of the neighboring groves, as if about to give a hostile meeting to some cannibal knight. But he would soon return again, and hiding his weapon under the projecting eaves of the house, and rolling his clumsy trinkets carefully in a piece of tappa, would resume his more pacific operations as quietly as if he had never interrupted them.

But despite his eccentricities, Marheyo was a most paternal and warm-hearted old fellow, and in this particular not a little resembled his son Kory-Kory. The mother of the latter was the mistress of the family, — and a notable housewife; and a most industrious old lady she was. If she did not understand the art of making jellies, jams, custards, tea-cakes, and such like trashy affairs, she was profoundly skilled in the mysteries of preparing "amar," "poee-poee," and "kokoo," with other substantial matters. She was a genuine busybody: bustling about the house like a country landlady at an unexpected arrival; forever giving the young girls tasks to perform, which the little huzzies as often neglected; poking into every corner and rummaging over bundles of old tappa, or making a prodigious clatter among the calabashes. Sometimes she might have been seen squatting upon her haunches in front of a huge wooden basin, and kneading

poee-poee with terrific vehemence, dashing the stone pestle about as if she would shiver the vessel into fragments; on other occasions galloping about the valley in search of a particular kind of leaf used in some of her recondite operations, and returning home, toiling and sweating, with a bundle of it under which most women would have sunk.

To tell the truth, Kory-Kory's mother was the only industrious person in all the valley of Typee; and she could not have employed herself more actively had she been left an exceedingly muscular and destitute widow with an inordinate supply of young children, in the bleakest part of the civilized world. There was not the slightest necessity for the greater portion of the labor performed by the old lady: but she seemed to work from some irresistible impulse; her limbs continually swaying to and fro, as if there were some indefatigable engine concealed within her body which kept her in perpetual motion.

Never suppose that she was a termagant or a shrew for all this: she had the kindliest heart in the world, and acted towards me in particular in a truly maternal manner; occasionally putting some little morsel of choice food into my hand, some outlandish kind of savage sweetmeat or pastry, like a doting mother petting a sickly urchin with tarts and sugar-plums. Warm indeed are my remembrances of the dear, good, affectionate old Tinor!

Besides the individuals I have mentioned, there belonged to the household three young men,—dissipated, good-for-nothing, roystering blades of savages,—who were either employed in prosecuting love affairs with the maidens of the tribe, or grew boozy on "arva" and tobacco in the company of congenial spirits, the scapegraces of the valley.

Among the permanent inmates of the house were likewise several lovely damsels, who instead of thrumming pianos and reading novels, like more enlightened young ladies, substituted for these employments the manufacture of a fine species of tappa; but for the greater portion of the time were skipping from house to house, gadding and gossiping with their acquaintances.

From the rest of these, however, I must except the beauteous nymph Fayaway, who was my peculiar favorite. Her free pliant figure was the very perfection of female grace and beauty. Her complexion was a rich and mantling olive; and when watching the glow upon her cheeks, I could almost swear that beneath the transparent medium there lurked the blushes of a faint vermilion.

The face of this girl was a rounded oval, and each feature as perfectly formed as the heart or imagination of man could desire. Her full lips, when parted with a smile, disclosed teeth of a dazzling whiteness; and when her rosy mouth opened with a burst of merriment, they looked like the milk-white seeds of the "arta," —a fruit of the valley which, when cleft in twain, shows them reposing in rows on either side, imbedded in the rich and juicy pulp. Her hair of the deepest brown, parted irregularly in the middle, flowed in natural ringlets over her shoulders, and whenever she chanced to stoop, fell over and hid from view her lovely bosom. Gazing into the depths of her strange blue eyes, when she was in a contemplative mood, they seemed most placid yet unfathomable; but when illuminated by some lively emotion, they beamed upon the beholder like stars. The hands of Fayaway were as soft and delicate as those of any countess; for an entire exemption from rude labor marks the girlhood and even prime of a Typee woman's life. Her feet, though wholly exposed, were as diminutive and fairly shaped as those which peep from beneath the skirts of a Lima lady's dress. The skin of this young creature, from continual ablutions and the use of mollifying ointments, was inconceivably smooth and soft.

I may succeed, perhaps, in particularizing some of the individual features of Fayaway's beauty; but that general loveliness of appearance which they all contributed to produce I will not attempt to describe. The easy unstudied graces of a child of nature like this—breathing from infancy an atmosphere of perpetual summer, and nurtured by the simple fruits of the earth, enjoying a perfect freedom from care and anxiety, and removed effectually from all injurious tendencies—strike the eye in a manner which cannot be portrayed. This picture is no fancy sketch: it is drawn from the most vivid recollections of the person delineated.

Were I asked if the beauteous form of Fayaway was altogether free from the hideous blemish of tattooing, I should be constrained to answer that it was not. But the practitioners of the barbarous art, so remorseless in their inflictions upon the brawny limbs of the warriors of the tribe, seem to be conscious that it needs not the resources of their profession to augment the charms of the maidens of the vale.

The females are very little embellished in this way; and Fayaway, with all the other young girls of her age, were even less

so than those of their sex more advanced in years. The reason of this peculiarity will be alluded to hereafter. All the tattooing that the nymph in question exhibited upon her person may be easily described. Three minute dots, no bigger than pin-heads, decorated either lip, and at a little distance were not at all discernible. Just upon the fall of the shoulder were drawn two parallel lines, half an inch apart and perhaps three inches in length, the interval being filled with delicately executed figures. These narrow bands of tattooing, thus placed, always reminded me of those stripes of gold lace worn by officers in undress, and which were in lieu of epaulettes to denote their rank.

Thus much was Fayaway tattooed — the audacious hand which had gone so far in its desecrating work stopping short, apparently wanting the heart to proceed.

But I have omitted to describe the dress worn by this nymph of the valley.

Fayaway — I must avow the fact — for the most part clung to the primitive and summer garb of Eden. But how becoming the costume! It showed her fine figure to the best possible advantage, and nothing could have been better adapted to her peculiar style of beauty. On ordinary occasion she was habited precisely as I have described the two youthful savages whom we had met on first entering the valley. At other times, when rambling among the groves, or visiting at the houses of her acquaintances, she wore a tunic of white tappa, reaching from her waist to a little below the knees; and when exposed for any length of time to the sun, she invariably protected herself from its rays by a floating mantle of the same material, loosely gathered about the person. Her gala dress will be described hereafter.

As the beauties of our own land delight in bedecking themselves with fanciful articles of jewelry, — suspending them from their ears, hanging them about their necks, clasping them around their wrists, — so Fayaway and her companions were in the habit of ornamenting themselves with similar appendages.

Flora was their jeweler. Sometimes they wore necklaces of small carnation flowers, strung like rubies upon a fibre of tappa; or displayed in their ears a single white bud, the stem thrust backward through the aperture, and showing in front the delicate petals folded together in a beautiful sphere, and looking like a drop of the purest pearl. Chaplets too, resembling in their arrangement the strawberry coronal worn by an English peeress,

and composed of intertwined leaves and blossoms, often crowned their temples; and bracelets and anklets of the same tasteful pattern were frequently to be seen. Indeed, the maidens of the islands were passionately fond of flowers, and never wearied of decorating their persons with them; a lovely trait in their character, and one that ere long will be more fully alluded to.

Though in my eyes, at least, Fayaway was indisputably the loveliest female I saw in Typee, yet the description I have given of her will in some measure apply to nearly all the youthful portion of her sex in the valley. Judge you then, reader, what beautiful creatures they must have been.

FAYAWAY IN THE CANOE

From 'Typee'

For the life of me I could not understand why a woman should not have as much right to enter a canoe as a man. At last he became a little more rational, and intimated that, out of the abundant love he bore me, he would consult with the priests and see what could be done.

How it was that the priesthood of Typee satisfied the affair with their consciences, I know not; but so it was, and Fayaway's dispensation from this portion of the taboo was at length procured. Such an event I believe never before had occurred in the valley; but it was high time the islanders should be taught a little gallantry, and I trust that the example I set them may produce beneficial effects. Ridiculous, indeed, that the lovely creatures should be obliged to paddle about in the water like so many ducks, while a parcel of great strapping fellows skimmed over its surface in their canoes.

The first day after Fayaway's emancipation I had a delightful little party on the lake — the damsel, Kory-Kory, and myself. My zealous body-servant brought from the house a calabash of poee-poee, half a dozen young cocoanuts stripped of their husks, three pipes, as many yams, and me on his back a part of the way. Something of a load; but Kory-Kory was a very strong man for his size, and by no means brittle in the spine. We had a very pleasant day; my trusty valet plied the paddle and swept us gently along the margin of the water, beneath the shades of

the overhanging thickets. Fayaway and I reclined in the stern of the canoe, on the very best terms possible with one another; the gentle nymph occasionally placing her pipe to her lip and exhaling the mild fumes of the tobacco, to which her rosy breath added a fresh perfume. Strange as it may seem, there is nothing in which a young and beautiful female appears to more advantage than in the act of smoking. How captivating is a Peruvian lady swinging in her gayly woven hammock of grass, extended between two orange-trees, and inhaling the fragrance of a choice cigarro! But Fayaway, holding in her delicately formed olive hand the long yellow reed of her pipe, with its quaintly carved bowl, and every few moments languishingly giving forth light wreaths of vapor from her mouth and nostrils, looked still more engaging.

We floated about thus for several hours, when I looked up to the warm, glowing, tropical sky, and then down into the transparent depths below; and when my eye, wandering from the bewitching scenery around, fell upon the grotesquely tattooed form of Kory-Kory, and finally encountered the pensive gaze of Fayaway, I thought I had been transported to some fairy region, so unreal did everything appear.

This lovely piece of water was the coolest spot in all the valley, and I now made it a place of continual resort during the hottest period of the day. One side of it lay near the termination of a long, gradually expanding gorge, which mounted to the heights that environed the vale. The strong trade-wind, met in its course by these elevations, circled and eddied about their summits, and was sometimes driven down the steep ravine and swept across the valley, ruffling in its passage the otherwise tranquil surface of the lake.

One day, after we had been paddling about for some time, I disembarked Kory-Kory and paddled the canoe to the windward side of the lake. As I turned the canoe, Fayaway, who was with me, seemed all at once to be struck with some happy idea. With a wild exclamation of delight, she disengaged from her person the ample robe of tappa which was knotted over her shoulder (for the purpose of shielding her from the sun), and spreading it out like a sail, stood erect with upraised arms in the head of the canoe. We American sailors pride ourselves upon our straight clean spars, but a prettier little mast than Fayaway made was never shipped aboard of any craft.

In a moment the tappa was distended by the breeze, the long brown tresses of Fayaway streamed in the air, and the canoe glided rapidly through the water and shot towards the shore. Seated in the stern, I directed its course with my paddle until it dashed up the soft sloping bank, and Fayaway with a light spring alighted on the ground; whilst Kory-Kory, who had watched our manœuvres with admiration, now clapped his hands in transport and shouted like a madman. Many a time afterwards was this feat repeated.

THE GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE TYPEES

From 'Typee'

I HAVE already mentioned that the influence exerted over the people of the valley by their chiefs was mild in the extreme; and as to any general rule or standard of conduct by which the commonalty were governed in their intercourse with each other, so far as my observation extended, I should be almost tempted to say that none existed on the island, except indeed the mysterious "Taboo" be considered as such. During the time I lived among the Typees, no one was ever put upon his trial for any offense against the public. To all appearances there were no courts of law or equity. There were no municipal police for the purpose of apprehending vagrants and disorderly characters. In short, there were no legal provisions whatever for the well-being and conservation of society, the enlightened end of civilized legislation. And yet everything went on in the valley with a harmony and smoothness unparalleled, I will venture to assert, in the most select, refined, and pious associations of mortals in Christendom. How are we to explain this enigma? These islanders were heathens! savages! ay, cannibals! and how came they, without the aid of established law, to exhibit in so eminent a degree that social order which is the greatest blessing and highest pride of the social state?

It may reasonably be inquired, How were these people governed? how were their passions controlled in their every-day transactions? It must have been by an inherent principle of honesty and charity towards each other. They seemed to be governed by that sort of tacit common-sense law, which, say what they will of the inborn lawlessness of the human race, has its

precepts graven on every breast. The grand principles of virtue and honor, however they may be distorted by arbitrary codes, are the same all the world over; and where these principles are concerned, the right or wrong of any action appears the same to the uncultivated as to the enlightened mind. It is to this indwelling, this universally diffused perception of what is *just* and *noble*, that the integrity of the Marquesans in their intercourse with each other is to be attributed. In the darkest nights they slept securely, with all their worldly wealth around them, in houses the doors of which were never fastened. The disquieting ideas of theft or assassination never disturbed them. Each islander reposed beneath his own palmetto thatching, or sat under his own bread-fruit tree, with none to molest or alarm him. There was not a padlock in the valley, nor anything that answered the purpose of one; still there was no community of goods. This long spear, so elegantly carved and highly polished, belongs to Wormoonoo; it is far handsomer than the one which old Marheyo so greatly prizes,—it is the most valuable article belonging to its owner. And yet I have seen it leaning against a cocoanut-tree in the grove, and there it was found when sought for. Here is a sperm-whale tooth, graven all over with cunning devices: it is the property of Karluna; it is the most precious of the damsel's ornaments. In her estimation its price is far above rubies. And yet there hangs the dental jewel by its cord of braided bark in the girl's house, which is far back in the valley; the door is left open, and all the inmates have gone off to bathe in the stream. . . .

There was one admirable trait in the general character of the Typees which, more than anything else, secured my admiration: it was the unanimity of feeling they displayed on every occasion. With them there hardly appeared to be any difference of opinion upon any subject whatever. They all thought and acted alike. I do not conceive that they could support a debating society for a single night: there would be nothing to dispute about; and were they to call a convention to take into consideration the state of the tribe, its session would be a remarkably short one. They showed this spirit of unanimity in every action of life: everything was done in concert and good-fellowship. . . .

Not a single female took part in this employment [house-building]; and if the degree of consideration in which the ever adorable sex is held by the men, be—as the philosophers affirm—

a just criterion of the degree of refinement among a people, then I may truly pronounce the Typees to be as polished a community as ever the sun shone upon. The religious restrictions of the taboo alone excepted, the women of the valley were allowed every possible indulgence. Nowhere are the ladies more assiduously courted; nowhere are they better appreciated as the contributors to our highest enjoyments; and nowhere are they more sensible of their power. Far different from their condition among many rude nations, where the women are made to perform all the work while their ungallant lords and masters lie buried in sloth, the gentle sex in the valley of Typee were exempt from toil; if toil it might be called, that even in that tropical climate, never distilled one drop of perspiration. Their light household occupations, together with the manufacture of tappa, the platting of mats, and the polishing of drinking-vessels, were the only employments pertaining to the women. And even these resembled those pleasant avocations which fill up the elegant morning leisure of our fashionable ladies at home. But in these occupations, slight and agreeable though they were, the giddy young girls very seldom engaged. Indeed, these willful, care-killing damsels were averse to all useful employment. Like so many spoiled beauties, they ranged through the groves, bathed in the stream, danced, flirted, played all manner of mischievous pranks, and passed their days in one merry round of thoughtless happiness.

During my whole stay on the island I never witnessed a single quarrel, nor anything that in the slightest degree approached even to a dispute. The natives appeared to form one household, whose members were bound together by the ties of strong affection. The love of kindred I did not so much perceive, for it seemed blended to the general love; and where all were treated as brothers and sisters, it was hard to tell who were actually related to each other by blood.

TABOO

From 'Typee'

There is a marked similarity, almost an identity, between the religious institutions of most of the Polynesian islands; and in all exists the mysterious "Taboo," restricted in its uses to a greater or less extent. So strange and complex in its

arrangements is this remarkable system, that I have in several cases met with individuals who after residing for years among the islands in the Pacific, and acquiring a considerable knowledge of the language, have nevertheless been altogether unable to give any satisfactory account of its operations. Situated as I was in the Typee valley, I perceived every hour the effects of this all-controlling power, without in the least comprehending it. Those effects were indeed wide-spread and universal, pervading the most important as well as the minutest transactions of life. The savage, in short, lives in the continual observance of its dictates, which guide and control every action of his being.

For several days after entering the valley, I had been saluted at least fifty times in the twenty-four hours with the talismanic word "Taboo" shrieked in my ears, at some gross violation of its provisions, of which I had unconsciously been guilty. The day after our arrival I happened to hand some tobacco to Toby over the head of a native who sat between us. He started up as if stung by an adder; while the whole company, manifesting an equal degree of horror, simultaneously screamed out "Taboo!" I never again perpetrated a similar piece of ill manners, which indeed was forbidden by the canons of good breeding as well as by the mandates of the taboo. But it was not always so easy to perceive wherein you had contravened the spirit of this institution. I was many times called to order, if I may use the phrase, when I could not for the life of me conjecture what particular offense I had committed.

One day I was strolling through a secluded portion of the valley; and hearing the musical sound of the cloth-mallet at a little distance, I turned down a path that conducted me in a few moments to a house where there were some half-dozen girls employed in making tappa. This was an operation I had frequently witnessed, and had handled the bark in all the various stages of its preparation. On the present occasion the females were intent upon their occupation; and after looking up and talking gayly to me for a few moments, they resumed their employment. I regarded them for awhile in silence, and then carelessly picking up a handful of the material that lay around, proceeded unconsciously to pick it apart. While thus engaged, I was suddenly startled by a scream, like that of a whole boarding-school of young ladies just on the point of going into hysterics. Leaping up with the idea of seeing a score of Happar warriors about to

perform anew the Sabine atrocity, I found myself confronted by the company of girls, who, having dropped their work, stood before me with starting eyes, swelling bosoms, and fingers pointed in horror towards me.

Thinking that some venomous reptile must be concealed in the bark which I held in my hand, I began cautiously to separate and examine it. Whilst I did so the horrified girls redoubled their shrieks. Their wild cries and frightened motions actually alarmed me; and throwing down the tappa, I was about to rush from the house, when in the same instant their clamors ceased, and one of them, seizing me by the arm, pointed to the broken fibres that had just fallen from my grasp, and screamed in my ear the fatal word "Taboo!"

I subsequently found out that the fabric they were engaged in making was of a peculiar kind, destined to be worn on the heads of females; and through every stage of its manufacture was guarded by a rigorous taboo, which interdicted the whole masculine gender from even so much as touching it.

Frequently in walking through the groves, I observed bread-fruit and cocoanut trees with a wreath of leaves twined in a peculiar fashion about their trunks. This was the mark of the taboo. The trees themselves, their fruit, and even the shadows they cast upon the ground, were consecrated by its presence. In the same way a pipe which the King had bestowed upon me was rendered sacred in the eyes of the natives, none of whom could I ever prevail upon to smoke from it. The bowl was encircled by a woven band of grass, somewhat resembling those Turks'-heads occasionally worked in the handles of our whip-stalks.

A similar badge was once braided about my wrist by the royal hand of Mehevi himself, who, as soon as he had concluded the operation, pronounced me "Taboo." This occurred shortly after Toby's disappearance; and were it not that from the first moment I had entered the valley the natives had treated me with uniform kindness, I should have supposed that their conduct afterwards was to be ascribed to the fact that I had received this sacred investiture.

The capricious operation of the taboo is not its least remarkable feature; to enumerate them all would be impossible. Black hogs, infants to a certain age, women in an interesting situation, young men while the operation of tattooing their faces is going on, and certain parts of the valley during the continuance of a shower, are alike fenced about by the operation of the taboo.

I witnessed a striking instance of its effects in the bay of Tior, my visit to which place has been alluded to in a former part of this narrative. On that occasion our worthy captain formed one of the party. He was a most insatiable sportsman. Outward bound, and off the pitch of Cape Horn, he used to sit on the taffrail and keep the steward loading three or four old fowling-pieces, with which he would bring down albatrosses, Cape pigeons, jays, petrels, and divers other marine fowl, who followed chattering in our wake. The sailors were struck aghast at his impiety; and one and all attributed our forty days' beating about that horrid headland to his sacrilegious slaughter of these inoffensive birds.

At Tior he evinced the same disregard for the religious prejudices of the islanders as he had previously shown for the superstitions of the sailors. Having heard that there was a considerable number of fowls in the valley,—the progeny of some cocks and hens accidentally left there by an English vessel, and which, being strictly tabooed, flew about almost in a wild state,—he determined to break through all restraints and be the death of them. Accordingly he provided himself with a most formidable-looking gun, and announced his landing on the beach by shooting down a noble cock, that was crowing what proved to be his own funeral dirge on the limb of an adjoining tree. "Taboo," shrieked the affrighted savages. "Oh, hang your taboo," says the nautical sportsman: "talk taboo to the marines;" and bang went the piece again, and down came another victim. At this the natives ran scampering through the groves, horror-struck at the enormity of the act.

All that afternoon the rocky sides of the valley rang with successive reports, and the superb plumage of many a beautiful fowl was ruffled by the fatal bullet. Had it not been that the French admiral, with a large party, was then in the glen, I have no doubt that the natives, although their tribe was small and dispirited, would have inflicted summary vengeance upon the man who thus outraged their most sacred institutions: as it was, they contrived to annoy him not a little.

Thirsting with his exertions, the skipper directed his steps to a stream; but the savages, who had followed at a little distance, perceiving his object, rushed towards him and forced him away from its bank,—his lips would have polluted it. Wearied at last, he sought to enter a house, that he might rest for a while on the mats: its inmates gathered tumultuously about the door and

denied him admittance. He coaxed and blustered by turns, but in vain,—the natives were neither to be intimidated nor appeased; and as a final resort he was obliged to call together his boat's crew, and pull away from what he termed the most infernal place he ever stepped upon.

Lucky was it for him and for us that we were not honored on our departure by a salute of stones from the hands of the exasperated Tiors. In this way, on the neighboring island of Ropo, were killed but a few weeks previously, and for a nearly similar offense, the master and three of the crew of the K——.

I cannot determine with anything approaching to certainty what power it is that imposes the taboo. When I consider the slight disparity of condition among the islanders, the very limited and inconsiderable prerogatives of the king and chiefs, and the loose and indefinite functions of the priesthood,—most of whom were hardly to be distinguished from the rest of their countrymen,—I am wholly at a loss where to look for the authority which regulates this potent institution. It is imposed upon something to-day, and withdrawn to-morrow; while its operations in other cases are perpetual. Sometimes its restrictions only affect a single individual, sometimes a particular family, sometimes a whole tribe; and in a few instances they extend not merely over the various clans on a single island, but over all the inhabitants of an entire group. In illustration of this latter peculiarity, I may cite the law which forbids a female to enter a canoe,—a prohibition which prevails upon all the northern Marquesas Islands.

The word itself ("taboo") is used in more than one signification. It is sometimes used by a parent to his child, when in the exercise of parental authority he forbids it to perform a particular action. Anything opposed to the ordinary customs of the islanders, although not expressly prohibited, is said to be "taboo."

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY

(1809–1847)

OF THE personality of Mendelssohn the musician, and of the professional activities of a career of perhaps as complete artistic felicity and success as can be pointed out, few essential facts are unfamiliar at this date. In connection with a literary work they need but general review. Not many masters in art have come into the world with so many amiable fairies to rock the cradle, so prompt to bestow almost a superfluity of gracious gifts. Born at Hamburg, February 3d, 1809, of Hebrew blood, and of a prosperous and distinguished family that numbered the Platonist, Moses Mendelssohn, among its immediate ancestry, the boy's temperament and talents received peculiarly careful cultivation. Indeed, so far was this the case that it would not have been singular had Felix made music a mere avocation, instead of accepting it as the business and passion of his life; one which he pursued with that splendid system and industry, in nine cases out of ten having much to do with the recognition of what the world thinks the irresistibility of genius. From being a youthful prodigy at the pianoforte and in original composition, from studying diligently with his charming sister Fanny, the lad outgrew the interest attaching to merely a young virtuoso, and stood forth as one of his art's mature and accepted masters. Mendelssohn's career of triumph may be spoken of as beginning with the familiar music to Shakespeare's 'Midsummer Night's Dream'; its later milestones are familiar in a long series of orchestral works of large form, and in the large body of chamber music, vocal and instrumental, of greater or less interest; and it can be said to have culminated in 'Elijah,' the best of his oratorios,—indeed, the best oratorio on a Handelian pattern yet heard. Life to him from year to year meant incessant and delightful labor, bringing admiration and substantial honor. Only Mozart—with whom Mendelssohn's affinity is emphatic—was as prolific, with so little that in the general result can be dismissed as dull or trashy.

MENDELSSOHN

After Germany and England had been the scene of a career which, reviewed at this date, appears to us to have brought not only fame but a personal and musical idolatry, the composer died in the flush of manhood, at Leipzig, in 1847. There was soon after a certain natural reaction against his music, save in England. Lisztian influences affected it, in especial. Much of it still is laid aside, if not actually dismissed. But his place in his art seems securer now than it was a decade ago; and however the forms and the emotional conception of music have changed, whatever the shifting currents of popular taste, it seems now probable that Mendelssohn's best orchestral works, his best compositions for the voice, and even the best of his pianoforte pieces, will long retain their hold on the finer public ear and the more sensitive musical heart. The world has begun to re-esteem them, and to show signs of feeling a new conviction of their beauty of idea and their singular perfection of form. This is the day of the dramatic in music; but Mendelssohn's expression of that element is not feeble nor uncertain, albeit it must be caught rather between the lines by a generation concentrated on Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, and Wagner.

Mendelssohn's letters are—like his music, like his drawings, like everything that he did—a faithful and delightful expression of himself. His temperament was charming, his nature was sound, his heart affectionate, and his appreciations wide. His sense of humor was unfailing. He poured himself out to his friends and relations in his correspondence in all his moods, whether on professional tours or stationary in one city or another. Every mood, every shade of emotion, is latent in his "pages of neat, aristocratic chirography." He knew everybody of note; he wrote to dozens of people—musical and unmusical—regularly and voluminously. His epistolary style is as distinct as his musical one,—what with its precision in conveying just what came into his head, united to lucidity, elegance, finish, a knack of making even a trifling thing interesting; and showing a serious undercurrent from a deeply thoughtful intelligence. He was a born letter-writer, just as he was a born musician. Those few volumes that the kindness of his friends has gradually given to the world (for the original letters of the composer have always been difficult to procure), depict his moral and æsthetic nature, so limpid and happily balanced, with an obvious fidelity and an almost lavish openness.

FROM A LETTER TO F. HILLER

LEIPZIG, January 24th, 1836.

NOTHING is more repugnant to me than casting blame on the nature or genius of any one: it only renders him irritable and bewildered, and does no good. No man can add one inch to his stature; in such a case all striving and toiling is vain. therefore it is best to be silent. Providence is answerable for this defect in his nature. But if it be the case, as it is with this work of yours, that precisely those very themes, and all that requires talent or genius (call it as you will), are excellent and beautiful and touching, but the development not so good,—then I think silence should not be observed; then I think blame can never be unwise: for this is the point where great progress can be made by the composer himself in his works; and as I believe that a man with fine capabilities has the absolute duty imposed on him of becoming something really superior, so I think that blame must be attributed to him if he does not develop himself according to the means with which he is endowed. And I maintain that it is the same with a musical composition. Do not tell me that it is so, and therefore it must remain so. I know well that no musician can alter the thoughts and talents which Heaven has bestowed on him; but I also know that when Providence grants him superior ones, he *must also develop* them properly.

FROM A LETTER TO HERR ADVOCAT CONRAD SCHLEINITZ. AT LEIPZIG

BERLIN, August 1st, 1838.

I ALWAYS think that whatever an intelligent man gives his heart to, and really understands, must become a noble vocation: and I only personally dislike those in whom there is nothing personal, and in whom all individuality disappears; as for example the military profession in peace, of which we have instances here. But with regard to the others it is more or less untrue. When one profession is compared with another, the one is usually taken in its naked reality, and the other in the most beautiful ideality; and then the decision is quickly made. How easy it is for an artist to feel such reality in his sphere, and yet esteem *practical* men happy who have studied and known the

different relations of men towards each other, and who help others to live by their own life and progress, and at once see the fruits of all that is tangible, useful, and benevolent instituted by them! In one respect too an upright man has the hardest stand to make, in knowing that the public are more attracted by outward show than by truth. But individual failures and strife must not be allowed to have their growth in the heart: there must be something to occupy and to elevate it far above these isolated external things. This speaks strongly in favor of my opinion; for it is the best part of every calling, and common to all,—to yours, to mine, and to every other. Where is it that you find beauty when I am working at a quartet or a symphony? Merely in that portion of myself that I transfer to it, or can succeed in expressing; and you can do this in as full a measure as any man, in your defense of a culprit, or in a case of libel, or in any one thing that entirely engrosses you: and that is the great point. If you can only give utterance to your inmost thoughts, and if these inmost thoughts become more and more worthy of being expressed, . . . all the rest is indifferent.

HOURS WITH GOETHE, 1830

From the 'Letters from Italy and Switzerland'

YESTERDAY evening I was at a party at Goethe's, and played alone the whole evening: the Concert-Stück, the 'Invitation à la Valse,' and Weber's Polonaise in C, my three Welsh pieces, and my Scotch Sonata. It was over by ten o'clock, but I of course stayed till twelve o'clock, when we had all sorts of fun, dancing and singing; so you see I lead a most jovial life here. The old gentleman goes to his room regularly at nine o'clock, and as soon as he is gone we begin our frolics, and never separate before midnight.

To-morrow my portrait is to be finished: a large black-crayon sketch, and very like, but I look rather sulky. Goethe is so friendly and kind to me that I don't know how to thank him sufficiently, or what to do to deserve it. In the forenoon he likes me to play to him the compositions of the various great masters, in chronological order, for an hour, and also tell him the progress they have made; while he sits in a dark corner, like a *Jupiter Tonans*, his old eyes flashing on me. He did not wish to hear

anything of Beethoven's; but I told him that I could not let him off, and played the first part of the Symphony in C minor. It seemed to have a singular effect on him: at first he said, "This causes no emotion, nothing but astonishment; it is *grandios.*" He continued grumbling in this way, and after a long pause he began again,—"It is very grand, very wild; it makes one fear that the house is about to fall down: and what must it be when played by a number of men together!" During dinner, in the midst of another subject, he alluded to it again. You know that I dine with him every day, when he questions me very minutely, and is always so gay and communicative after dinner that we generally remain together alone for an hour while he speaks on uninterruptedly.

I have no greater pleasure than when he brings out engravings and explains them to me, or gives his opinion of 'Ernani,' or Lamartine's Elegies, or the theatre, or pretty girls. He has several times lately invited people; which he rarely does now, so that most of the guests had not seen him for a long time. I then play a great deal, and he compliments me before all these people, and "*ganz stupend*" is his favorite expression. To-day he has invited a number of Weimar beauties on my account, because he thinks I ought to enjoy the society of young people. If I go up to him on such occasions, he says, "My young friend, you must join the ladies, and make yourself agreeable to them." I am not however devoid of tact, so I contrived to have him asked yesterday whether I did not come too often; but he growled out to Ottilie, who put the question to him, that "he must now begin to speak to me in good earnest, for I had such clear ideas that he hoped to *learn much from me.*" I became twice as tall in my own estimation when Ottilie repeated this to me. He said so to me himself yesterday: and when he declared that there were many subjects he had at heart that I must explain to him, I *said*, "Oh, certainly!" but I *thought*, "This is an honor I can never forget;"—often it is the very reverse. FELIX.

A CORONATION IN PRESBURG

From 'The Letters from Italy and Switzerland'

THE King is crowned—the ceremony was wonderfully fine. How can I even try to describe it to you? An hour hence we will all drive back to Vienna, and thence I pursue my journey. There is a tremendous uproar under my windows; and the Burgher-guards are flocking together, but only for the purpose of shouting "*Vivat!*" I pushed my way through the crowd, while our ladies saw everything from the windows, and never can I forget the effect of all this brilliant and almost fabulous magnificence.

In the great square of the Hospitalers the people were closely packed together: for there the oaths were to be taken on a platform hung with cloth, and afterwards the people were to be allowed the privilege of tearing down the cloth for their own use; close by was a fountain spouting red and white Hungarian wine. The grenadiers could not keep back the people; one unlucky hackney coach that stopped for a moment was instantly covered with men, who clambered on the spokes of the wheels, and on the roof, and on the box, swarming on it like ants, so that the coachman, unable to drive on without becoming a murderer, was forced to wait quietly where he was. When the procession arrived, which was received bare-headed, I had the utmost difficulty in taking off my hat and holding it above my head: an old Hungarian behind me, however, whose view it intercepted, quickly devised a remedy, for without ceremony he made a snatch at my unlucky hat, and in an instant flattened it to the size of a cap; then they yelled as if they had all been spitted, and fought for the cloth. In short, they were a mob; but my Magyars! the fellows look as if they were born noblemen, and privileged to live at ease, looking very melancholy, but riding like the devil.

When the procession descended the hill, first came the court servants, covered with embroidery, the trumpeters and kettle-drums, the heralds and all that class; and then suddenly galloped along the street a mad count, *en pleine carrière*, his horse plunging and capering, and the caparisons edged with gold; the count himself a mass of diamonds, rare herons' plumes, and velvet embroidery (though he had not yet assumed his state uniform,

being bound to ride so madly — Count Sandor is the name of this furious cavalier). He had an ivory sceptre in his hand with which he urged on his horse, causing it each time to rear and to make a tremendous bound forward.

When his wild career was over, a procession of about sixty more magnates arrived, all in the same fantastic splendor, with handsome colored turbans, twisted mustaches, and dark eyes. One rode a white horse covered with a gold net; another a dark gray, the bridle and housings studded with diamonds; then came a black charger with purple cloth caparisons. One magnate was attired from head to foot in sky-blue, thickly embroidered with gold, a white turban, and a long white dolman; another in cloth of gold, with a purple dolman; each one more rich and gaudy than the other, and all riding so boldly and fearlessly, and with such defiant gallantry, that it was quite a pleasure to look at them. At length came the Hungarian Guards, with Esterhazy at their head, dazzling in gems and pearl embroidery. How can I describe the scene? You ought to have seen the procession deploy and halt in the spacious square, and all the jewels and bright colors, and the lofty golden mitres of the bishops, and the crucifixes glittering in the brilliant sunshine like a thousand stars!

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF VENICE

From the 'Letters from Italy and Switzerland'

In Treviso there was an illumination, — paper lanterns suspended in every part of the great square, and a large gaudy transparency in the centre. Some most lovely girls were walking about in their long white veils and scarlet petticoats. It was quite dark when we arrived at Mestre last night, when we got into a boat and in a dead calm gently rowed across to Venice. On our passage thither, where nothing but water is to be seen, and distant lights, we saw a small rock which stands in the midst of the sea; on this a lamp was burning. All the sailors took off their hats as we passed, and one of them said this was the "Madonna of Tempests," which are often most dangerous and violent here. We then glided quietly into the great city, under innumerable bridges, without sound of post-horns, or rattling of wheels, or toll-keepers. The passage now became more

thronged, and numbers of ships were lying near; past the theatre, where gondolas in long rows lie waiting for their masters, just as our own carriages do at home; then into the great canal, past the church of St. Mark, the Lions, the palace of the Doges, and the Bridge of Sighs. The obscurity of night only enhanced my delight on hearing the familiar names and seeing the dark outlines.

And so I am actually in Venice! Well, to-day I have seen the finest pictures in the world, and have at last personally made the acquaintance of a very admirable man, whom hitherto I only knew by name; I allude to a certain Signor Giorgione, an inimitable artist,—and also to Pordenone, who paints the most noble portraits, both of himself and many of his simple scholars, in such a devout, faithful, and pious spirit, that you seem to converse with him and to feel an affection for him. Who would not have been confused by all this? But if I am to speak of Titian I must do so in a more reverent mood. Till now, I never knew that he was the felicitous artist I have this day seen him to be. That he thoroughly enjoyed life in all its beauty and fullness, the picture in Paris proves; but he has fathomed the depths of human sorrow, as well as the joys of heaven. His glorious 'Entombment,' and also the 'Assumption,' fully evince this. How Mary floats on the cloud, while a waving movement seems to pervade the whole picture; how you see at a glance her very breathing, her awe, and piety, and in short a thousand feelings,—all words seem poor and commonplace in comparison! The three angels too, on the right of the picture, are of the highest order of beauty,—pure, serene loveliness, so unconscious, so bright and so seraphic. But no more of this! or I must perforce become poetical,—or indeed am so already,—and this does not at all suit me; but I shall certainly see it every day.

I must however say a few words about the 'Entombment,' as you have the engraving. Look at it, and think of me. This picture represents the conclusion of a great tragedy,—so still, so grand, and so acutely painful. Magdalene is supporting Mary, fearing that she will die of anguish; she endeavors to lead her away, but looks round herself once more,—evidently wishing to imprint this spectacle indelibly on her heart, thinking it is for the last time;—it surpasses everything;—and then the sorrowing John, who sympathizes and suffers with Mary; and Joseph, who, absorbed in his piety and occupied with the tomb, directs

and conducts the whole; and Christ himself, lying there so tranquil, having endured to the end; then the blaze of brilliant color, and the gloomy mottled sky! It is a composition that speaks to my heart and fills me with enthusiasm, and will never leave my memory.

IN ROME: ST. PETER'S

From the 'Letters from Italy and Switzerland'

I WAS in St. Peter's to-day, where the grand solemnities called the absolutions have begun for the Pope,—which last till Tuesday, when the Cardinals assemble in conclave. The building surpasses all powers of description. It appears to me like some great work of nature,—a forest, a mass of rocks, or something similar; for I never can realize the idea that it is the work of man. You strive as little to distinguish the ceiling as the canopy of heaven. You lose your way in St. Peter's; you take a walk in it, and ramble till you are quite tired; when Divine service is performed and chanted there, you are not aware of it till you come quite close. The angels in the Baptistery are monstrous giants; the doves, colossal birds of prey; you lose all idea of measurement with the eye, or proportion; and yet who does not feel his heart expand when standing under the dome and gazing up at it? At present a monstrous catafalque has been erected in the nave in this shape.* The coffin is placed in the centre under the pillars; the thing is totally devoid of taste, and yet it has a wondrous effect. The upper circle is thickly studded with lights,—so are all the ornaments; the lower circle is lighted in the same way, and over the coffin hangs a burning lamp, and innumerable lights are blazing under the statues. The whole structure is more than a hundred feet high, and stands exactly opposite the entrance. The guards of honor, and the Swiss, march about in the quadrangle; in every corner sits a cardinal in deep mourning, attended by his servants, who hold large burning torches; and then the singing commences with responses, in the simple and monotonous tone you no doubt remember. It is the only occasion when there is any singing in the middle of the church, and the effect is wonderful. Those who place themselves among the singers (as I do) and watch

*A little sketch of the catafalque was inclosed in the letter.

them, are forcibly impressed by the scene: for they all stand round a colossal book from which they sing, and this book is in turn lit up by a colossal torch that burns before it; while the choir are eagerly pressing forward in their vestments, in order to see and to sing properly; and Baini with his monk's face, marking time with his hand and occasionally joining in the chant with a stentorian voice. To watch all these different Italian faces was most interesting; one enjoyment quickly succeeds another here, and it is the same in their churches, especially in St. Peter's, where by moving a few steps the whole scene is changed. I went to the very furthest end, whence there was indeed a wonderful *coup d'œil.* Through the spiral columns of the high altar, which is confessedly as high as the palace in Berlin, far beyond the space of the cupola, the whole mass of the catafalque was seen in diminished perspective, with its rows of lights, and numbers of small human beings crowding round it. When the music commences, the sounds do not reach the other end for a long time, but echo and float in the vast space, so that the most singular and vague harmonies are borne towards you. If you change your position and place yourself right in front of the catafalque, beyond the blaze of light and the brilliant pageantry, you have the dusky cupola replete with blue vapor; all this is quite indescribable. Such is Rome!

A SUNDAY AT FORIA

From the ‹Letters from Italy and Switzerland›

NEXT morning, Sunday, the weather was again fine. We went to Foria, and saw the people going to the cathedral in their holiday costumes. The women wore their well-known head-dress of folds of white muslin placed flat on the head; the men were standing in the square before the church in their bright red caps gossiping about politics, and we gradually wound our way through these festal villages up the hill. It is a huge rugged volcano, full of fissures, ravines, cavities, and steep precipices. The cavities being used for wine cellars, they are filled with large casks. Every declivity is clothed with vines and fig-trees, or mulberry-trees. Corn grows on the sides of the steep rocks, and yields more than one crop every year. The ravines are covered with ivy and innumerable bright-colored flowers and

herbs; and wherever there is a vacant space young chestnut-trees shoot up, furnishing the most delightful shade. The last village, Fontana, lies in the midst of verdure and vegetation. As we climbed higher, the sky became overcast and gloomy; and by the time we reached the most elevated peaks of the rocks, a thick fog had come on. The vapors flitted about; and although the rugged outlines of the rocks and the telegraph and the cross stood forth strangely in the clouds, still we could not see even the smallest portion of the view. Soon afterwards rain commenced; and as it was impossible to remain and wait as you do on the Righi, we were obliged to take leave of Epomeo without having made his acquaintance. We ran down in the rain, one rushing after the other; and I do believe that we were scarcely an hour in returning.

A VAUDOIS WALKING TRIP: PAULINE

From the 'Letters from Italy and Switzerland'

After Breakfast.

Heavens! here is a pretty business. My landlady has just told me with a long face that there is not a creature in the village to show me the way across the Dent, or to carry my knapsack, except a young girl; the men being all at work. I usually set off every morning very early and quite alone, with my bundle on my shoulders, because I find the guides from the inns both too expensive and too tiresome; a couple of hours later I hire the first honest-looking lad I see, and so I travel famously on foot. I need not say how enchanting the lake and the road hither were: you must recall for yourself all the beauties you once enjoyed there. The footpath is in continued shade, under walnut-trees and up-hill, past villas and castles, along the lake which glitters through the foliage; villages everywhere, and brooks and streams rushing along from every nook in every village; then the neat tidy houses,—it is all quite too charming, and you feel so fresh and so free. Here comes the girl with her steeple hat. I can tell you she is vastly pretty into the bargain, and her name is Pauline; she has just packed my things into her wicker basket. Adieu!

EVENING, CHÂTEAU D'OEX, CANDLE-LIGHT.

I have had the most delightful journey. What would I not give to procure you such a day! But then you must first become two youths and be able to climb actively, and drink milk when the opportunity offered, and treat with contempt the intense heat, the many rocks in the way, the innumerable holes in the path and the still larger holes in your boots,—and I fear you are rather too dainty for this; but it was most lovely! I shall never forget my journey with Pauline: she is one of the nicest girls I ever met,—so pretty and healthy-looking, and naturally intelligent; she told me anecdotes about her village, and I in return told her about Italy: but I know who was the most amused.

The previous Sunday, all the young people of *distinction* in her village had gone to a place far across the mountain, to dance there in the afternoon. They set off shortly after midnight, arrived while it was still dark, lighted a large fire, and made coffee. Towards morning the men had running and wrestling matches before the ladies (we passed a broken hedge testifying to the truth of this); then they danced, and were at home again by Sunday evening, and early on Monday morning they all resumed their labors in the vineyards. By Heavens! I felt a strong inclination to become a Vaudois peasant while I was listening to Pauline, when from above she pointed out to me the villages where they dance when the cherries are ripe, and others where they dance when the cows go to pasture in the meadows and give milk. To-morrow they are to dance in St. Gingolph; they row across the lake, and any one who can play takes his instrument with him: but Pauline is not to be of the party, because her mother will not allow it, from dread of the wide lake; and many other girls also do not go for the same reason, as they all cling together.

She then asked my leave to say good-day to a cousin of hers, and ran down to a neat cottage in the meadow; soon the two girls came out together and sat on a bench and chattered; on the Col de Jaman above, I saw her relations busily mowing, and herding the cows.

What cries and shouts ensued! Then those above began to *jodel*, on which they all laughed. I did not understand one syllable of their *patois*, except the beginning, which was "Adieu, Pierrot!" All these sounds were taken up by a merry mad echo, that shouted and laughed and *jodeled* too. Towards noon we

arrived at Allière. When I had rested for a time, I once more shouldered my knapsack, for a fat old man provoked me by offering to carry it for me; then Pauline and I shook hands and we took leave of each other. I descended into the meadows: and if you do not care about Pauline, or if I have bored you with her, it is not my fault, but that of the mode in which I have described her; nothing could be more pleasant in reality, and so was my further journey. I came to a cherry orchard, where the people were gathering the fruit; so I lay down on the grass and ate cherries for a time along with them. I took my midday rest at Latine in a clean wooden house. The carpenter who built it gave me his company to some roast lamb, and pointed out to me with pride every table and press and chair.

At length I arrived here, at night, through dazzling green meadows, interspersed with houses, surrounded by fir-trees and rivulets; the church here stands on a velvet-green eminence; more houses in the distance, and still further away, huts and rocks; and in a ravine, patches of snow still lying on the plain. It is one of those idyllic spots such as we have seen together in Wattwyl, but the village smaller and the mountains more green and lofty. I must conclude, however, to-day by a high eulogy on the Canton de Vaud. Of all the countries I know, this is the most beautiful, and it is the spot where I should most like to live when I become really old: the people are so contented and look so well, and the country also. Coming from Italy, it is quite touching to see the honesty that still exists in the world,—happy faces, a total absence of beggars or saucy officials: in short, there is the most complete contrast between the two nations. I thank God for having created so much that is beautiful; and may it be his gracious will to permit us all, whether in Berlin, England, or in the Château d'Oex, to enjoy a happy evening and a tranquil night!

A CRITICISM

From a Letter to his Sister, of September 2d, 1831

Tell me, Fanny, do you know Auber's 'Parisienne'? I consider it the very worst thing he has ever produced; perhaps because the subject was really sublime, and for other reasons also. Auber alone could have been guilty of composing for a great nation, in the most violent state of excitement, a cold,

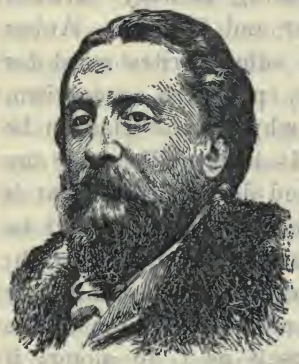
insignificant piece, quite commonplace and trivial. The *refrain* revolts me every time I think of it: it is as if children were playing with a drum, and singing to it — only more objectionable. The words also are worthless: little antitheses and points are quite out of place here. Then the emptiness of the music! a march for acrobats, and at the end a mere miserable imitation of the 'Marseillaise.' Woe to us if it be indeed what suits this epoch,— if a mere copy of the 'Marseillaise Hymn' be all that is required. What in the latter is full of fire and spirit and impetus, is in the former ostentatious, cold, calculated, and artificial. The 'Marseillaise' is as superior to the 'Parisienne' as everything produced by genuine enthusiasm must be to what is made for a purpose, even if it be with a view to promote enthusiasm: it will never reach the heart, because it does not come from the heart.

By the way, I never saw such a striking identity between a poet and a musician as between Auber and Clauren. Auber faithfully renders note for note what the other writes word for word,— braggadocio, degrading sensuality, pedantry, epicurism, and parodies of foreign nationality. But why should Clauren be effaced from the literature of the day? Is it prejudicial to any one that he should remain where he is? and do you read what is really good with less interest? Any young poet must indeed be degenerate, if he does not cordially hate and despise such trash: but it is only too true that the people like him; so it is all very well — it is only the people's loss. Write me your opinion of the 'Parisienne.' I sometimes sing it to myself as I go along: it makes a man walk like a chorister in a procession.

CATULLE MENDÈS

(1843–1909)

THE writings of Catulle Mendès are representative of the cameo-art in literature. His little stories and sketches are of a dainty and polished workmanship, and of minute, complex design. The French faculty of attaining perfection in miniature was his to a high degree. He was born in Bordeaux in 1843, and in 1860 he began writing for the reviews. His short tales were written with exquisite nonchalance of style; but underneath their graceful lightness there are not wanting signs of a deep insight into human nature, and into life's little ironies. The pretty stories, so delicately constructed, hint of a more serious intention in their framing than merely to amuse. 'The Mirror' might be read to nursery children and to an audience of sages with equal pertinence. The 'Man of Letters' condenses the experience of a thousand weary writers into a few paragraphs. In the pastoral of vagabond Philip and the little white goat with gilded horns, there is all the fragrance of the country and of a wandering outdoor life. 'Charity Rewarded' embodies the unique quality of Mendès in its perfection. He was able to put a world of meaning into a phrase, as when he wrote that the pretty lasses and handsome lads did not see the beggar at the roadside because they were occupied "with singing and with love." Sometimes he put a landscape into a sentence, as when Philip in the country hears "noon rung out from a slender steeple."



CATULLE MENDÈS

Mendès was a poet as well as a writer of stories. It should be said, however, that much that he produced in later years did not represent his higher gifts. Catulle Mendès died on Februry 8, 1909.

THE FOOLISH WISH

From the 'Contes du Rouet'

BAREFOOT, his hair blowing in the wind, a vagabond was passing along the way before the King's palace. Very young, he was very handsome, with his golden curls, his great black eyes, and his mouth fresh as a rose after rain. As if the sun had taken pleasure in looking at him, there was more joy and light on his rags than on the satins, velvets, and brocades of the gentlemen and noble ladies grouped in the court of honor.

"Oh, how pretty she is!" he exclaimed, suddenly stopping.

He had discovered the princess Rosalind, who was taking the fresh air at her window; and indeed it would be impossible to see anything on earth as pretty as she. Motionless, with arms lifted toward the casement as toward an opening in the sky which revealed Paradise, he would have stayed there until evening if a guard had not driven him off with a blow of his partisan, with hard words.

He went away hanging his head. It seemed to him now that everything was dark before him, around him,—the horizon, the road, the blossoming trees. Now that he no longer saw Rosalind he thought the sun was dead. He sat down under an oak on the edge of the wood, and began to weep.

"Well, my child, why are you sorrowing thus?" asked an old woman who came out of the wood, her back bowed under a heap of withered boughs.

"What good would it do me to tell you? You can't do anything for me, good woman."

"In that you are mistaken," said the old woman.

At the same time she drew herself up, throwing away her bundle. She was no longer an old forester, but a fairy beautiful as the day, clad in a silver robe, her hair garlanded with flowers of precious stones. As to the withered boughs, they had taken flight, covering themselves with green leaves; and returned to the trees from which they had fallen, shaken with the song of birds.

"O Madame Fairy!" said the vagabond, throwing himself on his knees, "have pity on my misfortune. Since seeing the King's daughter, who was taking the fresh air at her window, my heart is no longer my own. I feel that I shall never love any other woman but her."

"Good!" said the fairy: "that's no great misfortune."

"Could there be a greater one for me? I shall die if I do not become the princess's husband."

"What hinders you? Rosalind is not betrothed."

"O madame, look at my rags, my bare feet. I am a poor boy who begs along the way."

"Never mind! He who loves sincerely cannot fail to be loved. That is the happy eternal law. The King and Queen will repulse you with contempt, the courtiers will make you a laughing-stock: but if your love is genuine, Rosalind will be touched by it; and some evening when you have been driven off by the servants and worried by the dogs, she will come to you blushing and happy."

The boy shook his head. He did not believe that such a miracle was possible.

"Take care!" continued the fairy. "Love does not like to have his power doubted, and you might be punished in some cruel fashion for your little faith. However, since you are suffering, I am willing to help you. Make a wish: I will grant it."

"I wish to be the most powerful prince on the earth, so that I can marry the princess whom I adore."

"Ah! Why don't you go without any such care, and sing a love song under her window? But as I have promised, you shall have your desire. But I must warn you of one thing: when you have ceased to be what you are now, no enchanter, no fairy—not even I—can restore you to your first state. Once a prince, you will be one for always."

"Do you think that the royal husband of Princess Rosalind will ever want to go and beg his bread on the roads?"

"I wish you happiness," said the fairy with a sigh.

Then with a golden wand she touched his shoulder; and in a sudden metamorphosis, the vagabond became a magnificent lord, sparkling with silk and jewels, astride a Hungarian steed, at the head of a train of plumed courtiers, and of warriors in golden armor who sounded trumpets.

So great a prince was not to be ill received at court. They gave him a most cordial welcome. For a whole week there were carousals, and balls, and all kinds of festivities in his honor. But these pleasures did not absorb him. Every hour of the day and night he thought of Rosalind. When he saw her he felt his heart overflow with delight. When she spoke he thought he

heard divine music; and once he almost swooned with joy when he gave her his hand to dance a pavan. One thing vexed him a little: she whom he loved so much did not seem to heed the pains he took for her. She usually remained silent and melancholy. He persisted, nevertheless, in his plan of asking her in marriage; and naturally Rosalind's parents took care not to refuse so illustrious a match. Thus the former vagabond was about to possess the most beautiful princess in the world! Such extraordinary felicity so agitated him that he responded to the King's consent by gestures hardly compatible with his rank, and a little more and he would have danced the pavan all alone before the whole court. Alas! this great joy had only a short duration. Hardly had Rosalind been informed of the paternal will, when she fell half dead into the arms of her maids of honor; and when she came to, it was to say, sobbing and wringing her hands, that she did not want to marry, that she would rather kill herself than wed the prince.

More despairing than can be expressed, the unhappy lover precipitated himself in spite of etiquette into the room where the princess had been carried; and fell on his knees, with arms stretched toward her.

"Cruel girl!" he cried: "take back the words which are killing me!"

She slowly opened her eyes, and answered languidly yet firmly:—

"Prince, nothing can overcome my resolve: I will never marry you."

"What! you have the barbarity to lacerate a heart which is all your own? What crime have I committed to deserve such a punishment? Do you doubt my love? Do you fear that some day I may cease to adore you? Ah! if you could read within me, you would no longer have this doubt nor these fears. My passion is so ardent that it renders me worthy even of your incomparable beauty. And if you will not be moved by my complaints, I will find only in death a remedy for my woes! Restore me to hope, princess, or I will go to die at your feet."

He did not end his discourse there. He said everything that the most violent grief can teach a loving heart; so that Rosalind was touched, but not as he wished.

"Unhappy prince," she said, "if my pity instead of my love can be a consolation to you, I willingly grant it. I have as

much reason to complain as you; since I myself am enduring the torments which are wringing you."

"What do you mean, princess?"

"Alas! if I refuse to marry you, it is because I love with a hopeless love a young vagabond with bare feet and hair blowing in the wind, who passed my father's palace one day and looked at me, and who has never come back!"

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

From the 'Contes du Rouet'

It is not alone history which is heedlessly written, but legend as well; and it must be admitted that the most conscientious and best-informed story-tellers — Madame d'Aulnoy, good Perrault himself — have frequently related things in not exactly the fashion in which they happened in fairyland. For example, Cinderella's eldest sister did not wear to the prince's ball a red velvet dress with English garniture, as has been hitherto supposed: she had a scarlet robe embroidered with silver and laced with gold. Among the monarchs of all the countries invited to the wedding of Peau d'Ane some indeed did come in sedan chairs, others in cabs, the most distant mounted on eagles, tigers, or elephants; but they have omitted to tell us that the King of Mataguin entered the palace court between the wings of a monster whose nostrils emitted flames of precious stones. And don't think to catch me napping by demanding how and by whom I was enlightened upon these important points. I used to know, in a cottage on the edge of a field, a very old woman; old enough to be a fairy, and whom I always suspected of being one. As I used to go sometimes and keep her company when she was warming herself in the sun before her little house, she took me into friendship; and a few days before she died, — or returned, her expiation finished, to the land of Vivians and Melusinas, — she made me a farewell gift of a very old and very extraordinary spinning-wheel. For every time the wheel is turned it begins to talk or to sing in a soft little voice, like that of a grandmother who is cheerful and chatters. It tells many pretty stories: some that nobody knows; others that it knows better than any one else; and in this last case, as it does not lack malice, it delights to point out and to rectify the mistakes of those who have taken upon themselves to write these accounts.

You will see that I had something to learn, and you would be very much astonished if I were to tell you all that has been revealed to me. Now you think you know all the details of the story of the princess, who having pierced her hand with a spindle, fell into a sleep so profound that no one could wake her; and who lay in a castle in the midst of a park, on a bed embroidered with gold and silver. I am sorry to say that you know nothing at all about it, or else that you are much mistaken as to the end of this accident; and you will never know if I do not make it my duty to inform you.

Yes, yes,—hummed the Wheel,—the princess had been sleeping for a hundred years, when a young prince, impelled by love and by glory, resolved to penetrate to her and to waken her. The great trees, the thorns and brambles, drew aside of their own accord to let him pass. He walked toward the castle, which he saw at the end of a broad avenue; he entered; and what surprised him a little, none of his company had been able to follow him, because the trees had grown together again as soon as he had passed. At last, when he had crossed several courts paved with marble,—where porters with pimpled noses and red faces were sleeping beside their cups, in which were remaining a few drops of wine, which showed plainly enough that they had gone to sleep while drinking; when he had traversed long vestibules and climbed staircases where the guards were snoring, his carbine on his shoulder,—he finally found himself in a gilded room, and saw on a bed with open curtains the most beautiful sight he had ever beheld,—a princess who seemed about fifteen or sixteen, and whose resplendent beauty had something luminous and divine.

I grant that things happened in this way,—it is the Wheel who is speaking,—and up to this point the author has not been audaciously false. But nothing is more untrue than the rest of the tale; and I cannot admit that the awakened Beauty looked lovingly at the prince, or that she said to him, "Is it you? you have kept me waiting a long time."

If you want to know the truth, listen.

The princess stretched her arms, raised her head a little, half opened her eyes, closed them as if afraid of the light, and sighed long, while Puff her little dog, also awakened, yelped with rage.

"What has happened?" asked the fairy's goddaughter at last; "and what do they want of me?"

The prince on his knees exclaimed:—

"He who has come is he who adores you, and who has braved the greatest dangers" (he flattered himself a little) "to draw you from the enchantment in which you were captive. Leave this bed where you have been sleeping for a hundred years, give me your hand, and let us go back together into brightness and life."

Astonished at these words, she considered him, and could not help smiling; for he was a very well made young prince, with the most beautiful eyes in the world, and he spoke in a very melodious voice.

"So it is true," she said, pushing back her hair: "the hour is come when I can be delivered from my long, long sleep?"

"Yes, you can."

"Ah!" said she.

And she thought. Then she went on:—

"What will happen to me if I come out of the shadows, if I return among the living?"

"Can't you guess? Have you forgotten that you are the daughter of a king? You will see your people hastening to welcome you, charmed, uttering cries of pleasure, and waving gay banners. The women and children will kiss the hem of your gown. In short, you will be the most powerful, most honored queen in the world."

"I shall like to be queen," she said. "What else will happen to me?"

"You will live in a palace bright as gold; and ascending the steps to your throne, you will tread upon mosaics of diamonds. The courtiers grouped about you will sing your praises. The most august brows will incline under the all-powerful grace of your smile."

"To be praised and obeyed will be charming," she said. "Shall I have other pleasures?"

"Maids of honor as skillful as the fairies. Your godmothers will dress you in robes the color of moon and sun. They will powder your hair, put tiny black patches at the brink of your eye or at the corner of your mouth. You will have a grand golden mantle trailing after you."

"Good!" she said. "I was always a little coquettish."

"Pages as pretty as birds will offer you dishes of the most delicious sweetmeats, will pour in your cup the sweet wines which are so fragrant."

"That is very fine," she said. "I was always a little greedy Will those be all of my joys?"

"Another delight, the greatest of all, awaits you."

"Ah! what?"

"You will be loved."

"By whom?"

"By me!—Unless you think me unworthy to claim your affection."

"You are a fine-looking prince; and your costume is very becoming."

"If you deign not to repel my prayers, I will give you my whole heart for another kingdom of which you shall be sovereign; and I will never cease to be the grateful slave of your cruelest caprices."

"Ah! what happiness you promise me!"

"Rise then, sweetheart, and follow me."

"Follow you? Already? Wait a little. I must reflect. There is doubtless more than one tempting thing among all that you offer me; but do you know if I may not have to leave better in order to obtain it?"

"What do you mean, princess?"

"I have been sleeping for a century, it is true; but I have been dreaming too, for a century. In my dreams I am also a queen, and of what a divine kingdom! My palace has walls of light. I have angels for courtiers, who celebrate me in music of infinite sweetness. I tread on branches of stars. If you knew what beautiful dresses I wear, the peerless fruits I have on my table, and the honey wines in which I moisten my lips! As for love, believe me, I don't lack that either; for I am adored by a husband who is handsomer than all the princes of the earth, and who has been faithful for a hundred years. Everything considered, I think, my lord, that I should gain nothing by coming out of my enchantment. Please let me sleep."

Thereupon she turned toward the side of the bed, drew her hair over her eyes, and resumed her long nap; while Puff the little dog stopped yelping, content, her nose on her paws.

The prince went away much abashed. And since then, thanks to the protection of the good fairies, no one has come to disturb the slumbers of the Sleeping Beauty.

THE CHARITY OF SYMPATHY

From 'The Humor of France'

On the Spanish high-road, where the pretty lasses and the handsome lads arm-in-arm were returning from the Corrida, a young beggar, wrapped in his ragged cloak, asked alms, saying he had eaten nothing for two days. Judging from his miserable appearance and his hollow cheeks, it was plain he did not lie. However, no one took any heed of him, occupied as they were with singing and love. Must he be left to die of hunger, the handsome beggar, by the roadside?

But three girls of twenty years, plump, laughing, stopped and took pity on him.

The first gave him a *real.*

"Thank you," he said.

The second gave him a smaller coin.

"May God reward you," he said.

The third — the poorest and the prettiest — had neither small coins nor *reals;* she gave him a kiss. The starving man spoke never a word; but a flower-seller happening to come by, he spent all the money they had just given him on a big bunch of roses, and presented it to the pretty girl.

Translated by Elizabeth Lee.

THE MIRROR

From 'The Humor of France'

It was in a kingdom in which there was no mirror. All the mirrors — those you hang on the walls, those you hold in your hand, those you carry on the châtelaine — had been broken, reduced to the tiniest bits by order of the Queen. If the smallest glass was found, no matter in what house, she never failed to put the inhabitants to death with terrible tortures. I can tell you the motives of the strange caprice. Ugly to a degree that the worst monsters would have seemed charming beside her, the Queen did not wish when she went about the town to run the risk of encountering her reflection; and knowing herself to be hideous, it was a consolation to her to think that others at least could not see their beauty. What was the good

of having the most beautiful eyes in the world, a mouth as fresh as roses, and of putting flowers in your hair, if you could not see your head-dress, nor your mouth, nor your eyes? You could not even count on your reflection in the brooks and lakes. The rivers and ponds of the country had been hidden under deftly joined slabs of stone; water was drawn from wells so deep that you could not see their surface, and not in pails in which reflection would have been possible, but in almost flat troughs. The grief was beyond anything you can imagine, especially among the coquettes, who were not rarer in that country than in others. And the Queen did not pity them at all; but was well content that her subjects should be as unhappy at not seeing themselves as she would have been furious at sight of herself.

However, there was in a suburb of the town a young girl called Jacinthe, who was not quite so miserable as the rest, because of a lover she had. Some one who finds you beautiful, and never tires of telling you so, can take the place of a mirror.

"What, truly?" she asked, "there is nothing unpleasant in the color of my eyes?"

"They are like corn-flowers in which a clear drop of amber has fallen."

"My skin isn't black?"

"Know that your brow is purer than snow crystals; know that your cheeks are like roses fair yet pink!"

"What must I think of my lips?"

"That they are like a ripe raspberry."

"And what of my teeth, if you please?"

"That grains of rice, however fine, are not as white."

"But about my ears, haven't I reason for disquiet?"

"Yes, if it disquiets you to have in a tangle of light hair, two little shells as intricate as newly opened violets."

Thus they talked,—she charmed, he more ravished still; for he did not say a word which was not the very truth. All that she had the pleasure of hearing praised, he had the delight of seeing. So their mutual tenderness grew livelier from hour to hour. The day he asked if she would consent to have him for her husband, she blushed, but certainly not from fear; people who seeing her smile might have thought she was amusing herself with the thought of saying no, would have been much mistaken. The misfortune was, that the news of the engagement came to the ears of the wicked Queen, whose only joy was to trouble that of

others; and she hated Jacinthe more than all, because she was the most beautiful of all.

Walking one day, a short time before the wedding, in the orchard, an old woman approached Jacinthe asking alms; then suddenly fell back with a shriek, like some one who has nearly trodden on a toad.

"Ah, heaven! what have I seen?"

"What's the matter, my good woman, and what have you seen? Speak."

"The ugliest thing on the face of the earth."

"Certainly that isn't me," said Jacinthe, smiling.

"Alas! yes, poor child, it is you. I have been a long time in the world, but I never yet met any one so hideous as you are."

"Do you mean to say that I am ugly — I?"

"A hundred times more than it is possible to express!"

"What! my eyes?"

"They are gray as dust; but that would be nothing if you did not squint in the most disagreeable way."

"My skin?"

"One would say that you had rubbed your forehead and cheeks with coal-dust."

"My mouth?"

"It is pale like an old autumnal flower."

"My teeth?"

"If the beauty of teeth was to be large and yellow, I should not know any more beautiful than yours."

"Ah! At least my ears —"

"They are so big, so red, and so hairy, one cannot look at them without horror. I am not at all pretty myself, and yet I think I should die of shame if I had the like."

Thereupon the old woman, who must have been some wicked fairy, a friend of the wicked Queen, fled, cruelly laughing; while Jacinthe, all in tears, sank down on a bench under the apple-trees.

Nothing could divert her from her affliction. "I am ugly! I am ugly!" she repeated unceasingly. In vain her lover assured her of the contrary with many oaths. "Leave me! you are lying out of pity. I understand everything now. It is not love but pity that you feel for me. The beggar-woman had no interest in deceiving me; why should she do so? It is only too true: I am hideous. I cannot conceive how you even endure the sight

of me." In order to undeceive her, it occurred to him to make many people visit her: every man declared that Jacinthe was exactly made for the pleasure of eyes; several women said as much in a fashion a little less positive. The poor child persisted in the conviction that she was an object of horror. "You are planning together to impose upon me!" and as the lover pressed her, in spite of all, to fix the day for the wedding, "I your wife!" she cried, "never! I love you too tenderly to make you a present of such a frightful thing as I am." You can guess the despair of this young man, so sincerely enamored. He threw himself on his knees, he begged, he supplicated. She always answered the same thing, that she was too ugly to marry. What was he to do? The only means of contradicting the old woman, of proving the truth to Jacinthe, would have been to put a mirror before her eyes. But there was not a mirror in the whole kingdom; and the terror inspired by the Queen was so great that no artisan would have consented to make one.

"Well, I shall go to court," said the lover at last. "However barbarous our mistress is, she cannot fail to be moved by my tears and Jacinthe's beauty. She will retract, if only for a few hours, the cruel command from which all the harm comes." It was not without difficulty that the young girl allowed herself to be conducted to the palace. She did not want to show herself, being so ugly; and then, what would be the use of a mirror except to convince her still more of her irremediable misfortune? However, she finally consented, seeing that her lover was weeping.

"Well, what is it?" said the wicked Queen. "Who are these people, and what do they want of me?"

"Your Majesty, you see before you the most wretched lover on the face of the earth."

"That's a fine reason for disturbing me."

"Do not be pitiless."

"But what have I to do with your love troubles?"

"If you would allow a mirror—"

The Queen rose, shaking with anger.

"You dare to talk of a mirror!" she said, gnashing her teeth.

"Do not be angry, your Majesty. I beseech you, pardon me and deign to hear me. The young girl you see before you labors under the most unaccountable error: she imagines that she is ugly—"

"Well!" said the Queen with a fierce laugh, "she is right! I never saw, I think, a more frightful object."

At those words Jacinthe thought she should die of grief. Doubt was no longer possible, since to the Queen's eyes as well as to those of the beggar she was ugly. Slowly she lowered her eyelids, and fell fainting on the steps of the throne, looking like a dead woman. But when her lover heard the cruel words, he was by no means resigned; he shouted loudly that either the Queen was mad, or that she had some reason for so gross a lie. He had not time to say a word more; the guards seized him and held him fast. At a sign from the Queen some one advanced, who was the executioner. He was always near the throne, because he might be wanted at any moment.

"Do your duty," said the Queen, pointing to the man who had insulted her.

The executioner lifted a big sword, while Jacinthe, not knowing where she was, beating the air with her hands, languidly opened one eye, and then two very different cries were heard. One was a shout of joy, for in the bright naked steel Jacinthe saw herself, so deliciously pretty! and the other was a cry of pain, a rattle, because the ugly and wicked Queen gave up the ghost in shame and anger at having also seen herself in the unthought-of mirror.

THE MAN OF LETTERS

From 'The Humor of France'

Last evening, a poet, as yet unknown, was correcting the last sheets of his first book. A famous man of letters, who happened to be there, quickly caught hold of the young man's hand, and said in a rough voice, "Don't send the press proofs! Don't publish those poems!"

"You consider them bad?"

"I haven't read them, and I don't want to read them. They are possibly excellent. But beware of publishing them."

"Why?"

"Because, the book once out, you would henceforth be irremediably an author, an artist—that is to say, a monster!"

"A monster?"

"Yes."

«Are you a monster, dear master?»

«Certainly! and one of the worst kind; for I have been writing poems, novels, and plays longer than many others.»

The young man opened his eyes wide. The other, walking up and down the room, violently gesticulating, continued:—

«True, we are honest, upright, and loyal! Twenty or thirty years ago it was the fashion for literary men to borrow a hundred sous and forget to return them; to leave their lodgings without giving the landlord notice; and never to pay, even in a dream, their bootmaker or their tailor. To owe was a sort of duty. Follies of one's youth! The Bohemians have disappeared; literature has become respectable. We have cut our hair and put our affairs in order. We no longer wear red waistcoats; and our *concierge* bows to us because we give him tips, just as politely as he does to the banker on the ground floor or the lawyer on the second. Good citizens, good husbands, good fathers, we prepare ourselves epitaphs full of honor. I fought in the last war side by side with Henri Regnault; I have a wife to whom I have never given the slightest cause for sorrow; and I myself teach my three children geography and history, and bring them up to have a horror of literature. Better still: it happened to me—a remarkable turning of the tables—to lend six thousand francs to one of my uncles, an ironmonger at Angoulême, who had foolishly got into difficulties, and not without reading him a severe lecture. In a word, we are orderly, correct persons. But I say we are monsters. For isn't it indeed a monstrous thing, being a man, not to be—not to be able to be—a man like other men? to be unable to love or to hate, to rejoice or to suffer, as others love or hate, rejoice or suffer? And we cannot,—no, no, never,—not under any circumstances! Obliged to consider or observe, obliged to study, analyze, in ourselves and outside ourselves, all feelings, all passions; to be ever on the watch for the result, to follow its development and fall, to consign to our memory the attitudes they bring forth, the language they inspire,—we have definitely killed in ourselves the faculty of real emotion, the power of being happy or unhappy with simplicity. We have lost all the holy unctuousness of the soul! It has become impossible for us, when we experience, to confine ourselves to experiencing. We verify, we appraise our hopes, our agonies, our anguish of heart, our joys; we take note of the jealous torments that devour us when she whom we expect does not come to the

tryst; our abominable critical sense judges kisses and caresses, compares them, approves of them or not, makes reservations; we discover faults of taste in our transports of joy or grief; we mingle grammar with love, and at the supreme moment of passion, when we say to our terrified mistress, 'Oh, I want you to love me till death!' are victims of the relative pronoun, of the particle. Literature! literature! you have become our heart, our senses, our flesh, our voice. It is not a life that we live—it is a poem, or a novel, or a play. Ah! I would give up all the fame that thirty years of work have brought me, in order to weep for one single moment without perceiving that I am weeping!"

Translation of Elizabeth Lee.

MARCELINO MENENDEZ Y PELAYO

(1856–1912)

BY FEDERICO DE ONIS

MENENDEZ Y PELAYO was born in Santander, a centre of Old Castile, and he died in Madrid. His life was entirely devoted to books. His first works were published when he was barely twenty years old; and coming from one so young, they occasioned great surprise for the amount of reading they presupposed. His death, forty years later, occurred in his splendid library in Santander, one of the best in the whole world of Spanish books. The fact seems symbolic of his regret at leaving the world when so many books still remained to be read. Much of his writing, especially of his early production, is bound up with the passions and quarrels of politics. To this is due in large measure the rapid popularity he attained — a success far greater than usually comes to scholars and men of science. However he never came to take an active part in politics. His whole energy was consecrated to his literary studies, to the writing and publication of his own volumes.

In the work of Menendez y Pelayo there is no unifying system of philosophical thought, nor is there any original method of literary criticism. As regards his ideas we have the two cardinal points of his traditionalism and his Catholicism; but they present neither the consistency nor the rigorousness that might be expected. At bottom he was a tolerant person, much more deeply sensitive to æsthetic beauty than interested in purely rational questions: he finally settled down, in his Spanish environment, as an avowed enemy of uncompromising scholasticism, as a prudent and amiable eclectic. Indeed his religious feeling seems to have arisen in his mind largely as an attitude toward a problem of Spanish history: Catholicism is the essence of Spanish civilization, of Spanish mentality; in defending it, therefore, we defend our racial, our national tradition.

This nationalistic spirit, combined with a deep intuitive sense of beauty and art, is the only unifying bond of Menendez y Pelayo's work. When he appeared before the public, Spanish literary studies were in the hands of a few scholars more or less deserving, but who lacked the power of creating general ideas capable of interpreting as a whole the vast field of Spanish bibliography. This was the task Menendez y Pelayo set himself; and he performed it with a success equalled neither before nor since.

His first publications were polemical works directed to the defense of

Spanish traditions against the attacks leveled against them, before and during his time, both by Spanish and foreign writers. Thus his ‹History of Spanish Heretics› was written to prove that the genuine thought of Spain is Catholic, and that outside of Catholicism, only by rare exception have works of any value been produced. Catholicism, far from being the cause of the national backwardness, is on the contrary the inspiration of the best and noblest elements of Spanish culture. Similarly his ‹Spanish Science› is a response to the long-standing accusation that Spain has not contributed as much as other peoples to the development of the scientific civilization of modern times. These «theses,» these «apologies» of Spanish life, brought their author rapidly into the public eye. They have the merits and defects of all such works. They possess emotional tone and enthusiasm but they are not always statements of the exact truth. It may well be that the two theses there sustained by Menendez y Pelayo are true, or indeed true with certain restrictions. It is apparent however that the method used by the author — that of passionate affirmation—is not the best adapted to carrying conviction. In fact, to prove his point Menendez y Pelayo would have been obliged to undertake the for him impossible task of writing the whole history of Spanish science and Spanish religion in its minutest details. That is why these works remain valuable exclusively for the rich bibliography they contain, for the precious citations of rare documents made in them.

On the other hand, in the field of literary criticism, the work of Menendez y Pelayo is less debated and less debatable. We may say that there is no important point of Spanish literature about which he has not said something decisive, something which will, at least, have to be reckoned with as the interpretation of a man of fine taste and extraordinary insight, who is the most illustrious and representative writer of an epoch of Spanish criticism. It was he who broke the almost virgin soil of Spanish literature, establishing an order and a hierarchy in the midst of a vast chaos of writings, fixing evaluations which have hitherto stood as the most exact and discerning yet attained. Some of his subjects were treated with the greatest detail, and all his work shows a vast erudition. He clothed his learning with a noble Castilian style which makes many of his pages models of Spanish prose. This critical work he supplemented with original productions in prose and verse. His volume of elegant verse, of classic tendencies, is far from being without interest.

Among these critical works, above referred to, an important place is occupied by the ‹History of Æsthetic Ideas in Spain.› This was a study made by the author as, to his notion, a necessary preliminary to a general history of Spanish literature which he had in view, but which was never completed, though many of the chapters written for it appear in other works. The ‹History of Æsthetic Ideas› however remains

perhaps the most important general study of Spanish literature that we possess, though the greater part of the work is devoted to the history of æsthetic ideas *outside of* Spain. Such a comprehensive work could hardly be of equal value in all its parts. Critics usually consider the portions devoted to the early periods of Christianity and to modern Romanticism as the most solid.

The most important chapters of his history of Spanish literature, left complete by Menendez y Pelayo, are the studies on the *novela* (prefaces to the relative volumes in his ‹New Library of Spanish Authors›) and on Spanish poetry (preface to his ‹Anthology of Spanish Lyric Poets›). The fact that mere prefaces constitute the most valuable portion of his work gives some idea of the spontaneity of his disorganized talent, so exuberant and rich, so incapable of method and system. These prefaces, both as regards scope and preparation, form real treatises, easily capable of extension into one or several volumes. The other subjects of the history were conceived along vast lines — so comprehensively in fact that almost all of them, though begun many years ago, remained incomplete at the author's death.

The same may be said of another monumental work planned by Menendez y Pelayo, his critical edition of the works of Lope de Vega, published by the Spanish Academy. While the text-constitution of this edition is not overscrupulous, the introduction to each of the comedies is a treasure-store of erudition and a masterpiece of criticism. Taking these introductions together, and in view of the extraordinary wealth of suggestion in an author like Lope, we get another surprising result, though here again the disorder that reigned in the critic's mind mars the utility of his work. Another great work on the Spanish theatre is his study on Calderon.

Barely to mention the bibliographical studies on ‹Horace in Spain› and on classic Latin letters in Spain, we come to the ‹Studies in Literary Criticism› which complete Menendez y Pelayo's varied production. Here in short essays and lectures, brilliant and eloquent in execution, we have discussions of the most diverse themes of Spanish literature. These essays are of quite general competence, though the author, in his inattention to an occasional detail, cannot be called a «specialist» in the modern sense of the term. Here his mind plays freely with all its power of suggestiveness and vision, running over wide territories, without ever losing the sense of perspective. In his erudition Menendez y Pelayo is neither a compiler nor a synthetizer. He does indeed use to advantage the studies of other scholars, but in reality the subjects he attacks are most often new. In this work lay his special gift, his distinctive originality. He had the power of rapid evaluation, the faculty of erecting solid structures in criticism from among the scattered relics of the whole civilization of a people. On this kind of work rests the title of Menendez y Pelayo as the greatest Spanish historian of the nineteenth

century. The advance of modern learning may perhaps render much of this labor antiquated to future generations of scholars, as far as the groundwork of erudition and documentation on which it rests is concerned. But they have then a generous residue of artistic merit on which to rely. The permanent elements in the writing of Menendez y Pelayo are his passionate national spirit and his intense love of beauty.

CALDERON

From ‹Calderon y su Teatro› (pp. 374–402), por Marcelino Menendez y Pelayo, Madrid, 1884, Vol. xxi, of the Coleccion de Escritores Castellanos.

Translated by Arthur Livingston.

LET us examine Calderon in his historical significance, viewing him as part of the seventeenth century where the dramatic school is led by Lope de Vega. As regards certain literary qualities of the first importance, Calderon proves to be not only our leading dramatist, but the symbol, the compendium, the crown of the Spanish stage. On the other hand as regards certain secondary but nevertheless very important artistic considerations he is far from being our leader. Comparing without preconceptions or prejudice the theatre of Calderon with that of Lope, of Tirso de Molina, of Alarcon — we may add even a number of quite inferior men — it is evident that Calderon yields to Lope in variety, in amplitude and ease of execution, in facile and spontaneous inspiration, in simplicity and fullness of expression, in naturalness and fidelity to life. He falls far short of Lope's excellence in the interpretation of human sentiment, in the portrayal of female character, in the presentation of jealousy and love.

Tirso likewise surpasses Calderon in the creation of living, energetic, animated characters, rich with all the complexities of human nature, endowed with personalities as real and vivacious as those offered to us by life itself. One looks in vain through Calderon's work for something to approach Tirso's ‹Don Juan› — a figure in a class by itself, not only superior to any other character of the Spanish stage, but as vital and full of energy as the personages of Shakespeare. Calderon never attained to a conception of such universality.

Calderon lacks also Tirso's grace and liveliness of fancy, his picaresque licentiousness, his depth of irony, his comic spirit, his malicious and exuberant dialogue, his happy inventiveness and picturesque audacity of idiom. In the comedy of contemporary man-

ners, of «character,» he is second to Alarcon, who, for that matter, has no rival among our dramatists for elegance and polish of style, for unerring taste, for exquisite perfection of dialogue.

But in other respects, Calderon, taken as a whole, has no reason to envy two authors generally considered as of the first class — Rojas and Moreto — nor any of those of the second order. These second-rate men have to be sure in occasional moments of inspiration produced works superior in merit to some plays of Calderon. But no one of them offers a complete theatre sufficient to give them a clearly defined and distinct dramatic physiognomy. The glory of Guillém de Castro, for example, rests on the legendary drama entitled ‹Las Modedades del Cid› — a work superior to anything of the kind on our stage. Similarly Mira de Amescua offers one play, ‹El esclavo del Demonio,› which can rival the best work of Calderon, without however surpassing it and remaining certainly inferior to ‹El Condenado por desconfiado› of Tirso. Rojas is distinguished by his tragic violence, a gift possessed to quite as remarkable degree by Calderon, save that Rojas attains an actual superiority in his ‹García del Castañar,› and in a few lines of a monologue in ‹El Cain de Cataluña.›

Calderon, then, in certain secondary qualities is inferior to Lope, to Tirso and Alarcon; he is superior to all the others even in these lesser qualities, or at least equals them in their most fortunate moments. In his distinctive traits, he possesses virtues however which raise him to a solitary pedestal: vastness of conception, loftiness in the initial, genetic vision of his subjects. It is, for instance, useless to look in our literature for a concept to equal that of ‹La vida es sueño,› as, indeed, it would be useless to look for one anywhere else.

Calderon is a Catholic poet pre-eminently. In bringing a sort of Christian symbolism upon the stage he is without a peer among all our writers. We may go even farther: in the history of allegory within the limits of Christian literature, his place is in the immediate vicinity of Dante. Calderon has vastness of idea, a certain comprehensive, synthetic vigor, a sense of harmony, which, especially in the ‹Autos sacramentales,› unites the real with the ideal, the visible with the invisible, the tangible with the intangible, earth with heaven, and the ephemeral with the eternal. He reduces these contrarieties to unity, making everything contribute to the greater praise of the «Real God Pan» — the sacramental body of Christ, as he entitled one of his sacred plays. This symbolism, at times slovenly perhaps and incongruous, is always however informed with a lofty and supe-

rior sentiment, the Christian spirituality of unhesitating faith, which constitutes the true greatness of Calderon. In this regard Calderon is almost a unique phenomenon in world literature. He succeeded, if not in creating, at least in perfecting the theological drama — which, at best, is an exceptional curiosity, one may even say, an aberration of the æsthetic sense. It is a drama without human passions, devoid of characters and emotions, a dialogue between allegorical beings, abstractions, vices, and virtues. We have evidence of Calderon's exceptional power of imagination, of his deep penetration into the profoundest notions of theology and philosophy, when we consider that he was able to clothe such things with an æsthetic dress, and actually introduce them to the theatre. The feat is a gigantic one, even if it proved not always fortunate. Considered simply as a *tour de force* it strikes the imagination for its audacity which was never inspired by vulgar motives. This dogmatic, resolute, Christian idealism is the soul of all the religious dramas of our poet, though these are not, on the whole, the best in our literature. We have in ‹El condenado por desconfiado› a drama more theological and more artistic still. But leaving aside this marvelous work, the gem of the whole religious theatre of Spain, and one of the few that show a loving compenetration of feeling and form, the religious plays of Calderon merit recognition as the leaders in this genre. And of these the best is ‹El Principe Constante,› in which the author solved another æsthetic paradox as great as that of the ‹Autos sacramentales.› I refer to the successful exploitation on the stage of the impeccably just man, free from doubts, passions, vacillations, struggles — a character which the drama absolutely excludes, but, which, nevertheless, is here clothed with a successfully dramatic form. Aside from this play, ‹La Devocion de la Cruz› will always be sure of appreciation from intelligent audiences as a jewel in the crown of our national literature. It is less a theological than a militant play; but it is written with all the freedom and charm which characterize the florid springtime of the poet, the period when he was still unaffected by the vicious mannerisms which later attacked his work. The ‹Devocion de la Cruz,› along with ‹El Purgatorio de San Patricio,› where there are traces of a Dantesque vigor, in spite of the fantastic exaggeration of the principal character; ‹El Magico Prodigioso,› for the sublimity of its thought, rather than for the accuracy of its execution, though certainly the most beautiful part of this play is the portion derived from the popular legend, and the development is in a measure inferior to the possibilities of the primitive idea itself;

and finally, the beautiful conception of ‹Los dos Amantes del Cielo,› are sufficient to assure for Calderon a glorious position among the world's cultivators of religious art.

Calderon possesses eminent tragic qualities, which doubtless would have been more striking had he not, for perhaps unavoidable circumstances of social environment, imprisoned them in an atmosphere distinctly conventional and false. Instead of real passion, social preoccupations predominated in the society about him. Relative morality held sway over absolute morality. Instincts and passions rarely presented themselves in pure, frank, unadulterated forms; they were veiled behind formulas of honor, reputation, etc., etc., which deprive them of universal, eternal value, and in fact make them even unintelligible to other ages and other peoples. This defect, on the other hand, explains the enormous enthusiasm with which Calderon was welcomed in his own epoch. Unfortunately what one gains from submission to the dominant tastes and preoccupations of a given period, one loses later in universality and absolute worth, which are independent of time and place.

To illustrate: Calderon wrote four dramas on the subject of jealousy: ‹El Medico de su Honra,› ‹A Secreto Agravio Secreta Venganza,› ‹El Pintor de su Deshonra,› and ‹El Tetrarca de Jerusalén.› Yet hardly ever in these works does he touch on the real passion of jealousy. He either subordinates that emotion to feelings of pride and *amour propre*, as in ‹El Medico de su Honra› and ‹A Secreto Agravio Secreta Venganza›; or he transforms it into blind vindictiveness, as in the case of the Don Juan of ‹El Pintor de su Deshonra›; or, finally, he exaggerates and idealizes it into a delirium, as happens in ‹El Tetrarca de Jerusalén.› In his eagerness to sublimate the jealousy of Herod, Calderon has changed the king into a sort of maniac quite removed from the conditions of reality. If, at first glance, the jealousy of Herod may seem nobler and more generous than other similar passions presented on the stage, it is actually far more irrational than that of Othello, for instance; since the Tetrarch's jealousy springs neither from outraged honor, nor from the suspicion thereof, nor again from the fear of any danger that may befall him in this life; but purely and simply from his selfish resentment that perhaps, after his death, someone else will come to possess Marianna.

Great dramatic effects can be based only on something universal, characteristic of the human heart in all ages; they cannot be obtained from the peculiar interests of a given moment in history. The sense

of honor may have been good in its origin, in the general principle of personal dignity. But in the times of Calderon the sense of honor had been pushed to the most remotely conceivable extremes, to the point of justifying crime and treachery.

In spite of these serious defects, Calderon's treatment of tragic themes is almost always of superior quality. And when by chance he hits upon a passion consistently genuine, and free from the deadly atmosphere in which he lived — this is the case in ‹El Alcalde de Zalamea› —we get a masterpiece. In this connection we may mention ‹Amar despues de la muerte,› and a few of his other efforts in the field of the tragic.

In the comedy of contemporary manners, Calderon shows little variety, especially if he is compared with Lope. Lope traversed and experienced the whole of life. He excludes none of it from his comedies: *picaros*, panderers, Celestinas, they are all there, as witness ‹Dorotea,› ‹El Anzuelo de Fenisa,› ‹El Arenal de Sevilla,› ‹El Rufian Castrucho.› The comedy of ‹Capa y espada› has inimitable models in Lope's ‹La Esclava de su Galan› and ‹El Premio del bien hablar,› plays at once fanciful, pleasant, and facile. In a word, Lope takes in everything; whereas Calderon is not so venturesome. His circle is much more restricted. He scarcely ever oversteps the limits of the middle class — *hidalgos* and chevaliers. He never descends to the depths of society; rarely does he depict popular types; and even in the social stratum which interested him, he confines himself to a few figures, treated always in the same manner. Shall we attribute this to poverty of imagination, sterility, lack of resourcefulness? I think not. There is hardly greater range in the comedies of Tirso de Molina, which likewise move inside the boundaries of conventional subjects: the lady in search of reparation for her lost honor; the capricious princess inveigling the licentious adventurer.

The proof that it was not wholly a question of poor inventiveness in the poet is to be found in some of the works of his early youth, ‹El Astrologo fingido,› ‹Hombre Pobre Todo es Trazas,› ‹El Alcalde de si mismo,› and others still. There we discover the happiest aptitude for a comedy like that of Lope and Tirso, even for the comedy of character. The fact is that Calderon felt an instinctive repugnance toward presenting on the stage the prosaic, ugly, or less noble aspects of human nature. Not only did this deprive him of an infinitude of types, but even made such characters as he did derive from this source artificial, thin, uninteresting, easily reducible to a formula. He dispensed with all the figures of the brothel, which Lope had pre-

served; he never ventured even to represent a situation dear to Tirso de Molina — rivalry in love between two sisters. Furthermore, this idealistic tendency of Calderon, this willingness to present only the poetic, generous, noble side of life, gives a similar contour even to his favorite types: his lovers and ladies, his fathers, his brothers, are emptied, so to speak, out of the same mold. Character, in each of these personages, may be reduced to a simple expression. All kinds of secondary traits, all that more or less vulgar element which enters into the composition of all human nature along with the nobler and more poetic impulses, are brushed aside by Calderon. Realism is something foreign to his art; there is no room for it in his view of the world. Hence it is that all questions of social relations are something outside the jurisdiction of the poet: he never brought mothers before his public — he had too much respect for the sanctity of the home; nor would he present married ladies, save as the victims of some terrible punishment after a fall, where the husband figures at once as judge, avenger, and executioner.

Hence also his slight attention to the comedy of character, and the superficial treatment accorded to such specimens of it as he produced. We may cite, in evidence, the two character sketches in ‹Guardate del Agua Mansa› — that of the female hypocrite and that of the coquette; and ‹No hay Burlas con el Amor› as well. As a matter of fact, the character comedy does not exist for Calderon, it is the exclusive inheritance of Tirso and Alarcon, — if you wish: also of Lope, all men with tendencies toward realism much more pronounced than is the case with Calderon.

Alarcon occasionally falls into the prosaic, after the manner of the French, among them even Molière; and he sometimes presents his moral lesson didactically or as a thesis. He thus went as far as was permissible in a literature so elegant and chivalric as that of Spain at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

We must not forget moreover that Calderon worked in large part by commission. He wrote for palace entertainments, for particular spectacles, which in the nature of the case had to be quite as conventional and artificial as they were ideal and fantastic. Considerations of times, places, passions, characters were determined by the expectations of court or salon. Such were the circumstances in which his mythological and chivalric works were produced. At best we may hope in them for good specimens of lyric poetry, though hardly for dramatic conditions properly so called.

Calderon's idealism, thus, is not the harmonious perfect idealism

of Greek tragedy or Greek sculpture, but an idealism so to speak of a second order — the idealism of a race and of a period. He is idealistic in the sense that he has excluded absolutely from his theatre all the prosaic aspects — all the wrecks — of humanity. Meanwhile he exalts, idealizes, transfigures whatever in the society of his time seemed to him great, generous, and noble. Herein lies the real grandeur of his spirit. This gives him his figure as a symbol of the Spanish race; this entitles him to the esteem he has won everywhere as our distinctively national poet; this explains why, when an author is sought to typify, to summarize all the intellectual and poetic greatness of our Golden Age, all eyes turn toward Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca. This national character of the poet has prejudiced to a certain extent his universality. Much of his worth and significance, measured on the background of his age, is lost when he is considered in the absolute and removed from the society for which he wrote. He is, accordingly, one of the most antiquated of our authors. His plays, save ‹El Alcalde,› have little interest for us on the stage and they are very tiresome even when read. In spite of all that, the Spanish theatre presents no greater name.

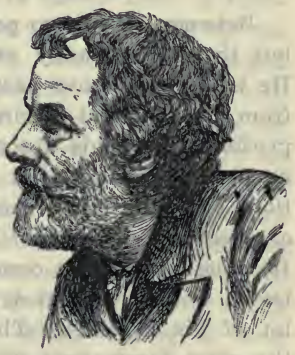
His glory, then, rather than the glory of a poet, is the glory of an entire nation. Calderon is ancient Spain, with all its lights and shadows, with all its grandeur and its defects, its pretentious pomp, its vanity, its slumber of decadence, its national pride unaffected by national disaster, its religious sentiment, its monarchical sentiment, its love of justice, its devotion to patriarchal privilege. Calderon reflects all this confusion of impulse that seethed in the vitals of Spanish society.

GEORGE MEREDITH

(1828–1909)

BY ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

WHAT Robert Browning is among English poets, George Meredith is among English novelists. A writer of genius who had no predecessors and who can have no posterity, the isolation of Meredith is inherent in the very constitution of his remarkable novels. These are so completely of the man himself that their kind will perish with him. Their weaknesses elude the imitation of the most scholarly contortionists of English. Their strength is altogether superlative and unique.



GEORGE MEREDITH

In the preface to a late work Meredith writes: «The forecast may be hazarded that if we do not speedily embrace philosophy in fiction, the art is doomed to extinction.» The Meredithian principle of the novel is summed up in this prophecy. There have not been wanting critics to whom the lusty embraces of art with philosophy in Mr. Meredith's novels seem productive of little but intolerable weariness to the reader. Be this as it may, the writer of 'The Egoist' and of the 'Tragic Comedians' has been scrupulously faithful to his ideal of what constitutes vitality in fiction. He never descends to the deadening vulgarity of an intricate plot, nor does he swamp character in incident. His men and women reveal themselves by their subtle play upon one another in the slow progress of situations lifelike in their apparent unimportance. They are actors not in a romance nor in a melodrama, but in a drama of philosophy. Sometimes this philosophy of Meredith's lies like a cloak of lead about the delicate form of his rare poetical imagination. The enchanting lines can only be faintly traced through the formless shroud. The man who wrote this love passage in 'Richard Feverel' might seem to have made sad uses of philosophy in his later books:—

«The sweet heaven-bird shivered out his song above him. The gracious glory of heaven fell upon his soul. He touched her hand, not moving his eyes

from her nor speaking: and she with a soft word of farewell passed across the stile, and up the pathway through the dewy shades of the copse, and out of the arch of the light, away from his eyes.»

From the delight of pure beauty like this, the reader passes to sentences where the metaphysician has buried the artist and poet under the unhewn masses of his thought.

«A witty woman is a treasure: a witty beauty is a power. Has she actual beauty, actual wit? not an empty, tidal, material beauty that passes current among pretty flippancy or staggering pretentiousness? Grant the combination: she will appear a veritable queen of her period, fit for homage, at least meriting a disposition to believe the best of her in the teeth of foul rumor; because the well of true wit is truth itself, the gathering of the precious drops of right reason, wisdom's lighting; and no soul possessing it and dispensing it can justly be a target for the world, however well armed the world confronting her. Our contemporary world, that Old Credulity and stone-hurling urchin in one, supposes it possible for a woman to be mentally active up to the point of spiritual clarity, and also fleshly vile — a guide to life and a biter at the fruits of death — both open mind and a hypocrite.»

Between these two passages there is apparently a great gulf fixed, but they are equally expressive of the genius of George Meredith. He is a poet whose passion for mind has led him far enough away from the poetical environment. Of all English novelists, none approach him in his absorption in the minds of men. He weaves his novels not around what men do, but what they think. Mental sensations form the subject-matter of his chapters. He delights in minute analyses, which, as in 'The Egoist,' reveal human nature unclothed. He laughs over his own amazing discoveries, but he seldom victimizes a woman. What sympathy he has with his creations falls to the lot of his heroines. The minds of women are to George Meredith the most fascinating subjects of research in the universe. He may jest at times over their contradictions; but he attributes their worst features to man, who should have been the civilizer of woman, but who has been instead the refined savage, gloating over «veiled, virginal dolls.»

Meredith, who was born in 1828, was many years in revealing himself to the British public, who loved him not. He had published a volume of verse in 1851, and he was known to the narrow circle of his friends as a poet only. His first wife was the daughter of Thomas Love Peacock, who was in a sense the spiritual progenitor of George Meredith the novelist. The eccentric author of 'Headlong Hall' and 'Maid Marian,' whose novels are peopled with «perfectibilians, deteriorationists, statu-quo-ites, phrenologists, transcendentalists, political economists, theorists in all sciences, projectors in all arts, enthusiasts, lovers of music, lovers of the picturesque, and lovers of good dinners,» might well have influenced the author of 'One of Our Conquerors.'

Among the earlier works of Meredith 'The Shaving of Shagpat' and 'Farina' witness to the splendor of his imagination, but not to the wealth of his psychological experience. 'The Shaving of Shagpat' is an extravaganza which puts the 'Arabian Nights' to shame. 'The Ordeal of Richard Feverel' is his first typical novel, and in a sense one of his greatest, because it combines his passion for philosophical estimates of character with his passion for beauty. Beauty to George Meredith means women and nature. The genius of the man forgets theories when under this double inspiration.

One of the most perfect love scenes in the whole range of fiction is that between Richard and Lucy alone together in the sweet fields. Richard Feverel was a youth with whom it was intended that nature should have little to do. He was reared upon a system, the fruit of the dejected brain and hurt heart of his father, Sir Austin Feverel. This system in its sublimated perfection overlooks human nature, and provides for marriage as a play of 'Hamlet' with Hamlet left out. Richard, young, ardent, living in his youth as in a halo, breaks through the paddock of the appointed order to marry Lucy, a farmer's daughter, the one woman of George Meredith adjusted to the sentimental type. Separated from his bride, Richard is plunged into his fiery ordeal. He comes out of it spotted, wretched, unwilling to return to his girl bride, whose love had not held him from unfaithfulness. The book closes in the sombreness of tragedy; an ending unusual with Meredith, who inclines naturally to the comedy of human nature. There is not a little of this comedy in 'Richard Feverel.' The household of Sir Austin is essentially the fruit of the author's humorous insight into the eccentricities of men and women. In his portrayal of the wise youth Adrian Harley, who will speak only in epigrams; of Algernon Feverel, to whom dinner is both heaven and hell; of the scheming mother; of the pale Clare, the type of feminine submission to the inevitable,—Meredith exhibits his comprehension of twisted and damaged human nature and his detachment from it.

No author ever took his creations less seriously, unless indeed they are women, full of rich, vibrant life. Meredith's characters must be a match for him, else he will hold them up to the subtle ridicule of those who are in his secret. The men and women of 'Evan Harrington' are thus put on the stage. Parts of this novel are supposed to be pages from Meredith's own experience when living in a village near London. The struggles of Evan and his sisters, who have been hampered in their social career by their father, a tailor of foppish pretensions, are related with delicate gusto. About these central figures come and go a host of Meredith's own people, enveloped one and all in the rose light of a dainty comedy of manners.

In 'Sandra Belloni' and in its sequel 'Vittoria' the transition becomes marked from the well-tempered realistic romance of 'Richard Feverel,' and the frank comedy of 'Evan Harrington,' to the metaphysical, enigmatic, subtle novels of Meredith's later manner. Yet 'Sandra Belloni' and 'Vittoria' are brilliant with "noble strength on fire." The heroine Emilia is the daughter of great passions. Her meteoric life is traced by flashes through heavy clouds of profound and lengthy epigrams,—epigrams after the manner of Meredith, whole paragraphs long.

In 'Diana of the Crossways' the peculiar genius of Meredith finds more complete expression. This is a year-long novel for the reading. and like 'The Egoist' requires perhaps a lifetime for digestion. The career of Diana, an Irish gentlewoman, strong and beautiful, pure and fervid, made for love and leadership, is the subject of this remarkable novel. The men who love her are seen and judged less by a light of their own making than by the radiance of Diana. They are, as is usual with Meredith's men, the dependents of the woman. The author introduces his reader to his heroine by a preface unintelligible to the uninitiated:—

"To demand of us truth to nature excluding philosophy is really to bid a pumpkin caper. As much as legs are wanted for the dance, philosophy is required to make our human nature credible and acceptable. Fiction implores you to heave a bigger breast and take her in with this heaveniy preservative helpmate, her inspiration and her essence. There is a peepshow and a Punch's at the corner of every street: one magnifying the lacework of life, another the ventral tumulus; and it is there for you, dry bones, if you do not open to Philosophy."

Philosophy, the guiding star of Meredith's artistic pilgrimage, leads him in 'The Egoist' into heavy quagmires of mannerisms. Yet this novel is the most typical of his intricate genius. It reveals to the full his passion for unveiling man to the gaze of man. Sir Willoughby Patterne, the egoist, might be embodied satire on the dearest frailty of man, were he not too lifelike and too remote from the region of the abstract. His monstrous selfishness is set forth in such exquisite detail that the lesson cannot possibly fail of its purpose through undue exaggeration. Clara Middleton, "the dainty rogue in porcelain," too precious for the clumsy fingers of Sir Willoughby, ranks with Diana as one of the most finished creations of Meredith. She gives to 'The Egoist' whatever charm it has. It is mainly for the sake of George Meredith's women that the reader adventures o'er moor and fen and crag and torrent of his philosophical mysteries of style. The prize is worth the quest. No one but Hardy has approached Meredith in the portrayal of woman nature, and Hardy falls short of

Meredith, because the creator of Diana has done what the creator of Tess omits doing. He has given to the world its own nineteenth-century women of the best type,—brilliant but not neurotic, thoughtful but not morbid. Renée and Cecilia in 'Beauchamp's Career,' Clara Middleton in 'The Egoist,' Aminta in 'Lord Ormont,' Diana, Vittoria, and others of their kin, are in their mentality women of no century but the present; yet in their capacity for noble passion they might be placed with Elaine in the airy tower of a forgotten castle, or with Penelope in the sea wanderer's palace, or with Senta in the fisherman's hut. The milkmaid type of woman Meredith drew but once, in Lucy. She is much more of a pink-and-white country lass than Dahlia and Rhoda in 'Rhoda Fleming.' These sisters are in no sense country women, unless the straightforward passionate career of Rhoda seeking to right a ruined sister establishes her as a child of nature. To George Meredith it is the woman who combines heart and intellect who is to be worshiped on bended knees. His ideal of women—and perhaps the best description of his own women—is summed up in this passage from his essay on 'Comedy':—

«But those two ravishing women, so copious and so choice of speech, who fence with men and pass their guard, are heartless! Is it not preferable to be the pretty idiot, the passive beauty, the adorable bundle of caprices,—very feminine, very sympathetic of romantic and sentimental fiction? Our women are taught to think so. The Agnès of the 'École des Femmes' should be a lesson for men. The heroines of comedy are like women of the world: not necessarily heartless from being clear-sighted; they seem so to the sentimentally reared only for the reason that they use their wits, and are not wandering vessels crying for a captain or a pilot. Comedy is an exhibition of their battle with men, and that of men with them; and as the two, however divergent, both look on one object,—namely, Life,—the gradual similarity of their impressions must bring them to some resemblance. The comic poet dares to show us men and women coming to this mutual likeness: he is for saying that when they draw together in social life their minds grow liker; just as the philosopher discerns the similarity of boy and girl until the girl is marched away to the nursery. Philosopher and comic poet are of a cousinship in the eye they cast on life; and they are equally unpopular with our willful English of the hazy region, and the ideal that is not to be disturbed.»

George Meredith explains himself and his doctrine so lucidly in this paragraph, that it seems impossible ever again to join forces with the «willful English of the hazy region.» Yet in his latest novels he sometimes compels his most penetrative disciples to apostasy. Professor Dowden has well said that the obscurity of an author is a matter for subsequent generations to decide; yet the obscurity of Meredith in 'One of Our Conquerors,' in the 'Amazing Marriage,' or in 'Lord Ormont and his Aminta,' can scarcely be due to the

smoked glasses of his contemporaries. A writer like Meredith, who possesses in the highest degree the unique gift of the comic insight into life, with all that it implies of delicate sympathy and subtle comprehension of human nature, must be expected to tell of his extraordinary discoveries in an extraordinary tongue. The question is pertinent, however, of whether supreme genius might not be able to relate the same marvelous stories of humanity in a simpler speech.

Anna McClure Sholl

MEREDITH'S POETRY

BY GERTRUDE E. T. SLAUGHTER

When Meredith had become the acknowledged leader of English letters and «the oracle of Box Hill» he was still, as he himself said, «an unpopular novelist and an unaccepted poet.» Official criticism, having placed his novels where they will doubtless remain, hesitates about his poems. And not without reason. For poetry such as his cannot be accepted or rejected till the time is ripe. His forward-reaching mind conceived ideas that were difficult to express and he made demands upon his readers which only time can lessen. But if the task of a poet is the reinterpretation of life, no quality is more requisite than a «forward imagination.» And it may well happen that the quality of Meredith's poetry which is the chief cause of its slow appeal will be a reason for its final acceptance. Certainly, if poetry is to convey a new realization of the meaning of things, it can be received only when our highest intelligence is awake. It must be poetry that we shall cling to with our strength and not with our weakness.

It is clear from the Letters that Meredith thought of himself always as a poet and that he was inclined to poetical expression by every instinct. Before he was twenty years old he had given proof of his ability to sing; and the volume that he published at the age of seventy-three shows over-concentration but no diminution of his power. Often when he was writing the novels the «curse of verse» would come upon him to «bedevil him» and hinder his work. Poetry was his «evil fairy who had condemned him to poverty from the cradle through the love of verse.» In middle life, when he was less driven by the pressure of remunerative work, he said: «Latterly I have felt poetically weakened by philosophical reflection. But this is going and a greater strength comes of it. For I believe I am in the shadow of the truth; and as it is my nature to

sing I may yet do well.» That he had the gifts of a poet none will deny. The imaginative quality of his style, with all its «passionate and various beauty» — its ability to flash meanings in a phrase and to translate moods into pure lyrics — combined with his power over the elements of tragedy and comedy to produce, in whatever medium, the work of a poet. If he seemed to abuse his power at times, it was never willfully but because of an overabundance of the intellectual vigor which enhances the value of his most majestic lines and his most melodious cadences.

It was maintained by an English critic at the end of the century that, in the true succession of English poets, Meredith stands next to Wordsworth, inasmuch as no other poet after Wordsworth gave such exalted expression to the passion of the century, which was the love of nature, combined with so great faith in its virtue. Meredith's poetry does in fact attach itself to Wordsworth's, although far exceeding it in scope, in that both gave to natural phenomena, each as his own age understood them, that «living and colored representation» which Sainte-Beuve declared to be the function of poetry. To both of them nature was the great revealing agency. Meredith accepted freely the scientific teachings of his day toward which Tennyson's attitude was vacillating and Browning's reactionary. He accepted them moreover with the enthusiasm of a poet and they became the justification of his faith, the reasonable warrant of his dream. During the entire second half of the century, while literary movements waxed and waned and the new world ushered in by Darwin's popularization of scientific theories seemed powerless to be born, Meredith was creating in his poetry an interpretation at once faithful and original of the theories and the spirit of the new science.

His conclusions led him to none of the extremes to which, by the subjectivity of logic, the tenets of science have led many modern thinkers. Between the material determinism of modern literature which involves every individual life in the energy that drives existence forward and the narrowness of mid-Victorian individualism he held a middle ground, asserting that by the power of the spirit the fates are within us even while, by the laws of nature, we are in the hands of the fates, — the inevitable paradox of life. He did not resort to the false line of reasoning that constructs the moral world by literal deductions from the physical. He is a poet and proceeds in a different way. Accepting the biological theory of evolution without any sense of conflict, he sees an earth alive with meanings; and to read those meanings is to behold the significance of life in an impassioned vision of reality. The outlook is not through science to despair. Nor is it to self-complacent optimism. For the vision is not for those who «lean their heads on downy ignorance» and transfer their responsibilities to fate or circumstance or to the power that somehow, in spite of us, will make for righteousness. It is for those who have understanding minds and «souls not lent in usury»; for those

who, scorning Fear and casting Self aside, are willing to throw themselves — their strength well knit — into the brave wars that must be waged before mankind may attain to the stature of the gods. Although struggle is the condition of growth and will never end, it is the glory of man to share in the upward impulse of nature. And that upward impulse, which has produced reason and love and laughter, is away from rivalries and self-seeking toward brotherhood, away from slavery toward liberty, from the senses to the spirit, from Earth «Up to God's footstool whither she reaches.»

It seems to Meredith that systems of religion and schemes of worship have often «slain the soul of brotherhood,» whereas the aspect of nature in the process of evolution creates both brotherhood and reverence. It levels mankind. As old Martin says,

> «It pours such a splendor on heaps of poor souls.»

But if it levels mankind and crushes the pretensions of the elect it also creates distinctions that prove the soul. It is at this point that the seer ventures beyond the sky-line of the scientist. For while life is at the grindstone set to make good instruments of men, yet in the end the fittest to survive is solved in spirit. For the spiritual is the eternal. «Earth that gives the milk the spirit gives,» and he whose spirit conquers the flesh is the best-loved child of earth.

> «Our lives are but a little holding lent
> To do a mighty labor. We are one
> With heaven and the stars if it is spent
> To do God's will. Else die we with the sun.»

Among those who have admired Meredith's poems there is wide divergence of opinion. One pronounces his fame secure because ‹Love in the Valley› is the greatest love poem of the century. Another would base his reputation on ‹The Woods of Westermain,› which he regards as a great and original achievement, while ‹Love in the Valley› is only a successful venture in a popular vein. Another, who finds in ‹Juggling Jerry› the universality of Homer and Shakespeare, condemns ‹Modern Love,› that searching tragi-comedy which Swinburne declared to be «above the aim and beyond the reach of any but its author,» as artificial and strained and false. While another who has only scorn for ‹Juggling Jerry› places ‹Modern Love› above Shakespeare's sonnets. Another presses for the ballad poetry, declaring that ‹The Nuptials of Attila› raises its author above the other poets of his day. Still another finds the proof of his greatness in ‹Earth and Man,› another in ‹The Day of the Daughter of Hades,› another in the ‹Ode to France,› and another in ‹The Lark Ascending.›

These personal preferences have an interest as the opinions of

interesting men. But the time has come to judge Meredith's poetry more critically, to study it as a whole, and to inquire whether there is not some poetic quality common to all of these types, — to nature poetry and ballad poetry, to lyrical outbursts of simple melody and analytical poems of deep reflection, to dramas of domestic life and criticisms of literature, to impersonations and reminiscences and histories. If they possess a unity of imaginative conception it is a greater thing than unity of style. Similarity of form gives an easy vogue to many a passing versifier and often betokens poverty of expression. There is a deeper unity which is rooted in thoughtfulness and therefore in the general life.

It is indeed difficult to understand how the rough and involved expressions of some of the poems can be related in any way to the melodious flow of others; how the lines of the ‹Ode to the Comic Spirit,› for example, can have issued out of the same mind that produced the stanzas of ‹Love in the Valley› — those stanzas that made Stevenson «drunk like wine.» Nothing can excuse the faults of faulty lines, and there are many of Meredith's that nobody will read twice if he can help it. But it is true that one may accustom oneself to inversions and syncopated forms, and that there comes to be even a certain fascination in the ruggedness and independence of the style. Its very asperities impart a kind of strength, like the strength of the relentless sea. Whether one will tempt this sea of verse will depend upon how forcibly one is impelled by the power of the portions that have been revealed to one.

It is only by reading this poetry until one has penetrated through its diversity of form to its unity of spirit that one is made aware of its power to touch the soul with new life even as it haunts the ear with strange melodies. The faithful reader will be led through some tangles and desert wastes. Nevertheless he is led on an exhilarating journey. He is taken into the secret haunt of every bird and flower of the English countryside, where, in «Æolian silences,» he will catch the sound of «water, first of singers» or the «chirp of Ariel» or the «Dryad voices of old hymning night.» He is carried upward with the lark who «wings our green to wed our blue» and taken delving into dark problems of evil and left to rest where

> «The soft night wind went laden to death
> With smell of the orange in flower.»

He will meet a few members of the aristocratic world of the novels but he will encounter oftener some roadside beggar or farmer or villager or some princess of old romance. He will enter no unreal gardens of Proserpine or the Sensitive Plant but in the meadows where he walks among familiar sights he will meet Apollo and Daphne and Demeter and Triptolemus and one who is close kin to Nausicaa. He will feel the teeth of the fiercest wind and there is no mood of the woods that he will not

share. Wherever he is led he will find more than pictures and music, or more than the emptiness of poetry that attempts to do the tasks of pictures and music. But no weight of thought will prevent his tasting «joy's excess» and the «savage freedom of the skies.» He will be caught up by the spirit of life until he echoes the poet's faith that forward sets and his «dream of the blossom of good.»

The inherent magic of the poet is one with the fundamental tenet of the philosopher. That which the philosopher counsels the poet realizes.

He realizes it most of all by the cumulative effect of the poetry as a whole. It would be impossible to convey an impression of that effect in prose, but it may be indicated by some lines in which the poet says of Beauty and the Soul:

> «He gives her homeliness in desert air
> And sovereignty in spaciousness. He leads
> Through widening chambers of surprise to where
> Throbs rapture near an end that aye recedes
> Because his touch is infinite and lends
> A yonder to all ends.»

The effect of the poetry is to impart to the reader a sense of homeliness in desert air, of sovereignty in spaciousness. It has the power so rare in modern verse of compelling the mind to sink its fate, or enlarge its life, in the encircling radiance of universal being.

It would be possible to go through the poems and show how they contribute severally to this effect. The purest lyrics, like ‹The Lark Ascending,› with its marvelous bird-song, take you into the heart of things and make you one with nature. ‹The Day of the Daughter of Hades› exalts life with ecstasy. It is a series of singing pictures, full of the enchantment of growing things, of the glory of light, of the splendor of storm, of the wonders wrought by the law of life and death. It is at once the most beautiful transformation of the Demeter legend into a modern poem and a perfect expression of the poet's view of reality. ‹Love in the Valley› weaves the delights of nature and young love into a pattern of exquisite harmonies. The sonnet-sequence, ‹Modern Love,› is the tragedy of two souls caught in the net of a subtle selfishness. It reveals in trenchant and haunting phrases the dark depths of their suffering and the littleness of their problem in the face of nature's great simplicity. ‹The Woods of Westermain› is an alluring invitation to the courageous soul to enter into the secrets of nature in her multitudinous aspects and to learn joy and wisdom from every cone and seedling, from growth and decay and birth and death, and from «Change, the strongest son of Life.»

> «You of any well that springs
> May unfold the heaven of things.»

Meredith was always unfolding the secrets of the Woods of Westermain, from the ‹Pastorals› and ‹The Southwest Wind in the Woodland› of his earliest volume, through ‹Melampus› and ‹Phœbus with Admetus› and ‹The Spirit of Earth in Autumn› and ‹The Thrush in February› and the ‹Night of Frost in May,› even down to the youthful song of his eightieth year:

«My heart shoots into the breast of the bird
As it will for sheer love till the last long sigh.»

Ballads, like ‹The Nuptials of Attila›; poems of character and incident, like ‹Earth and the Wedded Woman,› ‹The Old Chartist,› ‹A Ballad of Fair Ladies in Revolt,› and ‹Juggling Jerry›; and delicate lyrics like ‹Autumn Even-song› and ‹Wind on the Lyre› — all have their inspiration in a consciousness of the unity of life. Everywhere man and nature are held close together as nature holds them.

«Earth was not Earth before her sons appeared
Nor Beauty Beauty ere young Love was born.»

Some of the poems breathe less the spirit of life and expound more coldly the views of the philosopher. ‹Earth and Man› is usually cited as the most complete expression of the philosophy. But ‹Earth and Man› presents ideas in gaunt outlines. It does not compel us «to feel that which we perceive and to imagine that which we know.» It represents the earth as producing man her offspring and leaving him to contend with the elements for his existence. She gives him what he needs but not what he desires. She bids him crush his personal longings; and her only consolation is the maxim, «Live in thy offspring as I live in mine.» She has planted a dream within him and he will learn that she is spirit and that he may rest his faith in her. But these ideas are not illumined. They lack the impassioned expression, the instinctive joyfulness, and perception of beauty of many of his earlier poems and his later softened understanding of life.

The sonnet, ‹Lucifer in Starlight,› contains the sterner aspect of truth, but it does not leave the reader coldly speculating. It conveys a sense of what it proclaims, the reign of unalterable law. In ‹A Meditation under Stars› the measureless immensity is made palpable in lines that contain the essence of the philosophy. The poet finds no answer to his questions of the stars but he is satisfied with the belief that

« The fire is in them whereof we are born,
The music of their motion may be ours.»

‹The Test of Manhood,› written nearly twenty years later than ‹Earth and Man,› is a more comprehensive and more poetical formation of Meredith's philosophy. It describes in impressive words the brave

struggle of the race through crimson mire, like a seed toward light and air; and when, in his effort to balance rightly the powers of life, man is «dragged rearward, shamed, amazed,» the poet asks what hope there is and answers that with each recovery he acquires a surer sense of his march ahead. Something permanent is gained at every new advance.

> « A sun goes down in wasted fire: a sun
> Resplendent shines, to faith refreshed compels.»

As the philosopher's reading of life is condensed into ‹The Test of Manhood,› the poet's enthusiasm for the beauty of nature is concentrated in the ‹Hymn to Color.› The spirit that animates the poems and gives them unity assumes in the ‹Hymn to Color› a form that bears witness to the poet's constructive art. It is a form unique in modern verse. It stands apart like an ode of Pindar, in a high light, aloof from the beaten paths. Yet it is not elusive or fantastic. Its truth springs from the actual. It is as if the poet, in the maturity of his years, were standing on an eminence and looking down upon the world into whose secrets he had penetrated and, gazing through the web of phenomena, perceived the meaning of things more clearly because he stands apart; or as if he had taken into his hand the bare essentials of his structure of human life and molded them into a plastic form at once sensuous and austere. This beauty that Meredith exalts is «Color, the soul's bridegroom,» the beauty of nature seen through love, the beauty of dawn that vanishes in an instant and yet lasts through eternity, that gives warmth to life and gentleness to death; and, more than all, it is the fount from which to drink delight of battle. It is the soul's armor for the warfare of humanity in which he may go forth to triumph after triumph of the spirit until

> « He shall uplift his earth to meet her Lord,
> Himself the attuning chord.»

The ‹Hymn to Color,› written at the age of sixty, holds in perfect balance the poetic ardors of Meredith's earlier poetry and the intellectual abstractions that dominated more and more his later work. It belongs to a group of poems which, issuing as they do out of a period of great strain and suffering, when, as he said in one of the Letters, he «trod on spikes where once were flowers,» offer a certain corrective of his earlier philosophy. One discerns in them a deepened vision of spiritual reality, a fuller sense of the cost to the individual of the renunciation that underlies his doctrine of acceptance. The ungrudging willingness to be sword or block in the service of future generations is an ideal too austere for the maintenance of the joy the poet cherishes. The change is one of emphasis rather than of doctrine, but it has the effect of mellowing and humanizing the philosophy.

The ‹Faith on Trial› is the story of the white heat of the ordeal.

It takes the reader into the heart of the beech-woods in early spring and into close intimacy with the poet. The heavens have broken upon him; and his own soul as well as his philosophy is put on trial. He sees the clearing vision in the folds of blossom on the wild white cherry-tree, but it is only when he has wrestled with himself and bowed in resignation and cried, «Smite, sacred Reality,» that his philosophy triumphs. The triumph of his philosophy is the triumph of his faith in the life of the spirit. He has applied his test to himself unflinchingly, and like Melampus and Juggling Jerry and Shakespeare and the Daughter of Hades he has looked upon earth deeper than flower and tree and has found

> «A soul beside our own to quicken, quell,
> Irradiate, and through ruinous floods uplift.»

In the ‹Odes in Contribution to the Song of French History› Meredith applied his test of human worth to nations. Three of the four odes were written in the poet's seventieth year, the ode to ‹France, 1870› thirty years earlier. Taken together they so far exceed in magnitude any similar treatment of history in English poetry as to constitute a new type of lyric. They give evidence of a close reading of history and they uphold a conception of the responsibility of nations that forecasts the «new internationalism» of the present time.

The whole series is a vivid analysis of the «radiance and the monstrous deeds» of France since the days that preceded the Revolution and a prophecy of her future task before the world. The character of Napoleon, which is drawn with master strokes, is presented in its contrast with the national ideal of «soaring France.» In all of Meredith's characters, whether he shows them caught in the snares of sentimentalism or in the tragic net of circumstance or escaping free of both, the rock of disaster is the love of self. The root of evil in Napoleon's nature is the same as that of the Egoist, and the high soul of France is triumphant after bitter conflict for the same reason that the devoted spirit of Vittoria issued clear out of strife. Joan of Arc is greater than Napoleon and will outlive him because she had tossed her heart into the furnace pit for the sake of France, while he, the arbiter of circumstance, had lured her by the promise of order in the state and held her as his slave. When France in the Revolution rose to wed Liberty she had learned to embrace mankind. She had listened to the song of Earth, and its harmonies had taught her the laws of life. They had taught her the meaning of accord, which is the only true liberty. The voice of liberty was «the voice of Earth's very soul.» Whenever she was fresh from nature's breast her only concern was to plant good seed for the young generations. At the end the poet calls upon her to «wash from her eyes the Napoleonic glare» forever, to forfeit the desire of glory for the sake of Europe where war is fratricide, and to know that humanity is on trial in her and it is her task to lead the nations through troubled seas.

Meredith saw in France a resurgency of light that makes her the hope of the age. But it was chiefly for the sake of England that he was holding up in a new light his ideal of reason and sacrifice. With all of his rapier thrusts at the faults of England, she was to him «our England of the ancient fortitude and the future incarnation.» He identified the cause of his country with the cause of humanity. He devoted a number of poems to English national affairs, but they are unimportant compared with the criticism of English society that permeates his work both as novelist and poet.

In one of the memorable conversations of his later years Meredith said of his work that its aim had been to make John Bull understand himself. He said too that although his verse was little read it was for his verse that he cared most. «Chiefly,» he said, «by that in my verse which emphasizes the unity of life, the soul that breathes through the universe, do I wish to be remembered. For the spiritual is the eternal.»

These words express the twofold aspect of his achievement. Neither aspect is limited to his poetry and neither to his prose. One represents its extensive value and covers his treatment of character. The other is intensive and indicates the attitude toward nature which is the basis of his philosophy. To understand them both is to know that he has not bequeathed us a «Sphinx to tease the world again,» as an American poet said of him. It is to know that the most remarkable quality of his genius is its unity in versatility, its simplicity in complexity. He who overpowers us at times with the cudgels of his intellect or dazzles us with the finely chiseled facets of his wit has in reality a philosophy so simple that it resolves itself into the essence of religion. Humility and reverence are its watchwords. Its fruit is a simple faith based on reality, asking for no special indulgences in this world or another, learning of nature the way of progress through patient fidelities toward an ideal of brotherhood. Its guiding lights are reason and sanity. Its temper is the «rapture of the forward view.»

Meredith's poetry has a vital and sustaining power. The energetic faith that «through disaster sings» and the temper that is able

> «To see in mold the rose unfold,
> The soul through blood and tears,»

is imparted not by precept and persuasion but by the inspiration of poetry. Meredith was not an experimenter in verse who succeeded once or twice by chance. He proved himself a singer of simple melodies and a master of complex metres; a bard of lyrical ecstasies and a dispassionate seeker after truth. He said of his poems that they were «flints, not flowers.» But they are both. They «strike the spark out of our human clay» and they reproduce that exalted mood when, for the reader as for the poet,

> «Dead seasons quicken in one petal-spot
> Of color unforgot.»

RICHARD AND LUCY: AN IDYL

From 'The Ordeal of Richard Feverel'

When nature has made us ripe for love, it seldom occurs that the Fates are behindhand in furnishing a temple for the flame.

Above green-flashing plunges of a weir, and shaken by the thunder below, lilies, golden and white, were swaying at anchor among the reeds. Meadow-sweet hung from the banks thick with weed and trailing bramble, and there also hung a daughter of earth. Her face was shaded by a broad straw hat with a flexible brim that left her lips and chin in the sun, and sometimes nodding, sent forth a light of promising eyes. Across her shoulders, and behind, flowed large loose curls, brown in shadow, almost golden where the ray touched them. She was simply dressed, befitting decency and the season. On a closer inspection you might see that her lips were stained. This blooming young person was regaling on dewberries. They grew between the bank and the water. Apparently she found the fruit abundant, for her hand was making pretty progress to her mouth. Fastidious youth, which shudders and revolts at woman plumping her exquisite proportions on bread and butter, and would (we must suppose) joyfully have her quite scraggy to have her quite poetical, can hardly object to dewberries. Indeed, the act of eating them is dainty and induces musing. The dewberry is a sister to the lotus, and an innocent sister. You eat; mouth, eye, and hand are occupied, and the undrugged mind free to roam. And so it was with the damsel who knelt there. The little skylark went up above her, all song, to the smooth southern cloud lying along the blue; from a dewy copse standing dark over her nodding hat the blackbird fluted, calling to her with thrice mellow note; the kingfisher flashed emerald out of green osiers; a bow-winged heron traveled aloft, seeking solitude; a boat slipped toward her, containing a dreamy youth; and still she plucked the fruit, and ate, and mused, as if no fairy prince were invading her territories, and as if she wished not for one, or knew not her wishes. Surrounded by the green shaven meadows, the pastoral summer buzz, the weirfall's thundering white, amid the breath and beauty of wild flowers, she was a bit of lovely human life in a fair setting; a terrible attraction. The Magnetic Youth leaned round to note his proximity to the weir-piles, and beheld the sweet vision.

Stiller and stiller grew nature, as at the meeting of two electric clouds. Her posture was so graceful that though he was making straight for the weir, he dared not dip a scull. Just then one most enticing dewberry caught her eyes. He was floating by unheeded, and saw that her hand stretched low, and could not gather what it sought. A stroke from his right brought him beside her. The damsel glanced up dismayed, and her whole shape trembled over the brink. Richard sprang from his boat into the water. Pressing a hand beneath her foot, which she had thrust against the crumbling wet sides of the bank to save herself, he enabled her to recover her balance and gain safe earth, whither, emboldened by the incident, touching her finger's tip, he followed her.

He had landed on an island of the still-vexed Bermoothes. The world lay wrecked behind him; Raynham hung in the mists, remote, a phantom to the vivid reality of this white hand which had drawn him thither away thousands of leagues in an eye-twinkle. Hark, how Ariel sung overhead! What splendor in the heavens! What marvels of beauty about his enchanted head! And, O you wonder! Fair Flame! by whose light the glories of being are now first seen. Radiant Miranda! Prince Ferdinand is at your feet.

Or is it Adam, his rib taken from his side in sleep, and thus transformed, to make him behold his Paradise, and lose it?

The youth looked on her with as glowing an eye. It was the First Woman to him.

And she—mankind was all Caliban to her, saving this one princely youth.

So to each other said their changing eyes in the moment they stood together; he pale, and she blushing.

She was indeed sweetly fair, and would have been held fair among rival damsels. On a magic shore, and to a youth educated by a System, strung like an arrow drawn to the head, he, it might be guessed, could fly fast and far with her. The soft rose in her cheeks, the clearness of her eyes, bore witness to the body's virtue; and health and happy blood were in her bearing. Had she stood before Sir Austin among rival damsels, that Scientific Humanist, for the consummation of his System, would have thrown her the handkerchief for his son. The wide summer-hat, nodding over her forehead to her brows, seemed to

flow with the flowing heavy curls, and those fire-threaded mellow curls, only half-curls,—waves of hair, call them,—rippling at the ends, went like a sunny red-veined torrent down her back almost to her waist; a glorious vision to the youth, who embraced it as a flower of beauty, and read not a feature. There were curious features of color in her face for him to have read. Her brows, thick and brownish against a soft skin showing the action of the blood, met in the bend of a bow, extending to the temples long and level: you saw that she was fashioned to peruse the sights of earth, and by the pliability of her brows that the wonderful creature used her faculty, and was not going to be a statue to the gazer. Under the dark thick brows an arch of lashes shot out, giving a wealth of darkness to the full frank blue eyes, a mystery of meaning—more than brain was ever meant to fathom; richer, henceforth, than all mortal wisdom to Prince Ferdinand. For when nature turns artist, and produces contrasts of color on a fair face, where is the Sage, or what the Oracle, shall match the depth of its lightest look?

Prince Ferdinand was also fair. In his slim boating attire his figure looked heroic. His hair, rising from the parting to the right of his forehead, in what his admiring Lady Blandish called his plume, fell away slanting silkily to the temples across the nearly imperceptible upward curve of his brows there,—felt more than seen, so slight it was,—and gave to his profile a bold beauty, to which his bashful, breathless air was a flattering charm. An arrow drawn to the head, capable of flying fast and far with her. He leaned a little forward to her, drinking her in with all his eyes,—and young Love has a thousand. Then truly the System triumphed, just ere it was to fall; and could Sir Austin have been content to draw the arrow to the head and let it fly, when it would fly, he might have pointed to his son again, and said to the world, "Match him!" Such keen bliss as the youth had in the sight of her, an innocent youth alone has powers of soul in him to experience.

"O women!" says The Pilgrim's Scrip, in one of its solitary outbursts, "women, who like, and will have for hero, a rake! how soon are you not to learn that you have taken bankrupts to your bosoms, and that the putrescent gold that attracted you is the slime of the Lake of Sin!"

If these two were Ferdinand and Miranda, Sir Austin was not Prospero and was not present, or their fates might have been different.

So they stood a moment, changing eyes, and then Miranda spoke, and they came down to earth, feeling no less in heaven.

She spoke to thank him for his aid. She used quite common simple words; and used them, no doubt, to express a common simple meaning: but to him she was uttering magic, casting spells, and the effect they had on him was manifested in the incoherence of his replies, which were too foolish to be chronicled.

The couple were again mute. Suddenly Miranda, with an exclamation of anguish, and innumerable lights and shadows playing over her lovely face, clapped her hands, crying aloud, "My book! my book!" and ran to the bank.

Prince Ferdinand was at her side. "What have you lost?" he said.

"My book! my book!" she answered, her long delicious curls swinging across her shoulders to the stream. Then turning to him, divining his rash intention, "Oh, no, no! let me entreat you not to," she said: "I do not so very much mind losing it." And in her eagerness to restrain him she unconsciously laid her gentle hand upon his arm, and took the force of motion out of him.

"Indeed, I do not really care for the silly book," she continued, withdrawing her hand quickly, and reddening. "Pray do not!"

The young gentleman had kicked off his shoes. No sooner was the spell of contact broken than he jumped in. The water was still troubled and discolored by his introductory adventure; and though he ducked his head with the spirit of a dabchick, the book was missing. A scrap of paper floating from the bramble just above the water, and looking as if fire had caught its edges, and it had flown from one adverse element to the other, was all he could lay hold of; and he returned to land disconsolately, to hear Miranda's murmured mixing of thanks and pretty expostulations.

"Let me try again," he said.

"No indeed!" she replied, and used the awful threat, "I will run away if you do;" which effectually restrained him.

Her eye fell on the fire-stained scrap of paper, and brightened as she cried, "There, there! you have what I want. It is that. I do not care for the book. No, please! you are not to look at it. Give it me."

Before her playfully imperative injunction was fairly spoken, Richard had glanced at the document and discovered a Griffin

between Two Wheatsheaves; his crest in silver; and below—oh, wonderment immense, his own handwriting! remnant of his burnt-offering! a page of the sacrificed poems! one blossom preserved from the deadly universal blight.

He handed it to her in silence. She took it, and put it in her bosom.

Who would have said, have thought, that where all else perished,—Odes, fluttering bits of broad-winged Epic, Idyls, Lines, Stanzas,—this one Sonnet to the stars should be miraculously reserved for such a starry fate! passing beatitude!

As they walked silently across the meadow, Richard strove to remember the hour and the mood of mind in which he had composed the notable production. The stars were invoked, as seeing and foreseeing all, to tell him where then his love reclined, and so forth; Hesper was complaisant enough to do so, and described her in a couplet—

> «Through sunset's amber see me shining fair,
> As her blue eyes shine through her golden hair.»

And surely no words could be more prophetic. Here were two blue eyes and golden hair; and by some strange chance, that appeared like the working of a Divine finger, she had become the possessor of the prophecy, she that was to fulfill it! The youth was too charged with emotion to speak. Doubtless the damsel had less to think of, or had some trifling burden on her conscience, for she seemed to grow embarrassed. At last she drew up her chin to look at her companion under the nodding brim of her hat (and the action gave her a charmingly freakish air), crying, «But where are you going to? You are wet through. Let me thank you again; and pray leave me, and go home and change instantly.»

«Wet?» replied the magnetic muser, with a voice of tender interest: «not more than one foot, I hope? I will leave you while you dry your stockings in the sun.»

At this she could not withhold a shy and lovely laugh.

«Not I, but you. You know you saved me, and would try to get that silly book for me, and you are dripping wet. Are you not very uncomfortable?»

In all sincerity he assured her that he was not.

«And you really do not feel that you are wet?»

He really did not; and it was a fact that he spoke truth.

She pursed her sweet dewberry mouth in the most comical way, and her blue eyes lightened laughter out of the half-closed lids.

"I cannot help it," she said, her mouth opening, and sounding harmonious bells of laughter in his ears. "Pardon me, won't you?"

His face took the same soft smiling curves in admiration of her.

"Not to feel that you have been in the water, the very moment after!" she musically interjected, seeing she was excused.

"It's true," he said; and his own gravity then touched him to join a duet with her, which made them no longer feel strangers, and did the work of a month of intimacy. Better than sentiment, laughter opens the breast to love; opens the whole breast to his full quiver, instead of a corner here and there for a solitary arrow. Hail the occasion propitious, O British young! and laugh and treat love as an honest god, and dabble not with the sentimental rouge. These two laughed, and the souls of each cried out to other, "It is I. It is I."

They laughed, and forgot the cause of their laughter; and the sun dried his light river clothing; and they strolled toward the blackbird's copse, and stood near a stile in sight of the foam of the weir and the many-colored rings of eddies streaming forth from it.

Richard's boat, meanwhile, had contrived to shoot the weir, and was swinging, bottom upward, broadside with the current down the rapid backwater.

"Will you let it go?" said the damsel, eying it curiously.

"Yes," he replied, and low, as if he spoke in the core of his thought. "What do I care for it now!"

His old life was whirled away with it, dead, drowned. His new life was with her, alive, divine.

She flapped low the brim of her hat. "You must really not come any farther," she softly said.

"And will you go and not tell me who you are?" he asked, growing bold as the fears of losing her came across him. "And will you not tell me before you go"—his face burned—"how you came by that—that paper?"

She chose to select the easier question to reply to: "You ought to know me: we have been introduced." Sweet was her winning off-hand affability.

"Then who, in heaven's name, are you? Tell me! I never could have forgotten you."

"You have, I think," she said demurely.

"Impossible that we could ever have met, and I forget you!"

She looked up to him quickly.

"Do you remember Belthorpe?"

"Belthorpe! Belthorpe!" quoth Richard, as if he had to touch his brain to recollect there was such a place. "Do you mean old Blaize's farm?"

"Then I am old Blaize's niece." She tripped him a soft curtsy.

The magnetized youth gazed at her. By what magic was it that this divine sweet creature could be allied with that old churl!

"Then what — what is your name?" said his mouth; while his eyes added, "O wonderful creature! how came you to enrich the earth?"

"Have you forgot the Desboroughs of Dorset, too?" She peered at him archly from a side bend of the flapping brim.

"The Desboroughs of Dorset?" A light broke in on him. "And have you grown to this? That little girl I saw there!"

He drew close to her to read the nearest features of the vision. She could no more laugh off the piercing fervor of his eyes. Her volubility fluttered under his deeply wistful look, and now neither voice was high, and they were mutually constrained.

"You see," she murmured, "we are old acquaintances."

Richard, with his eyes still intently fixed on her, returned, "You are very beautiful!"

The words slipped out. Perfect simplicity is unconsciously audacious. Her overpowering beauty struck his heart, and like an instrument that is touched and answers to the touch, he spoke.

Miss Desborough made an effort to trifle with this terrible directness; but his eyes would not be gainsaid, and checked her lips. She turned away from them, her bosom a little rebellious. Praise so passionately spoken, and by one who has been a damsel's first dream, dreamed of nightly many long nights, and clothed in the virgin silver of her thoughts in bud,— praise from him is coin the heart cannot reject, if it would. She quickened her steps to the stile.

"I have offended you!" said a mortally wounded voice across her shoulder.

That he should think so were too dreadful.

"Oh no, no! you would never offend me." She gave him her whole sweet face.

"Then why — why do you leave me?"

"Because," she hesitated, "I must go."

"No. You must not go. Why must you go? Do not go."

"Indeed I must," she said, pulling at the obnoxious broad brim of her hat; and interpreting a pause he made for his assent to her rational resolve, shyly looking at him, she held her hand out, and said "Good-by," as if it were a natural thing to say.

The hand was pure white — white and fragrant as the frosted blossom of a May night. It was the hand whose shadow, cast before, he had last night bent his head reverentially above, and kissed; resigning himself thereupon over to execution for payment of the penalty of such daring — by such bliss well rewarded.

He took the hand, and held it, gazing between her eyes.

"Good-by," she said again, as frankly as she could, and at the same time slightly compressing her fingers on his in token of adieu. It was a signal for his to close firmly upon hers.

"You will not go?"

"Pray let me," she pleaded, her sweet brows suing in wrinkles.

"You will not go?" Mechanically he drew the white hand nearer his thumping heart.

"I must," she faltered piteously.

"You will not go?"

"Oh yes! yes!"

"Tell me — do you wish to go?"

The question was subtle. A moment or two she did not answer, and then forswore herself and said Yes.

"Do you — do you wish to go?" He looked with quivering eyelids under hers.

A fainter Yes responded to his passionate repetition.

"You wish — wish to leave me?" His breath went with the words.

"Indeed I must."

Her hand became a closer prisoner.

All at once an alarming delicious shudder went through her frame. From him to her it coursed, and back from her to him.

Forward and back love's electric messenger rushed from heart to heart, knocking at each till it surged tumultuously against the bars of its prison, crying out for its mate. They stood trembling in unison, a lovely couple under these fair heavens of the morning.

When he could get his voice it said, "Will you go?"

But she had none to reply with, and could only mutely bend upward her gentle wrist.

"Then farewell!" he said; and dropping his lips to the soft fair hand, kissed it, and hung his head, swinging away from her, ready for death.

Strange, that now she was released she should linger by him. Strange, that his audacity, instead of the executioner, brought blushes and timid tenderness to his side, and the sweet words, "You are not angry with me?"

"With you, O Beloved!" cried his soul. "And you forgive me, fair charity!"

She repeated her words in deeper sweetness to his bewildered look; and he, inexperienced, possessed by her, almost lifeless with the divine new emotions she had realized in him, could only sigh and gaze at her wonderingly.

"I think it was rude of me to go without thanking you again," she said, and again proffered her hand.

The sweet heaven-bird shivered out his song above him. The gracious glory of heaven fell upon his soul. He touched her hand, not moving his eyes from her nor speaking; and she, with a soft word of farewell, passed across the stile, and up the pathway through the dewy shades of the copse, and out of the arch of the light, away from his eyes.

And away with her went the wild enchantment. He looked on barren air. But it was no more the world of yesterday. The marvelous splendors had sown seeds in him, ready to spring up and bloom at her gaze; and in his bosom now the vivid conjuration of her tones, her face, her shape, makes them leap and illumine him like fitful summer lightnings — ghosts of the vanished sun.

There was nothing to tell him that he had been making love and declaring it with extraordinary rapidity; nor did he know it. Soft flushed cheeks! sweet mouth! strange sweet brows! eyes of softest fire! — how could his ripe eyes behold you, and not plead

to keep you? Nay, how could he let you go? And he seriously asked himself that question.

To-morrow this place will have a memory,—the river and the meadow, and the white falling weir: his heart will build a temple here; and the skylark will be its high priest, and the old blackbird its glossy-gowned chorister, and there will be a sacred repast of dewberries. To-day the grass is grass; his heart is chased by phantoms and finds rest nowhere. Only when the most tender freshness of his flower comes across him does he taste a moment's calm; and no sooner does it come than it gives place to keen pangs of fear that she may not be his forever.

Ere long he learns that her name is Lucy. Ere long he meets Ralph, and discovers that in a day he has distanced him by a sphere.

RICHARD'S ORDEAL IS OVER

From 'The Ordeal of Richard Feverel.'

WHERE are the dreams of the hero when he learns he has a child? Nature is taking him to her bosom. She will speak presently. Every domesticated boor in these hills can boast the same; yet marvels the hero at none of his visioned prodigies as he does when he comes to hear of this most common performance. A father? Richard fixed his eyes as if he were trying to make out the lineaments of his child.

Telling Austin he would be back in a few minutes, he sallied into the air, and walked on and on. "A father!" he kept repeating to himself: "a child!" And though he knew it not, he was striking the keynotes of Nature. But he did know of a singular harmony that suddenly burst over his whole being.

The moon was surpassingly bright; the summer air heavy and still. He left the high-road and pierced into the forest. His walk was rapid: the leaves on the trees brushed his cheeks; the dead leaves heaped in the dells noised to his feet. Something of a religious joy—a strange sacred pleasure—was in him. By degrees it wore; he remembered himself; and now he was possessed by a proportionate anguish. A father! he dared never see his child. And he had no longer his phantasies to fall upon. He was utterly bare to his sin. In his troubled mind it seemed to him that Clare looked down on him—Clare, who saw

him as he was—and that to her eyes it would be infamy for him to go and print his kiss upon his child. Then came stern efforts to command his misery and make the nerves of his face iron.

By the log of an ancient tree, half buried in dead leaves of past summers, beside a brook, he halted as one who had reached his journey's end. There he discovered he had a companion in Lady Judith's little dog. He gave the friendly animal a pat of recognition, and both were silent in the forest silence.

It was impossible for Richard to return; his heart was surcharged. He must advance; and on he footed, the little dog following.

An oppressive slumber hung about the forest branches. In the dells and on the heights was the same dead heat. Here where the brook tinkled, it was no cool-lipped sound, but metallic, and without the spirit of water. Yonder, in a space of moonlight on lush grass, the beams were as white fire to sight and feeling. No haze spread around. The valleys were clear, defined to the shadows of their verges; the distances sharply distinct, and with the colors of day but slightly softened. Richard beheld a roe moving across a slope of sward far out of rifle mark. The breathless silence was significant, yet the moon shone in a broad blue heaven. Tongue out of mouth trotted the little dog after him; couched panting when he stopped an instant; rose weariedly when he started afresh. Now and then a large white night-moth flitted through the dusk of the forest.

On a barren corner of the wooded highland, looking inland, stood gray topless ruins set in nettles and rank grass blades. Richard mechanically sat down on the crumbling flints to rest, and listened to the panting of the dog. Sprinkled at his feet were emerald lights; hundreds of glow-worms studded the dark dry ground.

He sat and eyed them, thinking not at all. His energies were expended in action. He sat as a part of the ruins, and the moon turned his shadow westward from the south. Overhead, as she declined, long ripples of silver cloud were imperceptibly stealing toward her. They were the van of a tempest. He did not observe them, or the leaves beginning to chatter. When he again pursued his course with his face to the Rhine, a huge mountain appeared to rise sheer over him, and he had it in his mind to scale it. He got no nearer to the base of it for all his

vigorous outstepping. The ground began to dip; he lost sight of the sky. Then heavy thunder drops struck his cheek, the leaves were singing, the earth breathed, it was black before him and behind. All at once the thunder spoke. The mountain he had marked was bursting over him.

Up started the whole forest in violet fire. He saw the country at the foot of the hills, to the bounding Rhine, gleam, quiver, extinguished. Then there were pauses: and the lightning seemed as the eye of heaven, and the thunder as the tongue of heaven, each alternately addressing him; filling him with awful rapture Alone there — sole human creature among the grandeurs and mysteries of storm — he felt the representative of his kind; and his spirit rose and marched and exulted,— let it be glory, let it be ruin! Lower down the lightened abysses of air rolled the wrathful crash; then white thrusts of light were darted from the sky, and great curving ferns, seen steadfast in pallor a second, were supernaturally agitated, and vanished. Then a shrill song roused in the leaves and the herbage. Prolonged and louder it sounded, as deeper and heavier the deluge pressed. A mighty force of water satisfied the desire of the earth. Even in this, drenched as he was by the first outpouring, Richard had a savage pleasure. Keeping in motion, he was scarcely conscious of the wet, and the grateful breath of the weeds was refreshing. Suddenly he stopped short, lifting a curious nostril. He fancied he smelt meadow-sweet. He had never seen the flower in Rhineland — never thought of it; and it would hardly be met with in a forest. He was sure he smelt it fresh in dews. His little companion wagged a miserable wet tail some way in advance. He went on slowly, thinking indistinctly. After two or three steps he stooped and stretched out his hand to feel for the flower,— having, he knew not why, a strong wish to verify its growth there. Groping about, his hand encountered something warm that started at his touch; and he, with the instinct we have, seized it and lifted it to look at it. The creature was very small, evidently quite young. Richard's eyes, now accustomed to the darkness, were able to discern it for what it was,— a tiny leveret; and he supposed that the dog had probably frightened its dam just before he found it. He put the little thing on one hand in his breast, and stepped out rapidly as before.

The rain was now steady; from every tree a fountain poured. So cool and easy had his mind become that he was speculating

on what kind of shelter the birds could find, and how the butterflies and moths saved their colored wings from washing. Folded close they might hang under a leaf, he thought. Lovingly he looked into the dripping darkness of the coverts on each side, as one of their children. Then he was musing on a strange sensation he experienced. It ran up one arm with an indescribable thrill, but communicated nothing to his heart. It was purely physical, ceased for a time, and recommenced, till he had it all through his blood, wonderfully thrilling. He grew aware that the little thing he carried in his breast was licking his hand there. The small rough tongue going over and over the palm of his hand produced this strange sensation he felt. Now that he knew the cause, the marvel ended; but now that he knew the cause, his heart was touched and made more of it. The gentle scraping continued without intermission as on he walked. What did it say to him? Human tongue could not have said so much just then.

A pale gray light on the skirts of the flying tempest displayed the dawn. Richard was walking hurriedly. The green drenched weeds lay all about in his path, bent thick, and the forest drooped glimmeringly. Impelled as a man who feels a revelation mounting obscurely to his brain, Richard was passing one of those little forest chapels, hung with votive wreaths, where the peasant halts to kneel and pray. Cold, still, in the twilight it stood, rain-drops pattering round it. He looked within, and saw the Virgin holding her Child. He moved by. But not many steps had he gone ere his strength went out of him, and he shuddered. What was it? He asked not. He was in other hands. Vivid as lightning the Spirit of Life illumined him. He felt in his heart the cry of his child, his darling's touch. With shut eyes he saw them both. They drew him from the depths; they led him a blind and tottering man. And as they led him, he had a sense of purification so sweet he shuddered again and again.

When he looked out from his trance on the breathing world, the small birds hopped and chirped: warm fresh sunlight was over all the hills. He was on the edge of the forest, entering a plain clothed with ripe corn under a spacious morning sky.

AMINTA TAKES A MORNING SEA-SWIM: A MARINE DUET

From 'Lord Ormont and his Aminta.'

A GLORIOUS morning of flushed open sky and sun on a sea chased all small thoughts out of it. The breeze was from the west; and the Susan, lightly laden, took the heave of smooth rollers with a flowing current-curtsy in the motion of her speed. Foresail and aft were at their gentle strain; her shadow rippled fragmentarily along to the silver rivulet and boat of her wake. Straight she flew to the ball of fire now at spring above the waters, and raining red gold on the line of her bows. By comparison she was an ugly yawl, and as the creature of wind and wave beautiful.

They passed an English defensive fort, and spared its walls, in obedience to Matthew Shale's good counsel that they should forbear from sneezing. Little Collett pointed to the roof of his mother's house twenty paces rearward of a belt of tamarisks, green amid the hollowed yellows of shore banks yet in shade, crumbling to the sands. Weyburn was attracted by a diminutive white tent of sentry-box shape; evidently a bather's, quite as evidently a fair bather's. He would have to walk on some way for his dip. He remarked to little Collett that ladies going into the water half-dressed never have more than half a bath. His arms and legs flung out contempt of that style of bathing, exactly in old Matey's well-remembered way.

Half a mile off shore, the Susan was put about to flap her sails, and her boat rocked with the passengers. Turning from a final cheer to friendly Matthew, Weyburn at the rudder espied one of those unenfranchised ladies in marine uniform issuing through the tent-slit. She stepped firmly, as into her element. A plain look at her, and a curious look, and an intent look, fixed her fast, and ran the shock on his heart before he knew of a guess. She waded, she dipped; a head across the breast of the waters was observed: this one of them could swim. She was making for sea, a stone's-throw off the direction of the boat.

Before his wits had grasped the certainty possessing them, fiery envy and desire to be alongside her set his fingers fretting at buttons. A grand smooth swell of the waters lifted her, and her head rose to see her world. She sank down the valley, where another wave was mounding for its onward roll: a gentle

scene of the βάντ' ἐπιόντα of Weyburn's favorite Sophoclean chorus. Now she was given to him — it was she. How could it ever have been any other! He handed his watch to little Collett, and gave him the ropes, pitched coat and waistcoat on his knees, stood free of boots and socks, and singing out truly enough the words of a popular cry, "White ducks want washing," went over and in.

Aminta soon had to know she was chased. She had seen the dive from the boat, and received an illumination. With a chuckle of delighted surprise, like a blackbird startled, she pushed seaward for joy of the effort, thinking she could exult in imagination of an escape up to the moment of capture, yielding then only to his greater will; and she meant to try it.

The swim was a holiday; all was new — nothing came to her as the same old thing since she took her plunge; she had a sea-mind — had left her earth-mind ashore. The swim, and Matey Weyburn pursuing her, passed up out of happiness, through the spheres of delirium, into the region where our life is as we would have it be: a home holding the quiet of the heavens, if but midway thither, and a home of delicious animation of the whole frame, equal to wings.

He drew on her; but he was distant, and she waved an arm. The shout of her glee sprang from her: "Matey!" He waved; she heard his voice. Was it her name? He was not so drunken of the sea as she: he had not leapt out of bondage into buoyant waters, into a youth without a blot, without an aim, satisfied in tasting; the dream of the long felicity.

A thought brushed by her: How if he were absent?

It relaxed her stroke of arms and legs. He had doubled the salt sea's rapture, and he had shackled its gift of freedom. She turned to float, gathering her knees for the funny sullen kick, until she heard him near. At once her stroke was renewed vigorously; she had the foot of her pursuer, and she called, "Adieu, Matey Weyburn!"

Her bravado deserved a swifter humiliation than he was able to bring down on her; she swam bravely: and she was divine to see as well as overtake.

Darting to the close parallel, he said, "What sea-nymph sang me my name?"

She smote a pang of her ecstasy into him: "Ask mine!"

"Browny!"

They swam; neither of them panted; their heads were water-flowers that spoke at ease.

"We've run from school; we won't go back."

"We've a kingdom."

"Here's a big wave going to be a wall."

"Off he rolls."

"He's like the High Brent broad meadow under Elling Wood."

"Don't let Miss Vincent hear you."

"They're not waves: they're sighs of the deep."

"A poet I swim with! He fell into the deep in his first of May-morning ducks. We used to expect him."

"I never expected to owe them so much."

Pride of the swimmer and the energy of her joy embraced Aminta, that she might nerve all her powers to gain the half-minute for speaking at her ease.

"Who'd have thought of a morning like this? You were looked for last night."

"A lucky accident to our coach. I made friends with the skipper of the yawl."

"I saw the boat. Who could have dreamed—? Anything may happen now."

For nothing further would astonish her, as he rightly understood her; but he said, "You're prepared for the rites? Old Triton is ready."

"Float, and tell me."

They spun about to lie on their backs. Her right hand, at piano-work of the octave-shake, was touched and taken, and she did not pull it away. Her eyelids fell.

"Old Triton waits."

"Why?"

"We're going to him."

"Yes?"

"Customs of the sea."

"Tell me."

"He joins hands. We say, 'Browny—Matey,' and it's done."

She splashed, crying "Swim," and after two strokes. "You want to beat me, Matey Weyburn."

"How?"

"Not fair!"

"Say what."

«Take my breath. But, yes! we'll be happy in our own way. We're sea-birds. We've said adieu to land. Not to one another. We shall be friends?»

«Always.»

«This is going to last?»

«Ever so long.»

They had a spell of steady swimming, companionship to inspirit it. Browny was allowed place a little foremost, and she guessed not wherefore, in her flattered emulation.

«I'm bound for France.»

«Slue a point to the right: southeast by south. We shall hit Dunquerque.»

«I don't mean to be picked up by boats.»

«We'll decline.»

«You see I can swim.»

«I was sure of it.»

They stopped their talk—for the pleasure of the body to be savored in the mind, they thought; and so took Nature's counsel to rest their voices awhile.

Considering that she had not been used of late to long immersions, and had not broken her fast, and had talked much for a sea-nymph, Weyburn spied behind him on a shore seeming flat down, far removed.

«France next time,» he said: «we'll face to the rear.»

«Now?» said she, big with blissful conceit of her powers, and incredulous of such a command from him.

«You may be feeling tired presently.»

The musical sincerity of her «Oh no, not I!» sped through his limbs: he had a willingness to go onward still some way.

But his words fastened the heavy land on her spirit, knocked at the habit of obedience. Her stroke of the arms paused. She inclined to his example, and he set it shoreward.

They swam silently, high, low, creatures of the smooth green roller.

He heard the water-song of her swimming. She, though breathing equably at the nostrils, lay deep. The water shocked at her chin, and curled round the under lip. He had a faint anxiety; and not so sensible of a weight in the sight of land as she was, he chattered by snatches, rallied her, encouraged her to continue sportive for this once, letting her feel it was but a once and had its respected limit with him. So it was not out of the world.

Ah, friend Matey! And that was right and good on land; but rightness and goodness flung earth's shadow across her brilliancy here, and any stress on "this once" withdrew her liberty to revel in it, putting an end to a perfect holiday; and silence, too, might hint at fatigue. She began to think her muteness lost her the bloom of the enchantment, robbing her of her heavenly frolic lead, since friend Matey resolved to be as eminently good in salt water as on land. Was he unaware that they were boy and girl again?—she washed pure of the intervening years, new born, by blessing of the sea; worthy of him here!—that is, a swimmer worthy of him, his comrade in salt water.

"You're satisfied I swim well?" she said.

"It would go hard with me if we raced a long race."

"I really was out for France."

"I was ordered to keep you for England."

She gave him Browny's eyes.

"We've turned our backs on Triton."

"The ceremony was performed."

"When?"

"The minute I spoke of it and you splashed."

"Matey! Matey Weyburn!"

"Browny Farrell!"

"O Matey! she's gone!"

"She's here."

"Try to beguile me, then, that our holiday's not over. You won't forget this hour?"

"No time of mine on earth will live so brightly for me."

"I have never had one like it. I could go under and be happy; go to old Triton and wait for you; teach him to speak your proper Christian name. He hasn't heard it yet—heard 'Matey'—never yet has been taught 'Matthew.'"

"Aminta!"

"O my friend! my dear!" she cried, in the voice of the wounded, like a welling of her blood, "my strength will leave me. I may play—not you: you play with a weak vessel. Swim, and be quiet. How far do you count it?"

"Under a quarter of a mile."

"Don't imagine me tired."

"If you are, hold on to me."

"Matey, I'm for a dive."

He went after the ball of silver and bubbles, and they came up together. There is no history of events below the surface.

She shook off her briny blindness, and settled to the full sweep of the arms, quite silent now. Some emotion, or exhaustion from the strain of the swimmer's breath in speech, stopped her playfulness. The pleasure she still knew was a recollection of the outward swim, when she had been privileged to cast away sex with the push from earth, as few men will believe that women, beautiful women, ever wish to do; and often and ardently during the run ahead they yearn for Nature to grant them their one short holiday truce.

But Aminta forgave him for bringing earth so close to her when there was yet a space of salt water between her and shore; and she smiled at times, that he might not think she was looking grave.

They touched the sand at the first draw of the ebb; and this being earth, Matey addressed himself to the guardian and absolving genii of matter-of-fact by saying, "Did you inquire about the tides?"

Her head shook, stunned with what had passed. She waded to shore, after motioning for him to swim on.

Men, in the comparison beside their fair fellows, are so little sensationally complex, that his one feeling now as to what had passed, was relief at the idea of his presence having been a warrantable protectorship. Aminta's return from sea-nymph to the state of woman crossed annihilation on the way back to sentience, and picked-up meaningless pebbles and shells of life, between the sea's verge and her tent's shelter: hardly her own life to her understanding yet, except for the hammer Memory became to strike her insensible, at here and there a recollected word or nakedness of her soul. What had she done, what revealed, to shiver at for the remainder of her days!

He swam along the shore to where the boat was paddled, spying at her bare feet on the sand, her woman's form. He waved, and the figure in the striped tunic and trousers waved her response, apparently the same person he had quitted.

Dry and clad, and decently formal under the transformation, they met at Mrs. Collett's breakfast table; and in each hung the doubt whether land was the dream, or sea.

LOVE IN THE VALLEY

UNDER yonder beech-tree single on the green-sward,
Couched with her arms behind her golden head,
Knees and tresses folded to slip and ripple idly,
Lies my young love sleeping in the shade.
Had I the heart to slide an arm beneath her,
Press her parting lips as her waist I gather slow,
Waking in amazement she could not but embrace me:
Then would she hold me and never let me go?

Shy as the squirrel and wayward as the swallow,
Swift as the swallow along the river's light
Circleting the surface to meet his mirrored winglets,
Fleeter she seems in her stay than in her flight.
Shy as the squirrel that leaps among the pine-tops,
Wayward as the swallow overhead at set of sun,
She whom I love is hard to catch and conquer,
Hard, but O the glory of the winning were she won!

When her mother tends her before the laughing mirror,
Tying up her laces, looping up her hair,
Often she thinks, were this wild thing wedded,
More love should I have, and much less care.
When her mother tends her before the lighted mirror,
Loosening her laces, combing down her curls,
Often she thinks, were this wild thing wedded,
I should miss but one for many boys and girls.

Heartless she is as the shadow in the meadows
Flying to the hills on a blue and breezy noon.
No, she is athirst and drinking up her wonder:
Earth to her is young as the slip of the new moon.
Deals she an unkindness, 'tis but her rapid measure,
Even as in a dance; and her smile can heal no less:
Like the swinging May-cloud that pelts the flowers with hailstones
Off a sunny border, she was made to bruise and bless.

Lovely are the curves of the white owl sweeping
Wavy in the dusk lit by one large star.
Lone on the fir-branch, his rattle-note unvaried,
Brooding o'er the gloom, spins the brown evejar.
Darker grows the valley, more and more forgetting:
So were it with me if forgetting could be willed.
Tell the grassy hollow that holds the bubbling well-spring,
Tell it to forget the source that keeps it filled.

Stepping down the hill with her fair companions,
  Arm in arm, all against the raying West,
Boldly she sings, to the merry tune she marches,
  Brave is her shape, and sweeter unpossessed.
Sweeter, for she is what my heart first awaking
  Whispered the world was; morning light is she.
Love that so desires would fain keep her changeless;
  Fain would fling the net, and fain have her free.

Happy happy time, when the white star hovers
  Low over dim fields fresh with bloomy dew,
Near the face of dawn, that draws athwart the darkness,
  Threading it with color, like yewberries the yew.
Thicker crowd the shades as the grave East deepens,
  Glowing, and with crimson a long cloud swells.
Maiden still the morn is; and strange she is, and secret;
  Strange her eyes; her cheeks are cold as cold seashells.

When at dawn she sighs, and like an infant to the window
  Turns grave eyes craving light, released from dreams,
Beautiful she looks, like a white water-lily
  Bursting out of bud in havens of the streams.
When from bed she rises clothed from neck to ankle
  In her long nightgown sweet as boughs of May,
Beautiful she looks, like a tall garden lily
  Pure from the night, and splendid for the day.

All the girls are out with their baskets for the primrose,
  Up lanes, woods through, they troop in joyful bands.
My sweet leads; she knows not why, but now she loiters,
  Eyes the bent anemones, and hangs her hands.
Such a look will tell that the violets are peeping,
  Coming the rose: and unaware a cry
Springs in her bosom for odors and for color,
  Covert and the nightingale; she knows not why.

Cool was the woodside; cool as her white dairy
  Keeping sweet the cream-pan; and there the boys from school,
Cricketing below, rushed brown and red with sunshine;
  O the dark translucence of the deep-eyed cool!
Spying from the farm, herself she fetched a pitcher
  Full of milk, and tilted for each in turn the beak.
Then a little fellow, mouth up and on tiptoe,
  Said, «I will kiss you»; she laughed and leaned her cheek.

Doves of the fir-wood walling high our red roof
  Through the long noon coo, crooning through the coo.
Loose droop the leaves, and down the sleepy roadway
  Sometimes pipes a chaffinch; loose droops the blue.
Cows flap a slow tail knee-deep in the river,
  Breathless, given up to sun and gnat and fly.
Nowhere is she seen; and if I see her nowhere,
  Lightning may come, straight rains and tiger sky.

O the golden sheaf, the rustling treasure-armful!
  O the nutbrown tresses nodding interlaced!
O the treasure-tresses one another over
  Nodding! O the girdle slack about the waist!
Slain are the poppies that shot their random scarlet
  Quick amid the wheatears: wound about the waist,
Gathered, see these brides of Earth one blush of ripeness!
  O the nutbrown tresses nodding interlaced!

Could I find a place to be alone with heaven,
  I would speak my heart out: heaven is my need.
Every woodland tree is flushing like the dogwood,
  Flashing like the whitebeam, swaying like the reed.
Flushing like the dogwood crimson in October;
  Streaming like the flag-reed South-west blown;
Flashing as in gusts the sudden-lighted whitebeam:
  All seem to know what is for heaven alone.

THE LARK ASCENDING

He rises and begins to round,
  He drops the silver chain of sound,
  Of many links without a break,
In chirrup, whistle, slur and shake,
All intervolved and spreading wide,
Like water-dimples down a tide
Where ripple ripple overcurls
And eddy into eddy whirls;
A press of hurried notes that run
So fleet they scarce are more than one,
Yet changingly the trills repeat
And linger ringing while they fleet,
Sweet to the quick o' the ear, and dear
To her beyond the handmaid ear,
Who sits beside our inner springs,
Too often dry for this he brings,

Which seems the very jet of earth
At sight of sun, her music's mirth,
As up he wings the spiral stair,
A song of light, and pierces air
With fountain ardor, fountain play,
To reach the shining tops of day,
And drink in everything discerned
An ecstasy to music turned,
Impelled by what his happy bill
Disperses; drinking, showering still,
Unthinking save that he may give
His voice the outlet, there to live
Renewed in endless notes of glee,
So thirsty of his voice is he,
For all to hear and all to know
That he is joy, awake, aglow,
The tumult of the heart to hear
Through pureness filtered crystal-clear,
And know the pleasure sprinkled bright
By simple singing of delight,
Shrill, irreflective, unrestrained,
Rapt, ringing, on the jet sustained
Without a break, without a fall,
Sweet-silvery, sheer lyrical,
Perennial, quavering up the chord
Like myriad dews of sunny sward
That trembling into fullness shine,
And sparkle dropping argentine;
Such wooing as the ear receives
From zephyr caught in choric leaves
Of aspens when their chattering net
Is flushed to white with shivers wet;
And such the water-spirits' chime
On mountain heights in morning's prime,
Too freshly sweet to seem excess,
Too animate to need a stress;
But wider over many heads
The starry voice ascending spreads,
Awakening, as it waxes thin,
The best in us to him akin;
And every face to watch him raised,
Puts on the light of children praised,
So rich our human pleasure ripes
When sweetness on sincereness pipes,

Though nought be promised from the seas,
But only a soft-ruffling breeze
Sweep glittering on a still content,
Serenity in ravishment.

For singing till his heaven fills,
'Tis love of earth that he instills,
And ever winging up and up,
Our valley is his golden cup,
And he the wine which overflows
To lift us with him as he goes:
The woods and brooks, the sheep and kine,
He is, the hills, the human line,
The meadows green, the fallows brown,
The dreams of labor in the town;
He sings the sap, the quickened veins;
The wedding song of sun and rains
He is, the dance of children, thanks
Of sowers, shout of primrose-banks,
And eye of violets while they breathe;
All these the circling song will wreathe,
And you shall hear the herb and tree,
The better heart of men shall see,
Shall feel celestially, as long

As you crave nothing save the song.
Was never voice of ours could say
Our inmost in the sweetest way,
Like yonder voice aloft, and link
All hearers in the song they drink.
Our wisdom speaks from failing blood,
Our passion is too full in flood,
We want the key of his wild note
Of truthful in a tuneful throat,
The song seraphically free
Of taint of personality,
So pure that it salutes the suns
The voice of one for millions,
In whom the millions rejoice
For giving their one spirit voice.

Yet men have we, whom we revere,
Now names, and men still housing here,
Whose lives, by many a battle dint
Defaced, and grinding wheels on flint,

Yield substance, though they sing not, sweet
For song our highest heaven to greet:
Whom heavenly singing gives us new,
Enspheres them brilliant in our blue,
From firmest base to farthest leap,
Because their love of earth is deep,
And they are warriors in accord
With life to serve, and pass reward,
So touching purest and so heard
In the brain's reflex of yon bird:
Wherefore their soul in me, or mine,
Through self-forgetfulness divine,
In them, that song aloft maintains,
To fill the sky and thrill the plains
With showerings drawn from human stores,
As he to silence nearer soars,
Extends the world at wings and dome,
More spacious making more our home,
Till lost on his aerial rings
In light, and then the fancy sings.

FROM 'THE WOODS OF WESTERMAIN'

I

ENTER these enchanted woods,
You who dare.
Nothing harms beneath the leaves
More than waves a swimmer cleaves.
Toss your heart up with the lark,
Foot at peace with mouse and worm,
Fair you fare.
Only at a dread of dark
Quaver, and they quit their form:
Thousand eyeballs under hoods
Have you by the hair.
Enter these enchanted woods,
You who dare.

II

Here the snake across your path
Stretches in his golden bath:
Mossy-footed squirrels leap
Soft as winnowing plumes of Sleep:

Yaffles on a chuckle skim
Low to laugh from branches dim:
Up the pine, where sits the star,
Rattles deep the moth-winged jar.
Each has business of his own;
But should you distrust a tone,
  Then beware.
Shudder all the haunted roods,
All the eyeballs under hoods
  Shroud you in their glare.
Enter these enchanted woods,
  You who dare.

FROM (FRANCE, 1870)

We look for her that sunlike stood
  Upon the forehead of our day,
    An orb of nations, radiating food
For body and for mind alway.
Where is the Shape of glad array;
The nervous hands, the front of steel,
The clarion tongue? Where is the bold proud face?
We see a vacant place;
We hear an iron heel.

O she that made the brave appeal
For manhood when our time was dark,
And from our fetters struck the spark
Which was as lightning to reveal
New seasons, with the swifter play
Of pulses, and benigner day;
She that divinely shook the dead
From living man; that stretched ahead
Her resolute forefinger straight,
And marched towards the gloomy gate
  Of earths Untried, gave note, and in
The good name of Humanity
  Called forth the daring vision! she,
  She likewise half corrupt of sin,
  Angel and Wanton! Can it be?
  Her star has foundered in eclipse,
  The shriek of madness on her lips;
  Shreds of her, and no more, we see.
There is a horrible convulsion, smothered din,
As of one that in a grave-cloth struggles to be free.

Look not on spreading boughs
For the riven forest tree.
Look down where deep in blood and mire
Black thunder plants his feet and ploughs
The soil for ruin; that is France:
Still thrilling like a lyre,
Amazed to shivering discord from a fall
Sudden as that the lurid hosts recall
Who met in Heaven the irreparable mischance.
O that is France!
The brilliant eyes to kindle bliss,
The shrewd quick lips to laugh and kiss,
Breasts that a sighing world inspire,
And laughter-dimpled countenance
Whence soul and senses caught desire!

. . . . . .

Henceforth of her the Gods are known,
Open to them her breast is laid.
Inveterate of brain, heart-valiant,
Never did fairer creature pant
Before the altar and the blade!

. . . . . .

She shall rise worthier of her prototype
Through her abasement deep; the pain that runs
From nerve to nerve some victory achieves.
They lie like circle-strewn soaked Autumn-leaves
Which stain the forest scarlet, her fair sons!
And of their death her life is: of their blood
From many streams now urging to a flood.
No more divided, France shall rise afresh.
Of them she learns the lesson of the flesh: —
The lesson writ in red since first Time ran
A hunter hunting down the beast in man:
That till the chasing out of its last vice,
The flesh was fashioned but for sacrifice.

. . . . . .

Soaring France!
Now is Humanity on trial in thee:
Now may'st thou gather humankind in fee:
Now prove that Reason is a quenchless scroll;
Make of calamity thine aureole,
And bleeding lead us through the troubles of the sea.

FROM «MODERN LOVE»

IV

All other joys of life he strove to warm,
And magnify, and catch them to his lip;
But they had suffered shipwreck with the ship.
And gazed upon him sallow from the storm.
Or if Delusion came, 'twas but to show
The coming minute mock the one that went.
Cold as a mountain in its star-pitched tent
Stood high philosophy, less friend than foe;
Whom self-caged passion, from its prison-bars,
Is always watching with a wondering hate.
Not till the fire is dying in the grate
Look we for any kinship with the stars.
Oh, Wisdom never comes when it is gold,
And the great price we pay for it full worth;
We have it only when we are half earth:
Little avails that coinage to the old!

XVI

In our old shipwrecked days there was an hour
When, in the firelight steadily aglow,
Joined slackly, we beheld the red chasm grow
Among the clicking coals. Our library-bower
That eve was left to us; and hushed we sat
As lovers to whom Time is whispering.
From sudden-opened doors we heard them sing;
The nodding elders mixed good wine with chat.
Well knew we that Life's greatest treasure lay
With us, and of it was our talk. «Ah, yes!
Love dies!» I said: I never thought it less.
She yearned to me that sentence to unsay.
Then when the fire domed blackening, I found
Her cheek was salt against my kiss, and swift
Up the sharp scale of sobs her breast did lift; —
Now am I haunted by that taste! that sound!

XLIII

Mark where the pressing wind shoots javelin-like
  Its skeleton shadow on the broad-backed wave!
  Here is a fitting spot to dig Love's grave;
Here where the ponderous breakers plunge and strike,
And dart their hissing tongues high up the sand;
  In hearing of the ocean, and in sight
  Of those ribbed wind-streaks running into white.
If I the death of Love had deeply planned
I never could have made it half so sure
  As by the unblest kisses which upbraid
  The full-waked senses; or, failing that, degrade!
'Tis morning; but no morning can restore
What we have forfeited. I see no sin:
  The wrong is mixed. In tragic life, God wot
  No villain need be! Passions spin the plot.
We are betrayed by what is false within.

XLVII

We saw the swallows gathering in the sky,
  And in the osier-isle we heard their noise.
  We had not to look back on summer joys,
Or forward to a summer of bright dye;
But in the largeness of the evening earth
  Our spirits grew as we went side by side.
  The hour became her husband and my bride.
Love that had robbed us so, thus blessed our dearth!
The pilgrims of the year waxed very loud
  In multitudinous chatterings as the flood
  Full brown came from the West and like pale blood
Expanded to the upper crimson cloud.
Love, that had robbed us of immortal things,
  This little moment mercifully gave,
  Where I have seen across the twilight wave
The swan sail with her young beneath her wings.

L

Thus piteously Love closed what he begat;
The union of this ever-diverse pair!
These two were rapid falcons in a snare,
Condemned to do the flitting of the bat.
Lovers beneath the singing sky of May,
They wandered once; clear as the dew on flowers.
But they fed not on the advancing hours:
Their hearts held cravings for the buried day.
Then each applied to each that fatal knife,
Deep questioning, which probes to endless dole.
Ah! what a dusty answer gets the soul
When hot for certainties in this our life! —.
In tragic hints here see what evermore
Moves dark as yonder midnight ocean's force,
Thundering like ramping hosts of warrior horse,
To throw that faint thin line upon the shore.

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE

(1803–1870)

BY GRACE KING

ONE of the magisterial critics of Mérimée's day, passing judgment upon his writings, dismisses personal details about the author with the remark: "As for the biography of Prosper Mérimée, it is like the history of a happy people,—it does not exist. One knows only that he was educated in a college of Paris, that he has studied law, that he has been received as a lawyer, that he has never pleaded; and the papers have taken pains to inform us that he is to-day secretary to M. le Comte d'Argout. Those who know him familiarly see in him nothing more than a man of very simple manners, with a solid education, reading Italian and modern Greek with ease, and speaking English and Spanish with remarkable purity."

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE

This was written in 1832, when Mérimée in his thirtieth year had attained celebrity not only in the literary world of Paris, but in the world of literary Europe, as the author of the 'Thèatre de Clara Gazul'; 'La Guzla'; 'La Chronique de Charles IX.'; 'Mateo Falcone'; 'Tamango'; 'La Partie de Tric-Trac'; 'Le Vase Etrusque'; 'La Double Méprise'; 'La Vision de Charles XI.': most of which Taine pronounced masterpieces of fiction, destined to immortality as classics.

No tribute could have been better devised to please Mérimée, and praise his writings, than this one to the impersonality of his art, and the dispensation of it from any obligation to its author. "We should write and speak," he held, "so that no one would notice, at least immediately, that we were writing or speaking differently from any one else." But as that most impersonal of modern critics, Walter Pater, keenly observes: "Mérimée's superb self-effacement, his impersonality, is itself but an effective personal trait, and transferred to art, becomes a markedly peculiar quality of literary beauty." And he pronounces in a sentence the judgment of Mérimée's literary posterity upon him: "For in truth this creature who had no care for half-lights, and like his creations, had no atmosphere about him,—

gifted as he was with pure mind, with the quality which secures flawless literary structures,—had on the other hand nothing of what we call soul in literature.»

And the brilliant young secretary and successful author, whose happiness furnishes presumptive evidence against a biography, was no more relieved from the fact of it than the hypothetical happy people of their history. With that unfaltering rectification of contemporaneous values which time and the gravitation to truth bring about, Mérimée's position in regard to his works is quite the reverse of what he contemplated and aimed for. Of the published volumes of his writings, the many containing his artistic works could be better spared than the few containing his letters. And of his letters, that volume will longest carry his name into the future which contains his most intimate, most confidential, least meditated, in short most genuinely personal and most artistically perfect revelations,—his 'Lettres à une Inconnue' (Letters to an Unknown Woman).

Prosper Mérimée was born in Paris in 1803, of parentage that made his vocation, it would seem, mandatory. His father was an artist of note, a pupil of David's, and long secretary of the École des Beaux-Arts. His mother was also, and in a double measure, an artist. Her talent was for portraits of children, whose quiet sittings she secured by her other talent of relating stories,—a gift inherited from her grandmother, Madame de Beaumont, a charming writer of children's stories, and the author of the famous and entrancing 'Beauty and the Beast.' At twenty, having finished his collegiate studies, Mérimée, in obedience to the will of his parents, began to fit himself for the legal profession. Following his own tastes, however, he had already sought and gained admission into the salons of the men of letters, and was already under his first and only literary influence,—that of Henri Beyle, the progenitor of modern French realism. It was in one of these salons that he, not yet twenty-one, read his first composition, a drama, 'Cromwell'; an effort inspired by Shakespeare and composed according to the doctrines of Beyle. It was never published. Shortly afterwards, in the same place and to the same audience, he read aloud his second attempt, 'The Spaniards in Denmark'; and 'Heaven and Hell,' a little dramatic scene which met with spontaneous applause, and was praised as extremely witty and still more undevout. Successive readings followed in successive evenings, under the encouragement of applause; and the collection, by a last stroke of audacious wit, in which author and audience collaborated, was published as the 'Théâtre de Clara Gazul' (an imaginary Spanish actress), with the portrait of Mérimée, in low-necked dress and mantilla, for frontispiece.

The strong individuality of Mérimée's art is as easily discernible to-day, under the thin disguise of his pseudonym, as his features

under his travesty: his clear, cold, impartial realism, unflinching wit, and — a trait attributed also to his mother — his invincible irreligion. The success of the mystification was immediate and effective. His next adventure was of the same kind: the publication of 'La Guzla,' a collection of prose ballads, pseudo-translations from the Dalmatian folk-songs, with prefatory notices, appendices, and biographical sketch of the author, the bard Magdanovitch, accompanied by a dissertation on vampires and the evil eye. The intrinsic beauty of the ballads, the barbaric strength of the imagination, in the musical rhythm of French prose, contributed to render the mystification one of the most perfect in literary history. Goethe wrote an article upon it, Pushkin made translations from it, and German scholars rejoiced in print to find in it some long-lost Illyrian metrical measure. This success disgusted Mérimée with «local color,» — the shibboleth of the young French Romantic school, — seeing, as he said, how easy it was to fabricate it.

The 'Famille Carvajal,' a continuation of the Spanish vein, — a weird, grewsome, and pitiless tale, — and 'Le Jacquerie,' a dramatic historical recital in the Shakespearean vein, followed. His next venture was in historical fiction: 'The Chronicle of Charles IX.,' an evident inspiration from Walter Scott. From an English point of view, it is the masterpiece of French fiction in historical domain; and one, with a few reservations, not unworthy the hand of «Waverley» himself.

In 1830 came the visit to Spain, related in his published letters, and the forming of the friendship with the Countess of Montijo which led to a correspondence, of which the fragments published are warrant that it will prove in the future an invaluable guide to the social, literary, and political history of Paris during the yet controverted period of the Empire. Always sensitive to feminine influence, if not to local color, it is to the Countess of Montijo that Mérimée owes the Spanish inspiration, as it may well be called, which bore fruit in his incomparable relation of 'Carmen.' And while a guest of his friend, listening to her charming tales of the Alhambra and the Generalife, Mérimée formed his historical friendship with the Empress Eugénie, then a little girl playing around her mother's knee.

Appointed inspector-general of the historical monuments of France, Mérimée threw his archæological erudition into diligent performance of official duties. His reports, written with minute and even pedantic conscientiousness, bear out Faguet's assertion that — archæologist, traveler, art critic, historian, and philologist, man of the world and senator, and competent and sure as each — he would and should have belonged to four academies; it was only his discretion that restricted him to two, — the Académie Française and Académie des Inscriptions. As a compatriot states, it was the inspector-general that

related to him two of his most perfect stories, the 'Venus d'Ille' and 'Colomba,' while it was the philologist who found the episode of 'Carmen.'

It was at this point of his life, at the meridian of age and success, that he received his first letter from the Inconnue,—a graceful tribute from the graceful pen of a woman, who yielded to an impulse to express her admiration, yet guarded her identity beyond possibility of discovery. The correspondence ensued that a posthumous publication under the editorship of H. Taine has revealed to the public. In it, for one who knows how to read the letters, as Taine says, Mérimée shows himself gracious, tender, delicate, truly in love, and a poet. After nine years of expostulation and entreaty he obtained an interview; and his mysterious friend proved to be a Mademoiselle Jenny Dacquin, the daughter of a notary of Boulogne. The friendship that ensued waxed into love through the thirty succeeding years, and waned again into a friendship that ended only with Mérimée's life; his last letter to the Inconnue, a few lines, was written two hours before he died.

Mérimée's 'Studies in the History of Rome,' his 'Social War,' and 'Catiline,' were to have been followed and closed by a study of Cæsar. Circumstances, however, adjourned the task, which was afterwards ceded to an illustrious competitor, or collaborator,—Napoleon III. In 1844 he was elected to the French Academy. On the following day he published 'Arsène Guillot.' Had the publication preceded the election, the result might have been different; for repentant Academicians pronounced immoral the tale which Anglo-Saxon critics have generally selected as the most simple, most pathetic, and only human one the author ever wrote.

In 1852, the little girl whose growth and development Mérimée had watched with tenderest interest became Empress of the French. He was appointed life senator in the reconstructed government; and became one of the most familiar members of the new and brilliant court at the Tuileries, and always a conspicuous one. His pleased, tender, sad, gay, and always frank and critical commentary of the court and its circles, forms the interest of his weekly bulletins to the Countess of Montijo. His conversational charm, his wit, and his ever ready response to demands upon his artistic and historical lore, in questions of etiquette, costumes, and precedent; his versatility as dramatist and actor, and his genius for friendship with women,—made him not only a favorite, but a spoiled favorite, in the royal circle. His coldness, reserve, cynicism, frank speech, and independent political opinions saved him from even a suspicion of being a courtier. He nevertheless lost none of his diligence in literature. It was the period of his edition of Henri Beyle and of Brantôme, of numerous miscellaneous articles in reviews, and of those excursions into Russian

literature — critical dissertations upon Gogol, Pushkin, and Tourguénieff — which may be considered the pioneer of that advance into Russian literature which has resulted in throwing it open to, and making it one with, the literature of Europe.

To this period also belongs his friendship with Panizzi, the administrator of the British Museum; and the voluminous correspondence in which he reveals himself in all the fineness and breadth of his culture, — as Taine puts it, the possessor of six languages with their literature and history, man of the world and politician, as well as philosopher, artist, and historian.

So shrewd an observer of men and politics could not be unprepared for the catastrophe of 1870. He had never been free from vague apprehensions, and the acute presentiment overshadows the gayety in his letters. In addition he was growing old, and infirm health drove him during the winter months into annual exile at Cannes. It was there that, in a crisis of his malady, the journals, in anticipation of the end, published his death, and M. Guizot in consequence made official announcement of it at the Academy. Mérimée lived, however, to return to Paris, and suffer through to the end of the tragedy. He dragged himself to the Tuileries, had a last interview with his mistress, sat for the last time in his seat in the Senate, and voted for adjournment to a morrow which never came. Four days afterwards he departed for Cannes, where a fortnight later he died. He was buried in the Protestant cemetery.

«A gallant man and a gentleman,» says Faguet, «he has had the reward he would have wished. He has been discreetly and intimately enjoyed by delicate tastes. He has not been brutally balloted about in the tumult of scholastic discussions. He has not been attacked by any one, nor praised with loud cries, nor admired with great reinforcement of adjectives. . . . His glory is of the good ore, as are his character, his mind, and his style. . . . He has entered posterity as one enters a parlor, without discussion and without disturbance; received with the greatest pleasure, without vain effusion, he installed himself comfortably in a good place, from which he will never be moved. . . . It was his rare talent to give us those limpid, rapid, full tales, that one reads in an hour, re-reads in a day, which fill the memory and occupy the thoughts forever.»

Grace King

FROM 'ARSÈNE GUILLOT'

THE last mass had just come to an end at St. Roch's, and the beadle was going his rounds, closing the deserted chapels. He was about drawing the grating of one of these aristocratic sanctuaries, where certain devotees purchase the permission to pray to God apart and distinguished from the rest of the faithful, when he remarked a woman still remaining in it, absorbed seemingly in meditation, her head bent over the back of her chair. "It is Madame de Piennes," he said to himself, stopping at the entrance of the chapel. Madame de Piennes was well known by the beadle. At that period a woman of the world, young, rich, pretty, who rendered the blessed bread, who gave the altar clothes, who gave much in charity through the mediation of her curate, had some merit for being devout when she did not have some employé of the government for a husband, when she was not an attachée of Madame la Dauphine, and when she had nothing to gain but her salvation by frequenting the church. The beadle wished heartily to go to dinner, for people of his kind dine at one o'clock; but he dared not trouble the devotions of a person so well considered in the parish of St. Roch. He moved away, therefore, making his slipper-shod feet resound against the marble floor, not without hope that, the round of the church made, he would find the chapel empty.

He was already on the other side of the choir, when a young woman entered the church, and walked along one of the side aisles, looking with curiosity about her. She was about twenty-five years old, but one had to observe her with much attention not to think her older. Although very brilliant, her black eyes were sunken, and surrounded by a bluish shadow; her dead-white complexion and her colorless lips indicated suffering; and yet a certain air of audacity and gayety in her glance contrasted with her sickly appearance. Her rose-colored capôte, ornamented with artificial flowers, would have better suited an evening negligé. Under a long cashmere shawl, of which the practiced eye of a woman would have divined that she was not the first proprietor, was hidden a gown of calico, at twenty cents a yard, and a little worn. Finally, only a man would have admired her foot, clothed as it was in common stockings and prunella shoes, very much the worse for wear of the street. You remember, madam, that asphalt was not invented yet.

This woman, whose social position you have guessed, approached the chapel, in which Madame de Piennes still lingered; and after having observed her for a moment with a restless, embarrased air, she accosted her when she saw her arise and on the point of leaving. "Could you inform me, madam," she asked in a low voice and with a timid smile,—"could you inform me to whom I should go for a candle?" Such language was too strange to the ears of Madame de Piennes for her to understand it at once. She had the question repeated. "Yes, I should like to burn a candle to St. Roch, but I do not know whom to give the money to."

Madame de Piennes was too enlightened in her piety for participation in these popular superstitions. Nevertheless she respected them; for there is something touching in every form of adoration, however gross it may be. Supposing that the matter was a vow, or something of the kind, and too charitable to draw from the costume of the young woman of the rose-colored bonnet the conclusions that you perhaps have not feared to form, she showed her the beadle approaching. The unknown one thanked her, and ran towards the man, who appeared to understand her at a word. While Madame de Piennes was taking up her prayer-book and rearranging her veil, she saw the lady of the candle draw out a little purse from her pocket, take from a quantity of small-change a five-franc piece, and hand it to the beadle, giving him at the same time, in a low voice, some long instructions and recommendations, to which he listened with a smile.

Both left the church at the same time; but, the lady of the candle walking very fast, Madame de Piennes soon lost sight of her, although she followed in the same direction. At the corner of the street she lived in, she met her again. Under her temporary cashmere the unknown was trying to conceal a loaf of bread bought in a neighboring shop. On recognizing Madame de Piennes she bent her head, could not suppress a smile, and hastened her step. Her smile seemed to say: "Well, what of it? I am poor. Laugh at me if you will. I know very well that one does not go to buy bread in a rose-colored capôte and cashmere shawl." The mixture of false shame, resignation, and good-humor did not escape Madame de Piennes. She thought, not without sadness, of the probable position of the young woman. "Her piety," she said to herself, "is more meritorious

than mine. Assuredly her offering of a five-franc piece is a much greater sacrifice than what I give to the poor out of my superfluity, without the imposition of a single privation." She then recalled the widow's mite, more acceptable to God than the gaudy charities of the rich. "I do not do enough good," she thought; "I do not do all that I might." While mentally addressing these reproaches to herself, she entered her house.

The candle, the loaf of bread, and above all the offering of an only five-franc piece, engraved upon the memory of Madame de Piennes the figure of the young woman, whom she regarded as a model of piety. She met her rather often afterwards, in the street, near the church, but never at service. Every time the unknown passed her she bent her head and smiled slightly. The smile by its humility pleased Madame de Piennes. She would have liked to find an occasion to serve the poor girl, who had first interested her, but who now excited her pity; for she remarked that the rose-colored capôte had faded and the cashmere shawl had disappeared. No doubt it had returned to the second-hand dealer. It was evident that St. Roch was not paying back a hundredfold the offering made him.

One day Madame de Piennes saw enter St. Roch a bier, followed by a man rather poorly dressed and with no crape on his hat. For more than a month she had not met the young woman of the candle, and the idea came to her that this was her funeral. Nothing was more probable, she was so pale and thin the last time Madame de Piennes saw her. The beadle, questioned, interrogated in his turn the man following the bier. He replied that he was the concierge of a house, Rue Louis le-Grand, and that one of his tenants dying,—a Madame Guillot who had no friends nor relations, only a daughter,—he, the concierge, out of pure kindness of heart, was going to the funeral of a person who was nothing whatever to him. Immediately Madame de Piennes imagined that her unknown one had died in misery, leaving a little girl without help; and she promised herself to make inquiries, by means of an ecclesiastic whom she ordinarily employed for her good deeds.

Two days following, a cart athwart the street stopped her carriage for a few seconds, as she was leaving her door. Looking out of the window absent-mindedly, she saw standing against a wall the young girl whom she believed dead. She recognized her without difficulty, although paler and thinner than ever,

dressed in mourning, but shabbily, without gloves or a hat. Her expression was strange. Instead of her habitual smile, her features were all contracted; her great black eyes were haggard; she turned them towards Madame de Piennes, but without recognizing her, for she saw nothing. In her whole countenance was to be read, not grief, but furious determination. The image of the young girl and her desperate expression pursued Madame de Piennes for several hours.

On her return she saw a great crowd in the street. All the porters' wives were at their doors, telling their neighbors some tale that was being listened to with vivid interest. The groups were particularly crowded before a house near to the one in which Madame de Piennes lived. All eyes were turned towards an open window in the third story, and in each little circle one or two arms were raised to point it out to the attention of the public; then all of a sudden the arms would fall towards the ground, and all eyes would follow the movement. Some extraordinary event had happened.

"Ah, madame!" said Mademoiselle Josephine, as she unfastened the shawl of Madame de Piennes, "My blood is all frozen! Never have I seen anything so terrible—that is, I did not see, though I ran to the spot the moment after. But all the same—"

"What has happened? Speak quickly, Mademoiselle."

"Well, madame—three doors from here, a poor young girl threw herself out of the window, not three minutes ago; if madame had arrived a moment earlier, she could have heard the thud."

"Ah, heaven! And the unfortunate thing has killed herself!"

"Madame, it gave one the horrors to look at it. Baptiste, who has been in the wars, said he had never seen anything like it. From the third story, madame!"

"Did the blow kill her?"

"Oh, madame! she was still moving, she talked even. 'I want them to finish me!' she was saying. But her bones were in a jelly. Madame may imagine what a terrible fall it was."

"But the unhappy creature! Did some one go to her relief; was a physician sent for—a priest?"

"A priest, madame knows that as well as I. But if I were a priest— A wretched creature, so abandoned as to kill herself! And besides, she had no behavior,—that is easily seen. She

belonged to the Opera, so they told me: all those girls end badly. She put herself in the window; she tied her skirts with a pink ribbon, and—flop!»

«It is the poor young girl in mourning!» cried Madame de Piennes, speaking to herself.

«Yes, madame: her mother died three or four days ago. It must have turned her head. And with that, her lover perhaps had left her in the lurch. And then rent day came—and no money. And that kind doesn't know how to work.»

«Do you know if the unhappy girl has what she needs in her condition,—linen, a mattress? Find out immediately.»

«I shall go for madame, if madame wishes,» cried the maid; enchanted to think of seeing, close by, a woman who had tried to kill herself. «But,» she added, «I don't know if I should have the strength to look at her,—a woman fallen from the third story! When they bled Baptiste I felt sick: it was stronger than I.»

«Well then, send Baptiste,» cried Madame de Piennes; «but let me know immediately how the poor thing is getting along.»

Luckily her physician, Dr. K——, arrived as she was giving the order. He came to dine with her, according to his custom, every Tuesday, the day for Italian opera.

«Run quick, doctor!»—without giving him time to put down his cane or take off his muffler. «Baptiste will take you. A poor girl has just thrown herself from a third-story window, and she is without attention.»

«Out of the window!» said the doctor. «If it was high, I shall probably have nothing to do.»

At the end of an hour the doctor reappeared, slightly unpowdered, and his handsome jabot of batiste in disorder.

«These people who set out to kill themselves,» he said, «are born with a caul. The other day they brought to my hospital a woman who had sent a pistol shot into her mouth. A poor way! she broke three teeth and made an ugly hole in her left cheek. She will be a little uglier, that is all. This one throws herself from a third-story window. A poor devil of an honest man, falling by accident from a first-story, would break his skull This girl breaks her leg, has two ribs driven in, and gets the inevitable bruises—and that is all. But the worst of it is, the ratin on this turbot is completely dried up, I fear for the roast, and we shall miss the first act of Othello.»

"And the unfortunate creature—did she tell you what drove her to it?"

"Oh, madame, I never listen to those stories. I ask them, 'Had you eaten before?' and so forth, and so forth,—because that is necessary for the treatment. Parbleu! When one kills one's self, it is because one has some bad reason for it. You lose a sweetheart, a landlord puts you out of doors,—and you jump from the window to get even with him. And one is no sooner in the air than one begins to repent."

"I hope she repents, poor child."

"No doubt, no doubt. She cried and made fuss enough to distract me. What makes it the more interesting in her case is, that if she had killed herself she would have been the gainer, in not dying of consumption—for she is consumptive. To be in such a hurry, when all she had to do was to let it come!"

The girl lay on a good bed sent by Madame de Piennes, in a little chamber furnished with three straw-seated chairs and a small table. Horribly pale, with flaming eyes. She had one arm outside of the covering, and the portion of that arm uncovered by the sleeve of her gown was livid and bruised, giving an idea of the state of the rest of her body. When she saw Madame de Piennes, she lifted her head, and said with a sad faint smile:—

"I knew that it was you, madame, who had had pity upon me. They told me your name, and I was sure that it was the lady whom I met near St. Roch."

"You seem to be in a poor way here, my poor child," said Madame de Piennes, her eyes traveling over the sad furnishment of the room. "Why did they not send you some curtains? You must ask Baptiste for any little thing you need."

"You are very good, madame. What do I lack? Nothing. It is all over. A little more or a little less, what difference does it make?"

And turning her head, she began to cry.

"Do you suffer much, my poor child?" said Madame de Piennes, sitting by the bed.

"No, not much. Only I feel all the time in my ears the wind when I was falling, and then the noise—crack! when I fell on the pavement."

"You were out of your mind then, my dear friend: you repent now, do you not?

"Yes; but when one is unhappy, one cannot keep one's head."

"I regret not having known your position sooner. But, my child, in no circumstances of life should we abandon ourselves to despair."

"Ah! I do not know," cried the sick girl, "what got into me; there were a hundred reasons if one. First, when mamma died, that was a blow. Then I felt myself abandoned—no one interested in me. And at last, some one of whom I thought more than of all the rest of the world put together—madame, to forget even my name! Yes, I am named Arsène Guillot,—G, u, i, double l: he writes it with a y!"

"And so you have been deceived, poor child?" resumed Madame de Piennes after a moment of silence.

"I? No. How can a miserable girl like myself be deceived? Only he did not care for me any longer. He was right: I am not the kind for him. He was always good and generous. I wrote to him, telling him how it was with me, and if he wished—Then he wrote to me—what hurt me very much.—The other day, when I came back to my room, I let fall a looking-glass that he had given me; a Venetian mirror, he called it. It broke. I said to myself, 'That is the last stroke! That is a sign that all is at an end.' I had nothing more from him. All the jewelry I had pawned. And then I said to myself, that if I destroyed myself that would hurt him, and I would be revenged. The window was open, and I threw myself out of it."

"But, unfortunate creature that you are! the motive was as frivolous as the action was criminal."

"Well—what then? When one is in trouble, one does not reflect. It is very easy for happy people to say, 'Be reasonable.'"

"I know it,—misfortune is a poor counselor; nevertheless, even in the midst of the most painful trials there are things one should not forget. I saw you a short while ago perform an act of piety at St. Roch. You have the happiness to believe. Your religion, my dear, should have restrained you, at the very moment you were abandoning yourself to despair. You received your life from God. It does not belong to you. But I am wrong to scold you now, poor little one. You repent, you suffer: God will have mercy upon you."

Arsène bent her head, and tears moistened her eyelids.

"Ah, madame!" she said with a great sigh, "you believe me to be better than I am.—You believe me to be pious.—I am not

very much so.—I was not taught—and if you saw me at church burning a candle, it was because I—did not know what else to put my wits at."

"Well, my dear, it was a good thought. In misfortune, it is always to God that one must turn."

"They told me—that if I burned a candle to St. Roch— But no, madame, I cannot tell you that. A lady like you does not know what one can do when one has not a sou."

"One must ask God for courage above all."

"Anyway, madame, I do not wish to make myself out better than I am; and it would be stealing to profit by the charity you show me, without knowing what I am. I am an unfortunate girl— But in this world one lives as one can.—To come to an end, madame, I burned a candle because my mother said that when one burned a candle to St. Roch, eight days never passed without finding some one—"

Madame de Piennes with downcast eyes murmured faintly: "Your mother! Poor thing! how can you dare to say it?"

"Oh, my mother was like all mothers—all the mothers of such as we. She supported her mother; I supported her;—fortunately I have no child— I see, madame, that it frightens you—but what would you have? You have been well reared; you have never lacked. When one is rich, it is easy to be honest. As for me, I would have been honest had I had the means. I never loved but one man, and he left me.—See, madame, I am talking to you this way, so frankly, although I see what you think of me; and you are right. But you are the only honest woman I ever talked to in my life—and you look so good—that a while ago I said to myself, 'Even when she knows what I am, she will take pity on me. I am going to die, and I ask of you only one favor: to have a mass said for me in the church where I first saw you. One single prayer, that is all, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

"No, you will not die," cried Madame de Piennes, greatly moved. "God will have pity upon you, poor sinful one. You will repent of your faults and he will pardon you. Those who have reared you are more guilty than you are. Only have courage and hope. Try above all to be calmer, my poor child. The body must be cured; the soul is ill too; but I will answer for its cure."

She had risen while speaking, rolling in her fingers a piece of paper that contained a few louis.

"Take this," she said, "if you have any little fancy—" slipping it under the pillow.

"No, madame!" cried Arsène impetuously, thrusting back the paper: "I do not wish anything from you but what you have promised. Good-by. We shall see one another no more. Have me taken to a hospital, so that I can die without bothering any one. You would never be able to make anything out of me. A great lady like you will have prayed for me; I am content. Adieu."

And turning around as much as the apparatus that held her to the bed would permit, she hid her head in the pillow, so as to keep from seeing anything further.

"Listen, Arsène," said Madame de Piennes in a grave tone. "I have plans for you: I want to make an honest woman of you. I have confidence in your repentance. I shall see you often, I shall take care of you. One day you will owe me your self-esteem,"—taking her hand, which she pressed lightly.

"You have touched me," cried the poor girl, "you have pressed my hand."

And before Madame de Piennes could withdraw her hand, she seized it and covered it with tears and kisses.

"Calm yourself, calm yourself, my dear," said Madame de Piennes. "You must not talk any more. Now I know all, and I understand you better than you understand yourself. It is I who am to be the doctor of your head—your poor weak head. And you must obey me—I insist upon that—just like any other doctor. I shall send you in a priest, one of my friends. You must listen to him. I shall choose good books for you; you must read them. We will talk together sometimes. And when you get better, we will busy ourselves about your future."

The nurse entered, fetching a vial from the druggist. Arsène continued to weep.

Repentance was not difficult for poor Arsène, who, with the exception of a few hours of gross pleasure, had known only the miseries of life.

The poor girl was in a pitiable condition. It was evident that her last hour was near. Her respiration was nothing more than a painful rattle; and Madame de Piennes was told that several times during the morning she had been delirious, and that the physician did not think she could last until the next day. Arsène, however, recognized her protectress and thanked her for coming.

"You will not tire yourself any more by mounting my stairs," she said in a faint voice.

Every word seemed to cost her a painful effort, and exhaust the little strength she had left. They had to bend over her to hear her. Madame de Piennes took her hand; it was already cold and inanimate.

Max arrived shortly after, and silently approached the bed of the dying girl. She made him a slight sign of the head, and noticing that he had a book in his hand,—"You will not read to-day," she murmured faintly.

Abbé Dubignon, who had been all the morning with Arsène, observing with what rapidity her strength was being exhausted, wished to use for her salvation the few moments that yet remained to her. He motioned Madame de Piennes and Max aside; and bending over the bed of suffering, he spoke to the poor girl those solemn and consoling words that religion reserves for such moments. In a corner of the room, madame was on her knees praying; Max, standing at a window, seemed transformed into a statue.

"You pardon all those who have offended you, my daughter?" said the priest in a moved voice.

"Yes. May they be happy," said the dying girl, making an effort to be heard.

"Trust in the mercy of God, my daughter," resumed the Abbé: "repentance opens the gates of heaven."

For several minutes longer the Abbé continued his exhortations; then he ceased to speak, in doubt whether he had not a corpse before him. Madame de Piennes softly arose to her feet, and each one remained for awhile motionless, anxiously looking at the livid face of Arsène. Each one was holding breath, for fear of disturbing the terrible slumber that perhaps had commenced for her; the ticking of a watch on the stand by the bed was distinctly heard in the room.

"She has passed away, the poor young lady," at last said the nurse, after holding her snuff-box before the lips of Arsène: "see, the glass is not dimmed. She is dead."

"Poor child," cried Max, coming out of the stupor in which he seemed sunk, "what happiness has she known in this world!"

Of a sudden, as if recalled by his voice, Arsène opened her eyes: "I have loved," she said in a lifeless voice. "I have loved," she repeated with a sad smile. They were her last words.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by Grace King.

THE MEXICAN NUN

LA MONJA DE MEXICO — JUANA YÑEZ DE LA CRUZ

(1651–1695)

BY JOHN MALONE

WHILE, in the middle of the seventeenth century, that portion of North America which now comprises the United States was unexplored wilderness, the empire of Spain held a brilliant court in the city of the Montezumas. Scholars, artists, and philosophers, boasting the best blood of proud Castilian races, were gathered in the New World about the persons who represented the Crown and its authority. Great must have been the surprise of the learned and able in the imperial city of Madrid, when in 1689, in that city, Maria Luisa, Countess of Parades, wife of the viceroy of Mexico, caused to be published a volume of poems by a native of the wonderful country in which Cortez and his daring followers had set up the triumphant standard of Spain. Still greater was the wonder when upon reading, it was found that these poems of «La Monja de Mexico» (The Mexican Nun) were brilliant enough to compare with any from the pen of the most admired and distinguished authors of the home land. So eagerly was the book read, and so passionately admired, that in three years it went through as many editions, and gained for the cloistered writer the unanimous tribute of the title «La Decima Musa» (The Tenth Muse). Her world called her simply «The Mexican Nun»; but subsequent generations have added to that title the name of «Immortal honor of her sex and native land.»

THE MEXICAN NUN

The distinguished Father Luis Morales, abbot of the monastery of San Joaquin in Madrid, who approved the printing of the book, said of

it, "No greater treasure has been wafted by happy breezes from the Indies into Spain."

The person whose humble state of life was thus glorified bore the name in her convent of Sister Juana Yñez de la Cruz; and was born on the 12th of November 1651, at a country place about forty miles from the City of Mexico, called San Miguel de Nepanthla. Her parents were Don Manuel Asbaje, a gentleman of good rank belonging to the city of Vegara, and Doña Isabel Ramirez de Santillana, a native of the city of Ayacapixtla. As a child the gift of poetry approved itself in this Mexican country girl as early as her eighth year, when it is said she accomplished the marvelous task of writing a dramatic eulogy or "Auto" in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. So earnest was her disposition towards study, that having heard there was a school of sciences in the City of Mexico devoted exclusively to the education of boys, she earnestly begged her father to allow her to assume male attire, and go to Mexico for the purpose of entering this college. Her maternal grandmother, a resident of the City of Mexico, learning of the child's impatience for larger opportunities of study than were afforded by her father's house, obtained permission to take the little one under her own roof and there superintend her education. Finding in her grandmother's house a great store of books, the future poetess eagerly, but with a discrimination beyond the ordinary, absorbed a vast amount of knowledge. Under the direction of Master Olivas, a teacher of Latin grammar, she easily and quickly acquired a knowledge of classical authors, and became proficient as a writer of prose and verse in the speech of Virgil.

The fame of this talented girl soon came to the ears of the viceroy, and caused his lady, the Marquesa de Macera, to bestow upon the young poetess a position in the palace as one of the ladies of honor. While occupying this distinguished place, Juana Yñez gave so great evidence of the pre-eminence of her mental power, and was withal so gentle and attractive, that many noble and brilliant offers of marriage were laid at her feet.

In spite of the great praise and flattering hopes of social rank poured daily down before her, she determined to take up a religious life. In this she was encouraged by the direction and advice of Father Antonio Nuñez, a very learned Jesuit, who was at that time the confessor of the viceroy. Doña Juana at first assumed the habit of the barefooted Carmelites in the convent of San José, of the City of Mexico; but shortly realizing that the rigor of their rule was too great for her, and acting upon the advice of her physician, she removed to the house of the Jeromite nuns, where she made her solemn profession before the end of her eighteenth year. For twenty-seven years she remained in this house, devoted to the study of the Scriptures and sacred theology, as well as mathematics, history, and

poetry. Her collected works, the best edition of which was published in Madrid in the year 1725, in three quarto volumes, show that the power of her Muse extended to all pleasing and soul-elevating topics, whether connected with religion or with social life. Many of her light and humorous sonnets to her private friends reveal the very soul of wit. Her charming comedy on the obligations of hospitality displays a delicate and masterful knowledge of the laws of love and family, as well as of the somewhat severe and complicated rules by which the Spanish comedy of the 'Cloak and Sword' was constructed. So perfect is this social comedy, that it causes one to wonder how this secluded Mexican nun could have acquired a knowledge of the practical needs of the stage as complete as any that illuminated the work of Calderon or of Lope de Vega.

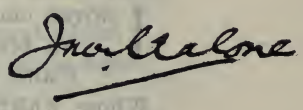
The greatest triumph of her genius, however, is the Corpus Christi play entitled 'The Divine Narcissus'; in which, by a simple yet wonderful allegory, she weaves the fable of the pagan lover into a marvelous broidery of the life and passion of the Christ. The daring of the thought and its treatment is Shakespearean in convincing mastery.

But it was not in her impassioned verse alone that the genius of this remarkable woman found expression. She was an artist in paint as well, and her own exquisitely refined features have been preserved for us by her own hand. The vignette which is here reproduced is after a life-size copy in oil of the portrait that she painted of herself. Beneath it is a Spanish inscription of direct and simple eloquence:—"Faithful copy of another which she herself made and painted with her own hand. The Rev. Mother Juana Yñez de la Cruz, Phœnix of America, glorious perfection of her sex, honor of the nation of the New World, and subject of the admiration and praises of the Old."

This copy was purchased by Dr. Robert H. Lamborn, and placed in his collection of Mexican colonial works of art in Memorial Hall, Philadelphia.

The quiet of the convent walks did not save the poetess from the noise of envy and detraction. Many rude assaults were made upon her name and fame; but her unassuming modesty, her virtue, and her generous and unselfish devotion, drew finally even those who most maligned her into the ranks of her true friends. It was about two years before her death, and while her name and the music of her song were being chanted in a chorus of the highest praise, that she at once and willingly gave up all efforts toward any of the world's works, and under the care of her old confessor, Father Nuñez, devoted herself and her remaining years to the study and hope of eternity. Of this time of her life Father Nuñez said, "She seemed to long for Heaven as the white dove longs for its nest."

The plague broke out in the City of Mexico in the early spring of 1695; and amongst the devoted women of God who went to the care of the sick and dying was Sister Juana Yñez. One day she came back to her cell with the dread infection heavy upon her; and on the 17th of April of this year, having been forty-four years and five months amongst men, her soul departed. Her death was bemoaned by the people of two continents, and her obsequies were attended with almost royal honors.



ON THE CONTRARIETIES OF LOVE

(Second Sonnet)

One loves me though his homage I disdain;
And one for whom I languish mocks my smile.
To double torment thus doth pride beguile,
And make me loathe and love at once in vain;
On him who honors casting wanton stain,
And hazarding to be esteemèd vile
By wooing where I am not sought, the while
I waste the patience of a gentler swain.
So must I fear despite to my good fame;
For here with vanity, with conscience there,
My blushing cheeks betray my needless shame:
'Tis I am guilty towards this guiltless pair.
For shame! to court a light-love's woeful name,
And leave an earnest lover to despair.

LEARNING AND RICHES

Why should the world be apt to censure me?
Wherein have I offended that I sought
To grace my mind with jewels dearly bought,
Nor turned my heart to jeweled vanity?
From greed of riches I am fancy-free;
But deem no work of fancy fairly wrought
Till crowned with diamonds from the mine of thought,
That worth my wealth, not wealth my worth, may be.
I am not Beauty's votary. I know
Her conquests fall a spoil to age at last;

I find no joy in money's gaudy show;
For gold like chaff into the furnace cast
Fits but to feed Art's flame, and keep the glow
Of golden Truth a glory unsurpassed.

DEATH IN YOUTH

I NOTED once a fair Castilian rose,
All blushing with the bloom of life new-born.
Flaunt lovingly her beauty to the morn,
Whose whisper woed the coy bud to unclose
Her dewy petals to his kiss. «Thy foes,»
I cried, «the cankering elves of darkness, scorn!
The joys of purity thy day adorn,
And guard thee through the night's despoiling woes.
And thus, though withering Death may touch thy leaf,
And in his dusky veil thy fragrance fold,
Thy youth and beauty ever smile at grief.
Thy little life and story quickly told
Make blest the teaching of a sweet belief:
'Tis fairer fortune to die young than old.»

THE DIVINE NARCISSUS

A SACRAMENTAL PLAY

[NOTE.—The action begins with a Loa or prologue in which the Western World and America appear as persons habited in the dress of Indians. They are about to offer sacrifice to the god of seed-time, when Zeal, a Spanish soldier, interrupts them, and with his armed companions endeavors to compel them to desist. He is prevented and rebuked by Religion in the person of a virgin, who invites the attention of all to the story of the passion of the Divine Narcissus.

The persons of the play than take the place of those of the Loa. The Hebrew and the Gentile as Synagogue and Gentility, in the guise of nymphs accompanied by an unseen chorus, alternate in songs of praise,— the first to the Divine Narcissus, the Son of God, the second to the spirit of fountains and flowers. Human Nature, another nymph, asks them to reconcile their songs, and declares the divinity of Narcissus and her love for him. Grace, Echo as Angelic Nature, Pride, Self-Love, and other nymphs, together with a band of shepherds and the chorus, take part with Human Nature and her loving Narcissus in acting a beautiful allegory in which the heathen myth is wedded to Christ's passion. Echo, as Angelic Nature sues in vain for the love of Narcissus, and Human Nature comes to the grove to seek him. On her coming she gives voice to the lament on the following page.]

Enter Human Nature

HUMAN NATURE—

Ah, weary me! my perilous quest
I follow still with faith untired.
My wandering steps may have no rest
Until I find my well-desired,
My loved Narcissus, whom in vain
I seek through shady grove and sunny plain.

Hope leads me to this pleasant glade,
With promise of my lost one's sight.
If I may trust her gentle aid,
His presence caused the sweet delight
Which beams in every fragrant flower,
And sets a-tremble all this leafy bower.

How many days, alas! have I
The woodland, flower by flower, searched
With many a heart-consuming sigh,
By thorns empierced, by slime besmirched;
Each woe to new hope giving birth!
Ages my days, my pilgrimage the earth!

My past declares our sacred troth;
The paths I've trod with ceaseless pain,
My sighs and groans commingling both
With tears that wet my cheeks like rain!
Nay, slavery and prison oft
My unforgetting fealty madly scoffed!

Once was I from his city driven,
E'en by the servants of his power,—
My mantle torn, my sceptre riven.
The watchers of his warden tower
My shoulders scourged with whips of flame,
And thrust me forth with Sin and Evil Fame.

O nymphs, who grace this fair retreat!
Your sympathy I pray impart:
Should you my soul's Beloved meet,
Tell him the longings of my heart;
The patience of my passion tell,
My tortured spirit and my anguish fell.

If sign you need my Loved to know,
His brow is fair as rosy morn,
His bosom whiter than the snow,
With light like that by jasper borne.

His eyes are limpid as the dove's,
And all their deep, unfathomed gleams are Love's.

His breath is like the fragrance thrown
From rarest incense; and his hand
Is jeweled with the jacynth stone,
The badge of Glory's knightly band,
The jewel of the sigh and tear,—
The crest of all who triumph over fear.

He stands as stately as the shaft
That lifts the temple dome on high;
His graceful gestures gently waft
A spell o'er every gazer's eye.
O maids! perfections all combine
To mark the person of my Love divine!—

Among the myriads you will know him
O'er all the better or the worse;
His god-like form will ever show him
The flower of the universe.
No other shepherd is there, here
Or elsewhere, equal to this Shepherd dear!

Then tell me where my soul's adored
His swift and busy footsteps turns!
What shady bower he fleeth toward
When high the midday sunlight burns!
For sad and weary is my heart
With wandering through the forest's every part.

[The action passes naturally to a culmination in the following scene of the resurrection of Narcissus after his supposed death in the fountain.]

Enter about the Fountain, Human Nature *with all the nymphs and shepherds. They bewail the death of Narcissus.* Grace *enters, and addressing* Human Nature, *says:—*

Grace— Why weep you thus so grievously, fair nymph?
What seek you, and what is your cause of woe?

Human Nature—
The Master of my love in vain I seek.
I know not where the jealous Fates have hid
Him from my eager sight.

Grace— Lament not! weep not!
Nor seek among the dead the Eternal One.
Narcissus, thy Beloved, lives.

Narcissus, *brilliantly dressed and crowned as from the Resurrection, enters, accompanied by a troop of rejoicing shepherds.* Human Nature *turns and sees him.*

Narcissus — Fair maid,
Thy pearly tears are precious to my sight,
And melt my heart to pity! Why does grief
Thus flood thy gentle eyes?

Human Nature — I weep, my lord,
For my Narcissus. Oh, could you but tell
Me where to seek for my lost love!

Narcissus — Dear spouse,
Has heaven's glory shining on my brow
So masked me that you know me not?

Human Nature —
O spouse adorable! My joy! My heart
Bows to the earth with its great happiness!
I kiss thy feet.

Narcissus — No, dear one, thou must not!
A little longer must thou wait, for I
Go now to join my Father on his throne.

Human Nature —
Thou wilt leave me here alone? Dear Lord, I faint
To think without thine arm to shelter me
My enemy the serpent may destroy me.

Enter Echo, Pride, *and* Self-Love

Echo — True that! for he has laid in wait for her
With wary cunning for these many years.

[Narcissus rebukes the envious nymphs, and calls on Grace to declare the will of God.]

Narcissus — Then to thy greater pain, since thou canst wish
Such evil to another, know my plan
Of safeguard for my chosen spouse. Speak, Grace,
The meaning of this parable which we
So far have acted. Tell my message.

Grace — List
Ye all! The master I obey.

Echo — Alas!
My woe grows heavier at thy words of dole.

Grace — So shall the beauty of Narcissus bloom
In sovereign state while he enjoys the bliss
Eternally prepared for him, the king
Of happiness, dispenser of all joys,

Perfection's treasurer and crownèd cause
Of wonder-making miracles. The orbs
Whose crystal radiance lights the firmament
Shall be his lofty glory's witnesses;
Their circled courses, as with pens of fire,
Shall write his deeds upon the vast of space;
The splendor of the morning stars, the flame
Of purifying fires, the storm-tossed plumes
Of ocean, the uplifted crags of earth,
And the unceasing music of the winds,
Shall praise him, and from him the myriad suns
And brilliant stars shall proudly borrow light.
The sapphire of the deep and placid lakes,
The pearly radiance of the flying mists,
Shall be the mirrors of his smile; the fields
Shall clothe themselves with flowers, and the peaks
With snow, to imitate his glory.
The wild things of the forest and the air
From den and eyrie shall adore his name.
The silent caverns of the deep shall teem
With servants of his word. The sea itself
Shall pile its jeweled waves aloft to make
The thunderous altars of the choir of storms.
All growing things—the lofty pine, the moss
That clings about the desert rock—shall teach
His worship; him the boundless main declares,
Receiving all the waters of the earth
To give them back in helpful rain as he
Receives in adoration and gives back
In bliss.
And this has ever been since time
And movement of created things began.
For all things hold their being from his care.
Should he not care, chaos would mar the world.
This is the happy fear that sways the flowers,
The fear that tells the lily to grow pale
And brings a blush upon the rose.
He came
To see in man, creation's prince, the best
Reflection of himself. God-Man, he saw,
And loved the Godlike image of himself.
Godlike to God the only worth can be.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature.'

KONRAD FERDINAND MEYER

(1825–1898)

FOREMOST among the German poets and novelists of our time stand the two Swiss writers Gottfried Keller and Konrad Ferdinand Meyer. Strongly contrasted as their lives were in external circumstances, and widely different as were the fields from which they chose their materials, in their artistic aims the two men had much in common. Keller's life was a long battle with small things, and fame was slow in coming; Meyer has led a life of literary leisure, devoted to self-cultivation and indifferent to public recognition. But in the work of each of these poets there is the same perfection of form and fastidious polish of style. Keller is perhaps more rugged and vigorous; Meyer depicts life with the keen insight of a contemplative and poetic student of history. In both cases the treatment is realistic. Keller's, however, is obviously the realism of actual observation and experience; Meyer's is the realism of a plastic mind infusing life into the facts and forms of a bygone age. Together these two men are the chief ornaments of modern Swiss literature.

K. F. MEYER

Konrad Ferdinand Meyer was born at Zürich on October 12th, 1825. His younger years were passed in Geneva and Lausanne, where he acquired command of the French language. For a time it was his intention to study law; but after a brief experience at the University of Zürich, he abandoned the idea. Moved solely by his own inclinations, and for years with no other purpose than the gratification of his own tastes, he devoted himself with scholarly ardor to the study of history. It is a curious instance of a blind impulse guiding genius into its proper course. Still unproductive, he went to Paris in 1857 to pursue his historical studies, and spent the following year in Italy. Since 1875 he has lived at his country home, at Kilchberg near Zürich. His life has been free from sordid cares, and filled chiefly with the joys of scholarly labor and poetic creation.

Meyer had reached the prime of life when he first entered the field of literature. His first public venture was a collection of 'Ballads' which came out in 1867, when their author was in his forty-second year. In 1870 came a volume of poems entitled 'Romances and Pictures.' But it was not until the appearance of 'Hutten's Last Days'—a highly original cycle of poems, half lyric, half epic—that Meyer began to attract attention. This was in 1871; and in the same year the idyllic 'Engelberg' was published. Herein also may be found the epic element which reveals the mind of a poet, whose chief intellectual delight is the study of history.

But it was the long array of his vigorous and brilliant stories that brought to Meyer the full measure of fame he now enjoys. 'Der Heilige' (The Saint), in which is told the story of Thomas Becket, is one of the most finished pieces of historical fiction in German literature. Next in finish of execution to this figure of Becket stands that of the sombre and impressive Dante, into whose mouth, as he sits in the halls of Cangrande, is put the thrilling tale of 'The Monk's Wedding.' This book, which appeared in 1884, and 'The Temptation of Pescara' (1889), may perhaps be singled out as the best of these historical romances; but the list of Meyer's works is a long one, and none of them shows hasty workmanship nor flagging powers; and the public interest remains unabated.

Meyer is a master of clear objective treatment. He never interposes himself, nor intrudes historical information. As the reader accompanies the characters through their experiences, he has only to look about to see how things once appeared, and how men once behaved in the dead days which the poet is re-creating. The thing is presented as the author sees it in his plastic imagination, and the vividness of the impression it conveys is independent of all historical accessories and learned elucidation. Meyer died at Kilchberg on November 28th, 1898.

FROM 'THE MONK'S WEDDING'

"Is it at all necessary that there should be monks?" whispered a voice out of a dim corner, as if to suggest that any sort of escape from an unnatural condition was a blessing.

The audacious question caused no shock; for at this court the boldest discussion of religious matters was allowed,—yes, smiled upon,—whilst a free or incautious word in regard to the person or policy of the Emperor was certain destruction.

Dante's eyes sought the speaker, and recognized in him a young ecclesiastic whose fingers toyed with the heavy gold cross he wore over his priestly robe.

"Not on my account," said the Florentine deliberately. "May the monks die out as soon as a race is born that understands how to unite justice and mercy — the two highest attributes of the human soul — which seem now to exclude one another. Until that late hour in the world's history may the State administer the one, and the Church the other. Since, however, the exercise of mercy requires a thoroughly unselfish heart, the three monastic vows are not only a proper but essential preparation; for experience has taught that total abnegation is less difficult than a reserved and partial self-surrender."

"Are there not more bad than good monks?" persisted the doubting ecclesiastic.

"No," said Dante, "when we take into consideration human weakness; else there are more unjust than righteous judges, more cowards than brave warriors, more bad men than good."

"And is not this the case?" asked the guest in the dim corner.

"No, certainly not," Dante replied, a heavenly brightness suddenly illuminating his stern features. "Is not philosophy asking and striving to find out how evil came into this world? Had the bad formed the majority, we should, on the contrary, have been asking how good came into the world."

This proud enigmatical remark impressed the party forcibly, but at the same time excited some apprehension lest the Florentine was going deeper into scholasticism instead of relating his story.

Cangrande, seeing his pretty young friend suppress a yawn, said, "Noble Dante, are you to tell us a true story, or will you embellish a legend current among the people; or can you not give us a pure invention out of your own laurel-crowned head?"

Dante replied with slow emphasis, "I evolve my story from an inscription on a grave."

"On a grave!"

"Yes, from an inscription on a gravestone which I read years ago, when with the Franciscans at Padua. The stone was in a corner of the cloister garden, hidden under wild rose-bushes, but still accessible to the novices, if they crept on all fours and did not mind scratching their cheeks with thorns. I ordered the

prior — or, I should say, besought him — to have the puzzling stone removed to the library, and there commended to the interest of a gray-headed custodian.

"What was on the stone?" interposed somewhat listlessly the wife of the Prince.

"The inscription," answered Dante, "was in Latin, and ran thus: —

"'Hic jacet monachus Astorre cum uxore Antiope. Sepeliebat Azzolinus.'"

"What does it mean?" eagerly cried the lady on Cangrande's left.

The Prince fluently translated: —

"Here sleeps the monk Astorre beside his wife Antiope. Both buried by Ezzelin."

"Atrocious tyrant!" exclaimed the impressible maiden: "I am sure he had them buried alive, because they were lovers; and he insulted the poor victims even in their graves, by styling her the 'wife of the monk,' — cruel wretch that he was!"

"Hardly," said Dante: "I construe it quite differently, and according to the history this seems improbable; for Ezzelin's rigor was directed rather against breaches of ecclesiastical discipline. He interested himself little either in the making or breaking of sacred vows. I take the 'sepeliebat' in a friendly sense, and believe the meaning to be that he gave the two burial."

"Right," exclaimed Cangrande. "Florentine, I agree with you! Ezzelin was a born ruler, and as such men usually are, somewhat harsh and violent; but nine-tenths of the crimes imputed to him are inventions — forgeries of the clergy and scandal-loving people."

"Would it were so!" sighed Dante; "at any rate, where he appears upon the stage in my romance, he has not yet become the monster which the chronicle, be it true or false, pictures him to be; his cruelty is only beginning to show itself in certain lines about the mouth."

"A commanding figure," exclaimed Cangrande enthusiastically, desiring to bring him more palpably before the audience, "with black hair bristling round his great brow, as you paint him, in your Twelfth Canto, among the inhabitants of hell. But whence have you taken this dark head?"

"It is yours," replied Dante boldly; and Cangrande felt himself flattered.

"And the rest of the characters in my story," he said with smiling menace, "I will also take from among you, if you will allow me,"—and he turned toward his listeners: "I borrow your names only, leaving untouched what is innermost; for that I cannot read."

"My outward self I lend you gladly," responded the Princess, whose indifference was beginning to yield.

A murmur of intense excitement now ran through the courtly circle, and "Thy story, Dante, thy story!" was heard on all sides.

"Here it is," he said, and began:—

[Dante begins his tale with a description of a bridal party returning in festal barges upon the waters of the Brenta to Padua, where the wedding is to be solemnized. Umberto Vicedomini, with his three sons by a former marriage, and his bride, Diana, occupy one barge; an accident overturns the vessel, and the entire party is drowned, with the exception of Diana, who is rescued by Astorre, Umberto's younger brother. The news of this accident is brought to the aged head of the house of Vicedomini, who thus sees all his hopes of a posterity cut off, for his only surviving son has already assumed monastic vows. Upon his willingness to renounce these vows now depends the future of the house of the Vicedomini. The old man is in the midst of a heated interview with the ruler Ezzelin when Diana enters his chamber.]

Just then he caught sight of his daughter-in-law, who had pressed through the crowd of servants in advance of the monk, and was standing on the threshold. Spite of his physical weakness he rushed towards her, staggering; seized and wrenched her hands apart, as if to make her responsible for the misfortune which had befallen them.

"Where is my son, Diana?" he gasped out.

"He lies in the Brenta," she answered sadly, and her blue eyes grew dim.

"Where are my three grandchildren?"

"In the Brenta," she repeated.

"And you bring me yourself as a gift—you are presented to me?" and the old man laughed discordantly.

"Would that the Almighty," she said slowly, "had drawn me deeper under the waves, and that thy children stood here in my stead!" She was silent; then bursting into sudden anger,—

"Does my presence insult you, and am I a burden to you? Impute the blame to him (pointing to the monk). He drew me from the water when I was already dead, and restored me to life."

The old man now for the first time perceived his son; and collecting himself quickly, exhibited the powerful will which his bitter grief seemed to have steeled rather than lamed.

"Really—he drew you out of the Brenta? H'm! Strange. The ways of God are marvelous!"

He grasped the monk by the shoulder and arm at once, as if to take possession of nim body and soul, and dragged him along to his great chair, into which the old man fell without relaxing his pressure on the arm of his unresisting son. Diana followed, knelt down on the other side of the chair, and leaned her head upon the arm of it, so that only the coil of her blond hair was visible—like some inanimate object. Opposite the group sat Ezzelin, his right hand upon the rolled-up letter, like a commander-in-chief resting upon his staff.

"My son—my own one," whimpered the dying man, with a tenderness in which truth and cunning mingled, "my last and only consolation! Thou staff and stay of my old age, thou wilt not crumble like dust under my trembling fingers. Thou must understand," he went on, already in a colder and more practical tone, "that as things are, it is not possible for thee to remain longer in the cloister. It is according to the canons, my son, is it not, that a monk whose father is sick unto death, or impoverished, should withdraw in order to nurse the author of his days, or to till his father's acres? But I need thee even more pressingly: thy brothers and nephews are gone, and now thou must keep the life torch of our house burning. Thou art a little flame I have kindled, and I cannot suffer it to glimmer and die out in a narrow cell. Know one thing"—he had read in the warm brown eyes a genuine sympathy, and the reverent bearing of the monk appeared to promise blind obedience: "I am more ill than you suppose—am I not, Issacher?" He turned to look in the face a spare little man, who, with phial and spoon in his hands, had stept behind the chair of the old Vicedomini, and now bowed his white head in affirmation. "I travel toward the river; but I tell thee, Astorre, if my wish is not granted, thy father will refuse to step into Charon's boat, and will sit cowering on the twilight strand."

The monk stroked the feverish hand of the old man with tenderness, but answered quietly in two words: "My vows!"

Ezzelin unfolded the letter. "Thy vows," said the old man in a wheedling tone — "loosened strings; filed-away chains. Make a movement and they fall. The Holy Church, to which thy obedience is due, has declared them null and void. There it stands written," and his thin finger pointed to the parchment with the Pope's seal.

The monk approached the governor, took the letter from him respectfully, and read it through, closely watched the while by four eyes. Completely dazed, he took one step backward, as if he were standing on the top of a tower, and all at once saw the rampart give way.

Ezzelin seized the reeling man by the arm with the curt question, "To whom did you make your vows, monk,— to yourself, or to the Church?"

"To both, of course," shrieked the old man angrily: "these are cursed subtleties. Take care, son, or he will reduce us, Vicedomini, to beggary."

Without a trace of feeling or resentment, Ezzelin laid his right hand on his beard and swore — "If Vicedomini dies, the monk here inherits his property, and should the family become extinct with him, if he love me and his native city, he shall found a hospital of such size and grandeur that the hundred cities" (he meant the Italian) "will envy us. Now, godfather, having cleared myself from the charge of rapacity, may I put to the monk a few questions? — have I your permission?"

The fury of the old man now rose to such a pitch as to bring on a fit of convulsions; but even then he did not release the arm of the monk.

Issacher put carefully to the pale lips a spoon filled with some strong-smelling essence. The sufferer turned his head away with an effort. "Leave me in peace," he groaned: "you are the governor's physician as well," and closed his eyes again.

The Jew looked at the tyrant as if to beg forgiveness for this suspicion. "Will he return to life?" asked Ezzelin. "I think so," replied the Jew, "but not for long; I fear he will not live to see the sun go down."

The tyrant took advantage of the moment to speak to the monk, who was exerting himself to the utmost to restore his father.

"And whither do your own thoughts tend, monk?" he inquired.

"They are unchanged and persistent; yet, God forgive me, I would my father never woke again, that I should be forced to oppose him so cruelly. If he had but received extreme unction!"

He kissed passionately the cheek of the fainting man; who thereupon returned to consciousness, and heaving a deep sigh, raised his weary eyelids, from under whose gray bushy brows he directed toward the monk a supplicating look. "How is it?" he asked: "to what hast thou doomed me, dearest,—to heaven, or to hell?"

"Father," prayed Astorre in a tremulous voice, "thy time has come; only a short hour remains: banish all earthly cares and interests, think of thy soul. See, thy priests" (he meant those of the parish church) "are gathered together waiting to perform the last sacrament."

It was so! The door of the adjacent room had softly opened, in which the faint glimmer of lighted candles was perceptible, whilst a choir was intoning a prelude, and the gentle vibration of a bell became audible.

Now the old man, who already felt his knees sinking into Lethe's flood, clung to the monk, as once St. Peter to the Savior on the Sea of Gennesaret. "Thou wilt do it for my sake?" he stammered.

"If I could; if I dared," sighed the monk. "By all that is holy, my father, think on eternity; leave the earthly. Thine hour is come!"

This veiled refusal kindled the last spark of life in the old man to a blaze. "Disobedient, ungrateful one!" he cried.

Astorre beckoned to the priests.

"By all the devils, spare me your kneadings and salvings," raved the dying man. "I have nothing to gain; I am already like one of the damned, and must remain so in the midst of Paradise, if my son wantonly repudiates me and destroys my germ of life."

The horror-struck monk, thrilled to the soul by this frightful blasphemy, pictured his father doomed to eternal perdition. (This was his thought, and he was as firmly convinced of the truth of it as I should have been in his place.) He fell on his knees before the old man, and in utter despair, bursting into tears, said: "Father, I beseech thee, have pity on thyself and on me!"

"Let the crafty one go his way," whispered the tyrant.

The monk did not hear him. Again he gave the astounded priests a sign, and the litany for the dying was about to begin.

At this the old man doubled himself up like a refractory child, and shook his head.

"Let the sly fox go where he must," admonished Ezzelin in a louder tone.

"Father, father!" sobbed the monk, his whole soul dissolved in pity.

"Illustrious signor and Christian brother," said the priest with unsteady voice, "are you in the frame of mind to meet your Creator and Savior?" The old man took no notice.

"Are you firm as a believer in the Holy Trinity? Answer me, signor," said the priest; and then turned pale as a sheet, for "Cursed and denied be it for ever and ever," fell from the dying man's lips. "Cursed and—"

"No more," cried the monk, springing to his feet. "Father, I resign myself to thy will. Do with me what you choose, if only you will not throw yourself into the flames of hell."

The old man gasped as after some terrible exertion; then gazed about him with an air of relief,—I had almost said, of pleasure. Groping, he seized the blond hair of Diana, lifted her up from her knees, took her right hand,—which she did not refuse,—opened the cramped hand of the monk, and laid the two together.

"Binding, in presence of the most holy sacrament!" he exclaimed triumphantly, and blessed the pair. The monk did not gainsay it; while Diana closed her eyes.

"Now quick, reverend fathers: there is need of haste, I think, and I am now in a Christian frame of mind."

The monk and his affianced bride would fain have stepped behind the train of priests. "Stay," muttered the dying man; "stay where my comforted eyes may look upon you until they close in death." Astorre and Diana were thus with clasped hands obliged to wait and watch the expiring glance of the obstinate old man.

The latter murmured a short confession, received the last sacrament, and breathed his final breath as they were anointing his feet, while the priests uttered in his already deaf ears those sublime words, "Rise, Christian Soul." The dead face bore the unmistakable expression of triumphant cunning.

The tyrant sat, whilst all around were upon their knees; and with calm attention observed the performance of the sacred office, much like a savant studying on a sarcophagus the representation of some religious rites of an ancient people. He now approached the dead man and closed his eyes.

He then turned to Diana. "Noble lady," said he, "let us go home: your parents, even if assured of your safety, will long to see you."

"Prince, I thank you, and will follow," she answered; but she did not withdraw her hand from that of the monk, whose eyes until then she had avoided. Now she looked her betrothed full in the face, and said in a deep but melodious voice, whilst her cheeks glowed:—"My lord and master, we could not let your father's soul perish: thus have I become yours. Hold your faith to me better than to the cloister. Your brother did not love me; forgive me for saying it,—I speak the simple truth. You will have in me a good and obedient wife; but I have two peculiarities which you must treat with indulgence. I am hot with anger if any attack is made on my honor or my rights, and I am most exacting in regard to the fulfillment of a promise once made. Even as a child I was so I have few wishes, and desire nothing unreasonable: but when a thing has once been shown and promised me, I insist upon possessing it; and I lose my faith, and resent injustice more than other women, if the promise I have received is not faithfully kept. But how can I allow myself to talk in this way to you, my lord, whom I scarcely know? I have done. Farewell, my husband; grant me nine days to mourn your brother." At this she slowly released her hand from his and disappeared with the tyrant.

Meanwhile the band of priests had borne away the corpse to place it upon a bier in the palace chapel, and to bless it.

[In thus yielding to his father's importunities Astorre has weakened the mainstays of his character; and if one vow may be broken, so may another also. He loves a fair shy girl, Antiope, and marries her; but the imperious and implacable Diana insists upon her prior rights. Contemptuously she condescends to return her betrothal ring if Antiope will come to her in humble supplication. Astorre's sense of justice leads him to give his consent to this humiliation, and Antiope now prepares to obey his wishes. This brings about the final catastrophe.]

Antiope now hastily completed her toilet. Even the frivolous Sotte was frightened at the pallor of the face reflected in the

glass. There was no sign of life in it, save the terror in the eyes and the glistening of the firmly set teeth. A red stripe, caused by Diana's blow, was visible upon her white brow.

When at last arrayed, Astorre's wife rose with beating pulse and throbbing temples; and leaving her safe chamber, hurried through the halls to find Diana. She was urged on by the excitement of both hope and fear. She would fly back jubilantly, after she had recovered the ring, to meet her husband, whom she wished to spare the sight of her humiliation.

Soon among the masqueraders she distinguished the conspicuous figure of the goddess of the chase, recognized her enemy, and followed, as with measured steps she passed through the main hall and retired into one of the dimly lighted small side rooms. It seemed the goddess desired not public humiliation, but lowliness of heart.

Quickly Antiope bowed before Diana, and forced her lips to utter, "Will you give me the ring?" while she touched the powerful finger.

"Humbly and penitently?" asked Diana.

"How else?" the unhappy child said feverishly. "But you trifle with me; cruelly—you have doubled up your finger!"

Whether Antiope imagined it, or whether Diana really was trifling with her, a finger is so easily curved! Cangrande, you have accused me of injustice. I will not decide.

Enough! the Vicedomini raised her willowy figure, and with flaming eyes fixed on the severe face of Diana, cried out, "Will you torture a wife, maiden?" Then she bent down again, and tried with both hands to pull the ring off her finger. Like a flash of lightning a sharp pain went through her. The avenging Diana, while surrendering to her the left hand, had with the right drawn an arrow from her quiver and plunged it into Antiope's heart. She swayed first to the left, then to the right, turned a little, and fell with the arrow still deep in her warm flesh.

The monk, who, after bidding farewell to his rustic guests, hastened back and eagerly sought his wife, found her lifeless. With a shriek of horror he threw himself upon her and drew the arrow from her side; a stream of blood followed. Astorre dropped senseless.

When he recovered from his swoon, Germano was standing over him with crossed arms. "Are you the murderer?" asked

the monk. "I murder no women," replied the other sadly "I is my sister who has demanded justice."

Astorre groped for the arrow and found it. Springing up with a bound, and grasping the long weapon with the bloody point, he fell in blind rage upon his old playfellow. The warrior shuddered slightly before the ghastly figure in black, with disheveled hair, and crimson-stained arrow in his hand.

He retreated a step. Drawing the short sword which in place of armor he was wearing, and warding off the arrow with it, he said compassionately, "Go back to your cloister, Astorre, which you should never have left."

Suddenly he perceived the tyrant, who, followed by the entire company, was just entering the door opposite to them.

Ezzelin stretched out his right hand and commanded peace. Germano dutifully lowered his weapon before his chief. The infuriated monk seized the moment, and plunged the arrow into the breast of the knight, whose eyes were directed toward Ezzelin. But he also met his death pierced by the soldier's sword, which had been raised again with the speed of lightning.

Germano sank to the ground. The monk, supported by Ascanio, made a few tottering steps toward his wife, and laying himself by her side, mouth to mouth, expired.

The wedding guests gathered about the husband and wife. Ezzelin gazed upon them for a moment; then knelt upon one knee, and closed first Antiope's and then Astorre's eyes. In the hush, through the open windows came the sound of revelry. Out of the darkness was heard the words, "Now slumbers the monk Astorre beside his wife Antiope," and a distant shout of laughter.

Dante arose. "I have paid for my place by the fire," he said, "and will now seek the blessing of sleep. May the God of peace be with you!" He turned and stepped toward the door, which the page had opened. All eyes followed him, as by the dim light of a flickering torch he slowly ascended the staircase.

Translation of Miss Sarah Holland Adams.

MICHEL ANGELO

(1475–1564)

THE most famous of Florentine artists, whose literary fame rests on his sonnets and his letters, was born in Caprese, Italy, March 6th, 1475. His father was Ludovico Buonarotti, a poor gentleman of Florence, who loved to boast that he had never added to his impoverished estates by mercantile pursuits. The story of Michel Angelo's career as painter, sculptor, and architect, belongs to the history of art. Under the patronage of Lorenzo de' Medici, Angelo Doni, Pope Julius II., and Pope Paul III., his genius flowered. In the decoration of the Sistine Chapel he seems to have put forth his greatest energy both as poet and as painter. He described the discomforts of working on this ceiling in a humorous sonnet addressed to Giovanni da Pistoja; on the margin of which he drew a little caricature of himself, lying upon his back and using his brush. For a long time after these paintings were completed, he could read only by holding the page above his head and raising his eyes. His impaired sight occasioned a medical treatise on the eyes, which is preserved in the MSS. of the Vatican. The twelve years between 1522 and 1534 he spent in Florence, occupied with sculpture and architecture, under the capricious patronage of the Medici family.

His fine allegory of Night, sculptured upon the Medici tomb, was celebrated in verse by the poets of the day. To Strozzi this quatrain is attributed:—

«La Notte, che tu vedi in si dolci atti
Dormire, fu da un angelo scolpita
In questo sasso: e perche dorme, ha vita;
Destala, se no'l credi e parleratti.»

[This Night, which you see sleeping in such sweet abandon, was sculptured by an angel. She is living, although she sleeps in marble. If you doubt, wake her: she then will speak.]

Michel Angelo replied thus:—

«Grato mi e il sonno, e piu d'esser di sasso;
Mentre che il danno e la vergogna dura,
Non veder, non sentir m'e gran ventura;
Pero non mi destar; deh! parla basso.»

[It is sweet to sleep, sweeter to be of marble. While evil and shame live, it is my happiness to hear nothing and to feel nothing. Ah! speak softly, and wake me not.]

In 1535 he removed to Rome, where he spent the rest of his life; dying there in 1564 at the ripe age of eighty-nine. During this period he executed the 'Last Judgment,' and built the Farnese Palace.

Although Symonds considers his literary work merely "a scholastic exercise upon the emotions," and says that "his stock in trade consists of a few Platonic notions and a few Petrarchian antitheses," the Italian critics place Michel Angelo's sonnets immediately after those of Dante and Petrarch. It may be mentioned here that the sculptor was a devoted student of Dante, as his sonnets to the great poet show. Not only did he translate into painting much symbolical imagery of the 'Inferno,' but he illustrated the 'Divina Commedia' in a magnificent series of drawings, which unfortunately perished at sea. The popular interest in so universal a genius lies not in descriptions of his personality and traits of character, but in his theories of art and life, and in those psychological moods which explain the source of the intellectual and spiritual power expressed in his mystical conceptions. These moods have free utterance in his poems, written at all periods of his life.

The name most frequently associated with his poetry is that of Vittoria Colonna, Marchesa di Pescara, whom he met in Rome after he had passed the meridian of life. She had been for two years a widow; and refusing to reward Michel Angelo's devotion by the gift of her hand, finally entered a convent. Their friendship lasted from 1527 to her death in 1547. Whether she was the Egeria of his spiritual life, or a romantic love, has long been the subject of critical speculation. The first editor of Michel Angelo's poems attributed most of his sonnets and madrigals to her inspiration; but only a few may be thus credited with certainty. His extravagant admiration for Tommaso dei Cavalieri, a young Roman gentleman of extraordinary physical beauty and grace of manner,—the only person of whom Michel Angelo ever drew a cartoon portrait,—is expressed with as much devotion. Symonds speaks thus of Michel Angelo's ambiguous beauty-worship: "Whether a man or a woman is in the case (for both were probably the objects of his æsthetical admiration), the tone of feeling, the language, and the philosophy do not vary. He uses the same imagery, the same conceits, the same abstract ideas, for both sexes; and adapts the leading motive which he had invented for a person of one sex to a person of the other when it suits his purpose." In his art too is found no imaginative feeling for what is specifically feminine. With few exceptions, his women, as compared with those of Raphael, Correggio, Titian, and Tintoretto, are really colossal companions for primeval gods; such as, for example, his Sibyls and Fates, which are Titanic in their majesty. Although tranquil women of maturity exist by means of his marvelous brush and chisel, to woman in the magic of youthful beauty his art seems insensible.

The inference is, that emotionally he never feels the feminine spirit, and reverences alone that of eternal and abstract beauty.

The literature that clusters around the name of Michel Angelo is enormous. The chief storehouse of material is preserved in the Casa Buonarotti in Florence. This consists of letters, poems, and memoranda in Michel Angelo's autograph; copies of his sonnets made by his grandnephew and Michel Angelo the younger; and his correspondence with famous contemporaries. In 1859 the British Museum purchased a large manuscript collection of memoranda, used first by Hermann Grimm in his 'Leben Michelangelos' (1860), the fifth edition of which was published in Hanover in 1875. Public and private libraries possess valuable data and manuscripts, more or less employed by the latest biographers. To celebrate Michel Angelo's fourth centenary, a volume of his 'Letters' was edited by Gaetano Milanesi and published in Florence in 1875. The first edition of the artist's poems was published in 1623 by Michel Angelo the younger, as 'Le Rime di Michelangelo Buonarotti'; and they were known only to the world in this distorted form until 1863, when a new edition was brought out in Florence by Cesare Guasti. This is considered the first classical and valuable presentation of his poetry. The earliest lives of Michel Angelo are by Vasari, in his first edition of the 'Lives of Italian Artists,' published in 1550, enlarged and republished in 1579; and by Condovi, who published his biography in 1553, while his master was still living. Other important biographies are by Aurelio Gotti in two volumes (Florence, 1875); by Charles Heath Wilson (London, 1876); and by John Addington Symonds (two volumes, London, 1892), which contains a bibliography, a portrait, and valuable guidance for research upon Michel Angelo's genius, works, and character. The same author translated his sonnets, and published them with those of Campanella (London, 1878). His translations are used in the following selections.

A PRAYER FOR STRENGTH

BURDENED with years and full of sinfulness,
With evil custom grown inveterate,
Both deaths I dread that close before me wait,
Yet feed my heart on poisonous thoughts no less.
No strength I find in my own feebleness
To change or life, or love, or use, or fate,
Unless Thy heavenly guidance come, though late,
Which only helps and stays our nothingness.

'Tis not enough, dear Lord, to make me yearn
For that celestial home where yet my soul
May be new-made, and not, as erst, of naught:
Nay, ere thou strip her mortal vestment, turn
My steps toward the steep ascent, that whole
And pure before thy face she may be brought.

THE IMPEACHMENT OF NIGHT

What time bright Phœbus doth not stretch and bend
His shining arms around this terrene sphere,
The people call that season dark and drear,
Night,—for the cause they do not comprehend.
So weak is Night that if our hand extend
A glimmering torch, her shadows disappear,
Leaving her dead; like frailest gossamere,
Tinder and steel her mantle rive and rend.
Nay, if this Night be anything at all,
Sure she is daughter of the sun and earth;
This holds, the other spreads that shadowy pall.
Howbeit, they err who praise this gloomy birth,
So frail and desolate and void of mirth
That one poor firefly can her might appall.

LOVE, THE LIFE-GIVER

To Tommaso de' Cavalieri

With your fair eyes a charming light I see,
For which my own blind eyes would peer in vain;
Stayed by your feet, the burden I sustain
Which my lame feet find all too strong for me;
Wingless, upon your pinions forth I fly;
Heavenward your spirit stirreth me to strain,
E'en as you will, I blush and blanch again,
Freeze in the sun, burn 'neath a frosty sky.
Your will includes and is the lord of mine;
Life to my thoughts within your heart is given;
My words begin to breathe upon your breath:
Like to the moon am I, that cannot shine
Alone; for lo! our eyes see naught in heaven
Save what the living sun illumineth.

IRREPARABLE LOSS

After the Death of Vittoria Colonna

When my rude hammer to the stubborn stone
Gives human shape, now that, now this, at will,
Following his hand who wields and guides it still,
It moves upon another's feet alone:
But that which dwells in heaven, the world doth fill
With beauty by pure motions of its own;
And since tools fashion tools which else were none,
Its life makes all that lives with living skill.
Now, for that every stroke excels the more
The higher at the forge it doth ascend,
Her soul that fashioned mine hath sought the skies:
Wherefore unfinished I must meet my end,
If God, the great Artificer, denies
That aid which was unique on earth before.

JULES MICHELET

(1798–1874)

BY GRACE KING

MICHELET said of himself: «My book created me; it was I that was its work.» The book he referred to was his 'Histoire de France,' in sixteen volumes, the laborious task of forty years; the work of his life, the work that was his life. His other books were accessory to it; the sprouts, as it were, from its roots in the over-rich soil of his mind. «I have been much favored by destiny,» he continued. «I have possessed two rare gifts which have made this work: First, liberty, which was the soul of it; then, useful duties, which, by dragging it out and retarding its execution, made it more reflective and stronger, —gave it the solidity, the robust foundation of time. . . I was free, by my solitude, by my poverty, and by my teaching. . . . I had but one master, Vico. His principle of vital force — Humanity, which created itself — made my book and made my education.»

JULES MICHELET

Michelet's life confirms this personal testimony. He was born in 1798, of humble parentage; and his childhood was a hard, sad, poverty-stricken one. His father and uncle were printers; and he himself, as soon as he was old enough, was apprenticed to the same trade. But at the same time he began his other apprenticeship to the spiritual head of printing,— Literature; and while learning to set type he made his first efforts at study under an old librarian, an ex-schoolmaster. It was proposed to his family to enter him in the «Imprimerie Royale.» This his father not only refused, but on the contrary employed his last meagre resources to enter the youth in the Lycée Charlemagne. Here Michelet began his career at once by hard study, and received his degree in 1821 after passing a brilliant examination. This obtained for him a professorship of history in the Collège Rollin, where he remained until 1826. His first writings date from this period, and were sketches and chronological tables of modern history. Although elementary in

character and purpose, and precise in style, they give evidence of the latent tendencies, the personal coloring, which became the distinguishing force of his later work. In 1827 he was appointed «Maître de Conférences» at the École Normale; and in 1831 he wrote an 'Introduction to Universal History,' in which his literary originality appears still more marked, and his confidence in his own erudition assured.

The revolution of 1830, by putting in power his old professors, Guizot and Villemain, secured him the position of «Chef de la Section Historiques aux Archives»; and he became Guizot's deputy in the professorship of history in the University. He also obtained a chair of history in the Collège de France, from which he delivered a course of lectures, attended by all the students of the day. It was from this chair that he also gained popular acclamation by his attack upon ecclesiasticism and the Jesuits, denouncing the latter for their intrigues and encroachments. The 'History of France' had already been begun in 1833. The results of his lectures were published in 1843 as 'Le Prêtre' (The Priest), 'La Femme' (Woman), 'La Famille' (The Family), 'Le Peuple' (The People). By the influence of the clergy, Michelet's course of lectures was suspended, and his career seemed permanently arrested. The revolution of 1848 favored him, and he could have obtained reinstatement in his chair; but he refused to avail himself of the opportunity, having resolved to devote himself thenceforth to his studies and his work. As he has said, his history henceforth became his life; interrupted again and again by other work, but always resumed with increasing ardor and passion. «Augustin Thierry,» he said, «called history narrative; Guizot called it analysis: but I call it resurrection.» And to quote him again, as his own master authority:—«I had a fine disease that clouded my youth, but one very proper to a historian. I loved death. I lived nine years at the gates of Père la Chaise, and there was my only promenade. Then I lived near La Bièvre, in the midst of great convent gardens; more tombs. I lived a life that the world would have called buried, with no society but the past, my only friends buried people. The gift that St. Louis asked, and did not obtain, I had,—the gift of tears. All those I wept over—peoples and gods—revived for me. I had no other art.»

All the criticism that has been written about Michelet is little more than sermons from this text, furnished by himself. In it he himself furnishes all the commentary needed upon his work; it is a *résumé* of all his talent, and of his faults,—which are only the faults of this talent, as Taine points out. Michelet's exalted sensibility he calls «imagination of the heart.» To summarize Taine's conclusions:

«His impressionable imagination is touched by general as well as by particular facts, and he sympathizes with the life of centuries as with the life of

men. He sees the passions of an epoch as clearly as the passions of a man, and paints the Middle Age or the Renaissance with as much vivacity as Philippe le Bel or François I. . . . Every picture or print he sees, every document he reads, touches and impresses his imagination; vividly moved and eloquent himself, he cannot fail to move others. His book, the 'History,' seizes the mind fast at the first page; in vain you try to resist it, you read to the end. You think of the dialogue where Plato describes the god drawing to himself the soul of the poet, and the soul of the poet drawing to himself the souls of his auditors. . . . Is it possible, where facts and men impress themselves so vividly upon an inflamed imagination, to keep the tone of narration? No, the author ends by believing them real;—he sees them alive, he speaks to them. Michelet's emotions thus become his convictions; history unrolls before him like a vision, and his language rises to Apocalyptic.»

In his first design or vision of the 'History of France,' Michelet saw men and facts not chained to one another, and to past and future, by chains of logical sequence,—he saw them as episodes rising in each period to a culminating and dramatic point of interest; and however interrupted his work was, he pursued his original design. Hence his volumes bear the titles of episodes: 'The Renaissance,' 'The Reformation,' 'Religious Wars,' 'The League and Henry IV.,' 'Henry IV. and Richelieu,' 'Richelieu and the Fronde,' 'Louis XIV.,' 'The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes,' 'Louis XV.,' 'Louis XV. and Louis XVI.,' 'The French Revolution.' The Renaissance he incarnated in Michel Angelo, the Revolution in Danton. He in fact breathed a human soul into every epoch, period, and event that came under his pen: and «a soul,» he says, «weighs infinitely more than a kingdom or an empire; at times, more than the human race.» «He wrote as Delacroix painted,» Taine says: «risking the crudest coloring; seeking means of expression in the gutter mud itself; borrowing from the language of medicine, and the slang of the vulgar, details and terms which shock and frighten one.» His prolific suggestions swarm and multiply over the diseased tissue of a character, in the tainted spot of a heart, until, as in the description of the moral decadence of Louis XV., the imaginative reader shudders and stops reading; for suggestion has suggested what it is unbearable to think.

It is to the perfect happiness of his marriage to a second wife—an incomparable companion—that we owe that series of books whose dithyrambic strains were poured out under the silvery light of a continuous honey-moon, as a biographer expresses it: 'L'Oiseau,' 'L'Insecte,' 'L'Amour,' 'La Mer,' to which later a fifth, 'La Montagne,' was added; and which Taine says adds him to the three great poets of France during the century,—De Musset, Lamartine, and Hugo: «for art and genius, his prose is worth their poetry.» The 'Bible of Humanity' and some volumes of collected essays complete the series of his published writings

In 1870 the Franco-Prussian war called out his 'France before Europe,' a passionate appeal to the common fraternity of all peoples. He was ardently engaged upon a history of the nineteenth century, his last return to his 'History of France,' when he died in 1874 of heart disease contracted during the Prussian invasion of his country. He lies buried in Père la Chaise, where in youth he used to wander among the dead he loved so well; who, responding to the passionate evocation of his imagination, resumed their being before his mental vision with such vivified reality, that in their turn they evoked from his heart the genius that was henceforth to be his life.

Grace King

THE DEATH OF JEANNE D'ARC

From the 'History of France'

THE end of the sad journey was the Vieux-Marché, the fish-market. Three scaffolds had been erected. Upon one were the episcopal and royal chairs, and the throne of the cardinal of England amid the seats of his prelates. On the other were to figure the personages of the dismal drama: the preacher, the judges, the bailiff, and lastly the condemned one. Apart was seen a large scaffold of masonry, loaded and overloaded with wood. As to the pyre, there was nothing to complain of: it frightened by its height. This was not merely to make the execution more solemn: there was an intention in it; it was that the pile being built so high, the executioner could only reach the bottom portion to light it, and thus he could not abridge the martyrdom nor expedite the end, as he sometimes did to others, sparing them the flame. Here there was no idea of defrauding justice, or giving a dead body to the fire; they wished her to be well burned, alive, and so that, placed on the summit of this mountain of wood, and dominating the circle of lances and swords around her, she could be seen from all parts of the place. Slowly burned under the eyes of a curious crowd, there was reason to believe that at the end she would be surprised into some weakness, that something would escape her that might pass as a disavowal; at the least, confused words to be interpreted, low prayers, humiliating cries for mercy, as from a distracted woman

The ghastly ceremony began by a sermon. Master Nicolay Midy, one of the lights of the University of Paris, preached on this edifying text: "When a member of the Church is ill, the whole Church is ill." This poor Church could only cure itself by cutting off a member. He concluded by the formula, "Jeanne, go in peace: the Church cannot defend you."

Then the judge of the Church, the bishop of Beauvais, benignly exhorted her to think of her soul, and to recall all her misdeeds in order to excite herself to contrition. The Assertors had judged that it was according to law to read to her her abjuration: the bishop did not do anything of the kind,—he feared her denials, her reclamations. But the poor girl did not dream of thus quibbling for her life: she had far other thoughts. Before they could even exhort her to contrition, she was on her knees invoking God, the Virgin, St. Michael, and St. Catherine; forgiving everybody, and asking forgiveness; saying to the assistants, "Pray for me." She requested each of the priests, particularly, to say a mass for her soul. All this in such a devout fashion, so humble, so touching, that emotion spreading, no one could control himself: the bishop of Beauvais began to weep, he of Boulogne sobbed; and behold the English themselves crying and weeping also—Winchester with the others.

But the judges, who had for a moment lost countenance, recovered and hardened themselves. The bishop of Beauvais, wiping his eyes, began to read the condemnation. He reminded the culprit of her crimes,—schism, idolatry, invocation of demons; how she had been admitted to penitence; and how, seduced by the Prince of Lies, she had fallen again—oh sorrow!—like the dog which returns to his vomit. "Therefore we pronounce you a rotten member, and as such, cut off from the Church. We deliver you over to the secular power, praying it nevertheless to moderate its judgment, by sparing you death and the mutilation of your members."

Thus forsaken by the Church, she committed herself in all confidence to God. She asked for the cross. An Englishman passed to her a cross, which he made of sticks: she received it none the less devoutly; she kissed it, and placed it, this rough cross, beneath her clothes and on her flesh. But she wished to hold the Church's cross before her eyes till death; and the good bailiff Massieu and brother Isambart were so moved by her insistence that they brought her that of the parish church of Saint-Sauveur. As she was embracing this cross and being

couraged by Isambart, the English began to find all this very long: it must be at least midday; the soldiers grumbled, the captains said, "How, priest, will you make us dine here?" Then losing patience, and not awaiting the order of the bailiff, who nevertheless alone had authority to send her to death, they made two soldiers climb up to remove her out of the priests' hands. At the foot of the tribunal she was seized by armed men, who dragged her to the executioner and said to him, "Do your work." This fury of the soldiers caused horror; several of the assistants, even the judges, fled in order not to see more. When she found herself below in the open square amid these Englishmen, who laid hands on her, nature suffered and the flesh was troubled; she cried anew, "O Rouen! you will then be my last dwelling-place." She said no more, and sinned not by her lips even in this moment of terror and trouble; she accused neither her king nor his saints. But, the top of the pile reached, seeing that great city, that immovable and silent crowd, she could not keep from saying, "O Rouen! Rouen! I have a great fear that you will have to suffer for my death!" She who had saved the people and whom the people abandoned, expressed in dying only admirable sweetness of soul, only compassion for them. She was tied beneath the infamous writing, crowned with a mitre, on which was to be read, "Heretic, pervert, apostate, idolater"—and then the executioner lighted the fire. She saw it from above, and uttered a cry. Then, as the brother who was exhorting her paid no attention to the flames, she feared for him; forgetting herself, she made him go down.

Which well proves that up to then she had retracted nothing expressedly; and that the unfortunate Cauchon was obliged, no doubt by the high Satanic will which presided, to come to the foot of the pyre, to front the face of his victim, to try to draw out some word. He only obtained one despairing one. She said to him with sweetness what she had already said: "Bishop, I die by your hand. If you had put me in the Church's prisons this would not have happened." They had doubtless hoped that believing herself abandoned by her king, she would at the last accuse him, say something against him. She still defended him. "Whether I did well or ill, my king had nothing to do with it; it was not he who counseled me."

But the flame rose. At the moment it touched her, the unfortunate one shuddered, and asked for holy water; for water—

it was apparently the cry of fright. But recovering herself instantly, she no longer named any but God, his angels and his saints. She testified, "Yes, my voices were from God; my voices did not deceive me!" This vanishing of all doubt, in the flames, should make us believe that she accepted death as the deliverance promised; that she no longer understood salvation in a Judaistic and material sense, as she had done till then; that she saw clear at last, and that coming out of the shadows, she obtained that which she still lacked of light and holiness.

Ten thousand men wept. A secretary of the King of England said aloud, on returning from the execution, "We are lost: we have burned a saint!" This word escaped from an enemy is none the less grave. It will remain. The future will not contradict it. Yes, according to Religion, according to Patriotism, Jeanne d'Arc was a saint.

What legend more beautiful than this incontestable history! But we should take care not to make a legend of it: every feature, even the most human, should be piously preserved; the touching and terrible reality of it should be respected. Let the spirit of romance touch it if it dare: poetry never will do it. And what could it add? The idea which all during the Middle Ages it had followed from legend to legend — this idea was found at last to be a person; this dream was tangible. The helping Virgin of battles, upon whom the soldiers called, whom they awaited from on high — she was here below. In whom! This is the marvel. In that which was despised, in that which was of the humblest, — in a child, in a simple girl of the fields, of the poor people of France. For there was a people, there was a France. This last figure of their Past was also the first of the time that was beginning. In her appeared at the same time the Virgin and already the country.

Such is the poetry of this great fact; such is the philosophy, the high truth of it. But the historical reality is not the less certain; it was only too positively and too cruelly established. This living enigma, this mysterious creature whom all judged to be supernatural, this angel or demon who according to some would fly away some morning, was found to be a young woman, a young girl: she had no wings, but, attached like us to a mortal body, she was to suffer, die; and what a hideous death! But it is just in this reality, which seems degrading, in this sad trial of nature, that the ideal is found again and shines out. The

contemporaries themselves recognized in it Christ among the Pharisees. Yet we should see in it still another thing: the passion of the Virgin, the martyrdom of purity.

There have been many martyrs; history cites innumerable ones, more or less pure, more or less glorious. Pride has had its own, and hatred, and the spirit of dispute. No century has lacked fighting martyrs, who no doubt died with good grace when they could not kill. These fanatics have nothing to see here. The holy maid is not of them; she had a different sign,—goodness, charity, sweetness of soul. She had the gentleness of the ancient martyrs, but with a difference. The early Christians only remained sweet and pure by fleeing from action, by sparing themselves the struggle and trial of the world. This one remained sweet in the bitterest struggle of good amid the bad; peaceful even in war,—that triumph of the Devil,—she carried into it the spirit of God. She took arms when she knew "the pity there was in the kingdom of France." She could not see French blood flow. This tenderness of heart she had for all men; she wept after victories, and nursed the wounded English. Purity, sweetness, heroic goodness—that these supreme beauties of soul should be met in a girl of France may astonish strangers, who only like to judge our nation by the lightness of its manners. Let us say to them (and without self-partiality, since to-day all this is so far from us) that beneath this lightness of manner, amid her follies and her vices, old France was none the less the people of love and of grace.

The savior of France was to be a woman. France was a woman herself. She had the nobility of one; but also the amiable sweetness, the facile and charming pity, the excellence at least of impulse. Even when she delighted in vain elegances and exterior refinements, she still remained at the bottom nearer to nature. The Frenchman, even when vicious, kept more than any one else his good sense and good heart. May new France not forget the word of old France: "Only great hearts know how much glory there is in being good." To be and remain such, amid the injustices of men and the severities of Providence, is not only the gift of a fortunate nature, but it is strength and heroism. To keep sweetness and benevolence amid so many bitter disputes, to traverse experience without permitting it to touch this interior treasure,—this is divine. Those who persist and go thus to the end are the true elect. And even if they

have sometimes stumbled in the difficult pathways of the world, amid their falls, their weakness, and their childishnesses they will remain none the less children of God.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by Grace King.

MICHEL ANGELO

From 'The Renaissance'

WHERE was the soul of Italy in the sixteenth century? In the placid facility of the charming Raphael? In the sublime ataraxy of the great Leonardo da Vinci, the centralizer of arts, the prophet of sciences? He who wished for insensibility, he who said to himself, "Fly from storms," he nevertheless, whether he wished it or not, left in his 'St. John,' in the 'Bacchus,' and even in the 'Jocunda,' in the nervous and sickly memory that all those strange heads express on their lips—he has left a painful trace of the convulsing pains of the Italian mind; of the kind of Maremma fever, which was covered by a false hilarity; of the jesting, rather light than gay, of Pulci and Ariosto. There was a man in these times, a heart, a true hero. Have you seen in the 'Last Judgment,' towards the middle of the immense canvas, him who is disputing with demons and angels,—have you seen in that face and in others those swimming eyes struggling to look above; mortal anxiety of a soul in which two opposing infinities are struggling? True image of the sixteenth century, between old and new beliefs; image of Italy among nations; image of the man of the time, and of Michel Angelo himself.

It has been marvelously well said, "Michel Angelo was the conscience of Italy. From birth to death, his work was the Judgment." One must not pay attention to the first pagan sculptures of Michel Angelo, or to the Christian velleities that crossed his life. In St. Peter he had no thought of the triumph of Catholicism; his only dream was the triumph of the new art, the completion of the great victory of his master Brunelleschi, before whose work he had his tomb placed, in order, as he said, to contemplate it throughout eternity. He proceeded from two men, Savonarola and Brunelleschi. He belongs to the religion of the Sibyls, of that of the prophet Elias, of the savage locust-

eaters of the Old Testament. His one glory and his crown — nothing like it before, nothing afterwards — is his having put into art that eminently novel thing, the thirst for and aspiration towards the good. Ah, how well he deserves to be called the defender of Italy! Not for having fortified the walls of Florence in his last days; but for having, in the infinite number of days that followed and will follow, showed in the Italian soul, martyred like a soul without right, the triumphant idea of a right that the world did not yet see.

To recall his origin is to tell why he alone could do these things. Born in the city of judges, Arezzo, to which all others came to get podestàs, he had a judge for a father. He descended from the counts of Canossa, relatives of the Emperor who founded at Bologna, against the popes, the school of Roman law. We must not be astonished that his family at his birth gave him the name of the angel of justice, Michael, just as the father of Raphael gave him the name of the angel of grace. It was a choleric race. Arezzo, an old Etruscan city, petty fallen republic, was despised by the great banking city; Dante gave it a knock in passing. One of the most ordinary subjects of Italian farces was the podestà, representing the powerlessness of the law in stranger cities that called him, paid him, and drove him out. Again everybody in Italy made mockery of his justice. There was needed a heroic effort, like that of Brancaleone's, to make the sword of justice respected. It needed a lion-hearted man, stranger and isolated as he was, to execute his own judgments disputed by all. Michel Angelo would have been one of these warrior judges of the thirteenth century. By heart and stature he belonged to the great Ghibellines of that time; to the one whom Dante honored on his couch of fire; to the other with the tragic face: "Lombard soul, why the slow moving of thine eyes? one would say a lion in his repose." Not wearing the sword, under the reign of men of money, in its place he took the chisel. He was the Brancaleone, the judge and podestà, of Italian art. He exercised in marble and stone the high censure of his time. For nearly a century his life was a combat, a continual contradiction. Noble and poor, he was reared in the house of the Medici, where we have seen him sculpturing statues of snow. Republican, all his life he served princes and popes. Envy disfigures him, a rival has deformed him forever. Made to love and be loved, always he will remain alone.

What was of great assistance to Michel Angelo was the fact that the Sixtine Chapel, the work of Sixtus IV., uncle of Julius IV., was only a second thought of the latter, who attached the glory of his pontificate to the construction of St. Peter's. He obtained the favor of alone having the key of the chapel, and of not having any visitors. The visits of the Pope, which he dared not refuse, he rendered difficult by leaving no access to his scaffolding save by a steep step-ladder, upon which the old Pope had to risk himself. This obscure and solitary vault, in which he passed five years, was for him the cave of Mount Carmel; and he lived in it like Elias. He had a bed suspended from the arch, upon which he painted with his head stretched back. No company but the prophets and the sermons of Savonarola. It was thus, in the absolute solitude of the years 1507, 1508, 1509, 1510, —it was during the war of the League of Cambray, when the Pope gave a last blow to Italy in killing Venice,—that the great Italian made his prophets and his sibyls, realized that work of sorrow, of sublime liberty, of obscure presentments, of interpenetrating lights.

He put four years into it. And I—I have put thirty years into interrogating it. Not a year at longest has passed without my taking up again this Bible, this Testament, which is never old nor new, but of an age still unknown. Born out of the Jewish Bible, it passes and goes far beyond it. One must take care not to go into the chapel, as is done during the solemnities of Holy Week and with the crowd. One must go there alone, slip in as the Pope sometimes did (only Michel Angelo would frighten him by throwing down a plank); one must confront it, tête-à-tête, alone. Reassure yourself: that painting, extinguished and obscured by the smoke of incense and of candles, has no longer its old trait of inspiring terror; it has lost something of its frightening power, gained in harmony and sweetness; it partakes of the long patience and equanimity of time. It appears blackened from the depths of ages; but all the more victorious, not surpassed, not contradicted. Dante did not see these things in his last circle. But Michel Angelo saw them, foresaw them, dared to paint them in the Vatican, writing the three words of Belshazzar's feast upon the walls, soiled by the Borgias, the murderers of Robera. Happily he was not understood. They would have had it all effaced. We know how for years he defended the door of the Sixtine Chapel, and how Julius II. told him: "If

you are slow, I will throw you down from the top of your scaffold." On the perilous day when the door was at last opened, and when the Pope entered in processional pomp, Michel Angelo could see that his work remained a dead letter; that in looking at it they saw nothing. Stunned by the enormous enigma, malicious but not daring to malign those giants whose eyes shot thunderbolts, they all kept silence. The Pope, to put a good countenance upon it, and not let himself be subdued by the terrifying vision, grumbled out these words: "There is no gold in it at all." Michel Angelo, reassured now and certain of not being understood, replied to this futile censure, his bitter tragic mouth laughing: "Holy Father, the people up there, they were not rich, but holy personages, who did not wear gold, and made little of the goods of this world."

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by Grace King.

SUMMARY OF THE INTRODUCTION TO 'THE RENAISSANCE'

Why did the Renaissance arrive three hundred years too late? Why did the Middle Age live three hundred years after its death? Its terrorism, its police, its stakes and fagots, would not have sufficed. The human mind would have shattered everything. Salvation came from the School, from the creation of a great people of reasoners against Reason. The void became fecund, created. Out of the proscribed philosophy was born the infinite legion of wranglers: the serious, violent disputation of emptiness, nothingness. Out of the smothered religion was born the sanctimonious world of reasoning mystics; the art of raving sagely. Out of the proscription of nature and the sciences was brought forth a throng of impostors and dupes, who read the stars and made gold. Immense army of the sons of Eolus, born of wind and puffed out with words. They blew. At their breath, a babel of lies and humbugs, a solid fog, thickened by magic in which reason would not take hold, arose in the air. Humanity sat at the foot, mournful, silent, renouncing truth. If at least, in default of truth, one could attain justice? The king opposes it against the pope. Great tumult, great combat by our gods! And all for nothing. The two incarnations come to an agreement, and all liberty is despaired of. People fall lower than before. The communes have perished; the burgher class is born,

and with it a petty prudence. The masses thus deadened, what can great souls effect? Superhuman apparitions to awaken the dead will come, and will do nothing. The people see a Joan of Arc pass by, and say, "Who is that girl?" Dante has built his cathedral, and Brunelleschi is making his calculations for Santa Maria del Fiore. But Boccaccio alone is enjoyed. The goldsmith dominates the architect. The old Gothic church, *in extremis*, is overlaid with all kinds of little ornaments, crimpings, lace-work, etc. She is tricking herself off, making herself pretty. The persevering cultivation of the false, continued so many centuries, the sustained care to flatten the human brain, has produced its fruit. To the proscribed natural has succeeded the anti-natural, out of which by spontaneous generation is born the monster with two faces: monster of false science, monster of perverse ignorance. The scholastic and the shepherd, the inquisitor and the witch, represent two opposing peoples. Withal the fools in ermine and the fools in rags have fundamentally the same faith,—faith in Evil as the master and prince of this world. Fools, terrified at the triumph of the Devil, burn fools to protect God. Here lies the deepest depth of the darkness. And a half-century passes without printing's bringing even a little light into it. The great Jewish Encyclopædia, published with its discordance of centuries, schools, and doctrines, confuses at first and complicates the perplexities of the human mind. The fall of Constantinople and Greece's taking refuge in Europe do not help at all: the arriving manuscripts seek serious readers; the principal ones will not be printed until the following century. Thus great discoveries—machinery, material means, fortuitous aids, all—are still useless. At the death of Louis XI., and during the first years that followed, there is naught that permits one to predict the dawn of a new day. All the honor of it will belong to the soul, to heroic will. A great movement is going to take place—of war and events, confused agitations, vague inspirations. These obscure intimations, coming out of the masses and little understood by them, some one (Columbus, Copernicus, or Luther) will take for himself; alone, will rise and answer, "Here I am."

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by Grace King.

ADAM MICKIEWICZ

(1798–1855)

BY CHARLES HARVEY GENUNG

WITH the passing of Poland from the family of European States, the genius of her people received a fresh and passionate impulse. Her political dominion was gone, but she set to work in the world of spirit to create a new and undivided realm. She put her adversity to sweet uses, and won a brilliant place in the history of human culture. In the works of her poets the ancient glories of the annihilated commonwealth regained their lustre; and a host of splendid names bear witness, in this century of her political obliteration, to the fervid strength of the old national spirit. Love of country, pride in her great past, grief at her misfortunes, and inextinguishable hope—these are her poets' themes and the inspiration of her noblest achievements.

ADAM MICKIEWICZ

The golden age of Polish letters was ushered in by the Romanticists. In the presence of the world-stirring events of a great social revolution, the pseudo-classical themes lost their vitality. German culture wrought a widening of the intellectual horizon. Goethe, Schiller, Scott, and Byron became almost Polish poets. In the background loomed Ossian and Shakespeare and Dante. Hermits, knights, and spectres took the place of the ancient gods in the scenery of the new ballads. Mickiewicz began his literary career with a collection of such ballads, and was hailed at once as a leader of the Romantic movement; and this movement, although accompanied by much sound and fury, was yet the necessary prologue to the splendid outburst of Polish poetry in the second quarter of this century. It put an end to the domination of Paris, and set free the national genius. Genuine poets arose, possessing the essentials of high art,—a perfected technique, a deep and sympathetic insight into the most diverse human motives, and a strong individuality. Byron was the dominant literary influence. It is evident in

Malczewski's superb poem, 'Maria,' whose appearance in 1825 marked the beginning of the great age. Malczewski had known Byron in Venice, and had suggested to him the theme of 'Mazeppa'; but Mickiewicz, Krasinski, Slowacki, all bear the marks of Byronic inspiration. The literature of this golden age in Poland was one of exiles and emigrants. Scarcely one of the great works of the time was written on Polish soil, and yet never was a literature more intensely national. The scenes are laid in Poland, the themes are drawn from Polish history, and everything is treated with a passionate patriotism. Even when, as in Krasinski's 'Irydion,' the subject is taken from the history of a foreign people, its application to the situation of Poland is obvious. And it was Mickiewicz, wandering for thirty years far from his native land, who finally gave to the spirit of Poland its highest literary expression; he revived the pride of the Poles in the spiritual achievements of their race, and restored to them the consciousness of their national solidarity. He created the great national poem of Poland in 'Pan Tadeusz' (Pan Thaddeus), which ranks with the finest poetry of the world's literature. It is the crystallized product of all the centuries of Polish culture; in it centre the pride, the hopes, and the ambitions of the Polish people.

Adam Mickiewicz was born at Zaosie, near Novogródek, on December 24th, 1798. His childhood was passed in the midst of the most stirring scenes, which left a deep impression upon him. During the Russian campaign, his father's house was the headquarters of the King of Westphalia. All the hopes of Poland were then founded upon Napoleon; and for Napoleon, Mickiewicz cherished a lifelong enthusiastic reverence, which in his latter days assumed a mystical character. For Byron he felt a similar regard; but it was not Byron but Bürger who gave the impulse to the volume of ballads with which Mickiewicz made his first appearance in literature in 1822. The ballad of 'Lenore' had a wonderful fructifying power: it gave to Scott his earliest inspiration; it caught the youthful fancy of Victor Hugo; it awoke the genius of Mickiewicz. But the first distinctive work of the Polish poet was written in the spirit of 'Werther,' and was wrung from him by his grief over an unfortunate love affair. This was 'Dziady' (In Honor of our Ancestors), a broadly conceived but never finished poem, of which the first installment appeared in 1823. It is not the poet's own sorrow alone that here finds expression, for under this we hear the despairing cry of an enslaved people.

In 1824 Mickiewicz left his native land, never to return. He lived in an age of unions and associations, of unrest and suspicion. Literary societies easily became involved in political discussions, and acquired a reputation for revolutionary sentiments. Mickiewicz belonged

to the Philareths; and on account of the part he took in a student demonstration, he was arrested and sent to St. Petersburg. Banished thence to Odessa, he obtained permission in the autumn of 1825 to visit the Crimea. In the following year this visit bore fruit in the splendid Oriental series of 'Crimean Sonnets.' Meanwhile Mickiewicz, whose personal relations with the Russian government had always remained cordial, was given a post in the office of the Governor-General at Moscow. He never had pretended to play the martyr; for with his genuine Polish patriotism he combined a coldly objective view of the political situation. When in 1828 he settled in St. Petersburg, he was received into the great world by the leading spirits of the time with an enthusiasm that bordered on glorification. He stood in close spiritual intercourse with Pushkin, the other great Slavic poet of the age, and his junior by just six months. The fame of Mickiewicz in Russia was based upon the translations of the 'Crimean Sonnets' and of 'Konrad Wallenrod.' This powerful epic, written in Moscow in 1827 and published in St. Petersburg in 1828, treats of the relations between Russia and Poland, and the burning questions of the day are presented with cold objectivity. The manner is Byronic. This poem at once took its place as a national epic, contributed incalculably to the strengthening of the national feeling, and furthermore it signalized the triumph of Romanticism.

Mickiewicz never definitely renounced Romanticism as Goethe did. The classic and the romantic existed in him side by side. He freed himself, however, from the shackles of a one-sided tendency, and began to seek the sources of his poetry in reality and truth. And for Mickiewicz truth came more and more to assume a religious coloring. Even where the influence of 'Faust' and 'Cain' and 'Manfred' is most apparent, the heroes of Mickiewicz are at strife only with the sins and evils of humanity; they are never in revolt against the Divine power. But the work in which Mickiewicz first definitely abandoned purely romantic methods was 'Grazyna.' It appeared at about the same time that the publication of 'Konrad Wallenrod' marked the culmination of the Romantic movement. Both poems treat of the Lithuanian struggles against the encroachments of the Teutonic Knights; but 'Grazyna' is full of epic reserve, classic simplicity, and majestic repose. It reveals Mickiewicz as an epic poet of the grand style. By these two works he rose at once above the strife of schools and tendencies into the regions of universal poetry, and became the national poet of his people.

In the adulation with which Mickiewicz was surrounded in St. Petersburg there lurked a certain danger: it threatened to drag his genius down into the epicurean *dolce far niente* of the gay capital; but the deep earnestness of his character saved him. In 1829 he obtained

permission to leave Russia. As when, five years before, he had left Poland forever, so when he crossed the Russian border he crossed it never to return; he never again set foot on Slavic soil. The five years in Russia had given to his genius its universality and cosmopolitan range. And the travels which now began brought him a rich harvest of experience and friends. In Weimar he met Goethe; in Switzerland his two greatest Polish contemporaries, Krasinski and Slowacki; and in the cosmopolitan society of Rome he formed a close friendship with James Fenimore Cooper. In 1830 the revolution which Mickiewicz had foreseen broke out in Warsaw, with the singing of the closing stanzas of his own 'Ode to Youth.' The poet hastened to join his countrymen: but he was met at Posen with the news of Polish defeat. He turned back, saddened and aimless. Sorrow of a keenly personal sort followed close upon the grief of the patriot. In Italy he fell in love with the daughter of a Polish magnate. His love was reciprocated; but encountering the father's haughty opposition, Mickiewicz suddenly departed. The literary result of this sorrow was 'Pan Tadeusz,' written, as Goethe wrote, for self-liberation. It was begun in Paris in 1832 and published in 1834. It is the most perfect work of the poet, the culminating point of Polish poetry,—and indeed, the pearl of all Slavic literature.

The scene of 'Pan Tadeusz' is laid in Lithuania in 1812, when Poland's hopes were high, and Napoleon's star still in the ascendant. It is the story of the last raid in Lithuania; and the lawlessness of private war is here portrayed in vivid pictures. These civil feuds were a late survival of the many disruptive evils upon which the commonwealth was finally wrecked. The poem abounds in rich poetic scenes of Lithuanian life, the sublime sweep of the landscapes, the solemn gloom and loneliness of vast primeval forests. There is in it all a tone of majesty which reveals a great poet in his loftiest mood.

'Pan Tadeusz' was Mickiewicz's last important work. To be mentioned, however, are 'The Books of the Polish People and of the Polish Pilgrimage,' and the 'Lectures on Slavic Literature.' In the former the poet treats in Biblical style of the function of Poland in history, and of her mission in the future. The Slavic lectures were those delivered at the Collège de France, where in 1840 Cousin had founded a chair of Slavic literature. Mickiewicz was the first incumbent, and his lectures were received with unbounded enthusiasm. All literary Paris flocked to hear the famous poet tell of the spiritual conquests of his countrymen. The lectures are distinguished by felicity of phrase and fineness of fancy; less by careful scholarship.

The last decade of the poet's life was clouded by sorrow, illness, and financial embarrassment. In 1834 he had married the daughter of the celebrated pianiste Szymanowska. It was not a marriage of

love, but seems not to have been unhappy. Mickiewicz's nature was deeply religious; in Italy he had been in close communion with such men as Montalembert and Lamennais; in Paris he became fascinated by the mystic Messianism of the uncultured fanatic Towianski, and with all the poetic fervor of his being he plunged into the depths of mysticism. He was removed from his professorship on this account in 1844. The genius of the poet was darkened; only the patriot remained. In 1848 he tried to raise in Italy a Polish legion against Austria. In 1849 he edited the Tribune des Peuples, but at the end of three months the paper was suppressed. When Napoleon III. seized the imperial throne in 1852, Mickiewicz was made librarian of the Arsenal Library. During the war in the Orient, he was sent as a special emissary of the French government to raise Polish legions in Turkey. The camp life which his duties rendered necessary ruined a constitution already undermined; and at Constantinople, on November 26th, 1855, he died. His body was brought to Montmorency, but in 1890 was removed to the royal vaults at Cracow.

Mickiewicz, with his wide knowledge of literatures and languages, and with his cosmopolitan experience, nevertheless succeeded by sheer force of genius, infused with ardent patriotism, in so blending all the foreign elements of his own culture with the characteristics of his race and country as to create a distinctively Polish literature, and deserve the name of supreme national poet. His poetry exercises in Poland that cohesive force which Greece found in Homer and Italy derived from Dante. He is the rallying-point for the poets and patriots of Poland, and the consolation of a proud and oppressed race.

Chas. H. Grunwald

SONNET

The tricks of pleasing thou hast aye disdained;
Thy words are plain, and simple all thy ways;
Yet throngs, admiring, tremble 'neath thy gaze,
And in thy queenly presence stand enchained.
Amid the social babble unconstrained,
I heard men speak of women words of praise,
And with a smile each turned some honeyed phrase.
Thou cam'st,—and lo! a sacred silence reigned.
Thus when the dancers with each other vie,

And through the merry mazes whirling go,
Abruptly all is hushed: they wonder why,
And no one can the subtle reason show.
The poet speaks: «There glides an angel by!»
The guest all dimly feel, but few do know.

Translation of Charles Harvey Genung.

[The following poems are from the 'Poets and Poetry of Poland.' Edited, and copyrighted 1881, by Paul Soboleski.]

FATHER'S RETURN

A Ballad

«Go, children, all of you together,
To the pillar upon the hill,
And there before the miraculous picture
Kneel and pray with a fervent will.

«Father returns not. Mornings and evenings
I await him in tears, and fret.
The streams are swollen, the wild beasts prowling
And the woods with robbers beset.»

The children heard, and they ran together
To the pillar upon the hill;
And there before the miraculous picture
Knelt and prayed with a fervent will.

«Hear us, O Lord! Our father is absent,
Our father so tender and dear.
Protect him from all besetting danger!
Guide him home to us safely here!»

They kiss the earth in the name of the Father,
Again in the name of the Son.
Be praised the name of the Trinity holy,
And forever their will be done.

Then they said Our Father, the Ave and Credo,
The Commandments and Rosary too;
And after these prayers were all repeated,
A book from their pockets they drew.

And the Litany and the Holy Mother
They sang while the eldest led:

«O Holy Mother,» implored the children,
«Be thy sheltering arms outspread!»

Soon they heard the sound of wheels approaching,
And the foremost wagon espied.
Then jumped the children with joy together:
«Our father is coming!» they cried.

The father leaped down, his glad tears flowing,
Among them without delay.
«And how are you all, my dearest children?
Were you lonesome with me away?

«And is your mother well—your aunt and the servants?
Here are grapes in the basket, boys.»
Then the children jumped in their joy around him,
Till the air was rent with their noise.

«Start on,» the merchant said to the servants,
«With the children I will follow on;»
But while he spoke the robbers surround them,
A dozen, with sabres drawn.

Long beards had they, and curly mustaches,
And soiled the clothes they wore;
Sharp knives in their belts and swords beside them,
While clubs in their hands they bore.

Then shrieked the children in fear and trembling,
And close to their father clung,
While helpless and pale in his consternation,
His hands he imploringly wrung.

«Take all I have!» he cried; «take my earnings.
But let us depart with life.
Make not of these little children orphans,
Or a widow of my young wife.»

But the gang, who have neither heard nor heeded,
Their search for the booty begin.
«Money!» they cry, and swinging their truncheons,
They threaten with curses and din.

Then a voice is heard from the robber captain,
«Hold, hold, with your plundering here!»
And releasing the father and frightened children,
He bids them go without fear.

To the merchant then the robber responded:—
"No thanks—for I freely declare
A broken head you had hardly escaped with,
Were it not for the children's prayer.

"Your thanks belong to the children only;
To them alone your life you owe.
Now listen while I relate to you briefly
How it came to happen, and go.

"I and my comrades had long heard rumors
Of a merchant coming this way;
And here in the woods that skirt the pillar
We were lying in wait to-day.

"And lying in wait behind the bushes,
The children at prayer I heard.
Though I listened at first with laugh derisive,
Soon to pity my heart was stirred.

"I listened, and thoughts of my home came to me
From its purpose my heart was won.
I too have a wife who awaits my coming,
And with her is my little son.

"Merchant, depart,—to the woods I hasten;
And children, come sometimes here,
And kneeling together beside this pillar
Give me a prayer and a tear!"

PRIMROSE

I

SCARCE had the happy lark begun
To sing of Spring with joyous burst,
When oped the primrose to the sun—
The golden-petaled blossoms first

II

'Tis yet too soon, my little flower,—
The north wind waits with chilly breath;
Still capped by snow the mountains tower,
And wet the meadows lie beneath.

Hide yet awhile thy golden light,
  Hide yet beneath thy mother's wing,
Ere chilly frosts that pierce and blight
  Unto thy fragile petals cling.

III

PRIMROSE

«LIKE butterflies our moments are;
  They pass, and death is all our gain:
One April hour is sweeter far
  Than all December's gloomy reign.

«Dost seek a gift to give the gods?
  Thy friend or thy beloved one?
Then weave a wreath wherein there nods
  My blossoms — fairer there are none.»

IV

'MID common grass within the wood,
  Beloved flower, thou hast grown;
So simple, few have understood
  What gives the prestige all thy own.

Thou hast no hues of morning star,
  Nor tulip's gaudy turbaned crest,
Nor clothed art thou as lilies are,
  Nor in the rose's splendor drest.

When in a wreath thy colors blend,
  When comes thy sweet confiding sense
That friends — and more beloved than friend —
  Shall give thee kindly preference?

V

PRIMROSE

«WITH pleasure friends my buds will greet, —
  They see spring's angel in my face;
For friendship dwells not in the heat,
  But loves with me the shady place.

«Whether of Marion, beloved one,
  Worthy I am, can't tell before?
If she but looks this bud upon,
  I'll get a tear — if nothing more!»

NEW-YEAR'S WISHES

THE old year is dead, and from its ashes blossoms bright
New Phœnix, spreading wings o'er the heavens far and near;
Full of hopes and wishes, earth salutes it with delight.
What should I for myself desire on this glad New Year?

Say, happy moments! I know these lightning flashes swift;
When they the heavens open and gild the wide earth o'er,
We wait the assumption till the weary eyes we lift
Are darkened by a night sadder than e'er known before.

Say, 'tis love I wish!—that youthful frenzy full of bliss
Bears one to spheres platonic—to joys divine I know;
Till the strong and gay are hurled down pain's profound abyss,
Hurled from the seventh heaven upon the rocks below.

I have dreamed and I have pined. I soared, and then I fell.
Of a peerless rose I dreamed, and to gather it I thought,
When I awoke. Then vanished the rose with the dream's bright spell,
Thorns in my breast alone were left—Love I desire not!

Shall I ask for friendship?—that fair goddess who on earth
Youth creates? Ah! who is there who would not friendship crave?
She is first to give imagination's daughter birth;
Ever to the uttermost she seeks its life to save.

Friends, how happy are ye all! Ye live as one, and hence
Ever the selfsame power has o'er ye all control;
Like Armida's palm, whose leaves seemed separate elements
While the whole tree was nourished by one accursed soul.

But when the fierce and furious hail-storms strike the tree,
Or when the venomous insects poison it with their bane,
In what sharp suffering each separate branch must be
For others and itself!—I desire not friendship's pain!

For what, then, shall I wish, on this New Year just begun?
Some lovely by-place—bed of oak—where sweet peace descends,
From whence I could see never the brightness of the sun,
Hear the laugh of enemies, or see the tears of friends!

There until the world should end, and after that to stay
In sleep which all my senses against all power should bind,
Dreaming as I dreamt my golden youthful years away,
Love the world—wish it well—but away from humankind.

TO M——

HENCE from my sight!—I'll obey at once.
Hence from my heart!—I hear and understand.
But hence from memory? Nay, I answer, nay!
Our hearts won't listen to this last command!

As the dim shadows that precede the night
In deepening circles widen far and near,
So when your image passes from my sight
It leaves behind a memory all too dear.

In every place—wherever we became
As one in joy and sorrow that bereft—
I will forever be by you the same,
For there a portion of my soul is left.

When pensively within some lonely room
You sit and touch your harp's melodious string,
You will, remembering, sigh in twilight's gloom,
«I sang for him this song which now I sing.»

Or when beside the chess-board—as you stand
In danger of a checkmate—you will say,
«Thus stood the pieces underneath my hand
When ended our last game—that happy day!»

When in the quiet pauses at the ball
You, sitting, wait for music to begin,
A vacant place beside you will recall
How once I used to sit by you therein.

When on the page that tells how fate's decree
Parts happy lovers, you shall bend your eyes,
You'll close the volume, sighing wearily,
«'Tis but the record of our love likewise.»

But if the author after weary years
Shall bid the current of their lives reblend,
You'll sit in darkness, whispering through your tears,
«Why does not thus our story find an end?»

When night's pale lightning darts with fitful flash
O'er the old pear-tree, rustling withered leaves,
The while the screech-owl strikes your window-sash,
You'll think it is my baffled soul that grieves.

In every place—in all remembered ways
Where we have shared together bliss or dole—
Still will I haunt you through the lonely days,
For there I left a portion of my soul.

FROM 'THE ANCESTORS'

SHE is fair as a spirit of light,
That floats in the ether on high,
And her eye beams as kindly and bright
As the sun in the azure-tinged sky.
The lips of her lover join hers
Like the meeting of flame with flame,
And as sweet as the voice of two lutes
Which one harmony weds the same.

FROM 'FARIS'

NO PALMS are seen with their green hair,
Nor white-crested desert tents are there;
But his brow is shaded by the sky,
That flingeth aloft its canopy;
The mighty rocks lie now at rest,
And the stars move slowly on heaven's breast.

MY ARAB steed is black—
Black as the tempest cloud that flies
Across the dark and muttering skies,
And leaves a gloomy track.
His hoofs are shod with lightning's glare;
I give the winds his flowing mane,
And spur him smoking o'er the plain;
And none from earth or heaven dare
My path to chase in vain.
And as my barb like lightning flies,
I gaze upon the moonlit skies,
And see the stars with golden eyes
Look down upon the plain.

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