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THE WRITINGS OF
THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON
VOLUME VII





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Thomas Wentworth Higginson

Studies in History and Letters

BY

Thomas Wentworth Higginson



CAMBRIDGE

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STUDIES IN HISTORY AND LETTERS

A CHARGE WITH PRINCE RUPERT

“Thousands were there, in darker fame that dwell,
Whose deeds some nobler poem shall adorn ;
And though to me unknown, they sure fought well,
Whom Rupert led, and who were British-born.”

DRYDEN

I

THE MARCH. JUNE 17, 1643

LAST night the Canary wine flashed in the red Venice glasses on the oaken tables of the hall ; loud voices shouted and laughed till the clustered hawk-bells jingled from the rafters, while the coupled stag-hounds fawned unnoticed, and the watchful falcon whistled to himself unheard. In the carved chairs lounged groups of revellers, dressed in scarlet, dressed in purple, dressed in white and gold, gay with satins and ribbons, gorgeous with glittering chains and jewelled swords : stern, manly faces, that had been singed with powder in the Palati-

nate ; brutal, swarthy faces, knowing all that sack and sin could teach them ; handsome, boyish faces, fresh from ancestral homes and high-born mothers ; grave, sad faces, — sad for undoubted tyranny, grave before the greater wrong of disloyalty. Some were in council, some were in strife, many were in liquor ; the parson was there with useless gravity, the jester with superfluous folly ; and in the outer hall men more plebeian drained the brown October from pewter cans, which were beaten flat, next moment, in hammering the loud drinking-chorus on the wall ; while the clink of the armorer still went on, repairing the old headpieces and breast-plates which had hung untouched since the Wars of the Roses ; and in the doorway the wild Welsh recruits crouched with their scythes and their cudgels, and muttered in their uncouth dialect, now a prayer to God, and now a curse for their enemy.

But to-day the inner hall is empty, the stag-hounds leap in the doorway, the chaplain prays, the maidens cluster in the windows, beneath the soft beauty of the June afternoon. The streets of Oxford resound with many hoofs ; armed troopers are gathering beside chapel and quadrangle, gateway and tower ; the trumpeter waves his gold and crimson trappings, and blows, "To the Standard," — for the great flag is borne to

the front, and Rupert and his men are mustering for a night of danger.

With beat of drum, with clatter of hoof and rattle of spur and scabbard, tramping across old Magdalen Bridge, cantering down the hillsides, crashing through the beech-woods, echoing through the chalky hollows, ride leisurely the gay Cavaliers. Some in new scarfs and feathers, worthy of the "show-troop," others with torn laces, broken helmets, and guilty red smears on their buff doublets; some eager for their first skirmish, others weak and silent, still bandaged from the last one; discharging now a rattle of contemptuous shot at some closed Puritan house, grim and stern as its master; firing anon as noisy a salute, as they pass some mansion where a high-born beauty dwells, — on they ride. Leaving the towers of Oxford behind them, keeping the ancient Roman highway, passing by the low, strong, many-gabled farmhouses, with rustic beauties smiling at the windows and wiser fathers scowling at the doors, — on they ride. To the Royalists, these troopers are "Prince Robert and the hope of the nation;" to the Puritans, they are only "Prince Robber and his company of rake-shames."

Riding great Flanders horses, a flagon swung on one side of the large padded saddle, and a haversack on the other, — booted to the thigh,

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and girded with the leathern bandoleer, that supports cartridge-box and basket-hilted sword, they are a picturesque and a motley troop. Some wear the embroidered buffcoat over the coat of mail, others beneath it, — neither having yet learned that the buffcoat alone is sabre-proof and bullet-proof also. Scantily furnished with basinet or breastplate, pot, haqueton, cuirass, pouldron, taslets, vambraces, or cuisses, — each with the best piece of iron he could secure when the ancestral armory was ransacked, — they yet care little for the deficit, remembering, that, when they first rode down the enemy at Worcester, there was not a piece of armor on their side, while the Puritans were armed to a man. There are a thousand horsemen under Percy and O'Neal, armed with swords, pole-axes, and petronels ; this includes Rupert's own lifeguard of chosen men. Lord Wentworth, with Innis and Washington, leads three hundred and fifty dragoons, — dragoons of the old style, intended to fight either on foot or on horseback, whence the name they bear, and the emblematic dragon which adorns their carbines. The advanced guard, or "forlorn hope," of a hundred horse and fifty dragoons, is commanded by Will Legge, Rupert's lifelong friend and correspondent ; and Herbert Lunsford leads the infantry, "the inhuman cannibal foot," as the

Puritan journals call them. There are five hundred of these, in lightest marching order, and carrying either pike or arquebuse, — this last being a matchlock musket, with an iron rest to support it, and a lance combined, to resist cavalry, — the whole being called “Swine (Swedish) feathers,” — a weapon so clumsy that the Cavaliers say a Puritan needs two years’ practice to discharge one without winking. And over all these float flags of every hue and purport, from the blue and gold with its loyal “*Ux rex, sit rex,*” to the ominous crimson, flaming with a lurid furnace and the terrible motto, “*Quasi ignis conflatoris.*”

And foremost rides Prince Rupert, darling of fortune and of war, with his beautiful and thoughtful face of twenty-three, stern and bronzed already, yet beardless and dimpled, his dark and passionate eyes, his long lovelocks drooping over costly embroidery, his graceful scarlet cloak, his white-plumed hat, and his tall and stately form, which, almost alone in the army, has not yet known a wound. His high-born beauty is preserved to us forever on the canvas of Vandyck, and as the Italians have named the artist “*Il Pittore Cavalieresco,*” so will this subject of his skill remain forever the ideal of *Il Cavaliere Pittoresco*. And as he now rides at the head of this brilliant array, his

beautiful white dog bounds onward joyously beside him, that quadruped renowned in the pamphlets of the time, whose snowy skin has been stained by many a blood-drop in the desperate forays of his master, but who has thus far escaped so safely that the Puritans believe him a familiar spirit, and try to destroy him "by poyson and extempore prayer, which yet hurt him no more than the plague plaster did Mr. Pym." Failing in this, they pronounce the pretty creature to be "a divell, not a very down-right divell, but some Lapland ladye, once by nature a handsome white ladye, now by art a handsome white dogge."

The Civil War is begun. The King has made his desperate attempt to arrest the five members of Parliament, and has been checkmated by Lucy Carlisle. So the fatal standard was reared, ten months ago, on that dismal day at Nottingham, — the King's arms, quartered with a bloody hand pointing to the crown, and the red battle-flag above, — blown down disastrously at night, replaced sadly in the morning, to wave while the Cavaliers rallied, slowly, beneath its folds. During those long months the King's fortunes have had constant and increasing success, — a success always greatest when Rupert has been nearest. And now this night march is made to avenge a late attack, of unaccustomed

audacity, from Essex, and to redeem the threat of Rupert to pass in one night through the whole country held by the enemy, and beat up the most distant quarter of the Roundheads.

II

THE CONDITION OF THE TIMES

It is no easy thing to paint, with any accurate shadings, this opening period of the English Revolution. Looking habitually, as we do, at the maturer condition of the two great parties, we do not remember how gradual was their formation. The characters of Cavalier and Roundhead were not more the cause than the consequence of civil strife. There is no such chemical solvent as war; where it finds a mingling of two alien elements, it leaves them permanently severed. At the opening of hostilities the two parties were scarcely distinguishable, in externals, from each other. Arms, costume, features, phrases, manners, were as yet common to both sides. On the battlefield, spies could pass undetected from one army to the other. At Edgehill, Chalgrove, and even Naseby, men and standards were captured and rescued, through the impossibility of distinguishing between the forces. An orange scarf,

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or a piece of white paper, was the most reliable designation. True, there was nothing in the Parliamentary army so gorgeous as Sir John Suckling's troop in Scotland, with its white doublets and scarlet hats and plumes; though that bright company substituted the white feather for the red one, in 1639, and rallied no more. Yet even the Puritans came to battle in attire which would have seemed preposterously gaudy to the plain men of our own Revolution. The London regiment of Hollis wore red, in imitation of the royal colors, adopted to make wounds less conspicuous. Lord Say's regiment wore blue, in imitation of the Covenanters, who took it from "Numbers xv. 38;" Hampden's men wore green, Lord Brooke's purple, Colonel Ballard's gray. Even the hair afforded far less distinction than we imagine, since there is scarcely a portrait of a leading Parliamentarian which has not a display of tresses such as would now appear the extreme of foppery; and when the remains of Hampden himself were disinterred, within half a century, the body was at first taken for a woman's, from the exceeding length and beauty of the hair.

But every year of warfare brought a change. On the King's side, the raiment grew more gorgeous amid misfortunes; on the Parliament's, it became sadder with every success. The

Royalists took up feathers and oaths in proportion as the Puritans laid them down; and as the tresses of the Cavaliers waved more luxuriantly, the hair of the Roundheads was more scrupulously shorn. But the same instinctive exaggeration was constantly extending into manners and morals also. Both sides became ostentatious; the one made the most of its dissoluteness, and the other of its decorum. The reproachful names applied derisively to the two parties became fixed distinctions. The word "Roundhead" was first used early in 1642, though whether it originated with Henrietta Maria or with David Hyde is disputed. King Charles, in his speech before the battle of Edgehill, in October of the same year, mentioned the name "Cavalier" as one bestowed "in a reproachful sense," and one "which our enemies have striven to make odious."

Thus all social as well as moral prejudices gradually identified themselves with this party division. As time passed on, all that was high-born in England gravitated more and more to the royal side, while the popular cause enlisted the Londoners, the yeomanry, and those country gentlemen whom Mrs. Hutchinson styled the "worsted-stocking members." The Puritans gradually found themselves excluded from the manorial halls, and the Cavaliers — a more

inconvenient privation — from the blacksmiths' shops. Languishing at first under aristocratic leadership, the cause of the Parliament first became strong when the Self-denying Ordinance abolished all that weakness. Thus the very sincerity of civil conflict drew the lines deeper; had the battles been fought by mercenaries, like the contemporary Continental wars, there would have grown up a less hearty mutual antipathy, but a far more terrible demoralization. As it was, the character of the war was, on the whole, humane; few towns were sacked or destroyed, the harvests were bounteous and freely gathered, and the population increased during the whole period. But the best civil war is fearfully injurious. In this case, virtues and vices were found on both sides; and it was only the gradual preponderance which finally stamped on each party its own historic reputation. The Cavaliers confessed to "the vices of men, — love of wine and women;" but they charged upon their opponents "the vices of devils, — hypocrisy and spiritual pride." Accordingly, the two verdicts have been recorded in the most delicate of all registers, — language. For the Cavaliers added to the English vocabulary the word *plunder*, and the Puritans the word *cant*.

Yet it is certain that at the outset neither of

these peculiarities was monopolized by either party. In abundant instances the sins changed places, — Cavaliers canted, and Puritans plundered. That is, if by cant we understand the exaggerated use of Scripture language which originated with the reverend gentleman of that name, it was an offence in which both sides participated. Clarendon, reviewing the Presbyterian discourses, quoted text against text with infinite relish. Old Judge Jenkins, could he have persuaded the “House of Rimmon,” as he called Parliament, to hang him, would have swung the Bible triumphantly to his neck by a ribbon, to show the unscriptural character of their doings. Charles himself, in one of his early addresses to his army, denounced the opposing party as “Brownists, Anabaptists, and Atheists,” and in his address to the city of London pleaded in favor of his own “godly, learned, and painfull preachers.” Every royal regiment had its chaplain, including in the service such men as Pearson and Jeremy Taylor; and they had prayers before battle, as regularly and seriously as their opponents. “After solemn prayers at the head of every division, I led my part away,” wrote the virtuous Sir Bevill Grenvill to his wife, after the battle of Bradock Rupert, in like manner, had prayers before every division at Marston Moor. To be sure,

we cannot always vouch for the quality of these prayers, when the chaplain happened to be out of the way and the colonel was his substitute. "O Lord," petitioned stout Sir Jacob Astley, at Edgehill, "thou knowest how busy I must be this day; if I forget thee, do not thou forget me!" — after which he rose up, crying, "March on, boys!"

And as the Puritans had not the monopoly of prayer, so the Cavaliers did not monopolize plunder. Of course, when civil war is once begun, such laxity is mere matter of self-defence. If the Royalists unhorsed the Roundheads, the latter must horse themselves again as best they could. If Goring "uncattled" the neighborhood of London, Major Medhope must be ordered to "uncattle" the neighborhood of Oxford. Very possibly individual animals were identified with the right side or the wrong side, to be spared or confiscated in consequence, — as in modern Kansas, during a similar condition of things, one might hear men talk of a pro-slavery colt, or an anti-slavery cow. And the precedent being established, each party could use the smallest excesses of the other side to palliate the greatest of its own. No use for the King to hang two of Rupert's men for stealing, when their commander could urge in extenuation the plunder of the house of Lady

Lucas, and the indignities offered by the Roundheads to the Countess of Rivers. Why spare the churches as sanctuaries for the enemy, when rumor accused that enemy—rightly or wrongly—of hunting cats in those same churches with hounds, or baptizing dogs and pigs in ridicule of the consecrated altars? Setting aside these charges as questionable, we cannot so easily dispose of the facts which rest on actual Puritan testimony. If, even after the Self-denying Ordinance, the “Perfect Occurrences” repeatedly report soldiers of the Puritan army as cashiered for drunkenness, pilfering, cheating innkeepers, and insulting women, it is inevitable to infer that in earlier and less stringent times they did the same unpunished. When Mrs. Hutchinson describes a portion of the soldiers on her own side as “licentious, ungovernable wretches;” when Sir Samuel Luke, in his letters, depicts the glee with which his men plunder the pockets of the slain; when poor John Wolstenholme writes to headquarters that his own compatriots have seized all his hay and horses, “so that his wife cannot serve God with the congregation but in frosty weather;” when Vicars in “Jehovah Jireh” exults over the horrible maiming and butchery wrought by the troopers upon the officers’ wives and female camp-followers at Naseby,—it is

useless to attribute exaggeration to the other side. In civil war, even the most humane, there is seldom much opening for exaggeration, the actual horrors being usually quite as vivid as any imaginations of the sufferers, especially when, as in this case, the spiritual instructors preach, on the one side, from "Curse ye Meroz," and, on the other side, from "Cursed be he that keepeth back his sword from blood."

These things should be mentioned, not so much because they are deliberately denied by anybody, as because they are apt to be overlooked by those who take their facts at second hand. All this does not show that the Puritans had, even at the outset, worse men or a cause no better ; it simply shows that war demoralizes, and that right-thinking men may easily, under its influence, slide into rather reprehensible practices. At a later period the evil worked its own cure among the Puritans, and the army of Cromwell was a moral triumph almost incredible ; but at the time of which we write, the distinction was but lightly drawn. It would be easy to go farther and show that among the leading Parliamentary statesmen there were gay and witty debauchees ; that Harry Marten deserved the epithet with which Cromwell saluted him ; that Pym succeeded to the regards of Strafford's bewitching mistress ; that

Warwick was truly, as Clarendon describes him, a profuse and generous profligate, tolerated by the Puritans for the sake of his earldom and his bounty, at a time when bounty was convenient and peers were scarce. But it is hardly worth while further to illustrate the simple and intelligible fact, that there were faults on both sides. Neither war nor any other social phenomenon can divide infallibly the sheep from the goats, nor collect all the saints under one set of staff-officers and all the sinners under another.

But, on the other hand, the strength of both sides, at this early day, was in a class of serious and devoted men, who took up the sword so sadly, in view of civil strife, that victory seemed to them almost as terrible as defeat. In some, the scale of loyalty slightly inclined, and they held with the King; in others, the scale of liberty, and they served the Parliament; in both cases, with the same noble regrets at first, merging gradually into bitter alienation afterwards. "If there could be an expedient found to solve the punctilio of honor, I would not be here an hour," wrote Lord Robert Spencer to his wife, from the camp of the Cavaliers. Sir Edmund Verney, the King's standard-bearer, disapproved of the royal cause, and adhered to it only because he "had eaten the King's

bread." Lord Falkland, Charles's Secretary of State, "sitting among his friends, often, after a deep silence and frequent sighs, would, with a shriek and sad accent, ingeminate the words, Peace! Peace!" and would prophesy for himself that death which soon came. And these words find their parallels in those of men honored among the Puritans, as when Sir William Waller wrote from his camp to his chivalrous opponent, Sir Ralph Hopton, "The great God, who is the searcher of my heart, knows with what reluctance I go upon this service."

As time passed on, the hostility between the two parties exceeded all bounds of courteous intercourse. The social distinction was constantly widening, and so was the religious antagonism. Waller could be allowed to joke with Goring and sentimentalize with Hopton, for Waller was a gentleman, though a rebel; but it was a different thing when the Puritan gentlemen were seen to be gradually superseded by Puritan clowns. Strafford had early complained of "your Prynnes, Pims, and Bens, with the rest of that generation of odd names and natures." But what were these to the later brood, whose plebeian quality Mr. Buckle has so laboriously explored, — Goffe the grocer and Whalley the tailor, Pride the drayman and Venner the cooper, culminating at last in Noll

Cromwell the brewer? The formidable force of these upstarts only embittered the aversion. If odious when vanquished, what must they have been as victors? For if it be disagreeable to find a foeman unworthy of your steel, it is much more unpleasant when your steel turns out unworthy of the foeman; and if sad-colored Puritan raiment looked absurd upon the persons of fugitives, it must have been very particularly unbecoming when worn by conquerors.

This growing division was also constantly aggravated by very acid satire. The Court, it must be remembered, was more than half French in its general character and tone, while every Frenchman of that day habitually sneered at every Englishman as dull and inelegant. The dazzling wit that flashed for both sides in the French civil wars gleamed for one only in the English; the Puritans had no comforts of that kind, save in some caustic repartee from Harry Marten, or some fearless sarcasm from Lucy Carlisle. But the Cavaliers softened labor and sweetened care with their little jokes. It was rather consoling to cover some ignominious retreat with a new epigram on Cromwell's red nose, that irresistible member which kindled in its day as much wit as Bardolph's; to hail it as "Nose Immortal," a beacon, a glowworm,

a bird of prey; to make it stand as a personification of the rebel cause, till even the stately Montrose asked new-comers from England, "How is Oliver's nose?" It was very entertaining to christen the Solemn League and Covenant "the constellation on the back of Aries," because most of the signers could only make their marks on the little bits of sheepskin circulated for that purpose. It was quite lively to rebaptize Rundway Down as Run-away-down, after a royal victory, and to remark how Hazlerig's regiment of "lobsters" turned to crabs, on that occasion, and crawled backwards. But all these pleasant follies became whips to scourge them, at last, — shifting suddenly into very grim earnest when the Royalists themselves took to running away, with truculent saints, in steeple-hats, behind them.

Oxford was the stronghold of the Cavaliers, in those times, as that of the Puritans was London. The Court itself (though here we are anticipating a little) was transferred to the academic city. Thither came Henrietta Maria, with what the pamphleteers called "her Rattle-headed Parliament of Ladies," the beautiful Duchess of Richmond, the merry Mrs. Kirke, and brave Kate D'Aubigny. In Merton College the Queen resided; at Oriel the Privy Council was held; at Christ Church the King and Ru-

pert were quartered ; and at All Souls Jeremy Taylor was writing his beautiful meditations, in the intervals of war. In the New College quadrangle, the students were drilled to arms "in the eye of Doctor Pink," while Mars and Venus kept undisturbed their ancient reign, although transferred to the sacred precincts of Magdalen. And amidst the passion and the pomp, the narrow streets would suddenly ring with the trumpet of some foam-covered scout, bringing tidings of perilous deeds outside ; while some traitorous spy was being hanged, drawn, and quartered in some other part of the city, for betraying the secrets of the Court. And forth from the outskirts of Oxford rides Rupert on the day we are to describe, and we must still protract our pause a little longer to speak of him.

Prince Rupert, Prince Robert, or Prince Robber, — for by all these names was he known, — was the one formidable military leader on the royal side. He was not a statesman, for he was hardly yet a mature man ; he was not, in the grandest sense, a hero, yet he had no quality that was not heroic. Chivalrous, brilliant, honest, generous, — not dissolute, nor bigoted, nor cruel, — he was still a Royalist for the love of royalty, and a soldier for the love of war ; and in civil strife there can hardly be a more

dangerous character. Through all the blunt periods of his military or civil proclamations, we see the proud, careless boy, fighting for fighting's sake, and always finding his own side the right one. He could not have much charity for the most generous opponents; he certainly had none at all for those who (as he said) printed malicious and lying pamphlets against him "almost every morning," in which he found himself saluted as a "nest of perfidious vipers," "a night-flying dragon prince," "a flapdragon," "a caterpillar," "a spider," and "a butterbox."

He was the King's own nephew,—great-grandson of William the Silent, and son of that Elizabeth Stuart from whom all the modern royal family of England descends. His sister was the renowned Princess Palatine, the one favorite pupil of Descartes, and the chosen friend of Leibnitz, Malebranche, and William Penn. From early childhood he was trained to war: we find him at fourteen pronounced by his tutors fit to command an army; at fifteen, bearing away the palm in one of the last of the tournaments; at sixteen, fighting beside the young Turenne in the Low Countries; at nineteen, heading the advance guard in the army of the Prince of Orange; and at twenty-three we find him appearing in England, the day before the royal standard was reared, and

the day after the King lost Coventry. This training made him a general—not, as many have supposed, a mere cavalry captain; he was one of the few men who have shown great military powers on both land and sea; he was a man of energy unbounded, industry inexhaustible, and the most comprehensive and systematic forethought. It was not merely that, as Warwick said, “he put that spirit into the King’s army that all men seemed resolved;” not merely that, always charging at the head of his troops, he was never wounded, and that, seeing more service than any of his compeers, he outlived them all. But even in these early years, before he was generalissimo, the Parliament deliberately declared the whole war to be “managed by his skill, labor, and industry,” and his was the only name habitually printed in capitals in the Puritan newspapers. He had to create soldiers by enthusiasm, and feed them by stratagem; to toil for a king who feared him, and against a queen who hated him; to take vast responsibilities alone; accused of negligence if he failed, reproached with license if he succeeded. Against him he had the wealth of London, intrusted to men who were great diplomatists though new to power, and great soldiers though they had never seen a battlefield till middle life; on his side he had only

unmanageable lords and penniless gentlemen, who gained victories by daring, and then wasted them by license. His troops had no tents, no wagons, no military stores; they used those of the enemy. Clarendon says, that the King's cause labored under an incurable disease of want of money, and that the only cure for starvation was a victory. To say, therefore, that Rupert's men never starved is to say that they always conquered, — which, at this early period, was true.

He was the best shot in the army, and the best tennis-player among the courtiers, and Pepys calls him "the boldest attacker in England for personal courage." Seemingly without reverence or religion, he yet ascribed his defeats to Satan, and, at the close of a letter about a marauding expedition, requested his friend Will Legge to pray for him. Versed in all the courtly society of the age, chosen interpreter for the wooing of young Prince Charles and La Grande Mademoiselle, and mourning in purple, with the royal family, for Marie de Médicis, he could yet mingle in any conceivable company and assume any part. He penetrated the opposing camp at Dunsmore Heath as an apple-seller, and the hostile town of Warwick as a dealer in cabbage-nets, and the pamphleteers were never weary of describing his

disguises. He was charged with all manner of offences, even to slaying children with cannibal intent, and only very carelessly disavowed such soft impeachments. But no man could deny that he was perfectly true to his word; he never forgot one whom he had promised to protect, and, if he had promised to strip a man's goods, he did it to the uttermost farthing. And so must his pledge of vengeance be redeemed to-night; and so, riding eastward, with the dying sunlight behind him and the quiet Chiltern hills before, through air softened by the gathering coolness of these midsummer eves, beside clover fields, and hedges of wild roses, and ponds white with closing water-lilies, and pastures sprinkled with meadow-sweet, like foam, he muses only of the clash of sword and the sharp rattle of shot, and all the passionate joys of the coming charge.

III

THE FORAY

The long and picturesque array winds onward, crossing Chiselhampton Bridge, — not to be recrossed so easily, — avoiding Thame with its church and abbey, where Lord-General Essex himself is quartered, unconscious of their

march ; and the Cavaliers are soon riding beneath the bases of the wooded hills towards Postcombe. Near Tetsworth, the enemy's first outpost, they halt till evening ; the horsemen dismount, the flagon and the foraging-bag are opened, the black-jack and the manchet go round, healths are drunk to successes past and glories future, to " Queen Mary's eyes," and to " Prince Rupert's dog." A few hours bring darkness ; they move on eastward through the lanes, avoiding, when possible, the Roman highways ; they are sometimes fired upon by a picket, but make no return, for they are hurrying past the main quarters of the enemy. In the silence of the summer night, they stealthily ride miles and miles through a hostile country, the renegade Urry guiding them. At early dawn, they see, through the misty air, the low hamlet of Postcombe, where the " beating up of the enemy's quarters " is to begin. A hurried word of command ; the infantry halt ; the cavalry close and sweep down like night-hawks upon the sleeping village, — safe enough, one would have supposed, with the whole Parliamentary army lying between it and Oxford, to protect from danger. Yet the small party of Puritan troopers awaken in their quarters with Rupert at the door ; it is well for them that they happen to be picked men, and have

promptness, if not vigilance ; forming hastily, they secure a retreat westward through the narrow street, leaving but few prisoners behind them. As hastily the prisoners are swept away with the stealthy troop, who have other work before them ; and before half the startled villagers have opened their lattices the skirmish is over. Long before they can send a messenger up, over the hills, to sound the alarm-bells of Stoken Church, the swift gallop of the Cavaliers has reached Chinnor, two miles away, and the goal of their foray. The compact, strongly built village is surrounded. They form a parallel line behind the houses, on each side, leaping fences and ditches to their posts. They break down the iron chains stretched nightly across each end of the street, and line it from end to end. Rupert, Will Legge, and the "forlorn hope," dismounting, rush in upon the quarters, sparing only those who surrender.

In five minutes the town is up. The awakened troopers fight as desperately as their assailants, some on foot, some on horseback. More and more of Rupert's men rush in ; they fight through the straggling street of the village, from the sign of the Ram at one end to that of the Crown at the other, and then back again. The citizens join against the invaders, the 'prentices rush from their attics, hasty

barricades of carts and harrows are formed in the streets, long musket-barrels are thrust from the windows, dark groups cluster on the roofs, and stones begin to rattle on the heads below, together with phrases more galling than stones, — hurled down by women, — “cursed dogs,” “devilish Cavaliers,” “Papist traitors.” In return, the intruders shoot at the windows indiscriminately, storm the doors, fire the houses; they grow more furious, and spare nothing; some townspeople retreat within the church-doors; the doors are beaten in; women barricade them with wool-packs, and fight over them with muskets, barrel to barrel. Outside, the troopers ride round and round the town, seizing or slaying all who escape; within, desperate men still aim from their windows, though the houses on each side are in flames. Melting lead pours down from the blazing roofs, while the drum still beats and the flag still advances. It is struck down presently; tied to a broken pike-staff, it rises again, while a chaos of armor and plumes, black and orange, blue and red, torn laces and tossing feathers, powder-stains and blood-stains, fills the dewy morning with terror, and opens the Juné Sunday with sin.

Threescore and more of the townspeople are slain, sixscore are led away at the horses' sides bound with ropes, to be handed over to the

infantry for keeping. Some of these prisoners, even of the armed troopers, are so ignorant and unwarlike as yet, that they know not the meaning of the word "quarter," refusing it when offered, and imploring "mercy" instead. Others are little children, for whom a heavy ransom shall yet be paid. Others, cheaper prisoners, are ransomed on the spot. Some plunder has also been taken, but the soldiers look longingly on the larger wealth that must be left behind, in the hurry of retreat, — treasures that otherwise no trooper of Rupert's would have spared: scarlet cloth, bedding, saddles, cutlery, iron-ware, hats, shoes, hops for beer, and books to sell to the Oxford scholars. But the daring which has given them victory now makes their danger: they have been nearly twelve hours in the saddle and have fought two actions; they have twenty-five miles to ride, with the whole force of the enemy in their path; they came unseen in the darkness, they must return by daylight and with the alarm already given; Stoken church-bell has been pealing for hours, the troop from Postcombe has fallen back on Tetsworth, and everywhere in the distance videttes are hurrying from post to post.

The perilous retreat begins. Ranks are closed; they ride silently; many a man leads a second horse beside him, and one bears in

triumph the great captured Puritan standard, with its five buff Bibles on a black ground. They choose their course more carefully than ever, seek the by-lanes, and swim the rivers with their swords between their teeth. At one point, in their hushed progress, they hear the sound of rattling wagons. There is a treasure-train within their reach, worth twenty-one thousand pounds, and destined for the Parliamentary camp, but the thick woods of the Chilterns have sheltered it from pursuit, and they have not a moment to waste; they are riding for their lives. Already the gathering parties of Roundheads are closing upon them, nearer and nearer, as they approach the most perilous point of the wild expedition, — their only return-path across the Cherwell, — Chiselhampton Bridge. Percy and O'Neal with difficulty hold the assailants in check; the case grows desperate at last, and Rupert stands at bay on Chalgrove Field.

It is Sunday morning, June 18, 1643. The early church-bells are ringing over all Oxfordshire, — dying away in the soft air, among the sunny English hills, while Englishmen are drawing near one another with hatred in their hearts; dying away, as on that other Sunday, eight months ago, when Baxter, preaching near Edgehill, heard the sounds of battle, and dis-

turbed the rest of his saints by exclaiming, "To the fight!" But here are no warrior preachers, no bishops praying in surplices on the one side, no dark-robed divines preaching on horseback on the other, no king in glittering armor, no Tutor Harvey in peaceful meditation beneath a hedge, pondering on the circulation of the blood, with hotter blood flowing so near him; all these were to be seen at Edgehill, but not here. This smaller skirmish rather turns our thoughts to Cisatlantic associations; its date suggests Bunker's Hill, and its circumstances Lexington. For this, also, is a marauding party, with a Percy among its officers, brought to a stand by a half-armed and angry peasantry.

Rupert sends his infantry forward to secure the bridge, and a sufficient body of dragoons to line the mile and a half of road between, — the remainder of the troops being drawn up at the entrance of a cornfield, several hundred acres in extent, and lying between the villages and the hills. The Puritans take a long circuit, endeavoring to get to windward of their formidable enemy, — a point judged as important, during the seventeenth century, in a land fight as in a naval engagement. They have with them some light field-pieces, artillery being the only point of superiority they yet claim; but

these are not basilisks, nor falconets, nor culverins (*colubri, coulevres*), nor drakes (*dracones*), nor warning-pieces, — they are the leathern guns of Gustavus Adolphus, made of light cast-iron and bound with ropes and leather. The Roundhead dragoons, dismounted, line a hedge near the Cavaliers, and plant their “swine feathers ;” under cover of their fire the horse advance in line, matches burning. As they advance, one or two dash forward, at risk of their lives, flinging off the orange scarfs which alone distinguish them, in token that they desert to the royal cause. Prince Rupert falls back into the lane a little, to lead the other forces into his ambush of dragoons. These tactics do not come naturally to him, however ; nor does he like the practice of the time, that two bodies of cavalry should ride up within pistol-shot of each other, and exchange a volley before they charge. He rather anticipates, in his style of operations, the famous order of Frederick the Great : “The King hereby forbids all officers of cavalry, on pain of being broke with ignominy, ever to allow themselves to be attacked in any action by the enemy ; but the Prussians must always attack them.” Accordingly he restrains himself for a little while, chafing beneath the delay, and then, a soldier or two being suddenly struck down by

the fire, he exclaims, "Yea! this insolency is not to be endured." The moment is come.

"God and Queen Mary!" shouts Rupert; "Charge!" In one instant that motionless mass becomes a flood of lava; down in one terrible sweep it comes, silence behind it and despair before; no one notices the beauty of that brilliant chivalrous array, — all else is merged in the fury of the wild gallop; spurs are deep, reins free, blades grasped, heads bent; the excited horse feels the heel no more than he feels the hand; the uneven ground breaks their ranks, — no matter, they feel that they can ride down the world: Rupert first clears the hedge, — he is always first, — then comes the captain of his life-guard, then the whole troop "jumble after them," in a spectator's piquant phrase. The dismounted Puritan dragoons break from the hedges and scatter for their lives, but the cavalry "bear the charge better than they have done since Worcester," — that is, now they stand it an instant, then they did not stand it at all; the Prince takes them in flank and breaks them in pieces at the first encounter, — the very wind of the charge shatters them. Horse and foot, carbines and petronels, swords and pole-axes, are mingled in one struggling mass. Rupert and his men seem refreshed, not exhausted, by the weary

night ; they seem incapable of fatigue ; they spike the guns as they cut down the gunners, and, if any escape, it is because many in both armies wear the same red scarfs. One Puritan, surrounded by the enemy, shows such desperate daring that Rupert bids release him at last, and sends afterwards to Essex to ask his name. One Cavalier bends, with a wild oath, to search the pockets of a slain enemy — it is his own brother. O'Neal slays a standard-bearer, and thus restores to his company the right to bear a flag — a right they lost at Hopton Heath ; Legge is taken prisoner and escapes ; Urry proves himself no coward, though a renegade, and is trusted to bear to Oxford the news of the victory, being raised to knighthood in return.

For a victory of course it is. Nothing in England can yet resist these high-born, dissolute, reckless Cavaliers of Rupert's. "I have seen them running up walls twenty feet high," said the engineer consulted by the frightened citizens of Dorchester ; "these defences of yours may possibly keep them out half an hour." Darlings of triumphant aristocracy, they are destined to meet with no foe that can match them, until they recoil at last before the plebeian pikes of the London train-bands. Nor can even Rupert's men claim to monopolize the courage of the King's party. The brilliant

“show-troop” of Lord Bernard Stuart, comprising the young nobles having no separate command, — a troop which could afford to indulge in all the gorgeousness of dress, since their united incomes, Clarendon declares, would have exceeded those of the whole Puritan Parliament, — led, by their own desire, the triumphant charge at Edgehill, and threescore of their bodies were found piled on the spot where the Royal Standard was captured and rescued. Not less faithful were the Marquis of Newcastle’s “Lambs,” who took their name from the white woollen clothing which they refused to have dyed, saying that their hearts’ blood would dye it soon enough ; and so it did : only thirty survived the battle of Marston Moor, and the bodies of the rest were found in the field, ranked regularly side by side, in death as in life.

But here at Chalgrove Field no such fortitude of endurance is needed ; the enemy is scattered, and, as Rupert’s Cavaliers are dashing on, a small, but fresh force of Puritan cavalry appears behind the hedges and charges on them from the right, — two troops, hastily gathered, and in various garb. They are headed by a man in middle life and of noble aspect : once seen, he cannot easily be forgotten ; but seen he will never be again, and, for the last time, Rupert and Hampden meet face to face.

The foremost representative men of their respective parties, they scarcely remember, perhaps, that there are ties and coincidences in their lives. At the marriage of Rupert's mother, the student Hampden was chosen to write the Oxford epithalamium, exulting in the prediction of some noble offspring to follow such a union. Rupert is about to be made General-in-Chief of the Cavaliers; Hampden is looked to by all as the future General-in-Chief of the Puritans. Rupert is the nephew of the King, — Hampden the cousin of Cromwell; and as the former is believed to be aiming at the Crown, so the latter is the only possible rival of Cromwell for the Protectorate, — “the eyes of all being fixed upon him as their *pater patriæ*.” But in all the greater qualities of manhood, how far must Hampden be placed above the magnificent and gifted Rupert! In a congress of natural noblemen — for such do the men of the Commonwealth appear — Hampden must rank foremost. It is difficult to avoid exaggeration in speaking of these men, — men whose deeds vindicate their words, and whose words are unsurpassed by Greek or Roman fame, — men whom even Hume can only criticise for a “mysterious jargon” which most of them did not use, and for a “vulgar hypocrisy” which few of them practised. Let us not underrate the self-forgetting

loyalty of the Royalists, — the Duke of Newcastle laying at the King's feet seven hundred thousand pounds, and the Marquis of Worcester a million ; but the sublimer poverty and abstinence of the Parliamentary party deserve a yet loftier meed, Vane surrendering an office of thirty thousand pounds a year to promote public economy, Hutchinson refusing a peerage and a fortune as a bribe to hold Nottingham Castle a little while for the King, Eliot and Pym bequeathing their families to the nation's justice, having spent their all for the good cause. And rising to yet higher attributes, as they pass before us in the brilliant paragraphs of the courtly Clarendon, or the juster modern estimates of Forster, it seems like a procession of born sovereigns ; while the more pungent epithets of contemporary wit only familiarize, but do not mar, the fame of Cromwell (Cleaveland's "Cæsar in a Clown"), "William the Conqueror" Waller, "young Harry" Vane, "fiery Tom" Fairfax, and "King Pym." But among all these there is no peer of Hampden, of him who came not from courts or camps, but from the tranquil study of his Davila, — from that thoughtful retirement which was for him, as for his model, Coligny, the school of all noble virtues, — came to find himself at once a statesman and a soldier, receiving from his con-

temporary, Clarendon, no affectionate critic, the triple crown of historic praise, as being "the most able, resolute, and popular person in the kingdom." Who can tell how changed the destiny of England, had the Earl of Bedford's first compromise with the country party succeeded, and had Hampden become the tutor of Prince Charles; or could this fight at Chalgrove Field issue differently, and Hampden survive to be general instead of Essex, and Protector in place of Cromwell?

But that may not be. Had Hampden's earlier counsels prevailed, Rupert never would have ventured on his night foray; had his next suggestions been followed, Rupert never would have returned from it. Those failing, Hampden has come, gladly followed by Gunter and his dragoons, outstripping the tardy Essex, to dare all and die. In vain does Gunter perish beside his flag; in vain does Crosse, his horse being killed under him, spring in the midst of battle on another; in vain does "that great-spirited little Sir Samuel Luke" — the original of Hudibras — get thrice captured and thrice escape. For Hampden, the hope of the nation, is fatally shot through the shoulder with two carbine-balls in the first charge; the whole troop sees it with dismay; Essex comes up, as usual, too late, and the fight of Chalgrove Field is lost.

We must leave this picture, painted in the fading colors of a far-off time. Let us leave the noble Hampden, weak and almost fainting, riding calmly from the field, and wandering away over his own Chiltern meadows, that he loves so well, — leave him, drooping over his saddle, directing his horse first towards his father-in-law's house at Pyrton, where once he wedded his youthful bride, then turning towards Thame, and mustering his last strength to leap his tired steed across its boundary brook. A few days of laborious weakness, spent in letter-writing to urge upon Parliament something of that military energy which, if earlier adopted, might have saved his life, — and we see a last funereal procession winding beneath the Chiltern hills, and singing the 90th Psalm as the mourners approach the tomb of the Hampdens, and the 43d as they return. And well may the "Weekly Intelligencer" say of him (June 27, 1643), that "the memory of this deceased Colonel is such that in no age to come but it will more and more be had in honor and esteem; a man so religious, and of that prudence, judgment, temper, valor, and integrity, that he hath left few his like behind him."

And we must leave Rupert to his career of romantic daring, to be made President of Wales and Generalissimo of the army; to rescue with

unequaled energy Newark and York and the besieged heroine of Lathom House; to fight through Newbury and Marston Moor and Naseby, and many a lesser field; to surrender Bristol and be acquitted by court-martial, but hopelessly condemned by the King;— then to leave the kingdom, refusing a passport, and fighting his perilous way to the seaside; then to wander over the world for years, astonishing Dutchmen by his seamanship, Austrians by his soldiership, Spaniards and Portuguese by his buccaneering powers, and Frenchmen by his gold and diamonds and birds and monkeys and “richly liveried Blackamoors;” then to reorganize the navy of England, exchanging characters with his fellow-commander, Monk, whom the ocean makes rash, as it makes Rupert prudent;—leave him to use nobly his declining years, in studious toils in Windsor Castle, the fulfilment of Milton’s dream, outwatching the Bear with thrice-great Hermes, surrounded by strange old arms and instruments, and maps of voyages, and plans of battles, and the abstruse library which the “Harleian Miscellany” still records; leave him to hunt and play at tennis, serve in the Hudson’s Bay Company and the Board of Trade; leave him to experiment in alchemy and astrology, in hydraulics, metallurgy, gunpowder, perspective, quadrants, mez-

zotint, fish-hooks, and revolvers; leave him to look from his solitary turret over hills and fields, now peaceful, but each the scene of some wild and warlike memory for him;—leave him to die a calm and honored death at sixty-three, outliving every companion of his early days. The busy world, which has no time to remember many, forgets him and recalls only the slain and defeated Hampden. The brilliant renown of the Prince was like the glass toys which record his ingenuity and preserve his name; the hammer and the anvil can scarcely mar them, yet a slight pressure of the finger, in the fatal spot, will burst them into glittering showers of dust. The full force of those iron times beat ineffectual upon Rupert; Death touched him, and that shining fame sparkled and was shattered forever.

MADemoiselle's Campaigns

I

THE SCENE AND THE ACTORS

THE heroine of this tale is one so famous in history that her proper name scarcely appears in it. The seeming paradox is the soberest fact. To us Americans glory lies in the abundant display of one's personal appellation in the newspapers. Our heroine lived in the most gossiping of all ages, herself its greatest gossip; yet her own name, patronymic or baptismal, never was talked about. It was not that she sunk that name beneath high-sounding titles; she only elevated the most commonplace of all titles till she monopolized it and it monopolized her. Anne Marie Louise d'Orléans, Souveraine de Dombes, Princesse Dauphine d'Auvergne, Duchesse de Montpensier, is forgotten, or rather was never remembered; but the great name of MADemoiselle, *La Grande Mademoiselle*, gleams like a golden thread shot through and through that gorgeous tapestry of crimson and purple which records for us the age of Louis Quatorze.

In May of the year 1627, while the slow tide of events was drawing Charles I. toward his scaffold; while Sir John Eliot was awaiting in the Tower of London the summoning of the Third Parliament; while the troops of Buckingham lay dying, without an enemy, upon the Isle of Rhé, — at the very crisis of the terrible siege of Rochelle, and perhaps during the very hour when the Three Guardsmen of Dumas held that famous bastion against an army, the heroine of our story was born. And she, like the Three Guardsmen, waited till twenty years after for a career.

The twenty years are over. Richelieu is dead. The strongest will that ever ruled France has passed away; and the poor, broken King has hunted his last badger at St. Germain, and then meekly followed his master to the grave, as he has always followed him. Louis XIII., called Louis le Juste, not from the predominance of that particular virtue, or any other, in his character, but simply because he happened to be born under the constellation of the Scales, has died like a Frenchman, in peace with all the world except his wife. That beautiful and queenly wife, called Anne of Austria, — though a Spaniard, — no longer the wild and passionate girl who fascinated Buckingham and embroiled two kingdoms, — has hastened within

four days to defy all the dying imprecations of her husband, by reversing every plan and every appointment he has made. The little prince has already shown all the Grand Monarque in his childish "Je suis Louis Quatorze," and has been carried in his bib to hold his first Parliament. That Parliament, heroic as its English contemporary, though less successful, has reached the point of revolution at last. Civil war is impending. Condé, at twenty-one the greatest general in Europe, after changing sides a hundred times in a week, is fixed at last. Turenne is arrayed against him. The young, the brave, the beautiful cluster around them. The performers are drawn up in line; the curtain rises; the play is "The Wars of the Fronde;" and into that brilliant arena, like some fair circus equestrian, gay, spangled, and daring, rides Mademoiselle.

Almost all French historians from Voltaire to Cousin — St. Aulaire being the chief exception — speak lightly of the Wars of the Fronde. "La Fronde n'est pas sérieuse." Of course it was not. Had it been wholly serious, it would not have been wholly French. Of course French insurrections, like French despotisms, have always been tempered by epigrams; of course the people went out to the conflicts in ribbons and feathers; of course over every bat-

tle there pelted down a shower of satire, like the rain at the Eglinton tournament. More than two hundred pamphlets rattled on the head of Condé alone, and the collection of *Mazarinades*, preserved by the Cardinal himself, fills sixty-nine volumes in quarto. From every field the first crop was glory, the second a *bon mot*. When the dagger of De Retz fell from his breast-pocket, it was "our good archbishop's breviary;" and when his famous Corinthian troop was defeated in battle, it was "the First Epistle to the Corinthians." While across the Channel Charles Stuart was listening to his doom, Paris was gay in the midst of dangers, Madame de Longueville was receiving her gallants in mimic court at the Hôtel de Ville, De Retz was wearing his sword-belt over his archbishop's gown, the little hunchback Conti was generalissimo, and the starving people were pillaging Mazarin's library, in joke, "to find something to gnaw upon." Outside the walls, the maids of honor were quarrelling over the straw beds which destroyed for them all the romance of martyrdom, and Condé, with five thousand men, was besieging five hundred thousand. No matter, they all laughed through it, and through every succeeding turn of the kaleidoscope; and the "Anything may happen in France" (*Tout arrive en France*), with which

La Rochefoucauld jumped amicably into the carriage of his mortal enemy, was not only the first and best of his maxims, but the keynote of French history for all coming time.

But behind all this sport, as in all the annals of the nation, were mysteries and terrors and crimes. It was the age of cabalistic ciphers, like that of De Retz, of which Guy Joli dreamed the solution ; of inexplicable secrets, like the Man in the Iron Mask, whereof no solution was ever dreamed ; of poisons, like that diamond-dust which in six hours transformed the fresh beauty of the Princess Royal into foul decay ; of dungeons, like that cell at Vincennes which Madame de Rambouillet pronounced to be "worth its weight in arsenic." War or peace hung on the color of a ball-dress, and Madame de Chevreuse knew which party was coming uppermost, by observing whether the binding of Madame de Hautefort's prayer-book was red or green. Perhaps it was all a little theatrical, but the performers were all Rachels.

Behind the crimes and the frivolities, however, stood the Parliaments, calm and undaunted, with leaders like Molé and Talon, who needed nothing but success to make their names as grand in history as those of Pym and Hampden. Among the Brienne Papers in the British Museum there is a collection of the manifestoes

and proclamations of that time, and they are earnest, eloquent, and powerful, from beginning to end. Lord Mahon alone among historians, so far as my knowledge goes, has done fit and full justice to the French Parliaments, — those assemblies which refused admission to the foreign armies which the nobles would gladly have summoned in, but fed and protected the banished princesses of England, when the court party had left those descendants of the Bourbons to die of cold and hunger in the palace of their ancestors. And we have the testimony of Henrietta Maria herself, the only person who had seen both revolutions near at hand, that “the troubles in England never appeared so formidable in their early days, nor were the leaders of the revolutionary party so ardent or so united.” The character of the agitation was no more to be judged by its jokes and epigrams than the gloomy glory of the English Puritans by the grotesque names of their saints, or the stern resolution of the Dutch burghers by their symbolical melodramas and guilds of rhetoric.

But popular power was not yet developed in France, as it was in England; all social order was unsettled and changing, and well Mazarin knew it. He knew the pieces with which he played his game of chess; the King powerless,

the Queen mighty, the bishops unable to take a single straightforward move, and the knights going naturally zigzag ; with a host of plebeian pawns, every one fit for a possible royalty, and therefore to be used shrewdly, or else annihilated as soon as practicable. True, the game would not last forever ; but after him the deluge.

Our age has forgotten even the meaning of the word "Fronde ;" but here also the French and Flemish histories run parallel, and the Frondeurs, like the Gueux, were children of a sarcasm. The Counsellor Bachaumont one day ridiculed insurrectionists, as resembling the boys who played with slings (*frondes*) about the streets of Paris, but scattered at the first glimpse of a policeman. The phrase organized the party. Next morning all fashions were *à la fronde*, — hats, gloves, fans, bread, and ballads ; and it cost six years of civil war to pay for the Counsellor's facetiousness.

That which was, after all, the most remarkable characteristic of these wars might be guessed from this fact about the fashions. The Fronde was preëminently "the War of the Ladies." Educated far beyond the Englishwomen of their day, they took a controlling share, sometimes ignoble, often noble, always powerful, in the affairs of the time. It was not merely a courtly gallantry which flattered them

with a hollow importance. De Retz, in his Memoirs, compares the women of his age with Elizabeth of England. A Spanish ambassador once congratulated Mazarin on obtaining temporary repose. "You are mistaken," he replied, "there is no repose in France, for I have always women to contend with. In Spain, women have only love affairs to employ them; but here we have three who are capable of governing or overthrowing great kingdoms,—the Duchesse de Longueville, the Princesse Palatine, and the Duchesse de Chevreuse." There were others as great as these; and the women who for years outwitted Mazarin and outgeneralled Condé are deserving of a stronger praise than they have yet obtained, even from the classic and courtly Cousin.

What men of that age eclipsed or equalled the address and daring of those delicate and high-born women? What a romance was their ordinary existence! The Princesse Palatine gave refuge to Mme. de Longueville in order to save her from sharing the imprisonment of her brothers Condé and Conti, then fled for her own life, by night, with Rochefoucauld. Mme. de Longueville herself, pursued afterwards by the royal troops, wished to embark in a little boat, on a dangerous shore, during a midnight storm so wild that not a fisherman could at first

be found to venture forth; the beautiful fugitive threatened and implored till they consented; the sailor who bore her in his arms to the boat let her fall amid the furious surges; she was dragged senseless to the shore again, and, on the instant of reviving, demanded to repeat the experiment; but as they utterly refused, she rode inland beneath the tempest, and travelled for fourteen nights before she could find another place of embarkation.

Madame de Chevreuse rode with one attendant from Paris to Madrid, fleeing from Richelieu, remaining day and night on her horse, attracting perilous admiration by the womanly loveliness which no male attire could obscure. From Spain she went to England, organizing there the French exiles into a strength which frightened Richelieu; thence to Holland, to conspire nearer home; back to Paris, on the minister's death, to form the faction of the Importants; and when the Duke of Beaufort was imprisoned, Mazarin said, "Of what use to cut off the arms while the head remains?" Ten years from her first perilous escape, she made a second, dashed through La Vendée, embarked at St. Malo for Dunkirk, was captured by the fleet of the Parliament, was released by the governor of the Isle of Wight, unable to imprison so beautiful a butterfly, reached her port

at last, and in a few weeks was intriguing at Liège again.

The Duchesse de Bouillon, Turenne's sister, purer than those we have named, but not less daring or determined, after charming the whole population of Paris by her rebel beauty at the Hôtel de Ville, escaped from her sudden incarceration by walking through the midst of her guards at dusk, crouching in the shadow of her little daughter ; and afterwards allowed herself to be recaptured, rather than desert that child's sick-bed.

Then there was Clémence de Maille, purest and noblest of all, niece of Richelieu and hapless wife of the cruel ingrate Condé, his equal in daring and his superior in every other high quality. Married while a child still playing with her dolls, and sent at once to a convent to learn to read and write, she became a woman the instant her husband became a captive ; while he watered his pinks in the garden at Vincennes, she went through France and raised an army for his relief. Her means were as noble as her ends. She would not surrender the humblest of her friends to an enemy, or suffer the massacre of her worst enemy by a friend. She threw herself between the fire of two hostile parties at Bordeaux, and, while men were falling each side of her, compelled them to peace.

Her deeds rang through Europe. When she sailed from Bordeaux for Paris at last, thirty thousand people assembled to bid her farewell. She was loved and admired by all the world, except that husband for whom she dared so much — and the Archbishop of Taen. The respectable archbishop complained that “this lady did not prove that she had been authorized by her husband, an essential provision, without which no woman can act in law.” And Condé himself, whose heart, physically twice as large as other men’s, was spiritually imperceptible, repaid this stainless nobleness by years of persecution, and bequeathed her, as a lifelong prisoner, to his dastard son.

Then, on the royal side, there was Anne of Austria, sufficient unto herself, Queen Regent, and every inch a queen, — before all but Mazarin, — from the moment when the mob of Paris filed through the chamber of the boy-king, during his pretended sleep, and the motionless and stately mother held back the crimson draperies with the same lovely arm that had waved perilous farewells to Buckingham, to the day when the news of the fatal battle of Gien came to her in her dressing-room, and “she remained undisturbed before the mirror, not neglecting the arrangement of a single curl.”

In short, every woman who took part in the

Ladies' War became heroic, from Marguerite of Lorraine, who snatched the pen from her weak husband's hand and gave De Retz the order for the first insurrection, down to the wife of the commandant of the Porte St. Roche, who, springing from her bed to obey that order, made the drums beat to arms and secured the barrier ; and fitly, amid adventurous days like these, opened the career of Mademoiselle.

II

THE FIRST CAMPAIGN

Grandchild of Henri Quatre, niece of Louis XIII., cousin of Louis XIV., first princess of the blood, and with the largest income in the nation — 500,000 livres — to support these dignities, Mademoiselle was certainly born in the purple. Her autobiography admits us to very gorgeous company ; the stream of her personal recollections is a perfect Pactolus. There is almost a surfeit of royalty in it ; every card is a court-card, and all her counters are counts. "I wore at this festival all the crown jewels of France, and also those of the Queen of England." "A far greater establishment was assigned to me than any *fille de France* had ever had, not excepting any of my

aunts, the Queens of England and of Spain, and the Duchess of Savoy." "The Queen, my grandmother, gave me as a governess the same lady who had been governess to the late King." Pageant or funeral, it is the same thing. "In the midst of these festivities we heard of the death of the King of Spain; whereat the Queens were greatly afflicted, and we all went into mourning." Thus, throughout, her Memoirs glitter like the coat with which the splendid Buckingham astonished the cheaper chivalry of France: they drop diamonds.

But for any personal career Mademoiselle found at first no opportunity, in the earlier years of the Fronde. A gay, fearless, flattered girl, she simply shared the fortunes of the court; laughed at the festivals in the Palace, laughed at the ominous insurrections in the streets; laughed when the people cheered her, their pet princess; and when the royal party fled from Paris, she adroitly secured for herself the best straw bed at St. Germain, and laughed louder than ever. She despised the courtiers who flattered her; secretly admired her young cousin Condé, whom she affected to despise; danced when the court danced, and ran away when it mourned. She made all manner of fun of her English lover, the future Charles II., whom she alone of all the world found bashful;

and in general she wasted the golden hours with much excellent fooling. Nor would she, perhaps, ever have found herself a heroine, but that her respectable father was a poltroon.

Lord Mahon ventures to assert, that Gaston, Duke of Orléans, was "the most cowardly prince of whom history makes mention." A strong expression, but perhaps safe. Holding the most powerful position in the nation, he never came upon the scene but to commit some new act of ingenious pusillanimity; while, by some extraordinary chance, every woman of his immediate kindred was a natural heroine, and became more heroic through disgust at him. His wife was Marguerite of Lorraine, who originated the first Fronde insurrection; his daughter turned the scale of the second. Yet, personally, he not only had not the courage to act, but had not the courage to abstain from acting: he could no more keep out of parties than in them, but was always busy, waging war in spite of Mars and negotiating in spite of Minerva.

And when the second war of the Fronde broke out, it was in spite of himself that he gave his name and his daughter to the popular cause. When the fate of the two nations hung trembling in the balance, the royal army under Turenne advancing on Paris, and almost arrived

at the city of Orléans, and that city likely to take the side of the strongest, — then Mademoiselle's hour had come. All her sympathies were more and more inclining to the side of Condé and the people. Orléans was her own hereditary city. Her father, as was his custom in great emergencies, declared that he was very ill and must go to bed immediately; but it was as easy for her to be strong as it was for him to be weak; so she wrung from him a reluctant plenipotentiary power; she might go herself and try what her influence could do. So she rode forth from Paris, one fine morning, March 27, 1652, — rode with a few attendants, half in enthusiasm, half in levity, aiming to become a second Joan of Arc, secure the city, and save the nation. "I felt perfectly delighted," says the young girl, "at having to play so extraordinary a part."

The people of Paris had heard of her mission, and cheered her as she went. The officers of the army, with an escort of five hundred men, met her half way from Paris. Most of them evidently knew her calibre, were delighted to see her, and installed her at once over a regular council of war. She entered into the position with her natural promptness. A certain grave M. de Rohan undertook to tutor her privately, and met his match. In the

public deliberation there were some differences of opinion. All agreed that the army should not pass beyond the Loire: this was Gaston's suggestion, and nevertheless a good one. Beyond this all was left to Mademoiselle. Mademoiselle intended to go straight to Orléans. "But the royal army had reached there already." Mademoiselle did not believe it. "The citizens would not admit her." Mademoiselle would see about that. Presently the city government of Orléans sent her a letter, in great dismay, particularly requesting her to keep her distance. Mademoiselle immediately ordered her coach, and set out for the city. "I was naturally resolute," she naïvely remarks.

Her siege of Orléans was one of the most remarkable military operations on record. She was right in one thing: the royal army had not arrived; but it might appear at any moment; so the magistrates quietly shut all their gates, and waited to see what would happen.

Mademoiselle happened. It was eleven in the morning when she reached the *Porte Bannière*, and she sat three hours in her state carriage without seeing a person. With amusing politeness, the governor of the city at last sent her some confectionery, — agreeing with John Keats, who held that young women were beings fitter to be presented with sugar-plums

than with one's time. But he took care to explain that the bonbons were not official, and did not recognize her authority. So she quietly ate them, and then decided to take a walk outside the walls. Her council of war opposed this step, as they did every other; but she coolly said — and the event justified her prediction — that the enthusiasm of the populace would carry the city for her, if she could only get at them.

So she set out on her walk. Her two beautiful ladies of honor, the Countesses de Fiesque and de Frontenac went with her; a few attendants behind. She came to a gate. The people were all gathered inside the ramparts. "Let me in," demanded the imperious young lady. The astonished citizens looked at one another and said nothing. She walked on, the crowd inside keeping pace with her. She reached another gate. The enthusiasm was increased. The captain of the guard formed his troops in line and saluted her. "Open the gate," she again insisted. The poor captain made signs that he had not the keys. "Break it down, then," coolly suggested the daughter of the House of Orléans; to which his only reply was a profusion of profound bows, and the lady walked on.

Those were the days of astrology, and at this

moment it occurred to our Mademoiselle that the chief astrologer of Paris had predicted success to all her undertakings, from the noon of this very day until the noon following. She had never had the slightest faith in the mystic science, but she turned to her attendant ladies and remarked that the matter was settled ; she should get in. On went the three until they reached the bank of the river, and saw, opposite, the gates which opened on the quay. The Orléans boatmen came flocking round her, a hardy race, who feared neither Queen nor Mazarin. They would break down any gate she chose. She selected her gate, got into a boat, and sending back her terrified male attendants, that they might have no responsibility in the case, she was rowed to the other side. Her new allies were already at work, and she climbed from the boat upon the quay by a high ladder, of which several rounds were broken away. They worked more and more enthusiastically, though the gate was built to stand a siege, and stoutly resisted this one. Courage is magnetic ; every moment increased the popular enthusiasm, as these high-born ladies stood alone among the boatmen ; the crowd inside joined in the attack upon the gate ; the guard looked on ; the city government remained irresolute at the Hôtel de Ville, fairly beleaguered and

stormed by one princess and two maids of honor.

A crash, and the mighty timbers of the Porte Brûlée yield in the centre. Aided by the strong and exceedingly soiled hands of her new friends, our elegant Mademoiselle is lifted, pulled, pushed, and tugged between the vast iron bars which fortify the gate ; and in this fashion, torn, splashed, and dishevelled generally, she makes entrance into her city. The guard, promptly adhering to the winning side, present arms to the heroine. The people fill the air with their applauses ; they place her in a large wooden chair, and bear her in triumph through the streets. "Everybody came to kiss my hands, while I was dying with laughter to find myself in so odd a situation."

Presently our volatile lady told them that she had learned how to walk, and begged to be put down ; then she waited for her countesses, who arrived bespattered with mud. The drums beat before her, as she set forth again, and the city government, yielding to the feminine conqueror, came to do her homage. She carelessly assured them of her clemency. She "had no doubt that they would soon have opened the gates, but she was naturally of a very impatient disposition, and could not wait." Moreover, she kindly suggested, neither party could now find fault

with them; and as for the future, she would save them all trouble, and govern the city herself — which she accordingly did.

By confession of all historians, she alone saved the city for the Fronde, and, for the moment, secured that party the ascendancy in the nation. Next day the advance guard of the royal forces appeared—a day too late. Mademoiselle made a speech (the first in her life) to the city government; then went forth to her own small army, by this time drawn near, and held another council. The next day she received a letter from her father, — whose health was now decidedly restored, — declaring that she had “saved Orléans and secured Paris, and shown yet more judgment than courage.” The next day Condé came up with his forces, compared his fair cousin to Gustavus Adolphus, and wrote to her that “her exploit was such as she only could have performed, and was of the greatest importance.”

Mademoiselle stayed a little longer at Orléans, while the armies lay watching each other, or fighting the battle of Bléneau, of which Condé wrote her an official bulletin, as being generalissimo. She amused herself easily, went to mass, played at bowls, received the magistrates, stopped couriers to laugh over their letters, reviewed the troops, signed passports, held coun-

cils, and did many things "for which she should have thought herself quite unfitted, if she had not found she did them very well." The enthusiasm she had inspired kept itself unabated, for she really deserved it. She was everywhere recognized as head of affairs; the officers of the army drank her health on their knees, when she dined with them, while the trumpets sounded and the cannons roared; Condé, when absent, left instructions to his officers, "Obey the commands of Mademoiselle, as my own;" and her father addressed a dispatch from Paris to her ladies of honor, as field marshals in her army: "A Mesdames les Comtesses Maréchales de Camp dans l'Armée de ma Fille contre le Mazarin."

III

CAMPAIGN THE SECOND

Mademoiselle went back to Paris. Half the population met her outside the walls; she kept up the heroine by compulsion, and for a few weeks held her court as Queen of France. If the Fronde had held its position she might very probably have held hers. Condé, being unable to marry her himself, on account of the continued existence — which he sincerely regretted — of his invalid wife, had a fixed design

of marrying her to the young King. Queen Henrietta Maria cordially greeted her, lamented more than ever her rejection of the "bashful" Charles II., and compared her to the original Maid of Orléans,—an ominous compliment from an English source.

The royal army drew near ; on July 1, 1652, Mademoiselle heard their drums beating outside. "I shall not stay at home to-day," she said to her attendants, at two in the morning ; "I feel convinced that I shall be called to do some unforeseen act, as I was at Orléans." And she was not far wrong. The battle of the Porte St. Antoine was at hand.

Condé and Turenne! The two greatest names in the history of European wars, until a greater eclipsed them both. Condé, a prophecy of Napoleon, a general by instinct, incapable of defeat, insatiable of glory, throwing his marshal's bâton within the lines of the enemy, and following it ; passionate, false, unscrupulous, mean. Turenne, the precursor of Wellington rather, simple, honest, truthful, humble, eating off his iron camp equipage to the end of life. If it be true, as the ancients said, that an army of stags led by a lion is more formidable than an army of lions led by a stag, then the presence of two such heroes would have given lustre to the most trivial conflict. But that

fight was not trivial upon which hung the possession of Paris and the fate of France; and between these two great soldiers it was our Mademoiselle who was again to hold the balance and to decide the day.

The battle raged furiously outside the city. Frenchman fought against Frenchman, and nothing distinguished the two armies except a wisp of straw in the hat, on the one side, and a piece of paper on the other. The people of the metropolis, fearing equally the Prince and the King, had shut the gates against all but the wounded and the dying. The Parliament was awaiting the result of the battle before taking sides. The Queen was on her knees in the Carmelite Chapel. De Retz was shut up in his palace, and Gaston of Orléans in his,—the latter, as usual, slightly indisposed; and Mademoiselle, passing anxiously through the streets, met nobleman after nobleman of her acquaintance borne with ghastly wounds to his residence. She knew that the numbers were unequal; she knew that her friends must be losing ground. She rushed back to her father, and implored him to go forth in person, rally the citizens, and relieve Condé. It was quite impossible; he was so exceedingly feeble; he could not walk a hundred yards. "Then, sir," said the indignant princess, "I advise you to go immediately

to bed. The world had better believe that you cannot do your duty, than that you will not."

Time passed on, each moment registered in blood. Mademoiselle went and came; still the same sad procession of dead and dying; still the same mad conflict, Frenchman against Frenchman, in the three great avenues of the Faubourg St. Antoine. She watched it from the city walls till she could bear it no longer. One final, desperate appeal, and her dastard father consented, not to act himself, but again to appoint her his substitute. Armed with the highest authority, she hastened to the Hôtel de Ville, where the Parliament was in irresolute session. The citizens thronged round her, as she went, imploring her to become their leader. She reached the scene, exhibited her credentials, and breathlessly issued demands which would have made Gaston's hair stand on end.

"I desire three things," announced Mademoiselle; "first, that the citizens shall be called to arms."

"It is done," answered the obsequious officials.

"Next," she resolutely went on, "that two thousand men shall be sent to relieve the troops of the Prince."

They pledged themselves to this also.

“Finally,” said the daring lady, conscious of the mine she was springing, and reserving the one essential point till the last, “that the army of Condé shall be allowed free passage into the city.”

The officials, headed by the Maréchal de l’Hôpital, at once exhibited the most extreme courtesy of demeanor, and begged leave to assure her Highness that under no conceivable circumstances could this request be granted.

She let loose upon them all the royal anger of the House of Bourbon. She remembered the sights she had just seen : she thought of Rochefoucauld, with his eye shot out and his white garments stained with blood ; of Guittant shot through the body ; of Roche-Giffard, whom she pitied, “though a Protestant.” Condé might, at that moment, be sharing their fate ; all depended on her ; and so Conrart declares, in his Memoirs, that “Mademoiselle said some strange things to these gentlemen :” as, for instance, that her attendants should throw them out of the window ; that she would pluck off the Marshal’s beard ; that he should die by no hand but hers, and the like. When it came to this, the Maréchal de l’Hôpital stroked his chin with a sense of insecurity, and called the council away to deliberate ; “during which time,” says the softened Princess, “lean-

ing on a window which looked on the St. Esprit, where they were saying mass, I offered up my prayers to God." At last they came back, and assented to every one of her propositions.

In a moment she was in the streets again. The first person she met was Vallon, terribly wounded. "We are lost!" he said. "You are saved!" she cried, proudly. "I command to-day in Paris, as I commanded in Orléans."

"Vous me rendez la vie," said the reanimated soldier, who had been with her in her first campaign. On she went, meeting at every step men wounded in the head, in the body, in the limbs, — on horseback, on foot, on planks, on barrows, — besides the bodies of the slain. She reached the windows beside the Porte St. Antoine, and Condé met her there; he rode up, covered with blood and dust, his scabbard lost, his sword in hand. Before she could speak, that soul of fire uttered, for the only recorded time in his career, the word *Despair*: "Ma cousine, vous voyez un homme au désespoir," — and burst into tears. But her news instantly revived him, and his army with him. "Mademoiselle is at the gate," the soldiers cried; and, with this certainty of a place of refuge, they could do all things. In this famous fight, five thousand men defended themselves against twelve thousand for eight hours. "Did you

see Condé himself?" they asked Turenne, after it was over. "I saw not one, but a dozen Condés," was the answer; "he was in every place at once."

But there was one danger more for Condé, one opportunity more for Mademoiselle, that day. Climbing the neighboring towers of the Bastille, she watched the royal party on the heights of Charonne, and saw fresh cavalry and artillery detached to aid the army of Turenne. The odds were already enormous, and there was but one course left for her. She was mistress of Paris, and therefore mistress of the Bastille. She sent for the governor of the fortress, and showed him the advancing troops. "Turn the cannon under your charge, sir, upon the royal army." Without waiting to heed the consternation she left behind her, Mademoiselle returned to the gate. The troops had heard of the advancing reinforcements, and were drooping again; when, suddenly, the cannon of the Bastille, those Spanish cannon, flamed out their powerful succor, the royal army halted and retreated, and the day was won.

The Queen and the Cardinal, watching from Charonne, saw their victims escape them. But the cannon shots bewildered them all. "It was probably a salute to Mademoiselle," suggested some comforting adviser. "No," said the ex-

perienced Maréchal de Villeroi, "if Mademoiselle had a hand in it, the salute was for us." At this, Mazarin comprehended the whole proceeding, and coldly consoled himself with a *bon mot* that became historic. "Elle a tué son mari," he said, — meaning that her dreams of matrimony with the young King must now be ended. No matter; the battle of the Porte St. Antoine was ended also.

There have been many narratives of that battle, including Napoleon's; they are hard to reconcile, and our heroine's own is by no means the clearest; but all essentially agree in the part they ascribe to her. One brief appendix to the campaign, and her short career of heroism fades into the light of common day.

Yet a third time did Fortune, showering upon one maiden so many opportunities at once, summon her to arm herself with her father's authority, that she might go in his stead into that terrible riot which, two days after, tarnished the glories of Condé, and by its reaction overthrew the party of the Fronde ere long. None but Mademoiselle dared to take the part of that doomed minority in the city government, which, for resisting her own demands, was to be terribly punished on that fourth of July night. "A conspiracy so base," said the generous Talon, "never stained the soil of France."

By deliberate premeditation, an assault was made by five hundred disguised soldiers on the Parliament assembled in the Hôtel de Ville; the tumult spread; the night rang with a civil conflict more terrible than that of the day. Condé and Gaston were vainly summoned; the one cared not, the other dared not. Mademoiselle again took her place in her carriage and drove forth amid the terrors of the night. The sudden conflict had passed its cruel climax, but she rode through streets slippery with blood; she was stopped at every corner. Once a man laid his arm on the window, and asked if Condé was within the carriage. She answered "No," and he retreated, the flambeaux gleaming on a weapon beneath his cloak. Through these interruptions, she did not reach the half-burned and smoking Hôtel de Ville till most of its inmates had left it; the few remaining she aided to conceal, and emerged again amid the lingering, yawning crowd, who cheered her with, "God bless Mademoiselle! all she does is well done."

At four o'clock that morning she went to rest, weary with these days and nights of responsibility. Sleep soundly, Mademoiselle, you will be troubled with such no longer. An ignominious peace is at hand; and though peace, too, has her victories, yours is not a nature

grand enough to grasp them. Last to yield, last to be forgiven, there will yet be little in your future career to justify the distrust of despots, or to recall the young heroine of Orléans and St. Antoine.

IV

THE CONCLUSION

Like a river which loses itself, by infinite subdivision, in the sands, so the wars of the Fronde disappeared in petty intrigues at last. As the fighting ended and manœuvring became the game, of course Mazarin came uppermost, — Mazarin, that super-Italian, finessing and fascinating, so deadly sweet, *l'homme plus agréable du monde*, as Madame de Motteville and Bussy-Rabutin call him ; flattering that he might win, avaricious that he might be magnificent, winning kings by jewelry and princesses by lapdogs ; too cowardly for an avoidable collision ; too cool and economical in his hatred to waste an antagonist by killing him, but always luring and cajoling him into an unwilling tool ; too serenely careless of popular emotion even to hate the mob of Paris, any more than a surgeon hates his own lancet when it cuts him, — he only changes his grasp and

holds it more cautiously. Mazarin ruled. And the King was soon joking over the fight at the Porte St. Antoine with Condé and Mademoiselle; the Queen at the same time affectionately assuring our heroine, that, if she could have got at her on that day, she would certainly have strangled her, but that, since it was past, she would love her as ever—as ever; while Mademoiselle, not to be outdone, lies like a Frenchwoman, and assures the Queen that really she did not mean to be so naughty, but “she was with those who induced her to act against her sense of duty!”

The day of civil war was over. The daring heroines and voluptuous blonde beauties of the Frondeur party must seek excitement elsewhere. Some looked for it in literature; for the female education of France in that age was far higher than England could show. The intellectual glory of the reign of the Grand Monarque began in its women. Marie de Médicis had imported the Italian grace and wit; Anne of Austria the Spanish courtesy and romance. Hôtel de Rambouillet had united the two, and introduced the *genre précieux*, or stately style, which was superb in its origin, and dwindled to absurdity in the hands of Mlle. de Scudéry and her valets, before Molière smiled it away forever. And now that the wars were done,

literary society came up again. Madame de Sablé exhausted the wit and the cookery of the age in her fascinating entertainments, — *pâtés* and Pascal, Rochefoucauld and *ragoûts*, — Mme. de Brégy's Epictetus, Mme. de Choisy's salads, confectionery, marmalade, elixirs, Descartes, Arnould, Calvinism, and the barometer. Madame de Sablé had a sentimental theory that no woman should eat at the same table with a lover, but she liked to see her lovers eat, and Mademoiselle, in her obsolete novel of the "Princesse de Paphlagonie," gently satirizes this passion of her friend. And Mademoiselle herself finally eclipsed the Sablé by her own entertainments at her palace of the Luxembourg, where she offered no dish but one of gossip, serving up herself and friends in a course of "Portraits" that the style became the fashion for ten years, and reached perfection at last in the famous "Characters" of La Bruyère.

Other heroines went into convents, joined the Carmelites, or those nuns of Port Royal of whom the Archbishop of Paris said that they lived in the purity of angels and the pride of devils. Thither went Madame de Sablé herself, finally, — "the late Madame," as the dashing young abbés called her when she renounced the world. Thither she drew the beautiful Longueville also, and Heaven smiled on one

repentance that seemed sincere. There they found peace in the home of Angélique Arnould and Jacqueline Pascal. And thence those heroic women came forth again, when religious war threatened to take the place of civil; again they put to shame their more timid male companions, and by their labors Jesuit and Jansenist found peace.

But not such was to be the career of our Mademoiselle, who at twenty had tried the part of devotee for one week and renounced it forever. No doubt at thirty-five she "began to understand that it is part of the duty of a Christian to attend High Mass on Sundays and holy days;" and her description of the death-bed of Anne of Austria is a most extraordinary jumble of the next world and this. But thus much of devotion was to her only a part of the proprieties of life, and before the altar of those proprieties she served, for the rest of her existence, with exemplary zeal. At forty she was still the wealthiest unmarried princess in Europe; fastidious in toilet, stainless in reputation, not lovely in temper, rigid in etiquette, learned in precedence, an oracle in court traditions, a terror to the young maids of honor, and always quarrelling with her own sisters, younger, fairer, poorer than herself. Her mind and will were as active as in her girlhood, but

they ground chaff instead of wheat. Whether her sisters should dine at the Queen's table, when she never had ; who should be her train-bearer at the royal marriage ; whether the royal Spanish father-in-law, on the same occasion, should or should not salute the Queen-mother ; who, on any given occasion, should have a *tabouret*, who a *pliant*, who a chair, who an arm-chair ; who should enter the King's *ruelle*, or her own, or pass out by the private stairway ; how she should arrange the duchesses at state funerals, — these were the things which tried Mademoiselle's soul, and these fill the later volumes of that autobiography whose earlier record was all a battle and a march. From Condé's "Obey Mademoiselle's orders as my own," we come down to this : "For my part, I had been worrying myself all day ; having been told that the new Queen would not salute me on the lips, and that the King had decided to sustain her in this position. I therefore spoke to Monsieur the Cardinal on the subject, bringing forward as an important precedent in my favor, that the Queen-mother had always kissed the princesses of the blood ;" and so on through many pages. Thus lapsed her youth of frolics into an old age of cards.

It is a slight compensation that this very pettiness makes her chronicles of the age very

vivid in details. How she revels in the silver brocades, the violet-colored velvet robes, the crimson velvet carpets, the purple damask curtains fringed with gold and silver, the embroidered *fleurs de lis*, the wedding-caskets, the cordons of diamonds, the clusters of emeralds *en poires* with diamonds, and the Isabelle-colored linen, whereby hangs a tale! She still kept up her youthful habit of avoiding the sick-rooms of her kindred, but how magnificently she mourned them when they died! Her brief, genuine, but quite unexpected sorrow for her father was speedily assuaged by the opportunity it gave her to introduce the fashion of gray mourning instead of black; it had previously, it seems, been worn by widows only. Servants and horses were all put in deep black, however, and "the court observed that I was very *magnifique* in all my arrangements." On the other hand, be it recorded that our Mademoiselle, chivalrous royalist to the last, was the only person at the French court who refused to wear mourning for the usurper Cromwell.

But, if thus addicted to funeral pageants, it is needless to say that weddings occupied their full proportion of her thoughts. Her schemes for matrimony fill the larger portion of her history, and are, like all the rest, a diamond

necklace of great names. In the boudoir, as in the field, her campaigns were superb, but she was cheated of the results. Her picture should have been painted, like that of Justice, with sword and scales, — the one for foes, the other for lovers. She spent her life in weighing them, — monarch against monarch, a king in hand against an emperor in the bush. We have it on her own authority, — which, in such matters, was unsurpassable, — that she was “the best match in Europe, except the Infanta of Spain.” Not a marriageable prince in Christendom, therefore, can hover near the French court but this middle-aged sensitive plant prepares to close her leaves and be coy. The procession of her wooers files before our wondering eyes, and each the likeness of a kingly crown has on : Louis himself, her bright possibility of twenty years, till he takes her at her own estimate and prefers the Infanta ; Monsieur (his younger brother) Philip IV. of Spain ; Charles II. of England ; the Emperor of Germany ; the Archduke Leopold of Austria, prospective King of Holland ; the King of Portugal ; the Prince of Denmark ; the Elector of Bavaria ; the Duke of Savoy ; Condé’s son, and Condé himself. For the last of these alone she seems to have felt any real affection. Their tie was more than cousinly ; the same

heroic blood of the early Bourbons was in them, they were trained by the same precocious successes, they were only six years apart in age, and they began with that hearty mutual aversion which is so often the parent of love, in impulsive natures. Their flirtation was platonic, but chronic; and whenever poor, heroic, desolate Clémence de Maille was more ill than usual, these cousins were walking side by side in the Tuileries gardens, and dreaming, almost in silence, of what might be, while Mazarin shuddered at the thought of mating two such eagles together. So passed her life, and at last, like many a match-making lady, she baffled all the gossips, and left them all in laughter when her choice was made.

The tale stands embalmed forever in the famous letter of Madame de Sévigné to her cousin, M. de Coulanges, written on Monday, December 15, 1670. It can never be translated too often, so let us risk it again.

“I have now to announce to you the most astonishing circumstance, the most surprising, most marvellous, most triumphant, most bewildering, most unheard-of, most singular, most extraordinary, most incredible, most unexpected, most grand, most trivial, most rare, most common, most notorious, most secret (till to-day), most brilliant, most desirable; indeed, a thing

to which past ages afford but one parallel, and that a poor one ; a thing which we can scarcely believe at Paris ; how can it be believed at Lyons ? a thing which excites the compassion of all the world, and the delight of Madame de Rohan and Madame de Hauterive ; a thing which is to be done on Sunday, when those who see it will hardly believe their eyes ; a thing which will be done on Sunday, and which might perhaps be impossible on Monday ; I cannot possibly announce it ; guess it ; I give you three guesses ; try now. If you will not, I must tell you. M. de Lauzun marries on Sunday, at the Louvre — whom now ? I give you three guesses — six — a hundred. Madame de Coulanges says, 'It is not hard to guess ; it is Madame de la Vallière.' Not at all, Madame ! 'Mlle. de Retz ?' Not a bit ; you are a mere provincial. 'How absurd !' you say ; 'it is Mlle. Colbert.' Not that either. 'Then, of course, it is Mlle. de Créqui.' Not right yet. Must I tell you, then ? Listen ! he marries on Sunday, at the Louvre, by his Majesty's permission, Mademoiselle — Mademoiselle de — Mademoiselle (will you guess again ?) — he marries MADemoiselle — La Grande Mademoiselle — Mademoiselle, daughter of the late Monsieur — Mademoiselle, granddaughter of Henri Quatre — Mademoiselle d'Eu — Made-

moiselle de Dombes — Mademoiselle de Montpensier — Mademoiselle d'Orléans — Mademoiselle, the King's own cousin — Mademoiselle, destined for the throne — Mademoiselle, the only fit match in France for Monsieur [the King's brother], — there's a piece of information for you ! If you shriek, — if you are beside yourself, — if you say it is a hoax, false, mere gossip, stuff, and nonsense, — if, finally, you say hard things about us, we do not complain ; we took the news in the same way. Adieu ! the letters by this post will show you whether we have told the truth."

Poor Mademoiselle ! Madame de Sévigné was right in one thing, — if it were not done promptly, it might prove impracticable. Like Ralph Roister Doister, she should ha' been married o' Sunday. Duly the contract was signed by which Lauzun took the name of M. de Montpensier and the largest fortune in the kingdom, surrendered without reservation, all, all to him ; but Mazarin had bribed the notary to four hours' delay, and during that time the King was brought to change his mind, to revoke his consent, and to contradict the letters he had written to foreign courts, formally announcing the nuptials of the first princess of the blood. In reading the Memoirs of Mademoiselle, one forgets all the absurdity of all her long ama-

tory angling for the handsome young guardsman, in pity for her deep despair. When she went to remonstrate with the King, the two royal cousins fell on their knees, embraced, "and thus we remained for near three quarters of an hour, not a word being spoken during the whole time, but both drowned in tears." Reviving she told the King, with her usual frankness, that he was "like apes who caress children and suffocate them;" and this high-minded monarch soon proceeded to justify her remark by ordering her lover to the Castle of Pignerol, to prevent a private marriage, — which had probably taken place already. Ten years passed, before the labors and wealth of this constant and untiring wife could obtain her husband's release; and when he was discharged at last, he came out a changed, soured, selfish, ungrateful man. "Just Heaven," she had exclaimed in her youth, "would not bestow such a woman as myself upon a man who was unworthy of her." But perhaps Heaven was juster than she thought. The married pair soon parted again forever, and Lauzun went to England, there to atone for these inglorious earlier days by one deed of heroic loyalty which I have no room to tell.

And then unrolled the gorgeous tapestry of the maturer reign of the Grand Monarque, —

that sovereign whom his priests in their liturgy styled "the chief work of the Divine hands," and of whom Mazarin said, more truthfully, that there was material enough in him for four kings and one honest man. The "Moi-même" of his boyish resolution became the "L'état, c'est moi" of his maturer egotism; Spain yielded to France the mastery of the land, as she had already yielded to Holland and England the sea; Turenne fell at Sassbach, Condé sheathed his sword at Chantilly; Bossuet and Bourdaloue, preaching the funeral sermons of these heroes, praised their glories, and forgot, as preachers will, their sins; Vatel committed suicide because his Majesty had not fish enough for breakfast; the Princesse Palatine died in a convent, and the Princesse Condé in a prison; the fair Sévigné chose the better part, and the fairer Montespan the worse; the lovely La Vallière walked through sin to saintliness, and poor Marie de Mancini through saintliness to sin; Voiture and Benserade and Corneille passed away, and Racine and Molière reigned in their stead; and Mademoiselle, who had won the first campaigns of her life and lost all the rest, died a weary old woman at sixty-seven.

Thus wrecked and wasted, her opportunity past, her career a disappointment, she leaves us only the passing glimpse of what she was, and

the hazy possibility of what she might have been. Perhaps the defect was, after all, in herself ; perhaps the soil was not deep enough to produce anything but a few stray heroisms, bright and transitory—perhaps otherwise. What fascinates us in her is simply her daring, that inborn fire of the blood to which danger is its own exceeding great reward ; a quality which always kindles enthusiasm, and justly, but which is a thing of temperament, not necessarily joined with any other great qualities, and worthless when it stands alone. But she had other resources, — weapons, at least, if not qualities ; she had birth, wealth, ambition, decision, pride, perseverance, ingenuity ; beauty not slight, though not equalling the superb Longuevilles and Chevreuses of the age ; great personal magnetism, more than average cultivation for that period, and unsullied chastity. Who can say in what things might have ended under other circumstances ? We have seen how Mazarin, who read all hearts but the saintly, dreaded the conjunction of herself and Condé ; it is scarcely possible to doubt that it would have placed a new line of Bourbons on the throne. Had she married Louis XIV., she might not have controlled that steadier will, but there would have been two Grand Monarques instead of one ; had she accepted Charles II. of

England, she might have only increased his despotic tendencies, but she would easily have disposed of the Duchess of Portsmouth; had she won Ferdinand III., Germany might have suffered less by the Peace of Westphalia; had she chosen Alphonso Henry, the house of Braganza would again have been upheld by a woman's hand. But she did none of these things, and her only epitaph is that dreary might-have-been.

Nay, not the only one; for one visible record of her, at least, the soil of France cherishes among its chiefest treasures. When the Paris butterflies flutter for a summer day to the decaying watering-place of Dieppe, some American wanderer, who flutters with them, may cast perchance a longing eye to where the hamlet of Eu stands amid its verdant meadows, two miles away, still lovely as when the Archbishop Laurent chose it out of all the world for his "place of eternal rest," six centuries ago. But it is not for its memories of priestly tombs and miracles that the summer visitor seeks it now, nor because the *savant* loves its ancient sea-margin or its Roman remains; nor is it because the little Bresle winds gracefully through its soft bed, beneath forests green in the sunshine, glorious in the gloom; it is not for the memories of Rollo and William the Conqueror,

which fill with visionary shapes, grander than the living, the corridors of its half-desolate château. It is because these storied walls, often ruined, often rebuilt, still shelter a gallery of historic portraits¹ such as the world cannot equal; there is not a Bourbon king, nor a Bourbon battle, nor one great name among the courtier contemporaries of Bourbons, that is not represented there; the "Hall of the Guises" contains kindred faces, from all the realms of Christendom; the "Salon des Rois" holds Joan of Arc, sculptured in marble by the hand of a princess; in the drawing-room, Père la Chaise and Marion de l'Orme are side by side, and the angelic beauty of Agnes Sorel floods the great hall with light like a sunbeam; and in this priceless treasure-house, worth more to France than almost fair Normandy itself, — this gallery of glory, first arranged at Choisy, then transferred hither to console the solitude of a weeping woman, — the wanderer finds the only remaining memorial of La Grande Mademoiselle.

¹ [Now removed.]

THE PURITAN MINISTER

IT is nine o'clock upon a summer Sunday morning, in the year sixteen hundred and something. The sun looks down brightly on a little forest settlement, around whose expanding fields the great American wilderness recedes each day, withdrawing its bears and wolves and Indians into an ever remoter distance, — not yet so far removed, however, but that a stout wooden gate at each end of the village street indicates that there is danger outside. It would look very busy and thriving in this hamlet, to-day, but for the Sabbath stillness which broods over everything with almost an excess of calm. Even the smoke ascends more faintly than usual from the chimneys of these numerous log-huts and these few framed houses, and since three o'clock yesterday afternoon not a stroke of this world's work has been done. Last night a preparatory lecture was held, and now comes the consummation of the whole week's life, in the solemn act of worship. In which settlement of the Massachusetts Colony is the great ceremonial to pass before our eyes? If it be Cambridge village, the warning drum is beating

its peaceful summons to the congregation. If it be Salem village, a bell is sounding its more ecclesiastic peal, and a red flag is simultaneously hung forth from the meeting-house, like the auction-flag of later periods, but offering in this case goods without money and beyond price. If it be Haverhill village, then Abraham Tyler has been blowing his horn assiduously for half an hour; a service for which Abraham, each year, receives a half-pound of pork from every family in town.

Be it drum, bell, or horn that gives the summons, we will draw near to this important building, the centre of the village, the one public edifice, — meeting-house, town-house, school-house, watch-house, all in one. So important is it, that no one can legally dwell more than a half mile from it. And yet the people ride to “meeting,” short though the distance be, for at yonder oaken block a wife dismounts from behind her husband, — and has it not, moreover, been found needful to impose a fine of forty shillings on fast trotting to and fro? All sins are not modern ones, young gentlemen.

We approach nearer still, and come among the civic institutions. This is the pillory, yonder are the stocks, and there is a large wooden cage, a terror to evil-doers, but let us hope empty now. Round the meeting-house is a

high wooden paling, to which the law permits citizens to tie their horses, provided it be not done too near the passageway. For at that opening stands a sentry, clothed in a suit of armor which is painted black, and cost the town twenty-four shillings by the bill. He bears also a heavy matchlock musket; his rest, or iron fork, is stuck in the ground, ready to support the weapon; and he is girded with his bandoleer, or broad leather belt, which sustains a sword and a dozen tin cartridge-boxes.

The meeting-house is the second to which the town has treated itself, the first having been "a timber fort, both strong and comely, with flat roof and battlements," — a cannon on top, and the cannonade of the gospel down below. But this one cost the town sixty-three pounds, hard-earned pounds, and carefully expended. It is built of brick, smeared outside with clay, and finished with clay-boards, larger than our clap-boards, outside of all. It is about twenty-five feet square, with a chimney half the width of the building, and projecting four feet above the thatched roof. The steeple is in the centre, and the bell-rope, if there be one, hangs in the middle of the broad aisle. There are six windows, two on each side and one at each end, some being covered with oiled paper only, others glazed in numerous small panes. Between the

windows, on the outside, hang the heads of all the wolves that have been killed in the township within the year ; but the Quakers think that the wolves have cheated the parish and got inside, in sheep's clothing.

The people are assembling. The Governor has passed by, with his four vergers bearing halberds before him. The French Popish ambassadors, who have just arrived from Canada, are told the customs of the place, and left to stay quietly in the Governor's house, with sweetmeats, wines, and the liberty of a private walk in the garden. The sexton has just called for the minister, as is his duty twice every Sunday, and, removing his cocked hat, he walks before his superior officer. The minister enters and passes up the aisle, dressed in Geneva cloak, black skull-cap, and black gloves open at thumb and finger, for the better handling of his manuscript. He looks round upon his congregation, a few hundred, recently "seated" anew for the year, according to rank and age. There are the old men in the pews beneath the pulpit. There are the young men in the gallery, or near the door, wearing ruffs, showy belts, gold and silver buttons, "points" at the knees, and great boots. There are the young women, with "silk or tiffany hoods or scarfs," "embroidered or needle-worked caps," "immoderate great

sleeves," "cut-works," "slash apparel," "immoderate great vayles, long wings," etc., — mystery on mystery, but all recorded in the statutes, which forbid these splendors to persons of mean estate. There are the wives of the magistrates in prominent seats, and the grammar-school master's wife next them; and in each pew, close to the mother's elbow, is the little wooden cage for the youngest child, still too young to sit alone. All boys are deemed too young to sit alone also; for, though the emigrants left in Holland the aged deaconess who there presided, birch in hand, to control the rising generation in Sunday meetings, yet the urchins are still herded on the pulpit and gallery-stairs, with four constables to guard them from the allurements of sin. And there sits Sin itself embodied in the shrinking form of some humiliated man or woman, placed on a high stool in the principal aisle, bearing the name of some dark crime written on paper and pinned to the garments, or perhaps a Scarlet Letter on the breast.

Oh the silence of this place of worship, after the solemn service sets in! "People do not sneeze or cough here in public assemblies," says one writer, triumphantly, "so much as in England." The warning caution, "Be short," which the minister has inscribed above his study-

door, claims no authority over his pulpit. He may pray his hour, unpausing, and no one thinks it long; for, indeed, at prayer-meetings four persons will sometimes pray an hour each, — one with confession, one with private petitions, a third with petitions for church and kingdom, and a fourth with thanksgiving, — each theme being conscientiously treated by itself. Then he may preach his hour, and, turning his hour-glass, may say, — but that he cannot foresee the levity to be born in a later century with Mather Byles, — “Now, my hearers, we will take another glass.”

In short, this is the pomp and circumstance of glorious preaching. Woe to any one who shall disturb its proprieties! It is written in the statute, “If any one interrupt or oppose a preacher in season of worship, they shall be reprov'd by the magistrate, and on repetition shall pay £5, or stand two hours on a block four feet high, with this inscription in capitals, ‘A Wanton Gospeller.’” Nor this alone, but the law stands by the minister’s doctrine even out of the meeting-house. It is but a few days since Nathaniel Hadlock was sentenced to be severely whipped for declaring that he could receive no profit from Mr. Higginson’s preaching; since Thomas Maule was mauled to the extent of ten stripes for declaring that Mr.

Higginson preached lies, and that his instruction was the doctrine of devils; since even the wife of Nicholas Phelps was sentenced to pay five pounds or be whipped, for asserting that this same Mr. Higginson sent abroad his wolves and bloodhounds among the sheep and lambs. Truly, it is a perilous thing to attend public worship in such reverential days. However, it is equally dangerous to stay at home; there are tithing-men to look after the absentees, and any one unnecessarily absent must pay five shillings. He may be put in the stocks or in the wooden cage, if delinquent for a month together.

But we must give our attention to the sermon. It is what the congregation will pronounce "a large, nervous, and golden discourse," a Scriptural discourse, — like the skeleton of the sea-serpent, all backbone and a great deal of that. It may be some very special and famous effort. Perhaps Increase Mather is preaching on "The Morning Star," or on "Snow," or on "The Voice of God in Stormy Winds;" or it may be his sermon entitled "Burnings Bewailed," to improve the lesson of some great conflagration, which he attributes partly to Sabbath-breaking and partly to the new fashion of monstrous periwigs. Or it may be Cotton Mather, his son, rolling forth his resounding dis-

course during a thunder-storm, entitled "Brantologia Sacra," — consisting of seven separate divisions or thunderbolts, and filled with sharp lightning from Scripture and the Rabbinical lore, and Cartesian natural philosophy. Just as he has proclaimed, "In the thunder there is the voice of the glorious God," a messenger comes hastening in, as in the Book of Job, to tell him that his own house has just been struck, and though no person is hurt, yet the house hath been much torn and filled with the lightnings. With what joy and power he instantly employs for his audience this providential surplus of excitement, like some scientific lecturer who has nearly blown himself up by his own experiments, and proceeds with fresh confidence, the full power of his compound being incontestably shown. Rising with the emergency into unwonted force, he tells them that, as he once had in his house a magnet which the thunder changed instantly from north to south, so it were well if the next bolt could change their stubborn souls from Satan to God. But afterward he is compelled to own that Satan also is sometimes permitted to have a hand in the thunder, which is the reason why it breaks oftener on churches than on any other buildings; and elsewhere he repeats that churches and ministers' houses have undoubtedly the larger share.

The sermon is over. The more demoralized among the little boys, whose sleepy eyes have been more than once admonished by the hare's-foot wand of the constables, — the sharp paw is used for the boys, the soft fur is kept for the smooth foreheads of drowsy maidens, — look up thoroughly awakened now. Bright eyes glance from beneath silk or tiffany hoods, for a little interlude is coming. Many things may happen in this pause after the sermon. Questions may be asked of the elders now, which the elders may answer — if they can. Some lay brother may “exercise” on a text of Scripture; rather severe exercise, it sometimes turns out. Candidates for the church may be proposed. A baptism may take place. If it be the proper month, the laws against profaning the Sabbath may be read. The last town regulations may be read; or, far more exciting, a new marriage may be published. Or a darker scene may follow, and some offending magistrate may be required to stand upon a bench, in his worst garments, with a foul linen cap drawn close to his eyes, and acknowledge his sins before the pious people, who revered him so lately.

These things done, a deacon says impressively, “Brethren, now there is time for contribution; wherefore, as God hath prospered you,

so freely offer." Then the people in the galleries come down and march two abreast, "up one ile and down the other," passing before the desk, where in a long "pue" sit the elders and deacons. One of these holds a money-box, into which the worshippers put their offerings, usually varying from one to five shillings, according to their ability and good-will. Some give paper pledges instead; and others give other valuables, such as "a fair gilt cup, with a cover," for the communion-service. Then comes a psalm, read, line after line, out of the "Bay Psalm-Book," and sung by the people. These psalms are sung regularly through, four every Sunday, and some ten tunes compose the whole vocal range of the congregation. Then come the words, "Blessed are they who hear the word of the Lord and keep it," and then the benediction.

And then the reverend divine descends from his desk and walks down the aisle, bowing gravely right and left to his people, not one of whom stirs till the minister has gone out; and then the assembly disperses, each to his own home, unless it be some who have come from a distance, and stay to eat their cold pork and peas in the meeting-house.

But it is time to put aside this panorama of the three-hours' Sunday service of two centu-

ries ago, lest that which was not called wearisome in the passing prove wearisome in the delineation now. It needed all this series of small details to show how widely the externals of New England church-going have changed since those early days. But what must have been the daily life of that Puritan minister for whom this exhausting service was but one portion of the task of life! Truly, they were "pious and painfull preachers" then, as I have read upon a stone in the old Watertown graveyard, — "princely preachers" Cotton Mather calls them. He relates that Mr. Cotton, in addition to preaching on Sunday and holding his ordinary lecture every Thursday, preached thrice a week besides, on Wednesday and Thursday early in the morning, and on Saturday afternoon. He also held a daily lecture in his house, which was at last abandoned as being too much thronged, and frequent occasional days occurred, when he would spend six hours "in the word and in prayer." On his voyage to this country, he being accompanied by two other ministers, they commonly had three sermons a day, — one after every meal. He was "an universal scholar and a walking library;" he studied twelve hours a day, and said he liked to sweeten his mouth with a piece of Calvin before he went to sleep.

A fearful rate of labor; a strange, grave, quaint, ascetic, rigorous life. It seems a mystery how the Reverend Joshua Moody could have survived to write four thousand sermons, but it is no mystery why the Reverend John Mitchell was called "a truly aged young man" at thirty, especially when we consider that he was successor at Cambridge to "the holy, heavenly, sweet-affecting, and soul-ravishing Mr. Shepard," in continuation of whose labors he kept a monthly lecture, "wherein he largely handled man's misery by sin and made a most entertaining exposition of the Book of Genesis."

Indeed, the minister's week-days were more arduous than his Sundays, and to have for each parish a pastor and a teacher still left a formidable share of duty for each. He must visit families during several afternoons in every week, sending previous notice, so that children and domestics might be ready for catechising. He was "much visited for counsel" in his own home, and must set apart one day in the week for cases of conscience, ranging from the most fine-drawn self-tormentings to the most unnatural secret crimes. He must often go to lectures in neighboring towns, a kind of religious dissipation which increased so fast that the Legislature at last interfered to restrict it. He must have five or six separate seasons for

private prayer daily, devoting each day in the week to special meditations and intercessions, — as Monday to his family, Tuesday to enemies, Wednesday to the churches, Thursday to other societies, Friday to persons afflicted, and Saturday to his own soul. He must have private fasts, spending whole days locked in his study and whole nights prostrate on the floor. Cotton Mather “thought himself starved,” unless he fasted once a month at farthest, while he often did it twice in a week. Then there were public fasts quite frequently, “because of sins, blasting, mildews, drought, grasshoppers, caterpillars, small-pox,” “loss of cattle by cold and frowns of Providence.” Perhaps a mouse and a snake had a battle in the neighborhood, and the minister must expound it as “symbolizing the conflict betwixt Satan and God’s poor people,” the latter being the mouse triumphant. Then if there were a military expedition, the minister might think it needful to accompany it. If there were even a muster, he must open and close it with prayer, or, in his absence, the captain must officiate.

One would naturally add to this record of labors the attendance on weddings and funerals. It is strange how few years are required to make any usage seem ancestral, or to revive it after long neglect. Who now remembers that

our progenitors for more than a century disused religious services on both these solemn occasions? Magistrates alone could perform the marriage ceremony; though it was thought to be carrying the monopoly quite too far when Governor Bellingham, in 1641, officiated at his own. Prayer was absolutely forbidden at funerals, as was done also by Calvin at Geneva, by John Knox in Scotland, by the English Puritans in the Westminster Assembly, and by the French Huguenots. The bell might ring, the friends might walk, two and two, to the grave; but there must be no prayer uttered. The secret was that the traditions of the English and Romish churches must be systematically set aside. "Doctor," said King James to a Puritan divine, "do you go barefoot because the Papists wear shoes and stockings?" Even the origin of the frequent New England habit of eating salt fish on Saturday is supposed to have been the fact that Roman Catholics ate it on Friday.

But if there were no prayers said on these occasions, there were sermons. Mr. John Calf, of Newbury, described one specimen of funeral sermon in immortal verse:—

"On Sabbath day he went his way,
As he was used to do,
God's house unto, that they might know
What he had for to show;

God's holy will he must fulfil,
For it was his desire
For to declare a sermon rare
Concerning Madam Fryer."

The practice of wedding discourses was handed down into the last century, and sometimes beguiled the persons concerned into rather startling levities. For instance, when Parson Smith's daughter Mary was to marry young Mr. Cranch, the father permitted the saintly maiden to decide on her own text for the sermon, and she meekly selected, "Mary hath chosen the better part, which shall not be taken away from her," and the discourse was duly pronounced. But when her wild young sister Abby was bent on marrying a certain John Adams, whom her father disliked and would not even invite to dinner, she boldly suggested for her text, "John came, neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and ye say he hath a devil." But no sermon stands recorded under this prefix, though Abby lived to be the wife of one President of the United States and mother of another.

The Puritan minister had public duties also upon him. "New England being a country," said Cotton Mather, "whose interests are remarkably enwrapped in theological circumstances, ministers ought to interest themselves in politics." Indeed, for many years they vir-

tually controlled the franchise, inasmuch as only male church members could vote or hold office, at least in the Massachusetts Colony. Those malecontents who petitioned to enlarge the suffrage were fined and imprisoned in 1646, and even in 1664 the only amendment was by permitting non-church members to vote on a formal certificate to their orthodoxy from the minister. The government they aimed at was not democracy, but theocracy. "God never did ordain democracy as a fit government," said Cotton. Accordingly, when Cotton and Ward framed their first code, Ward's portion was rejected by the colony as heathen, — that is, based on Greek and Roman models, not Mosaic, — and Cotton's was afterwards rebuked in England as "fanatical and absurd." But the government finally established was an ecclesiastical despotism, tempered by theological controversy.

In Connecticut it was first the custom, and then the order, lasting as late as 1708, that "the ministers of the gospel should preach a sermon, on the day appointed by law for the choice of civil rulers, proper for the direction of the town in the work before them." They wrote state papers, went on embassies, and took the lead at town meetings. At the exciting gubernatorial election in 1637, Rev. John Wilson, min-

ister of the First Church in Boston, not satisfied with "taking the stump" for his candidate, took to a full-grown tree and harangued the people from among the boughs. One might well assume that the effect of this predominant clerical influence must have been to make the aim of the Puritan codes lofty, their consistency unflinching, their range narrow, and their penalties severe, — and it certainly was so. Looking at their educational provisions, those statutes all seem noble; looking at their schedule of sins and retributions, one wonders how any rational being could have endured them for a day. Communities, like individuals, furnish virtues piecemeal. Roger Williams, with all his wise toleration, bequeathed to Rhode Island no such system of schools as his persecutors framed for Massachusetts. Yet the children who were watched and trained thus carefully might be put to death, if they "cursed their orderly parents" after the age of sixteen; not that the penalty was ever inflicted, but it was on the statute-book. Sabbath-breaking was placed on a level with murder, though Calvin himself had allowed the old men to play at bowls and the young men to practise military training, after afternoon service, at Geneva. Down to 1769 not even a funeral could take place on Sunday in Massachusetts, without license from a magis-

trate. Then the stocks and the wooden cage were in frequent use, though "barbarous and cruel" punishments were forbidden in 1641. Scolds and railers were set on a ducking-stool and dipped over head and ears three times, in running water, if possible. Mrs. Oliver, a troublesome theologian, was silenced with a cleft stick applied to her tongue. Thomas Scott, in 1649, was sentenced for some offence to learn "the chatachise," or be fined ten shillings, and, after due consideration, paid the fine. Sometimes offenders, with a refinement of cruelty, were obliged to "go and talk to the elders." If any youth made matrimonial overtures to a young woman without the consent of her parents, or, in their absence, of the County Court, he was first fined and then imprisoned. This suggests new etymology for the word "courting."

A good instance of this mingled influence was in the relation of the ministers to the Indian wars. Roger Williams, even when banished and powerless, could keep the peace with the natives. But when the brave Miantonimo was to be dealt with for suspected treason, and the civil authorities had decided, that, though it was unsafe to set him at liberty, they yet had no ground to put him to death, the matter was finally referred to five "elders," and

Uncas was straightway authorized to slay him in cold blood. The Pequots were first defeated and then exterminated, and their heroic King Philip, a patriot according to his own standard, was hunted like a wild beast, his body quartered and set on poles, his head exposed as a trophy for twenty years on a gibbet in Plymouth, and one of his hands sent to Boston : then the ministers returned thanks, and one said that they had prayed the bullet into Philip's heart. Nay, it seems that in 1677, on a Sunday in Marblehead, "the women, as they came out of the meeting-house, fell upon two Indians, that had been brought in as captives, and in a tumultuous way very barbarously murdered them," in revenge for the death of some fishermen : a moral application which throws a singular light on the style of gospel prevailing inside the meeting-house that day. But it is good to know, on the other side, that, when the Commissioners of the United Colonies had declared an Indian war, and the Massachusetts Colony had afterwards become convinced that the war was unrighteous, the troops were recalled, though already far towards the field, no pride or policy preventing the original order from being rescinded.

These were some of the labors of the clergy. But no human being lives without relaxation, and they may have had theirs. True, "ministers

have little to joy in in this world," wrote old Norton; and one would think so, on reading the dismal diaries, printed or manuscript, of those days. "I can compare with any man living for fears," said Hooker. "I have sinned myself into darkness," said Bailey. "Many times have I been ready to lay down my ministry, thinking God had forsaken me." "I was almost in the suburbs of hell all day." Yet who can say that this habit of agonizing introspection wholly shut out the trivial enjoyments of daily life? Who drank, for instance, those twelve gallons of sack and those six gallons of white wine which the General Court thought it convenient that the Auditor should send, "as a small testimony of the Court's respect, to the reverend assembly of Elders at Cambridge," in 1644? Did the famous Cambridge Platform rest, like the earth in the Hebrew cosmology, upon the waters—strong waters? Was it only the Derry Presbyterians who would never give up a p'int of doctrine nor a pint of rum? It is startling to remember that in 1685 it was voted, on occasion of a public funeral, that "some person be appointed to look after the burning of the wine and the heating of the cider," and to hear that on this occasion there were thirty-two gallons of wine and still more of cider, with one hundred and four pounds of that insnaring acces-

sory, sugar. Francis Higginson, in writing back to the mother country that one sup of New England's air was better than a whole draught of Old England's ale, gave convincing proof that he had tasted both beverages. But, after all, the very relaxations of the Puritan minister were more spiritual than spirituous, and to send forth a good Nineteenthly from his own lips was more relishing than to have the best Double X go in.

In spite of the dignity of this influential class, its members were called only Elders for a long time. Titles were carefully adjusted in those days. The commonalty bore the appellations of Goodman and Goodwife, and one of Roger Williams's offences was that of wishing to limit these terms to those who gave some signs of deserving them. The name "Mr." was allowed to those who had taken the degree of Master of Arts at college and also to professional men, eminent merchants, military officers, and mates of vessels; and their wives and daughters monopolized the epithet "Mrs." Mr. Josiah Plastow, when he had stolen four baskets of corn from the Indians, was degraded into plain Josiah. "Mr." seems to have meant simply "My Sir," and the clergy were often called "Sir" merely, a title given also to college graduates, on Commencement programmes, down to the

time of the Revolution. So strong was the Puritan dislike to the idolatry implied in saints' names, that the Christian Apostles were sometimes designated as Sir Paul, Sir Peter, and Sir James.

In coming to the private affairs of the Puritan divines, it is humiliating to find that anxieties about salary are of no modern origin. The highest compensation I can find recorded is that of John Higginson in 1671, who had £160 voted him "in country produce," which he was glad, however, to exchange for £120 in solid cash. Solid cash included beaver-skins, black and white wampum, beads, and musket-balls, value one farthing. Mr. Woodbridge in Newbury at this same time had £60, and Mr. Epes preached in Salem for twenty shillings a Sunday, half in money and half in provisions. Holy Mr. Cotton used to say that nothing was cheap in New England but milk and ministers. Down to 1700, Increase Mather says, most salaries were less than £100, which he thinks "might account for the scanty harvests enjoyed by our farmers." He and his son Cotton both tell the story of a town where "two very eminent ministers were only allowed £30 per annum," and "the God who will not be mocked made them lose £300 worth of cattle that year." Cotton Mather also complains that the people were very

willing to consider the ministers the stars, rather than the mere lamps, of the churches, provided they, like the stars, would shine without earthly contributions.

He also calls the terms of payment, in one of his long words, "Synecdotical Pay,"—in allusion to that rhetorical figure by which a part is used for the whole. And apparently various causes might produce this Synecdoche; for I have seen an anonymous "Plea for Ministers of the Gospel," in 1706, which complains that "young ministers have often occasion in their preaching to speak things offensive to some of the wealthiest people in town, on which occasion they may withhold a considerable part of their maintenance." It is a comfort to think how entirely this source of discomfort, at least, is now eradicated from the path of the clergy; and it is painful to think that there ever was a period when wealthy parishioners did not enjoy the delineation of their own sins.

However, the ministerial households contrived to subsist, in spite of rhetorical tropes and malecontent millionaires. The Puritan divine could commonly afford not only to keep house, but to keep horse likewise, and to enjoy the pet professional felicity of printing his own sermons. As to the last privilege there could have been no great trouble, for booksellers were growing

rich in New England as early as 1677, — according to the traveller Dunton, who was himself in that line of business, — and Cotton Mather published three hundred and eighty-two different works for his own share. Books were abundant enough at that day, though somewhat grim and dingy, and two complete Puritan libraries are preserved in the rich collection of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, — without whose treasures, let me add, this modest monograph never could have been written. As for the minister's horse, the moral sentiment of the community protected him faithfully ; for a man was fined in Newbury for "killing our elder's mare, and a special good beast she was." The minister's house was built by the town ; in Salem it was "13 feet stud, 23 by 42, four chimnies, and no gable-ends," — so that the House with Seven Gables belonged to somebody else ; and the Selectmen ordered all men to appear with teams on a certain day and put the minister's grounds in order.

Inside the parsonage-house, however, there was sometimes trouble. Rev. Ezekiel Rogers wrote in 1657 to his brother in England : "Much ado I have with my own family ; hard to get a servant who enjoys catechising or family duties. I had a rare blessing of servants in England, and those I brought over were a

blessing ; but the young brood doth much afflict me." Probably the minister's wife had the worst of this ; but she seems to have been generally, like the modern minister's wife, a saint, and could bear it. Cotton Mather, indeed, quotes triumphantly the Jewish phrase for a model woman, — "one who deserves to marry a priest ;" and one of the most singular passages in the history of the human heart is this old gentleman's own narrative, in his manuscript diary, of a passionate love-adventure, in his later years, with a fascinating young girl, an "ingenious child," as he calls her, whom his parish thought by no means a model for her sex, but from whom it finally took three days of solitary fasting and prayer to wean him.

He was not the only Puritan minister who bestowed his heart somewhat strangely. Rev. John Mitchell, who succeeded the soul-ravishing Shepard at Cambridge, as aforesaid, married his predecessor's widow "on the general recommendation of her," and the college students were greatly delighted, as one might imagine. Rev. Michael Wigglesworth, in 1691, wooed the Widow Avery in a written discourse, which I have seen in manuscript, arranged under twelve different heads, — one of which treats of the prospect of his valuable life being preserved longer by her care. She having children of her

own, he offers mysteriously to put some of his own children "out of the way," if necessary, — a hint which becomes formidable when one remembers that he was the author of that once famous theological poem, "The Day of Doom," in which he relentingly assigned to infants, because they had sinned only in Adam, "the easiest room in hell." But he wedded the lady, and they were apparently as happy as if he had not been a theologian; and I have seen the quaint little heart-shaped locket he gave her, bearing an anchor and a winged heart and "Thine forever."

Let us glance now at some of the larger crosses of the Puritan minister. First came a "young brood" of heretics to torment him. Gorton's followers were exasperating enough; they had to be confined in irons separately, one in each town, on pain of death, if they preached their doctrines, — and of course they preached them. But their offences and penalties were light compared with those of the Quakers. When the Quakers assembled by themselves, their private doors might be broken open, — a thing which Lord Chatham said the King of England could not do for any one, — they might be arrested without warrant, tried without jury, for the first offence be fined, for the second lose one ear, for the third lose the other ear, and for

the fourth be bored with red-hot iron through the tongue, though this last penalty remained a dead letter. They could be stripped to the waist, tied to a cart, and whipped through town after town. Three women were whipped through eleven towns, eighty miles; but afterwards the number was limited to three. Their testimony was invalid, their families attainted, and those who harbored them were fined forty shillings an hour. They might be turned out shelterless among wolves and bears and frosts; they could be branded H for Heretic, and R for Rogue; they could be sold as slaves; and their graves must not be fenced to keep off wild beasts, lest their poor afflicted bodies should find rest there.

Yet in this same age Quaker women had gone as missionaries to Malta and to Turkey and returned unharmed. No doubt the monks and the Sultan looked with dismay on the "plain clothing;" and the Inquisition imprisoned the missionaries, though the Sultan did not. But meanwhile the Quaker women in New England might be walking to execution with their male companions — like Mary Dyer in Boston, under an armed guard of two hundred, led on by a minister seventy years old, and the fiercer for every year. When they asked Mary Dyer, "Are you not ashamed to

walk thus hand in hand between two young men?" she answered, "No, this is to me an hour of the greatest joy I could enjoy in this world. No tongue could utter and no heart understand the sweet influence of the Spirit which now I feel." Then they placed her on the scaffold, and covered her face with a handkerchief which the Reverend Mr. Wilson lent the hangman; and when they heard that she was reprieved, she would not come down, saying that she would suffer with her brethren. And suffer death she did, at last, and the Reverend Mr. Wilson made a pious ballad on her execution.

It is no wonder if some persons declare that about this time the wheat of Massachusetts began to be generally blasted, and the peas to grow wormy. It is no wonder that, when the witchcraft excitement came on, the Quakers called it a retribution for these things. But let us be just, even to the unjust. Toleration was a new-born virtue in those days, and one which no Puritan ever for a moment recognized as such, or asked to have exercised toward himself. In England they did not wish to be tolerated for a day as sectaries, for they claimed to have authority as the one true church. They held with Pym that "it is the duty of legislators to establish the true religion and to punish false,"

— a doctrine equally fatal, whether applied to enforce the right theology or the wrong. They objected to the Church of England, not that it persecuted, but that its persecution was wrongly aimed. It is, therefore, equally absurd to praise them for a toleration they never professed, and to accuse them of inconsistency when they practised intolerance. They have been so loosely praised, that they are as loosely blamed. What was great in them was their heroism of soul, not their largeness. They sought the American wilderness, not to indulge the consciences of others, but to exercise their own. They said to the Quakers, "We seek not your death, but your absence." Even the penalties they inflicted was only an alternative sentence; all they asked of the Quakers was to keep out of their settlements and let them alone. Moreover, their worst penalties were borrowed from the English laws, and only four offenders were put to death from the beginning, — of course, four too many.

Again, it is to be remembered that the Quaker peculiarities were not theological only, but political and social also. Everything that the Puritan system of government asserted the Quakers denied; they rendered no allegiance, owned no laws, paid no taxes, bore no arms. With the best possible intentions, they sub-

verted all established order. Then their modes of action were very often intemperate and violent. One can hardly approve the condemnation pronounced by Cotton Mather upon a certain man among the Friends in those days, who could control a mad bull that would rend any other man. But it was oftener the zealots themselves who needed taming. Running naked through the public streets; coming into meeting dressed in sackcloth, with ashes on their heads and nothing on their feet; or sitting there with their hats on, groaning and rocking to and fro, in spite of elders, deacons, and tithingmen: these were the vagaries of the more fanatical Quakers, though always repudiated by the main body. The Puritans found themselves reproached with permitting these things, and so took refuge in outrageous persecutions, which doubled them. Indeed, the Friends themselves began to persecute, on no greater provocation, in Philadelphia, thirty years afterwards, playing over again upon George Keith and his followers the same deluded policy of fines and imprisonment from which they had just escaped; as minorities have persecuted smaller minorities ever since intolerance began.

Indeed, so far as mere language went, the minority did their full share. Grave divines did not like to be pelted with such epithets as

these: "Thou fiery fighter and green-headed trumpeter! thou hedgehog and grinning dog! thou mole! thou tinker! thou lizard! thou bell of no metal but the tone of a kettle! thou wheelbarrow! thou whirlpool! thou whirligig! thou firebrand! thou moon-calf! thou ragged tatterdemalion! thou gormandizing priest! thou bane of reason and beast of the earth! thou best to be spared of all mankind!" — all of which are genuine epithets from the Quaker books of that period, and termed by Cotton Mather, who collected them, "quills of the porcupine." They surpass even Dr. Chauncy's catalogue of the unsavory epithets used by Whitefield and Tennent a century later; and it was not likely that they would be tolerated by a race whose reverence for men in authority was so comprehensive that they actually fined some one for remarking that Major Phillips's old mare was as lean as an Indian's dog.

There is a quaint anecdote preserved, showing the continuance of the Quaker feud in full vigor as lately as 1705. A youth among the Friends wished to espouse a fair Puritan maiden; but the Quakers disapproved his marrying out of their society, and the Congregationalists his marrying into theirs; so in despair he thus addressed her: "Ruth, let us break from this unreasonable bondage. I will give

up my religion, and thou shalt give up thine ; and we will marry and go into the Church of England, and go to the Devil together." And they fulfilled the resolution, the Puritan historian says, *so far* as going into the Church, and marrying, and staying there for life.

With the same careful discrimination we must try to study the astonishing part played by the ministers in the witchcraft delusions. It must be remembered that the belief in this visitation was no new or peculiar thing in New England. The Church, the Scriptures, the mediæval laws, had all made it a capital crime. There had been laws against it in England for a hundred years. Bishop Jewell had complained to Queen Elizabeth of the alarming increase of witches and sorcerers. Sir Thomas Browne had pronounced it flat atheism to doubt them. High legal and judicial authorities, as Dalton, Keeble, Sir Matthew Hale, had described this crime as definitely and seriously as any other. In Scotland four thousand had suffered death for it in ten years ; Cologne, Nuremberg, Geneva, Paris, were executing hundreds every year ; even in 1749 a girl was burnt alive in Würzburg ; and is it strange if, during all that wild excitement, Massachusetts put to death twenty ? The only wonder is in the independence of the Rhode Island people, who declared that "there were

no witches on the earth, nor devils, — except” (as they profanely added) “the New England ministers, and such as they.”

John Higginson sums it up best : “They proceeded in their integrity with a zeal of God against sin, according to their best light and law and evidence.” “But there is a question,” he wisely adds, “whether some of the laws, customs, and privileges used by judges and juries in England, which were followed as patterns here, were not insufficient.” Cotton Mather also declared that he observed in judges and juries a conscientious endeavor to do the thing which was right, and gives a long list of the legal authorities whom they consulted ; observing, finally, that the fact of fifty confessions was, after all, the one irresistible vindication of their strong measures.

It must have been so. Common-sense and humanity might have refuted every other evidence than that of the victims themselves. But what were the authorities to do, when, in addition to all legal and Scriptural precedents, the prisoners insisted on entering a plea of guilty ? When Goody E—— testified that she and two others rode from Andover to a witch-meeting on a broomstick, and the stick broke and she fell and was still lame from it ; when her daughter testified that she rode on the same stick, and

confirmed all the details of the casualty; when the granddaughter confirmed them also, and added that she rode on another stick, and they all signed Satan's book together; when W. B——, aged forty, testified that Satan assembled a hundred fine blades near Salem Meeting-house, and the trumpet sounded, and bread and wine were carried round, and Satan was like a black sheep, and wished them to destroy the minister's house (by thunder probably), and set up his kingdom, and "then all would be well;" when one woman summoned her three children and some neighbors and a sister and a domestic, who all testified that she was a witch and so were they all, — what could be done for such prisoners by judge or jury, in an age which held witchcraft to be possible? It was only the rapid rate of increase which finally stopped the convictions.

One thing is certain, that this strange delusion, a semi-comedy to us, — though part of the phenomena may find their solution in laws not yet unfolded, — was the sternest of tragedies to those who lived in it. Conceive, for an instant, of believing in the visible presence and labors of the arch-fiend in a peaceful community. Yet from the bottom of their souls these strong men held to it, and they waged a hand-to-hand fight with Satan all their days. Very

inconveniently the opponent sometimes dealt his blows, withal. Surely it could not be a pleasant thing to a sound divine, just launched upon his seventeen-headed discourse, to have a girl with wild eyes and her hair about her ears start up and exclaim, "Parson, your text is too long;" or, worse yet, "Parson, your sermon is too long;" or, most embarrassing of all, "There's a great yellow bird sitting on the parson's hat in the pulpit." But these formidable interruptions veritably happened, and received the stern discipline for such cases made and provided.

But beside Quakers and witches, the ministers had other female tormentors to deal with. There was the perpetual anxiety of the unregenerated toilet. "Immodest apparel, laying out of hair, borders, naked necks and arms, or, as it were, pinioned with superfluous ribbons," — these were the things which tried men's souls in those days, and the statute books and private journals are full of such plaintive inventories of the implements of sin. Things known as "slash apparel" seem to have been an infinite source of anxiety; there must be only one slash on each sleeve and one in the back. Men also must be prohibited from shoulder-bands of undue width, double ruffs and cuffs, and, "immoderate great breeches." Part of the solici-

tude was for modesty, part for gravity, part for economy: none must dress above their condition. In 1652 three men and a woman were fined ten shillings each and costs for wearing silver-lace, another for broad bone-lace, another for tiffany, and another for a silk hood. Alice Flynt was accused of a silk hood, but, proving herself worth more than two hundred pounds, escaped unpunished. Jonas Fairbanks, about the same time, was charged with "great boots," and the evidence went hard against him; but he was fortunately acquitted, and the credit of the family was saved.

The question of veils seems to have rocked the Massachusetts Colony to its foundations, and was fully discussed at Thursday Lecture, March 7, 1634. Holy Mr. Cotton was utterly and unalterably opposed to veils, regarding them as a token of submission to husbands in an unscriptural degree. It is pleasant to think that there could be an unscriptural extent of such submission, in those times. But Governor Endicott and Rev. Mr. Williams resisted stoutly, quoting Paul, as usual in such cases; so Paul, veils, and vanity carried the day. But afterward Mr. Cotton came to Salem to preach for Mr. Skelton, and did not miss his chance to put in his solemn protest against veils; he said they were a custom not to be tolerated; and so

the ladies all came to meeting without their veils in the afternoon.

Beginning with the veils, the eye of authority was next turned on what was under them. In 1675 it was decided that, as the Indians had done much harm of late, and the Deity was evidently displeased with something, the General Court should publish a list of the evils of the time. And among the twelve items of contrition stood this: "Long hair like women's hair is worn by some men, either their own or others' hair made into periwigs; and by some women wearing borders of hair, and their cutting, curling, and immodest laying out of their hair, which practice doth increase, especially among the younger sort." Not much was effected, however, "divers of the elders' wives," as Winthrop lets out, "being in some measure partners in this disorder." The use of wigs also, at first denounced by the clergy, was at last countenanced by them: in portraits later than 1700 they usually replace the black skull-cap of earlier pictures, and in 1752 the tables had so far turned that a church-member in Newbury refused communion because "the pastor wears a wigg." Yet Increase Mather thought they played no small part in producing the Boston Fire. "Monstrous Periwigs, such as some of our church-members indulge in,

which make them resemble the Locusts that came out of y^e Bottomless Pit. Rev. ix. 7, 8, — and as an eminent Divine call them, *Horrid Bushes of Vanity*; such strange apparel as is contrary to the light of Nature and to express Scripture. 1 Cor. xi. 14, 15. Such pride is enough to provoke the Lord to kindle fires in all the towns in the country.”

Another vexation was the occasional arrival of false prophets in a community where every man was expected to have a current supply of religious experiences always ready for circulation. There was a certain hypocritical Dick Swayn, for instance, a seafaring man, who gave much trouble; and E. F., — for they usually appear by initials, — who, coming to New Haven one Saturday evening, and being dressed in black, was taken for a minister, and asked to preach: he was apparently a little insane, and at first talked “demurely,” but at last “railed like Rabshakeh,” Cotton Mather says. There was also M. J., a Welsh tanner, who finally stole his employer’s leather breeches and set up for a preacher, — less innocently apparelled than George Fox. But the worst of all was one bearing the since sainted name of Samuel May. This vessel of wrath appeared in 1699, indorsed as a man of a sweet gospel spirit, though, indeed, one of his indorsers had him-

self been "a scandalous fire-ship among the churches." Mather declares that every one went a-Maying after this man, whom he maintains to have been a barber previously, and who knew no Latin, Greek, Hebrew, nor even English, for (as he indignantly asserts) "there were eighteen horrid false spells, and not one point, in one very short note I received from him." This doubtful personage copied his sermons from a volume by his namesake, Dr. Samuel Bolton, — "Sam the Doctor and Sam the Dunce," Mather calls them. Finally, "this eminent worthy stranger," Sam, who was no dunce, after all, quarrelled with his parish for their slow payments, and "flew out like a Dragon, spitting this among other fire at them: 'I see, no longer pipe, no longer dance,' — so that they came to fear he was a cheat, and wish they had never seen him." Then "the guilty fellow, having bubbled the silly neighbors of an incredible number of pounds, on a sudden was gone," and Cotton Mather sent a letter after him, which he declares to have been the worst penalty the man suffered.

It is safer to say little of the theological scheme of the Puritan ministers, lest the present writer be pronounced a Wanton Gospeller, and have no tithingman to take his part. But however it may be with the regular standards of

theology of that period, every one could find a sufficient variety to suit him among its heresies. Eighty-two "pestilent heresies" were counted as having already sprung up in 1637; others say one hundred and six; others, two hundred and ten. The Puritans kept Rhode Island for what housekeepers call an "odd drawer," into which to crowd all these eccentricities. It was said that, if any man happened to lose his religious opinion, he might be sure to find it again at some village in Rhode Island. Thither went Roger Williams and his Baptists; thither went Quakers and ranters; thither went Ann Hutchinson, that extraordinary woman, who divided the whole politics of the country by her Antinomian doctrines, denouncing the formalisms around her, and converting the strongest men, like Cotton and Vane, to her opinions. Thither went also Samuel Gorton, a man of no ordinary power, who proclaimed a mystical union with God in love, thought that heaven and hell were in the mind alone, but esteemed little the clergy and the ordinances. The Colony was protected also by the thoughtful and chivalrous Vane, who held that water baptism had had its day, and that the Jewish Sabbath should give place to the modern Sunday. All these, and such as these, were called generally "Seekers" by the Puritans, — who

claimed for themselves that they had found that which they sought. It is the old distinction; but for which destiny is the ship built, to be afloat or to be at anchor?

Such were those pious worthies, the men whose names are identified with the leadership of the New England Colonies, — Cotton, Hooker, Norton, Shepard, the Higginsons, the Mathers. To these might be added many an obscurer name, preserved in the quaint epitaphs of the "Magnalia," — Blackman, "in spite of his name, a Nazarene whiter than snow;" Partridge, "a hunted partridge," yet both a dove and an eagle;" Ezekiel Rogers, "a tree of knowledge, whose apples the very children might pluck;" Nathaniel Rogers, "a very lively preacher and a very preaching liver, he loved his church as if it had been his family and he taught his family as if it had been his church;" Warham, the first who preached with notes, and who suffered agonies of doubt respecting the Lord's Supper; Stone, "both a loadstone and a flint stone," and who set the self-sacrificing example of preaching only one hour.

These men had mingled traits of good and evil, like all mankind, — nobler than their descendants in some attributes, less noble in oth-

ers. The most strait-laced Massachusetts Calvinist of these days would have been disciplined by them for insufferable laxity, and yet their modern successor would count it utter shame, perhaps, to own a slave in his family or to drink rum-punch at an ordination, — which Puritan divines might do without rebuke. Not one of them has left on record a statement so broad and noble as that of Roger Williams: “To be content with food and raiment, — to mind not our own, but every man the things of another, — yea, and to suffer wrong, and to part with what we judge to be right, yea, our own lives, and, as poor women martyrs have said, as many as there be hairs upon our heads, for the name of God and for the Son of God’s sake, — this is humanity, this is Christianity; the rest is but formality and picture-courteous idolatry, and Jewish and Popish blasphemy against the Christian religion.” And yet the mind of Roger Williams was impulsive, erratic, and unstable, compared with theirs; and in what respect has the work they left behind them proved, after the testing of two centuries, less solid or durable than his?

These men were stern even to cruelty against all that they held evil, — Satan and his supposed emissaries, witches, Quakers, Indians, negligent parishioners, disobedient offspring,

men with periwigs, and women in slash apparel. Yet the tenderest private gentleness often lay behind this gloomy rigor of the conscience. Some of them would never chastise a son or daughter, in spite of Solomon; others would write in Greek characters in their old almanacs quaint little English verses on the death of some beloved child. That identical "Priest Wilson," who made the ballad at Mary Dyer's execution, attended a military muster one day. "Sir," said some one, "I'll tell you a great thing: here's a mighty body of people, and there's not seven of them all but loves Mr. Wilson." "Sir," it was replied, "I'll tell you as good a thing: here's a mighty body of people, and there's not one of them all but Mr. Wilson loves him." Mr. Cotton was a terror to evil-doers, yet, when a company of men came along from a tavern and said, "Let us put a trick upon old Cotton," and one of them came and cried in his ear, "Cotton, thou art an old fool," — "I know it, I know it," retorted cheerily the venerable man, and pungently added, "The Lord make both me and thee wiser!" Mr. Hooker was once reproving a boy in the street, who boldly replied, "I see you are in a passion; I will not answer you," and so ran away. It contradicts all one's notions of Puritan propriety, and yet it seems that the good

man, finding afterwards that the boy was not really guilty, sent for him to apologize, and owned himself to have been wrong.

What need to speak of the strength and courage, the disinterestedness and zeal, with which they bore up the fortunes of the Colony on their shoulders, and put that iron into the New England blood which has since supplied the tonic for a continent? It was said of Mr. Hooker that he was "a person who, while doing his Master's work, would put a king in his pocket;" and it was thus with them all: they would pocket anything but a bribe to themselves or an insult to God or their profession. They flinched from no reproof that was needed: "Sharp rebukes make sound Christians," was a proverb among them. They sometimes lost their tempers, and sometimes their parishes, but never their independence. I find a hundred anecdotes of conscientious cruelty laid up against them, but not one of cowardice or of compromise. They may have bored the tongues of others with a bar of iron, but they never fettered their own tongues with a bar of gold, as some African tribes think it a saintly thing to do, and not African tribes alone.

There was such an absolute righteousness among them, that to this day every man of New England descent lives partly on the fund of vir-

tuous habit they accumulated. And, on the other hand, every man of the many who still stand ready to indorse everything signed by a D. D. — without even adding the commercial E. E., for Errors Excepted — is in part the victim of the over-influence they obtained. Yet there was a kind of democracy in that vast influence also: the Puritans were far more thorough Congregationalists than their successors; they recognized no separate clerical class, and the “elder” was only the highest officer of his own church. Each religious society could choose and ordain its own minister, or dispense with all ordaining services at will, without the slightest aid or hindrance from council or consociation. So the stern theology of the pulpit only reflected the stern theology of the pews; the minister was but the representative man. If the ministers were recognized as spiritual guides, it was because they were such to the men of their time, whatever they might be to ours. Demonax of old, when asked about the priests’ money, said that if they were really the leaders of the people, they could not have too much payment, — or too little, if it were otherwise. I believe that on these conditions the Puritan ministers well earned their hundred and sixty pounds a year, — with a discount of forty pounds, if paid in wampum-beads and musket-

balls. What they took in musket-balls they paid back in the heavier ammunition of moral truth. Here is a specimen of their grape-shot :—

“My fathers and brethren,” said John Higginson (whom the laborious Dr. Griswold considers to have been “incomparably the best writer, native or foreign, who lived in New England during the first hundred years of her colonization”), “this is never to be forgotten, that our New England is originally a plantation of religion, and not a plantation of trade. Let merchants and such as are making cent. per cent. remember this. Let others who have come over since at sundry times remember this, that worldly gain was not the end and design of the people of New England, but religion. And if any man among us make religion as twelve and the world as thirteen, let such a man know he hath neither the spirit of a true New England man, nor yet of a sincere Christian.”

THE GREEK GODDESSES

“ That heroic virtue
For which antiquity hath left no names
But patterns only, such as Hercules,
Achilles, Theseus.”

CAREW.

THE Greek goddesses, like all other mythologic figures, have been very fully discussed, in all their less interesting aspects. Their genealogies have been ransacked, as if they had lived in Boston or Philadelphia. Their symbolic relations to the elements and to the zodiac and to all the physical phenomena have been explored, as if there were to be an almanac made by their means. You will find in Max Müller the latest versions of the ethical, the allegorical, and the historic interpretations. Yet all these unhappily omit the one element that gives to those fabled beings their human interest, inasmuch as the personality is left out. It may be that the mythologists think the view beneath them ; but it is hard to find in any language an essay which lays all these abstruser things aside, and treats the deities in their simplest aspect, as so many Ideals of Womanhood.

We must charitably remember that the Greek goddesses are rather new acquaintances, in their own proper personalities. Till within thirty years their very names had been merged for us in the Latin substitutes, as effectually as if each had married into a Roman family. It is only since the publication of Thirlwall's "Greece," in 1835, that they have generally appeared in English books under their own proper titles. With the Latin names came a host of later traditions, mostly foreign to the Greek mind, generally tending toward the trivial and the prosaic. Shakespeare in French does not more instantly cease to be Shakespeare, than the great ideals vacate their shrines when Latinized. Jeanne d'Arc, in the hands of Voltaire, suffers hardly more defamation of character than the Greek goddesses under the treatment of Lemprière.

Now that this defilement is being cleared away, we begin to see how much of the stateliness of polytheism lay in its ideal women. Monotheism is inevitable; there never was a polytheism in the world, but so soon as it produced a thinker it became a monotheism after all. Then it instantly became necessary to say He or She in speaking of the Highest; and the immediate result was a masculine Deity, and the dethronement of woman. Whatever the advantage gained, this imperfection of language

brought serious evils, since it is in our conceptions of Deity that we represent what humanity should be.

Look at the comparison from the point of view of woman. Suppose we were to hear of two races, in one of which all the recognized gods were men, and all womanhood was rigidly excluded from the divine impersonation, and assigned to mortal and humble existence ; while in the other, every type of God had an answering goddess, every heavenly throne held two, every grace or glory was as sublimely incarnated in the one as in the other. Whatever else we should say of the comparison, we should say that the ideal woman was best recognized by the nation which still kept her on her throne. But among these woman-worshipping nations the Greeks stood preëminent, as distinct from the monotheistic nations of the world. So obvious is the difference, it has been thought that Solomon and the kings of Israel, in associating the worship of Astarte with that of Jehovah, had a confused desire to correct this exclusive character. The Virgin Mother of the Roman Catholic Church is a more obvious yearning of the same instinct.

For one, I can truly testify that my first sublime visions of an ideal womanhood came directly from the Greek tradition, as embodied in

the few casts of antique sculpture in the Boston Athenæum. They seemed to reproduce for me the birth of Athena ; they struck upon the brain as with a blow, and a goddess sprang forth. Life will always be the nobler for those early impressions. There were the gods, too, in their grandeur ; the Zeus had his more than lion-like majesty, but it was especially the Hera and Athena that suggested grander spheres. It was as if I had ascended Mount Olympus and said, "This, then, is a man ; that is a woman !"

Afterwards, I lived for some years in the house which held Retzsch's copy of the Sistine Madonna, said to be the best copy in existence ; I drank it in as a boy receives the glory of the first great picture he has seen. Is there in the universe anything sublimer than that child's face ? But the mother's calm beauty still seems humble and secular beside those Greek divinities. Art makes in them the grander though not the tenderer revelation. It is for this grandeur, as I maintain, — this, which can never be human nature's daily food, — that we need to turn to art. That child is unhappy whose mother's face, as it bends above him, wears not a living tenderness which Raphael could merely reproduce. But the resources of divine exaltation which form the just heritage of that mo-

ther's soul, the child knows not till he sees them embodied in Greek sculpture.

Other races have made woman beautiful ; it was the peculiar glory of the Greeks that they made her sublime. As Emerson says that this wondrous nation anticipated by their language what the orator would say, so their sculpture anticipated what the priest would dream. Quintilian says of Phidias's lost statue of Athena, that "its beauty seems to have added reverence even to religion itself, so nigh does the majesty of the work approach to that of the divinity."

I speak now of the ideal alone. Undoubtedly, in ancient Greece, as in most modern communities, the actual woman was disfranchised and humiliated. But nations, like men, have a right to appeal from their degradation to their dreams. It is something if they are sublime in these. Tried by such a standard, the Greeks placed woman at the highest point she has ever reached, and if we wish for a gallery of feminine ideals, we must turn to them. We must not seek these high visions among the indecencies of Ovid, or among the pearl-strewn vulgarities of Aristophanes, any more than we seek the feminine ideal of to-day in the more chastened satire of the "Saturday Review." We must seek them in the remains of Greek sculpture, in Hesiod and Homer, in the Greek tragedians,

in the hymns of Orpheus, Callimachus, and Proclus, and in the Anthology.

We are apt to regard the Greek myths as only a chaos of confused fancies. Yet it often takes very little pains to disentangle them, at least sufficiently to seize their main thread. If we confine ourselves to the six primary goddesses, it needs little straining of the imagination to see what they represented to the Greek mind. In their simplest aspect they are but so many types of ideal womanhood taken at successive epochs. Woman's whole earthly career may be considered as depicted, when we portray the girl, the maiden, the lover, the wife, the mother, and the housekeeper or queen of home. These, accordingly, are represented — to give both the Greek and the more familiar but more deceptive Latin names — by Artemis or Diana, Athena or Minerva, Aphrodite or Venus, Hera or Juno, Demeter or Ceres, and Hestia or Vesta.

First comes the epoch of free girlhood, symbolized by ARTEMIS, the Roman Diana. Her very name signifies health and vigor. She represents early youth, and all young things find in her their protector. She goes among the habitations of men only that she may take newborn infants in her arms ; and the young of all wild creatures must be spared in her honor, religion

taking the place of game-laws. Thus she becomes the goddess of hunters, and learns of her brother Phœbus to be a huntress herself. To her outdoor things are consecrated, — dogs, deer, fishes, fountains, fir-trees, and the laurel. She is free, vigorous, restless, cold, impetuous, unsympathetic, beautiful. Her range of attributes is not great nor varied, but her type of character is perfectly marked, and we all know it. She stands for the nymph-like period of existence. She is still among us in the person of every girl of fourteen who wears a short dress, and is fond of pets, and delights in roaming the woods with her brother. Let maturer womanhood be meditative or passionate or proud, let others be absorbed in husband or home, she goes on her free way, impatient of interference, prompt to resent intrusion. Artemis has the cold and rather crude beauty of this early girlhood; her slender form and delicate limbs distinguish her statues from all others, so that even when mutilated they are known at once.

But it is a brief and simple epoch that Artemis represents. After early girlhood comes the maturity of virgin womanhood, touched by meditation, not yet by passion. This the Greek mythology symbolizes in PALLAS ATHENA. She is the riper Artemis, passing beyond her early

nymph-like years, and reaching the highest consummation that woman can attain alone. So fascinating is this moment of serene self-poise, that the virgin Athena ranks in some respects at the head of all the goddesses. Beside her, Artemis is undeveloped, while all the rest have passed in a manner out of themselves, have shared the being of others and the responsibilities of love or home. Of all conceptions of woman ever framed, Athena most combines strength and loveliness. She has no feeble aspect, no relation of dependence; her purity is the height of power. No compliment ever paid to woman was so high as that paid by the Greeks, when incarnating the highest wisdom in this maiden's form, and making this attribute only increase her virtue and her charms.

Hence at Athens — “the Greece of Greece,”¹ as the one epigram of Thucydides calls it — she is revered above all deities, chief guardian of the most wondrous community of the world. Above the most magnificent gallery of art which the world has ever seen, because comprising a whole city, her colossal image stands preëminent, carved by Phidias in ivory and gold. The approaching sailor's first glimpse of Athens is the gleaming of the sun's rays from

¹ Ἑλλάδος Ἑλλάς. Brunck's *Analecta*, ii. 236.

her spear and shield. This is because her sacred olive-plant sprang from the earth when the first stone of the infant settlement was laid, and now the city and its name and its glory must be hers.

And such renown is indeed her birthright. Born without a mother, directly from the brain of Zeus, — to bring her as near as possible to the creative intellect, — she inherits, beyond all others, that attribute. She retains the privilege of that sublime cradle, and, whenever she bows her head, it is as if Zeus had nodded, — a privilege which he has given to her alone. That is ratified to which Pallas hath bowed assent, says Callimachus.¹ Yet while thus falling but one degree below omnipotence, she possesses a beauty which is beyond that of Aphrodite. If the cowherd Alexander (Paris) judges otherwise, it is merely the taste of a cowherd, as the epigram of Hermodorus fearlessly declares.

The busts of Athena seem always grave and sweet ; never domineering, like those of Artemis, nor languishing, like those of Aphrodite. They are known from all others by the length of the hair, whence the Greek oath, “by the tresses of Athena.” In the descriptions, she

¹ Τὸ δ' ἐντελὲς ᾗ κ' ἐπινεύσῃ Παλλὰς. Callim., Hymn V. 131, 132.

alone is blue-eyed, to show that she dwells above all clouds, while even the auburn-haired Aphrodite, in the Iliad, has large black eyes. She is more heavily armed than the fleet-footed Artemis, and sometimes, for added protection, there are serpents clinging to her robe, while a dragon watches at her feet. This is the Greek Athena, transformed in Rome to a prosaic Minerva, infinitely useful and practical, teaching the mechanic arts, and the unwearied patroness of schoolmasters.

But Athena's maiden meditation is simply one stage in a woman's life, not its completion. It is the intellectual blossoming of existence, for man or woman, this earlier epoch, "unvowed as yet to family or state." But a career that seeks completeness pauses not here. When love touches and transforms the destiny, what then?

Then comes the reign of APHRODITE, the beautiful, the wronged. Wronged, because human coarseness cannot keep up to the conceptions of the celestial Venus, but degrades her into a French *lorette*, and fills story books with her levities. How unlike this are the conceptions of Plato, whose philosophy has been called "a mediation of love." Love, according to him, first taught the arts to mankind, —arts of existence, arts of wisdom. Love

inspires self-sacrifice ; he who loves will die for another.

“ Love,” he says, in his *Banquet*,¹ is peace and good-will among men, calm upon the waters, repose and stillness in the storm, the balm of sleep in sadness. Before love all harsh passions flee away. Love is author of soft affections, destroyer of ungentle thoughts, merciful, and mild, the admiration of the wise, the delight of the gods. Love divests us of all alienation from each other, and fills our vacant hearts with overflowing sympathy. Love is the valued treasure of the fortunate and desired by the unhappy (therefore unhappy because they possess not love); the parent of grace, of gentleness, of delicacy ; a cherisher of all that is good, but guileless as to evil ; in labor and in fear, in longings of the affection or in soarings of the reason, our best pilot, confederate, supporter, and savior ; ornament and governor of all things human and divine ; the best, the loveliest, whom every one should follow with songs of exultation, uniting in the divine harmony with which love forever soothes the mind of men and gods.”

Now love is Aphrodite, either represented by the goddess herself or by her son and vicegerent, who seems almost identified with herself

¹ Mackay's translation.

“N’était autre que la déesse elle-même, douée du sexe masculin,” as Éméric-David well states it. “Love,” says Empedocles, in that great philosophical poem of which fragments only remain, “is not discoverable by the eye, but only by intellect ; its elements are indeed innate in our mortal constitution, and we give it the names of Joy and Aphrodite ; but in its highest universality no mortal hath fully comprehended it.”

Aphrodite is the daughter of Zeus and Harmonia, according to some legends ; while, according to others, Harmonia is her daughter by Ares, and the mother of Aphrodite is the child of Heaven and Earth. She is usually seen naked, unlike every other goddess save Artemis. Yet Praxiteles represented her veiled at Cos ; others armed her as Venus Victrix ; Phidias carved her in ivory and gold, her feet resting on a tortoise, as if to imply deliberation, not heedlessness. The conscious look of the Venus de’ Medici implies modesty, since she is supposed to be standing before Paris with Hera and Athena. In Homer’s hymn to Aphrodite she is described as ordinarily cold and unimpressible, and only guiding others to love, till Zeus, by his sovereign interference, makes her mind to wander and she loves a mortal man. And though she regards Anchises simply as

her husband, and calls herself his wedded wife, yet she is saddened by the thought of her fall, as much as Artemis when she loves Endymion. This is Homer when serious ; but the story of her intrigue with Ares he puts into the mouth of a wandering minstrel in the *Odyssey*, as a relief from graver song, and half disavows it, as if knowing its irreverence.

The true Aphrodite is to be sought in the hymns of Homer, Orpheus, and Proclus. The last invokes her as yet a virgin.¹ It is essential to her very power that she should have the provocation of modesty. She represents that passion which is the basis of purity, for the author of " *Ecce Homo* " admirably says that " No heart is pure which is not passionate." Accordingly, married love is as sacred to Aphrodite as the virgin condition ;² if she misleads, it is through sincere passion, not frivolity. No cruelty comes where she dwells ; no animal sacrifices are offered her, but only wreaths of flowers ; and the month of April, when the earth stirs again into life, is her sacred time.

But love legitimately reaches its fulfilment in marriage. After Aphrodite comes *HERA* (the Roman *Juno*), who, in the oldest mytho-

¹ Βασιληίδα κουραφροδίτην. Proclus, Hymn III. I.

² Ἀφροδίτη γάμου πλοκαῖς ἤδεται Tatian, *Orat. contra Græcos*, c. 8.

logy, is simply the wife of Zeus (or Jupiter), and the type and protector of marriage. Her espousals are represented at the festivals as the Sacred Marriage.¹ She must be the twin sister of Zeus, as well as his wife, that there may be a more perfect equality, and their union for the same reason must be from birth, and, were it possible, before birth. She is the only goddess who is legitimately and truly married, for Aphrodite is but the unwilling wife of Hephaistos, and bears him no children. Hence Hera wears a diadem and a bridal veil; her beauty is of a commanding type, through the large eyes and the imperious smile, as in the "Ludovisi Juno." Winckelmann says it is impossible to mistake a head of Hera. Athena commands like a princess; Hera, like a queen. Her name is connected with the Æolic ἧρρος, which signifies mastery, and it is identical with the Roman *hera*, or mistress.

But with all this effort to make her equal in rank to her husband, it is still the equality of a queen, superior to all except her spouse, yet yielding to him. The highest gods reverence Hera, but she reveres Zeus. His domestic relations, therefore, are a despotism tempered by scolding. The divine husband, having the essential power, is the more amiable of the

¹ Ἱερὸς γάμος.

wedded pair. Zeus, in Homer, cannot comprehend why his wife should so hate the Trojans, but he lets her have her way against his own preference. If he consults others without her knowledge, she censures him. When he avows his purpose in the very council of the gods, she reviles him, and says, "Do so, but we the other gods do not approve;" and he says to her, presently, "Do as thou wilt, lest this contention be in future a great strife between thee and me." It seems a doubtful state of discipline. But if we will deify marriage, we must take the consequences.

Still, there is a prevailing grandeur and dignity in their relation. Margaret Fuller Ossoli, whose writings show a fine instinct for the Greek symbolism, points out that on antique gems and bas-reliefs, in the meetings between god and goddess, "they rather offer to one another the full flower of being than grow together. As in the figures before me, Jupiter, king of gods and men, meets Juno, the sister and queen, not as a chivalric suppliant, but as a stately claimant, and she, crowned, pure, majestic, holds the veil aside to reveal herself to her august spouse."

Accordingly, when Zeus embraces Hera on Mount Ida, clothed in fascinations like those of Aphrodite, all nature is hushed, in Homer's description; the contending armies are still;

before this sublime union, these tokens of reverence are fitting. The union of husband and wife — a thing of levity or coarseness on common lips — is transferred by Homer to a scene where all the solemnities of earth and air become but tributary to the divine meeting. And thus the symbols of the Holy Marriage interweave themselves with the associations and practices of the nation, and secure a religious dignity for the institution in the Greek mind.

But woman's career is incomplete even as a wife ; she must also be a mother.

Then comes before us the great mystical and maternal deity of Greece, DEMETER of the Eleusinian mysteries, the Roman Ceres. Her very name signifies "mother," probably γῆ μήτηρ, Mother Earth. Euripides says, in his Bacchanals, that the Greeks honor chiefly two deities, — one being Demeter (who is the Earth, he says, if you prefer to call her so), and the other the son of Semele. Demeter is, like Hera, both sister and in a manner wife of Zeus, to bring her into equality with him. Yet she is a virgin, even when she bears a child, Persephone or Proserpine. In a sense this maiden is the child of Zeus, but not in a mortal manner, — by an ineffable conception,¹ says the Orphic Hymn.

¹ Ἀρρήτοισι γοναίσι. Hymn XXIX. 7.

All Demeter's existence is concentrated on this motherhood. She feeds the human race, but when she is deprived of her daughter she stops the course of the seasons for one year, till the beloved be restored. Nor is there for a time any change even after her daughter's return, until Zeus sends Demeter's own mother to persuade her, thus controlling the might of motherhood by motherhood alone. She thus goes through suffering to glory, and Grote well names her the *Mater Dolorosa* of Greece.

As this reverence of Demeter for her own mother carries the sacredness of maternity a generation further back, so it is carried a generation further forward by the refusal of Persephone to return permanently to the upper world. Having eaten pomegranate seeds, the legend says, she will go back to her husband. But the pomegranate is the symbol of the felicities of marriage, and its promise of offspring. Thus on every side it is maternity which is canonized in the myth of Demeter, and the concentration on this of every quality of her nature makes her stand the immortal representative of woman as mother. This is the central symbol of the Eleusinian mysteries, ranking first among the religious ceremonials of Greece. The Mother and Daughter, on Athenian lips, mean always Demeter and Persephone; and through

them this relation is glorified, as wifedom becomes sublime in Hera, love in Aphrodite, and maidenhood, active or contemplative, in Artemis and Athena.

But besides these five attitudes of woman as girl, maiden, lover, wife, and mother, there must be finally one which shall comprise all of these, and may outlast them all. HESTIA, or Vesta, is the sister of Zeus, but not his wife like Hera, nor his symbolical mistress like Demeter; nay, when sought in marriage by Phœbus and Poseidon, she has sworn by the head of Zeus to be a virgin forever. She represents woman as queen of home. Houses are her invention. No separate temple is built to her, for every hearth is her altar; no special sacrifices are offered, for she has the first share of every sacrifice. Every time the household meets before the hearth, she is named, and the meal becomes thereby an act of worship. Every indoor oath must be sworn by her. The worst criminal who enters the house and touches the hearth is sacred for her sake.

On the eighth day of the Greek baby's life comes its baptism before Hestia, not with water but with fire, — the ceremony of the Amphidromia, when the nurse and all the women of the house bear the little one to the hearth. Laying aside their clothing, — because this is

the intimate domestic ritual, when body and soul are consecrated in their uncovered purity, — they pass in procession round the central flame, and thenceforth Hestia is the protectress of the child.

And observe how beautifully this sublime protection of the hearth is spread yet further. As the city itself is but an extended family, so the city also has its sacred hearth, where the public fire is kept burning, and the public suppliants come. The fugitive entering the town comes here for safety, and is unmolested. Foreign ambassadors are here met and greeted by the magistrates. If a colony goes forth, the emigrants take coals from the public hearth of the town they leave. Hestia's fire must never go out; if it does, it must only be rekindled from the sun.

Thus in Greece, as in Rome afterwards, the vestal virgins must be viewed as guarding the central sacredness of the state. Hence the fearful penalty on their misdeeds, and the vast powers they hold. So incarnated in them is the power of the hearth that they bear it with them, and if they meet a criminal, he must be set free. I know no symbol of the power of a sublime womanhood like that, — the assumption that vice cannot live in its presence, but is transformed to virtue. Could any woman once

be lifted to a realizing sense of power like that, she might willingly accept the accompanying penalty of transgression. She never would transgress.

Here, then, we have the six primary goddesses of the Greek mythology. It will be said that, even according to the highest poetic treatment, these deities had their imperfections. Certainly; this was their crowning merit, for it made them persons, and not mere abstractions. Their traits were all in keeping; their faults belonged to their temperaments. Doubtless these characters grew up in the early fancy of that people as fictitious characters grow up in the mind of a novelist; after a little while they get beyond his control, take their destiny into their own hands, and if he tries to make them monotonously faultless, they rebel. So that wondrous artist we call the Greek nation found itself overmastered by the vivid personality of these creations of its own. It was absolutely obliged to give Hera, the wife, her jealous imperiousness, and Artemis, the maid, her cruel chastity. Zeus and Actæon were the sufferers, because consistency and nature willed it so, and refused to omit these slight excesses. So Athena, the virgin, must be a shade too cold, and Aphrodite, the lover, several shades too warm, that there may be reality and human

interest. Demeter, the mother, will sacrifice the whole human race for her child; and even Hestia is pitiless to those who profane the sacred altar of home. Each of these qualities is the stamp of nature upon the goddess, holding fast the ideal, lest it recede beyond human ken.

So perfect was this prism of feminine existence, it comprised every primary color. So well did this series of divinities cover all the functions of womanly life, that none could fail of finding her tutelary goddess in some shrine. An imaginative Greek girl had not an epoch nor an instant that was not ennobled. Every act of her existence was glorified in some temple; every dream of her silent hours took garlands and singing robes around it. In her yet childish freedom she was Artemis; "in maiden meditation, fancy free," she was Athena; when fancy bound, she was Aphrodite; when her life was bound in wedlock, she was Hera; when enriched by motherhood, she became Demeter, and she was thenceforth the Hestia of her own home, at least. Her life was like a revolving urn, upon which she could always see one great symbolic image sculptured, though each in its turn gave way to another.

And this influence was enhanced by the actual participation of Greek women in the

ceremonies of religion, when conducted upon a scale that our modern imaginations can hardly reproduce. The little five-year-old maids, yellow-clad, who chanted lines from Homer at the festival of Artemis Brauronia ; the virgins who from seven to eleven dwelt on the rock of the Acropolis, and wove the sacred garment of Athena, themselves robed in white, with ornaments of gold ; the flower-wreathed girls who bore baskets through the streets at the Panathenæa ; the matrons who directed the festival of Hera at Elis ; the maidens who ran in that sacred race, knowing that the victor's portrait would be dedicated in the temple ; the high-priestess of Hera at Argos, from whose accession the citizens dated their calendar of years ; the priestesses of Demeter, who alone of all women might attend the Olympic games ; all these saw womanhood deified in their goddesses and dignified in themselves. The vast religious ceremonial appealed alike to the high-born maidens who ministered at the altars, and to the peasant girls through whom the oracles spoke. Every range of condition and of culture might be comprised among the hundreds who assembled before daybreak to bathe the image of Pallas in the sacred river, or the thousands who walked with consecrated feet in the long procession to Eleusis. In individual

cases, the service brought out such noble virtue as that of the priestess Theano, who, when Alcibiades was exiled from Athens and was sentenced to be cursed by all who served at the altar, alone refused to obey, saying that she was consecrated to bless and not to curse. But even among the mass of Greek women, where so much time was spent in sharing or observing this ritual of worship, life must have taken some element of elevation through contact with the great ideal women of the sky.

We cannot now know, but can only conjecture, how far the same religious influence inspired those Greek women who, in more secular spheres of duty, left their names on their country's records. When Corinna defeated Pindar in competing for the poetic prize ; when Helen of Alexandria painted her great historic picture, consecrated in the Temple of Peace ; when the daughter of Thucydides aided or completed her father's great literary work ; when the Athenian Agnodice studied medicine, disguised as a man, and practised it as a man, and was prosecuted as a seducer, and then, revealing her sex, was prosecuted for her deception, till the chief women of Athens appeared in her behalf and secured for their sex the right to be physicians ; when Telesilla of Argos roused her countrywomen to defend the walls against the Spartans,

the men having lost courage, — after which, in a commemorative festival, the women appeared in male attire and the men came forth veiled ; — all these women but put in action the lessons of aspiration which they had learned in the temples. This inspiration derived by womanly genius from its deity is finely recognized by Antipater of Thessalonica in that fine epigram where he enumerates the nine poetesses of Greece, calls them “artists of immortal works,” and grandly characterizes them as “women who spoke like gods in their hymns.”¹

I do not propose to go further, and discuss the actual condition of the average Greek woman. That would demand an essay by itself. You may place the actual condition of any class very high or very low if you look at it two thousand years after, and select all the facts either on the favorable or on the unfavorable side. Yet this is what St. John and Becker, for instance, in writing of the Greek women, have respectively done. I can honestly say that all modern literature and art taken together seem to me to have paid to woman no tribute so reverential as in the worship of the great ideals I have named. But in actual life it must be owned that there seems to have been the same strange mingling of delicate courtesy and of gross con-

¹ Θεολώσσοις γυναῖκας ὕμνοις.

tempt for woman which lingers in our society to-day. Margaret Fuller Ossoli, whose opinion on this subject was worth more than that of any other woman in America, or than that of most men, went further and wrote: "Certainly the Greeks knew more of real home intercourse and more of woman than the Americans. It is in vain to tell me of outward observances. The poets, the sculptors, always tell the truth."

And there is undoubtedly much in the more serious Greek literature which may be quoted to sustain this assertion. There is a remarkable passage of Plato, in which he says that children may find comedy more agreeable, but educated women¹ and youths and the majority of mankind prefer tragedy. This distinctly recognizes intellectual culture as an element in the female society around him — since such a remark could hardly be made, for instance, in Turkey; and the Diotima of his Banquet represents, in the noblest way, the inspirational element in woman.

So Homer often recognizes the intelligence or judgment² of his heroines. Narrating the events of a semi-barbarous epoch, when woman

¹ "Αἱ τε πεπαιδευμένοι τῶν γυναικῶν, — rendered by Ficinus *mulieres eruditæ*. Plato, *De Leg.*, book ii. p. 791, ed. 1602. Compare book vii. p. 898, same edition.

² Φρένες.

was the prize of the strongest, he yet concedes to her a dignity and courtesy far more genuine than are shown in the mediæval romances, for instance, in which the reverence seldom outlasts marriage. Every eminent woman, as viewed by Homer, partakes of the divine nature. The maiden is to be approached with reverence for her virgin purity; the wife has her rightful place in the home. When Odysseus, in his destitution, takes refuge with Nausicaa's parents, the princess warns him to kneel at her mother's feet, not her father's, the mother being the central figure. Perhaps the crowning instance of this recognized dignity is in the position occupied by Helen after her return to her husband's house, when the storm of the war she excited has died away. There is a singular modernness and domesticity about this well-known scene, though the dignity and influence assigned to the repentant wife are perhaps more than modern. In the Fourth Book of the *Odyssey* the young Telemachus visits King Menelaus, to inquire as to the fate of his own father, Odysseus. While they are conversing, Helen enters, — the beauty of the world, and the source of its greatest ills. She comes dignified, graceful, honored, — shall I say, like a modern wife? — and joins unbidden in the conversation.

“While he pondered these things in his

thoughts and in his mind, forth from the fragrant and lofty chamber came Helen, like Artemis of the golden distaff. For her Adrasta immediately placed a well-made seat, and Alcippe brought tapestry of soft wool, and Phylo brought a silver basket, . . . the lips finished with gold, . . . filled with well-dressed thread; and upon it the distaff was stretched, containing violet-colored wool. And she sat on the seat, and the footstool was beneath her feet, and she straightway inquired everything of her husband with words.

“Do we know, O thou heavenly nurtured Menelaus, what men these are who take refuge in our house? Shall I be saying falsely or speak the truth? Yet my mind exhorts me. I say that I have never seen any man or woman so like (reverence possesses me as I behold him) as he is like unto Telemachus, the son of magnanimous Odysseus, whom that man left an infant in his house, when ye Grecians came to Troy on account of me immodest, waging fierce war.’ Her answering, said auburn-haired Menelaus, ‘So now I too am thinking, my wife, as thou dost conjecture.’”

What a quiet sagacity she shows, and what a position of accustomed equality! So the interview goes on, till the hostess finally mixes them something good to drink, and then they go to

rest, and there in a recess of the lofty house "lies long-robed Helen, a divine one among women!"

The same stateliness of tone, with finer spiritual touches, may be found throughout the Greek tragedies. The *Alcestis* and *Antigone* are world-renowned delineations of noble and tender womanhood, and there are many companion pictures. I know not where in literature to look for a lovelier touch of feminine feeling, — a trait more unlike those portrayed by Thackeray, for instance, — than in the *Deianira* of Sophocles (in the *Trachineæ*), who receives with abundant compassion the female slaves sent home by Hercules, resolves that no added pain shall come to them from her, and even when she discovers one of them to be the beloved mistress of her husband, still forgives the girl, in the agony of her own grief. "I pity her most of all," she says, "because her own beauty has blasted her life, ruined her nation, and made her a slave."

Why is Euripides so often described as a hater of women? So far as I can see, he only puts emotions of hatred into the hearts of individuals who have been ill-used by them, and perhaps deserved it, while his own pictures of womanhood, from *Alcestis* downward, show the finest touches of appreciation. *Iphigenia* re-

fuses to be saved from the sacrifice, and insists on dying for her country; and Achilles, who would fain save and wed her, says: "I deem Greece happy in thee, and thee in Greece; nobly hast thou spoken." In the Troades, Hecuba warns Menelaus that, if Helen is allowed on the same ship with him, she will disarm his vengeance; he disputes it and she answers, "He is no lover who not always loves." What a recognition is there of the power of a woman to inspire a passion that shall outlast years and even crime! In the Electra, where the high-souled princess is given in unwilling marriage to a peasant, he treats her with the most delicate respect, and she dwells in his hut as his virgin sister, so that she says to him, "Thee equal to the gods I deem my friend." And with such profound reverence is every priestess regarded throughout his plays, that a brother is severely rebuked, in one case, for treating with fraternal familiarity a woman so august.

Another proof of the delicate appreciation of womanhood among the Greeks is to be found in the exquisite texture of their love-poems, — a treasury from which all later bards have borrowed. Even the prose of the obscure Philostratus gave Ben Jonson nearly every thought and expression in his "Drink to me only with

thine eyes.”¹ And if, following Ben Jonson, we wish to know what man can say “in a little,” we must seek it in such poems as this by Plato, preserved in the Anthology : —

“My star, upon the stars thou gazest. Would that I were heaven, that on thee I might look with many eyes !”

Or this by Julian, on a picture : —

“The painter [depicts] Theodota herself. Had he but failed in his art, and given forgetfulness to her mourners !”²

Or this other picture-song by Paulus Silentiarius : —

“The pencil has scarce missed [the beauty of] the maiden’s eyes, or her hair, or the consummate splendor of her bloom. If any one can paint flickering sunbeams, he can paint also the flickering [beauty of] Theodorias.”³

Or this garland of Rufinus : —

“I send you, Rhodoclea, this garland, having woven it with my own hands of lovely flowers. There is a lily, and a rose-bud, and the damp anemone, and moist narcissus, and violet with dark blue eyes. But do you, enwreathed with

¹ Ἐμδί δὲ μόνοις πρόπιπε τοῖς ὄμμασιν. Philostratus, letter xxiv. The parallel passages may be found in Cumberland’s *Observer*, No. 74, where they were first pointed out.

² Λήθην δῶκεν ὀδυρομένοις. Brunck’s *Analecta*, ii. 502.

³ Μαρμαρυγὴν Θεοδοριάδος. Brunck, iii. 90.

them, unlearn pride, for both you and the garland are in blossom, and must fade." ¹

We must remember that, as Grote has well said, all we know of the Greeks is so much saved from a wrecked vessel ; and while greater and rarer things are brought on shore, the myriad of small and common things are gone. It is only in the little poems of the Anthology that we unveil, as in a Pompeian house, the familiar aspects of domestic life. There the husband addresses his wife, the son his mother ; and home traits and simple joys are recorded. There we find portrayed the intellect, there the heart of the Greek woman. "Melissias denies her love, and yet her body cries out, as if it had received a quiver full of arrows ; unsteady is her gait, unsteady her panting breath, and hollow are the sinkings of her eyelids." Or, "I lament for the maiden Antibia, for whom many suitors came to her father's house, through the renown of her beauty and intelligence,² but destructive fate has rolled away their hopes far from all."

Perhaps nothing among these poems gives so naive and delicate a glimpse of Greek maidenhood as this inscription from a votive offering in the temple of Artemis, where brides were wont to offer their childish toys at the approach

¹ Ἄνθεϊς καὶ λήγεις καὶ σὺν καὶ ὁ στέφανος. Brunck, ii. 394.

² Πινυτᾶτος. Brunck, i. 201. The other poem, ii. 395.

of their nuptials. It is one of the vast mass of anonymous poems in the Anthology : —

“Timarete, before her marriage, has offered to Artemis her tambourine, and her precious ball, and her net that protected her locks, and her dolls and her dolls’ dresses, as is fitting for a virgin to a virgin, O Limnatis ! And do thou, daughter of Latona, place thy hand over the girl Timarete, and preserve holily her who is holy.”¹

Think of the open grossness of English epithalamiums down almost to the present day, and of the smooth sensualities of French literature ; and then consider the calm, strong sweetness of that prayer for this childish bride, — “Preserve holily her who is holy.” Are the bridals of Trinity Church such an advance beyond the temple of Artemis ?

At any rate, the final result of Greek worship was this. In its temples the sexes stood equal, goddess was as sublime as god, priestess the peer of priest ; there was every influence to ennoble a woman’s ideal of womanhood so long as her worship lasted, and nothing to discourage her from the most consecrated career. In Protestant Christian churches, on the other hand, the representations of Deity are all masculine, the Mediator masculine, the evangelists, the

¹ Σώσεις τὰν ὁσίαν ὁσίως. Brunck, iii. 173.

apostles, the Church fathers, all masculine ; so are usually the ministers and the deacons ; even the old-time deaconess, sole representative of the ancient priestess, is gone ; nothing feminine is left but the worshippers, and they indeed are feminine, three to one.

The Roman Catholic Church, with more wisdom of adaptation, has kept one goddess from the Greek ; and the transformed Demeter, with her miraculously born child, now become masculine, presides over every altar. Softened and beautified from the elder image, she is still the same, — the same indeed with all the mythologic mothers, with the Maternal Goddess who sits, with a glory round her head and a babe on her bosom, in every Buddhist house in China, or with Isis, who yet nurses Horus on the monuments of Egypt. As far as history can tell, this group first appeared in Christian art when used as a symbol, in the Nestorian controversy, by Cyril, who had spent most of his life in Egypt. Nestorius was condemned in the fifth century for asserting Mary to be the mother of the human nature of Jesus, and not also of the divine ; and it was at this time that the images of the Virgin and Child were multiplied, to protest against the heretic who had the minority of votes. After all, Christian ritualism is but a palimpsest, and if we go an inch

below the surface anywhere, there is some elder sanctity of Greece or Rome. I remember how this first flashed upon me, when I saw, in a photograph of the Pantheon, the whole soul of the ancient faith in the words, "Deo : Opt : Max :" and again, when in the first Roman Catholic procession I saw in Fayal, a great banner came flapping round the windy corner with only the inscription "S. P. Q. R." The phrase under which ancient Rome subdued the world still lingers in those borrowed initials, and the Church takes its goddess, like its banner, at second hand.

If we set aside its queen, the Church has added no new image. Martyrs are abundant in every faith, and saint and sibyl add but a few softer touches to the antique. Mary Magdalene is really the sole modern figure, and she has not an ideal interest, but one that is philanthropic alone. Her presence in art asserts the modern spirit, and perhaps marks an era in history. Far be it from me to deny its value. Yet, if we are looking for the very highest, it cannot be found in the fallen ; and if we must lose either from the temple, we can better spare the suppliant than the goddess.

And save in depicting this attribute of humility or contrition, modern literature, at least since Petrarch, seems to me singularly wanting

in grand pictures of ideal womanhood. Spenser's impersonations, while pure and high, are vague and impalpable. Shakespeare's women seem at best far inferior, in compass and variety, to Shakespeare's men; and if Ruskin glorifies them sublimely on the one side, Thackeray on the other side professes to find in them the justification of his own. Goethe paints carefully a few varieties, avoiding the largest and noblest types. Where among all these delineations is there a woman who walks the earth like a goddess? Where is the *incessu patuit dea* or Homer's *δῖα γυναικῶν*? Among recent writers, George Sand alone has dared even to attempt such a thing; she tries it in "Consuelo," and before the divinity has got her wings full-grown, she is enveloped, goddess-like, in the most bewildering clouds.

Perhaps it is precisely because these high ideals were so early reached, that it is now found hard to do more than reproduce them. As no sculptor can produce more than a Greek profile, so no poet has yet produced more than a Greek woman. Modern life has not aimed to elevate the ideal, but the average. Common intelligence spread more widely, sweetness and purity protected, more respect for the humblest woman as woman, less faith in the sibyl and the saint, — this is modern life.

In the Middle Ages there were glimpses of a new creation. Raphael painted, Dante sang, something that promised more than Greece gave; but it came to nothing. Superstition was in the way; the new woman did not get herself disentangled from a false mythology and an unnatural asceticism, and was never fairly born. Art could not join what God had put asunder; the maid-mother was after all an image less noble than maid or mother separately. That path is closed; I rejoice that we can have no more Madonnas; we have come back to nature, and are safe beneath its eternal laws. There is no fear for the future; eternities stretch out that way, and only centuries the other.

That wonderful old mythology is gone; that great race shed it, lightly as leaves in autumn, and went its way. These names of Hera and Aphrodite are but autumn leaves which I have caught in my hands, to show the red tints that still linger on their surface; they have lasted long, but who knows how soon they will be faded and forgotten? Yet not till the world is rich enough to have a race more ideal than the Greeks will there be another harvest of anything so beautiful to the imagination. Nature is the same; the soil of Attica was as barren as that of Massachusetts. The life of man has

grown more practical, more judicious, more sensitive to wrong, more comprehensive in sympathy; common-sense has been the gainer, so has common virtue; it is only the ideal that has grown tame.

We are laying the foundations of a grander temple, I trust, than any of which the Greeks ever dreamed, and we toil among the dust and rubbish, waiting for the goddess and the shrine. Nothing shall drive me from the belief that there is arising in America, amid all our frivolities, a type of virgin womanhood, new in history, undescribed in fiction, from which there may proceed, in generations yet to come, a priesthood more tender, a majesty more pure and grand, than anything which poet ever sang or temple enthroned. Through tears and smiles, through the blessed cares that have trained the heart of womanhood in all ages, but also through a culture such as no other age has offered, through the exercise of rights never before conceded, of duties never yet imposed, will this heroic sisterhood be reared. Joining the unforgotten visions of Greek sublimity with the meeker graces of Christian tradition, there may yet be nobler forms, that shall eclipse those "fair humanities of old religion;" as, when classic architecture had reached perfection,

there rose the Gothic, and made the Greek seem cold.

NOTE. — The Paris *Revue Britannique* of October, 1869, contained a translation of this essay, under the title of *Les Déeses Grecques*, in which occurred some amusing variations. For instance, the mild satire of the sentence, "Their genealogies have been discussed, as if they lived in Boston or Philadelphia," underwent this European adaptation: *Leur généalogie a été discutée comme celle des nobles dames de la société moderne en Angleterre et en France pourrait l'être dans un collège héraldique.*

SAPPHO

THE voyager in the Ægean Sea, who has grown weary of the prevailing barrenness of the Grecian Isles, finds at length, when in sight of Lesbos, something that fulfils his dreams of beauty. The village of Mitylene, which now gives its name to the island, is built upon a rocky promontory, with a harbor on either hand. Behind it there are softly wooded hills, swelling to meet the abrupt bases of the loftier mountains. These hills are clothed in one dense forest of silvery olive and darker pomegranate, and as you ascend their paths, the myrtle, covered with delicate white blossoms, and exhaling a sweet perfume, forms a continuous arch above your head. The upper mountain heights rise above vegetation, but their ravines are dyed crimson with fringing oleanders. From the summits of their passes you look eastward upon the pale distances of Asia Minor, or down upon the calm Ægean, intensely blue, amid which the island rests as if inlaid in *lapis lazuli*.

This decaying Turkish village of Mitylene marks the site of what was, twenty-five cen-

uries ago, one of the great centres of Greek civilization. The city then covered the whole breadth of the peninsula, and the grand canal, that separated it from the mainland, was crossed by bridges of white marble. The great theatre of Mitylene was such a masterpiece of architecture, that the Roman Pompey wished to copy it in the metropolis of the world. The city was classed by Horace with Rhodes, Ephesus, and Corinth. Yet each of those places we now remember as famous in itself, while we think of Lesbos only as the home of Sappho.

It was in the city of Mitylene that she lived and taught and sung. But to find her birth-place you must traverse nearly the length of the island, till you come to Ereso or Eresus, a yet smaller village, and Greek instead of Turkish. To reach it you must penetrate aromatic pine forests, where the deer lurk, and must ascend mountain paths like rocky ladders, where the mule alone can climb. But as you approach the village, you find pastoral beauty all around you; though the *Æolian* lyric music is heard no more, yet the hillsides echo with sheep-bells and with the shepherds' cries. Among the villagers you find manners more simple and hospitable than elsewhere in the Greek islands; there are more traces of the ancient beauty of the race; and the women on festal days wear

long white veils edged with a crimson border, and look, as they follow one another to church, like processional figures on an antique urn. These women are permitted to share the meals of their husbands, contrary to the usual practice of rural Greece; and as a compensation, they make for their husbands such admirable bread, that it has preserved its reputation for two thousand years. The old Greek poet Arcestratus, who wrote a work on the art of cookery, said that if the gods were to eat bread, they would send Hermes to Eresus to buy it; and the only modern traveller, so far as I know, who has visited the village, reports the same excellent recipe to be still in vogue.¹

It was among these well-trained women that the most eminent poetess of the world was born. Let us now turn and look upon her in her later abode of Mitylene; either in some garden of orange and myrtle, such as once skirted the city, or in that marble house which she called the dwelling of the Muses.² Let us call around her, in fancy, the maidens who have come from different parts of Greece to learn of her. Anactoria is here from Miletus, Eunica from Salamis, Gongyla from Colophon, and others from

¹ *Travels and Discoveries in the Levant*, by C. T. Newton, i. 99. London, 1865.

² Μουσοπόλω οικίαν.

Pamphylia and the isle of Telos. Erinna and Damophyla study together the complex Sapphic metres; Atthis learns how to strike the harp with the plectron, Sappho's invention; Mnasi-dica embroiders a sacred robe for the temple. The teacher meanwhile corrects the measures of one, the notes of another, the stitches of a third, then summons all from their work to rehearse together some sacred chorus or temple ritual; then stops to read a verse of her own, or — must I say it? — to denounce a rival pre-ceptress. For if the too fascinating Andromeda has beguiled away some favorite pupil to one of those rival feminine academies that not only exist in Lesbos, but have spread as far as illiterate Sparta, then Sappho may at least wish to remark that Andromeda does not know how to dress herself. "And what woman ever charmed thy mind," she says to the vacillating pupil, "who wore a vulgar and tasteless dress, or did not know how to draw her garments close about her ankles?"

Out of a long list of Greek poetesses there were seven women who were, as a poem in the Greek Anthology says, "divinely tongued" or "spoke like gods."¹ Of these Sappho was the admitted chief. Among the Greeks "the poet" meant Homer, and "the poetess" equally

¹ Θεογλώσσους. Brunck, ii. 114.

designated her. "There flourished in those days," said Strabo, writing a little before our era, "Sappho, a wondrous creature; for we know not any woman to have appeared, within recorded time, who was in the least to be compared with her in respect to poesy."

The dates of her birth and death are alike uncertain, but she lived somewhere between the years 628 and 572 B. C. : thus flourishing three or four centuries after Homer, and less than two centuries before Pericles. Her father's name is variously given, and we can only hope, in charity, that it was not Scamandronimus. We have no better authority than that of Ovid for saying that he died when his daughter was six years old. Her mother's name was Cleis, and Sappho had a daughter of the same name. The husband of the poetess was probably named Cercolas, and there is a faint suspicion that he was a man of property. It is supposed that she became early a widow, and won most of her poetic fame while in that condition. She had at least two brothers: one being Larichus, whom she praises for his graceful demeanor as cup-bearer in the public banquets, — an office which belonged only to beautiful youths of noble birth; the other was Charaxus, whom Sappho had occasion to re-

proach, according to Herodotus,¹ for buying and marrying a slave of disreputable antecedents.

Of the actual events of Sappho's life almost nothing is known, except that she once had to flee for safety from Lesbos to Sicily, perhaps to escape the political persecutions that prevailed in the island. It is not necessary to assume that she had reached an advanced age when she spoke of herself as "one of the elders,"² inasmuch as people are quite as likely to use that term of mild self-reproach while young enough for somebody to contradict them. It is hard to ascertain whether she possessed beauty even in her prime. Tradition represents her as having been "little and dark," but tradition describes Cleopatra in the same way; and we should clearly lose much from history by ignoring all the execution done by small brunettes. The Greek Anthology describes her as "the pride of the lovely haired Lesbians;" Plato calls her "the beautiful Sappho" or "the fair Sappho,"³—as you please to render the phrase more or less ardently,—and Plutarch and Athenæus use similar epithets. But when Professor Felton finds evidence of her charms in

¹ ii. 153.

² Γεραύτερα.

³ Σαπφοῦς τῆς καλῆς. *Phædr.*, 24. Homer celebrates the beauty of the Lesbian women in his day. *Iliad*, ix. 129, 271.

her portraits on the Lesbian coins, as engraved by Wolf, I must think that he is too easily pleased with the outside of the lady's head, however it may have been with the inside.

The most interesting intellectual fact in Sappho's life was doubtless her relation to her great townsman Alcæus. These two will always be united in fame as the joint founders of the lyric poetry of Greece, and therefore of the world. Anacreon was a child, or perhaps unborn, when they died; and Pindar was a pupil of women who seem to have been Sappho's imitators, Myrtis and Corinna. The Latin poets Horace and Catullus, five or six centuries after, drew avowedly from these Æolian models, to whom nearly all their metres have been traced back. Horace wrote of Alcæus: "The Lesbian poet sang of war amid the din of arms, or when he had bound the storm-tossed ship to the moist shore, he sang of Bacchus, and the Muses, of Venus and the boy who clings forever by her side, and of Lycus, beautiful with his black hair and black eyes."¹ But the name of the Greek singer is still better preserved to Anglo-Saxons through an imitation of a single fragment by Sir William Jones, — the noble poem beginning "What constitutes a state?" It is worth while to remember that

¹ *Carm.*, i. 32, 5.

we owe these fine lines to the lover of Sappho. And indeed the poems of Alcæus, so far as they remain, show much of the grace and elegance of Horace, joined with a far more heroic tone. His life was spent amid political convulsions, in which he was prominent, and, in spite of his fine verses, it is suspected, from the evidence remaining, that he was a good deal of a fop and not much of a soldier ; and it is perhaps as well that the lady did not smile upon him, even in verse.

Their loves rest, after all, rather on tradition than on direct evidence ; for there remain to us only two verses which Alcæus addressed to Sappho. The one is a compliment, the other an apology. The compliment is found in one graceful line, which is perhaps her best description : —

“ Violet-crowned, pure, sweetly smiling Sappho.”

The freshness of those violets, the charm of that smile, the assurance of that purity, all rest upon this one line, and securely rest. If every lover, having thus said in three epithets the whole story about his mistress, would be content to retire into oblivion, and add no more, what a comfort it would be ! Alcæus unhappily went one phrase further, and therefore goes down to future ages, not only as an ardent

lover, but as an unsuccessful one. For Aristotle, in his "Rhetoric,"¹ records that this poet once addressed Sappho as follows:—

"I wish to speak, but shame restrains my tongue."

Now this apology may have had the simplest possible occasion. Alcæus may have undertaken to amend a verse of Sappho's and have spoiled it; or he may have breakfasted in the garden, with her and her maidens, and may have spilled some honey from Hymettus on a crimson-bordered veil from Eresus. But it is recorded by Aristotle that the violet-crowned thus answered: "If thy wishes were fair and noble, and thy tongue designed not to utter what is base, shame would not cloud thine eyes, but thou wouldst freely speak thy just desires." Never was reproof more exquisitely uttered than is this in the Greek; and if we take it for serious, as we probably should, there is all the dignity of womanhood in the reply, so that Sappho comes well out of the dialogue, however it may be with her wooer. Yet if, as is also possible, the occasion was but trivial, it is rather refreshing to find these gifted lovers, in the very morning of civilization, simply rehearsing just the dialogue that goes on between every village schoolgirl and her awkward swain, when he

¹ *Carm.*, i. 9.

falters and "fears to speak," and says finally the wrong thing, and she blushing answers, "I should think you would be ashamed."

But whether the admiration of Alcæus was more or less ardent, it certainly was not peculiar to him. There were hardly any limits to the enthusiasm habitually expressed in ancient times for the poetry of Sappho. In respect to the abundance of laurels, she stands unapproached among women, even to the present day. Ælian preserves the tradition that the recitation of one of her poems so affected the great lawgiver Solon, that he expressed the wish that he might not die till he had learned it by heart. Plato called her the tenth Muse. Others described her as uniting in herself the qualities of Muse and Aphrodite; and others again as the joint foster-child of Aphrodite, Cupid, and the Graces. Grammarians lectured on her poems and wrote essays on her metres; and her image appeared on at least six different coins of her native land. And it has generally been admitted by modern critics that "the loss of her poems is the greatest over which we have to mourn in the whole range of Greek literature, at least of the imaginative species."

Now why is it that, in case of a woman thus famous, some cloud of reproach has always mingled with the incense? In part, perhaps,

because she was a woman, and thus subject to harsher criticism in coarse periods of the world's career. More, no doubt, because she stood in a transition period of history, and, in a contest between two social systems, represented an unsuccessful effort to combine the merits of both. In the Homeric period the position of the Greek woman was simple and free. In the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* she is always treated with respect; unlike most of the great poems of modern Europe, they do not contain an indelicate line. But with the advancing culture of the Ionian colonies, represented by Athens, there inevitably arose the question, what to do with the women. Should they be admitted to share this culture, or be excluded? Athens, under the influence of Asiatic models, decided to exclude them. Sparta and the Dorian colonies, on the other hand, preferred to exclude the culture. It was only the Æolian colonies, such as Lesbos, that undertook to admit the culture and the women also. Nowhere else in Greece did women occupy what we should call a modern position. The attempt was premature, and the reputation of Lesbos was crushed in the process.

Among the Ionians of Asia, according to Herodotus, the wife did not share the table of her husband; she dared not call him by his

name, but addressed him with the title of "Lord"; and this was hardly an exaggeration of the social habits of Athens itself. But among the Dorians of Sparta, and probably among the Æolians as well, the husband called his wife "mistress," not in subserviency, but after the English peasant fashion; Spartan mothers preserved a power over their adult sons such as was nowhere else seen; the dignity of maidenhood was celebrated in public songs called "Parthenia," which were peculiar to Sparta; and the women took so free a part in the conversation, that Socrates, in a half-sarcastic passage in the "Protagoras," compares their quickness of wit to that of the men.¹ The Spartan women, in short, were free, though ignorant, and this freedom the Athenians thought bad enough. But when the Æolians of Lesbos carried the equality a step further, and to freedom added culture, the Athenians found it intolerable. Such an innovation was equivalent to setting up the Protestant theory of woman's position as against the Roman Catholic, or the English against the French.

¹ The best authority in regard to the Spartan women is K. O. Müller's *Dorier*, book iv. c. iv., also book v. c. viii. § 5 (Eng. tr. vol. ii. pp. 290-300; also p. 311). For his view of the women of Lesbos see his *Literature of Greece* (Eng. tr.), c. xiii.

It is perhaps fortunate for historic justice that we have within our reach an illustration so obvious, showing the way in which a whole race of women may be misconstrued. If a Frenchman visits America and sees a young girl walking or riding with a young man, unchaperoned, he is apt to assume that she is of doubtful character. Should he hear a married woman talk about "emancipation," he will infer either that her marriage is not legal, or that her husband has good reason to wish it were not. Precisely thus did an Athenian view a Lesbian woman; and if she collected round her a class of young pupils for instruction, so much the worse. He could no more imagine any difference between Sappho and Aspasia, than could a Frenchman between Margaret Fuller and George Sand. To claim any high moral standard in either case would merely strengthen the indictment by the additional count of hypocrisy. Better Aspasia than a learned woman who had the effrontery to set up for the domestic virtues. The stories that thus gradually came to be told about Sappho in later years — scandal at longer and longer range — were simply inevitable from the point of view of Athens. If Aristophanes spared neither Socrates nor Euripides, why should his successors spare Sappho?

Therefore the reckless comic authors of that

luxurious city, those Pre-Bohemians of literature, made the most of their game. Ameipsias, Amphis, Antiphanes, Diphilus, Ephippus, Timocles, all wrote farces bearing the name of a woman who had died in excellent repute, so far as appears, two centuries before. With what utter recklessness they did their work is shown by their naming as her lovers Archilochus, who died before she was born, and Hipponax, who was born after she died. Then came, in later literature, the Roman Ovid, who had learned from licentious princesses to regard womanly virtue as only a pretty fable. He took up the tale of Sappho, conjured up a certain Phaon, with whom she might be enamored, and left her memory covered with stains such as even the Leucadian leap could not purge. Finally, since Sappho was a heathen, a theologian was found at last to make an end of her; the Church put an apostolic sanction upon these corrupt reveries of the Roman profligate, and Tatian, the Christian Father, fixed her name in ecclesiastical tradition as that of "an impure and lovesick woman who sings her own shame."¹

The process has, alas! plenty of parallels in history. Worse, for instance, than the malice of the Greek comedians or of Ovid — since they possibly believed their own stories — was the

¹ Tatian, *Adv. Græcos*, c. 33. Ovid, *Heroid.*, xv. 61-70.

attempt made by Voltaire to pollute, through twenty-one books of an epic poem, the stainless fame of his own virgin countrywoman, Joan of Arc. In that work he revels in a series of impurities so loathsome that the worst of them are omitted from the common editions, and only lurk in appendices, here and there, as if even the shameless printing-presses of Paris were ashamed of them. Suppose, now, that the art of printing had remained undiscovered, that all contemporary memorials of this maiden had vanished, and posterity had possessed no record of her except Voltaire's "Pucelle." In place of that heroic image there would have remained to us only a monster of profligacy, unless some possible Welcker had appeared, long centuries after, to right the wrong.

The remarkable essay of Welcker,¹ from which all modern estimates of Sappho date, was first published in 1816, under the title, "Sappho vindicated from a prevailing Prejudice." It was a remarkable instance of the power of a single exhaustive investigation to change the verdict of scholars. Bishop Thirlwall, for instance, says

¹ "Sappho von einem herrschenden Vorurtheil befreit," Welcker, *Kleine Schriften*, ii. 80. See, also, his "Sappho," a review of Neue's edition of her works, first published in 1828 (*K. S.*, i. 110), and "Sappho und Phaon," published in 1863, a review of Mure and Theodor Kock (*K. S.*, v. 228).

of it : " The tenderness of Sappho, whose character has been rescued, by one of the happiest efforts of modern criticism, from the unmerited reproach under which it had labored for so many centuries, appears to have been no less pure than glowing." And Felton, who is usually not more inclined than becomes a man and a professor to put a high estimate on literary women, declares of her that " she has shared the fortunes of others of her sex, endowed like her with God's richest gifts of intellect and heart, who have been the victims of remorseless calumny for asserting the prerogatives of genius, and daring to compete with men in the struggle for fame and glory." Indeed, I know of no writer since Welcker who has seriously attempted to impugn his conclusions, except Colonel Mure, an Edinburgh advocate, whose onslaught upon Sappho is so vehement that Felton compares it to that of John Knox on Mary Stuart, and finds in it proof of a constitutional hostility between Scotch Presbyterians and handsome women.

But Mure's scholarship is not high, when tried by the German standard, whatever it may be according to the English or American. His book is also somewhat vitiated in this respect by being obviously written under a theory, namely, that love, as a theme for poetry, is a

rather low and debasing thing ; that the subordinate part it plays in Homer is one reason why Homer is great ; and that the decline of literature began with lyric poetry. "A ready subjection," he says, "to the fascinations of the inferior order of their species can hardly be a solid basis of renown for kings or heroes." Such a critic could hardly be expected to look with favor upon one who not only chose an inferior order of themes, but had the temerity to belong to an inferior order herself.

Apart from this, I am unable to see that this writer brings forward anything to disturb the verdict of abler scholars. He does not indeed claim to produce any direct evidence of his proposition that Sappho was a corrupt woman, and her school at Lesbos a nursery of sins ; but he seeks to show this indirectly, through a minute criticism of her writings. Into this he carries, I regret to say, an essential coarseness of mind, like that of Voltaire, which delights to torture the most innocent phrases till they yield a double meaning. He reads these graceful fragments as the sailors in some fore-castle might read Juliet's soliloquies, or as a criminal lawyer reads in court the letters of some warm-hearted woman ; the shame lying not in the words, but in the tongue. The manner in which he gloats over the scattered lines of a wedding song, for

instance, weaving together the phrases and supplying the innuendoes, is enough to rule him out of the class of pure-minded men. But besides this quality of coarseness, he shows a serious want of candor. For though he admits that Sappho first introduced into literature — in her Epithalamia — a dramatic movement, yet he never gives her the benefit of this dramatic attitude except where it suits his own argument. It is as if one were to cite Browning into court and undertake to convict him, on his own confession, of sharing every mental condition he describes.

What, then, was this Lesbian school that assembled around Sappho? Mure pronounces it to have been a school of vice. The German professors see in it a school of science. Professor Felton thinks that it may have resembled the Courts of Love in the Middle Ages. But a more reasonable parallel, nearer home, must occur to the minds of those of us who remember Margaret Fuller Ossoli and her classes. If Sappho, in addition to all that the American gave her pupils, undertook the duty of instruction in the most difficult music, the most complex metres, and the profoundest religious rites, then she had on her hands quite too much work to be exclusively a troubadour or a *savante* or a sinner. And if such ardent attachments as Margaret

Fuller Ossoli inspired among her own sex were habitually expressed by Sappho's maiden lovers, in the language of Lesbos instead of Boston, we can easily conceive of sentimental ardors which Attic comedians would find ludicrous and Scotch advocates nothing less than a scandal.

Fortunately we can come within six centuries of the real Lesbian society in the reports of Maximus Tyrius, whom Felton strangely calls "a tedious writer of the time of the Antonines," but who seems to me often to rival Epictetus and Plutarch in eloquence and nobleness of tone. In his eighth dissertation he draws a parallel between the instruction given by Socrates to men and that afforded by Sappho to women. "Each," he says, "appears to me to deal with the same kind of love, the one as subsisting among males, the other among females." "What Alcibiades and Charmides and Phædrus are with Socrates, that Gylinna and Atthis and Anactoria are with the Lesbian. And what those rivals Prodicus, Gorgias, Thrasymachus, and Protagoras are to Socrates, that Gorgo and Andromeda are to Sappho. At one time she reproves, at another she confutes these, and addresses them in the same ironical language with Socrates." Then he draws parallels between the writings of the two. "Diotima says to Socrates that love flourishes in abundance,

but dies in want. Sappho conveys the same meaning when she calls love 'sweetly bitter' and 'a painful gift.' Socrates calls love 'a sophist,' Sappho 'a ringlet of words.' Socrates says that he is agitated with Bacchic fury through the love of Phædrus; but she that 'love shakes her mind as the wind when it falls on mountain-oaks.' Socrates reproves Xantippe when she laments that he must die, and Sappho writes to her daughter, 'Grief is not lawful in the residence of the Muse, nor does it become us.'"

Thus far Maximus Tyrius. But that a high intellectual standard prevailed in this academy of Sappho's may be inferred from a fragment of her verse, in which she utters her disappointment over an uncultivated woman, whom she had, perhaps, tried in vain to influence. This imaginary epitaph warns this pupil that she is in danger of being forgotten through forgetfulness of those Pierian roses which are the Muses' symbol. This version retains the brevity of the original lines, and though rhymed, is literal, except that it changes the second person to the third: —

Dying she reposes ;
Oblivion grasps her now ;
Since never Pierian roses
Were wreathed round her empty brow ;

She goeth unwept and lonely
 To Hades' dusky homes,
 And bodiless shadows only
 Bid her welcome as she comes.

To show how differently Sappho lamented her favorites, I give Elton's version of another epitaph on a maiden, whom we may fancy lying robed for the grave, while her companions sever their tresses around her, that something of themselves may be entombed with her.

"This dust was Timas'; ere her bridal hour
 She lies in Proserpina's gloomy bower;
 Her virgin playmates from each lovely head
 Cut with sharp steel their locks, the strewments for the
 dead."

These are only fragments; but of the single complete poem that remains to us from Sappho, I shall venture on a translation, which can claim only to be tolerably literal, and to keep, in some degree, to the Sapphic metre. Yet I am cheered by the remark of an old grammarian, Demetrius Phalereus, that "Sappho's whole poetry is so perfectly musical and harmonious, that even the harshest voice or most awkward recital can hardly render it displeasing to the ear." Let us hope that the Muses may extend some such grace, even to a translation.

HYMN TO APHRODITE

Beautiful-throned, immortal Aphrodite !
Daughter of Zeus, beguiler, I implore thee,
Weigh me not down with weariness and anguish,
O thou most holy !

Come to me now ! if ever thou in kindness
Hearkenedst my words, — and often hast thou hearkened,
Heeding, and coming from the mansions golden
Of thy great Father,

Yoking thy chariot, borne by thy most lovely
Consecrated birds, with dusky-tinted pinions,
Waving swift wings from utmost heights of heaven
Through the mid-ether :

Swiftly they vanished ; leaving thee, O goddess,
Smiling, with face immortal in its beauty,
Asking why I grieved, and why in utter longing
I had dared call thee ;

Asking what I sought, thus hopeless in desiring,
'Wildered in brain, and spreading nets of passion
Alas, for whom ? and saidst thou, " Who has harmed thee ?
O my poor Sappho ! "

" Though now he flies, ere long he shall pursue thee ;
Fearing thy gifts, he too in turn shall bring them ;
Loveless to-day, to-morrow he shall woo thee,
Though thou shouldst spurn him. "

Thus seek me now, O holy Aphrodite !
Save me from anguish, give me all I ask for,
Gifts at thy hand ; and thine shall be the glory,
Sacred protector !

It is safe to say that there is not a lyrical poem in Greek literature, nor in any other, which has, by its artistic structure, inspired more enthusiasm than this. Is it autobiographical? The German critics, true to their national instincts, hint that she may have written some of her verses in her character of pedagogue, as exercises in different forms of verse. It is as if Shakespeare had written his sonnet, "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?" only to show young Southampton where the rhymes came in. Still more difficult is it to determine the same question — autobiographical or dramatic? — in case of the fragment next in length to this poem. It has been well engrafted into English literature through the translation of Ambrose Philips, as follows : —

"TO A BELOVED WOMAN

- "Blest as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee, all the while,
Softly speak and sweetly smile.
- "'T was that deprived my soul of rest,
And raised such tumult in my breast ;
For while I gazed, in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.
- "My bosom glowed ; the subtile flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame ;
On my dim eyes a darkness hung ;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

“ With dewy damps my limbs were chilled ;
My blood with gentle horrors thrilled ;
My feeble pulse forgot to play ;
I fainted, sunk, and died away.”

The translation would give the impression that this is a complete poem ; but it is not. A fragment of the next verse brings some revival from this desperate condition, but what exit is finally provided does not appear. The existing lines are preserved by Longinus in the eighth chapter of his famous book, “ On the Sublime ;” and his commentary is almost as impassioned as the poem. “ Is it not wonderful how she calls at once on soul, body, ears, tongue, eyes, color, — as on so many separate deaths, — and how in self-contradiction and simultaneously she freezes, she glows, she raves, she returns to reason, she is terrified, she is at the brink of death? It is not a single passion that she exhibits, but a whole congress of passions.” The poem thus described, while its grammatical formations show it to have been addressed by a woman to a woman, is quite as likely to have been dramatic as autobiographical in its motive. It became so famous, at any rate, as a diagnosis of passion, that a Greek physician is said to have “ copied it bodily into his book, and to have regulated his prescriptions accordingly.”

All that remains to us of Sappho, besides, is

a chaos of short fragments, which have been assiduously collected and edited by Wolf, Blomfield, Neue, and others. Among the spirited translations by our own poet Percival, there are several of these fragments; one of which I quote for its exceeding grace, though it consists of only two lines:—

“Sweet mother, I can weave the web no more;
So much I love the youth, so much I lingering love.”

But this last adjective, so effective to the ear, is, after all, an interpolation. It should be:—

So much I love the youth, by Aphrodite's charm.

Percival also translates one striking fragment whose few short lines seem to toll like a bell, mourning the dreariness of a forgotten tryst, on which the moon and stars look down. I should render it thus:—

The moon is down;
And I've watched the dying
Of the Pleiades;
'T is the middle night,
The hour glides by,
And alone I'm sighing.

Percival puts it in blank verse, more smoothly:

“The moon is set; the Pleiades are gone;
'T is the midnight of night; the hour is by,
And yet I watch alone.”

There are some little fragments of verse addressed by Sappho to the evening star, which

are supposed to have suggested the celebrated lines of Byron ; she says, —

“ O Hesperus, thou bringest all things,
Thou bringest wine, thou bringest [home] the goat,
To the mother thou bringest the child.”

Again she says, with a touch of higher imagination, —

“ Hesperus, bringing home all that the light-giving morning
has scattered.”

Grammarians have quoted this line to illustrate the derivation of the word Hesperus ;¹ and the passage may be meant to denote, not merely the assembling of the household at night, but the more spiritual reuniting of the thoughts and dreams that draw round us with the shadows and vanish with the dawn.

Achilles Tatius, in the fifth century, gave in prose the substance of one of Sappho's poems, not otherwise preserved. It may be called “ The Song of the Rose.”

“ If Zeus had wished to appoint a sovereign over the flowers, he would have made the rose their king. It is the ornament of the earth, the glory of plants, the eye of the flowers, the blush of the meadows, a flash of beauty. It breathes of love, welcomes Aphrodite, adorns itself with fragrant leaves, and is decked with tremulous petals, that laugh in the zephyr.”

¹ Ἑσπέρα ἀπὸ τοῦ ἕσω ποιεῖν περᾶν τὰ ζῶα, κ. τ. λ.

Indeed, that love of external nature, which is so often mistakenly said to have been wanting among the Greeks, is strongly marked in Sappho. She observes "the vernal swallow and the melodious nightingale, Spring's herald." "The moon," she elsewhere says, "was at the full, and they [the stars] stood round her, as round an altar." And again, "The stars around the lovely moon withdraw their splendor when, in her fulness, she most illumines earth."

Of herself Sappho speaks but little in the fragments left to us. In one place she asserts that she is "not of malignant nature, but has a placid mind," and again that her desire is for "a mode of life that shall be elegant and at the same time honest," the first wish doing credit to her taste, and the other to her conscience. In several places she confesses to a love of luxury, yet she is described by a later Greek author, Aristides, as having rebuked certain vain and showy women for their ostentation, while pointing out that the pursuits of intellect afford a surer joy. It is hardly needful to add that not a line remains of her writings which can be charged with indelicacy; and had any such existed, they would hardly have passed unnoticed or been forgotten.

It is odd that the most direct report left to us of Sappho's familiar conversation should have

enrolled her among those enemies of the human race who give out conundrums. Or rather it is in this case a riddle of the old Greek fashion, such as the Sphinx set the example of propounding to men, before devouring them in any other manner. I will render it in plain prose.

SAPPHO'S RIDDLE.

There is a feminine creature who bears in her bosom a voiceless brood; yet they send forth a clear voice, over sea and land, to whatsoever mortals they will; the absent hear it; so do the deaf.

This is the riddle, as recorded by Antiphanes, and preserved by Athenæus. It appears that somebody tried to guess it. The feminine creature, he thought, was the state. The brood must be the orators, to be sure, whose voices reached beyond the seas, as far as Asia and Thrace, and brought back thence something to their own advantage; while the community sat dumb and deaf amid their railings. This seemed plausible, but somebody else objected to the solution; for who ever knew an orator to be silent, he said, until he was put down by force? All which sounds quite American and modern; but he gave it up, at last, and appealed to Sappho, who thus replied:—

SAPPHO'S SOLUTION.

A letter is a thing essentially feminine in its character. It bears a brood in its bosom named the alphabet. They are voiceless, yet speak to whom they will; and if any man shall stand next to him who reads, will he not hear?

It is not an exciting species of wit. Yet this kind of riddle was in immense demand in Greek society, and "if you make believe very hard, it's quite nice." But it seems rather a pity that this memorial of Sappho should be preserved, while her solemn hymns and her Epithalamia, or marriage-songs, which were, as has been said, almost the first Greek effort toward dramatic poetry, are lost to us forever.

And thus we might go on through the literature of Greece, peering after little grains of Sappho among the rubbish of voluminous authors. But perhaps these specimens are enough. It remains to say that the name of Phaon, who is represented by Ovid as having been her lover, is not once mentioned in these fragments, and the general tendency of modern criticism is to deny his existence. Some suppose him to have been a merely mythical being, based upon the supposed loves of Aphrodite and Adonis, who was called by the Greeks Phæthon or Phaon.

It is said that this Phaon was a ferryman at Mitylene, who was growing old and ugly till he rowed Aphrodite in his boat, and then refused payment ; on which she gave him for recompense youth, beauty, and Sappho. This was certainly, "Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee," as in Uhland's ballad ; but the Greek passengers have long since grown as shadowy as the German, and we shall never know whether this oarsman really ferried himself into the favor of goddess or of dame. It is of little consequence ; Sappho doubtless had lovers, and one of them may as well have been named Phaon as anything else.

But to lose her fabled leap from the Leucadian promontory would doubtless be a greater sacrifice ; it formed so much more effective a termination for her life than any novelist could have contrived. It is certain that the leap itself, as a Greek practice, was no fable ; sometimes it was a form of suicide, sometimes a religious incantation, and sometimes again an expiation of crime. But it was also used often as a figure of speech by comfortable poets who would have been sorry to find in it anything more. Anacreon, for instance, says in an ode, "Again casting myself from the Leucadian rock, I plunge into the gray sea, drunk with love ;" though it is clear that he was not a

man to drown his cares in anything larger than a punch-bowl. It is certainly hard to suppose that the most lovelorn lady, residing on an island whose every shore was a precipice, and where her lover was at hand to feel the anguish of her fate, would take ship and sail for weary days over five hundred miles of water to seek a more sensational rock. Theodor Kock, the latest German writer on Sappho, thinks it is as if a lover should travel from the Rhine to Niagara to drown himself. "Are not Abana and Pharpar rivers of Damascus?" More solid, negative proof is found in the fact that Ptolemy Hephæstion, the author who has collected the most numerous notices of the Leucadian leap, entirely omits the conspicuous name of Sappho from his record. Even Colonel Mure, who is as anxious to prove this deed against her as if it were a violation of all the ten commandments, is staggered for a moment by this omission; but soon recovering himself, with an ingenuity that does him credit as attorney for the prosecution, he points out that the reason Ptolemy omitted Sappho's name was undoubtedly because it was so well known already; a use of negative evidence to which there can be no objection, except that under it any one of us might be convicted of having died last year, on the plea that his death was

a fact too notorious to be mentioned in the newspapers.

But whether by way of the Leucadian cliff or otherwise, Sappho is gone, with her music and her pupils and most of the words she wrote, and the very city where she dwelt, and all but the island she loved. It is something to be able to record that, twenty-five centuries ago, in that remote nook among the Grecian Isles, a woman's genius could play such a part in moulding the great literature that has moulded the world. Colonel Mure thinks that a hundred such women might have demoralized all Greece. But it grew demoralized at any rate; and even the island where Sappho taught took its share in the degradation. If, on the other hand, the view taken of her by more careful criticism be correct, a hundred such women might have done much to save it. Modern nations must take up again the problem where Athens failed and Lesbos only pointed the way to the solution, — to create a civilization where the highest culture shall be extended to woman also. It is not enough that we should dream, with Plato, of a republic where man is free and woman but a serf. The aspirations of modern life culminate, like the greatest of modern poems, in the elevation of womanhood. *Das ewige Weibliche zieht uns hinan.*

ON AN OLD LATIN TEXT-BOOK

I REMEMBER the very day when the schoolmaster gave it to me. He was that vigorous, rigorous, kind-hearted, thorough-bred Englishman, William Wells. It was the beginning of a new school-year. Lowell and Story and the other old boys, who seemed so immeasurably ancient, had been transferred to college; and last year's youngest class was at length youngest but one, and ready for the "New Latin Tutor." Then Mr. Wells called us to his desk, and, opening it, — I can hear the very rattle of the "birch" as it rolled back from the uplifted lid, — he brought out for us these books, in all the glory of fresh calf binding, and gave each volume into trembling, boyish hands. To some of us there was always more of birch than of bounty in the immediate associations of that desk, and I fancy that we always trembled a little when we had a new book, as if all the potential floggings which it might involve were already tingling between its covers. Yet those of us whose love of the book was wont to save us from the rod may have felt the thrill of delight predominate; at any rate, there was

novelty and "the joy of eventful living;" and I remember that the rather stern and aquiline face of our teacher relaxed into mildness for a moment. Both we and our books must have looked very fresh and new to him, though we may all be a little battered now; at least, my "New Latin Tutor" is. The change undergone by the volume which Browning put in the plum-tree cleft, to be read only by newts and beetles, —

"With all the binding all of a blister,
And great blue spots where the ink has run,
And reddish streaks that wink and glister," —

could hardly exceed what this book shows, when I fish it up from a chest of literary lumber, coeval with itself. It would smell musty, doubtless, to any nose unregulated by a heart; but to me it is redolent of the alder-blossoms of boyish springs, and the aromatic walnut odor which used in autumn to pervade the dells of "Sweet Auburn," that lay not so very far from our schoolhouse. It is a very precious book, and it should be robed in choice Turkey morocco, were not the very covers too much a part of the association to be changed. For between them I gathered the seed-grain of many harvests of delight; through this low archway I first looked upon the immeasurable beauty of words.

“Do ye hear, or does an amiable madness seize me? I seem to hear her, and to wander through holy groves, where the pleasant waters and the breezes play.” Are these phrases really so delightful, or was it the process of re-translation into Latin that so fixed them in my ear? It seems to me that they first taught me what language was meant for; they set to music the wandering breeze and the running brook; they doubled the joy that these things gave. There was no new information offered by the sentence; I had long known that the waters were pleasant, and had an instinct that the groves were holy; but that it was within the power of words to reproduce and almost double by utterance these sweet felicities, this had never dawned upon me till these “exercises in writing Latin” began. This, then, was literature!

“But he, yet a boy, and as unobserved, goes here and there upon the lonely green; and dips the soles of his feet, then up to the ankle, in the playing waters.” How delicious it seemed in the English, how much more in the Latin! What liquid words were these: *aqua, aura, unda!* All English poetry that I had yet learned by heart — it is only children who learn by heart, grown people “commit to memory” — had not so awakened the vision of what lit-

erature might mean. Thenceforth all life became ideal. The child who read this was himself that boy "upon the lonely green;" he it was who, being twelve years old, could just touch the tender boughs from the ground:—

"Alter ab undecimo tum me jam ceperat annus,
Jam fragiles poteram a terra contingere ramos."

Then human passion, tender, faithful, immortal, came also by and beckoned. "'But let me die,' she said. 'Thus, thus it delights me to go under the shades.'" Or that infinite tenderness, the stronger even for its opening moderation of utterance, the last sigh of Æneas after Dido, —

"Nec me meminisse pigebit Elissam
Dum memor ipse mihi, dum spiritus hos regit artus."

Then "visionary forms" gather round the boy's head, "fluttering about in wondrous ways; he hears various sounds and enjoys an interview with the gods:" —

"Multa modis simulacra videt volitantia miris
Et varias audit voces, fruiturque Deorum
Colloquio."

Or, with more definite and sublime grandeur, the vast forms of Roman statesmanship appear: "To-day, Romans, you behold the commonwealth, the lives of you all, estates, fortunes, wives, and children, and the seat of this most renowned empire, this most fortunate and most

beautiful city, preserved and restored to you by the distinguished love of the immortal gods, and by my toils, counsels, and dangers."

What great thoughts were found within these pages, what a Roman vigor was in these maxims! "It is Roman to do and to suffer bravely." "It is sweet and glorious to die for one's country." "He that gives himself up to pleasure is not worthy the name of a man." "It is the part of a brave and unshaken spirit not to be disturbed in adverse affairs." "At how much is virtue to be estimated, which can never be taken away by force, nor purloined; is neither lost by shipwreck, nor by fire, nor is it changed by the alterations of seasons and of times." Then came the tender charities. "Compassionate such grievous afflictions, compassionate a soul bearing unmerited treatment." There was nothing hard or stern in this book, no cynicism, no indifference; but it was a flower-garden of lovely outdoor allusions, a gallery of great deeds; and, as I have said, it formed the child's first real glimpse into the kingdom of words.

Could not the same literary fascination, the same spell, prophetic of future joys, have been exerted by English poetry? Perhaps so, though just the same quality of charm had never, in my case, been found there. But what fixed it forever in the mind was the minute and detailed

study required in the process of translation, — the balancing of epithets, the seeking of equivalents. Genius doubtless is a law to itself, but for ordinary minds the delicate shading of language must be discerned by careful comparison of words, just as taste in dress comes to women by the careful matching of soft tints. It takes two languages to teach us the resources of one. Montaigne, who taught his son to speak Latin only, left him as uneducated as if he had learned his mother-tongue alone.

I was once asked by a doctor of divinity, who was also the overseer of a college, whether I ever knew any one to look back with pleasure upon his early studies in Latin and Greek. It was like being asked if one looked back with pleasure on summer mornings and evenings. No doubt those languages, like all others, have fared hard at the hands of pedants; and there are active boys who hate all study, and others who love the natural sciences alone. But I remember with unspeakable gratitude that I never tasted of any study whatever without hearty enjoyment; nor is it easy to see how any one can ever feel ennui in life while there is a language or a science left to learn. Indeed, it is a hasty assumption, that the majority of boys hate Latin and Greek. I find that most college graduates, at least, retain some relish

for the memory of such studies, even if they have utterly lost the power to masticate or digest them. "Though they speak no Greek, they love the sound on 't." Many a respectable citizen still loves to look at his Horace or Virgil on the shelf where it has stood undisturbed for a dozen years ; he looks, and thinks that he too lived in Arcadia. He recalls his college dreams, and walks, and talks, and the debating society, and the class day. He murmurs something to himself about the " still air of delightful studies." The books link him with culture, and universities, and the traditions of great scholars. On some stormy Sunday, he thinks, he will take them down. At length he tries it ; he handles the volume awkwardly, as he does his infant ; but it is something to be able to say that neither book nor baby has been actually dropped. He likes to know that there is a tie between him and each of these possessions, though he is willing, it must be owned, to leave the daily care of each in more familiar hands.

But even if he only hated the sight of his old text-books, what would it prove ? Not that he was unfit for their study, or the study for him, but that either book or teacher was inadequate. It is not the child's fault if all this region of delight be haunted by ogres called grammarians. Where " Andrews and Stoddard " enter,

it is inevitable that all joys should flee ; but why, we are now beginning to ask, should those extremely prosaic gentlemen come in at all ? Accuracy is desirable, and doubtless a child should learn grammar, but the terrible book which this academical firm prepared was not a grammar ; it was an encyclopædia of philology in small print. It is something to the praise of classical studies that even those two well-meaning men did not extinguish these pursuits forever. It is not to be imputed to boys as a crime, "that they do not love the conjugations at first sight, or conceive a passionate attachment for the irregular verbs." In the days when this old book was new, a little manual of a hundred pages, prepared by William Wells himself, contained all that was held needful to be learned of grammar ; and in these happy modern days of Allen and of Goodwin, that golden age returns. Any child can bear a little drudgery, and it will do him good ; it is the amount that kills. A boy will joyfully wade through a half-mile of sand-hills to reach the sea ; but do not therefore try him with the desert of Sahara. When I was at school, the path did not lead through the desert ; but had it done so, this old text-book would have been an oasis.

Yet it may plausibly be said that what charms the child, after all, is the grace of the phrase,

and that even if a collection of good English sentences would not answer as well (because he is not forced to dwell on them for the purpose of translation), yet some German or French phrase-book, provided it were not Ollendorff, might serve the purpose. I should be the last person to deny the magic that may also dwell, for young people, in a book like Miss Austen's "Selections from German Prose Writers," which at a later period I almost learned by heart. But however we may define the words "classic" and "romantic," it will be found, I think, however contrary to the impression of many, that the child is naturally a classicist first. Emerson said well, "Every healthy boy is a Greek;" while his powers are dawning and he divides his life between games and books, he prefers phrases that, while they touch his imagination, have yet a certain definite quality. A Greek statue, a Latin line, reach him and stay with him; he likes them as he likes Scott, for the vivid picture. He must grow a little older, must look before and after; the vague sense of a dawning destiny must begin just to touch him; he must gaze into a maiden's eyes, and begin to write long reveries in his journal, and fancy himself "so young, yet so old," before Germany can fully reach him. To the German was given "the powers of the air," but the boy dwells on

earth ; for him the very gods must be, like those of the Greeks and Romans, men and women. He is poetic, but it is according to Milton's definition, "simple, sensuous, passionate ;" the boy's poetry is classic, it is the youth only who is romantic. Give him time enough, and every castle on the Rhine will have for him a dream, and every lily of the Mummelsee an imprisoned maiden ; but his earlier faith is in the more definite *dramatis personæ* of this old text-book. Wordsworth, in one of his profoundest poems, "Tintern Abbey," has described the difference between the "glad animal movements" of a boy's most ardent love of nature, and the more meditative enjoyment of later years ; and the child approaches literature as he does nature, with direct and vehement delight ; the wildest romances must have in some sort definite outlines, as in the "Arabian Nights." The epoch of vague dreams will come later ; up to the age of thirteen he is a Roman or a Greek.

I must honestly say that much of the modern outcry against classical studies seems to me to be (as in the case of good Dr. Jacob Bigelow) a frank hostility to literature itself, as the supposed rival of science ; or a willingness (as in Professor W. P. Atkinson's case) to tolerate modern literature, while discouraging the study

of the ancient. Both seem to commit the error of drawing their examples of abuse from England, and applying their warnings to America. Because your neighbor on one side is dying of a plethora, there is no reason why you should withhold bread from your neighbor on the other side, who is dying of starvation. Because nine tenths of the English schoolboys are "addled," according to Mr. Farrar, by being overworked in Latin verse-making, must we transfer the same imputation to colleges which never burdened the conscience of a pupil with a single metrical line? Because the House of Commons was once said to care more for a false quantity in Latin verse than in English morals, shall we visit equal indignation on a House of Representatives that had to send for a classical dictionary to find out who Thersites was? Since all the leading modern languages and the chief branches of natural science have been sedulously taught in our American colleges for a quarter of a century, why keep discoursing on the omissions of Oxford and Cambridge? Have we then no sins of our own, that we must torture ourselves in vicarious penance for the whole of Europe?

Granted, that foreign systems of education may err by insisting on the arts of literary structure too much; think what we should lose by

dwelling on them too little! The magic of mere words; the mission of language; the worth of form as well as of matter; the power to make a common thought immortal in a phrase, so that your fancy can no more detach the one from the other than it can separate the soul and body of a child;—it was the veiled half-revelation of these things that made that old text-book forever fragrant to me. There are in it the still visible traces of wild flowers which I used to press between the pages, on the way to school; but it was the pressed flowers of Latin poetry that were embalmed there first. These are blossoms that do not fade. Horace was right in his fond imagination, and his monument has proved more permanent than any bronze, *ære perennius*. “Wonderful is it to me,” says Boccaccio, in Landor’s delicious “Pentameron,” “when I consider that an infirm and helpless creature, such as I am, should be capable of laying thoughts up in their cabinet of words, which Time, as he moves by, with the revolutions of stormy and eventful years, can never move from their places.”

One must bear in mind the tendencies of the time. If the danger were impending of an age of mere literary conceits, every one should doubtless contend against it; for what is the use of polished weapons, where there is no ammu-

dition? But the current tendency is all the other way,—to distrust all literary graces, to denude English style of all positive beauty, and leave it only the colorless vehicle of thought. There must not even be the smoothness of Queen Anne's day, still less the delicacy of the current French traditions; but only a good, clear, manly, energetic, insular style, as if each dwelt on an island, and hailed his neighbor each morning in good chest tones, to tell him the news. It is the farthest possible from the style of a poet or an artist, but it is the style of that ideal man for whom Huxley longs, "whose intellect is a clear, cold logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order, ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to all kinds of work." In Huxley himself this type of writing is seen at the greatest advantage; Froude and Seeley have much the same; and books like the "Essays on a Liberal Education," put together by a dozen different Oxford and Cambridge men, exhibit but one style,—a style that goes straight to the mark and will stand no nonsense. It is all very well, so far, and this is doubtless better than carving the bow till it breaks, as in Æsop's fable; but is there not room in the world for both science and art, for use and beauty? If a page is good that tells truth plainly, may not another page

have merit that sets truth in words which linger like music on the ear? We are outgrowing the foolish fear that science is taking all poetry away from the facts of nature; but why should it set itself against the poetry of words? The *savants* themselves recognize the love of beauty as quite a respectable instinct, when it appears paleontologically. When, in the exploration of bone-caves, they find that some primeval personage carved a bird or a beaver upon his hatchet, they are all in ecstasies and say, "This is indeed a discovery. About the year of the world thirty-three thousand, art was born!" But if art took so long a gestation, is it not worth keeping alive, now that we have got it? Why is it that, when all these added centuries have passed, the writer must now take the style, which is his weapon, must erase from it all attempt at beauty, and demand only that, like the barbaric hatchet, it shall bring down its man?

In America, this tendency is only dawning; while Emerson is read, it will be still believed that literature means form as well as matter. But no one can talk with the pupils of our technological schools, without seeing that, in surrendering books like my old Latin text-book, it is, in fact, literature that they renounce. They speak as impatiently of the hours wasted on "Paradise Lost" as if they were given to

Plato. Even in our oldest University, the department of "Rhetoric and Oratory" came so near to extinction that it only got a reprieve on the very scaffold, at the intercession of some of the older graduates. "To pursue literature *per se*" has become almost a badge of reproach in quarters where what is sometimes called "the new education" prevails. Now there is no danger, in these evolutionary days, that any one will disregard the study of natural science; but when one sees how desperately it sometimes narrows its votaries, one admires the wit of the Newport lady who said the other day, when taxed with one-sidedness by the scientists, that she must, after all, prefer literature *per se* to science purblind.

It is my most cherished conviction that this Anglo-American race is developing a finer organization than the stock from which it sprang, — is destined to be more sensitive to art, as well as more abundant in nervous energy. We must not narrow ourselves into science only, must not become mere observers nor mere thinkers, but must hold to the side of art as well. Grant that it is the worthy mission of the current British literature to render style clear, simple, and convincing, it may yet be the mission of Americans to take that style and make it beautiful.

And in this view we need, above all things else, to retain in our American universities all that looks toward literature, whether based upon the study of the modern, or, still better, of the ancient tongues. I do not mean to advocate mere pedantries, such as the Latin programmes on Commencement day, or the Latin triennial Catalogues; but I mean such actual delights in the study of language as my old text-book gave. It seems almost needless to say that the best training for one who is to create beauty must be to accustom him to dwelling on that which is beautiful; his taste once formed, let him originate what he can. If this can be done by modern models as well as by ancient, let it be done; it is the literary culture, as such, that we need. Keats, who said of himself, "I dote on fine phrases like a lover," was as truly engaged in literary training as if he had been making Latin verses at Oxford; very likely more so; but, at any rate, it was not science that he studied. It is for literature, after all, that I plead; not for this or that body of literature. Welcoming science, I only deprecate the exclusive adoption of the scientific style.

There prevailed for a long time, in America, a certain superstition about collegiate education. So far as it was superstitious, the im-

pression was foolish, no doubt ; but beneath its folly, the tradition of pure literature was kept alive. It appears from President Dwight's "Travels," that, until about the year 1800, our oldest college prescribed Latin verse-making as a condition of entrance. He also says that at that time the largest library in America held but fifteen thousand volumes. While the means of research were so limited, there was plenty of time for verse-making, but it would be foolish to insist on it now. Since the range of study is so much widened, the best course seems to be, to give a child the rudiments of various good things, and, when he grows older, let him choose for himself.

Personally, I should hold with Napoleon, that, however high we may rank the scientific exploration of nature, we should rank literature higher still, as bringing us nearer to the human mind itself. "*J'aime les sciences mathématiques et physiques ; chacune d'elles est une belle application partielle de l'esprit humain ; mais les lettres, c'est l'esprit humain lui même ; c'est l'éducation de l'âme.*" But since the natural preferences of children should be followed in all training, not set at defiance, it is unnecessary and unwise to impose the same order of precedence upon all minds. There is really a good deal of time in childhood ; even young

Americans do not mature so instantaneously but that you can teach them something before the process is complete. President Eliot says, "There have been many good college students who have learned in two years all the Greek and Latin required for admission into Harvard College."

I am satisfied, from observation and experiment, that it is perfectly practicable so to bring up an average boy that he shall be a good rider, swimmer, and sailor ; shall be a keen field-naturalist ; shall know the use of tools ; shall speak French and German ; shall have the rudiments of music or of drawing ; and still shall be fairly fitted for our most exacting college at the age of sixteen. If so, we appear to have within reach the beginning of a tolerably good education, and there seems no reason why we should sacrifice literature to science, or science to literature. We must simply avoid bigotry in either direction, and believe that children are as naturally born to learn as to eat, if we can only make the cookery in either case palatable.

To be sure, the first steps in book-learning are not all enjoyment, neither are the first steps in learning to skate. But, if the sum total affords pleasure, who remembers the casualties and mortifications ? No doubt there were anxieties and pangs enough connected with this poor

old text-book ; but through memory's kind chemistry they are all removed, and only pleasurable thoughts remain behind. Our early recollections are like water in a cistern, which in time throws off all its own impurities and grows permanently clear. On board the receiving-ship at the Brooklyn Navy Yard they give you a draught from a tank which was filled for a cruise forty years ago, and has never been emptied ; there was a period when it was not fit for use, but it is now as sweet as if drawn yesterday. So, in reverting to one's school experience, the impurities and coarseness and tyrannies disappear ; but you remember the morning walk to the schoolhouse and the game of football at recess-time, and the panting rest on the cool grass afterwards, and the twittering fellowship of the barn swallows, to whom it was recess-time all day long. You remember the desk at which you sat, with its notches and inscriptions, and the pulley contrived to hold the lid up, — the invention of some historic pupil who had long since passed away to the university, and now seemed as grand and remote as one of Virgil's heroes. And with these recurs the memory of the "New Latin Tutor," and the excitement of the novel study, and the charm of the Roman cadence. It is all turned to light and joy and an eternal spring : —

"Ver erat æternum; placidique tepentibus auris
Mulcebant zephyri natos sine semine flores."

The present is so apt to disappoint our high anticipations, I do not know what would become of us poor fellows if memory did not rival hope as a flatterer, making the past as golden as the future; so that, at worst, it is only the passing moment that is poor.

The thought to which my dear old Latin book has led me is simply this: that while we make children happy by teaching them the careful observation of nature, — so that our educated men need no longer be "naturalists by accident," as Professor Owen said of those in England, — we yet should give to the same children another happiness still, by such first glimpses of literary pleasure as this book afforded. A race of exclusively scientific men and women would be as great an evil as would be a race trained only in what Sydney Smith calls "the safe and elegant imbecility of classical learning." We can spare the Louvre and the Vatican, we can spare Pæstum and the Pyramids, as easily as we can spare the purely literary culture from the world.

AMERICANISM IN LITERATURE

THE voyager from Europe who lands upon our shores perceives a difference in the sky above his head ; the height seems loftier, the zenith more remote, the horizon-wall more steep ; the moon appears to hang in middle air, beneath a dome that arches far beyond it. The sense of natural symbolism is so strong in us that the mind seeks a spiritual significance in this glory of the atmosphere. It is not enough to find the sky enlarged, and not the mind, — *cælum, non animum*. One wishes to be convinced that here the intellectual man inhales a deeper breath, and walks with bolder tread ; that philosopher and artist are here more buoyant, more fresh, more fertile ; that the human race has here escaped at one bound from the despondency of ages, as from their wrongs.

Now the true and healthy Americanism is to be found, let us believe, in this attitude of hope ; an attitude not necessarily connected with culture nor with the absence of culture, but with the consciousness of a new impulse given to all human progress. The most ignorant man may feel the full strength and heartiness of the

American idea, and so may the most accomplished scholar. It is a matter of regret if thus far we have mainly had to look for our Americanism and our scholarship in very different quarters, and if it has been a rare delight to find the two in one.

It seems unspeakably important that all persons among us, and especially the student and the writer, should be pervaded with Americanism. Americanism includes the faith that national self-government is not a chimera, but that, with whatever inconsistencies and drawbacks, we are steadily establishing it here. It includes the faith that to this good thing all other good things must in time be added. When a man is heartily imbued with such a national sentiment as this, it is as marrow in his bones and blood in his veins. He may still need culture, but he has the basis of all culture. He is entitled to an imperturbable patience and hopefulness, born of a living faith. All that is scanty in our intellectual attainments, or poor in our artistic life, may then be cheerfully endured: if a man sees his house steadily rising on sure foundations, he can wait or let his children wait for the cornice and the frieze. But if one happens to be born or bred in America without this wholesome confidence, there is no happiness for him; he has his alternative be-

tween being unhappy at home and unhappy abroad; it is a choice of martyrdoms for himself, and a certainty of martyrdom for his friends.

Happily there are few among our cultivated men in whom this oxygen of American life is wholly wanting. Where such exist, for them the path across the ocean is easy, and the return how hard! Yet our national character develops slowly; we are aiming at something better than our English fathers, and we pay for it by greater vacillations and vibrations of movement. The Englishman's strong point is a vigorous insularity which he carries with him, portable and sometimes insupportable. The American's more perilous gift is a certain power of assimilation, so that he acquires something from every man he meets, but runs the risk of parting with something in return. For the result, greater possibilities of culture, balanced by greater extremes of sycophancy and meanness. Emerson says that the Englishman of all men stands most firmly on his feet. But it is not the whole of man's mission to be found standing, even at the most important post. Let him take one step forward, — and in that advancing figure you have the American.

We are accustomed to say that the great Civil War and its results made us a nation, subordi-

nated local distinctions, cleared us of our chief shame, and gave us the pride of a common career. This being the case, we may afford to treat ourselves to a little modest self-confidence. Those whose faith in the American people carried them hopefully through the long contest with slavery will not be daunted before any minor perplexities of Chinese immigrants or railway brigands or enfranchised women. We are equal to these things; and we shall also be equal to the creation of a literature. We need intellectual culture inexpressibly, but we need a hearty faith still more. "Never yet was there a great migration that did not result in a new form of national genius." But we must guard against both croakers and boasters; and, above all, we must look beyond our little Boston or New York or Chicago or San Francisco, and be willing citizens of the great Republic.

The highest aim of most of our literary journals has thus far been to appear English, except where some diverging experimentalist has said, "Let us be German," or "Let us be French." This was inevitable; as inevitable as a boy's first imitations of Byron or Tennyson. But it necessarily implied that our literature must, during this epoch, be second-rate. We need to become national, not by any conscious effort, such as implies attitudinizing and constraint,

but by simply accepting our own life. It is not desirable to go out of one's way to be original, but it is to be hoped that it may lie in one's way. Originality is simply a fresh pair of eyes. If you want to astonish the whole world, said Rahel, tell the simple truth. It is easier to excuse a thousand defects in the literary man who proceeds on this faith, than to forgive the one great defect of imitation in the purist who seeks only to be English. As Wasson has said, "The Englishman is undoubtedly a wholesome figure to the mental eye; but will not twenty million copies of him do, for the present?" We must pardon something to the spirit of liberty. We must run some risks, as all immature creatures do, in the effort to use our own limbs. College professors say that it is a bad sign for a college boy to write too well; there should be exuberances and inequalities. A nation which has but just begun to create a literature must sow some wild oats. The most tiresome vaingloriousness may be more hopeful than hypercriticism and spleen. The follies of the absurdest spread-eagle orator may be far more promising, because they smack more of the soil, than the neat Londonism of the city editor who dissects him.

It is but a few years since we have dared to be American in even the details and accessories

of our literary work ; to make our allusions to natural objects real, not conventional ; to ignore the nightingale and skylark, and look for the classic and romantic on our own soil. This change began mainly with Emerson. Some of us can recall the bewilderment with which his verses on the humblebee, for instance, were received, when the choice of subject caused as much wonder as the treatment. It was called "a foolish affectation of the familiar." Happily the atmosphere of distance forms itself rapidly in a new land, and the poem has now as serene a place in literature as if Andrew Marvell had written it. The truly cosmopolitan writer is not he who carefully denudes his work of everything occasional and temporary, but he who makes his local coloring forever classic through the fascination of the dream it tells. Reason, imagination, passion, are universal ; but sky, climate, costume, and even type of human character, belong to some one spot alone till they find an artist potent enough to stamp their associations on the memory of all the world. Whether his work be picture or symphony, legend or lyric, is of little moment. The spirit of the execution is all in all.

As yet, we Americans have hardly begun to think of the details of execution in any art. We do not aim at perfection of detail even in

engineering, much less in literature. In the haste of our national life, most of our intellectual work is done at a rush, is something inserted in the odd moments of the engrossing pursuit. The popular preacher becomes a novelist; the editor turns his paste-pot and scissors to the compilation of a history; the same man must be poet, wit, philanthropist, and genealogist. We find a sort of pleasure in seeing this variety of effort, just as the bystanders like to see a street-musician adjust every joint in his body to a separate instrument, and play a concerted piece with the whole of himself. To be sure, he plays each part badly, but it is such a wonder he should play them all! Thus, in our rather hurried and helter-skelter training, the man is brilliant, perhaps; his main work is well done; but his secondary work is slurred. The book sells, no doubt, by reason of the author's popularity in other fields; it is only the tone of our national literature that suffers. There is nothing in American life that can make concentration cease to be a virtue. Let a man choose his pursuit, and make all else count for recreation only. Goethe's advice to Eckermann is infinitely more important here than it ever was in Germany: "Beware of dissipating your powers; strive constantly to concentrate them. Genius thinks it can do what-

ever it sees others doing, but it is sure to repent of every ill-judged outlay."

In one respect, however, this desultory activity is an advantage: it makes men look in a variety of directions for a standard. As each sect in religion helps to protect us from some other sect, so every mental tendency is the limitation of some other. We need the English culture, but we do not need it more evidently than we need the German, the French, the Greek, the Oriental. In prose literature, for instance, the English contemporary models are not enough. There is an admirable vigor and heartiness, a direct and manly tone; King Richard still lives; but Saladin also had his fine sword-play; let us see him. There are the delightful French qualities, — the atmosphere where literary art means fineness of touch. "Où il n'y a point de délicatesse, il n'y a point de littérature. Un écrit où ne se rencontrent que de la force et un certain feu sans éclat n'annonce que le caractère." But there is something in the English climate which seems to turn the fine edge of any very choice scimitar till it cuts Saladin's own fingers at last.

God forbid that I should disparage this broad Anglo-Saxon manhood which is the basis of our national life. I knew an American mother who sent her boy to Rugby School in England, in

the certainty, as she said, that he would there learn two things, — to play cricket and to speak the truth. He acquired both thoroughly, and she brought him home for what she deemed, in comparison, the ornamental branches. We cannot spare the Englishman from our blood, but it is our business to make him more than an Englishman. That iron must become steel; finer, harder, more elastic, more polished. For this end the English stock was transferred from an island to a continent, and mixed with new ingredients, that it might lose its quality of coarseness, and take a more delicate grain.

As yet, it must be owned, this daring expectation is but feebly reflected in our books. In looking over any collection of American poetry, for instance, one is struck with the fact that it is not so much faulty as inadequate. Emerson set free the poetic intuition of America, Hawthorne its imagination. Both looked into the realm of passion, Emerson with distrust, Hawthorne with eager interest; but neither thrilled with its spell, and the American poet of passion is yet to come. How tame and manageable are wont to be the emotions of our bards, how placid and literary their allusions! There is no baptism of fire; no heat that breeds excess. Yet it is not life that is grown dull, surely; there are as many secrets in every heart, as

many skeletons in every closet, as in any elder period of the world's career. It is the interpreters of life who are found wanting, and that not on this soil alone, but throughout the Anglo-Saxon race. It is not just to say, as some one has said, that our language has not in this generation produced a love-song, for it has produced Browning ; but was it in England or in Italy that he learned to sound the depths of all human emotion ?

And it is not to verse alone that this temporary check of ardor applies. It is often said that prose fiction now occupies the place held by the drama during the Elizabethan age. Certainly this modern product shows something of the brilliant profusion of that wondrous flowering of genius ; but here the resemblance ends. Where in our imaginative literature does one find the concentrated utterance, the intense and breathing life, the triumphs and despairs, the depth of emotion, the tragedy, the thrill, that meet one everywhere in those Elizabethan pages ? What impetuous and commanding men are these, what passionate women ; how they love and hate, struggle and endure ; how they play with the world ; what a trail of fire they leave behind them as they pass by ! Turn now to modern fiction. Dickens's people are amusing and lovable, no doubt ; Thackeray's

are wicked and witty; but how undersized they look, and how they loiter on the mere surfaces of life, compared, I will not say with Shakespeare's, but even with Chapman's and Webster's men. Set aside Hawthorne in America, with perhaps Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot in England, and there would scarcely be a fact in prose literature to show that we modern Anglo-Saxons regard a profound human emotion as a thing worth the painting. Who now dares delineate a lover, except with good-natured, pitying sarcasm, as in "David Copperfield" or "Pendennis"? In the Elizabethan period, with all its unspeakable coarseness, hot blood still ran in the veins of literature; lovers burned and suffered and were men. And what was true of love was true of all the passions of the human soul.

In this respect, as in many others, France has preserved more of the artistic tradition. The common criticism, however, is, that in modern French literature, as in the Elizabethan, the play of feeling is too naked and obvious, and that the Puritan self-restraint is worth more than all that dissolute wealth. I believe it; and here comes in the intellectual worth of America. Puritanism was a phase, a discipline, a hygiene; but we cannot remain always Puritans. The world needed that moral bra-

cing, even for its art ; but, after all, life is not impoverished by being ennobled ; and in a happier age, with a larger faith, we may again enrich ourselves with poetry and passion, while wearing that heroic girdle still around us. Then the next blossoming of the world's imagination need not bear within itself, like all the others, the seeds of an epoch of decay.

I utterly reject the position taken by Matthew Arnold, that the Puritan spirit in America was essentially hostile to literature and art. Of course the forest pioneer cannot compose orchestral symphonies, nor the founder of a state carve statues. But the thoughtful and scholarly men who created the Massachusetts Colony brought with them the traditions of their universities, and left these embodied in a college. The Puritan life was only historically inconsistent with culture ; there was no logical antagonism. Indeed, that life had in it much that was congenial to art, in its enthusiasm and its truthfulness. Take these Puritan traits, employ them in a more genial sphere, add intellectual training and a sunny faith, and you have a soil suited to art above all others. To deny it is to see in art only something frivolous and insincere. The American writer in whom the artistic instinct was strongest came of unmixed Puritan stock. Major John Hathorne, in 1692,

put his offenders on trial, and generally convicted and hanged them all. Nathaniel Hawthorne held his more spiritual tribunal two centuries later, and his keener scrutiny found some ground of vindication for each one. The fidelity, the thoroughness, the conscientious purpose, were the same in each. Both sought to rest their work, as all art and all law must rest, upon the absolute truth. The writer kept, no doubt, something of the sombreness of the magistrate; each, doubtless, suffered in the woes he studied; and as the one "had a knot of pain in his forehead all winter" while meditating the doom of Arthur Dimmesdale, so may the other have borne upon his own brow the trace of Martha Corey's grief.

No, it does not seem to me that the obstacle to a new birth of literature and art in America lies in the Puritan tradition, but rather in the timid and faithless spirit that lurks in the circles of culture, and still holds something of literary and academic leadership in the homes of the Puritans. What are the ghosts of a myriad Blue Laws compared with the transplanted cynicism of one "Saturday Review?" How can any noble literature germinate where young men are habitually taught that there is no such thing as originality, and that nothing remains for us in this effete epoch of history but the

mere recombining of thoughts which sprang first from braver brains? It is melancholy to see young men come forth from the college walls with less enthusiasm than they carried in; trained in a spirit which is in this respect worse than English toryism,—that it does not even retain a hearty faith in the past. It is better that a man should have eyes in the back of his head than that he should be taught to sneer at even a retrospective vision. One may believe that the golden age is behind us or before us, but alas for the forlorn wisdom of him who rejects it altogether! It is not the climax of culture that a college graduate should emulate the obituary praise bestowed by Cotton Mather on the Rev. John Mitchell of Cambridge, “a truly aged young man.” Better a thousand times train a boy on Scott’s novels or the Border Ballads than educate him to believe, on the one side, that chivalry was a cheat and the troubadours imbeciles, and on the other hand, that universal suffrage is an absurdity and the one real need is to get rid of our voters. A great crisis like a civil war brings men temporarily to their senses, and the young resume the attitude natural to their years, in spite of their teachers; but it is a sad thing when, in seeking for the generous impulses of youth, we have to turn from the public sentiment of the

colleges to that of the workshops and the farms.

It is a thing not to be forgotten, that for a long series of years the people of our Northern States were habitually in advance of their institutions of learning, in courage and comprehensiveness of thought. There were long years during which the most cultivated scholar, so soon as he embraced an unpopular opinion, was apt to find the college doors closed against him, and only the country lyceum — the people's college — left open. Slavery had to be abolished before the most accomplished orator of the nation could be invited to address the graduates of his own university. The first among American scholars was nominated year after year, only to be rejected, before the academic societies of his own neighborhood. Yet during all that time the rural lecture associations showered their invitations on Parker and Phillips ; culture shunned them, but the common people heard them gladly. The home of real thought was outside, not inside, the college walls. It hardly embarrassed a professor's position if he defended slavery as a divine institution ; but he risked his place if he denounced the wrong. In those days, if by any chance a man of bold opinions drifted into a reputable professorship, we listened sadly to hear his voice grow faint.

He usually began to lose his faith, his courage, his toleration,—in short, his Americanism,—when he left the ranks of the uninstructed.

That time is past ; and the literary class has now come more into sympathy with the popular heart. It is perhaps fortunate that there is as yet but little *esprit de corps* among our writers, so that they receive their best sympathy, not from each other, but from the people. Even the memory of our most original authors, as Thoreau or Margaret Fuller Ossoli, is apt to receive its sharpest stabs from those of the same guild. When we American writers find grace to do our best, it is not so much because we are sustained by each other, as that we are conscious of a deep popular heart, slowly but surely answering back to ours, and offering a worthier stimulus than the applause of a coterie. If we once lose faith in our audience, the muse grows silent. Even the apparent indifference of this audience to culture and high finish may be in the end a wholesome influence, recalling us to those more important things, compared to which these are secondary qualities. The indifference is only comparative ; our public prefers good writing, as it prefers good elocution ; but it values energy, heartiness, and action more. The public is right ; it is the business of the writer, as of the speaker, to perfect the

finer graces without sacrificing things more vital. "She was not a good singer," says some novelist of his heroine, "but she sang with an inspiration such as good singers rarely indulge in." Given those positive qualities, and I think that a fine execution does not hinder acceptance in America, but rather aids it. Where there is beauty of execution alone, a popular audience, even in America, very easily goes to sleep. And in such matters, as the French actor, Samson, said to the young dramatist, "sleep is an opinion."

It takes more than grammars and dictionaries to make a literature. "It is the spirit in which we act that is the great matter," Goethe says. "Der Geist aus dem wir handeln ist das Hochste." Technical training may give the negative merits of style, as an elocutionist may help a public speaker by ridding him of tricks. But the positive force of writing or of speech must come from positive sources, ardor, energy, depth of feeling or of thought. No instruction ever gave these, only the inspiration of a great soul, a great need, or a great people. We all know that a vast deal of oxygen may go into the style of a man; we see in it not merely what books he has read, what company he has kept, but also the food he eats, the exercise he takes, the air he breathes. And so there is oxygen in

the collective literature of a nation, and this vital element proceeds, above all else, from liberty. For want of this wholesome oxygen, the voice of Victor Hugo comes to us uncertain and spasmodic, as of one in an alien atmosphere where breath is pain; for want of it, the eloquent English tones that at first sounded so clear and bell-like now reach us only faint and muffled, and lose their music day by day. It is by the presence of this oxygen that American literature is to be made great. We are lost if we permit this inspiration of our nation's life to sustain only the journalist and the stump-speaker, while we allow the colleges and the books to be choked with the dust of dead centuries and to pant for daily breath.

Perhaps it may yet be found that the men who are contributing most to raise the tone of American literature are the men who have never yet written a book and have scarcely time to read one, but by their heroic energy in other spheres are providing exemplars for what our books shall one day be. The man who constructs a great mechanical work helps literature, for he gives a model which shall one day inspire us to construct literary works as great. I do not wish to be forever outdone by the carpet machinery of Clinton or the grain elevators of Chicago. We have not yet arrived at our

literature, — other things must come first ; we are busy with our railroads, perfecting the vast alimentary canal by which the nation assimilates raw immigrants at the rate of half a million a year. We are not yet producing, we are digesting : food now, literary composition by and by : Shakespeare did not write “ Hamlet ” at the dinner-table. It is of course impossible to explain this to foreigners, and they still talk of convincing, while we talk of dining.

For one, I cannot dispense with the society which we call uncultivated. Democratic sympathies seem to be mainly a matter of vigor and health. It seems to be the first symptom of biliousness to think that only one’s self and one’s cousins are entitled to consideration, and constitute the world. Every refined person is an aristocrat in his dyspeptic moments ; when hearty and well, he demands a wider range of sympathy. It is so tedious to live only in one circle and have only a genteel acquaintance ! Mrs. Trench, in her delightful letters, complains of the society in Dresden, about the year 1800, because of “ the impossibility, without overstepping all bounds of social custom, of associating with any but *noblesse*.” We order that matter otherwise in America. I wish not only to know my neighbor, the man of fashion, who strolls to his club at noon, but also my

neighbor, the wheelwright, who goes to his dinner at the same hour. One would not wish to be unacquainted with the fair maiden who drives by in her basket-wagon in the afternoon; nor with the other fair maiden who may be seen at her wash-tub in the morning. Both are quite worth knowing; both are good, sensible, dutiful girls: the young laundress is the better mathematician, because she has gone through the grammar school; but the other has the better French accent, because she has spent half her life in Paris. They offer a variety, at least, and save from that monotony which besets any set of people when seen alone. There was much reason in Horace Walpole's coachman, who, having driven the maids of honor all his life, bequeathed his earnings to his son, on condition that he should never marry a maid of honor.

I affirm that democratic society, the society of the future, enriches and does not impoverish human life, and gives more, not less, material for literary art. Distributing culture through all classes, it diminishes class-distinction and develops individuality. Perhaps it is the best phenomenon of American life, thus far, that the word "gentleman," which in England still designates a social order, is here more apt to refer to personal character. When we describe

a person as a gentleman, we usually refer to his manners, morals, and education, not to his property or birth; and this change alone is worth the transplantation across the Atlantic. The use of the word "lady" is yet more comprehensive, and therefore more honorable still; we sometimes see, in a shopkeeper's advertisement, "Saleslady wanted." No doubt the mere fashionable novelist loses terribly by the change: when all classes may wear the same dress-coat, what is left for him? But he who aims to depict passion and character gains in proportion; his material is increased tenfold. The living realities of American life ought to come in among the tiresome lay-figures of average English fiction like Steven Lawrence into the London drawing-room: tragedy must resume its grander shape, and no longer turn on the vexed question whether the daughter of this or that match-maker shall marry the baronet. It is the characteristic of a real book that, though the scene be laid in courts, their whole machinery might be struck out and the essential interest of the plot remain the same. In Auerbach's "On the Heights," for instance, the social heights might be abolished and the moral elevation would be enough. The play of human emotion is a thing so absorbing that the petty distinctions of cottage and castle become as nothing in its

presence. Why not waive these small matters in advance, then, and go straight to the real thing?

The greatest transatlantic successes which American novelists have yet attained—those won by Cooper and Mrs. Stowe—have come through a daring Americanism of subject, which introduced in each case a new figure to the European world,—first the Indian, then the negro. Whatever the merit of the work, it was plainly the theme which conquered. Such successes are not easily to be repeated, for they were based on temporary situations, never to recur. But they prepare the way for higher triumphs to be won by a profounder treatment,—the introduction into literature, not of new tribes alone, but of the American spirit. To analyze combinations of character that only our national life produces, to portray dramatic situations that belong to a clearer social atmosphere,—this is the higher Americanism. Of course, to cope with such themes in such a spirit is less easy than to describe a foray or a tournament, or to multiply indefinitely such still-life pictures as the stereotyped English or French society affords; but the thing when once done is incomparably nobler. It may be centuries before it is done: no matter. It will be done.

We talk idly about the tyranny of the ancient classics, as if there were some special peril about it, quite distinct from all other tyrannies. But if a man is to be stunted by the influence of a master, it makes no difference whether that master lived before or since the Christian epoch. One folio volume is as ponderous as another, if it crushes down the tender germs of thought. There is no great choice between the volumes of the Encyclopædia. It is not important to know whether a man reads Homer or Dante: the essential point is whether he believes the world to be young or old; whether he sees as much scope for his own inspiration as if never a book had appeared in the world. So long as he does this, he has the American spirit; no books, no travel, can overwhelm him, for these will only enlarge his thoughts and raise his standard of execution. When he loses this faith, he takes rank among the copyists and the secondary, and no accident can raise him to a place among the benefactors of mankind. He is like a man who is frightened in battle: you cannot exactly blame him, for it may be an affair of the temperament or of the digestion; but you are glad to let him drop to the rear, and to close up the ranks. Fields are won by those who believe in the winning.

THE NEW WORLD AND THE NEW BOOK ¹

It is a remarkable fact that the man who has, among all American authors, made the most daring and almost revolutionary claims in behalf of American literature should yet have been, among all these authors, the most equable in temperament and the most cosmopolitan in training.

Washington Irving was, as one may say, born a citizen of the world, for he was born in New York city. He was not a rustic nor a Puritan, nor even, in the American sense, a Yankee. He spent twenty-one years of his life in foreign countries. He was mistaken in England for an English writer. He was accepted as an adopted Spaniard in Spain. He died before the outbreak of the great Civil War, which did so much to convince us, for a time at least, that we were a nation. Yet it was Washington Irving who wrote to John Lothrop Motley, in 1857, two years before his own death :—

“ You are properly sensible of the high call-

¹ An address delivered before the Nineteenth Century Club, New York city, January 15, 1891.

ing of the American press, that rising tribunal before which the history of all nations is to be revised and rewritten, and the judgment of past ages to be corrected or confirmed.”¹

The utmost claim of the most impassioned Fourth of July orator has never involved any declaration of literary independence to be compared with this deliberate utterance of the placid and world-experienced Irving. It was the fashion of earlier critics to pity him for having been born into a country without a past. This passage showed him to have rejoiced in being born into a country with a future. His “broad and eclectic genius,” as Warner well calls it, was surely not given to bragging or to vagueness. He must have meant something by this daring statement. What did he mean?

There are some things which it is very certain that he did not mean. He certainly did not accept the Matthew Arnold attitude, that to talk of a distinctive American press at all is an absurdity. Arnold finds material for profound ridicule in the fact that there exists a “Primer of American Literature;” this poor little Cinderella, cut off from all schooling, must not even have a primer of her own. Irving certainly did not assume the Goldwin Smith attitude, that this nation is itself but a schism,

¹ July 17, 1857. *Motley Correspondence*, i. 203.

and should be viewed accordingly; as if one should talk of there being only a schism between an oak-tree and its seedling, and should try to correct the unhappy separation by trowel and gardener's wax. He certainly did not accept the theory sometimes so earnestly advocated among us, of a "cosmopolitan tribunal," which always turns out to mean a tribunal where all other nations are to be admitted to the jury-box, while America is to get no further than the prisoners' dock. Irving would have made as short work with such a cosmopolitan tribunal as did Alice in Wonderland with the jury-box of small quadrupeds, when she refused to obey the king's order that all persons over a mile high should leave the court-room.

At any rate, Irving must have meant something by the remark. What could he have meant? What is this touchstone that the American press must apply to the history and the thought of the world? The touchstone, I should unhesitatingly reply, of the Declaration of Independence; or rather, perhaps, of those five opening words into which the essence of the Declaration of Independence was concentrated; the five words within which, as Lincoln said, Jefferson embodied an eternal truth. "All men are created equal;" — that is, equally men.

From this simple assumption flowed all that is distinctive in American society. From it resulted, as a political inference, universal suffrage; that is, a suffrage constantly tending to be universal, although it still leaves out one half the human race. This universal suffrage is inevitably based on the doctrine of human equality, as further interpreted by Franklin's remark that the poor man has an equal right to the suffrage with the rich man, "and more need," because he has fewer ways in which to protect himself. But it is not true, as even such acute European observers as M. Scherer and Sir Henry Maine assume, that "democracy is but a form of government;" for democracy has just as distinct a place in society, and, above all, in the realm of literature. The touchstone there applied is just the same, and it consists in the essential dignity and value of the individual man. The distinctive attitude of the American press must lie, if anywhere, in its recognition of this individual importance and worth.

The five words of Jefferson — words which Matthew Arnold pronounced "not solid," thus prove themselves solid enough to sustain not merely the government of sixty or seventy million people, but their literature. Instead of avoiding, with Goethe, the common, *das Gemeinde*, American literature must freely seek

the common ; its fiction must record not queens and Cleopatras alone, but the emotion in the heart of the schoolgirl and the sempstress ; its history must record, not only great generals, but the nameless boys whose graves people with undying memories every soldiers' cemetery from Arlington to Chattanooga.

And Motley the pupil was not unworthy of Irving from whom the suggestion came. His "Dutch Republic" was written in this American spirit. William the Silent remains in our memory as no more essentially a hero than John Haring, who held single-handed his submerged dike against an army ; and Philip of Burgundy and his knights of the Golden Fleece are painted as far less important than John Coster, the Antwerp apothecary, printing his little grammar with movable types. Motley wrote from England, in the midst of an intoxicating social success, that he never should wish America "to be anglicized in the aristocratic sense" of the term ;¹ and he described the beautiful English country-seats as "paradises very perverting to the moral and politico-economical sense," and sure to "pass away, one of these centuries, in the general progress of humanity."² And he afterwards said the profoundest thing ever uttered in regard to our Civil War, when

¹ *Corresp.*, ii. 294.

² *Ibid.*, ii. 280.

he said that it was not, in the ordinary sense, "a military war,"¹ but a contest of two principles. Wendell Phillips once told me that as the anti-slavery contest made him an American, so Europe made Motley one; and when the two young aristocrats met after years of absence, they both found that they had thus experienced religion.

When we pass to other great American authors, we see that Emerson lifted his voice and spoke even to the humblest of the people of the intrinsic dignity of man:—

"God said, I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more;
Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor.

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"I will have never a noble,
No lineage counted great;
Fishers and choppers and ploughmen
Shall constitute a state.

.

"To-day unbind the captive,
So only are ye unbound;
Lift up a people from the dust,
Trump of their rescue, sound!

"Pay ransom to the owner,
And fill the bag to the brim.
Who is the owner? The slave is owner,
And ever was. Pay him."

¹ *Corresp.*, ii. 82.

That poem was not written for a few cultivated people only. I heard it read to an armed regiment of freed slaves, standing silent with dusky faces, having the solemn arches of the live oaks above them, each tree draped with long festoons of gray moss across its hundred feet of shade. Never reader had an audience more serious, more thoughtful. The words which to others are literature, to them were life.

And all that early transcendental school which did so much to emancipate and nationalize American literature, did it by recognizing this same fact. From the depth of their so-called idealism they recognized the infinite value of the individual man. Thoreau, who has been so incorrectly and even cruelly described as a man who spurned his fellows, wrote that noble sentence, forever refuting such critics, "What is nature, without a human life passing within her? Many joys and many sorrows are the lights and shadows in which she shines most beautiful." Hawthorne came nearest to a portrayal of himself in that exquisite prose-poem of "The Threefold Destiny," in which the world-weary man returns to his native village and finds all his early dreams fulfilled in the life beside his own hearthstone. Margaret Fuller Ossoli wrote the profoundest phrase of criticism which has yet proceeded from any American

critic, when she said that in a work of fiction we need to hear the excuses that men make to themselves for their worthlessness.

And now that this early ideal movement has passed by, the far wider movement which is establishing American fiction, not in one locality alone, but on a field broad as the continent, unconsciously recognizes this one principle, — the essential dignity and worth of the individual man. This is what enables it to dispense with the toy of royalty and the mechanism of separate classes, and to reach human nature itself. When we look at the masters of English fiction, Scott and Jane Austen, we notice that in scarcely one of their novels does one person ever swerve on the closing page from the precise social position he has held from the beginning. Society in their hands is fixed, not fluid. Of course, there are a few concealed heirs, a few revealed strawberry leaves, but never any essential change. I can recall no real social promotion in all the Waverley novels except where Halbert Glendinning weds the maid of Avenel, and there the tutelary genius disappears singing, —

“The churl is lord, the maid is bride,” —

and it proved necessary for Scott to write a sequel, explaining that the marriage was on the

whole a rather unhappy one, and that luckily they had no children. Not that Scott did not appreciate with the keenest zest his own Jeanie Deanses and Dandie Dinmonts, but they must keep their place ; it is not human nature they vindicate, but peasant virtues.

But from the moment American fiction came upon the scene, it brought a change. Peasant virtue vanishes when the peasant is a possible president, and what takes its place is individual manhood, irrespective of social position. The heroes who successively conquered Europe in the hands of American authors were of low estate, — a backwoodsman, a pilot, a negro slave, a lamplighter ; to which gallery Bret Harte added the gambler, and the authors of "Democracy" and the "Bread-Winners" flung in the politician. In all these figures social distinctions disappear : "a man's a man for a' that." And so of our later writers, Miss Wilkins in New England, Miss Murfree in Tennessee, Mr. Cable in Louisiana, Mr. Howe in Kansas, Dr. Eggleston in Indiana, Julien Gordon in New York, all represent the same impulse ; all recognize that "all men are created equal" in Jefferson's sense, because all recognize the essential and inalienable value of the individual man.

It would be, of course, absurd to claim that

America represents the whole of this tendency, for the tendency is a part of that wave of democratic feeling which is overflowing the world. But Dickens, who initiated the movement in English fiction, was unquestionably influenced by that very American life which he disliked and caricatured, and we have since seen a similar impulse spread through other countries. In the Russian, the Norwegian, the Spanish, the Italian fiction, we now rarely find a plot turning on some merely conventional difference between the social positions of hero and heroine. In England the change has been made more slowly than elsewhere, so incongruous is it in the midst of a society which still, in the phrase of Brander Matthews, accepts dukes. Indeed, it is curious to observe that for a time it was found necessary, in the earlier stages of the transition, to label the hero with his precise social position; — as “Steven Lawrence, Yeoman,” “John Halifax, Gentleman,” — whereas in America it would have been left for the reader to find out whether John Halifax was or was not a gentleman, and no label would have been thought needful.

And I hasten to add, what I should not always have felt justified in saying, that this American tendency comes to its highest point and is best indicated in the later work of Mr.

Howells. Happy is that author whose final admirers are, as heroes used to say, "the captives of his bow and spear," the men from whom he met his earlier criticism. Happy is that man who has the patience to follow, like Cicero, his own genius, and not to take the opinions of others for his guide. And the earlier work of Mr. Howells — that is, everything before "The Rise of Silas Lapham," "Annie Kilburn," and "The Hazard of New Fortunes" — falls now into its right place; its alleged thinness becomes merely that of the painter's sketches and studies before his maturer work begins. As the Emperor Alaric felt always an unseen power drawing him on to Rome, so Howells has evidently felt a magnet drawing him on to New York, and it was not until he set up his canvas there that it had due proportions. My friend James Parton used to say that students must live in New England, where there were better libraries, but that "loafers and men of genius" should live in New York. To me personally it seems a high price to pay for the privileges either of genius or of loafing, but it is well that Howells has at last paid it for the sake of the results. It is impossible to deny that he as a critic has proved himself sometimes narrow, and has rejected with too great vehemence that which lay out-

side of his especial domain. It is not necessary, because one prefers apples, to condemn oranges; and he has sometimes needed the caution of the old judge to the young one: "Beware how you give reasons for your decisions; for, while your decisions will usually be right, your reasons will very often be wrong." But as he has become touched more and more with the enthusiasm of humanity, he has grown better than his reasons, far better than his criticisms; and it is with him and with the school he represents that the hope of American literature just now rests. The reason why he finds no delicate shading or gradation of character unimportant is that he represents the dignity and importance of the individual man.

It must always be remembered that in literature, alone of all arts, place is of secondary importance, for its masterpieces can be carried round the world in one's pockets. We need to go to Europe to see the great galleries, to hear the music of Wagner, but the boy who reads *Æschylus* and *Horace* and *Shakespeare* by his pine-knot fire has at his command the essence of all universities, so far as literary training goes. But even were this otherwise, we must remember that libraries, galleries, and buildings are all secondary to that great human life of which they are only the secretions or append-

ages. "My Madonnas" — thus wrote to me that recluse woman of genius, Emily Dickinson — "are the women who pass my house to their work, bearing Saviors in their arms." Words wait on thoughts, thoughts on life; and after these, technical training is an easy thing. "The *art* of composition," wrote Thoreau, "is as simple as the discharge of a bullet from a rifle, and its masterpieces imply an infinitely greater force behind them." What are the two unmistakable rifle-shots in American literature thus far? John Brown's speech in the courtroom and Lincoln's Gettysburg address.

Yielding to no one in the desire to see our land filled with libraries, with galleries, with museums, with fine buildings, I must still maintain that all those things are secondary to that vigorous American life, which is destined to assimilate and digest them all. We are still in allegiance to Europe for a thousand things; — clothes, art, scholarship. For many years we must yet go to Europe, as did Robinson Crusoe to his wreck, for the very materials of living. But materials take their value from him who uses them, and that wreck would have long since passed from memory had there not been a Robinson Crusoe. I am willing to be censured for too much national self-confidence, for it is still true that we, like the young Cicero,

need that quality. Goethe's world-literature is, no doubt, the ultimate aim, but a strong national literature must come first. The new book must express the spirit of the New World. We need some repressing, no doubt, and every European newspaper is free to apply it; we listen with exemplary meekness to every little European lecturer who comes to enlighten us, in words of one syllable, as to what we knew very well before. We need something of repression, but much more of stimulus. So Spenser's Britomart, when she entered the enchanted hall, found above four doors in succession the inscription, "Be bold! be bold! be bold! be bold!" and only over the fifth door was the inscription, needful but wholly subordinate, "Be not too bold!"

A CONTEMPORANEOUS POSTERITY

THERE is an American novel, now pretty effectually forgotten, which yet had the rare honor of contributing one permanent phrase to English literature. I remember well the surprise produced, in my boyhood, by the appearance of "Stanley ; or, The Recollections of a Man of the World." It was so crammed with miscellaneous literary allusion and criticism, after the fashion of those days, that it was attributed by some critics to Edward Everett, then the standing representative of omniscience in our Eastern States. This literary material was strung loosely upon a plot wild and improbable enough for Brockden Brown, and yet vivid enough to retain a certain charm, for me at least, even until this day. It was this plot, perhaps, which led the late James T. Fields to maintain that Maturin was the author of the novel in question ; but it is now known to have been the production of Horace Binney Wallace of Philadelphia, then a youth of twenty-one. In this book occurs the sentence : "Byron's European fame is the best earnest of his im-

mortality, for a foreign nation is a kind of contemporaneous posterity." ¹

Few widely quoted phrases have had, I fancy, less foundation. It is convenient to imagine that an ocean or a mountain barrier, or even a line of custom-houses, may furnish a sieve that shall sift all true reputations from the chaff; but in fact, I suspect, whatever whims may vary or unsettle immediate reputations on the spot, these disturbing influences are only redistributed, not abolished, by distance. Whether we look to popular preference or to the judgment of high authorities, the result is equally baffling. Napoleon Bonaparte preferred Ossian, it is said, to Shakespeare; and Voltaire placed the latter among the minor poets, viewing him at best as we now view Marlowe, as the author of an occasional mighty line. It was after Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu had been asked to hear Voltaire demolish Shakespeare at an evening party in Paris that she made her celebrated answer, when the host expressed the hope that she had not been pained by the criticism: "Why should I be pained? I have not the honor to be among the intimate friends of M. de Voltaire." Even at this day the French journalists are quite bewildered by the "Pall Mall Gazette's" lists of English immortals; and ask who Tennyson is,

¹ ii. 89.

and what plays Ruskin has written. Those who happened, like myself, to be in Paris during the Exposition of 1878 remember well the astonishment produced in the French mind by the discovery that any pictures were painted in England; and the French Millet was at that time almost as little known in London as was his almost namesake, the English Millais, in Paris. If a foreign nation represented posterity, neither of these eminent artists appeared then to have a chance of lasting fame.

When we see the intellectual separation thus maintained between England and France, with only the width of the Channel between them, we can understand the separation achieved by the Atlantic, even where there is no essential difference of language. M. Taine tries to convince Frenchmen that the forty English "immortals" selected by the readers of the "Pall Mall Gazette" are equal, taken together, to the French Academicians. "You do not know them, you say?" he goes on. "That is not a sufficient reason. The English, and all who speak English, know them well, but, on the other hand, know little of our men of letters." After this a French paper, reprinting a similar English list, added comments on the names, like this, "Robert Browning, the Scotch poet." There is probably no better manual of universal

knowledge than the great French dictionary of Larousse. When people come with miscellaneous questions to the Harvard College librarians, they often say in return, "Have you looked in Larousse?" Now, when one looks in Larousse to see who Robert Browning was, one finds the statement that the genius of Browning is more analogous to that of his American contemporaries, "Emerton, Wendell Holmes, and Bigelow," than to that of any English poet ("celle de n'importe quel poète anglais"). This transformation of Emerson into Emerton, and of Lowell, probably, to Bigelow, is hardly more extraordinary than to link together three such dissimilar poets, and compare Browning to all three of them, or, indeed, to either of the three. Yet it gives us the high-water mark of what "contemporaneous posterity" has to offer. The criticism of another nation can, no doubt, offer some advantages of its own—a fresh pair of eyes and freedom from cliques; but a foreigner can be no judge of local coloring, whether in nature or manners. The mere knowledge of the history of a nation may be essential to a knowledge of its art.

So far as literature goes, the largest element of foreign popularity lies naturally in some kinship of language. Reputation follows the line of least resistance. The Germanic races take

naturally to the literature of their own congeners, and so with the Latin. As these last have had precedence in organizing the social life of the world, so they still retain it in their literary sway. The French tongue, in particular, while ceasing to be the vehicle of all travelling intercourse, is still the second language of all the world. A Portuguese gentleman said once to a friend of mine in Fayal that he was studying French "in order to have something to read." All the empire of Great Britain, circling the globe, affords to her poets or novelists but a petty and insular audience compared with that addressed by Balzac or Victor Hugo. A Roman Catholic convert from America, going from Paris to Rome, and having audience with a former pope, is said to have been a little dismayed when his Holiness instantly inquired, with eager solicitude, as to the rumored illness of Paul de Kock — the milder Zola of the last generation. In contemporaneous fame, then, the mere accident of nationality and language plays an enormous part; but this accident will clearly have nothing to do with the judgment of posterity.

If any foreign country could stand for a contemporaneous posterity, one would think it might be a younger nation judging an older one. Yet how little did the American reputa-

tions of fifty years ago afford any sure prediction of permanent fame in respect to English writers! True, we gave early recognition to Carlyle and Tennyson, but scarcely greater than to authors now faded or fading into obscurity, — Milnes (Lord Houghton), Sterling, Trench, Alford, and Bailey. No English poem, it was said, ever sold through so many American editions as "Festus"; nor was Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy" far behind it. Translators and publishers quarrelled bitterly for the privilege of translating Frederika Bremer's novels; but our young people, who already stand for posterity, hardly recall her name. I asked a Swedish commissioner at our Centennial Exhibition in 1876, "Is Miss Bremer still read in Sweden?" He shook his head; and when I asked, "Who has replaced her?" he said, "Bret Harte and Mark Twain." It seemed the irony of fame; and there is no guaranty that this reversed national compliment will, any more than our recognition of her, predict the judgment of the future.

If this uncertainty exists when the New World judges the Old, of which it knows something, the insecurity must be greater when the Old World judges the New, of which it knows next to nothing. If the multiplicity of translations be any test, Mrs. Stowe's contemporary

fame, the world over, has been unequalled in literature; but will any one now say that this surely predicts the judgment of posterity? Consider the companion instances. Next to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" ranked for a season, doubtless, in European favor, that exceedingly commonplace novel, "The Lamplighter," whose very name is now almost forgotten at home. It is impossible to say what law enters into such successes as this last; but one of the most obvious demands made by all foreign contemporary judgment is that an American book should supply to a jaded public the element of the unexpected. Europe demands from America not so much a new thought and purpose, as some new *dramatis personæ*; that an author should exhibit a wholly untried type, — an Indian, as Cooper; a negro, as Mrs. Stowe; a mountaineer, as Miss Murfree; a California gambler, as Bret Harte; a rough or roustabout, as Whitman.

There are commonly two ways to eminent social success for an American in foreign society, — to be more European than Europeans themselves, or else to surpass all other Americans in some amusing peculiarity which foreigners suppose to be American. It is much the same in literature. Lady Morgan, describing the high society of Dublin in her day,

speaks of one man as a great favorite who always entered every drawing-room by turning a somersault. This is one way of success for an American book ; but the other way, which is at least more dignified, is rarely successful except when combined with personal residence and private acquaintance. Down to the year 1880 Lowell was known in England, almost exclusively, as the author of the "Biglow Papers," and was habitually classed with Artemus Ward and Josh Billings, except that his audience was smaller. The unusual experience of a diplomatic appointment first unveiled to the English mind the all-accomplished Lowell whom we mourn. In other cases, as with Prescott and Motley, there was the mingled attraction of European manners and a European subject. But a simple and home-loving American, who writes upon the themes furnished by his own nation, without pyrotechnics or fantastic spelling, is apt to seem to the English mind quite uninteresting. There is nothing which ordinarily interests Europeans less than an Americanism unaccompanied by a war-whoop. The "Saturday Review," wishing to emphasize its contempt for Henry Ward Beecher, finally declares that one would turn from him with relief even to the poems of Whittier.

There could hardly have been a more ex-

haustive proof of this local limitation or *chauvinisme* than I myself noticed at a London dinner-party some years ago. Our host was an Oxford professor, and the company was an eminent one. Being hard pressed about American literature, I had said incidentally that a great deal of intellectual activity in America was occupied, and rightly, by the elucidation of our own history, — a thing, I added, which inspired almost no interest in England. This fact being disputed, I said, "Let us take a test case. We have in America an historian superior to Motley in labors, in originality of treatment, and in style. If he had, like Motley, first gone abroad for a subject, and then for a residence, his European fame would have equalled Motley's. As it is, probably not a person present except our host will recognize his name." When I mentioned Francis Parkman, the prediction was fulfilled. All, save the host — a man better acquainted with the United States, perhaps, than any living Englishman — confessed utter ignorance: an ignorance shared, it seems, by the only English historian of American literature, Professor Nichol, who actually does not allude to Parkman. It seems to me that we had better, in view of such facts, dismiss the theory that a foreign nation is a kind of contemporaneous posterity.

DO WE NEED A LITERARY CENTRE?

IN the latter days of the last French Empire some stir was made by a book claiming that Paris was already the capital of the world — *Paris capitale du monde*. Mr. Lowell afterward made claims rather more moderate for London, suggesting that a time may come when the English-speaking race will practically control the planet, having London for its centre, with all roads leading to it, as they once led to Rome. But it is plain that in making this estimate Mr. Lowell overlooked some very essential factors — for instance, himself. If ancient Rome had borrowed for its most important literary addresses an orator from Paphlagonia, who was not even a Roman citizen, it would plainly have ceased to be the Rome of our reverence; and yet this is what has repeatedly been done in London by the selection of Mr. Lowell. Or if the province of Britain had furnished a periodical publication — an *Acta Eruditorum*, let us say — which had been regularly reprinted in Rome with a wider circulation than any metropolitan issue, then Rome would again have ceased to be Rome; and yet this is what

is done in London every month by the American illustrated magazines. It is clear, then, that London is not the exclusive intellectual centre of the English-speaking world, nor is there the slightest evidence that it is becoming more and more such a centre. On the contrary, one hears in England a prolonged groan over an imagined influence the other way. "I have long felt," wrote Sir Frederick Elliot to Sir Henry Taylor from London (December 20, 1877), "that the most certain of political tendencies in England is what, for want of a better name, I will call the *Yankceizing* tendency." But apart from these suggestions as to London, Mr. Lowell has urged and urged strongly the need of a national capital. He has expressed the wish for "a focus of intellectual, moral, and material activity," "a common head, as well as a common body." In this he erred only, as it seems to me, in applying too readily to our vaster conditions the standards and traditions of much smaller countries. If it be true, as was once said publicly by our eloquent English-born clergyman in New York, Dr. Rainsford, that America is a branch which is rapidly becoming the main stem, then the fact may as well be recognized. As in our political system, so in literature, we may need a new plan of structure for that which is to embrace a continent — a system of coördi-

nate states instead of a centralized empire. Our literature, like our laws, will probably proceed not from one focus, but from many. To one looking across from London or Paris this would seem impossible, for while living in a great city you come to feel as if that spot were all the world, and all else must be abandoned, as Cherbuliez's heroine says, to the indiscreet curiosity of geographers. But when you again look at that city from across the ocean, you perceive how easily it may cramp and confine those who live in it, and you are grateful for elbow-room and fresh air. Nothing smaller than a continent can really be large enough to give space for the literature of the future.

It is to be considered that in this age great cities do not exhibit, beyond a certain point, the breadth of atmosphere that one expects from a world's capital. On the contrary, we find in Paris, in Berlin, in London, a certain curious narrowness, an immense exaggeration of its own petty and local interests. We meet there individual men of extraordinary knowledge in this or that direction, but the interchange of thought and feeling seems to lie within a ring-fence. A good test of this is in the recent books of "reminiscences" or "remembrances" by accomplished men who have lived for years in the most brilliant circles of

London. Each day is depicted as a string of pearls, but with only the names of the pearls mentioned; the actual jewels are not forthcoming. A man breakfasts with one circle of wits and sages, lunches with another, dines with a third; and all this intellectual affluence yields him for his diary perhaps a single anecdote or repartee no better than are to be found by dozens in the corners of American country newspapers. It recalls what a clever American artist once told me, that he had dined triumphantly through three English counties, and brought away a great social reputation, on the strength of the stories in one old "Farmer's Almanac" which he had put in his trunk to protect some books on leaving home. The very excess or congestion of intellect in a great city seems to defeat itself; there is no time or strength left for anything beyond the most superficial touch-and-go intercourse; it is persiflage carried to the greatest perfection, but you get little more.

A great metropolis is moreover disappointing, because, although it may furnish great men, its literary daily bread is inevitably supplied by small men, who revolve round the larger ones, and who are even less interesting to the visitor than the same class at home. There is something amusing in the indifference

of every special neighborhood to all literary gossip except its own. For instance, one might well have supposed that the admiration of Englishmen for Longfellow might inspire an intelligent desire to know something of his daily interests, of his friendships and pursuits; yet when his Memoirs appeared, all English critics pronounced these things exceedingly uninteresting; while much smaller gossip about much smaller people, in the Hayward Memoirs, was found by these same critics to be an important addition to the history of the times. It is an absolute necessity for every nation, as for every age, to insist on setting its own standard, even to the resolute readjustment of well-established reputations. So long as it does not, it will find itself overawed and depressed, not so much by the greatness of some metropolis, as by its littleness.

It is the calamity of a large city that its smallest men appear to themselves important simply because they dwell there; just as Travers, the New York wit, explained his stuttering more in that city than in Baltimore, on the ground that it was a larger place. The London literary journals seem to an American visitor to be largely filled with *Epistolæ obscurorum virorum*; and when I attended, some years since, the first meetings of the Association

Littéraire Internationale in Paris, it was impossible not to be impressed by the multitude of minor literary personages, among whom a writer so mediocre as Edmond About towered as a giant. But no doubts of their own supreme importance to the universe appeared to beset these young gentlemen:—

“How many thousand never heard the name
Of Sidney or of Spenser, or their books?
And yet brave fellows, and presume of fame,
And think to bear down all the world with looks.”

One was irresistibly reminded, in their society, of these lines of old Daniel; or of the comfortable self-classification of another Frenchman, M. Vestris, the dancer, who always maintained that there were but three really great men in Europe—Voltaire, Frederick II., and himself. We talk about small places as being Little Pedlingtons, but it sometimes seems as if the Great Pedlingtons were the smallest, after all, because there is nobody to teach them humility. Little Pedlington at least shows itself apologetic and even uneasy; that is what saves it to reason and common-sense. But fancy a Parisian apologizing for Paris!

The great fear of those who demand an intellectual metropolis is provincialism; but we must remember that the word is used in two wholly different senses, which have nothing in com-

mon. What an American understands by provincialism is best to be seen in the little French town, some imaginary Tarascon or Carcassonne, where the notary and the physician and the *rentiers* sit and play dominoes and feebly disport themselves in a benumbed world of petty gossip. But what the Parisian or the Londoner assumes to be provincial among us turns out to be an American town, perhaps of the same size, but which has already its schools and its public library well established, and is now aiming at a gallery of art and a conservatory of music. To confound these opposite extremes under one name is like confounding childhood and second childhood; the one representing all promise, the other all despair. Mr. Henry James, who proves his innate kindness of heart by the constancy with which he is always pitying somebody, turns the full fervor of his condolence on Hawthorne for dwelling amid the narrowing influences of a Concord atmosphere. But if those influences gave us "The Scarlet Letter" and Emerson's "Essays," does it not seem a pity that we cannot extend that same local atmosphere, as President Lincoln proposed to do with Grant's whiskey, to some of our other generals?

The dweller in a metropolis has the advantage, if such it be, of writing immediately for

a few thousand people, all whose prejudices he knows and perhaps shares. He writes to a picked audience ; but he who dwells in a country without a metropolis has the immeasurably greater advantage of writing for an audience which is, so to speak, unpicked, and which, therefore, includes the picked one, as an apple includes its core. One does not need to be a very great author in America to find that his voice is heard across a continent — a thing more stimulating and more impressive to the imagination than the morning drum-beat of Great Britain. In a few years the humblest of the next generation of writers will be appealing to a possible constituency of a hundred millions. He who writes for a metropolis may unconsciously share its pettiness ; he who writes for a hundred millions must feel some expansion in his thoughts, even though his and theirs be still crude. Keats asked his friend to throw a copy of "Endymion" into the heart of the African desert ; is it not better to cast your book into a vaster region that is alive with men ?

Cliques lose their seeming importance where one has the human heart at his door. That calamity which Fontenelle mourned, the loss of so many good things by their being spoken only into the ear of some fool, can never happen to what is written for a whole continent. There

will be a good auditor somewhere, and the further off, the more encouraging. When your sister or your neighbor praises your work, they may be suspected of partiality; when the newspapers commend, the critic may be very friendly or very juvenile; but when the post brings you a complimentary letter from a new-born village in Colorado, you become conscious of an audience. Now, suppose the intellectual aspirations of that frontier village to be so built up by schools, libraries, and galleries that it shall be a centre of thought and civilization for the whole of Colorado, — a State which is in itself about the size of Great Britain or Italy, and half the size of Germany or France, — and we shall have a glimpse at a state of things worth more than a national metropolis. The collective judgment of a series of smaller tribunals like this will ultimately be worth more to an author, or to a literature, than that of London or Paris. History gives us, in the Greek states, the Italian republics, the German university towns, some examples of such a concurrent intellectual jurisdiction; but they missed the element of size, the element of democratic freedom, the element of an indefinite future. All these are ours.

THE EQUATION OF FAME

THE aim of all criticism is really to solve the equation of fame and to find what literary work is of real value. For convenience, the critic assumes the attitude of infallibility. He really knows better in his own case, being commonly an author also. The curious thing is that, by a sort of comity of the profession, the critic who is an author assumes that other critics are infallible also, or at least a body worthy of vast deference. He is as sensitive to the praise or blame of his contemporaries as he would have them toward himself. He bows his head before the "London Press" or the "New York Press" as meekly as if he did not know full well that these august bodies are made up of just such weak and unstable mortals as he knows himself to be. At the Savile Club in London an American is introduced to some beardless youth, and presently, when some slashing criticism is mentioned, in the "Academy" or the "Saturday Review," the fact incidentally comes out that his companion happened to write that very article. "Never again," the visitor thinks, "shall I be any more awed by what I

read in those periodicals than if it had appeared in my village newspaper at home." But he goes his way, and in a month is looking with as much deference as ever for the "verdict of the London Press." It seems a tribute to the greatness of our common nature, that the most ordinary individuals have weight with us as soon as there are enough of them to get together in a jury-box, or even in a newspaper office, and pronounce a decision. As Chancellor Oxenstiern sent the young man on his travels to see with how little wisdom the world was governed, so it is worth while for every young writer to visit New York or London, that he may see with how little serious consideration his work will be criticised. The only advantage conferred by added years in authorship is that one learns this lesson a little better, though the oldest author never learns it very well.

But apart from all drawbacks in the way of haste and shallowness, there is a profounder difficulty which besets the most careful critical work. It inevitably takes the color of the time; its study of the stars is astrology, not astronomy, to adopt Thoreau's distinction. Heine points out, in his essay on German Romanticism, that we greatly err in supposing that Goethe's early fame bore much comparison with his deserts. He was, indeed, praised for

“Werther” and “Götz von Berlichingen,” but the romances of August La Fontaine were in equal demand, and the latter, being a voluminous writer, was much more in men’s mouths. The poets of the period were Wieland and Ramler; while Kotzebue and Iffland ruled the stage. Even forty years ago, I remember well it was considered an open subject of discussion, whether Goethe or Schiller was the greater name; and Professor Felton of Harvard University took the pains to translate a long history of German literature by Menzel, the one object of which was to show that Goethe was quite a secondary figure, and not destined to any lasting reputation. It was one of the objections to Margaret Fuller, in the cultivated Cambridge circle of that day, that she spoke disrespectfully of Menzel in the “Dial,” and called him a Philistine — the first introduction into English, so far as I know, of that word since familiarized by Arnold and others.

We fancy France to be a place where, if governments are changeable, literary fame, fortified by academies, rests on sure ground. But Théophile Gautier, in the preface to his “Les Grotesques,” says just the contrary. He declares that in Paris all praise or blame is overstated, because, in order to save the trouble of a serious opinion, they take up one writer

temporarily in order to get rid of the rest. "There are," he goes on, "strange fluctuations in reputations, and aureoles change heads. After death, illuminated foreheads are extinguished and obscure brows grow bright. Posterity means night for some, dawn to others." Who would to-day believe, he asks, that the obscure writer Chapelain passed for long years as the greatest poet, not alone of France, but the whole world ("le plus grand poëte, non seulement de France, mais du monde entier"), and that nobody less potent than the Duchesse de Longueville would have dared to go to sleep over his poem of "La Pucelle"? Yet this was in the time of Corneille, Racine, Molière, and La Fontaine.

Heine points out that it is not enough for a poet to utter his own sympathies; he must also reach those of his audience. The audience, he thinks, is often like some hungry Bedouin Arab in the desert, who thinks he has found a sack of pease and opens it eagerly; but, alas! they are only pearls! With what discontent did the audience of Emerson's day inspect his precious stones! Even now Matthew Arnold shakes his head over them, and finds Longfellow's pleasing little poem of "The Bridge" worth the whole of Emerson. When we consider that Byron once accepted meekly his own

alleged inferiority to Rogers, and that Southey ranked himself with Milton and Virgil, and only with half-reluctant modesty placed himself below Homer; that Miss Anna Seward and her contemporaries habitually spoke of Hayley as "the Mighty Bard," and passed over without notice Hayley's eccentric dependent, William Blake; that but two volumes of Thoreau's writings were published, greatly to his financial loss, during his lifetime, and eight others, with four biographies of him, since his death; that Willis's writings came into instant acceptance, while Hawthorne's, according to their early publisher, attracted "no attention whatever;" that Willis indeed boasted to Longfellow of making ten thousand dollars a year by his pen, when Longfellow wished that he could earn one tenth of that amount, — we must certainly admit that the equation of fame may require many years for its solution. Fuller says in his "Holy State" that "learning hath gained most by those books on which the printers have lost;" and if this is true of learning, it is far truer of that incalculable and often perplexing gift called genius.

Young Americans write back from London that they wish they had gone there in the palmy days of literary society — in the days when Dickens and Thackeray were yet alive,

and when Tennyson and Browning were in their prime, instead of waiting until later times, when Rider Haggard and Alfred Austin are regarded, they say, as serious and important authors. But just so men looked back in longing from that earlier day to the period of Scott and Wordsworth, and so further and further and further. It is easy for older men to recall when Thackeray and Dickens were in some measure obscured by now forgotten contemporaries, like Harrison Ainsworth and G. P. R. James, and when one was gravely asked whether he preferred Tennyson to Sterling or Trench or Alford or Faber or Milnes. It is to me one of the most vivid reminiscences of my Harvard College graduation (in 1841) that, having rashly ventured upon a commencement oration whose theme was "Poetry in an Unpoetical Age," I closed with an urgent appeal to young poets to "lay down their Spenser and Tennyson," and look into life for themselves. Professor Edward T. Channing, then the highest literary authority in New England, paused in amazement with uplifted pencil over this combination of names. "You mean," he said, "that they should neither defer to the highest authority nor be influenced by the lowest?" When I persisted, with the zeal of seventeen, that I had no such meaning, but

regarded them both as among the gods, he said good-naturedly, "Ah! that is a different thing. I wish you to say what you think. I regard Tennyson as a great calf, but you are entitled to your own opinion." The oration met with much applause at certain passages, including this one; and the applause was just, for these passages were written by my elder sister, who had indeed suggested the subject of the whole address. But I fear that its only value to posterity will consist in the remark it elicited from the worthy professor; this comment affording certainly an excellent milestone for Tennyson's early reputation.

It is worth while to remember, also, that this theory of calfhood, like most of the early criticisms on Tennyson, had a certain foundation in the affectations and crudities of these first fruits, long since shed and ignored. That was in the period of the two thin volumes, with their poem on the author's room, now quotable from memory only:—

"Oh, darling room, my heart's delight!
Dear room, the apple of my sight!
With thy two couches, soft and white,
There is no room so exquisite,
No little room so warm and bright,
Wherein to read, wherein to write."

I do not count it to the discredit of my mentor, after the lapse of half a century, that he dis-

cerned in this something which it is now the fashion to call "veal." Similar lapses helped to explain the early underestimate of the Lake school of poets in England, and Margaret Fuller's early criticisms on Lowell. On the other hand, it is commonly true that authors temporarily elevated, in the first rude attempts to solve the equation of fame, have afforded some reason, however inadequate, for their over-appreciation. Théophile Gautier, in the essay already quoted, says that no man entirely dupes his epoch, and there is always some basis for the shallowest reputations, though what is truly admirable may find men insensible for a time. And Joubert, always profounder than Gautier, while admitting that popularity varies with the period ("la vogue des livres dépend du goût des siècles"), tells us also that only what is excellent is held in lasting memory ("la mémoire n'aime que ce qui est excellent"), and winds up his essay on the qualities of the writer with the pithy motto, "Excel and you will live" ("Excelle et tu vivras")!

AN AMERICAN TEMPERAMENT

THE recent assertion of the London correspondent of the "New York Tribune," that Englishmen like every American to be an American, has a curious interest in connection with some remarks of the late Matthew Arnold, which seem to look in an opposite direction. Lord Houghton once told me that the earlier American guests in London society were often censured as being too English in appearance and manner, and as wanting in a distinctive flavor of Americanism. He instanced Ticknor and Sumner; and we can all remember that there were at first similar criticisms on Lowell. It is indeed a form of comment to which all Americans are subject in England, if they have the ill-luck to have color in their cheeks and not to speak very much through their noses; in that case they are apt to pass for Englishmen by no wish of their own, and to be suspected of a little double-dealing when they hasten to reveal their birthplace. It very often turns out that the demand for a distinctive Americanism really seeks only the external peculiarities that made Joaquin Miller and Buf-

falo Bill popular; an Americanism that can at any moment be annihilated by a pair of scissors. It is something, no doubt, to be allowed even such an amount of nationality as this; and Washington Irving attributed the English curiosity about him to the fact that he held a quill in his fingers instead of sticking it in his hair, as was expected.

But it would seem that Mr. Arnold, on the other hand, disapproved the attempt to set up any claim whatever to a distinctive American temperament; and he has twice held up one of our own authors for reprobation as having asserted that the American is, on the whole, of lighter build and has "a drop more of nervous fluid" than the Englishman. This is not the way, he thinks, in which a serious literature is to be formed. But it turns out that the immediate object of the writer of the objectionable remark was not to found a literature, but simply to utter a physiological caution; the object of the essay in which it occurs — one called "The Murder of the Innocents"¹ — being simply to caution this more nervous race against overworking their children in school; an aim which was certainly as far as possible from what Mr. Arnold calls "tall talk and self-glorification." If a nation is not to be saved by point-

¹ *Out-Door Papers*, p. 104.

ing out its own physiological perils, what is to save it ?

As a matter of fact, it will be generally claimed by Americans, I fancy, that whatever else their much-discussed nation may have, it has at least developed a temperament for itself ; "an ill-favored thing, but mine own," as Touchstone says of Audrey. There is no vanity or self-assertion involved in this, any more than when a person of blonde complexion claims not to be a brunette or a brunette meekly insists upon not being regarded as fair-haired. If the American is expected to be in all respects the duplicate of the Englishman, and is only charged with inexpressible inferiority in quality and size, let us know it ; but if two hundred and fifty years of transplantation under a new sky and in new conditions have made any difference in the type, let us know that also. In truth, the difference is already so marked that Mr. Arnold himself concedes it at every step in his argument, and has indeed stated it in very much the same terms which an American would have employed. In a paper entitled "From Easter to August,"¹ he says frankly : "Our countrymen [namely, the English], with a thousand good qualities, are really perhaps a good deal wanting in lucidity and flexibility ;" and

¹ *Nineteenth Century* for September, 1887.

again in the same essay : "The whole American nation may be called intelligent ; that is, quick." This would seem to be conceding the very point at issue between himself and the American writer whom he is criticising.

The same difference of temperament, in the direction of a greater quickness — what the wit of Edmund Quincy once designated as "specific levity" — on the part of Americans is certainly very apparent to every one of us who visits England ; and not infrequently makes itself perceptible, even without a surgical operation, to our English visitors. Professor Tyndall is reported to have said — and if he did not say it, some one else pointed it out for him — that, whereas in his London scientific lectures he always had to repeat his explanations three times ; first telling his audience in advance what his experiments were to accomplish, then during the process explaining what was being accomplished, and then at last recapitulating what had actually been done ; he found it best, in America, to omit one, if not two, of these expositions. In much the same way, the director of a company of English comedians complained to a friend of mine that American audiences laughed a great deal too soon for them, and took the joke long before it was properly elucidated. In the same way, an American

author, who had formerly been connected with the "St. Nicholas" magazine, was told by a London publisher that the plan of it was all wrong. "These pages of riddles at the end, for instance: no child would ever guess them." And though the American assured him that they were guessed regularly every month in twenty thousand families, the Englishman still shook his head. Certainly the difference between the national temperament will be doubted by no American public speaker in England who has had one of his hearers call upon him the next morning to express satisfaction in the clever anecdote which it had taken his English auditor a night's meditation to comprehend.

It is impossible to overrate the value, in developing an independent national feeling in America, of the prolonged series of rather unamiable criticisms that have proceeded from the English press and public men since the days of Mrs. Trollope and down to our own day. It has de-colonized us; and all the long agony of the Civil War, when all the privileged classes in England, after denouncing us through long years for tolerating slavery, turned and denounced us yet more bitterly for abolishing it at the cost of our own heart's blood, only completed the emancipation. The way out of provincialism is to be frankly and even brutally

criticised ; we thus learn not merely to see our own faults, which is comparatively easy, but to put our own measure on the very authority that condemns us ; voir le monde, c'est juger les juges. We thus learn to trust our own temperament ; to create our own methods ; or, at least to select our own teachers. At this moment we go to France for our art and to Germany for our science as completely as if there were no such nation as England in the world. In literature, the tie is far closer with what used to be called the mother country, and this because of the identity of language. All retrospective English literature — that is, all literature more than a century or two old — is common to the two countries. All contemporary literature cannot yet be judged, because it is contemporary. The time may come when not a line of current English poetry may remain except the four quatrains hung up in St. Margaret's Church, and when the Matthew Arnold of Macaulay's imaginary New Zealand may find with surprise that Whittier and Lowell produced something more worthy of that accidental immortality than Browning or Tennyson. The time may come when a careful study of even the despised American newspapers may reveal them to have been in one respect nearer to a high civilization than any of their Euro-

pean compeers ; since the leading American literary journals criticise their own contributors with the utmost freedom, while there does not seem to be a journal in London or Paris that even attempts that courageous candor. To dwell merely on the faults and follies of a nascent nation is idle ; vitality is always hopeful. To complain that a nation's very strength carries with it plenty of follies and excesses is, as Joubert says, to ask for a breeze that shall have the attribute of not blowing ("demander du vent qui n'ait point de mobilité").

THE SHADOW OF EUROPE

WHEN the first ocean steamers crossed the Atlantic, about 1838, Willis predicted that they would only make American literature more provincial, by bringing Europe so much nearer than before. Yet Emerson showed that there was an influence at work more potent than steamers, and the colonial spirit in our literature began to diminish from his time. In the days of those first ocean voyages, the favorite literary journal of cultivated Americans was the New York "Albion," which was conducted expressly for English residents on this continent; and it was considered a piece of American audacity when Horace Greeley called Margaret Fuller to New York, that the "Tribune" might give to our literature an organ of its own. Later, on the establishment of "Putnam's Magazine," in 1853, I remember that Mr. Charles Anderson Dana, then assistant editor of the "New York Tribune," predicted to me the absolute failure of the whole enterprise. "Either an American magazine will command no respect," he said, "or it must be better than "Blackwood" or "Fraser," which is an absurd supposition." But

either of our great illustrated magazines has now more readers in England than "Fraser" or "Blackwood" had then in America; and to this extent Willis's prediction is unfulfilled, and the shadow of Europe is lifted, not deepened, over our literature. But in many ways the glamour of foreign superiority still holds; and we still see much of the old deferential attitude prevailing. Prince Albert said of Germany, in 1859, that its rock ahead was self-sufficiency. In our own country, as to literature and science, to say nothing of art, our rock ahead is not self-sufficiency, but self-depreciation. Men still smile at the congressman who said, "What have we to do with Europe?" but I sometimes wish, for the credit of the craft, that it had been a literary man who said it. After all, it was only a rougher paraphrase of Napoleon's equally trenchant words: "Cette vieille Europe m'ennuie."

The young American who goes to London, and finds there the most agreeable literary society in the world, because the most centralized and compact, can hardly believe at first that the authors around him are made of the same clay with those whom he has often jostled on the sidewalk at home. He finds himself dividing his scanty hours between celebrated writers on the one side, and great historic

remains on the other ; as I can remember, one day, to have weighed a visit to Darwin against one to York Minster, and later to have postponed Stonehenge, which seemed likely to endure, for Tennyson, who perhaps might not. The young American sees in London, to quote Willis again, "whole shelves of his library walking about in coats and gowns," and they seem for the moment far more interesting than the similar shelves in home-made garments behind him. He is not cured until he is some day startled with the discovery that there are cultivated foreigners to whom his own world is foreign, and therefore fascinating ; men who think the better of him for having known Mark Twain, and women who are unwearied in their curiosity about the personal ways of Longfellow. Nay, when I once mentioned to that fine old Irish gentleman, the late Richard D. Webb, at his house in Dublin, that I had felt a thrill of pleasure on observing the street sign, denoting Fishamble Lane, at Cork, and recalling the ballad about "Misthress Judy McCarty, of Fishamble Lane," he pleased me by saying that he had felt just so in New York, when he saw the name of Madison Square, and thought of Miss Flora McFlimsey. So our modest continent had already its storied heroines and its hallowed ground !

There are, undoubtedly, points in which Europe, and especially England, has still the advantage of America; such, for instance, as weekly journalism. In regard to printed books there is also still an advantage in quantity, but not in quality; while in magazine literature the balance seems to incline just now the other way. I saw it claimed confidently, not long since, that the English magazines had "more solid value" than our own; but this solidity now consists, I should say, more in the style than in the matter, and is a doubtful benefit, like solidity in a pudding. When the writer whom I quote went on to cite the saying of a young girl, that she could always understand an American periodical, but never opened an English one without something unintelligible, it seemed to me a bit of evidence whose bearing was quite uncertain. It reminded me of a delightful old lady, well known to me, who, when taxed by her daughter with reading a book quite beyond her comprehension, replied: "But where is the use of reading a book that you can understand? It does you no good." As a matter of fact, the English magazines are commonly not magazines at all, in the American sense. Mr. M. D. Conway once well said that the "Contemporary Review" and the "Fortnightly" were simply circular letters addressed

by a few cultivated gentlemen to those belonging to the same club. It is not until a man knows himself to be writing for a hundred thousand readers that he is compelled to work out his abstrusest thought into clearness, just as a sufficient pressure transforms opaque snow into pellucid ice. In our great American magazines, history and science have commonly undergone this process, and the reader may be gratified, not ashamed, at comprehending them.

The best remedy for too profound a deference toward European literary work is to test the author on some ground with which we in America cannot help being familiar. It is this which makes a book of travels among us, or even a lecturing trip, so perilous for a foreign reputation; and among the few who can bear this test — as De Tocqueville, Von Holst, the Comte de Paris — it is singularly rare to find an Englishman. If the travellers have been thus unfortunate, how much more those who have risked themselves on cis-Atlantic themes without travelling. No living English writer stood higher in America than Sir Henry Maine until we watched him as he made the perilous transition from "Ancient Law" to modern "Popular Government," and saw him approaching what he himself admits to be the most important theme in modern history, with appar-

ently but some half-dozen authorities to draw upon, — the United States Constitution, the "Federalist," and two or three short biographies. Had an American written on the most unimportant period of the most insignificant German principality with a basis of reading no larger, we should have wished that his nationality had been kept a secret. It is not strange, on such a method, that Maine should inform us that the majority of the present state governments were formed before the Union, and that only half the original thirteen colonies held slaves. So Mr. John A. Doyle, writing an extended history of American colonization, put into his first volume a map making the lines of all the early grants run north and south instead of east and west ; and this having been received with polite incredulity, gave us another map depicting the New England colonies in 1700, with Plymouth still delineated as a separate government, although it had been united with Massachusetts eight years before that date.

When a lady in a London drawing-room sends, by a returning New Yorker, an urgent message to her cousin at Colorado Springs, we rather enjoy it, and call it only pretty Fanny's way ; she is not more ignorant of North American geography than we ourselves may be of that of South America. But when we find that Eng-

lish scholars of established reputation betray, in treating of this country, defects of method that seem hopeless, what reverence is left for those who keep on ground that we do not know? In time, the shadow of Europe must lose something of its impressiveness. Dr. Creighton, in his preface to the English "Historical Review," counts in all Americans as merely so many "outlying English;" but it is time to recognize that American literature is not, and never again can be, merely an outlying portion of the literature of England.

ON TAKING OURSELVES SERIOUSLY

TOLSTOI says, in "Anna Karénina," that no nation will ever come to anything unless it attaches some importance to itself. ("Les seules nations qui aient de l'avenir, les seules qu'on puisse nommer historiques, sont celles qui sentent l'importance et le valeur de leur institutions.") It is curious that ours seems to be the only contemporary nation which is denied this simple privilege of taking itself seriously. What is criticised in us is not so much that our social life is inadequate, as that we find it worth studying; not so much that our literature is insufficient, as that we think it, in Matthew Arnold's disdainful phrase, "important." In short, we are denied not merely the pleasure of being attractive to other people, which can easily be spared, but the privilege that is usually conceded to the humblest, of being at least interesting to ourselves.

The bad results of this are very plain. They are, indeed, so great that the evils which were supposed to come to our literature, for instance, from the absence of international copyright, seem trivial in comparison. The very persons

who are working the hardest to elevate our civilization are constantly called from their duties, and, what is worse, are kept in a constant state of subdued exasperation, by the denial of their very right to do these duties. "My work," says Emerson, "may be of no importance, but I must not think it of no importance if I would do it well." Those of us who toiled for years to remove from this nation the stain of slavery, remember how, when the best blood of our kindred was lavished to complete the sacrifice, all the intellectual society of England turned upon us and reproached us for the deed. "The greatest war of principle which has been waged in this generation," wrote Motley in one of his letters, "was of no more interest to her, except as it bore upon the cotton question, than the wretched little squabbles of Mexico or South America."¹ And so those Americans who are spending their lives in the effort to remove the very defects visible in our letters, our arts, our literature, are met constantly by the insolent assumption, not that these drawbacks exist, but that they are not worth removing.

How magnificent, for instance, is the work constantly done among us, by private and public munificence in the support of libraries and schools. Carlyle, in one of his early journals,

¹ *Letters*, i. 373.

deplores that while every village around him has its place to lock up criminals, not one has a public library. In the State of Massachusetts this condition of things is coming to be reversed, since many villages have no jail, and free libraries will soon be universal. The writer is at this moment one of the trustees of three admirable donations just given by a young man under thirty-five to the city of his birth,— a city hall, a public library, and a manual training school. He is not a man of very large fortune, as fortunes go, and his personal expenditures are on a very modest scale ; he keeps neither yachts nor race-horses ; his name never appears in the lists of fashionables, summer or winter ; but he simply does his duty to American civilization in this way. There are multitudes of others, all over the land, who do the same sort of thing ; they are the most essentially indigenous and American type we have, and their strength is in this, that they find their standard of action not abroad, but at home ; they take their nation seriously. Yet this, which should be the thing that most appeals to every foreign observer, is, on the contrary, the very thing which the average foreign observer finds most offensive. "Do not tell me only," says Matthew Arnold, ". . . of the great and growing number of your churches and schools, libraries and news-

papers ; tell me also if your civilization — which is the grand name you give to all this development — tell me if your civilization is *interesting.*”

Set aside the fact of transfer across an ocean ; set aside the spectacle of a self-governing people ; if there is no interest in the spectacle of a nation of sixty million people laboring with all its might to acquire the means and appliances of civilized life, then there is nothing interesting on earth. A hundred years hence, the wonder will be, not that we Americans attached so much importance, at this stage, to these efforts of ours, but that even we appreciated their importance so little. If the calculations of Canon Zincke are correct, in his celebrated pamphlet, the civilization which we are organizing is the great civilization of the future. He computes that in 1980 the English-speaking population of the globe will be, at the present rate of progress, one billion ; and that of this number, eight hundred million will dwell in the United States. Now, all the interest we take in our schools, colleges, libraries, galleries, is but preliminary work in founding this great future civilization. Toils and sacrifices for this end may be compared, as Longfellow compares the secret studies of an author, to the submerged piers of a bridge : they are out of sight,

but without them no structure can endure. If American society is really unimportant, and is foredoomed to fail, all these efforts will go with it ; but if it has a chance of success, these are to be its foundations. If they are to be laid, they must be laid seriously. "No man can do anything well," says Emerson, "who does not think that what he does is the centre of the visible universe."

There is a prevailing theory, which seems to me largely flavored with cant, that we must accept with the utmost humility all foreign criticism, because it represents a remoter tribunal than our own. But the fact still remains, that while some things in art and literature are best judged from a distance, other things—including the whole department of local coloring—can be only judged near home. The better the work is done, in this aspect, the more essential it is that it should be viewed with knowledge. Looking at some marine sketches by a teacher of a good deal of note, the other day, I was led to point out the fact that she had given her schooner a jib, but had attached it to no bowsprit, and had anchored a whole fleet of dories by the stern instead of the bow. When I called the artist's attention to these peculiarities, the simple answer was : "I know nothing whatever about boats. I painted only

what I saw, or thought I saw." In the same way one can scarcely open a foreign criticism on an American book without seeing that, however good may be the abstract canons of criticism adopted, the detailed comment is as confused as if a landsman were writing about seamanship. When, for instance, a vivacious Londoner like Mr. Andrew Lang attempts to deal with that profound imaginative creation, Arthur Dimmesdale, in the "Scarlet Letter," he fails to comprehend him from an obvious and perhaps natural want of acquaintance with the whole environment of the man. To Mr. Lang he is simply a commonplace clerical Lovelace, a dissenting minister caught in a shabby intrigue. But if this clever writer had known the Puritan clergy as we know them, the high-priests of a Jewish theocracy, with the whole work of God in a strange land resting on their shoulders, he would have comprehended the awful tragedy in this tortured soul, and would have seen in him the profoundest and most minutely studied of all Hawthorne's characterizations. The imaginary offender for whom that great author carried all winter, as Mrs. Hawthorne told me, "a knot in his forehead," is not to be viewed as if his tale were a mere chapter out of the "Mémoires de Casanova."

When, at the beginning of this century, Isaiah

Thomas founded the American Antiquarian Society, he gave it as one of his avowed objects "that the library should contain a complete collection of the works of American authors." There was nothing extravagant, at that time, in the supposition that a single library of moderate size might do this; and the very impossibility of such an inclusion, at this day, is in part the result of the honest zeal with which Isaiah Thomas recognized the "importance" of our nascent literature. A disparaging opinion of any of these American books, or of all of them, does no more harm than the opinion of Pepys, that "Comus" was "an insipid, ridiculous play." In many cases the opinion will be well deserved; in few cases will it do any permanent harm. Since Emerson, we have ceased to be colonial, and have therefore ceased to be over-sensitive. The only danger is that, Emerson being dead, there should be a slight reaction toward colonial diffidence once more; that we should again pass through the apologetic period; that we should cease for a time to take ourselves seriously.

A COSMOPOLITAN STANDARD

It has lately become the fashion in the United States to talk of the cosmopolitan standard as the one thing needful; to say that formerly American authors were judged by their own local tribunals, but henceforth they must be appraised by the world's estimate. The trouble is that for most of those who reason in this way, cosmopolitanism does not really mean the world's estimate, but only the judgment of Europe — a judgment in which America itself is to have no voice. Like the trade-winds which so terrified the sailors of Columbus, it blows only from the eastward. There is no manner of objection to cosmopolitanism, if the word be taken in earnest. There is something fine in the thought of a federal republic of letters, a vast literary tribunal of nations, in which each nation has a seat; but this is just the kind of cosmopolitanism which these critics do not seek. They seek merely a far-off judgment, and this is no better than a local tribunal; in some respects it is worse. The remotest standard of judgment that I ever encountered was that of the late Professor Ko-Kun-Hua, of Har-

vard University. There was something delicious in looking into his serene and inscrutable face, and in trying to guess at the operations of a highly trained mind, to which the laurels of Plato and Shakespeare were as absolutely unimportant as those of the Sweet Singer of Michigan; yet the tribunal which he afforded could hardly be called cosmopolitan. He undoubtedly stood, however, for the oldest civilization; and it seemed trivial to turn from his serene Chinese indifference, and attend to children of a day like the "Revue des Deux Mondes" and the "Saturday Review." If we are to recognize a remote tribunal, let us by all means prefer one that has some maturity about it.

But it is worth while to remember that, as a matter of fact, the men who created the American government gave themselves very little concern about cosmopolitanism, but simply went about their own work. They took hints from older nations, and especially from the mother country, but they acknowledged no jurisdiction there. The consensus of the civilized world, then and for nearly a century after, viewed the American government as a mere experiment, and republican institutions as a bit of short-lived folly; yet the existence of the new nation gave it a voice henceforth in every tribunal call-

ing itself cosmopolitan. Henceforth that word includes the judgment of the New World on the Old, as well as that of the Old World on the New; and when we construe literary cosmopolitanism in the same way, we shall be on as firm ground in literature as in government.

So long as we look merely outside of ourselves for a standard, we are as weak as if we looked merely inside of ourselves; probably weaker, for timidity is weaker than even the arrogance of strength. There is no danger that the foreign judgment will not duly assert itself; the danger is that our own self-estimate will be too apologetic. What with courtesy and good-nature, and a lingering of the old colonialism, we are not yet beyond the cringing period in our literary judgment. The obeisance of all good society in London before a successful circus-manager from America was only a shade more humiliating than the reverential attention visible in the American press when Matthew Arnold was kind enough to stand on tiptoe upon our lecture platform and apply his little measuring-tape to the great shade of Emerson. I should like to see in our literature some of the honest self-assertion shown by Senator Tracy of Litchfield, Connecticut, during Washington's administration, in his reply to the British minister's praises of Mrs. Oliver Wolcott's beauty.

“Your countrywoman,” said the Englishman, “would be admired at the Court of St. James.” “Sir,” said Tracy, “she is admired even on Litchfield Hill.”

In that recent book of aphorisms which has given a fresh impulse to the fading fame of Dr. Channing, he points out that the hope of the world lies in the fact that parents can *not* make of their children what they will. It is equally true of parent nations. How easily we accept the little illusions offered us by our elders in the world's literature, almost forgetting that two and two make four, in the innocent delight with which they inspire us! In re-reading Scott's “Old Mortality” the other day, I was pleased to find myself still carried away by the author's own grandiloquence, where he describes the approach of Claverhouse and his men to the castle of Tillietudlem. “The train was long and imposing, for there were about two hundred and fifty horse upon the march.” Two hundred and fifty! Yet I read it for the moment with as little demur at these trivial statistics as if our own Sheridan had never ridden out of Winchester at the head of ten thousand cavalry. It is the same with all literature: we are asked to take Europe at Europe's own valuation, and then to take America at Europe's valuation also; and whenever we speak of putting an

American valuation upon the four quarters of the globe, we are told that this will not do; this is not cosmopolitan.

We are too easily misled, in exhorting American authors to a proper humility, because we forget that the invention of printing has in a manner placed all nations on a level. Literature is the only art whose choicest works are easily transportable. Once secure a public library in every town, — a condition now in process of fulfilment in our older American States, — and every bright boy or girl has a literary Louvre and Vatican at command. Given a taste for literature, and there are at hand all the masters of the art — Plato and Homer, Cicero and Horace, Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe. Travel is still needed, but not for books — only for other forms of art, for variety of acquaintanceship, and for the habit of dealing with men and women of many nationalities. The most fastidious American in Europe should not look with shame, but with pride and hope, upon those throngs of his fellow-countrymen whom he sees crowding the art galleries of Europe, looking about them as ignorantly, if you please, as the German barbarians when they entered Rome. It is not so hard to gain culture; the thing almost impossible to obtain, unless it be born in us, is the spirit of initiative, of self-confidence.

That is the gift with which great nations begin ; we now owe our chief knowledge of Roman literature and art to the descendants of those Northern barbarians.

And it must be kept in view, finally, that a cosmopolitan tribunal is at best but a court of appeal, and is commonly valuable in proportion as the courts of preliminary jurisdiction have done their duty. The best preparation for going abroad is to know the worth of what one has seen at home. I remember to have been impressed with a little sense of dismay, on first nearing the shores of Europe, at the thought of what London and Paris might show me in the way of great human personalities ; but I said to myself, "To one who has heard Emerson lecture, and Parker preach, and Garrison thunder, and Phillips persuade, there is no reason why Darwin or Victor Hugo should pass for more than mortal ;" and accordingly they did not. We shall not prepare ourselves for a cosmopolitan standard by ignoring our own great names or undervaluing the literary tradition that has produced them. When Stuart Newton, the artist, was asked, on first arriving in London from America, whether he did not enjoy the change, he answered honestly, "I here see such society occasionally as I saw at home all the time." At this day the self-respecting American

sometimes hears admissions in Europe which make him feel that we are already creating a standard, not waiting to be judged by one. The most variously accomplished literary critic in England, the late Mark Pattison, once said to me of certain American books then lately published, "Is such careful writing appreciated in the United States? It would not be in England." On the shores of a new continent, then, there was already a standard which was in one respect better than the cosmopolitan.

THE LITERARY PENDULUM

"AFTER all," said the great advocate Rufus Choate, "a book is the only immortality." That was the lawyer's point of view; but the author knows that, even after the book is published, the immortality is often still to seek. In the depressed moods of the advocate or the statesman, he is apt to imagine himself as writing a book; and when this is done, it is easy enough to carry the imagination a step further and to make the work a magnificent success; just as, if you choose to fancy yourself a foreigner, it is as easy to be a duke as a tinker. But the professional author is more often like Christopher Sly, whose dukedom is in dreams; and he is fortunate if he does not say of his own career with Christopher: "A very excellent piece of work, good madam lady. Would 't were done!"

In our college days we are told that men change, while books remain unchanged. But in a very few years we find that the circle of books alters as swiftly and strangely as that of the men who write or the boys who read them. When the late Dr. Walter Channing, of Boston,

was revisiting in old age his birthplace, Newport, R. I., he requested me to take him to the Redwood Library, of which he had been librarian some sixty years before. He presently asked the librarian, with an eagerness at first inexplicable, for a certain book, whose name I had never before heard. With some difficulty the custodian hunted it up, entombed beneath other dingy folios in a dusty cupboard. Nobody, he said, had ever before asked for it during his administration. "Strange!" said Dr. Channing, turning over the leaves. "This was in my time the show-book of the collection; people came here purposely to see it." He closed it with a sigh, and it was replaced in its crypt. Dr. Channing is dead, the librarian who unearthed the book is since dead, and I have forgotten its very title. In all coming time, probably, its repose will be as undisturbed as that of Hans Andersen's forgotten Christmas-tree in the garret. Did, then, the authorship of that book give to its author so very substantial a hold on immortality?

But there is in literary fame such a thing as recurrence — a swing of the pendulum which at first brings despair to the young author, yet yields him at last his only consolation. "L'éternité est une pendule," wrote Jacques Bridaine, that else forgotten Frenchman whose phrase

gave Longfellow the hint of his "Old Clock on the Stairs." When our professors informed us that books were a permanent treasure, those of us who were studious at once pinched ourselves to buy books ; but the authors for whom we made economies in our wardrobe are now as obsolete, very likely, as the garments that we exchanged for them. No undergraduate would now take off my hands at half price, probably, the sets of Landor's "Imaginary Conversations" and Coleridge's "Literary Remains," which it once seemed worth a month of threadbare elbows to possess. I lately called the attention of a professor of philology to a tolerably full set of Thomas Taylor's translations, and found that he had never heard of even the name of that servant of obscure learning. In college we studied Cousin and Jouffroy, and he who remembers the rise and fall of that ambitious school of French eclectics can hardly be sure of the permanence of Herbert Spencer, the first man since their day who has undertaken to explain the whole universe of being. How we used to read Hazlitt, whose very name is so forgotten that an accomplished author has lately duplicated the title of his most remarkable book, "Liber Amoris," without knowing that it had ever been used! What a charm Irving threw about the literary career of Roscoe ; but who now recog-

nizes his name? Ardent youths, eager to combine intellectual and worldly success, fed themselves in those days on "Pelham" and "Vivian Grey;" but these works are not now even included in "Courses of Reading" — that last infirmity of noble fames. One may look in vain through the vast mausoleum of Bartlett's "Dictionary of Quotations" for even that one maxim in respect to costume, which was "Pelham's" bid for immortality.

Literary fame is, then, by no means a fixed increment, but a series of vibrations of the pendulum. Happy is that author who comes to be benefited by an actual return of reputation — as athletes get beyond the period of breathlessness, and come to their "second wind." Yet this is constantly happening. Emerson, visiting Landor in 1847, wrote in his diary, "He pestered me with Southey — but who is Southey?" Now, Southey had tasted fame more promptly than his greater contemporaries, and liked the taste so well that he held his own poems far superior to those of Wordsworth, and wrote of them, "With Virgil, with Tasso, with Homer, there are fair grounds of comparison." Then followed a period during which the long shades of oblivion seemed to have closed over the author of "Madoc" and "Kehama." Behold! in 1886 the "Pall Mall

Gazette," revising through "the best critics" Sir James Lubbock's "Hundred Best Books," dethrones Byron, Shelley, Coleridge, Lamb, and Landor; omits them all, and reinstates the forgotten Southey once more. Is this the final award of fate? No: it is simply the inevitable swing of the pendulum.

Southey, it would seem, is to have two innings; perhaps one day it will yet be Hayley's turn. "Would it please you very much," asks Warrington of Pendennis, "to have been the author of Hayley's verses?" Yet Hayley was, in his day, as Southey testifies, "by popular election the king of the English poets;" and he was held so important a personage, that he received, what probably no other author ever has won, a large income for the last twelve years of his life in return for the prospective copyright of his posthumous memoirs. Miss Anna Seward, writing in 1786, ranks him, with the equally forgotten Mason, as "the two foremost poets of the day;" she calls Hayley's poems "magnolias, roses, and amaranths," and pronounces his esteem a distinction greater than monarchs hold it in their power to bestow. But probably nine out of ten who shall read these lines will have to consult a biographical dictionary to find out who Hayley was; while his odd *protégé*, William Blake, whom the fine ladies of

the day wondered at Hayley for patronizing, has since become a favorite in literature and art.

So strong has been the recent swing of the pendulum in favor of what is called realism in fiction, it is very possible that if Hawthorne's "Twice-told Tales" were to appear for the first time to-morrow they would attract no more attention than they did more than fifty years ago. Mr. Stockton has lately made a similar suggestion as to the stories of Edgar Poe. Perhaps this gives half a century as the approximate measure of the variations of fate — the periodicity of the pendulum. On the other hand, Jane Austen, who was for many years regarded by readers as an author suited to desolate islands or long and tedious illnesses, has now come to be the founder of a school; and must look down benignly from heaven to see the brightest minds assiduously at work upon that "little bit of ivory, two inches square" by which she symbolized her novels. Then comes in, as an alterative, the strong Russian tribe, claimed by realists as real, by idealists as ideal, and perhaps forcing the pendulum in a new direction. Nothing, surely, since Hawthorne's death, has given us so much of the distinctive flavor of his genius as Tourgueneff's extraordinary "Poems in Prose" in the admirable version of Mrs. T. S. Perry.

But the question, after all, recurs: Why should we thus be slaves of the pendulum? Why should we not look at these vast variations of taste more widely, and, as it were, astronomically, to borrow Thoreau's phrase? In the mind of a healthy child there is no incongruity between fairy tales and the Rollo Books; and he passes without disquiet from the fancied heart-break of a tin soldier to Jonas mending an old rat-trap in the barn. Perhaps, after all, the literary fluctuation occurs equally in this case and in ours, but under different conditions. It may be that, in the greater mobility of the child's nature, the pendulum can swing to and fro in half a second of time and without the consciousness of effort; while in the case of older readers, the same vibration takes half a century of time and the angry debate of a thousand journals.

THE SYMPATHY OF RELIGIONS¹

OUR true religious life begins when we discover that there is an Inner Light, not infallible but invaluable, which "lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Then we have something to steer by; and it is chiefly this, and not an anchor, that we need. The human soul, like any other noble vessel, was not built to be anchored, but to sail. An anchorage may, indeed, be at times a temporary need, in order to make some special repairs, or to take fresh cargo in; yet the natural destiny of both ship and soul is not the harbor, but the ocean; to cut with even keel the vast and beautiful expanse; to pass from island on to island of more

¹ This essay was originally written during a winter spent on the island of Fayal, 1855-56, being then intended as a chapter in a larger work, which was never completed. It was read as a lecture some years later in a course conducted by the Free Religious Association in Boston; and was then printed, with some additions, in pamphlet form. It has since gone through various editions, in America and England, and is still doing service as a tract in the "Unity Mission" series, published in Chicago. A special edition was also printed for the "Parliament of Religions" held at Chicago, in September, 1893. A French translation, by Mrs. Maria E. McKaye, appeared at Paris in 1898.

than Indian balm, or to continents fairer than Columbus won ; or, best of all, steering close to the wind, to extract motive power from the greatest obstacles. Men forget the eternity through which they have yet to sail, when they talk of anchoring here upon this bank and shoal of time. It would be a tragedy to see the shipping of the world whitening the seas no more, and idly riding at anchor in Atlantic ports ; but it would be more tragic to see a world of souls fascinated into a fatal repose and renouncing their destiny of motion.

And as with individuals, so with communities. The great historic religions of the world are not so many stranded hulks left to perish. The most conspicuous among them are yet full of life and activity. All over the world the divine influence moves men. There is a sympathy in religions, and this sympathy is shown alike in their origin, their records, and their career. I have worshipped in an evangelical church when thousands rose to their feet at the motion of one hand. I have worshipped in a Roman Catholic church when the lifting of one finger broke the motionless multitude into twinkling motion, till the magic sign was made, and all was still. But I never for an instant have supposed that this concentrated moment of devotion was more holy or more beautiful

than when one cry from a minaret hushes a Mohammedan city to prayer; or, when, at sunset, the low invocation, "Oh! the gem in the lotus — oh! the gem in the lotus," goes murmuring, like the cooing of many doves, across the vast surface of Thibet. True, "the gem in the lotus" means nothing to us, but it has for those who use it a meaning as significant as "the Lamb of God," for it is a symbol of aspiration.

Every year brings new knowledge of the religions of the world, and every step in knowledge brings out the sympathy between them. They all show similar aims, symbols, forms, weaknesses, and aspirations. Looking at these points of unity, we might say that under many forms there is but one religion, whose essential creed is the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, — disguised by corruptions, symbolized by mythologies, ennobled by virtues, degraded by vices, but still the same. Or if, passing to a closer analysis, we dwell rather on the shades of difference, we shall find in these varying faiths the several instruments which perform what Cudworth calls "the Symphony of Religions." And though some may stir like drums, and others soothe like flutes, and others like violins command the whole range of softness and of strength, yet they are all alike in-

struments, and nothing in any one of them is so wondrous as the great laws of sound which control them all.

“Amid so much war and contest and variety of opinion,” said Maximus Tyrius, “you will find one consenting conviction in every land, that there is one God, the King and Father of all.” “God being one,” said Aristotle, “only receives various names from the various manifestations we perceive.” “Sovereign God,” said Cleanthes, in that sublime prayer which Paul quoted, “whom men invoke under many names, and who rulest alone, . . . it is to thee that all nations should address themselves, for we are all thy children.” “It is of little consequence,” says Seneca, “by what name you call the first Nature, the divine Reason that presides over the universe and fills all parts of it. He is still the same God. We Stoics sometimes call him Father Bacchus, because he is the Universal Life that animates Nature; sometimes Mercury, because he is the Eternal Reason, Order, and Wisdom. You may give him as many names as you please, provided you allow but one sole principle universally.” St. Augustine readily accepts these interpretations. “It was one God,” he says, “the universal Creator and Sustainer, who in the ethereal spaces was called Jupiter; in the sea, Neptune; in the

sun, Phoebus; in the fire, Vulcan; in the vintage, Bacchus; in the harvest, Ceres; in the forests, Diana; in the sciences, Minerva." So Origen, the Christian Father, frankly says that no man can be blamed for calling God's name in Egyptian, or in Scythian, or in such other language as he best knows.¹

To say that different races worship different Gods is like saying that they are warmed by different suns. The names differ, but the sun is the same, and so is God. As there is but one source of light and warmth, so there is but one source of religion. To this all nations testify alike. We have yet but a part of our Holy Bible. The time will come when, as in the Middle Ages, all pious books will be called sacred scriptures, *Scripturæ Sacræ*. From the most remote portions of the earth, from the Vedas and the Sagas, from Plato and Zoroaster, Confucius and Mohammed, from the Emperor Marcus Antoninus and the slave Epictetus, from learned Alexandrians and the ignorant Galla negroes, there will be gathered hymns and

¹ This is Cudworth's interpretation, but he has rather strained the passage, which must be that beginning, *Οὐδὲν οὖν οἶμαι διαφέρειν* (*Adv. Celsum*, v.). The passages from Aristotle and Cleanthes are in Stobæus. See, also, Maximus Tyrius, *Diss.* i.: *Θεὸς εἰς πάντων βασιλεὺς καὶ πατήρ*; Seneca, *De Beneficiis*, bk. iv. c. 7-8; Augustine, *De Civ. Dei*, bk. iv. c. 2.

prayers and maxims in which every religious soul may unite, — the magnificent liturgy of the human race.

Alexander von Humboldt asserted in middle life, and repeated the assertion in old age, that “all positive religions contain three distinct parts. First, a code of morals, very fine, and nearly the same in all. Second, a geological dream, and, third, a myth or historical novellette, which last becomes the most important of all.” And though his observation may be somewhat roughly stated, its essential truth is seen when we compare the religions of the world, side by side. With such startling points of similarity, where is the difference? The main difference lies here, that each fills some blank space in its creed with the name of a different teacher. For instance, the oriental Parsee wears a fine white garment, bound around him with a certain knot; and whenever this knot is undone, he repeats the four main points of his creed, which are as follows: —

“To believe in one God, and hope for mercy from him only.”

“To believe in a future state of existence.”

“To do as you would be done by.”

Thus far the Parsee keeps on the universal ground of religion. Then he drops into the language of his sect and adds: —

“To believe in Zoroaster as lawgiver, and to hold his writings sacred.”

The creed thus furnishes a formula for all faiths. It might be printed in blank like a circular, leaving only the closing name to be filled in.¹ For Zoroaster read Christ, and you have Christianity; read Buddha, and you have Buddhism; read Mohammed, and you have Mohammedanism. Each of these, in short, is Natural Religion *plus* an individual name. It is by insisting on that *plus* that each religion stops short of being universal.

In this religion of the human race, thus variously disguised, we meet constantly the same leading features. The same great doctrines, good or bad, — regeneration, predestination, atonement, the future life, the final judgment, the Divine Reason or Logos, and the Trinity. The same religious institutions, — monks, missionaries, priests, and pilgrims. The same ritual, — prayers, liturgies, sacrifices, sermons, hymns. The same implements, — frankincense, candles, holy water, relics, amulets, votive offerings. The same symbols, — the cross, the ball, the triangle, the serpent, the all-seeing eye, the

¹ Compare Augustine, *De Vera Relig.*, c. iv.: “Paucis mutatis verbis atque sententiis Christiani fierent.” The Parsee creed is given as above in a valuable article in Martin’s *Colonial Magazine*, No. 18.

halo of rays, the tree of life. The same saints, angels, and martyrs. The same holiness attached to particular cities, rivers, and mountains. The same prophecies and miracles, — the dead restored and evil spirits cast out. The self-same holy days ; for Easter and Christmas were kept as spring and autumn festivals, centuries before our era, by Egyptians, Persians, Saxons, Romans. The same artistic designs ; for the mother and child stand depicted, not only in the temples of Europe, but in those of Etruria and Arabia, Egypt and Thibet. In ancient Christian art, the evangelists were represented as bearing the heads of birds and quadrupeds, like those upon which we gaze with amazement in Egyptian tombs. Nay, the very sects and subdivisions of all historic religions have been the same, and each supplies us with mystic and rationalist, formalist and philanthropist, ascetic and epicurean. The simple fact is that all these things are as indigenious as grass and mosses ; they spring up in every soil, and often the microscope alone can distinguish the varieties.

And, as all these inevitably recur, so comes back again and again the idea of incarnation, — the Divine Man. Here, too, all religions sympathize, and, with slight modifications, each is the copy of the other. As in the dim robing-

rooms of foreign churches are kept rich stores of sacred vestments, ready to be thrown over every successive generation of priests, so the world has kept in memory the same stately traditions to decorate each new Messiah. He is predicted by prophecy, hailed by sages, born of a virgin, attended by miracle, borne to heaven without tasting death, and with promise of return. Zoroaster and Confucius have no human father. Osiris is the Son of God, he is called the Revealer of Life and Light ; he first teaches one chosen race ; he then goes with his apostles to teach the Gentiles, conquering the world by peace ; he is slain by evil powers ; after death he descends into hell, then rises again, and presides at the last judgment of all mankind : those who call upon his name shall be saved. Buddha is born of a virgin ; his name means the Word, the Logos, but he is known more tenderly as the Saviour of Man ; he embarrasses his teachers, when a child, by his understanding and his answers ; he is tempted in the wilderness, when older ; he goes with his apostles to redeem the world ; he abolishes caste and cruelty, and teaches forgiveness ; he receives among his followers outcasts whom Pharisaic pride despises, and he says, " My law is a law of mercy to all."

These are the recognized properties of reli-

gious tradition ; the beautiful garments belong not to the individual, but to the race. It is the drawback on all human greatness that it makes itself deified. Even of Jesus it was said sincerely by the Platonic philosopher Porphyry, "That noble soul, who has ascended into heaven, has by a certain fatality become an occasion of error." The inequality of gifts is a problem not yet solved, and there is always a craving for some miracle to explain it. Men set up their sublime representatives as so many spiritual athletes, and measure them. "See, this one is six inches taller ; those six inches prove him divine." But because men surpass us, or surpass everybody, shall we hold them separate from the race ? Construct the race as you will, somebody must stand at the head, in virtue as in intellect. Shall we deify Shakespeare ? Because we may begin upon his treasury of wisdom almost before we enjoy any other book, and can hold to it longer, and read it all our lives, from those earnest moments when we demand the very core of thought, down to moments of sickness and sadness when nothing else captivates ; because we may go the rounds of all literature, and grow surfeited with every other great author, and learn a dozen languages and a score of philosophical systems, and travel the wide world over, and come back

to Shakespeare at length, fresh as ever, and begin at the beginning of his infinite meanings once more, — are we therefore to consider him as separated from mortality? Are we to raise him to the heavens, as in the magnificent eulogium of Keats, who heads creation with “things real, as sun, stars, and passages of Shakespeare”? Or are we to erect into a creed the bold words I once heard an enthusiast soberly say, “that it is impossible to think of Shakespeare as a man”? Or shall we reverently own, that, as man’s humility first bids him separate himself from these his great superiors, so his faith and hope bring him back to them and renew the tie. It paralyzes my intellect if I doubt whether Shakespeare was a man; it paralyzes my whole spiritual nature if I doubt whether Jesus was.

Therefore I believe that all religion is natural, all revealed. What faith in humanity springs up, what trust in God, when one recognizes the sympathy of religions! Every race has some conception of a Creator and Governor of the world, in whom devout souls recognize a Father also. Even where, as among the Buddhists, the reported teachings of the founder seem to ignore the existence of a Deity, the popular instinct is too strong for the teacher, so that the Buddhist races are not atheistic.

Every race has some conception of an existence after death. Every race in some way recognizes by its religious precepts the brotherhood of man. The whole gigantic system of caste in Hindostan has grown up in defiance of the Vedas, which are now being invoked to abolish it.¹ The Hitopadesa of Vishnu Sarman forbids caste. "Is this one of our tribe or a stranger? is the calculation of the narrow-minded; but, to those of a noble disposition, the earth itself is but one family." "What is religion?" says elsewhere the same book, and answers, "Tenderness toward all creatures."

¹ See the discourses of Keshub Chunder Sen in England, as reported by Sophia Dobson Collet. The speaker said of the Brahmo Somaj, or Hindoo reformers, "They were in the beginning a body of Vedantists. They based their teaching upon the national books of the Hindoos; they accepted those books as the word of God, and tried to fling away all the later superstition and idolatry of their countrymen" (p. 530). "You must also admit that the subject of caste distinction was not known to my ancestors. It is said—This is my friend, that is not; so counteth a man of narrow heart; but to the man of large heart all mankind are kinsmen" (p. 493). "With regard to caste, this passage occurs in the sacred writings—This man is my friend; that man is not my friend; so counteth he whose heart is narrow; but he who has a catholic heart looketh upon all mankind as his kinsmen" (p. 299). Again, at Glasgow, "he referred to what these earlier writings revealed in respect to the formerly elevated condition of female society, the doctrine of the divine unity, and the feeling of human brotherhood as opposed to caste" (p. 516). Also pp. 34, 587.

“He is my beloved of whom mankind are not afraid and who of mankind is not afraid,” says the Bhagvat Geeta. “Kesava is pleased with him who does good to others . . . who is always desirous of the welfare of all creatures,” says the Vishnu Purana. The traditional greeting of the Buddhist Tartars is, “All men are brethren and should help one another.” When a disciple asked Confucius about benevolence, he said, “It is to love *all* men ;” and he elsewhere said, “My doctrine is simple and easy to understand ;” and his chief disciple adds, “It consists only in having the heart right and in loving one’s neighbor as one’s self.” When he was asked, “Is there one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one’s life ?” he answered, “Is not ‘Reciprocity’ such a word ? What you wish done to yourself, do to others.” By some translators the rule is given in a negative form, in which it is also found in the Jewish Talmud (Rabbi Hillel), “Do not to another what thou wouldst not he should do to thee ; this is the sum of the law.” So Thales, when asked for a rule of life, taught, “That which thou blamest in another, do not thyself.” “Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,” said the Hebrew book of Leviticus. “None of you can be called a true believer,” says the Koran, “till he loves for his brother what he loves for himself.”

Iamblichus tells us that Pythagoras taught "the love of all to all," and Plutarch that Zeno taught us "to look upon all men in general to be our fellow-countrymen and citizens . . . like a flock feeding together with equal right in a common pasture." "To live is not to live for one's self alone," said the Greek dramatist Menander; and the Roman dramatist Terence, following him, brought down the applause of the whole theatre by the saying, "I am a man; I count nothing human foreign to me." "Give bread to a stranger," said Quintilian, "in the name of the universal brotherhood which binds together all men under the common father of nature." "What good man will look on any suffering as foreign to himself?" said the Latin satirist Juvenal. "This sympathy is what distinguishes us from brutes," he adds. Plutarch consoles Apollonius for the death of his son by praising the youth as "a lover of mankind." The poet Lucan predicted a time when warlike weapons should be laid aside, and all men love one another. "Nature has inclined us to love men," said Cicero, "and this is the foundation of the law." He also described his favorite virtue of justice as "devoting itself wholly to the good of others." "Love mankind," wrote Marcus Antoninus, summing it all up in two words; while the loving soul of Epictetus ex-

tended the sphere of mutual affection beyond this earth, holding that "the universe is but one great city, full of beloved ones, divine and human, by nature endeared to each other."¹

¹ The passages above cited will be found as follows: *Vishnu Sarman* (tr. by Johnson), pp. 16, 28; *Bhagvat Geeta* (tr. by Wilkins), ch. 12; *Vishnu Purana* (tr. by Wilson), p. 291; Huc's *Travels in Thibet*, *passim*.

Confucius, in Legge's *Confucian Analects*, bk. xii. c. 22, and bk. xv. c. 23. Also, *Lun-yu* (tr. by Pauthier), c. iv. § 16; Davis's *Chinese*, ii. 50. Compare the exhaustive essay of Ezra Abbot (*Proceedings Am. Orient. Soc. for 1870*, p. ix.).

Thales, in *Diogenes Laertius*, bk. i. § 36. Πῶς ἂν ἀριστα καὶ δικαιοτάτα βιώσασιν; ἂν ἃ τοῖς ἄλλοις ἐπιτιμῶμεν, αὐτοὶ μὴ δρῶμεν. Stobæus reads instead (c. 43), ὅσα νεμεσεῖς τὸν πλησίον αὐτὸς μὴ ποιεῖ. Leviticus xix. 18. Koran, quoted in *Akhlak-i-Jalaly*, p. 78. Iamblichus, *De Pythag. vita*, cc. 16, 33: Φιλίαν δὲ διαφανέστατα πάντων πρὸς ἅπαντας Πυθαγόρας παρέδωκε. Plutarch, *De Alex. seu Virt., seu Fort.*, bk. i. § 68: Ἄλλὰ πάντας ἀνθρώπους ἠγάμεθα δημότας καὶ πολίτας . . . ὥσπερ ἀγέλης συννόμου νόμφ κοινῶ συντρεφόμενης. Menander (ed. Dübner), *Incert. Fab. Fragm.*, 257: Τοῦτ' ἐστὶ τὸ ζῆν οὐχ ἑαυτῶ ζῆν μόνον.

Terence, *Heaut.*, i. 1, 25: "Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto." Quintilian, *Declamations*, quoted by Denis. Juvenal, *Sat.* xv. 140-142:—

"Quis enim bonus . . .
Ulla aliena sibi credat mala?"

Plutarch, *Consol. ad Apollon.*, § 34: Φιλοπάτωρ γενόμενος καὶ φιλομήτωρ, καὶ φιλοίκειος καὶ φιλόσοφος, τὸ δὲ σύμπαν εἰπεῖν, φιλόανθρωπος.

Lucan, *Pharsalia*, i. 60, 61:—

"Tunc genus humanum positis sibi consulat armis
Inque vicem gens omnis amet."

Cicero, *De Legibus*, i. 15: "Nam hæc nascuntur ex eo, quia

This sympathy of religions extends even to the loftiest virtues, — the forgiveness of injuries, the love of enemies, and the overcoming of evil with good. “It is declared in our Ved and Codes of Law,” says Ram Mohun Roy, “that mercy is the root of virtue.” Buddha said, “A man who foolishly does me wrong, I will return to him the protection of my ungrudging love; the more evil comes from him, the more good shall go from me.” “Hatred,” says the Buddhist Dhammapada, or “Path of Virtue,” “does not cease by hatred at any time; hatred ceases by love; this is an old rule.” “To overwhelm evil with good is good, and to resist evil by evil is evil,” says a Mohammedan manual of ethics. “Turn not away from a sinner, but look on him with compassion,” says Sadi’s “Gulistan.” “If thine enemy hunger, give him bread to eat; if he thirst, give him water to drink,” said the Hebrew proverb. “He who commits injustice

natura propensi sumus ad diligendos homines, quod fundamentum juris est.” Also *De Republica*, iii. 7, 7 (fragment): “Quæ virtus, præter ceteras, tota se ad alienas porrigit utilitates et explicat.” Marcus Antoninus, vii. 31: *Φίλησον τὸν ἀνθρώπινον γένος*. Epictetus, bk. iii. c. xxiv.: “Ὅτι ὁ κόσμος οὗτος μία πόλις ἐστὶ . . . πάντα δὲ φίλων μεστὰ, πρῶτον μὲν Θεῶν, εἶτα καὶ ἀνθρώπων, φύσει πρὸς ἀλλήλοισι φκειωμένων. Compare Cicero, *De Nat. Deorum* (ii. § lxii.): “Est enim mundus quasi communis Deorum, atque hominum domus, aut urbs utrorumque.”

is ever made more wretched than he who suffers it," said Plato, and adds, "It is never right to return an injury." "No one will dare maintain," said Aristotle, "that it is better to do injustice than to bear it." "We should do good to our enemy," said Cleobulus, "and make him our friend." "Speak not evil to a friend, nor even to an enemy," said Pittacus, one of the Seven Wise Men. "It is more beautiful," said Valerius Maximus, "to overcome injury by the power of kindness than to oppose to it the obstinacy of hatred." Maximus Tyrius has a special chapter on the treatment of injuries, and concludes, "If he who injures does wrong, he who returns the injury does equally wrong." Plutarch, in his essay, "How to profit by our enemies," bids us sympathize with them in affliction and aid their needs. "A philosopher, when smitten, must love those who smite him, as if he were the father, the brother, of all men," said Epictetus. "It is peculiar to man," said Marcus Antoninus, "to even love those who do wrong. . . . Ask thyself daily to how many ill-minded persons thou hast shown a kind disposition." He compares the wise and humane soul to a spring of pure water which blesses even him who curses it; as the Oriental story likens such a soul to the sandalwood tree,

which imparts its fragrance even to the axe that cuts it down.¹

How it cheers and enlarges us to hear of these great thoughts and know that the Divine has never been without a witness on earth! How it must sadden the soul to disbelieve them! Worse yet, to be in a position where it is necessary to hope that they may not be correctly reported, — that one by one they may be explained away. A prosecuting attorney

¹ Ram Mohun Roy, *Conference on Burning Widows* (Calcutta, 1818), p. 27; Beal's *Buddhist Scriptures from the Chinese*, p. 193; *Dhammapada* (tr. by Max Müller), in Roger's *Buddhagoshā's Parables*, also in Max Müller's *Lectures on the Science of Religion* (Am. ed.), p. 194; *Akhlak-i-Jalaly* (tr. by Thompson), p. 441; Sadi's *Gulistan* (tr. by Ross), p. 240; (tr. by Gladwin, Am. ed.), p. 209; Proverbs xxv. 21. Plato, *Gorgias*, § 35: 'Αεὶ τὸν ἀδικοῦντα τοῦ ἀδικουμένου ἀθλιώτερον εἶναι. *Crito*, § 10: 'Ὡς οὐδέποτε ὀρθῶς ἔχοντος οὔτε τοῦ ἀδικεῖν οὔτε τοῦ ἀνταδικεῖν. (Plato devotes much of the first book of his *Republic* to refuting with great elaboration those who allege that it is right to injure an enemy.) Cleobulus, in *Diog. Laertius*, bk. i. § 91: "Ἐλεγέ τε τὸν φίλον δεῖν εὐεργετεῖν, ὅπως ἦ μᾶλλον φίλος. τὸν δὲ ἐχθρὸν, φίλον ποιεῖν. Pit-tacus in *Diog. Laertius*, bk. i. § 78: Φίλον μὴ λέγειν κακῶς, ἀλλὰ μηδὲ ἐχθρὸν. Val. Maximus, iv. 2, 4: "Quia speciosius aliquanto injuriæ beneficiis vincuntur quam mutui odii pertinacia pensantur." Max. Tyrius, *Diss.* xviii.: Καὶ μὴν εἰ ὁ ἀδικῶν κακῶς ποιεῖ, ὁ ἀντιποιοῦν κακῶς οὐδὲν ἤττον ποιεῖ κακῶς, κἂν ἀμύνηται. Plutarch's *Morals* (tr. by Goodwin, i. 293). Epic-tetus, bk. vii. c. 22: Δαίρεσθαι δεῖ αὐτὸν, ὡς ὄνον, καὶ δαιρόμενον φιλεῖν αὐτοὺς τοὺς δαίροντας, ὡς πατέρα πάντων, ὡς ἀδελφόν. Marcus Antoninus, *Medit.*, v. 31: Εἰς ὄσους δὲ ἀγνώμονας εὐγνώμων ἐγένου. vii. 22: Ἴδιον ἀνθρώπου φιλεῖν καὶ τοὺς πταίοντας.

once told me that the most painful part of his position was that he had to hope that every man he prosecuted would be proved a villain. But what is this to the position of those who are bound to hope that the character of humanity will be blackened by wholesale, — who are compelled to resist every new gleam of light that the study of ancient history reveals. For instance, as the great character of Buddha has come out from the darkness, within fifty years, how these reluctant people have struggled against it, still desiring to escape. “Save us, O God!” they have seemed to say, “from the distress of believing that so many years ago there was a sublime human life.” Show such persons that the great religious ideas and maxims are as old as literature; and how they resist the knowledge! “Surely it is not so bad as that,” they seem to say. “Is there no possibility of a mistranslation! Let us see the text, explore the lexicon; is there no labor, no device, by which we can convince ourselves that there is a mistake?” Anything rather than believe that there is a light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

For this purpose the very facts of history must be suppressed or explained away. Sir George Mackenzie, in his “Travels in Iceland,” says that the clergy prevented till 1630, with

“mistaken zeal,” the publication of the Scandinavian Eddas. Huc, the Roman Catholic missionary, described in such truthful colors the religious influence of Buddhism in Thibet that his book was put in the *Index Expurgatorius* at Rome. Balmes, a learned Roman Catholic writer, declares that “Christianity is stripped of a portion of its honors” if we trace back any high standard of female purity to the ancient Germans; and so he coolly sets aside as “poetical” the plain statements of the accurate Tacitus. If we are to believe the accounts given of the Jewish Essenes by Josephus, De Quincey thinks, the claims made by Christianity are annihilated. “If Essenism could make good its pretensions, there, at one blow, would be an end of Christianity, which, in that case, is not only superseded as an idle repetition of a religious system already published, but as a criminal plagiarism. Nor can the wit of man evade the conclusion.” He accordingly attempts to explain away the unequivocal testimony of Josephus.¹

And what makes this exclusiveness the more

¹ Balmes, *Protestantism and Catholicity*, c. xxvii. and note; Mackenzie's *Iceland*, p. 26; De Quincey, *Autobiographical Sketches* (Am. ed.), p. 17, and *Essay on the Essenes*. The condemnation of Huc's book is mentioned by Max Müller, *Chips*, etc. (Am. ed.), i. 187.

replusive is its modern origin. Paul himself quoted from the sublime hymn of Cleanthes to prove to the Greeks that they too recognized the Fatherhood of God. The early Christian apologists, living face to face with the elder religions, made no exclusive claims. Tertullian declared the soul to be an older authority than prophecy, and its voice the gift of God from the beginning. Justin Martyr said, "Those who live according to Reason are Christians, though you may call them atheists. . . . Such among the Greeks were Socrates and Heraclitus and the rest. They who have made or do make Reason (Logos) their rule of life are Christians, and men without fear and trembling." "The same God," said Clement, "to whom we owe the Old and New Testaments gave also to the Greeks their Greek philosophy by which the Almighty is glorified among the Greeks." Lactantius declared that the ancient philosophers "attained the full truth and the whole mystery of religion." "One would suppose," said Minucius Felix, "either that the Christians were philosophers, or the philosophers Christians." "What is now called the Christian religion," said Augustine, "has existed among the ancients, and was not absent from the beginning of the human race, until Christ came in the flesh; from which time the true

religion, which existed already, began to be called Christian." Jerome said that "the knowledge of God was present by nature in all, nor was there any one born without God, or who had not in himself the seeds of all virtues." ¹

There is undoubtedly an increasing willingness among Christian theologians to express views like these. Yet there are many who still shrink from the admission that any such sympathy exists between religions. "There never was a time," says a distinguished Euro-

¹ "Nec hoc ullis Mosis libris debent. Ante anima quam prophetia. Animæ enim a primordio conscientia Dei dos est." Tertullian, *Adv. Marcion*, 1, 10.

Οἱ μετὰ Λόγου βιώσαντες χριστιανοὶ εἰσι, κὰν ἄθεοι ἐνομίσθησαν, οἷον ἐν Ἑλλησι μὲν Σωκράτης καὶ Ἡράκλειτος καὶ οἱ ὁμοῖοι αὐτοῖς, κ. τ. λ. Justin Martyr, *Apol.*, i. 46

Πρὸς δὲ καὶ ὅτι ὁ αὐτὸς θεὸς ἀμφοῖν ταῖν διαθήκαιν χορηγὸς ὁ καὶ τῆς Ἑλληνικῆς φιλοσοφίας δοτῆρ τοῖς Ἑλλησιν, δι' ἧς ὁ παντοκράτωρ παρ' Ἑλλησι δοξάζεται, παρέστησεν, δῆλον δὲ κἀνθένδε. Clem. Alex., *Strom.*, vi. v. 42.

"Totam igitur veritatem et omne divinæ religionis arcanum philosophi attigerunt." Lactantius, *Inst.*, viii. 7.

"Ut quis arbitretur, aut nunc Christianos philosophos esse, aut philosophos fuisse jam tunc Christianos." Minucius Felix, *Octavius*, c. xx.

"Res ipsa, quæ nunc religio Christiana nuncupatur, erat apud antiquos, nec defuit ab initio generis humani, quousque Christus veniret in carnem, unde vera religio, quæ jam erat, cœpit appellari Christiana." Augustine, *Retr.*, i. 13.

"Natura omnibus Dei inesse notitiam, nec quemquam sine Deo nasci, et non habere in se semina sapientiæ et justitiæ reliquarumque virtutum." Hieron., *Comm. in Gal.*, i. 1, 15.

pean preacher, "when there did not exist an infinite gulf between the ideas of the ancients and the ideas of Christianity. There is an end of Christianity if men agree in thinking the contrary." And an eminent American clergyman says, "If the truths of Christianity are intuitive and self-evident, how is it that they formed no part of any man's consciousness till the advent of Christ?" But how can any one look history in the face, how can any man open even the dictionary of any ancient language, and yet say this? What word sums up the highest Christian virtue if not *philanthropy*? And yet the word is a Greek word, and was used in the same sense before Christendom existed.¹

Some of the ablest Christian writers have honestly disclaimed any such monopoly of the truth. In William Penn's "No Cross, No Crown," one half the pages are devoted to the religious testimony of Christians, and one half to that of the non-Christian world. The pious Scougal, in his discourse "On the indispensa-

¹ Ἐγὼ δὲ φοβοῦμαι μὴ ὑπὸ φιλανθρωπίας δοκῶ αὐτοῖς ὅτε περ ἔχω ἐκκεχυμένως παντὶ ἀνδρὶ λέγειν. Plato, *Euthyphron*, § 3.

"Quodque a Græcis *φιλανθρωπία* dicitur, et significat dexteritatem quandam benevolentiamque erga omnes homines promiscuam." Aulus Gellius, bk. xiii. c. xvi. 1.

See, further, an essay "On the word Philanthropy," by the present writer, which follows the present essay in this volume.

ble duty of loving our enemies," admits that it was taught also by "the more sober of the heathen." "If," says Dean Milman, "we were to glean from the later Jewish writings, from the beautiful aphorisms of other Oriental nations, which we cannot fairly trace to Christian sources, and from the Platonic and Stoic philosophy, their more striking precepts, we might find, perhaps, a counterpart to almost all the moral sayings of Jesus." The writings of the most learned of English Catholics, Digby, are a treasure-house of ancient religion, and the conflict between the churchman and the scholar makes him deliciously inconsistent. He states a doctrine, illustrates it from the schoolmen or the fathers, proudly claims it as being monopolized by the Christian church, and ends by citing a parallel passage from Plato or Æschylus! "The ancient poets," he declares, "seem never to have conceived the idea of a spirit of resignation which would sanctify calamity;" and accordingly he quotes Aristotle's assertion, that "suffering becomes beautiful when any one bears great calamities with cheerfulness, not through insensibility, but through greatness of mind." "There is not a passage in the classics," he declares, "which recognizes the beauty of holiness and Christian mildness;" and in the next breath he remarks that Ho-

mer's description of Patroclus furnishes "language which might convey an idea of that mildness of manner which belonged to men in Christian ages." And he closes his eloquent picture of the faith of the Middle Ages in immortality by attributing to the monks and friars the opinion uttered by the dying Socrates, that "a man who has spent his life in the study of philosophy ought to take courage in his death, and to be full of hope that he is about to possess the greatest good that can be obtained, which will be in his possession as soon as he dies." Yet all this is done in a manner so absolutely free from sophistry, the conflict between the two attitudes is so innocent and transparent, that one almost loves it in Digby. In many writers on these subjects there is greater bigotry, without the amiability and the learning.¹

And, if it is thus hard to do historical justice, it is far harder to look with fairness upon contemporary religions. Thus the Jesuit Father

¹ Milman's *Hist. Christianity*, bk. i. c. iv. § 3. (Compare Merivale's *Conversion of the Roman Empire*, Note F, § 4.) Digby's *Ages of Faith* (Am. ed.), ii. 174, 178, 287-289, etc. Digby's inconsistent method has ample precedent in the early Christian apologists. Tertullian, for instance, glorifies the Christian martyrs, and then, to show that they are not foolish or desperate men, cites the precedents of Regulus, Zeno, Mutius Scævola, and many others! *Apol.*, c. 50.

Ripa thought that Satan had created the Buddhist religion on purpose to bewilder the Christian church. There we see a creed possessing more votaries than any other in the world, numbering nearly one third of the human race. Its traditions go back to a founder whose record is stainless and sublime. It has the doctrine of the Real Presence, the Madonna and Child, the invocation of the dead, monasteries and pilgrimages, celibacy and tonsure, relics, rosaries, and holy water. Wherever it has spread, it has broken down the barrier of caste. It teaches that all men are brethren, and makes them prove it by their acts; it diffuses gentleness and self-sacrificing benevolence. "It has become," as Neander admits, "to many tribes of people a means of transition from the wildest barbarism to semi-civilization." Tennent, living amid the lowest form of it in Ceylon, says that its code of morals is second only to that of Christianity itself," and enjoins "every conceivable virtue and excellence." Shall we not rejoice in this consoling discovery? "Yes," said the simple-hearted Abbé Huc: so he published his account of Buddhism, and saw the book excommunicated. "No!" said Father Ripa, "it is the invention of the devil!"¹

¹ Compare *Neander* (Am. tr.), i. 450; Huc's *Thibet*, ii. 50; Tennent's *Christianity in Ceylon*, pp. 219, 220.

With a steady wave of progress Mohammedanism is sweeping through Africa, where Christianity scarcely advances a step. Wherever Mohammedanism reaches, schools and libraries are established, gambling and drunkenness cease, theft and falsehood diminish, polygamy is limited, woman begins to be elevated and has property rights guaranteed ; and, instead of witnessing human sacrifices, you see the cottager reading the Koran at her door, like the Christian cottager in Cowper's description. "Its gradual extension," says an eye-witness, "is gradually but surely modifying the negro. . . . Within the last half century the humanizing influence of the Koran is acknowledged by all who are acquainted with the interior tribes." So in India, Mohammedanism makes converts by thousands, according to Colonel Sleeman, where Christianity makes but a handful ; and this, he testifies, because in Mohammedanism there is no spirit of caste, while Christians have a caste of their own, and will not put converts on an equality with themselves. Do we rejoice in this great work of progress ? No ! one would think we were still in the time of the crusades by the way we ignore the providential value of Mohammedanism.¹

¹ Capt. Canot, pp. 153, 180, 181 ; Wilson's *Western Africa*, 75, 79, 92 ; Richardson's *Great Desert*, ii. 63, 129 ; John-

The one unpardonable sin is exclusiveness. Any form of religion is endangered when we

ston's *Abyssinia*, i. 267; Allen's *Niger Expedition*, i. 383; Du Chaillu, *Ashango Land*, xiii. 129. Barth, *passim*, especially (i. 310, Am. ed.): "That continual struggle, which always continuing further and further, seems destined to overpower the nations at the very equator, if Christianity does not presently step in to dispute the ground with it." He says "that a great part of the Berbers of the desert were once Christians, and that they afterwards changed their religion and adopted Islam" (i. 197, 198). He represents the slave merchants of the interior as complaining that the Mohammedans of Tunis have abolished slavery, but that Christians still continue it (i. 465). "It is difficult to decide how a Christian government is to deal with these countries, where none but Mohammedans maintain any sort of government" (ii. 196). "There is a vital principle in Islam, which has only to be brought out by a reformer to accomplish great things" (i. 164).

Reade, in his *Savage Africa*, discusses the subject fully in a closing chapter, and concludes thus: "Mohammed, a servant of God, redeemed the eastern world. His followers are now redeeming Africa. . . . Let us aid the Mohammedans in their great work, the redemption of Africa. . . . In every Mohammedan town there is a public school and a public library." He complains that Christianity utterly fails to check theft, but Mohammedanism stops it entirely (pp. 135, 579, English ed.).

For Asiatic Mohammedanism, see *Sleeman's Recollections*, ii. 164, and compare Tennent's *Christianity in Ceylon*, p. 330, and Max Müller's *Chips from a German Workshop*, ii. 351.

Since the above note was written, this whole subject has been exhaustively treated by R. Bosworth Smith, M. A., Assistant Master in Harrow School, in the first of his admirable *Lectures before the Royal Institution of Great Britain*, on "Mohammed and Mohammedanism" (pp. 49-66, Am. ed.).

bring it to the test of practical results, for none can yet bear that test. There never existed a person, a book, or an institution, which did not share, however distantly, the merits and the drawbacks of its rivals. Granting all that can be established as to the debt of the world to the very best dispensation, the fact still remains, that there is not a single maxim, or idea, or application, or triumph, that any one religion can claim as exclusively its own. Neither faith, nor love, nor truth, nor disinterestedness, nor forgiveness, nor patience, nor peace, nor equality, nor education, nor missionary effort, nor prayer, nor honesty, nor the sentiment of brotherhood, nor reverence for woman, nor the spirit of humility, nor the fact of martyrdom, nor any other good thing, is monopolized by any form of faith. All religions recognize, more or less remotely, these principles; all do something to exemplify, something to dishonor them. Travelers find that virtue is in a seeming minority in all other countries, and forget that they have left it in a minority at home. A Hindoo girl, astonished at the humanity of a British officer toward her father, declared her surprise that any one could display so much kindness who did not believe in the God Vishnu. Rev. J. R. Wolf, an English missionary, met a Buddhist who readily offered to believe in Jesus

Christ if the missionary would believe in Buddha. Gladwin, in his "Persian Classics," narrates a scene which occurred in his presence between a Jew and a Mohammedan. The Mohammedan said in wrath, "If this deed of conveyance is not authentic, may God cause me to die a Jew." The Jew said, "I make my oath on the Pentateuch, and if I swear falsely I am a Mohammedan like you."

What religion stands highest in its moral results, if not Christianity? Yet Christendom has produced the slave-trader as well as the saint. If we say that Christendom was not truly represented by the slaves in the hold of John Newton's slave-ship, but only by his pious meditations in the cabin, then we must admit that Buddhism is not to be judged merely by its prostrations before Fo, but by the learning of its lamaseries and the beneficence of its people. Keshub Chunder Sen goes from India to England, and implores Christians to cease demoralizing the young Hindoos by teaching them the use of strong drink. "Man after man dies," he says, "and people sometimes compute the results of English education by the number of deaths that actually take place, every month and year, through intemperance." The greater humanity of Hindoos towards animals has been, according to Dr. Hedge, a serious embarrass-

ment to our missionaries. Men interrupt the missionaries in China, Coffin tells us, by asking them why, if their doctrines are true, Christian nations forced opium on an unwilling emperor, who refused to the last to receive money from the traffic; and it is well known that Gutzlaff, a missionary, accompanied the English ships, as interpreter, on that occasion.¹

What a history has been our treatment of the American Indians! "Instead of virtues," said Cadwallader Colden, writing as early as 1727, "we have taught them vices that they were entirely free from before that time." The delegation from the Society of Friends reported, in 1869, that an Indian chief brought a young Indian before a white commissioner to give evidence, and the commissioner hesitated a little in receiving a part of the testimony, when the chief said with great emphasis, "Oh! you may

¹ *Keshub Chunder Sen in England*, by S. D. Collett, p. 265, also pp. 152, 221, etc.; Hedge's *Primeval World of Hebrew Tradition*, p. 83; Coffin's *New Way round the World*, pp. 270, 308, 361; Williams's *Middle Kingdom*, ii. 529, 544. Mr. Williams states that the Chinese emperor caused to be destroyed 20,291 chests of opium, and calls the act "a solitary instance in the history of the world of a pagan monarch preferring to destroy what would injure his own subjects, than to fill his pockets with its sale." Dr. Jeffreys was told by a Mussulman in India, speaking of a certain tribe, that he knew they were Christians "from their being nearly all drunkards." *British Army in India*, by Jeffreys, p. 19.

believe what he says: he tells the truth: he has never seen a white man before!" In Southey's "Wesley" there is an account of an Indian whom Wesley met in Georgia, and who thus summed up his objections to Christianity: "Christian much drunk! Christian beat man! Christian tell lies! Devil Christian! Me no Christian!"¹ What then? All other religions

¹ Colden's *History of the Five Indian Nations* (dedication). He says also, "We have reason to be ashamed that those infidels, by our conversation and neighborhood, are become worse than they were before they knew us." It appears from this book (as from other witnesses), that one of the worst crimes now practised by Indians has sprung up since that day, being certainly countenanced by the brutalities practised by whites towards Indian women. Colden says: "I have been assured that there is not an instance of their offering the least violence to the chastity of any woman that was their captive." Vol. i. p. 9, 3d ed. [It is probable, however, that different tribes have always differed in this respect. Compare Parkman's *Pontiac*, ii. 236; Southey's *Wesley*, chap. iii.; Report of Joint Delegation of the Society of Friends, 1869.] The Indians whom Catlin took with him to England could not be made to understand why missionaries were sent from London to convert the red men, when there was so much more vice and suffering in London than in the Indian country. They said: "The people around us can all read the good book, and they can understand all the black coats say; and still we find they are not so honest and so good people as ours; this we are sure of. . . . We believe that the Great Spirit has made our religion for us and white man's religion for white men. Their sins we believe are much greater than ours; and perhaps the Great Spirit has thought it best to give them a different religion." Catlin's *Indians in Europe*, i. 164; ii. 40; also ii. 61, 71.

show the same discrepancy between belief and practice, and each is safe till it begins to traduce the rest. Test each sect by its best or its worst as you will, by its high-water mark of virtue or its low-water mark of vice. But falsehood begins when you measure the ebb of any other religion against the flood-tide of your own.

There is a noble and a base side to every history. The same religion varies in different soils. Christianity is not the same in England and Italy; in Armenia and in Ethiopia; in the Protestant and Catholic cantons of Switzerland; in Massachusetts and in Utah. Neither is Buddhism the same in China, in Thibet, and in Ceylon; nor Mohammedanism in Turkey and in Persia. We have no right to pluck the best fruit from one tree, the worst from another, and then say that the tree is known by its fruits. I say again, Christianity has, on the whole, produced the highest results of all, in manners, in arts, in virtue. Yet when Christianity had been five centuries in the world, the world's only hope seemed to be in the superior strength and purity of Pagan races. "Can we wonder," wrote Salvian (A. D. 400), "if our lands have been given over to the barbarians by God? since that which we have polluted by our profligacy the barbarians have cleansed by their

chastity.”¹ At the end of its first thousand years, Christianity could only show Europe at its lowest ebb of civilization, in a state which Guizot calls “death by the extinction of every faculty.” The barbarians had only deteriorated since their conversion; the great empires were falling to pieces; and the only bright spot in Europe was Mohammedan Spain, whose universities taught all Christendom science, as its knights taught chivalry. Even at the end of fifteen hundred years, the Turks, having conquered successively Jerusalem and Constantinople, seemed altogether the most powerful nation of the world; their empire was compared to the Roman empire; they were gaining all the time. You will find everywhere — in Luther’s “Table-talk,” for instance — how weak Christendom seemed against them in the middle of the sixteenth century; and Lord Bacon, yet later, describes them in his “Essays” as the only warlike nation in Europe except the Spaniards. But the art of printing had been discovered, and that other new world, America; the study of Greek literature was reviving the intellect of Europe, and the tide had begun to turn. For four hundred years it has been safe

¹ “Cum ea quæ Romani polluerant fornicatione, nunc mudent barbari castitate.” Salvian, *De Gubern. Dei*, ed. 1623, p. 254, quoted in Gilly’s *Vigilantius*, p. 360.

for Christendom to be boastful, but if at any time during the fifteen hundred years previous the comparison had been made, the boasting would have been the other way. It is unsafe to claim a monopoly of merit on the basis of facts that cover four centuries out of nineteen. Let us not be misled by a hasty vanity, lest some new incursion of barbarians teach us, as it taught the early Christians, to be humble.

We see what Christianity has done for Europe; but we do not remember how much Europe has done for Christianity.”¹ Take away the influence of race and climate; take away Greek literature and Mohammedan chivalry and the art of printing; set the decline of Christianity in Asia and Africa against its gain in Europe and America,—and, whatever superiority may be left, it affords no basis for any

¹ “Neither history nor more recent experience can furnish any example of the long retention of pure Christianity by a people themselves rude and unenlightened. In all the nations of Europe, embracing every period since the second century, Christianity must be regarded as having taken the hue and complexion of the social state with which it was incorporated, presenting itself unsullied, contaminated, or corrupted, in sympathy with the enlightenment or ignorance or debasement of those by whom it had been originally embraced. The rapid and universal degeneracy of the early Asiatic churches is associated with the decline of education and the intellectual decay of the communities among whom they were established.” Tennent’s *Christianity in Ceylon*, p. 273.

exclusive claims.¹ The recent scientific advances of the age are a brilliant theme for the rhetorician ; but those who make these advances appear very little disposed to ascribe them to the influence of any form of religion.

Indeed it is only very lately that the claim of superiority in civilization and the arts of life has been made in behalf of Christianity. Down to the time of the Reformation it was usual to contrast the intellectual and practical superiority of the heathen with the purely spiritual claims of the church. Ruskin complains that in Raphael's decorations of the Vatican he concedes Philosophy and Poetry to the ancients, and claims only Theology for the moderns. "From the beginning of the world," said Luther, "there have always been among the heathens higher and rarer people, of greater and more exalted understanding, more excellent diligence and skill in all arts, than among Christians, or the people of God." "Do we excel in intellect, in learning, in decency of morals?" said Me-

¹ For the influence of Mohammedanism on the revival of letters in Europe, see Andres, *Origine di ogni litteratura* ; Jourdain, *Recherches critiques sur les traductions latines d'Aristote* ; Schmölders, *Ecoles Philosophiques entre les Arabes* ; Forster, *Mohammedanism Unveiled* ; Urquhart, *Pillars of Hercules* ; Lecky's *Rationalism*, ii. 284 ; Humboldt's *Cosmos*, ii. xvii. 579, 584, 594 ; Neander's *Church History* (Am. tr.), iv. 301.

lanchthon. "By no means. But we excel in the true knowledge and worship and adoration of God." "The church has always been accustomed," says the Roman Catholic Digby, "to see genius and learning in the ranks opposed to her."¹

Historically, of course, we are Christians, and can enjoy the advantage which that better training has given, just as the favored son of a king may enjoy his special advantages and yet admit that the less favored are also sons. The name of Christianity only ceases to excite respect when it is used to represent any false or exclusive claims, or when it takes the place of the older and grander words, "Religion" and "Virtue." When we fully comprehend the sympathy of religions we shall deal with other faiths on fairer terms. We shall cease trying to free men from one superstition by inviting them into another. The true missionaries are men inside each religion who have outgrown its limitations. But no Christian missionary has ever yet consented to meet the man of other religions upon the common ground of

¹ "Quid igitur nos antecellimus? Num ingenio, doctrina, morum moderatione illos superamus? Nequaquam. Sed vera Dei agnitione, invocatione et celebratione præstamus." Melancthon, quoted by Feuerbach, *Essence of Christianity*, (Eng. tr.), p. 284. He also cites the passage from Luther. Digby's *Ages of Faith* (Am. ed.), ii. 84.

Theism. In Bishop Heber's time, the Hindoo reformer Swamee Narain was teaching purity and peace, the unity of God, and the abolition of caste. Many thousands of men followed his teachings, and whole villages and districts were raised from the worst immorality by his labors, as the Bishop himself bears witness. But the good Bishop seems to have despaired of him as soon as Swamee Narain refused conversion to Christianity, making the objection that God was not incarnated in one man, but in many. Then there was Ram Mohun Roy, sixty years ago, who argued from the Vedas against idolatry, caste, and the burning of widows. He also refused to be called a Christian, and the missionaries denounced him. Now comes Keshub Chunder Sen, with his generous utterances: "We profess the universal and absolute religion, whose cardinal doctrines are the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, and which accepts the truths of all scriptures, and honors the prophets of all nations." The movement reaches thousands whom no foreign influence could touch; yet the Methodist missionaries denounce it in the name of Christ. It is the same with our treatment of the Jews. According to Bayard Taylor, Christendom converts annually three of four Jews in Jerusalem, at a cost of \$20,000 each; and yet the reformed

Jews in America have already gone in advance of the most liberal Christian sects in their width of religious sympathy. "The happiness of man," says Rabbi Wise, speaking for them, "depends on no creed and no book; it depends on the dominion of truth, which is the Redeemer and Saviour, the Messiah and the King of Glory."¹

It is our happiness to live in a time when all religions are at last outgrowing their mythologies, and emancipated men are stretching out their hands to share together "the luxury of a religion that does not degrade." The progressive Brahmoes of India, the Mohammedan students in London, the Jewish radicals in America, are teaching essentially the same principles, seeking the same ends, with the most enlightened Christian reformers. The Jewish congregations in Baltimore were the first to contribute for the education of the freedmen; the

¹ Rabbi Wise's remarks may be found in the Report of the Free Religious Association for 1869, p. 118. For Swamee Narain, see Heber's *Journal*, ii. 109-121 (Am. ed.). For Ram Mohun Roy, see his translation of the Sama Veda (Calcutta, 1816), his two tracts on the burning of widows (Calcutta, 1818, 1820), and other pamphlets. Victor Jacquemont wrote of him from Calcutta in 1830, "Il n'est pas Chrétien quoi qu'on en dise. . . . Les honnêtes Anglais l'exècrent parce que, disent ils, c'est un affreux déiste." *Lettres*, i. 288. Keshub Chunder Sen complains of his own treatment by the missionaries (Collet, 302, 375).

Buddhist temple, in San Francisco, was the first edifice of that city draped in mourning after the murder of President Lincoln; the Parsees of the East sent contributions to the Sanitary Commission. The great religions of the world are but larger sects; they come together, like the lesser sects, for works of benevolence; they share the same aspirations, and every step in the progress of each brings it nearer to all the rest. For most of us in America, the door out of superstition and sin may be called Christianity; that is our historical name for it; it is the accident of a birthplace. But other nations find other outlets; they must pass through their own doors, not through ours; and all will come at last upon the broad ground of God's providing, which bears no man's name. The reign of heaven on earth will not be called the Kingdom of Christ or of Buddha, — it will be called the Church of God, or the Commonwealth of Man. I do not wish to belong to a religion only, but to *the* religion; it must not include less than the piety of the world.

If one insists on being exclusive, where shall he find a home? What hold has any Protestant sect among us on a thoughtful mind? They are too little, too new, too inconsistent, too feeble. What are these children of a day compared with that magnificent Church of Rome,

which counts its years by centuries, and its votaries by millions, and its martyrs by myriads ; with kings for confessors and nations for converts ; carrying to all the earth one Lord, one faith, one baptism, and claiming for itself no less title than the Catholic, the Universal ? Yet in conversing with Catholics one is again repelled by the comparative juvenility, and modernness, and scanty numbers of their church. It claims to be elder brother of our little sects, doubtless, and seems to have most of the family fortune. But the whole fortune is so small ! and even the elder brother is so young ! The Romanist himself ignores traditions more vast than his own, antiquity more remote, a literature of piety more grand. His temple suffocates : give us a shrine still wider ; something than this Catholicism more catholic ; not the Church of Rome, but of God and Man ; a Pantheon, not a Parthenon ; the true *semper, ubique, et ab omnibus* ; the Religion of the Ages, Natural Religion.

I was once in a Portuguese cathedral when, after the three days of mourning, in Holy Week, came the final day of Hallelujah. The great church had looked dim and sad, with the innumerable windows closely curtained, since the moment when the symbolical bier of Jesus was borne to its symbolical tomb beneath the

High Altar, while the three mystic candles blazed above it. There had been agony and beating of cheeks in the darkness, while ghostly processions moved through the aisles, and fearful transparencies were unrolled from the pulpit. The priests kneeled in gorgeous robes, chanting, with their heads resting on the altar steps; the multitude hung expectant on their words. Suddenly burst forth a new chant, "Gloria in Excelsis!" In that instant every curtain was rolled aside, the cathedral was bathed in glory, the organs clashed, the bells chimed, flowers were thrown from the galleries, little birds were let loose, friends embraced and greeted one another, and we looked down upon a tumultuous sea of faces, all floating in a sunlit haze. And yet, I thought, the whole of this sublime transformation consisted in letting in the light of day! These priests and attendants, each stationed at his post, had only removed the darkness they themselves had made. Unveil these darkened windows, but remove also these darkening walls; the temple itself is but a lingering shadow of that gloom. Instead of its stifling incense, give us God's pure air, and teach us that the broadest religion is the best.

THE WORD PHILANTHROPY

SOME writer on philology has said that there is more to be learned from language itself than from all that has been written by its aid. It is often possible to reconstruct some part of the moral attitude of a race, through a single word of its language ; and this essay will simply offer an illustration of that process.

In the natural sciences, the method is familiar. For instance, it was long supposed that the mammoth and the cave-bear had perished from the earth before man appeared. No argument from the occasional intermixture of their bones with man's was quite conclusive. But when there was dug up a drawing of the cave-bear on slate, and a rude carving of the living mammoth, mane and all, on a tusk of the animal itself, then doubt vanished, and the question was settled. Thoreau has remarked that "some circumstantial evidence may be very strong, as where you find a live trout in the milk-pan."

¹ This essay appeared originally in a volume called *Freedom and Fellowship in Religion* published by the Free Religious Association.

These discoveries in palæontology were quite as conclusive.

Now what is true in palæontology is true in philology as well. When a word comes into existence, its meaning is carved on the language that holds it; if you find the name of a certain virtue written in a certain tongue, then the race which framed that language knew that virtue. This may be briefly illustrated by the history of the word "Philanthropy."

This word, it is known, came rather late into the English tongue. When the Pilgrim Fathers stepped on Plymouth Rock, in 1620, though they may have been practising what the word meant, there were few among them to whom its sound was familiar, and perhaps none who habitually used it. It is not in Chaucer, Spenser, or Shakespeare. It is not even in the English Bible, first published in 1611; and the corresponding Greek word, occurring three times in the original, is rendered in each case by a circumlocution. It does not appear in that pioneer English Dictionary, Minsheu's "Guide to the Tongues," as first published in 1617. It does not appear in the Spanish Dictionary of the same Minsheu, in 1623. But two years later than this, in the second edition of his "Guide to the Tongues" (1625), it appears as follows, among the new words distinguished by a dagger:—

“Philanthropic ; Humanitie, a loving of men.” Then follow the Greek and Latin words, as sources of derivation.

This is the first appearance in print, so far as my knowledge goes, of the word “Philanthropic.” But Lord Bacon, publishing in the same year (1625) his essay on “Goodness, and Goodness of Heart,” — the thirteenth of the series of his essays, as now constituted, and occupying the place of an essay on “Friendship,” which stood thirteenth in the previous editions, — uses the word in its Greek form only, and in a way that would seem to indicate, but for the evidence of Minsheu, that it had not yet been Anglicized. His essay opens thus : “I take goodness in this sense, the affecting of the weal of men, which is what the Greeks call *Philanthropia* ; and the word *Humanity*, as it is used, is a little too light to express it.”

The next author who uses the word is Jeremy Taylor. It is true that in his “Holy Dying” (1651), when translating the dying words of Cyrus from Xenophon’s “Cyropædia,” he renders the word *φιλόανθρωπος* “a lover of mankind,” citing the original Greek in the margin.¹ But in Taylor’s sermons, published two years later (1653), there occur the first instances known to

¹ Xen., *Cyrop.*, viii. 7. 25. Taylor’s *Holy Dying*, c. ii. § 3, par. 2.

me, after Minsheu, of the use of the Anglicized word. Jeremy Taylor speaks of "that godlike excellency, a philanthropy and love to all mankind;" and again, of "the philanthropy of God."¹ The inference would seem to be that while this word had now become familiar, at least among men of learning, the corresponding words "philanthropic" and "philanthropist" were not equally well known. If they had been, Jeremy Taylor would probably have used either the one or the other, in translating the words attributed to Cyrus.

So slowly did the word take root, indeed, that when so learned a writer as Dryden used it, nearly seventy years after Minsheu, he still did it with an apology, and with especial reference to the Greek author on whom he was commenting. For when, in 1693, Sir Henry Steere published a poor translation of Polybius and Dryden was employed to write the preface, he said:—

"This philanthropy (which we have not a proper word in English to express) is everywhere manifest in our author, and from hence proceeded that divine rule which he gave to Scipio,

¹ Taylor's *Sermons*, vol. iii. Sermons I and II. (Cited in Richardson's Dictionary.) In his sermon entitled *Via Intelligentia*, he quotes the Greek adjective, translating it "gentle."

that whensoever he went abroad he should take care not to return to his house before he had acquired a friend by some new obligation."

We have, then, three leading English writers of the seventeenth century — Bacon, Taylor, Dryden — as milestones to show how gradually this word "philanthropy" became established in our language. To recapitulate briefly: Bacon uses the original Greek word, spelled in Roman characters, and attributes it to "the Grecians," saying that there is no English equivalent; Taylor, twenty-eight years later, uses it in Anglicized form, without apology or explanation, although when quoting and translating the Greek word *φιλόανθρωπος*, he does not use the equivalent word in his translation. Dryden, forty years later, commenting on a Greek author, makes a sort of apology for the use of the word, as representing something "which we have not a proper word in English to express," although he uses the English form. It is therefore clear that the word "philanthropy" was taken directly and consciously from the Greek, for want of a satisfactory English word. Men do not take the trouble to borrow a word, any more than an umbrella, if they already possess one that will answer the purpose.

Let us now consider the original word *φιλοανθρωπία*. It has an illustrious position in Greek

literature and history. It affords the keynote to the greatest dramatic poem preserved to us; and also to the sublimest life of Greece, that of Socrates. It was first used, however, in neither of these connections, but by an obscurer writer, Epicharmus, whose fragments have a peculiar historical value, as he was born about 540 B. C., and his authority thus carries back the word nearly to the First Olympiad, 776 B. C., which is commonly recognized as the beginning of authentic history. Setting these fragments aside, however, the first conspicuous appearance of the word in literature is in that astonishing poem, the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus, which was probably represented about 460 B. C., as the central play of a "trilogy," the theme being an ideal hero, on whom the vengeance of Zeus has fallen for his love of man. The word we seek occurs in the first two speeches of the drama, where Strength and Hephaistos (Vulcan) in turn inform Prometheus that he is to be bound to the desert rock in punishment for his philanthropy, *φιλανθρώπου τρόπου*; and it is repeated later, in the most magnificent soliloquy in ancient literature, where Prometheus accepts the charge, and glories in his offence, of too much love for man, *τὴν λίαν φιλότητα βροτῶν*. He admits that when Zeus had resolved to destroy the human race, and had withdrawn from men

the use of fire, he himself had reconveyed fire to them, and thus saved them from destruction ; that he had afterwards taught them to tame animals, to build ships, to observe the stars, to mine for metals, to heal diseases. For this he was punished by Zeus ; for this he defies Zeus, and predicts that his tyranny must end, and justice be done. On this the three tragedies turn ; the first showing Prometheus as carrying the sacred gift of fire to men ; the second as chained to Caucasus ; the third as delivered from his chains. If we had the first play, we should have the virtue of philanthropy exhibited in its details ; if we had the last, we should see its triumph ; but in the remaining tragedy we see what is, perhaps, nobler than either, — the philanthropic man under torment for his self-devotion, but refusing to regret what he has done. There is not a play in modern literature, I should say, which turns so directly and completely, from beginning to end, upon the word and the thing “philanthropy.”

Seeking, now, another instance of the early use of the Greek word, and turning from the ideal to the actual, we have Socrates, in the “Euthyphron” of Plato, — composed probably about 400 B. C., — questioned as to how it is that he has called upon himself the vengeance of those in power by telling unwelcome truths.

And when his opponent hints that he himself has never got into any serious trouble, Socrates answers, in that half-jesting way which he never wholly lays aside — I quote Jowett's translation : —

“I dare say that you don't make yourself common, and are not apt to impart your wisdom. But I have a benevolent habit of pouring myself out to everybody, and would even pay for a listener, and I am afraid that the Athenians know this.” The phrase rendered “benevolent habit” is ἀπὸ φιλάνθρωπίας;¹ that is, “through philanthropy;” and I know nowhere a franker glimpse of the real man Socrates.

Coming down to later authors, we find the use of the word in Greek to be always such as to bring out distinctly that meaning for which it has been imported into English. How apt we are to say that the Greeks thought only of the state, not of individuals, nor of the world outside ! Yet the great orator Isocrates (born 436 B. C.) heaps praises upon a certain person as being one who loved man and Athens and wisdom, — φιλάνθρωπος καὶ φιλαθηναῖος καὶ φιλόσοφος, — a noble epitaph.

So the orator Demosthenes (born 385 B. C.) uses the word φιλάνθρωπία in contrast to φθόνος, hate, and to ὀμότης, cruelty ; and speaks of em-

¹ Plato, *Euthyph.*, § 3. Jowett's *Plato*, i. 286.

ploying philanthropy towards any one *φιλανθρωπίαν τινὲ χρῆσθαι*. So Xenophon, as we have seen, makes Cyrus describe himself on his deathbed as "philanthropic."

So Epictetus, at a later period, said, "Nothing is meaner than the love of pleasure, the love of gain, and insolence; nothing nobler than magnanimity, meekness, and philanthropy." So Plutarch, addressing his "Consolations to Apollonius" on the death of his son, sums up the praises of the youth by calling him "philanthropic," — *φιλόανθρωπος*. In his life of Solon, also, he uses the word *φιλανθρώπειμα*, — a philanthropic act. So Diodorus speaks of a desert country as *ἔστερημένη πάσης φιλανθρωπίας*, — destitute of all philanthropy, or, as we should say, "pitiless," — as if wherever man might be there would also be the love of man.¹

We have, then, a virtue called philanthropy, which dates back nearly six hundred years before our era, and within about two centuries of the beginning of authentic history, — a virtue which inspired the self-devotion of Prometheus in the great tragedy of antiquity; which prompted the manner of life of Socrates; to which Demosthenes appealed, in opposition to

¹ Isoc., *Epist.*, v. 2; Dem., *Adv. Leptines*, § 165; Xen., *Cyrop.*, viii. 7. 25; Epict., *Frag.*, 46; Plut., *Cons.*, § 34, *Solon*, § 15; Diod., xvii. 50.

hate and cruelty ; to which Isocrates gave precedence before the love of country and the love of knowledge ; which Polybius admired, when shown toward captives ; which Epictetus classed as the noblest of all things ; and which Plutarch inscribed as the highest praise upon the epitaph of a noble youth. Thus thoroughly was the word "philanthropy" rooted in the Greek language, and recognized by the Greek heart ; and it is clear that we, speaking a language in which this word was unknown for centuries, — being introduced at last, according to Dryden, because there was no English word to express the same idea, — cannot claim the virtue it expresses as an exclusively modern possession.

It is worth noticing that there is another use of the word "philanthropy," which prevailed among the Greeks, and was employed for a time in English. The word was used to express an attribute of Deity, as, for instance, when Aristophanes applies it to Hermes, *ὠ φιλανθρωπότῃ*, "O ! most philanthropic" — that is, loving towards man. Paul uses the Greek word but once, and then in this same sense ; and the Greek Father Athanasius uses it as a term of courtesy, *Ἡ σὴ φιλανθρωπία*, "Your philanthropy," as we say to republican governors, "Your Excellency." Young, in his "Night

Thoughts," addresses the Deity, "Thou great Philanthropist ;" Jeremy Taylor speaks of "the philanthropy of God ;" and Barrow, speaking of the goodness of God, says, "Commonly also it is by the most obliging and endearing name called love and philanthropy."¹ But I do not recall any recent instances of this use of the word.

And the use of this word, in this sense, by the Greeks, reminds us that the Greek religion, even if deficient in the loveliest spiritual results, had on the other hand little that was gloomy or terrifying. Thus the Greek funeral inscriptions, though never so triumphant as the Christian, were yet almost always marked, as Milman has pointed out, by a "quiet beauty." And this word "philanthropy" thus did a double duty, including in its range two thoughts, familiar to modern times in separate phrases, — the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.

It is to this consideration, I fancy, that we owe those glimpses not merely of general philanthropy, but of a recognized unity in the human race, that we find from time to time in

¹ Aristoph., *Peace*, 394; Paul, Titus iii. 4; Athanasius, cited in Sophocles's *Lexicon*; Young, *Night Fourth*; Taylor, vol. iii. sermon 11 (Richardson); Barrow, vol. ii. p. 356 (ed. 1700).

ancient literature. It is hardly strange that in Greece, with its isolated position, its exceptional cultivation and refinement, and its scanty communications, this feeling should have been less prominent than in a world girdled with railways and encircled by telegraphic wires. In those days the great majority of men, and women almost without exception, spent their lives within the limit of some narrow state; and it was hard for the most enlightened to think of those beyond their borders except as we think even now of the vast populations of South America or Africa, — whom we regard as human beings, no doubt, but as having few habits or interests in common with our own. But every great conquest by Greece or Rome tended to familiarize men with the thought of a community of nations, even before a special stimulus was at last added by Christianity. It does not seem to me just, therefore, in Max Müller to say that “humanity is a word for which you look in vain in Plato or Aristotle,” without pointing out that later Greek writers, utterly uninfluenced by Christianity, made the same criticism on these authors. Thus, in an essay attributed to Plutarch on the Fortune of Alexander, he makes this remarkable statement: —

“Alexander did not hearken to his preceptor Aristotle, who advised him to bear himself as

a prince among the Greeks, his own people, but as a master among the Barbarians ; to treat the one as friends and kinsmen, the others as animals or chattels. . . . But, conceiving that he was sent by God to be an umpire between all and to unite all together, he reduced by arms those whom he could not conquer by persuasion, and formed of a hundred diverse nations one single universal body, mingling, as it were, in one cup of friendship the customs, the marriages, and the laws of all. He desired that all should regard the whole world as their common country, the good as fellow-citizens and brethren, the bad as aliens and enemies ; that the Greeks should no longer be distinguished from the foreigner by arms or costume, but that every good man should be esteemed an Hellene, every evil man a barbarian.”¹

Here we have not a piece of vague sentimentalism, but the plan attributed by tradition to one of the great generals of the world's history ; and whether this was Alexander's real thought, or something invented for him by biographers, it is equally a recognition of the brotherhood of man. And the same Plutarch tells us that “the so much admired commonwealth of Zeno,

¹ Merivale's translation : *Conversion of the Roman Empire*, p. 64. He also gives the original, p. 203. Compare Goodwin's *Plutarch*, i. 481.

first author of the Stoic sect, aims singly at this, that neither in cities nor in towns we should live under laws distinct from one another, but that we should look on all men in general to be our fellow-countrymen and citizens, observing one manner of living and one kind of order, like a flock feeding together with equal right in one common pasture.”¹ So Jamblichus reports that Pythagoras, five centuries before our era, taught “the love of all to all;”² and Menander the dramatist said, “to live is not to live for one’s self alone; let us help one another;”³ and later, Epictetus maintained that “the universe is but one great city, full of beloved ones, divine and human, by nature endeared to each other;”⁴ and Marcus Antoninus taught that we must “love mankind.”⁵ In none of these passages do we find the Greek word *φιλανθρωπία*; but in all we find the noble feeling indicated by that word; while Aulus Gellius quotes the word itself, and attaches to it the selfsame meaning borne by the English word.⁶

¹ Plutarch’s *Morals*. Goodwin’s translation, i. 481.

² *Jamblichi de Pythag. vita*, cc. 16, 33. *Φιλίαν δὲ διαφανέστατα πάντων πρὸς ἅπαντας Πυθαγόρας παρέδωκε.*

³ Meineke, *Fragmenta Com. Græc.*

⁴ Epictetus, iii. 24.

⁵ Marcus Antoninus, vii. 31. *Φίλησον τὸν ἀνθρώπινον γένος.*

⁶ Aulus Gellius, xiii. xvi. 1. “Quodque a Græcis *φιλανθρωπία* dicitur, et significat dexteritatem quandam benevolentiamque erga omnes homines promiscuam.”

And it is well known that the same chain of tradition runs through the Latin writers; as when Terence brought down the applause of the theatre by saying, "Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto;"¹ and Cicero says, "we are framed by nature to love mankind (naturâ propensi sumus ad diligendos homines); this is the foundation of law;" and Lucan predicts a time when all laws shall cease and nations disarm and all men love one another (inque vicem gens omnis amet); and Quintilian teaches that we should "give heed to a stranger in the name of the universal brotherhood which binds together all men under the common father of Nature;" and Seneca says that "we are members of one great body," and "born for the good of the whole;" and Juvenal, that "mutual sympathy is what distinguishes us from brutes."

Shall we think the better or the worse of the Greeks for having no noun substantive just corresponding to our word "philanthropist," whether as a term of praise or reproach? With us, while it should be the noblest of all epithets, it is felt in some quarters to carry with it a certain slight tinge of suspicion, as is alleged

¹ Terence, *Heaut.*, i. 1. 25; Cicero, *De Legibus*, i. 15, and *De Repub.*, iii. 7. 7 (fragm.); Lucan, *Pharsalia*, i. 60, 61; Quintilian, *Declamations*, quoted by Denis; Seneca, *Ep.*, 95. Juvenal, *Sat.*, xv. 140-142.

of the word "deacon" or "Christian statesman." There is a peril in the habit of doing good; I do not mean merely in case of hypocrisy; but I have noticed that when a man feels that he is serving his fellow-men, he sometimes takes great liberties in the process. It was of this style of philanthropists that old Count Gurowski spoke, when he cautioned a young lady of my acquaintance, above all things, against marrying one of that class. "Marry thief!" he said, "Marry murderer! But marry *philantropes* never-r-r!"

It is a singular fact that while the generous word "philanthropy" was thus widely used in Greek and widely spread in English, there should have been no such widespread word for the answering sin, self-love. The word *φιλαυτία* was known to the Greeks, and a word, "philauty," was made from it, in English; and *φιλαυτος* is used once in the New Testament by Paul;¹ but in neither language did it become classic or familiar. Minsheu has "philautie" in his second edition, and Beaumont, in his poem of "Psyche;" and Holinshed, in his "Chronicle" (1577), speaks of "philautie" or "self-love, which rageth in men so preposterouslie." But the word is omitted from most English dictionaries, and we will hope that the

¹ 2 Timothy iii. 2.

sin rages less "preposterouslie" now. I once heard a mother say that if she could teach her little boy good words one half as easily as he could learn the bad ones for himself, she should be quite satisfied. Here is the human race, on the other hand, seizing eagerly on the good word, transplanting it and keeping it alive in the new soil, while the bad word dies out, unregretted. In view of this, we may well claim that our debt to the Greek race is not merely scientific or æsthetic, but, in some degree, moral and spiritual also. However vast may be the spread of human kindness in Christendom, we should yet give to the Greeks some credit for the spirit of philanthropy, as we are compelled, at any rate, to give them full credit for the word.

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