

A BOOK OF
BOYHOODS

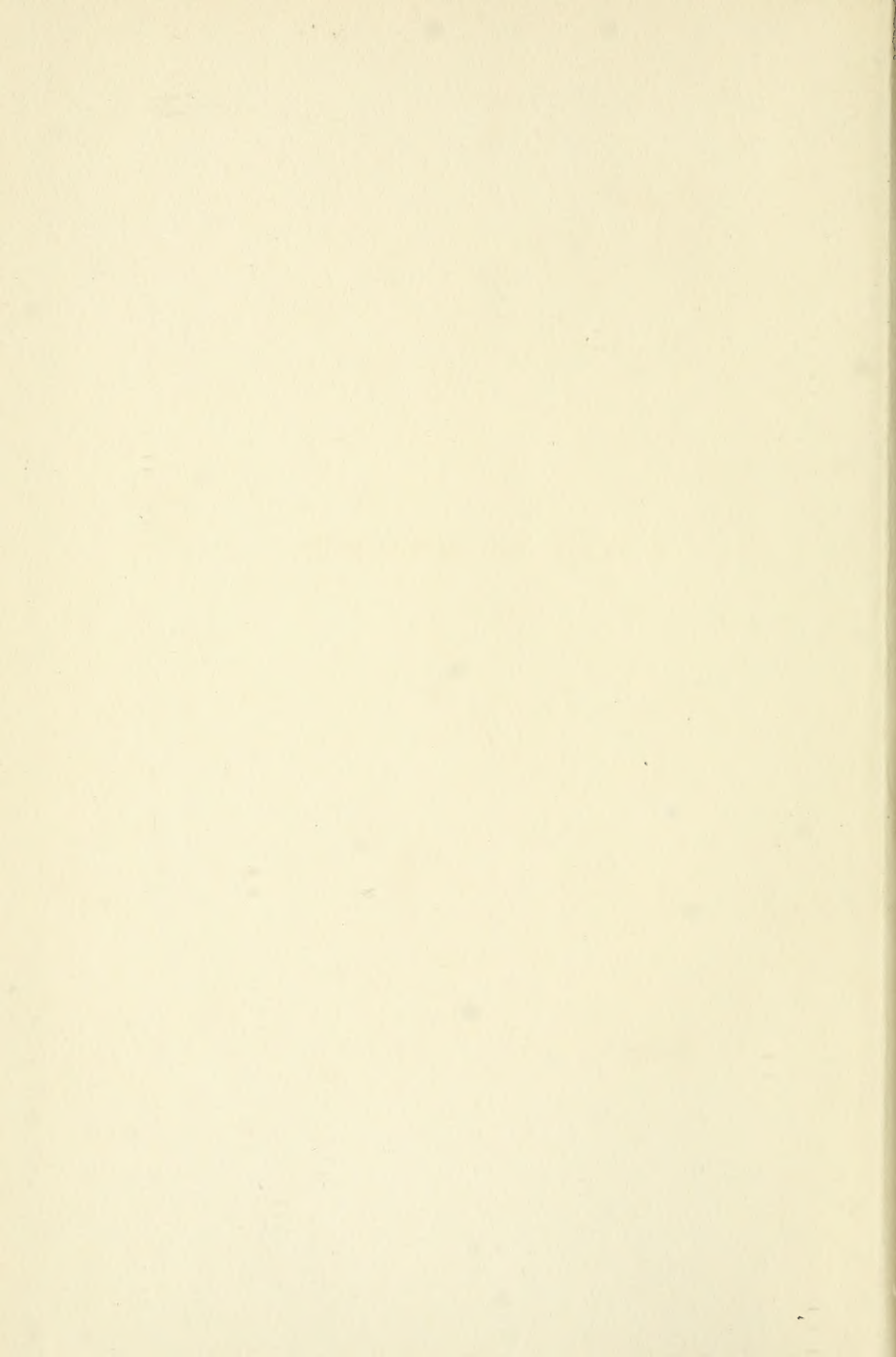
Chaucer to MacDowell

EUGÉNIE M. FRYER



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A BOOK OF BOYHOODS

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE HILL-TOWNS OF FRANCE

Fully illustrated with 50 pen-and-ink
drawings by ROY L. HILTON and
over 25 fine photo-engravings

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY



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THE BOYHOOD OF RALEIGH (Millais)

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Chaucer to MacDowell

BY

EUGÉNIE M. FRYER

AUTHOR OF "THE HILL-TOWNS OF FRANCE"



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NEW YORK
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY
681 FIFTH AVENUE

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TO
H. L. M.

AND

A. M. B.

WHOSE FRIENDSHIP HAS BEEN
MY INSPIRATION.



FOREWORD

Preëminent among the fallacies of modern education is the belittling of imagination. Imagination is decried as a menace to practical action so necessary in our modern life, it being reckoned as the perquisite of the idle dreamer, the sentimentalist who accomplishes nothing, his dreams fading unrealized. Yet, scanning the pages of history, do we not find this conception a fallacy, a half-baked truth? Imagination is the well-spring of vision without which a man's soul is blind. Whether he be painter or statesman, musician or soldier, poet or financier, his power to reach the heights is dependant upon his power to vision the future, to see into the soul of things, to conceive the great ideas he is to resolve into realities. This is what I have tried to portray in these Boyhoods, covering in time, six centuries, and depicting a variety of professional types. In all of these one finds that the well-spring of vision has the same source—imagination. It is the hall-mark of greatness even though it demands other qualities to counterbalance it. The man is father of the boy no less than the boy is father of the man, his future hung against the background of his heritage and tradition, even as his roots are struck deep into the soil from which he sprang. True education will foster rather than break down these gifts of inheritance, will mould natural tendencies into purposefulness not by suppression, but by guiding them toward the fulness and beauty of perfection, that unity in variety which makes

for the ideal character as well as for the well-rounded genius.

I have in mind a new series covering an earlier period and including such men as King Alfred, Richard Cœur de Lion, Edward the Black Prince, Charlemagne, Roland, The Cid, Saint Louis and so bringing the series up to Chaucer's time where this present series begins. Later on, perhaps, I might devote a series to Boyhoods of the present time.

Four of these Boyhoods have already appeared, one in "THE FORUM," three in "CHILDHOOD." For the privilege of including them in this present volume, I desire to register here my thanks to the Editor of "THE FORUM" and the Editor and Publisher of "CHILDHOOD."

My thanks are also due Mrs. Edward MacDowell for her courtesy in giving me material for my boyhood sketch of Mr. MacDowell.

EUGÉNIE M. FRYER.

"Farleigh,"

September 15, 1919.

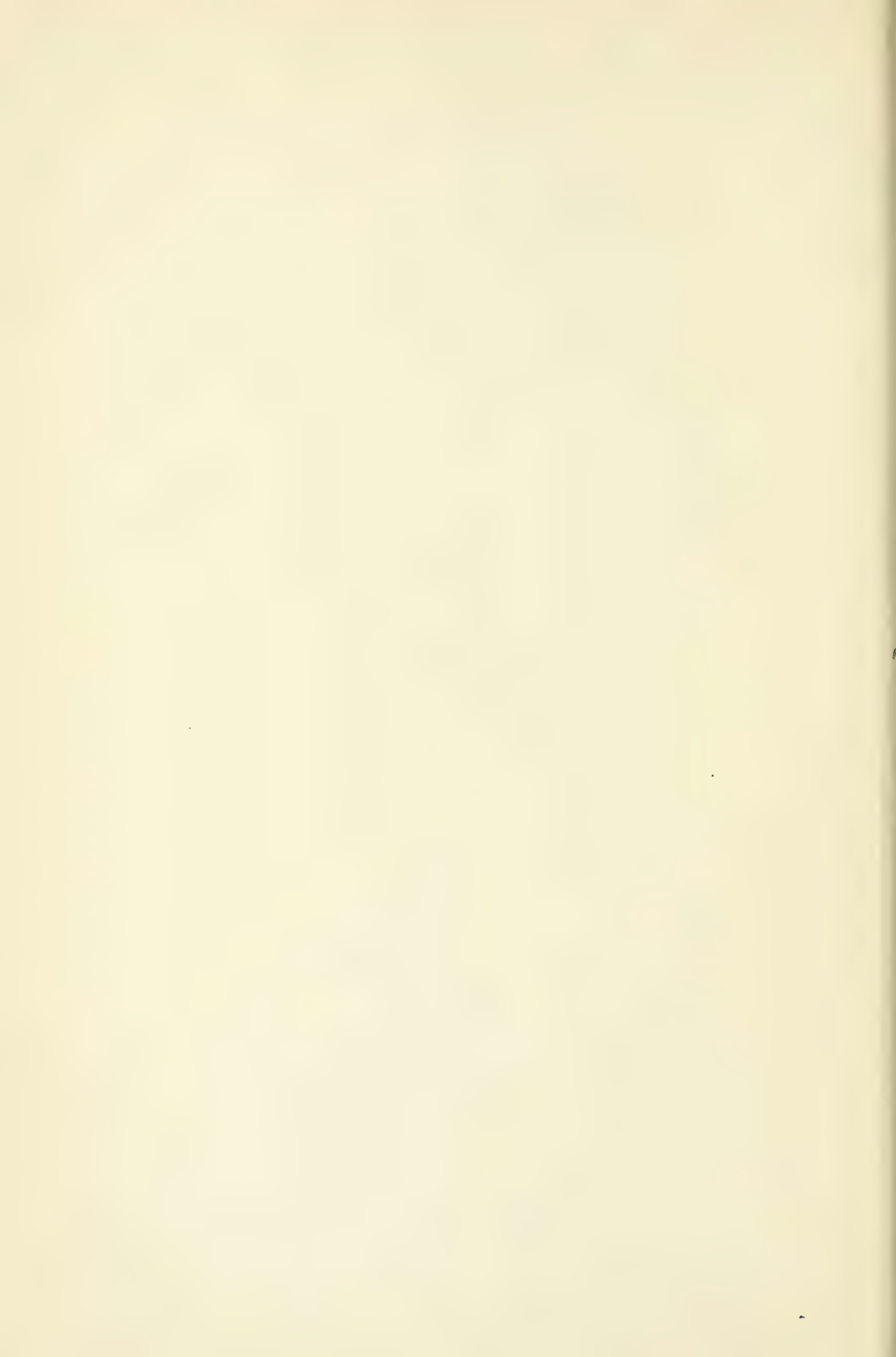
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A BOOK OF BOYHOODS



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CHAUCER—THE BOY FOR A KING'S DELIGHT

THE soft beauty of a late June day of the year 1359 flushed the western sky, the delicate tints reflectant in the slow-moving Thames winding its way through London's heart toward the sea. Upon the quay, all quiet now, the day's trafficking over, stood a young man close to the water's edge, gazing up the river toward London Bridge where Dutch crawls swung in the tideway, and the cry of boatmen came to him on the evening breeze. His tall, splendid figure was silhouetted against the sky, the loose frock of camlet reaching to the knees, the wide sleeves fastened at the wrist becoming him, the red hose and horned shoes giving the needed touch of color. He had slipped the peaked cap from his fair hair, the dying sun turning it to gold, a gold reflectant too in his deep, sparkling eyes. The broad high brow bespoke great sanity, a balance off-setting the passionate, full-red lips and the glow of the dreamer, a poet's vision lingering in his blue eyes even now as he gazed thoughtfully up and down the river, his gaze resting longest, perhaps, on the Tower from whence he had but lately come from his interview with the King; for the King was soon setting forth on his last invasion in person of France, and young Geoffrey Chaucer was to be of that goodly company, eager to win his spurs.

It was not the first time Edward III. had sent for the

vintner's son. Indeed it was he who had dubbed him a boy for a king's delight the first time he had seen him, a golden-haired, merry-eyed boy waiting in the courtyard of the palace for his father, who had been summoned thither on some business of the King's. The King had watched the boy from a window looking out upon the courtyard, bandying wit with the men-at-arms lounging about the guardroom door, and his merry laughter had floated up to the royal apartments.

"Dost know the lad, John?" Edward had asked of the vintner standing waiting the King's pleasure. "He is a merry fellow."

John Chaucer had flushed with pleasure at the King's praise.

"My son Geoffrey, Sire, and a good lad."

"A stripling built to break a knightly lance in the tilt yard, and to bear himself well in the doing," the King commented shrewdly.

"He would bear arms, Sire, in the King's service."

"So he shall, honest John. A squire's training he shall have. Here at the palace he shall learn to hold a lance and wield a sword that he may later serve his King in France."

Thus it came about that the lad had been much at the Tower, learning the manual of arms, spending much time at manly exercises tending to toughen and strengthen him that he might become inured to hardships for his life of service as a soldier of the King. Now and again the King would pause as he rode by where the young squires were exercising, to speak with the Boy; for he delighted in this merry, blue-eyed boy, who answered him with such joyous fearlessness, such native honesty, qualities the King was quick to recognize. Edward III. was of those men of vision who value integrity as the foundation of

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greatness, wit and cleverness being but the adjuncts winging men to the heights. The loyalty of unquestioning service John Chaucer had given his King, as his father before him; and Edward saw in the son Geoffrey, the embryo of a like service.

Thus Geoffrey had grown up surrounded by the atmosphere of courts and courtly manners, this king's messenger to be, to have need of the gentle arts of speech as well as a knowledge of men and affairs. He came in contact even with the young princes, especially John whose friendship was to be his always, this John of Gaunt whose brother-in-law in after-years he was to become. Yet this contact with the court did not cut him off from the humble Thames Street home where his father the vintner dealt in the wines of Aquitaine, brewed his own beer and, from time to time, replenished the cellars of the King. The Boy loved his home, and his mother Agnes, of gentle birth, kinswoman and heiress of one Hamo de Compton, citizen and moneyer of London, gave to the lad her quick, passionate nature, her vivid imagination, French in its delicacy of coloring, that was to offset the intellectual coolness, the critical acumen so characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon heritage that was his also.

Geoffrey loved life and people, the people in the narrow streets or along the river front exhilarating him, while his keen, observant mind jotted them down in the note book of his mind, afterwards to be immortalized in the rich embroidery of the Canterbury Tales. He loved the life along the river with its mingling of foreign tongues, this mart of commerce the pathway to the sea and the unknown worlds lying beyond. With these river folk he had always mingled, mariners and merchants, vintners and fishmongers of Billingsgate, cheese venders in the

market stalls and stout-limbed armorers, studying them, and through them learning of life so varied yet in its fundamentals the same. There opened before him the whole gamut of human emotion, its brutality, its struggle, its joy, its tragedy, its swift touches of unsuspected fineness flashing out as a jewel of a sudden catching the sun's ray. He saw life's injustices and inequalities, and the spirit of Runnymede flared up in him, remembering the court with its bejeweled courtiers, until gradually irony had tinged the humor of this lad of nineteen standing on the quay, who was yet already a man in the King's service.

It was more than the beauty of the scene gripping him as Geoffrey stood there on the quay. His eye swept the river noting the ever increasing number of ships riding in the roadway, and with his merchant's instinct, he recognized the dawning of the commercial greatness of England, that would keep pace, if it would not outstrip, her aggrandizement by conquest of arms. It was an age of great men, not only those of noble birth, but of men who, like himself, were of the people, yet whose talents made them a force in the life of the nation; the beginning, really, of the vigorous growth of the state, that unity in variety developing out of the recognition of the need of every man to make a well-rounded whole. The times were tempered with democracy, as witnessed by the outbreaks that had won the Magna Charta at Runnymede, and had since then kept it in remembrance. Shrewdly this young man, full of the fire of the poet, yet so practical, realized that he was standing on the verge of a great age, knew himself as of the Age that in a sense was to lay the stanch foundation stones of the Age of Elizabeth when England would of a truth spread her wings proclaimed champion of freedom, of thought, of speech, of the seas,

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a trust she would hold and guard inviolate throughout the centuries.

Geoffrey's power to triumph over his birth and station, then, was not the result of mere good fortune, nor of royal favor, though he had enjoyed both. It was rather the force of his personality towering as it did above his fellows, singling him out for a life of service to his King, and to England whom he loved with all his soul. To this end, the favor of the King had aided him, opening to him opportunities of culture otherwise impossible; for Edward III. visioned for England only the service of the best, men of brains as well as of birth and wealth. He demanded for England a single-hearted service devoid of personal self-interest, a service that counted not the cost so England benefit. So it came about, that the King granted Geoffrey a certain amount of intercourse with the young princes, the priest who taught them becoming his tutor likewise. From this white-haired priest he had learned not only of Holy Church, but Greek and Latin, and with that knowledge of classical languages, the whole classical tradition became to him an open book wherein he might read and so learn of those ancient worlds of Greece and Rome, of myth and legend all intertwined with their history so full of a tradition rich and noble upon which really his own Anglo-Saxon traditions were founded. The old priest loved the bright-eyed boy, and in the stories of the saints he had introduced tales of Homer, of Greek mythology and classical tradition, catching the imagination of the lad. For hours together, Geoffrey would sit by the open hearth, listening to the old man spin for him tales of ancient lore, kindling in the lad a desire to do brave deeds, to take his part with other men, a spirit of the quest awakening in him, driving him onward to the end.

"A man must be inspired by a spirit of the quest, Geoffrey," Father Anselm had said to him one day as they paced the courtyard together; "but it must be a quest as of the Holy Grail."

"I would serve England and the King, Father," Geoffrey had flashed back.

"Aye, truly, remembering always the King of Kings, Boy. That is the test."

Life had unfolded itself to the Boy as a pageant, a thing of rich coloring, of armored knights and splendidly bedizened ladies, of men-at-arms and banners floating in the breeze, set ever against both the ritual of Holy Church, and the motley crowd who cheered or scowled beside the castle gate as the mood for the moment swayed them; this varied throng so far apart in ideals and outlook yet as inevitably interwoven as a piece of tapestry, the warp and woof of their destinies interdependent, to make whole the fair picture of their country's welfare. Thus in after-years, Geoffrey was to paint them in all the majesty of English verse, this vintner's son's greatest service to England, his record in poetry of the times in which he lived, striving with conscious art to tell his tales of Canterbury and the like, his heritage of literary traditions to influence him always; for he shared in the intellectual wealth of the past, giving him background, a sense of proportion otherwise impossible. He who was to be the father of English poetry, possessed nothing of creative impulse. He knew at what he aimed to accomplish, projecting his own personality into his work, seizing the salient points, presenting life, pulsating, colorful, drenched in the soft beauty that is forever England; interpreting subtly those inner forces and emotions responsible for the outward trend of the times in which he lived. It was the poet in the Boy visioning great

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things for England, things that the shrewd business side of his mind would help to resolve into reality.

Yet the Boy loved his world of romance, that world of chivalry overshadowing still the commercial side of life, tingeing it with its picturesqueness and color. Life was still an adventure, its commercialism caught in beauty, the guilds exuding beauty even as they breathed likewise that spirit of democracy, that freedom born of Runnymede inherent in the race.

A lover of sunlight, of nature, the Boy had always been, and his verse as his heart sang of April, of birds and a world of gold, bird notes throbbing through his tales as sunshine through forest trees. His joyous spirit, his humor flashed forth even at his own expense. Yet his joyousness was touched by deeper notes. This Boy, who knew the life of the river front as well as of the Tower, of the mob as well as of the nobility, pondered much upon life, its wide contrasts, the "sombre sides of man's destiny," his going forth to his work and to his labor—until the evening," a questioning wistfulness the deeper for its setting of sun-shot gaiety and humor. His whole nature, so joyous and so gay, possessed too, that quality of tenderness, so characteristic of him always, especially in his attitude toward women. Reverence for women had been part of his knightly training; instilled into him by the white-haired priest who had tutored him at the palace, that reverence which had its inception in the worship of Our Lady, a reverence imparted by Holy Church developing this Age of Chivalry in which the lad lived. His simple faith, his reverent love of women had been taught him first at his mother's knee, her gentleness and flower-like beauty commanding the Boy's passionate loyalty, setting his ideal of womanhood very high.

"Guard a woman as thou would'st thine honor, Geof-

frey," she had said to him one day, and the words had sunk deep, leaving their impress upon the Boy. How deep an impress they had made, was demonstrated not long after by his beating a Franciscan friar in the London streets, he having caught the friar making too free with a lass near the Three Tuns Tavern. Two shillings his chivalry had cost him, but the Boy, nothing daunted, had sworn to offend again in like manner if occasion demanded.

Geoffrey's tender sympathy with life, revealed his love of humanity, a human, tolerant attitude toward life drawing men to him. His understanding found quick response among children, and many a day he sat surrounded by them in castle hall or by the river bank, weaving them tales out of his imagination. Love to the Boy, was the conqueror of all things; love was to him the emblem of all things pure and noble, the ideal that was to guide him across the quick-sands of life. He was to meet the realities of life boldly, dominating them, preserving his idealism even though the ironies of life, its seeming futility, its tragedy, its sordidness met him at every turn. He knew first hand the soil, the grimy sweat of the crowd; but he knew also the fineness of soul lying unstained beneath.

As the sunset deepened, the Boy caught too the deepening beauty, a throbbing beauty gripping his very soul. His mind flooded back to his childhood, the house on Thames Street that he had known since babyhood, standing beside the tiny Wallbrook, rising in the fens beyond Moorgate, and so tracing its way to the Thames and to the sea, this insignificant tributary as necessary to the river as the humblest mariner to his ship or the yeoman peasant to the nation. These fens beyond Moorgate possessed a certain quality of romance for the lad, their

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gray desolate stretches suggestive of adventure, of the abode of cutthroats and robber bands stealing like shadows from the London streets and highways to hide their booty in this haunted marshland. Many a day the lad had followed the stream to the edge of those wild, desolate fens, drawn thither by a beauty revealed only to the poet soul,—the beauty of purpling mists as the dawn flushed their grayness, turning them to gold; or at sundown when the gossamer web gathered to itself the shimmering gold-dust of the west, to slowly fade in the blue, northern twilight. It was a land of adventure to the Boy, these fens, a voyage into an unknown country, where in the gray quiet, broken perhaps by the cry of a startled bird, the Boy gathered his dreams about him, his soul steeped in beauty, a beauty through which people moved; for the Boy's world of imagination was always peopled, human nature that which held and delighted him most, human nature that ever changing was yet ever the same, the problem upon which he loved to dwell; the Anglo-Saxon in him tending to moralizing and philosophizing upon life, upon the men and women who, like himself, made up its sum.

The Boy's thoughts flooded back to his grandfather, Robert le Chaucer who in 1310 had been appointed one of the Collectors of the Port of London, new customs levied upon wines having been granted the merchants of Aquitaine; this service of the king to be inherited by his father, who, two years before the Boy's birth, had with forty-five others crossed the seas with the King to serve with him in France. Now after these years of noviciate, he too was setting forth, this time to fight for his King and merry England, to give his life, if need be, proving himself worthy of the spurs he hoped to win. For two years he had been in the service of a noble house, his

whole life a preparation for this moment now at hand. How would he acquit himself, he wondered? His blue eyes caught fire at the thought of the unknown adventure lying beyond the horizon. Action he loved, and before the campaign was over, he would, he knew, have drawn his sword in good earnest for the King. Life lay before him, a gleaming road that, perforce, would at times lead through shadowed ways, a road as crowded as his pilgrims' way to Canterbury, and leading to a like goal; for he had been called to a life of service, a life to be spent in the service of England and his King, now as a soldier, now on some delicate foreign mission to Italy or to France, demanding of him, trusted envoy of the king, the exercise of all his powers in its accomplishment; bringing him, likewise, into contact with those of high estate, the greatest minds of his age, kings, nobles and the cultured circle found in courts headed by noble Petrarch, men with whom he would stand as equal, England to be proud of her mighty poet, the vintner's son. In riper years, he was destined to appear in numerous rôles, as Controller of Customs, as a knight in Parliament, as Clerk of the King's Works.

Standing on the quay in the fading light, Geoffrey saw his life stretching out, the avenues of the world opening before him, a life rich, as variegated as a pageant through which he was to move and later to immortalize in verse, a vision of England growing and expanding, blossoming in this Golden Age of Chivalry of which he was to be so vital a part. The forerunner of all that noble throng of poets who were to come after, he would be the link between the old and the new, one who knew life in all its phases, yet who to the end would keep his faith, his purity, his sweetness, a personality that would stand out throughout the ages as representative

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of the blending of democracy and nobility, as triumphing over birth and station in an age when democracy was at the dawning.

With a last sweep of his deep blue eyes up and down the river that he loved, Geoffrey Chaucer with a smile playing about his full, handsome lips, turned back toward the timbered house on Thames Street to take farewell of his father and mother before he set forth on his voyage to France that was to open for him the gateway of his dreams, dreams holding in them the spirit of the quest.

LEONARDO DA VINCI—THE BOY OF THE RENAISSANCE

THERE had been a stir in the bottega of Andrea Verrocchio that July morning of the year 1472 when the Boy Leonardo, laying aside his brush and palette, had declared that the angel was finished. The two other boys in the studio, Perugino and Botticelli, had crowded about him full of shy admiration for their friend.

"The maestro will be proud of thee," Perugino said, his voice vibrant. "Thou hast caught Andrea's spirit."

Leonardo shaking them off gently, stepped back from the easel, studying the panel with the detached air of a full-blown critic. His oval face was flushed, his deep-set eyes dark and glowing. With a quick, nervous movement he pushed back his thick black hair from his forehead.

"Not really finished, Pietro mio. An artist's work is never done. Yet, I cannot at present carry it further."

For a long time the Boy studied the figure of the angel holding the sacred vestments in his hand, forgetful seemingly of his companions, who presently slipped away to their easels, lest the maestro find them idle on his return.

"He has the look of a maestro already," Sandro laughed.

"We shall all be masters some day," Leonardo flung back, seeking the window overlooking the valley of the Arno.

The studio was close, the July heat penetrating the low-curving tiled roof fiercely. Leonardo loved the view

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from that window. It faced the mountains, in whose folds Vinci perched, clinging to the western slope of Monte Albano, the only home he had ever known until his father had brought him two years before to Florence and Verrocchio. A simple home it had been, yet the Boy loved it with all the passionate intensity of his nature, that fierce intensity so characteristic of mountain folk. As in a dream, he watched the Arno winding down through the plain, hot and shimmering in the burning July heat. The cries of the city came up to him, and the stifling atmosphere, heavy with the stench of sodden streets, filled him with nostalgia for the clean, cool wind sweeping down from the snow-capped Apennines. Flushed grapevines and the gray-green of olive trees, wind-blown and craggy, clambering up the hillocks, rising abruptly from the heat-baked plain, called to him as did the grim, bare mountain-tops of the far distant massif looming up into a cloud-hung sky.

"Art dreaming of Madonnas thou wilt paint, Leonardo?"

Leonardo started, brought back from his world of dreams to face Sandro's laughing blue eyes.

"Madonnas in small doses for me, Sandro. I leave them to thee and the pious Pietro yonder."

Sandro shook his tawny head.

"Spring and the wood nymphs, and the tales of Boccaccio I would paint."

"Hast read Boccaccio?" Pietro asked wonderingly.

"Aye, beneath my tunic. I cannot stomach too constant a diet of the saints either."

"If I believed thy words, I could picture thee some day in Hell," Pietro answered, crossing himself.

Sandro's white teeth gleamed.

"Venus rising from the sea is what I picture. I wor-

ship Beauty rather than the saints. And thou, Leonardo?"

"I seek knowledge above all things, Sandro; the why and the wherefore of things; the principle by which they move and have their being. Painting, color, yes; but I would design, make plans, building with my hands. I would make the desert of the Arno blossom, I would model even as the maestro, making the stone, the bronze to live. Thou, Pietro, will be known for thy Madonnas and thy crucifixions as Sandro for his wood nymphs and his goddess Beauty; while I—— a thousand different arts will represent me, never twice the same." He laughed a rich, joyous laugh, turning back to his contemplation of the scene from the window, his active brain alive to its beauty, yet already busy determining where the course of the Arno could best be changed to make possible a canal from Florence to Pisa.

Quiet fell upon the studio, Sandro and Pietro absorbed once more in the painting assigned them, Leonardo lost in his dreams. His thoughts flew back to his grandfather, the handsome, white-haired Ser Antonio in whose household he had grown up; for his father, notary to the Signoria of Florence, had been much from home, leaving the Boy in his father's care. The old man had mothered the Boy with deep tenderness and love, recognizing the genius slumbering in him; desirous too, perhaps, to give not only his name to this left-handed heir of the house, but if possible to make up to him for the mother love he was never really to know. When only a tiny lad of five, Leonardo's father had brought him down from Anchiano, the village above Vinci where his mother lived, to be legitimized and brought up as his acknowledged son and heir. Yet to this peasant mother of his, Catarina, the Boy gave a loyal love and devotion, guarding her fair name with the knightly chivalry that was his heritage

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likewise, this strain of peasant blood, giving to the lad a robust sturdiness of body and character, a vigor of mind, a vitality coupled with grace and dexterity, a spirit courageous and royal allied with tremendous physical strength, making for true moral soundness of soul. It was not until he was twelve that he had learned the story of his birth, and his love had but burned the fiercer for his mother who had suffered shame and humiliation. She was but a girl of sixteen, beautiful as a wild rose, winning the heart of the Boy's father when the handsome young notary had paused on his way to Vinci, whither he was going to visit his father, to quench his thirst at the village inn. There in this resort of shepherds and muleteers, he had found the orphan waiting upon the rude patrons who frequented the inn, her beauty setting him all aflame; the fruit of their summer's day of happiness, the Boy Leonardo, who was to express in his versatility and universality the very essence of that Age of Renaissance, an age of great beauty and of hideous cruelty, of marvelous feats in engineering, architecture, painting, and of decadence, of culture and of barbarism, of faith and of sensuous paganism, an age as fair as a petaled rose whose flushed loveliness yet hides the canker of unfaith in its heart.

The country about Vinci was severe, yet laughing and exuberant; rocky, yet bordered with interminable walls trailed with roses; its villas laughing, gay with yellow walls and green shutters, yet with life there a struggle against poverty and the keen mountain winds swooping down in winter into the valley. The Boy's nature was reflectant of the soil from whence he sprang, his sombreness offset by a gay exuberance, his fiery earnestness by a cool, critical detachment, his high-strung, finely tuned nature, by a nonchalance Roman in its temper, his mathe-

matical exactness and logic by a deep mysticism Umbrian in its sombre beauty. The bold spirit of the Boy reached out to grasp that just beyond his reach; a seeker ever, a knight upon the quest for knowledge, an eagle whose wide-stretched wings would bear him to the mountain tops.

Standing by the window, the hot breeze of the plain burning his face, he watched dreamily the pigeons flit to and fro among the chimney pots until his imagination took flight. With shining eyes he turned to his companions.

"I have but to know and I shall have wings," he exclaimed, his voice tense.

"Thou art always on the wings of some fancy," Sandro taunted him.

"Thou wilt not laugh, Sandro mio, when I fly away free as any bird, leaving thee behind. Thou shalt see. I have the plan in my head already."

"So long as thou leavest me Venus and my wood nymphs," Sandro laughed back.

As a tiny lad at Vinci, Leonardo had loved to watch birds in flight, noting with exuberant joy the motion of their wings. Since he had come to Florence, he had many a time spent his last copper purchasing a caged bird he had found for sale in the market place merely to release it. He loved freedom with all the intensity of his artist's nature, and it hurt him to see even a bird in captivity; for his soul was as a bird, belonging to the spaceless ether, nor could his spirit brook restriction.

Extraordinary power, conjoined with remarkable facility, were his, his genius and peculiar ability enabling him to master any subject to which he turned his attention, his grace and his beauty attracting men to him. From babyhood drawing and modeling were his delight,

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and he had spent his days at Vinci absorbed in these things he loved, and in music and mathematics also. Ser Antonio encouraged the lad in these pursuits, recognizing the budding genius of his grandson early. Forever the Boy was drawing plans or making designs, design having a special attraction for him. His wonderful memory and keen power of observation enabled him to note every line and movement of a bird's flight and to reproduce them. His power of vision revealed to him the soul of things that later he might interpret and resolve his dreams into realities. In the winter evenings he would take his lute, his grandfather's gift to him, and sitting by the fire with his grandfather, he would sing to the old man in his clear treble voice, improvising, often, both the verses and the music, music bringing with it the fresh beauty of the mountain torrent, suggestive, too, of the pungent odor of thyme and of heather-strewn hills. In summer, the lad had lived much in the open, wandering among the hills he loved, spending whole days following the Arno up into its wilder reaches, perchance meeting a shepherd on some solitary slope, sharing his simple meal, or lying on his back for hours gazing up into the hot, blue sky following an eagle in its flight; making rough drawings as he dreamed of the day when he too would soar free as a bird knowing no fetters. This love of liberty was inherent in the lad, part of his heritage from his peasant ancestors, these freehold farmers proud of their independence, tilling the soil with loving care, a heritage to hand down as a trust to their children, and their children's children, ownership lending dignity to their farmer's calling. Integrity was the keynote of these sturdy farmers' character, a simplicity and goodness making for sweetness and light, a harmony and grace of soul that shone through their bronzed, toil-worn faces. Patience, the infinite patience

of unremitting toil, the Boy possessed likewise, love of perfection a dominant characteristic of the artist in him; yet off-setting this, and seemingly antithetic, was an enthusiasm that tired easily, his eager mind straining ever toward the new, this quality in him handed down to him by his father, who was forever seeking new worlds to conquer. The hardness of life, life as a grinding struggle against want, with no comforts and little protection from the bitter, ice-chilled winds the Boy had known also; inuring him to hardship and the struggle for life in the great world outside in which he was to take so vital a part, stamping his personality upon this Age of Renaissance in which he lived, even as he was its product, its most comprehensive expression. He possessed all the complexity of the Age, yet also that infinite goodness of the heart, his mother's gift to this her son of mighty intellect, making for perfect balance, the Boy's intellect kept aflame by the burning soul of him, his imagination visioning and keeping clear the deeper reaches of his mind, as a fresh wind sweeping down from his loved Apennines, brings with it the purity of snow-clad heights touched with sunset glow. A great catholic-loving soul, this Boy of the Renaissance, whose broad-winged nature was as the eagle he sought to follow, regal in its boldness, magnanimous in its daring, a nature of such potentialities that it was to realize great feats of architecture and engineering, vision an aeroplane, absorb himself in the abstracts of philosophy, delve deep into science, wield his brush with the cunning of an artist cynic in the portrayal of the men and women of that corrupt cultured world in which he lived, but to slip into the realms of the sublime as, with prophetic insight, he painted with a brush alive with faith the Last Supper upon a monastery wall, the

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face of the Christ the vision of a man who has looked on things divine.

A deep spirituality welled up in the Boy's nature, expressive later in the great paintings time was to guard from its own and men's ruthlessness, giving a luminousness, a soft ethereal quality to his paintings without denuding them of his boldness, virility and clear-cut realism, the recognition really, of the necessity of both to obtain perfect roundness of expression, the fulness of a well-balanced soul. Mysticism was as much a part of his nature as the keen spareness of the scientist, or the cool, unerring logic of the philosopher. This scientific bent was revealed early in the Boy, not only in his love of mathematics and his power to master it, but in his analytic quality of mind that rested unsatisfied until it had unfolded the secrets of nature, the principles of things, the hidden source of their generation and their birth. This little lad of the Tuscan hills, was to be the first great link between Archimedes and the modern scientist. To him too was bequeathed that hall-mark of the great—solitariness, a loneliness of soul, seeing that which others could not see, craving that understanding and comradeship so often sought, so rarely found. All the restlessness of the Age the Boy possessed, his questing spirit delving into things frowned down upon by Holy Church. Yet, sure of his mission, his vision, he was to push on deaf to maligning tongues, small crabbed souls, who, jealous of his fame, or merely narrow of vision, pointed the finger of scorn at him, some going so far as to whisper that he was in league with the Evil One. To this Boy of the Renaissance, knowledge went hand in hand with faith, faith shining with fuller, greater radiance where knowledge followed in its wake. Even among the boys of

Vinci, Leonardo had been filled with loneliness of soul. They loved his beauty and his gay, joyous spirit, but they did not understand him. The things lying deep in his soul he kept hidden, revealing only shyly to his grandfather fragments of his rainbow-colored dreams.

Standing by the window, looking off across the tiled roofs to the valley of the Arno, the Boy recalled the day he had shown his drawings to his father. He thrilled now at the joy in his father's face as he had looked at them.

"Verrocchio must see these, lad. Thou hast talent. Wouldst be an artist?"

"Si, Si, father," the Boy exclaimed, his dark eyes afire. "A sculptor also."

"Thou can't likewise model?"

The lad snatched up a piece of clay lying to his hand, and with deft fingers moulded the lump into a figure quivering with life.

"To-morrow we go to Florence, Leonardo mio, to see Verrocchio."

"To-morrow, father?"

Pietro nodded.

"If Verrocchio will have thee, thou wilt live in Florence, Boy, hard by the studio."

"I must leave grandfather?" Tears welled up in the dark eyes.

"That, Boy, is life. We must go ever forward, never back. Thou hast been given talents to use, not throw away. Thou hast a work to do."

Thus two years before Leonardo had entered Verrocchio's studio, two years of unremitting toil, yet years that had lifted him to the heights. On that first morning his master pictured for him with graphic clearness the road of the artist.

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"Art prepared to work, Leonardo?" he had asked the lad while he studied the Boy's drawings. "It is a road rough and steep, but at its ending the heights still beckon."

"It is the way of the eagle, maestro. It is the way I would follow."

Now, at the end of two years, the Boy had finished his first piece of serious work, the figure of the angel the master had entrusted to him to execute. Would it please him, the Boy wondered dreamily as he followed the silver thread of the winding Arno?

"How now, Leonardo?" Verrocchio's voice rang out sharply, startling the Boy from his dreams. "Thou hast time to idle thus? Dreams are for a summer's holiday."

"I but waited thy coming, Maestro," the Boy answered quickly, his face flushing. "The angel, I can carry no further."

Verrocchio turned to the panel, amazement gripping him as he studied the Boy's work.

"Thou hast done well," he said after a long silence, laying his hand on the lad's shoulder. "I am proud of thee. Keep on and thou wilt yet outstrip thy fellows, perhaps thy master."

Leonardo's gay laugh rang out.

"Maestro, thou dost make fun of me."

"Perhaps, Boy. Work, and I will teach thee all the cunning of the brush I know. I love thee, lad, as if thou wast my son. Now get thee gone to the river to swim, thee and those two rascals yonder."

So they darted out into the sunshine, these three companions of the maulstick, Pietro and Sandro led by the Boy Leonardo, the Boy of the Renaissance who of a truth would outstrip his generation in an age of giants, this Boy who with the daring of the eagle would seek the mountain tops, nor rest until he had reached the craggy summits.

BALBOA—THE BOY DISCOVERER OF THE PACIFIC

HE was a merry looking gamin as he stood upon the peak of the hill just above the town, his blue eyes alight, his red hair wind-tossed, his well-knit figure tall, commanding, solitary. Save for his great dog, Leoncisco, crouching at his feet, the place was deserted, as barren as the treeless heights to north and south of him. Below him drowsed the town, Xeres de los Calleberos with its gleaming walls, dreaming of departed glory as it guarded from its hilltops the green valley of the Ardilla. Yet even this sleepy old hill-town had been roused by the momentous news a courier on his way north had brought, news that had sent this seventeen-year-old lad, Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, to his eagle's perch above the town. The courier had arrived that morning from Palos, bringing word of one Christopher Columbus who, with the sanction of the good King and Queen, had set sail on his stout ship Santa Maria, leading his little fleet of caravels forth to find a new route to India. Standing there in the August heat of that epoch-making year of 1492, Vasco Nuñez was all on fire, his hot Spanish blood thrilled by this adventure of the daring mariner. It stirred his longing for the sea, that mysterious unknown lying beyond the gaunt Sierra Morena cutting the skyline to the south that lured him ever to cross its snow-clad summits. Beyond that grim barrier lay his world of adventure, nor would he rest until he set forth upon his pilgrimage. He loved the quiet valley and the desolate plain stretching north-

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ward as he loved the hill-town straggling along two hill-tops; but the urge of the quest was upon him, driving him forth never to return.

The Boy's whole life up to now had been lived within the confines of Xeres de los Calleberos, its atmosphere of romance-soaked walls permeated with the picturesqueness of the Moor as well as with the austere majesty of the Knights Templars, leaving its impress upon him. Life in this dingy-white hill-town had, in a sense, been a restricted one for Vasco, who, from childhood, had known the pinch of poverty. Yet, he had been rich, the wide avenues of his colorful imagination flinging the world at his feet. The very atmosphere he breathed had fed and nourished his imagination, tales of the Moors, their occupation and their overthrow by Christian knights filling Vasco's mind with brave deeds and valorous caught in the Orient hues of Spanish Middle Age, giving to Spain a romantic atmosphere peculiarly its own, a richness, a luxuriance, a bombastic extravagance in strange contrast to the sombre barrenness of Estramadura, the rock-ribbed country in which the lad dwelt. Below him, wound the Ardilla among green banks dotted with orange and fig groves; but behind him stretched a gray, treeless plain broken here and there with broad meadows where herds of black pigs and sheep grazed among the outcrop of stone. In these two aspects of country were gathered up the epitome of Spanish life and character, their sombre melancholy and austerity and their sparkling gaiety and love of color; their proud reserve and their overflowing extravagance and love of luxury.

It was this dual nature in the Boy that gave him his impetus for doing, for carrying on in the face of overwhelming odds; that visioned yet held the balance, a hard, practical shrewdness resolving his dreams into realities.

In a sense, the Boy's background was his strength, the warp and woof of his greatness; for this lad of Xeres de los Calleberos was the product not only of the great age that gave him birth, but of the centuries gone before, the foundation stones of his heritage set deep in the past, Phœnician, Greek, Carthaginian, Roman, Goth, contributing, become of his very bone and sinew, the hardness of the old Roman in him especially, offset by an Eastern love of color, of the beautiful, of pageantry. This softer side of the Boy, gave him his power of visualization, the past to him as vitally alive, as real as the vibrant present in which he so fully lived. The sentiency of spring even as the palpitating August day, gripped the lad, stirring the depths of him, while he, with luminous vision, seeing into the soul of things, interpreted, thus reckoning with the underlying forces so potent in determining the trend of events. So in the years to come, would he be able to gauge the currents and counter currents with which in the tangled, unblazed trails of the yet undiscovered New World he would have to deal.

Vasco's schooling had been of the scantiest, that which Xeres afforded being dependent upon the brothers connected with the lichen-crustcd church whose tower tipped the Moorish wall near one of the six Moorish gates studing the outer defenses of the town. The Boy's rapacious hunger for knowledge would have been left unsatisfied had it not been for Brother Juan, who, coming from Seville, brought with him the learning of the schools made famous by their founder, Alfonso the Learned. Brother Juan had been quick to recognize the keen clear-cut mind of the lad, finding in him a responsive sympathy in his love of history, a kinship bringing these two, whose lives were to be spun in such different surroundings, very close. On this Boy of Xeres, Brother Juan had spent him-

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self, giving him of his best, instructing him in Latin and Arabic as well as in the history of his beloved country, that history which was so potent a factor in the making of Spain; for Spain was the offspring of many races and nations, the Roman, perhaps, the most significant factor in its development, this Roman influence the basis of their laws and civilization, the virile power of Roman culture laying a sure foundation for the nation, Spain, for a time to lead the world in civilization, in culture, in art, making of it a world power. The Boy loved especially to hear the story of the Carthaginian conqueror, Hamilcar, who ruled Spain for a time, his power waning with the downfall of his brother Hannibal, his power wrested from him by the Roman Scipio Africanus, who had saved Rome and her civilization from Hannibal and his cohorts. Then Seville had been named Hispalis, a name to be superseded by that of Julia Romula, after the great Cæsar who was to fence this city on the Guadalquivir about with walls. Thus would the simple Brother Juan trace for the lad the varying powers that had dominated Spain, not least among them the Moors. For six centuries the Moors held sway, leaving their mark as evidenced in the dingy town sprawling along its hilltops at Vasco's feet, its crenelated walls and towers bearing the imprint of the East,—the delicate luxuriance and love of color, the dreamy softness so exotic, so strangely at odds with the bleak, gray plain stretching northward toward the Sierra de Gredos, snow-clad and grim.

Brother Juan had dwelt much upon the crusader spirit with which Christian Spain had fought the Mohammedanism in its midst, especially emphasizing the valiant deeds of El Cid, who had set the ideal of knighthood very high. A long and bloody war it had been, the Moors vanquished at last by these crusader knights; yet, the

Moor had left his indelible impress upon the life and character of the land and the people, even as the receding tide. These wars with the Moors, so wild and predatory in their nature, had developed in the Spanish knights a disposition of chivalrous marauding, they delighting more and more in roving incursions and extravagant exploits. Into it, too, had crept a touch of old Roman days, that curious delight in the cavalgada of spoils and captives driven home in triumph,—an outcrop really of barbarism that broke through the culture and civilization of imperial Rome, finding reflection in this Spanish offspring. Religion held empire over the Spanish mind with peculiar force, lending its aid in encouraging and sanctifying these roving and ravaging propensities.

Thus the Boy, product of this Age, was swayed by a deep religious fanaticism, demanding outlet in adventurous knight-errantry, this spirit of chivalry to loom large in his future expeditions into the unknown, as it was to be the motive power of the Spanish discoverers, a distinctive characteristic of those bold spirits from the Spanish Main. As he had listened that afternoon to the courier from Palos, Vasco had been caught by the romantic aspect of Columbus' enterprise, the longing to set forth upon the great seas of adventure surging within him. Looking down at his worn jerkin and frayed short clothes, the irony of his aspirations smote upon Vasco Nuñez. How could he ever hope to win royal favor and so fit out an expedition to follow in the footsteps of Columbus? His parents, though much respected in Xeres, found life a struggle against want. They had no power of helping their merry, madcap son to realize his romantic dreams. Love was the only thing they had to lavish, and that they gave to him in full measure, Vasco's

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father sensing the latent powers in the lad, recognizing also the urge of the quest that, in his youth, had been his likewise. Yet, standing on the hilltop, his blue eyes resting dreamily upon the distant barrier of mountains, the seeming impossibility of the thing was spurring the lad to action. The Knights Templars who had reigned for so long in this very town basking at his feet, had won their spurs in surmounting the hill Difficulty, their ideal of service, of knighthood, lifting the spirit of the Boy to the heights. He realized of a sudden, that he had played at romantic adventure with his boy comrades long enough. It was time that he turn his face toward the solving of the actual. The spirit of Don Quixote was upon him, and in that spirit he would set out to cross the Sierra Morena. Yet, more truly was it the spirit of El Cid dominating him, to make of him a conqueror, a discoverer whose intrepid spirit was to inspire men through all time to achieve. Perhaps he could embark under some worthy captain! The thought thrilled him. First, however, he would make his way to Moguer and Palos. Later he would push on to Seville, whose greatest prosperity was to come with the discovery of America; for with the discovery of the New World, Seville was to be the centre for this new field of commerce, as her ports would be frequented by those bold navigators who were to lift their country to the heights of world power.

Vasco had that morning edged his way through the crowd surrounding the courier at the venta, drinking in with suppressed eagerness the courier's tale of Columbus' sailing, the Santa Maria, commanded by the Admiral, leading the caravels composing his fleet as they glided down the Tinto between vine-clad hills to the sea, the banks lined with weeping women and children whose

husbands and fathers had been commandeered for this dangerous undertaking by the King. The courier told of the long months of preparation, of the sullen response of the fisher folk to the royal order of putting their ships and their persons at the command of the Italian admiral. Columbus' indomitable spirit had finally conquered, and he had set forth across the waste of waters to find a new road to India. India! A name holding the magic of the East! It gripped the lad standing wide-eyed close to the courier, the spirit of El Cid, of San Fernando welling up in him. To struggle and overcome the wilderness as these great Spanish knights had conquered the Moors flooded his mind, a vision he was never to lose. Thus was the current of adventure turned by a chance courier on his way to Badajoz with the momentous news of Columbus' sailing on that August day of 1492.

Standing there in his eyrie, looking out over the melancholy plain, Vasco Nuñez realized that his life at Xeres was over. Palos, Seville, the world of adventure called him and he knew he must go. With the sailing of Columbus the Boy recognized that a new epoch, a new outlet for adventure had opened wide. To Palos first, he would go to hear again of that great setting forth from the fisher folk plying their trade upon the deep. There, perhaps, he too would learn from them the ways of ships and the trade of the mariner. On foot he would go if need be, entering if possible the service of some lord who, if he proved himself, would speed him to Seville, the city of his dreams. A slow road and difficult, it would be; but the heart of this red-haired boy was bold, his restless, roving spirit contemptuous of danger, unconquerable in the face of seeming unsurmountable obstacles. He would set out at once for Palos where he would await news of Columbus' return, hoping

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he might thus learn from the Admiral himself the story of his voyage. He knew not then that Columbus would land on his return at Barcelona, many leagues to the northeast of Palos; but he was to hear enough of that daring expedition and its fruits to catch the vision of that great discoverer, a vision he was to hold, the mission of finding the southern sea of Columbus' dreams to be carried on to accomplishment by this lad standing upon the hilltop.

At Palos the lad's prepossessing countenance was to catch the eye of Don Pedro Puerto Carrero, the mighty lord of Moguer, and in whose service Vasco was to remain some eight years, years of preparation for the great work destiny held in store for him. The military discipline of those years was to temper his fiery spirit to the fineness of a Toledo blade, giving him command over himself that would stand him in good stead in the tangled forest ways of the New World, inuring him to fatigue and suffering likewise. His tireless strength, his power to throw the lance and send the arrow to its mark would make him respected by his followers and the terror of the caciques from whom he was to learn of the great sea lying beyond the mountains to the south of Darien; for the lad was to embark at last under Bastidas, an adventurer of Seville; and so, after his eight years of service with Don Pedro he would set sail for the New World, filled with the spirit of the crusader going forth into splendid and unknown regions to conquer the wilderness, and to win or exterminate the infidels inhabiting them.

The motto of Vasco's house, "He who seeks, finds," was to be his watchword on his adventurous journey, the keynote of his whole life. A seeker he would go forth, a chivalrous marauder in search of adventure in

the New World, his vision to be set by the tales of that luxuriant country beyond the seas Columbus would bring back, a land of impenetrable forests of tropic growth, of cloudless skies, of blue seas, of strange painted savages and of undreamed wealth, the gleam of gold and precious stones to lure Spain to her doom. Yet, this Boy, Vasco Nuñez, would rise beyond the level of a mere free lance; for he had within him tremendous powers both as a leader of men and as an administrator, powers he would prove in the years to come. As governor of Antigua del Darien he was to turn chaos into orderliness and prosperity, and this accomplished, this doughty captain of fortune was to lead his men across the Isthmus, journeying from the northern coast by slow and dangerous ways toward the mountain top, his goal,—the viewing of the great sea lying beyond the mountains. Then, in very truth, would Vasco Nuñez de Balboa grasp the torch of vision of Columbus, that vision of the Southern Ocean which Columbus was to reach, as he thought, by a strait connecting this vast sea with the Caribbean, and by which means he would eventually reach the Oriental spice islands and India, the Mecca of Columbus' dreams. Columbus dying at the very gateway of his discoveries, was to hand on to this intrepid youth standing upon the hilltop above Xeres, the flaming torch which the Boy would hold high until he had resolved his vision into reality. To unfold nature's mighty secret, and to win dominion of this vast sea for Spain, was to spur the lad toward his perilous undertaking, the very extravagance of the exploit firing his imagination, rousing his romance-loving spirit to action. Through the tropic September heat he and his bold followers would push their way through matted forests and by rocky precipices, across deep, turgid streams and

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rough ways, this rock-bound wilderness to be made more difficult to cross by hostile tribes holding the mountain fastnesses and who were impervious to kindness. It was then Vasco's mettle as a soldier would be tested, and he would perforce push his way through by use of arms, his good dog, Leoncisco, descendant of the broad-chested, tawny fellow at his side, becoming the terror of the redskins.

There upon the bare summit of that New World mountain its head reaching the stars, Vasco was to stand, a vast chaos of rock and forest, of green savannas and silver-threading streams at his feet, while in the distance shimmered in the morning sunlight the wild tumult of waters he had spent himself in finding. Having found, Vasco would never rest with viewing it from a mountain top. The lure of the unknown would drive him on to explore still further, to search for the land of the golden temple of which the caciques had told him, those caciques Careta and Ponca especially whom he had won by his noble grandeur and frank affability, and who had provided guides for the trails over the mountains, thus sharing really in the glory of his discovery. Then, having in the presence of his followers, taken possession of that sea, its islands and its unknown surrounding lands, in the name of the Trinity and the Sovereigns of Castile, this Boy discoverer would lead his little band back to Darien, leaving behind him upon the summit a wooden cross, a silent witness of his discovery, of his having been true to the vision vouchsafed him, his return to Darien the signal for renewed effort, for further exploration.

As Vasco stood there upon the hilltop of Estramadura, his eyes set upon the future lying beyond the Sierra Morena, the prediction of the old Venetian astrologer, Micer Codro, came to him. He had been but a tiny lad at

the time, when the astrologer had singled him out among the boys of Xeres, his merry smile and mischief-glinting blue eyes sobered for a moment by the gray-bearded face peering at him. Codro's dark eyes had noted the lad standing near him in the patio of his father's white plastered house close to the market place, Codro having paused there to rest for a few days on his way to Barcelona. It had meant little to the lad then, those fateful words. Yet, in the moment of his greatest triumph they would sweep in upon him as they did now, that moment when he was setting sail with his four brigantines upon the Southern Sea of his discovery in search of new adventures, new lands, vaster riches, only to be turned back to his death, which he was to come by through the treachery of his father-in-law to be, Pedrarias.

"If ever thou doth see, Vasco mio, Mars in the eastern sky in August, it will be for thee a fateful year. Either thou wilt live to be crowned with riches and be counted the most renowned captain in some far-off, unknown land, or thou wilt fall by an assassin's hand."

The Boy's blue eyes flashed at the remembrance, his proud nature contemptuous of lurking danger. How could he fail, he who could outmatch any boy in Xeres? Even with the sword and rapier he was no mean adversary. He drew himself up proudly as if in self-dedication to the life of a knight-errant, a life of adventurous romance, a life of service, of hardship, demanding all of his indomitable courage and fortitude. He, too, would set sail for that unknown world whither even now Columbus, all unknowing, steered his frail craft, conquering the wilderness in the name of his Sovereigns of Castile, and returning laden with riches, fruit also of his quest. In the gold of the August day, all things seemed possible to this Boy, his imagination spanning the

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distances as his spirit leaped from mountain top to mountain top seeking the Southern Sea of his heart's desire.

Standing upon his mountain summit overlooking the arid plain of Estramadura and the fertile valley of the Ardilla rimmed by the snow-clad peaks of the Sierra Morena, this Boy Discoverer to be bound himself to a life of quest, a life, that having chosen, he would follow to the end. To-morrow he would set out for Palos and seek service with the mighty Don Pedro of Moguer; nor would he rest until he too sailed westward into the unknown. With a last look at those beloved hills and valleys, the lad, calling to his dog, turned slowly toward the town, his stalwart figure erect, his eyes shining, his soul burning with the vision he had seen upon the mountain top, prophetic of that rock-ribbed mountain of the New World, where, in the flame-like glory of a September day some twenty-one years later, he should stand transfixed by the surging beauty of a boundless Southern Sea, the great Pacific that would be forever linked with this Boy Discoverer, Vasco Nuñez de Balboa.

DRAKE—THE SAILOR BOY OF DEVON

AN August haze brooded upon the waters of Plymouth Sound, and the light breeze sweeping in across the weed-strewn rocks left bare by the receding tide, brought with it the tang of the sea mingled with the pungent odor of gorse and heather. Upon the shore of Chatham Reach, the rotting hulk of an old warship lay half buried in the sand. On the poop deck, close to the battered mast, stood a fair, curly-headed boy, his face turned seaward, his dreamy eyes alight, his sturdy figure tense as if already he saw the time was ripe for action,—the realization of his dreams. His lips were parted as if he were still listening to the old sailor, one Tom Moone, lounging at his feet, who, in this year of grace 1552, had been regaling the Boy all that summer's afternoon with tales of the Spanish Main, of Guinea and the Indies where gold and precious stones were strewn as carelessly as the pebbles upon yonder beach; of Spanish galleons that plied their trade 'twixt East and West, trading in oriental stuffs from India, and in that hideous human traffic that prevailed along the shores of distant Africa. As he had waxed to his work, the old salt had pictured for the Boy a marble city lying hid beyond the forest in far-off Peru, "an ancient treasure house of Aztec kings," a palace of forgotten Incas in whose deep cellars lay great bars of gold and piles of precious stones, more than a king's ransom, a gift worthy of England's Queen, should some stout captain, seeking adventure on the high seas, brave

the ships of Spain and snatch the prize even as the eagle swoops to soar, bearing its prey swiftly beyond the reach of an avenging hand. So throughout the long summer days, the Boy's imagination was enkindled, was fanned to flame, until upon his soul was etched the vision of the days to come when like Hawkins, and Cook, he too would sail the seas for England until the ships of Spain's Armada should lie sunk or be crumpled into drifting derelicts, leaving England mistress of the seas.

With a swift movement the Boy turned toward the grizzled sailor, his gray eyes like blue sparks.

"We'll sail the seas together, Tom, when I have learned from thee the sailor's craft."

"Aye, that we will, Master Francis, and I doubt not we'll sweep clean the seas for England," Tom answered with a laugh. "Thou hast the making of a sailor, lad. Some day thou wilt be master of a ship, and then—"

"Then, Tom?" The Boy's voice shook with eagerness.

"Then old Tom will ship as first mate to one Captain Drake."

Nor did the old man draw too far upon his imagination; for he had known the Boy from earliest childhood, and he knew the fine temper of his mind, the daring courage lurking within, that when the time was ripe would spend itself in high adventure, and always on the side of right.

From babyhood the Boy had lived within sight and hearing of the sea; ever since the night his father, Edmund Drake, had fled from Tavistock, the Boy's lullaby had been the rush of the tide and the hum of the sea wind; the clatter of wheelwrights' hammers in the great Plymouth dockyards, and the sea songs of the mariners. Yet there lingered with the Boy, like a thin mist, the memory of a purpling moorland where country tales

of highwaymen "kindled his reckless heart." So there hung likewise in the background of his mind, that wild ride across the moors, when pillioned behind his father, his tiny sunburnt hands resting upon the big holstered pistols slung lightly in the saddle, the Boy had dreamed himself as riding out upon a freebooting quest of which he was the hero. Born at Crowndale, within the shadow of the abbey walls, the Boy and his father, a stanch "supporter of his ancient faith," had been forced to flee because of the father's outspokenness. So one moonlight night, father and son had slipped away, riding hard across the moorland, nor pausing until they had reached the tiny inn of Protestant Plymouth where safety lay, and where first the stinging brine brought to the Boy a roar

"Of mystic welcome from the Channel seas."

Bred upon the unrest of the times the Boy had been, this unrest developing in him all unconsciously that spirit of adventure that later would send him forth upon the high seas to battle there for England, and to win glory for her, the prestige of the seas when he and his small fleet had sailed into the "unknown golden west," and so had made the circuit of the world.

In this memory of Tavistock, the Boy recalled how he and his companions had played at war, mock combats in which those impersonating the Spanish ambassador and his suite were set upon by those who held for England. Once, when the battle fought was between Wyatt the patriot and the King of Spain, the boy playing the part of Philip escaped hanging as by a miracle, so bitter was the feeling against Spain. Later, on one of his expeditions with his father, the Boy was to see Wyatt ride into Rochester, an exploit that was to force

the Duke of Norfolk to recoil before the patriot's banner; and following that, he was to see the fleet in the Medway supply this self-same patriot rebel Wyatt with artillery. Thus from babyhood the Boy was fed upon adventure, his heart and his imagination tuned alike to deeds of daring, deeds of valor done for England and her glory.

Kindled upon adventure,—wild tales of pirates, highwaymen and the like—, the Boy's imagination was further played upon by books that he had read, and by the magic chart drawn for him by his father, a chart worked out upon a buffalo's horn, marking now here, now there, an island where "vaste treasure lay concealed"—gold, rubies—; or perchance, an island of dwarfed promontories with "fairy harbors under elfin hills." Within this inner world the Boy wove the colored fancies of his throbbing brain into patterns gay, fantastic, patterns grotesque, perhaps, and seemingly impossible, and yet this tiny web holding within its filmy folds the embryo vision that in future years was to reach into that golden west of unknown seas, that vision without which, so says the poet, "a people perishes." Thus, in those early days, the Boy dwelt in Tirn 'an Og, drinking deep from out the Fountain of Immortal Youth; while many an afternoon upon some hill fringed by the sea, he lay amid'st the purple heather reading of Arthur and of Avilion; of knightly deeds done by the Table Round; of Arthur's magic birth,—the babe born on that ninth wave into the tide-swept cave 'neath Tintagel's craggy height, and caught by Merlin who proclaimed him king; of Launcelot and Galahad and all the legend of the Holy Grail,—that life of quest upon which England was to build her greatness. From this same book the Boy formed his high ideal of knightly

chivalry and reverence for women, that gentleness and loyalty that would bind him ever to the highest and the best, unswerving loyalty and devotion to his Queen, and to that other Bess, the fair-haired maid of Sydenham, whose love was to hold him constant through all his long adventurous years. Though his character was possessed of all the rugged bareness of his Cornish coast, and of a simplicity that is the very hallmark of true greatness, yet within the Boy there lay an unsuspected wealth of tenderness and gentle reverence. Reflective for a child he was, and acting always upon principle, and yet no idle dreamer, nor abnormal. He was essentially the spirited English lad full of school-boy pranks; for action daring and adventurous, was to play with him ever the major part, his active mind evolving always some new enterprise, some madcap adventure. Always there lurked behind those gray-blue eyes a merry humor, a humor that going hand in hand with that dauntless courage would surmount all difficulties, dangers and discouragements.

His mind, even as a boy, was forever bent upon some "mighty goal," the culmination of these years of unconscious development to be reached later in his voyage round the world,—that voyage being in truth the epitome of his whole character, as it was to show the inherent courage, prudence and self-reliance to carry through so stupendous an undertaking in the face of difficulties that to-day seem scarcely surmountable when one remembers the tiny craft with which he sailed into uncharted seas, rounding the Cape of Horn and passing through the terrors of the Straits of Magellan, where in the raging whirlpool of waters black and storm-swept, his ships were separated and he and his "Golden Hynde" were well-nigh lost.

"A mile of howling sea had swept between
 Each of those wind-whipped straws, and they were gone
 Through roaring deserts of embattled death,
 Where, like a hundred thousand chariots charged
 With lightnings and with thunders, one great wave
 Leading the unleashed ocean down the storm
 Hurl'd them away to Southward."

This vision for England that had been born and bred in the Boy was to be enlarged and deepened. A few weeks hence he was to begin his sea career by shipping in a Channel coaster as ship's boy. This vessel traded between England and Flanders, and in those troublous days when Spain strove to brand her authority upon the Flemings by deeds of violence and inquisition, the ship often returned to Plymouth with Flemish refugees, whose tales of oppression and of gross cruelty but added to the flame of hatred burning so fiercely in Queen Bess's realm against the arrogant Spaniard, that arch-type of autocracy and oppression that stifled the free-loving English race, and driving them at last to stake their all in throwing off the galling yoke of Spain. So to the Boy, looking off across the Sound of Plymouth, where lay England's ships of war and all the smaller craft with which the merchants plied their trade, there came a new and widening vision of the future, in which he too was to play his part in glorious service for his Queen and England. He stood on the threshold of his career, his noviciate of doing, faithful performance of the duties of a ship's boy, and on a ship that some day he was to command and own; for the ship's master upon his deathbed some years later, was to leave his vessel to the Boy because of his faithful service, and, also perchance, because he saw the smouldering genius in the Boy that marked him for a great career.

As the Boy stood there upon the poop deck of the old rotting hulk, his dreamy eyes turned seaward, he saw the rise and fall of the ships riding upon the incoming tide. In that deep silence, he heard its far-off murmur, this flooding tide putting on for him new meaning,—a symbol, perhaps, of the days to come. As the tide crept nearer there spread across the strip of beach and over the silvery waters of the Sound the flush of sunset, the afterglow that was to crown his world with glory when he too had reached the floodtide. For even as a lad the soul of Francis Drake was England, and already he was dreaming of the hour when he should sail the seas for her, and when his ships should lie in Plymouth Sound, and all night “singing sailors by the silver quays should polish their guns waiting for the dawn.”

So in that grim nursery the Boy grew up, his ear tuned to the clang and clatter of the shipwright’s hammer, while upon his vision rose,

“In solid oak reality, new ships,
As Ilium rose to music, ships of war
The visible shapes and symbols of his dream.”

The voice of the sea was to this sailor boy of Devon the call of England, and already the Boy’s heart leaped in answer to that call. Aquiver, the lad turned to the old sailor at his feet.

“For England we will sail the seas, Tom, for England and the good Queen Bess.”

The rugged sea-dog rose slipping the cap from off his grizzled head.

“Aye, for England and the good Queen Bess, God bless her. She’ll be needin’ us and all stout English hearts, my lad. See, the tide be settin’ in. We must hasten ere the beach be covered.”

The Sailor Boy of Devon 41

They scrambled down from the battered hulk, old **Tom** Moone and the Boy, and wended their way across the pebbly beach Plymouthward. The silence of the sunset hour brooded everywhere save for the faint swish of the oncoming tide, upon whose flood in years to come, because of this brave sailor boy of Devon, England would sail victorious, mistress of the seas.

RALEIGH—THE BOY DISCOVERER

THE stillness of the dawn lay upon the bleak stretches of the Dartmoor hills,—hills upon which the heather bloom still lingered, and touched now with hoar-frost that, catching the first gleam of the sun, turned shimmering to gold. On the edge of the thicket of cloud-capped Cator's Beam, a boy rode slowly, pausing now and again to watch the swift changing beauty of the dawn. A hound followed at his heel, sniffing the frosty air, and eying his master with silent eagerness, ready for the word that would send him off upon the trail. Presently from across the hill, a horn was wound, its silvery notes echoing through the wooded gorge, causing the boy and the dog to pause abruptly. At the same moment, there was a rustle in the thicket near them. With a sharp bay, the hound dashed forward into the pungent bracken, and a second later, a great stag leapt lightly into the open moorland, the dog in hot pursuit. Pausing now only to wind his horn, the boy put spurs to his horse, disappearing in the mists of the cloud-hung summit. The mist thickened, and at every step the chase grew more difficult. Often the stag disappeared entirely, and the boy was forced to rein in his horse to listen for the baying of the hound, and so to follow as best he might. Once more he thought the quarry had slipped from him; but he pushed on, flushed and more eager because of the difficulties besetting him. Something within him urged him on to reach and grasp that which lay beyond the gray blanket of fog, until

at length he paused triumphant, the stag stretched at his feet. For a second time a horn was wound, this time much nearer, and before the echoes of the boy's answering blast had died away, a stalwart horseman one Walter Raleigh, gentleman, rode into the copse, a proud smile lighting his handsome face as his hawk-like glance swept from the boy to the stag lying on the heather. He dismounted and came toward the boy.

"Thou hast done well, Walter. I am proud of thee," he said looking down into the boy's eager face.

"He is a prize, isn't he, Father? See his branching horns!"

In his rich Devonshire voice the boy rolled out the words, the color heightened on his rugged, handsome face, his gray eyes gleaming, alert. He pulled off the plumed cap that he wore, revealing a mass of dark hair that waved back from his high intellectual forehead. He was tall and bony for his years, he was but twelve, strong and developed by the hardy training in the open that had been his since babyhood. As soon as he could sit astride a horse he had gone up with his father, or, perchance, his two half-brothers Humphrey and Adrian Gilbert, to hunt the deer amid the wooded gorges of Holne, over the dreary downs of Hartland Warren, or, as now, among the thickets of Cator's Beam, the spot he loved the best; for from here he could, when the mist lifted, catch a glimpse of the far blue southern sea that lured him ever, kindling his imagination until his deep gray eyes grew luminous with vision. Love of the sea was born and bred in his bones, coming to him by inheritance from his mother Katherine Champernowne, a woman of rare beauty both of face and character, who handed down to this son by her second marriage, all the sterling qualities,

the daring and the wit, the love of the sea and of adventure of her Norman Viking ancestors.

Four years before, in September, 1560, the Boy's father had leased the fishing tithes of the manor of Sidmouth, and many a long summer's day the Boy had spent fishing along the gray trout streams, dreaming of the day when sword in hand he would go forth to do great deeds for England. Or from the tarry quay of Budleigh-Salterton—that tiny port perched

... "Like a sea-bird's nest
Among the Devon cliffs" ...

he had flung a line for bass or whiting-pollock catching not fish merely, but "rainbow colored things," his soul enmeshed in a web of dreams that later would be spun and woven into a wondrous design, a tapestry that would show how he had used his great gifts of mind and soul for England's glory. So he would sit and dream of Drake and Tonson longing for the day when he like them should sail the high seas and take captive some richly laden galleon from Cathay. Or he would lie stretched for hours looking up into the face of some old seaman listening to his tales of daring deeds done in the name of England against the Spaniard. He had been but a baby when Tonson had returned with the first wonderful legend of the hidden treasure-house of the Spaniard in the West Indies; thus early was his imagination inflamed by the perilous romance of such adventures. His ambitions thus aroused, were to be fed first at Oriel when England thrilled at the news of Hawkins' tragical third voyage; and next, some five years later, after his return from France, where he had served with a troop of one hundred gentlemen volunteers under his kinsman Sir Henry Champernowne, an expedition

fitted out by the Queen, Elizabeth, to aid the French Huguenots, he was to share in Drake's revenge for Juan de Ulloa. A passion for England was the hall-mark of the day, a passion that even as a boy flamed up in him, to consume him all his days. As England was to be the great love of his life, so hatred of Spain was to run like a red strand through his whole career, to be at once the measure of his greatness, the secret of his fall.

The burning of the Exeter martyrs had made a deep impression on the Boy, giving birth to this hatred of the Spaniard, and had developed in him a broad tolerance and love of liberty, the spirit that demands not only the right to live, but desires as passionately to let live,—a budding really of that deep sense of justice and liberty that is the very fibre and backbone of the England of to-day. This broad tolerance he inherited also from his mother, who though a Catholic by birth and upbringing, was yet so impressed by the spirituality of one Agnes Prest during her trial and imprisonment, that she finally joined the Church of England of which her husband was already a member.

Life at Hayes-Barton where the Boy first saw the light of day, was of the simplest, an even round of homely duties marking the days at the old manor house that stood in a secluded valley amid tall hedges and wooded hills, embowered in May in apple orchards white with bloom; while beyond the hedges stretched rich water meadows, their green sward flecked with red fallows and red kine. With all the depths of his passionate nature the Boy loved this picturesque gabled house with its heavily mullioned windows, thatched roof and deep eaves; and about it his imagination wove a romance that the more presumptuous gloomy towers of Compton Castle whither he often went to visit his half-brothers

Adrian and Humphrey, never inspired in him. It was this deep-rooted simplicity that lay and underlay the foundation stones of his rugged character, a simplicity that even amid the luxury of court life and bejeweled clothes was to crop out especially in those later years when England sleeping was to forget her "Ocean-Shepherd from the Main-deep sea." This quiet backwater was to be the deep setting of the Boy's life even though he was destined to reach out as the mountain torrent to the sea. It was at Hayes-Barton that he learned from his father the fine arts of a gentleman, receiving from him his early education, an education including not merely Greek and Latin and manly feats of arms, but also those high ideals of true knightly chivalry and courtesy and noble living that formed the bedrock of his character. His mother, too, instilled in him a gentle reverence, a robust democracy, that in later years was to make him a great leader among men. At Compton, where the Boy spent much of his time with his half-brothers, he was to receive much of the outer grace of his training in the fine arts of a gentleman. Within the shadow of the quaint old towers of Compton Castle standing among the apple orchards of Torbay, Humphrey and Adrian Gilbert lived in courtly elegance, noble men, many-sided and high-minded, soldiers, Christians and discoverers, products of that Elizabethan Age. Imbued with this atmosphere of greatness and nobility, the Boy's soul grew and expanded as a flower touched by the sun, unconscious yet of the day when he would give expression of this age in which he lived by his great powers and diversified character. It was from these noble brothers of his, that the Boy was to learn the art of fencing and all that pertained to the soldier's calling; but it was they who also fired

the Boy's fancy, whetting his appetite to learn quickly, these seeds of scholarship that were to blossom later at Oriel where new zest for achieving scholarship had been awakened by the visit of the good Queen Bess to Oxford, when she had evinced her own great learning, replying to the mayor's address of welcome in the same stately Latin language.

Though he was destined for a soldier's career, and was to distinguish himself as a brave commander, a daring leader of men, yet it was the sea that would ever claim his allegiance; perhaps because instinctively he saw that on the sea lay the destiny of England. Most vividly of all the Boy remembered at Compton the great charts over which he and these sailor brothers of his would pour, charts in the making, indicating wide stretches of mystic seas, and lands unknown and unexplored. In the long winter evenings when the sea-wind howled about the towers of Compton, they traced with eagerness the voyages of Tonson, of Hawkins, of Drake, across the seas to far-off Cathay or Eldorado, that magic land of the Spaniard where untold treasure lay strewn like pebbles on their own Devonshire coast. It was these charts that caught and held the imagination of the Boy, troubling depths in his nature already stirred into consciousness by the old sailors who frequented the tarry quay at Budleigh-Salterton. A great yearning for the sea overcame him, and already he had wrung a promise from his brother Humphrey that when they,—Humphrey and Adrian,—should set sail upon a like expedition, that he too should be of the ship's company,—an expedition that should not be wholly for the raiding of ships upon the high seas, nor to fill the ships' holds with treasure from the treasure-house of Spain in the West Indies: but an expedition that should set out for the discovery

of new lands, above which the fair flag of England should float, lands that by right of first discovery should be claimed and held for England and her Virgin Queen. Light words, these, spoken half in jest, yet holding within them potentialities undreamed, a tiny seed that in its blossoming was to shed its petals so far and wide that somewhere always the sun would be shining on these bright jewels of England's crown.

Standing beside his father upon the shrouded hilltop of Cator's Beam, these things swept over the Boy like a tidal wave, and for the moment submerged him. At his feet lay the fleet-limbed stag, symbol of the quest that all his life would lure him toward the cloud-capped heights; about him hung the gray blanket of fog that presently would melt away before the rising sun even as the mist-bound future would be penetrated, the gray cloud dispelled by his burning vision, leaving visible the fair country of his dreams. The sun rose higher, and the mist lifting, the Boy saw again the far blue southern sea which he loved gleaming in the pale November sunlight, that sea of magic and of mystery upon which in the days to come he was to sail and fight the Spaniard; and like Columbus, to discover, perhaps, some fairyland of gems and gold. Discover! the Boy's imagination hovered about the word as if of a sudden it possessed some magic meaning. Had he, indeed, found the key that would unlock the gate barring reality from his world of dreams? In that moment the Boy realized that his vision was reality, a vision piercing with its gold into the spaces that hitherto had been veiled in mist. He saw England no longer bounded by the white cliffs of her island coast, but reaching out across the seas where, discovering new lands, she would plant colonies. This,

then, was England's destiny, to sweep the seas, to stamp her greatness upon new found lands, a greatness woven out of the very warp and woof of her ideals of justice, of civilization, of faith, of honor, ideals that developed in these new found peoples, not mechanical obedience, but initiative, teaching them the arts of self-government, self-discipline, developing all silently a wealth of loyalty that some day was to give in its blossoming an hundred-fold. In fancy the Boy saw the ships of Drake and Hawkins riding at anchor in Plymouth Harbor like restive greyhounds straining at a leash, and recognized the backbone of England's strength, the sign and symbol of the England that was to be, an England whose ships would sweep the seas of pirates, guarding the trackless wastes that merchantmen might ply their trade in peace and safety. Nor would England ever betray this trust imposed upon her; her sea power a thing to be used not for her glory but to her glory; rather she would be ever the champion and guardian of the freedom, the justice, the civilization she was to plant in every corner of the earth.

To his father the Boy said nothing of his vision. He merely pointed toward the sweep of open sea where white sails bellowed to the wind.

"When Humphrey and Adrian set sail I shall go with them in search of the new land lying over seas, Father."

The old man looked proudly at the stalwart lad before him, yet a note of admonition crept into his voice as he answered the Boy.

"Thou shalt serve England as she may have need of thee, Boy. That is the duty of every man, and the spirit of true service."

"To serve England as she may have need of me, that

I promise thee," the Boy answered in a ringing voice.

"Of that, lad, I have no fear. Come! Thy mother will be awaiting us."

Together the man and the boy slung the great stag across the Boy's saddle-bow. Then mounting their horses, and with a last look at the sea, they made their way down to the quiet valley of Hayes-Barton, the face of the Boy illumined with the vision still flooding the deep recesses of his soul, that vision of England which had come to him standing upon the summit of cloud-capped Cator's Beam.

LA SALLE—THE BOY COLONIZER

THE fitful glory of a late April day suffused pasture land and river, the east wind bringing with it the pungent odor of rain-soaked earth mingled with the tang of the sea, and of orchards heavy with bloom. The tide still hung at the flood in this year of grace 1674, as a young man tall and comely pushed off from the right bank, turning his craft down stream. With long, even strokes he propelled the boat, not hurrying, yet with purposefulness, his deep blue eyes set upon the horizon, his bronzed face, stern for his years, set about with the fair hair that was his Norman heritage. Virility marked every movement of his stalwart figure silhouetted against the dark line of poplars fringing the bank, a suppressed eagerness lighting his eyes as he sniffed in the delicious fragrance of spring. His head was bare, and his tunic, slightly open at the throat, revealed his broad chest; while beneath his leathern sleeves, the play of his muscles was visible. Goodly to look upon was René-Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle this gay April morning as he wound his way down stream leaving the sun-flecked towers of Rouen behind him, his face set toward Jumièges and the sea. His heart sang beneath his jerkin; for had he not but lately been received by the King? The great Louis had not only received him, granting him a prolonged interview, but so carried away had he been by the young man's eloquence and the prospect of aggrandizement, that he had given René-Robert his royal promise of aid, thus making possible

the fulfillment of the Boy's dream,—to lead France and civilization into the fair valley of the Mississippi.

Perhaps Louis, satiated by the indulgence and luxury of court life, was, for the moment, caught by the magic of the intrepid youth's personality. This youth, though but one and thirty, had braved the trackless wastes and the snow-bound winters of Canada; and now, after many years returning to France, he had brought with him the freshness and the vigor of the snow-clad pines. Louis, too, in his youth had had his dreams for France and her aggrandizement; but they had been transmuted into mere exaltation of himself. Thus had his self-indulgence tarnished the pristine beauty of his vision, the public moneys squandered to gratify his whims, to exalt his person. Yet steeped in that renaissant world of great achievements, the sated king, connoisseur that he was, recognized the bold spirit, the singleness of purpose, the loyalty to France, the breadth of vision of this youth; and stung, perhaps, to momentary response to that fidelity to a high purpose, he had pledged himself to fit out an expedition for the colonization of Louisiana, that vaste stretch of country reaching from the Gulf of Mexico to the Great Lakes to be forever linked with his royal name.

From his audience with the King, René-Robert had returned to his birthplace, Rouen, to prepare for this expedition that was to realize all his dreams, to be the zenith of his career, the years of toil and hardship in the wilderness to be crowned at last by success, a success fought for and won for the glory of France and the advancement of civilization. Used to the solitudes of the unblazed trail, this Boy of great visions grew restive in cities, weary of over intercourse with men. His soul, accustomed to the silence of forest ways and the limit-

less spaces of an untrammelled sky, craved that deep intercourse with nature to which his pioneer life had familiarized him. Out in the open he could think, could lose himself in his dreams, his soul as a gull breasting the wind and the salt spray. So to-day, on his return from Versailles whither he had been summoned by the King some two weeks before, René-Robert sought the solitude of the Seine that he might work out his plans for the impending voyage so thoroughly that the splendid vision illuminating his soul might be the more fully realized.

This power of organization was inborn in him, an heritage from his merchant father, a rich burgher of the town, the Boy's love of organization, of centralization, attracting him early to the Jesuits. He had become a novice of the Order only to find his proud, strong personality unyielding to the shaping hand of a religious order. Born a leader, he could not accept passive obedience for himself, could not obey any initiative but his own. This idea of centralization was in the air, part of that strange Age of super-types and super-human achievements which because of its materialistic paganism overreached itself, leaving traces of stupendous beauty and of overwhelming ugliness and ruin in its wake. Yet, born leader that he was, René-Robert knew the force this centralization of power gave to any organization or enterprise; and recognizing its value in his work as explorer, its need in the attainment of success in his chosen work, he had bent all his talents to pattern his expeditions on one absolute authority. So would he pattern this present expedition which was to be the climax of his career, the measure of his giant powers.

An intense longing for action had ever possessed the lad, a desire for achievement which was but the intense

hunger of an insatiable intellect so indicative of the age in which he lived; for it was an age keenly alive and athirst for knowledge, an age unsatisfied with superficiality, craving to know the cause and effect, the why and the wherefore of things, an age speculative, questioning, driving men into the untrodden wilderness of doubt and gropings, of unbroken forests and uncharted seas, seekers, finding no rest, discoverers with ever the mirage of their goal luring them on. Thus into the wilderness this Boy, René-Robert, all unconsciously, had carried with him the spirit of the Renaissance, his dream of finding China by way of the Mississippi, widening into the loftier project of leading France and civilization into the valley of that great river. As he had penetrated deeper into the wilderness, the Boy had gathered knowledge, his analytic mind sifting these tales of Indians and of traders, convincing him at length, that the Mississippi emptied, not into the Pacific nor the Gulf of California, but into the Gulf of Mexico, a conviction he was to prove before his mind rested satisfied.

Undaunted by the sufferings and hardships inevitable in these expeditions from the frozen fields of the north where icy-blasts scourged the Great Lakes, to the dangers attendant upon the successful navigation of that dangerous river, its waters treacherous and uncharted, its banks infested by hostile savages, the Boy Colonizer had already journeyed the length of that little known river not once, but several times before he had brought his petition to the King. The well-nigh tropical beauty of the country at the river's mouth, had struck deep into the Boy's beauty-loving soul, its soft contours, its luxuriance in flowers, in verdure touched with a riot of color, after the bleak wastes of the north, suggesting a gentler side of life where one could relax, where life

was not forever keyed to a fierce struggle for bare existence. Yet struggle, the clash of forces elemental in their titanic strength, thrilled the Boy, was of the very air he breathed; for the urge to action, to adventure were of the essence of his being, driving him out to the New World and its forests primeval,—the blood of the bold Norseman and of the Norman builder in his veins; of the pioneer steeped in the virginal beauty of heroic, unbound nature, and of the ardent, æsthetic worshipper of the beautiful in the arts and in perfection of craftsmanship, this last being as deep a craving in his nature as the deep delvings into science.

This Boy's virtues were Roman in their austerity, the stoic in him inuring him to hardship, spurring him to carry on, as the burning faith of the Middle Ages swept men's spirits to the heights. Not that René-Robert was a doubter; for to the end he was a loyal and devout Catholic. It was rather the temper of his faith, the outward expression of it that was different, a cool, analytic spirit of appraisal unknown in the earlier age having crept in. The age in which he lived was not that of the knight-errant and the saint. It was of the modern world of practical study and action; not of meditation but of speculation, of reaching out into the unknown after hitherto forbidden fruits. Thus there dwelt with this Boy drifting down the Seine upon the floodtide, a twofold nature, that of the sturdy pioneer caught in the mystic glow of a splendid vision, and the product of the Renaissance, the keen analyst, the cool appraiser and worshipper of beauty, the hero, if you will, not of a principle nor of a faith, but of a fixed idea, a determined purpose. The humanitarian note it was he was sounding rather than the spiritual, his immutable purpose, his inspiration, his faith to which he offered the passionate

devotion of the mediæval saint worshipping at a shrine. Yet while the temper of his faith was changed, its emphasis; yet with this youth familiar with the wilderness rather than with courts, with the primitive than with the hyper-culture of the France of Renaissance, there remained the virility, the saneness, the directness and simplicity of one who has dwelt much beneath the stars, who has seen the night pale and the dawn break, who has drunk deep of the winds of the morning with his face set toward the east aglow with the promise of coming day.

As the boat glided gently down stream, the lad's mind swept back to his boyhood in the gray mediæval town, a happy, carefree life, his father, Jean, a rich burgher of Rouen, who, like his fellow-burghers, lived more like a nobleman than a merchant, descendant really, of those guilds of mediæval days when democracy was in flower. Some of René-Robert's family had held high diplomatic posts at court, and honorable employment both at court and in this lichened capital of Normandy, the Boy's father having honorable standing with his townsfellows, a citizen who took his part in civic affairs, and whose clear-cut mind made him a power as an administrator.

The Boy had loved his home, though the call of the quest had sent him forth early to seek his fortunes in New France, the glamour of romance luring him across the Atlantic to this new found land. René-Robert's school life, too, had been that of a nobleman's son, his splendid mind seeming to warrant all the advantages the schools had to offer. His inclination for the exact sciences had been given play, and he had early grown proficient in mathematics. Thus was the Boy equipped for the work that was his to do; and hand in hand

with his intellectual development went the moulding of his character, the fine promise of the lad's moral nature revealed early in his uprightness and directness, his love of truth and his ardent courage, his inflexibility of purpose and his loftiness of soul,—the soul of a great leader who would bear the brunt of every danger, share his last crust with his men, and, in moments when his men were ill or discouraged, reveal beneath his austere aloofness a deep tenderness and understanding unsuspected save by the few who knew and loved him.

Caught up by the magic of the past, the Boy's mind slipped back to his school days. He had been a great reader, and the glamour of the lives of such men as Columbus, Balboa, De Soto had held him spell-bound, had crystallized the urge within him for action into a definite current. He, too, would be a discoverer and plant the flag of France in those distant lands lying in the valley of the Mississippi and beyond where no white man had yet set foot, and so win glory for France who would ever command his fealty. He had loved to wander among the hoary byways of the past, so characteristic of the town, had steeped himself in her history and in the richness of her architecture, the Place where Jeanne d'Arc was burned and the giant cathedral holding his boyish imagination in thrall. It was the vastness of the design that held the lad in this work of a master builder, a design into which beauty and perfection of workmanship were interwoven, the instinct of the Norman builder awakened in the lad, enabling him to vision and to build also on a titanic scale. In Jeanne d'Arc René-Robert found and revered the pure spirit of undying loyalty to France and to her voices; for he too had had visions that only he saw; had heard voices that only he had heard.

Then there were the quays, a source of ever growing

interest to the Boy. Here in this mediæval mart of commerce ships gathered in the roadway of the Seine, bringing with them the smell of the East, strange perfumes and the rich stuffs of the Orient, suggestive of ease luxuriant, that exotic atmosphere so redolent of the self-indulgent luxury that for a time was to sap the vitality of his loved France. Or those other ships that came from the Dutch Indies or from that northern land where flew the royal standard of France, bringing tales of an Eldorado where gold lay waiting for the daring pioneer, and where fighting and adventure lay open for those weary of the artificiality of the perfumed court. It was when a new vessel anchored in the stream, the lad haunted the quays fresh with the tang of the sea, mingling with the seafaring men who poured into his eager, boyish mind tales of pirates and of far lands which had lured the Spaniard in his greed for gold. For hours on end the lad would linger on the fish-stained quays listening to these bronzed ear-ringed sailors, who, catching the light in the Boy's blue eyes as he lay sprawled on the quay at their feet, spun their web of tales with colors as vivid as the Orient-hued stuffs lying in the vessels' holds. They told him of the West Indies where Columbus first sighted land, and where they had found strange savages, flowers, brilliant colored birds and trees unlike those of France, a land where vegetable life flourished without the toil demanded of the Norman farmer. They dwelt, also, upon the dangers attendant upon the voyage, the crew often disheartened to the point of open mutiny only to be shamed by their gallant commander, whose inflexibility of purpose and faith in his vision held him constant until the New World was found, and his faith justified. This constancy thrilled the lad, breathing as it did, of those self-relying energies of modern

practical enterprise which were the essence of his being; for this Boy Colonizer was of the age that gave him birth, an age of wide-winged visions yet with feet firm planted on the earth,—a spirit of self-reliance permeating the atmosphere.

To this rich merchant's son, however, these tales smacking of high adventure, meant more than a new world for the free lance and the romantic mind of the wild adventurer. To him was to come a broader, a more comprehensive vision, one that would be for the permanent growth and advancement into new fields, tending toward world power for his beloved France. It was as if he saw into the far future when commerce would be the dominating factor in world power. Thus in his growing vision, René-Robert saw in those fertile southlands a soil that would not only produce everything raised in France, but a soil productive of fine pasturage where flocks and herds might pasture in the open throughout the year; where there was an abundance, also, of wild cattle whose fine wool could be turned into cloth, and where hemp and cotton was indigenous to the land and could be manufactured. His dream, then, was no mere romantic vision of planting the flag of France on a virgin soil and proclaiming it as belonging to the king of France. It was the vision of the Norman builder who saw in the building of colonies the beginning of a new France, this daughter to enrich and make more powerful the mother country across the sea. Nor did he in his dream of commercial and industrial growth forget the necessity of winning the Indian tribes to this new allegiance that by kindness and example would also win them to the Church and Christ.

Though he knew it not, the Boy's vision was to be the forerunner of one James J. Hill, a financier, who

coming two centuries later, was to see likewise the Mississippi as a roadway to the sea and for inland trade binding north and south. So René-Robert for that purpose was to build two sailing vessels to traverse the length of that great river, thus connecting the bleak north with the Gulf, opening these pioneer marts of commerce to the trackless ocean. Furs and buffalo hides he could ship on these vessels going south, that returning northward would bring to the inhabitants of barren Canada the abundant yield of the south. This giant task would mean, the young man foresaw this gay April morning, the building of forts to guard these new-found colonies from the savage Indian tribes hostile to the French, and also from the British and Spanish settlers who were lured by the richness of the Mississippi Valley. Fort Frontenac, Fort St. Louis, where the great city of that name now rises, and a fort to guard the river's mouth, would be the first he would build, a labor in itself sufficient to daunt the stoutest heart. Yet, his Orient-hued dream daunted not this intrepid youth; for this lad, shy and reserved, found no joy save in the pursuit of stupendous designs, and having visioned, he could not rest until accomplishment.

Turning a bend in the river where the twin towers of Jumièges rose in majestic splendor above the poplars fringing the bank, the Boy recalled his first going out to Canada, following his elder brother, a priest of St. Sulpice, the Abbé Jean Cavalier, after he had left the Jesuits; and tracing thus the growth of his vision, his early dream of finding China by way of the Mississippi melting in the sunlight of a deeper knowledge of the country into a vaster conception that encompassed the onward sweep of civilization, and the progressive commercial and industrial growth of New France, a vision

whose realization would be an epoch in the progress of the world.

Inured to hardship though he was, this intrepid Boy Colonizer was in this new expedition to meet his supreme test; nor was he to fail. As he nosed the boat in shore toward the Abbey gates of Jumièges, whither he was going before he should start out on his pilgrim's journey, that his undertaking might be blessed, his blue eyes glowed with a suppressed fire, his inflexibility of purpose fine tempered and resilient, galvanized into action. In a short time now, he would be setting sail, down this same roadway to the open sea, his pilgrim's way to lead him through thousands of miles of forest, of marsh, of river ways, only to be baffled; yet going on, the Boy's indomitable spirit to rise unconquered over every difficulty, nature, the desertion of his men, personal enemies, until the realization of his vision,—the leading of France and civilization into the valley of the Mississippi. René-Robert's ambition was vast and comprehensive; yet he was to act in the interest both of France and civilization.

Standing there in the stern, his stalwart figure flung against the tall stately poplars and the Abbey towers, his eyes set toward the open sea, the Boy saw the years of toil opening out before him. His life, though he knew it not, was to be cut off by a traitor's knife, his span of life so short, yet rising to its zenith in the realization of the splendid vision of conquering the wilderness, of laying the foundations of civilization, that wilderness that in the centuries to come was to blossom as the rose. So he would set forth in the early summer of the year 1674, this Boy Colonizer of Louisiana, who was to bring the spirit of the Renaissance into the New World.

JOHN WOOLMAN—THE QUAKER BOY

THE soft, fresh beauty of April lay athwart the blue Jersey hills, transforming them, the green mist of new-born leaves ashimmer in the spring sunshine, the tree-clad slopes vibrant with the song of birds. Under a wide-spreading pine, a boy lay stretched upon his back, his deep blue eyes gazing up through the twisted branches into the silvery April sky, his dreamy eyes aglow, sun-shot with vision. He lay very still, his sturdy, big-boned figure clad in homespun, his homely freckled face tense, expectant, as if seeking to pierce some riddle in the sky. Beside him lay a small copy of the Bible, the book by which he had first learned to read, and which first had enkindled the imagination in the child, opening up for him the broad avenues of life, avenues through which he could wander at will, by which new vistas were forever unfolding, luring his questing spirit onward. On this April morning of 1730, John recalled how he had first awakened, when as a little lad of seven, he had stolen away from his schoolmates, loitering outside the school to play, and had sat down by the roadside to read the twenty-second chapter of Revelations,—“He showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.” From that moment, though all unconsciously, he had become a seeker, the spirit of the quest driving him on not only to seek the pure river of the water of life, but to interpret life in sky and tree, in the wayside flowers and in the birds of these spring-shot wooded hills.

The memory of this first vision remained clear-cut, impressed indelibly upon his mind, and as the Boy lay there listening to the wind-bells of the forest aisles, he was wondering with child-like directness, if the river which he sought was to be found in the vasty spaces of the blue above him. Vaguely he knew that the quest must lead ever upward to the heights, even while the river which he was to seek so diligently all his life, was to dwell within him, this power of the inward life, the means by which his goal would finally be attained; for because of his vision, crystal-clear, his reach would ever exceed his grasp. Nor was it strange that the mind of this boy of ten should have dwelt on such things; for he came of simple people whose simple religion was of the atmosphere they breathed, the daily expression of their hard working lives, their minds set upon the things of the spirit, their souls of high aspiration even though their lives were hedged in by the crude, threadbare realities of existence, of toil and the drudgery of making ends meet. So to the Boy always, his measure of goodness, his standard of simple uprightness was to be that which he had known in his own home, the leaven of that home atmosphere permeating him, radiating its influence even as his plain face exuded goodness, that illumination emanating alone from one of lofty soul.

Tenderness and humility were characteristic of the lad even at ten, a tenderness coupled with a stern moral rectitude, ascetic in its unswerving strength as regards himself, yet unbending, full of tenderness and understanding toward humanity and human frailty. As he lay there beneath the swaying pine branches, it flashed in upon him as he noted the robins and the song sparrows flitting joyously from tree to tree, the memory of a day when he had gone on an errand for his mother

to a neighbor's house. In a great oak shading the front yard, the lad's keen eyes had discovered a robin's nest, and as he had approached, the bird had flown off hoping to distract the Boy's attention from her young. John's blue eyes had caught fire, and with boyish zest he had stood off pelting her with stones until she had fallen dead at his feet. For a moment the Boy had stood exultant as a conqueror gloating over his prey, proud of his prowess; but his triumph had been short-lived. Horror and remorse had swiftly gripped him as he realized the enormity of his cruel deed, one doubly so in that he had not only wantonly killed an innocent creature, one made to add its note of joyousness in a world as sunlit and as shot with shadow as the woods wherein he lay, but a creature whose young were dependent on her. What should he do? Leave the young fledglings so cruelly bereft to starve, or kill them also and so save them from further suffering? The struggle within the lad was sharp and short, the lad's strong sense of right, his fineness of perception in sensing values, forcing him to do the thing that was hardest yet kindest—to kill the young birds with his own hand. So with quivering heart, John had climbed the tree, and with eyes averted had swiftly and expeditiously crushed out those feathered lives whom he had so wantonly and irretrievably wronged. It taught the Boy a lesson he was never to forget, and out of this tiny seed there germinated and grew his inherent belief in freedom, freedom of soul and body, a belief which later was to find expression in his Journal and his papers denouncing slavery, upholding and defining the tenets of democracy. Thus, these seeds, planted by the obscure Quaker boy of Northampton, were to blossom later, first in the American Revolution, and second when Lincoln championed both these causes that America might fulfill and realize her

high destiny. When as a young man, he was to go about visiting meetings in the back settlements of Pennsylvania and Virginia, two things were to give this boy, John Woolman, grave concern. As the guest of Friends during these travels who owned slaves, he shrank from receiving services from their slaves, shrank from lodging with them even. He did not feel it consistent for Friends who stood for freedom of the spirit to keep men's bodies in bondage. The trade of importing slaves from their native country, was even more repugnant to him, and against it he was to fight vigorously with his pen as well as by declining finally to draw up bills of sale for such traffic. Even when he was hired by the year, he had protested to writing such a bill; though he felt obliged to obey his master. Thus the lad's belief in democracy was the outcome of his deep-rooted aversion to slavery, all creatures having the right to live free in body and soul, equal in the sight of God whether black or white, whether of marked attainments or mere common garden flowers.

This love of freedom was inherent in the lad, and through the gateway of his imagination he would make his escape from the narrow confines of his home atmosphere into the spacelessness of spheres untrammelled by the crude realities, the petty drudgeries of his everyday life. Into this radiant world of his imagination, the lad would creep, there to lose himself in star-lit worlds of elysian fancy through which flowed that river of his dreams, clear as crystal, symbol of all life, life-giving, a source of spiritual strength always to this plain Quaker lad of the Jersey hills. This cultivation of the inward life gave to the Boy one of life's richest treasures, resource within himself, and because from babyhood he had contemplated life from the inside outward, he was to be able in after years to give out again to others the fruits of this

rich storehouse of strength and clear-cut vision. Thus the lad, striving to live in the spirit of truth, absorbed in the stillness of his soul the beauty, the deep mystery, the meaning of life, drinking deep of the river of life, that full of vision he might give forth again, his work to make for the elevation of the race, to leave a blazed trail of idealism leading to the heights, an idealism demanding fulfillment at all costs, the justification of a noble heritage. His was a broad-minded, catholic mind, reaching around and beyond things, a mind sunshot with vision and mellowed by benevolence and a gentle kindness lying beneath the shyness and reserve; for the Boy was possessed of a reserve coming to him as an inheritance not only from his English forebears, but also from his Friend's training. Self-discipline, self-possession, self-control were of the essence of the training in the Woolman home, a repression of one's feelings that made for serenity of spirit, a tranquillity of soul making for power, that gentleness of strength well-fount of moral force. So were developed unplumbed depths in the Boy, John's, nature that later were to give of their richness, his quiet but deep enthusiasm for humanity urging him on, as of a call from God to decry slavery, to hold up the ideal of democracy for this land of his birth, soon itself to be born a nation, for the world, an ideal for which two centuries later the civilized world would rise in arms in a death struggle; for civilization, where democracy is not the dominant note, perishes, growth, the evolutionary reaching upward to higher, more godlike ways of living being impossible where autocracy holds sway.

The Boy's schooling was of the most primitive, as those pioneer days would indicate; yet, though unlettered, John was possessed of a natural refinement, his heritage of noble traditions and that inherent love of beauty and of

all things true, fusing his soul with the crystal pureness and flame-like truth of the seer, the visioner of splendid visions, the dreamer of great dreams. Highly sensitized, the Boy possessed a delicate sense of fitness, an almost Celtic sensing of values, deep-rooted in the soil of his heritage, and therefore of the bedrock of the race; making for the strength and moral toughness of fibre, an inherent rectitude that in seeing true, reveals a delicacy of perception, a vibrant expression, a vision clear-cut in its recognition of vital issues. Thus into his language, stimulated by long familiarity with the lofty language of the Bible, the beauty of expression of Penn's "Fruits of Solitude," there crept a beauty of expression all his own, the purity of the Boy's heart to be revealed in the years to come in his Journal which was in its delicacy to have kinship with Pascal, the Frenchman's spirituality of that same exquisite quality, that same evanescent robustness and simplicity of soul linking all truly great spirits.

A pioneer, this Quaker Boy was to be, in that his was to be the honor of touching first the American spirit in literature, the spirit of democratic idealism inherent in the soil, yet the outgrowth of long centuries of tradition; simple expression, too, of a man's heart free from all effort for literary effects, or of servile imitation of another's art. Born of the soil, with its rich heritage, the Boy John was to give forth again as a bird sings in its native air, flute notes exquisite, true, unique, atune to his surroundings, his message sinking deep into the nation's very soul, when, out of the maelstrom of the Revolution, it arose clean-limbed and vigorous, a Sir Galahad dedicated to the quest, to the guarding of the Grail life was to give into its keeping. Tenderness and sweet humility, the sinking of self were the qualities that this intense desire of the Boy to render smaller the sum of

human sorrow and sin by drawing men nearer to God, was to develop in the Boy; for waywardness, that ingrained craving for freedom, was of the bone and tissue of the lad, a waywardness and perversity that caused his mother many an anxious hour. Yet her great mother-love, so tender and so understanding leading John gently back into the path he should follow, revealing to this son of hers the happiness of humility, the true freedom won only by self-surrender; implanting in him the essence of all true living and of faith summed in those words: "Not my will, but Thine be done."

The lad worshipped his father and mother, yet he remembered, lying beneath the pine lifting its branches to the April sky, a day when his own will seemed sweeter to him than anything else, and he had defied his gentle mother, stubbornly holding out against her when she had reproved him for his obstinacy. His father, returning from a journey, reprimanded the lad, albeit not in anger, and John, his conscience suddenly awakened, was silent, fleeing to his room, and there, in its familiar bareness, flinging himself upon his knees. This and a severe sickness shortly afterwards, were forever linked in the lad's mind; for in the long, still days and weeks, he, with crystal vision, saw the enormity of his arrogant pride, his mind through "the power of truth" wearying "in a good degree of the desire of outward greatness." Not to shine before men, but to possess illumination of soul, became the incentive of his life, and out of it was to blossom true greatness of soul, that God-given gift of royal souls to breathe forth the richness of a nature who dwells upon the heights, because he has not feared the toil and the sweat, the pain and the monotony of the valley, his vision of the ideal having kept the monotony

of work from becoming the monotony of life; because, in truth, his soul is indwelt by the spirit of God.

John's home life, though severely simple, was full of beauty, radiating the spiritual joy of a home permeated with love; the serenity and quiet peace of souls living for each other, whose hearts are close to God. Trust and faith were the keynote to the companionship existing between these parents and their children, and John recalled with a thrill how after meeting on Sundays he and his brothers and sisters had gathered about the open fire, when, through the peaceful afternoon his father had read to them from the Bible and other holy books. Among those books, Fox's Journal, Penn's "Fruits of Solitude," and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" stood out, especially the latter, which had gripped the imagination of the child, awakening in him the spirit of the quest, the quest for truth, for "God's habitation," through the fulfilment of the work he felt divinely called to do.

As the Boy lay beneath the spreading pine, absorbing the vibrant beauty of the April day, his soul steeped in the wonder of a world so radiant and joy-giving, there came to him a sense of the way he was to follow, the vision of the pure river of the water of life, clear as crystal, the gold-shot path by which he was to seek and ultimately find the sea. This simple lad sprung from the virgin soil of a new world, was to seek and to interpret life with all the simple directness and ruggedness of the pioneer, to reveal its beauty and its shadow, the beauty of freedom, the dark blot of slavery upon an enlightened people,— seeds dropped on the banks of a winding river to be carried forth on those crystal waters and to be swept out into life's horizonless sea, thus to reach into the four corners of the earth.

WASHINGTON—THE BOY FOUNDER OF AMERICAN LIBERTY

THE crisp October day was drawing to a close in all its gold-brown glory, the freshening, southwest wind sweeping up the Potomac, rustling the fallen leaves carpeting the hillside. A tinge of frost was in the air, bringing a ruddier glow to the fair face of the Boy standing there, his head, bared to the breeze, thrown back as a thoroughbred hunter sniffs the air. The Boy's brown hair, caught in a cue, waved back from a forehead indicative of the thinker, as his square-cut, massive jaw bespoke quiet strength, purposefulness, a bull-dog tenacity that would push on until accomplishment. Straight as an Indian he stood there, his legs wide apart, his keen, blue-gray eyes fixed upon the wide stretch of the sun-glinted river far below him winding away to the westward, his mind absorbed in the future opening out before him as sunshot as the autumn woods and the gleaming river. Passion and will alike slumbered in the still face of this Boy, George Washington, the boy of sixteen already shadowing the man to be. High courage and the spirit of command came to the Boy an inheritance from his mother, yet coupled with restraint, a self-discipline holding in leash his fiery temper, giving him a command over himself, thus making him in the years to come, a great leader of men. Yet this silent strength, presenting him as it did to the unobserving, as cold and unfeeling, wrapped his soul in an intense loneliness, his shyness making him withdraw into himself, his dreams and as-

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pirations unsuspected and unrevealed even to his intimates, save, perhaps, to his half-brother Lawrence, at whose home he was now staying, and which he loved with all the intensity of his silent nature,—Mount Vernon that, of a truth, was to be the deep setting of his life. The stately colonial house crowning the hill, basking in the autumn sunlight not far from where the Boy stood lost in his dreams, was indicative of the homely heritage, the sturdy strength, the simple grandeur characteristic of the Boy's whole nature.

Yet as the Boy stood there, his deep-set eyes alight, he seemed no mere idle dreamer. The very hunting suit that he wore—red coat and white buckskin breeches and boots,—stamped him a lad of action; for he loved to ride to hounds, and his play hours were given over to fox hunting and life in the open. Swiftness of action tempered with patience, cool courage with wisdom had been nurtured in him from babyhood, this self-control marking the greatness of the man who was to vision and to build up a nation founded upon liberty, a liberty not to be confounded with license, but a liberty insuring to each and every one a freedom of action that yet recognized service as its highest goal.

To-day as he had ridden to hounds with his friend Lord Thomas Fairfax, that gallant old nobleman had, of a sudden, flung open the door of the future to him. A warm friendship had sprung up between George and this sixty-year-old sportsman; for the shrewd man of the world had been quick to note the seeds of unusual promise in the lad. The companionship of this man, conversant with courts and the culture of Oxford, with the refinements of the old world, had done much in moulding George's character and manners, giving him also an insight and knowledge of a world other than his own, an

understanding, perhaps, of the trend of events, of the currents and counter currents seething in the political maelstrom of Europe, especially of England. It gave the lad a poise, an insight his colonial life alone could never have given. George was still sensitive of his disappointment in not going to sea, and the offer of Lord Fairfax to send him across the Blue Ridge mountains to survey his vast estates fell as balm on the Boy's wounded spirit, giving him back that sense of manhood so dear to a boy; for he had chafed under the restraint his mother had put upon his actions even though he had yielded to her pleadings. What would she think of his journey into that wilderness lying beyond the misty blue of mountains edging the western sky? Would she again try to thwart his ambitions to blaze a trail into the unknown? His face grew stern, determined. No, this time he must decide for himself. He was now a man in stature if not in years, his whole future dependent upon his present choice. A man's work lay before him, was at his hand to do. The days of self-tuition and preparation were, in a sense over. His chance to make good, to prove himself, was at the dawning.

The Boy's thoughts slipped back to that first clash with his mother, that clash of wills in which his own had yielded before her tears. After his father's death when George was but eleven years old, the Boy had been much at Mount Vernon, with his brother Lawrence, these visits turning the lad's thoughts into military channels both of sea and land. Brother officers of Lawrence's old regiment visited at Mount Vernon as did many a one from Admiral Vernon's old fleet,—that same gallant admiral under whom Lawrence had cruised, and for whom Lawrence had named his estate. Tales of the East and West Indies circulated about that hospitable board, tales of

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campaigns against pirates, the thrilling capture of Porto Bello, the bombardment of Carthage firing George's imagination, rekindling within him the military ardor of his ancestors, awakening in him the desire for action, for adventure. At last, gripped by the longing to reach out into the unknown, the lad had revealed his longing for a naval career to his brother, a longing Lawrence had instantly sympathized with and encouraged. This brother, whom George in his silent way worshipped, obtained for him a warrant, and a few days later the Boy had appeared before his mother in his midshipman's uniform eager to enter upon his new life. His mother's silence had chilled him.

"Mother! Don't you like me in uniform?" he had asked in a low voice.

"It means separation. Is that nothing to you?"

George's face burned now at the remembrance.

"You are unfair, mother. I am a man now, with a man's work to do."

"Your uncle Ball advises against it. His letter came this morning. Think of the hardships of life at sea."

George had pushed the idea of hardships swiftly aside.

"A man's life, mother. How can Uncle Ball know in London what is best for me here?"

"I am your mother, George. If I refuse to let you go, you will not disobey me?"

"Do not force me to, mother. My word is pledged to Lawrence and to Admiral Vernon."

"You will go, then?"

"I have no choice. I must."

"And your pledge to your dying father, George? Is that as nothing? I need you for awhile yet, Boy. Go back to school for two more years. It will be time enough then to choose a career. I will not try to hold you then."

So the Boy had yielded, but the intensity of his struggle only he knew. To renounce that which he had undertaken was as death to him; and more than that his word had been pledged. Yet beyond all the glory of adventure, the Boy also saw his duty writ large. He had pledged his dying father to care for his mother. The test of his father's trust in him, the test of his service had come. His recognition of that service was to be indicative of his whole life,—a giving of himself in service to his country in her supreme hour of need. So two years had slipped by, years marked by great application to his studies especially in mathematics and those branches which were to fit him for either a civil or military career. Land surveying was one of the most important of these, and in it the lad had schooled himself with that thoroughness and completeness characteristic of all he did. It was this devotion to duty that had first attracted Lord Fairfax, and the Boy's diligence and obvious aptitude for the work had won him the offer to survey his friend's estates, an offer opening to him not merely a knowledge of the country lying beyond the mountains, but an intimate knowledge of the peoples and conditions there, an inherent knowledge he was later to reveal in his understanding of men whether Indian or white, whether French or British, his integrity, his sense of justice, his simple courage rallying men to him, commanding likewise their undying loyalty.

This power of leadership was revealed early in the Boy; for he had not been at school many weeks before he had been looked up to as the commander-in-chief of Hobby's school. The martial spirit of his ancestors burned within him, and all his amusements took on a military aspect. Of his schoolmates he had made soldiers, and many a royal battle had been fought between the two

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camps, William Bustle, a school-fellow commanding the "French army," George the "American." Later, his unswerving sense of truth and justice had made him umpire in his schoolmates' disputes, portraying a spiritual superiority, character being in the last analysis, the test of true leadership whether as general or statesman. Thus from childhood, the Boy showed a deep moral integrity, a fine sense of honor, the fruits of a noble heritage and of a home whose atmosphere was steeped in love and religious beauty.

The Boy's face glowed now with a tender light, remembering the beauty of that home on the Potomac, its vast acreage lying between Pope's and Bridge's Creek—a home where George's much loved father had taught him early the value of generosity and unselfishness, of service and of truth, of honor and of justice; and his mother those principles of democracy which came to her an inheritance from her ancestor, John Ball, the Kentish preacher, whose eloquence had set in motion the Wat Tyler insurrection of Richard II. time. Within this lad of colonial Virginia, there was mingled loyalty to the lost Cause of the Stuarts, loyalty to the king deep ingrained in his nature, and a passion for freedom and for justice, that passion which is the heritage of every Englishman and for which he will give his life blood.

A great love of home welled up in the lad standing upon the hill-crest in the golden glory of the October afternoon, and his thoughts dwelt lovingly upon the father he had lost in his eleventh year, setting upon him the seal of manhood with its attendant responsibilities. He called to mind the long winter evenings when the family had gathered about the wide-mouthed fireplace with its blazing logs, his father telling him of the Washingtons of England, how they had come over with the

Norman Conqueror, these deWessingtons, as they were known then, settling first near Durham where they became a power both in State and Church; for it had pleased William the Conqueror to bestow upon them royal prerogatives, this power being put to noble ends. Most of all the Boy loved to hear of Sulgrave Manor in Northamptonshire, the ancestral home of their branch of the family. There was the lichened, stone mullioned house with its black oak staircase and square-framed windows standing in a park not far from the gray, straggling hamlet, splashed here and there with color from flower beds and vivid walls, which had always for the lad an especial fascination. It stirred his imagination to a sense of its old world beauty, its brooding melancholy, the power of the past, of tradition, bearing its impress upon the Boy, he all unconsciously recognizing his kinship with it, his roots as of the soil from whence it sprang. Thus in the after years, when he had cast off his allegiance to the king in the cause of liberty, he felt himself true to these traditions, these ideals, this soil of his heritage; for he was but fighting for the rights of all justice-loving Englishmen against the crass autocracy of the German king, George III., and in that power he was to conquer. Particularly the Boy loved to hear the story of Sir Henry Washington, that gallant soldier ancestor whose adherence to the Stuart cause was summed up in his superb defense of Worcester. From him came to the lad magnanimity and constancy of purpose, qualities that were to be the measure of his greatness, as they would also carry him to his goal; for that bull-dog spirit of holding on until accomplishment, that steadfastness, which having seen the city, follows the vision to realization, were to carry this boy of destiny through many a slough of despond and the blackness of despair. Faith in the dawn that has ever

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come when the night is blackest, held him true to his vision; and by its light did he found a nation whose bed rock was liberty, inherent birthright of the Anglo-Saxon race.

The Boy's schooling had been of the most elementary, that which colonial Virginia afforded, his first instruction under an Englishman, Hobby by name, whom George's father had indentured and brought out from England with him. Then had followed a few years at a neighborhood school under a Mr. Williams, where the lad had made himself proficient in mathematics, his desire being threefold,—to be an engineer, a soldier, and to steer a ship. His father's dream for George had been a school and university career in England such as the two older lads, Augustine and Lawrence had enjoyed. Death had cut short this possibility, the younger lad having to content himself with the more meager education afforded him at home.

When George had confided to his father his desire to be a soldier, his father had asked him what he would do if he was beaten. The lad had replied boldly:

"I would demand one good meal from the enemy for the fun he had beating me; then thank him, and try again."

This was the spirit of the lad who was to hold the destiny of America in his hands, who was to carry on through the horrors and privations of Valley Forge, the sting of defeat seemingly urging him on until victory was won for his Cause.

With a quick movement, the Boy's eyes searched out the landscape,—the shining river, the color-flecked hills—, his keen eyes glowing soft as he drank in the beauty all about him. Life in the open, where his soul swung free in the limitless spaces was his passion, a life

he had known from babyhood, giving a healthy vigorous outlook, a sanity the more circumscribed life of a city rarely gives. The woods and fields, the river bordered by a green carpeted meadow were his playground where he tramped and fished, or developed his muscles in athletic sports. Even as a tiny lad he had become a keen woodsman, this early training developing in him an eye for detail and close observation that would stand him in good stead as soldier, as diplomat, as statesman. Quick to note signs and symbols of the forest life, the Boy knew the habits of the birds and animals, as he was swift to sense danger, a hidden menace lurking in the underbrush. Somehow his lonely nature found solace in the deep silence of forest ways, his kinship with nature bringing him in close communion with elemental forces to which his strong passionate nature responded. The elemental was strong within him, even as he possessed also that heritage of an old world culture and civilization, the one the counterpart of the other, making for a virility and power titanic and dynamic in its forcefulness. From nature, the Boy derived spiritual strength and guidance, his soul alive to things beyond the horizon's rim; for the lad was essentially the seer, his power of vision reaching into the future, unbounded by the shackles of the present. Yet no mere visionary; for in his building, it was the day's work that wholly occupied him, and in its realization lay the permanence of the dream he had visioned.

Tremendously powerful of frame, the lad was noted for his prowess, not only in such feats as throwing a stone across the Rappahanock, but in that fearlessness of spirit denoting the conqueror. With a deepening gleam in his eye, the Boy's mind slipped back to his mastering of a superb Virginia thoroughbred whose lawless spirit had defied every attempt to be tamed. George, on a dare, had

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boldly entered the field where the horse was pastured, had bridled and saddled him; then having mounted rode the horse until he died, the horse defiant to the last, yet recognizing in this stripling his master, his proud spirit broken by the strength of that iron hand and will. Thus the lad was fitted for the task lying ahead of him, a task demanding tremendous physical endurance as well as mental.

Standing there upon the hill-crest, the unblazed trail of his future beckoning him, the urge of adventure gripped him as never before. Dimly he saw in it, not merely a surveying expedition and the beginning of his career; but the portent of greater events. From his brother Lawrence, the Boy had learned much concerning conditions on the frontier lying beyond the Blue Ridge and the Alleghenies, conditions pertaining not merely to the Indian tribes, most of whom were friendly to the British, but conditions touching the prestige of the empire, produced by the daily increasing arrogance and aggression of the French. There could be but one ending—war, his brother had impressed upon him.

“Keep your eyes open, and your mouth shut, George. Your observations may be of greater use than we know,” Lawrence had said to the Boy that very day, when the Boy, all flushed, had told him of Lord Fairfax’s offer.

A raw school boy he was to enter the wilderness that coming March. He would come out a soldier tried in battle with nature, with the Indians, with the French, his cool courage, his swiftness to see and press an advantage, his initiative, to give him place in the councils of his country. Men were to trust him for his directness and his justice, as they were to admire him for his tact and diplomacy in handling delicate situations. Yet, more than that, the urge to construct, to build was the deepest

instinct in him. He saw beyond the autumn-tinted forests the onward march of civilization as a tide surging up from the sea. Whither was it tending? Under whose banner would the pioneers of the future rest? An issue with the French was certain; but after it, what?

Already, perhaps, with his keen sensibilities, this Boy founder of American liberty perceived that cloud as yet no larger than a man's hand that was for a time to darken the sky with its ominous thunderings and lightnings; and out of whose dark depths was to be born a nation. To raise a standard to which the wise and honest could repair, the event to be in the Hand of God, was to be the vision of this Boy standing upon the hilltop—a vision he was years later to realize and bring to fruition. His greatness was, of a truth, to lie in his field as statesman, his ideal of service the banner under which he was to fight, that soldier spirit of his ancestors fighting for justice and freedom no less as statesman than as soldier. In a few months now, this care-free life he had lived under his brother's roof would be over; the battle of life begun, a battle never to cease until he would be laid to rest on that very hillside. Beyond the thin blue line of mountains lay his destiny, the winding road that by devious ways would after many years of wandering bring him to his goal. Loyalty and selflessness, service and singleness of purpose were the ideal by which he was to live, his blue-gray eyes forever set beyond those distant mountain heights caught in the golden mists of his ever broadening vision.

With a deep-breathed sigh the lad drank in once more the beauty of the scene about him. As he turned slowly to retrace his steps toward the house, he saw as in a dream the autumn and its beauty fade into the stillness of snow-clad hills edged by an ice-bound river. With his

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keen analytic mind, he pierced the ice, knowing that beneath, the water still moved seaward, while the naked trees listened in hushed wonder for spring's burgeoning. Then, with the first murmurings of spring, he too would be striking the trail across the mountains. At the moment he knew not what life held for him at the end of the trail, save in vague, shadowy dreams, dreams holding the earnest of a life given in his country's service. Yet, beyond the bend of the gleaming river and the dark line of the autumn-tinted trees brooding in the awed expectancy of the October sunlight, a nation lay dreaming, waiting to be born.

CHATTERTON—THE MARVELLOUS BOY

I

A WARM September sun of the year of 1763 streamed through the leaded windows of the minument room of St. Mary Redcliffe, touching the blackened beams here and there with color as the light caught in a bit of stained glass with which the windows had been partially filled in. Within the circle of the sunlight, beside an iron-bound chest, knelt a boy of eleven, his head bent over a yellowed manuscript upon which he was busily engaged transcribing bit by bit the old black-lettered parchment stretched upon the chest lid serving him as a desk. He might have been a monk working in his scriptorium, his blue-coat uniform not unlike the monkish habit. His blue-coat dress became his sturdy figure, its simplicity showing to advantage the proudly-poised head crowned by thick masses of dark, clustering hair.

He paused in his work to compare the two manuscripts, and the result seemed to please him, for he laughed softly to himself. He turned back to his copying from the yellowed parchment lying on the chest,—a bare record of Mr. Canynge's history, his founding of Bristol, his wealth and his munificence, his four terms of office as mayor, his payment of the fine imposed upon the town by Edward III. after the Wars of the Roses, his taking holy orders in his old age, and his subsequent consecration of his fortune to the building of St. Mary Redcliffe. Again the boy looked up, and this time he

frowned. The bare record of the man's life was there. But where were the bits that went toward the making of the mosaic whole? The boy's eyes travelling slowly among the patched glass in the windows, rested upon the broken figure of a haloed saint. The light in his gray eyes deepened, and a faint red flushed his cheeks. His heart beat faster, and he laughed a gay little laugh, startling the dust-gray rafters. Why should he not supply these missing details, fill in those colored bits even as the window? Perhaps too, it might be the means of bringing in a few shillings to line his empty purse. He picked up his quill in his slim, pointed fingers, and began to write again with slow, painstaking strokes, pausing now and then to compare his lettering with the original.

Glancing up, his eyes wandered dreamily toward the window flooded by the rich beauty of the sunlight, a tender radiance suffusing his sensitive, finely-modeled face, a face reflectant of the April moods that swept his turbulent spirit, its strength and its weakness gathered in the firm lines of the passionate, sullen mouth. His mind swept back to feudal times in which he most truly lived, stimulating as they did his inherent love and reverence for the past, satisfying his love of lavish display also. For this boy, whom none understood, least of all his mother, was of necessity driven in upon himself, his life of the imagination coming to him partly by the circumstances of his life, partly by inheritance, his sexton ancestors having bestowed upon the boy a store of antique associations together with an instinctive veneration for St. Mary Redcliffe, which they had guarded for one hundred and fifty years. He sighed, bending once more to his work, this time not to pause until the cool gray twilight creeping in through the windows forced him to lay aside his pen. In the fading light he held up the two pieces of

parchment. Of a truth it was a fair copy. With a little laugh the boy opened the chest laying his writing materials and the manuscripts within. Then locking the chest carefully, he glided silently from the room, and down the winding stairs, out into the twilight settling upon the town.

II

Mr. Burgum sat at his bench in his tiny shop in Temple Street, finishing off a large pewter porringer. His trade as a pewterer came to him as an inheritance. His father and his grandfather before him had sat on the very bench on which he now sat, had looked out through that same shop window filled with its array of shining pewter.

"I met Barrett at the Inn yestereven," he remarked turning his bullet head toward his partner, Mr. Catcott, who was busily burnishing a handsome tankard. "He's full of his history."

"He's womanish the way he loves to poke in dusty corners," George Catcott answered without looking up. "Has he discovered anything new?"

"He has his framework. Now he delves for detail which is a more difficult matter."

"Aye, the crumbs that make the loaf are easily scattered."

"Would that Squire Colston's gold was as free as his orders," Burgum broke in. "It's the crumbs in this trade I'm thinking."

"His reckoning grows heavy. But it is meet that we of the middle classes should wait upon the rich."

Burgum's mild blue eyes narrowed.

"I'm a plain man, Catcott, I do not deny," he said,

flaring like a candle flame. "But I wait not upon the rich for charity."

Catcott laughed noisily.

"You were ever a close-fisted knave, Burgum. The money is safe enough. Great bodies move slowly, that is all."

"Your wit is nimble like your reverend brother's, if not quite so fine, Catcott," Burgum grumbled, fitting the handle neatly to the porringer.

"Mayhap. I never aimed to be of the aristocracy," Catcott answered good humoredly. "Our pockets would be poorly lined were it not for the Squire."

"Expectation is a poor lining to keep out the cold," Burgum answered shortly. "No fleece linings for me."

A gust of wind sweeping across the shop made them turn to see a man rainsoaked and blown enter, shutting the door quickly behind him.

"Welcome to you, Barrett," Burgum and Catcott called out warmly. "What are you doing out on such a day?"

"The widow Chatterton is ill, and sent for me."

"Nothing likely to take her off, I hope?" Catcott asked quickly. "She is much needed."

"No, no. A temporary disorder. She is somewhat troubled about that eldest boy of hers."

"Thomas?"

"Yes. He's a strange lad, and difficult; delights in solitude, is moody and sullen. Yet, he is an affectionate boy, and loves his mother devotedly."

"I've heard he takes to verse and luxurious habits," Burgum ventured, picking up the porringer which he had laid aside on Barrett's entrance. "Tell me," he added after a pause, "how goes the history?"

Barrett frowned, passing his slim surgeon's fingers through his hair.

"I have the main facts, but as for details about Canynge, I can find no trace."

"Have you searched the records at the Town Hall?"

"All, but what they give is meagre and unsatisfying. In truth, I am at a standstill. Ah! here comes your reverend brother, George. Come to prove your theory of the Deluge, Alec?" he asked shaking hands with the fair-haired man who now entered as rainsoaked as he himself had been.

The reverend Alexander Catcott sank into a chair.

"Hardly that," he answered with pompous gravity. "The Deluge is too wet a subject to discuss on a day like this. I have been visiting one of my flock."

"The Deluge and his fossils are reserved for lawn parties," George interposed with a laugh.

"You lead your flock into a green pasture and give them stones for food?" Barrett asked, taking up the thread.

"Intellectual food, my dear Barrett, intellectual food! One must choose one's listeners, of course," Mr. Catcott answered sententiously.

"I am a plain man. Good honest ale and English beef for me," Burgum said dryly. "You and Barrett may feed on the dry dust of the past and call it intellectual food if you like."

"There's nothing dry about the Noachian theory of the Deluge, Burgum," Mr. Catcott began.

"Not if it's like the deluge outside," Barrett laughed as he wheeled round as a gust of wind blew across the shop. "Why it is Thomas Chatterton. Come in, my lad. Your mother's not sent for me again?" He held out his hand to the Blue-coat boy.

"No, sir, thank you," Chatterton answered taking the proffered hand and bowing gravely to the others. "I have come to see you, Mr. Burgum." He came over to where the pewterer sat. "I have discovered a secret about you."

"Indeed! Not a skeleton, I trust?"

"There is no room for skeletons in a plain man's closet," George cut in.

"A plain man!" Chatterton echoed. "Mr. Burgum is descended from one of the noblest families in England."

The pewterer started.

"You must be mistaken. I am a plain man," he answered brusquely.

"It is true, though," Chatterton persisted. "Here is the proof." He drew from beneath his cloak a manuscript copy book, spreading it out upon the table.

The men gathered about him, examining the manuscript critically. It was headed in large text: "ACCOUNT OF THE FAMILY OF THE DE BERGHAMS, FROM THE NORMAN CONQUEST TO THIS TIME; COLLECTED FROM ORIGINAL RECORDS, TOURNAMENT ROLLS, AND THE HERALDS OF MARCH AND GARTER RECORDS, BY T. CHATTERTON," and contained a pedigree elaborately traced up through no end of great names and illustrious marriages to one "Simon de Seyncte Lyze, alias Senliz," who coming over with the Conqueror, had married a daughter of the Saxon chief Waltheof, and became possessed of Burgham Castle in Northumberland and other properties, and had been eventually created Earl of Northampton.

George whistled.

"You a plain man! My lord!" He made a mocking

bow. "I understand at last your impatience with the rich."

Burgum made no reply. He stared stupidly at the page before him, while Barrett and the cleric traced the pedigree point by point, with the eagerness of the antiquarian. Yes, it hung together with scientific exactness. Not a flaw appeared on its fair surface.

"You interest yourself in these matters, boy?" Barrett asked, looking up into Chatterton's handsome face.

"I have made a most careful study of such things, sir."

"How did you obtain this knowledge?"

"As the manuscript tells you, principally from original records in my possession."

"How came you by them, Tom?"

"They belonged to my father, who obtained them from the large coffer in the minument room of St. Mary Redcliffe."

"Perhaps Thomas can assist you with those missing details in your history, William," the reverend Catcott suggested.

Barrett's dark eyes brightened. He rubbed his hands together slowly.

"Do you remember seeing among those manuscripts any mention of Canynge?" he asked eagerly of the boy.

"I can supply a detailed account sir, that I have gathered from fragments here and there."

"Bring them to my office to-morrow, and you will not go away unrepaid."

Chatterton's gray eyes flashed.

"To-morrow they shall be in your hands, Mr. Barrett."

"Of course you may not have anything new."

"I venture to think I shall, Mr. Barrett. Good-day, sir."

Burgum pleased with the honors thrust so unexpectedly upon him, slipped five shillings into Chatterton's hand.

"For your trouble," he said briefly.

The Blue-coat thanked him, and with a bow went out into the windswept street highly elated at the success of his scheme; most of all with the five shillings jingling in his pockets.

Barrett and the reverend Alexander still discussing the authenticity of certain documents relating to the town's history, bid farewell to their confrères, and departed.

"You a plain man!" George reiterated when he and Burgum were left alone. "Who'd ever have thought it!"

"Good honest ale and English beef for me still, George," Burgum made answer as he finished riveting the handle of the porringer.

"There's more than one theory now about the Deluge," George commented. "There's them as gets deluged with honors."

"It's a strange world, George. You can see only to the next turning, and not always as far as that," Burgum replied refilling his pipe.

A silence fell between them.

III

In the cool of a July afternoon, Chatterton lay stretched upon the river bank, gazing up in dreamy content at the beautiful Gothic lines of St. Mary Redcliffe, which was to him the gateway through which his imagination swept him into the great field of the past.

"See, Dorothy!" he exclaimed, turning to the girl

seated near him on the grass, "it is as if the old church smiled when the sunset light's upon it."

A disdainful little smile flitted across the girl's cold beautiful face.

"I cannot follow your flights of fancy, Tom," she answered languidly, her soul unmoved by the still beauty all about. "To me it is gray stone."

Chatterton frowned, roused from his dream.

"I worship beauty whether it be found in the gray stones of a church or in the Grecian lines of a girl's face," he answered looking boldly into her sapphire eyes.

The girl's eyes fell before his ardent gaze, and her cheeks flushed angrily.

"You think me as beautiful as that old relic of a church?" she asked petulantly, eyeing him from beneath her curling lashes.

"Beautiful as a goddess, rather," Chatterton answered impetuously, drawing close to her.

"You are a fool," she said with a laugh, pleased in spite of herself.

"At your service, madame," he answered claiming her lips.

They sat silent for awhile, looking off toward the Avon wending its way across the Redcliffe meadows.

"So you have left the Blue-coat School and are become apprenticed to the attorney, Mr. Lambert?" Dorothy Rumsey asked breaking the silence.

"Yes. It's a dog's life for one whose spirit would be free."

The beauty of Bristol smiled at his vehemence.

"It is an highly honorable profession, is it not?" she questioned half-teasingly.

"Highly honorable, doubtless," Chatterton replied iron-

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ically, "and like most exemplary things, dull and commonplace."

"You feel above the position?" the girl asked in open derision.

"Any dolt can be an attorney's apprentice. But who can bring back the past as I have done in the transcribing of those old manuscripts of which I told you? It's my cursed poverty keeps me chained." He threw back his handsome head with a proud gesture, his dark eyes flashing.

The bold beauty showed her pretty teeth, her soft laughter floating across the meadow.

"You are such a boy, Tom," she said lightly touching his cheek. "I believe you consider yourself the only mind in Bristol."

Chatterton flushed.

"I must speak what is in my heart to you, Dorothy," he said ruefully. "You know how I have worked through the dark, cold winter. Now when the spring comes——," he broke off bitterly.

Dorothy was pleased to draw him out. She loved to play with this handsome boy regardless of the morrow.

"The spring? Ah! your work, I suppose. What of that?" she questioned softly, her gaze lingering in the dark depths of his eyes.

Chatterton, starved for sympathy, poured forth his soul. He spoke with passionate eloquence of the hours of toil spent in the minument room transcribing ancient manuscripts. He touched on the second edition of Burgum's pedigree in which he had inserted the name of a poet, one John de Bergham, together with a short poem by this poet in the ancient dialect—"The Romaunte of the Cnychte"—dwelling at length on the Row-

ley poems that set forth the history of Canynge, and purporting to be by one Thomas Rowley, a monk of Bristol, and Canynge's friend, poet-laureate, in short, to this fifteenth century merchant prince.

"You have made a nobleman truly of the pewterer," the girl laughingly interrupted him.

"He's still a stingy ungrammatical goose for all the long pedigree I gave him," Chatterton answered with scorn. "As for the Catcotts and Barrett! I weary of casting pearls before swine."

"For whom do you save your pearls?" she questioned meaningly.

Chatterton, surging with his own ambitious schemes, failed to catch the personal note in his companion's voice.

"For the London Coffee-Houses where gather men like Walpole and Goldsmith."

The girl drew back, her eyes blazing.

"You toad! It is your mistress clad in yellow parchment that claims your very soul. What of me whom you have sworn to serve? Am I to be forgotten like a cast-off toy?"

"In making a name, I can best serve you, Lady Fire-fly," Chatterton retorted. "My future is to be bound neither by the Avon yonder nor by Bristol Common."

"Aye, you will go to London, and there meet other beauties, to whom you will swear a like devotion," she taunted him. "Oh! I hate you." Her face was flushed. Her dazzling beauty stirred Chatterton to his depths.

"You female Machiavel!" he said passionately, taking possession of her hands and drawing her to him. "God! I love you to madness in spite of your devilish temper," he continued, drinking in hungrily every detail of that beautiful face.

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The girl struggled to free herself, but he held her fast.

"Dorothy," he whispered striving to kiss her lips, "Dorothy, I love you, only you." His eyes were dark with passion.

"And I hate," she answered, averting her face.

"My love will wither your hate," the boy cried out.

The girl shivered. She turned half toward him with a swift glance.

"What of the pearls?" she flung up at him, her eyelids quivering slightly.

"The price of the pearls would be for you," he said, his face close to hers.

"A poet's speech," she said, a smile flitting across her face, pleased despite herself at the boy's ardent words.

"A poet's dream," he answered bitterly, releasing her hands.

The sun was setting, strewing its gold upon the meadow, the gleaming river, the moss-gray spire of St. Mary Redcliffe.

"We must return," Dorothy said at last breaking the silence that had fallen between them.

"Why?" he asked looking deep into those eyes that held him constant.

"We can't sit here forever, you foolish boy," she answered, a note of imperiousness in her voice.

They rose, following the path across the meadow toward the town. On the meadow's edge, Chatterton touched Dorothy's arm.

"See!" he said pointing toward the east. "It was there by the right of the great oak that Canynge and his friends gave plays in the olden time."

"Indeed!" The girl rippled her eyebrows. "Tragedy or comedy?"

The girl's scornful laugh chilled Chatterton, as if the sun had disappeared under a cloud. He turned upon her fiercely.

"Both. But why?" he demanded.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"My life is set more for comedy than tragedy," she answered lightly.

Chatterton looked at her long and searchingly. Had he mistaken her?

"You play at comedy or burlesque?" he asked dryly as they entered the town.

"Sometimes I witness both," she replied evasively.

With that they parted.

A gnawing loneliness gripped Chatterton as he wandered aimlessly down the quaint street bordered with timbered houses, the loneliness of a soul starving for sympathy and being understood by none, driven in perforce upon itself. He had been happy that afternoon, and he had laid bare his soul to this girl, believing that in her he possessed a friend to whom he might confide his deepest thoughts. Had she been playing with him? He flushed hotly at the thought. Perhaps she had been teasing as was her wont. But the sting had driven the poison deep. She was like the rest, a deceiver, a heartless coquette unable to understand. He paused to find himself in the meadow again. Behind the church spire a crescent moon was rising. The beauty deepened the pain. For the boy's soul was filled with bitterness.

"They may try to make a fool of me," he muttered defiantly, but I shall outwit them all." He flung himself on the grass and sobbed. Near him the river murmured, while across the still July sky a star flared and vanished into the night.

IV

The summer slipped away and winter came, but to blossom once more into summer. It was early September, and Barrett sat in his study absorbed in the latest issue of Felix Farley's Journal. Bristol was still agog over the opening of the new bridge which ceremony had taken place with much civic pomp a few days before.

Barrett read the article through twice, scrutinizing the signature, "Dunhelmus Bristolensis," before laying the paper aside to fumble among the litter of papers strewn on his desk.

"Strange that I have found no trace of such an event in my delvings among the Bristol archives," he muttered, his search proving vain.

Stuffing the Journal into his pocket, he put on his hat and went out. He walked rapidly eastward, nor did he pause until he reached a low ivy-grown rectory where dwelt its august incumbent the Reverend Alexander Catcott. The reverend gentleman answering Barrett's knock, ushered him with a hearty welcome into the tiny study.

Barrett pushed the Journal into Catcott's hand.

"Have you seen it?" he asked briefly.

"The article about the old bridge?" Catcott questioned in return, recognizing the paper. "Yes. It will be a useful addition to your history."

"It is strange that I have found no inkling of this in my thorough searchings among the archives."

"One must delve deep for facts and fossils," Catcott

answered with a laugh. "Oftentimes they lie buried beneath much debris."

"True, and yet the archives have been well-preserved."

"Have you guessed the author?"

"I had thought of the boy Chatterton. But that seems scarcely likely. He would not have withheld so important an item knowing my need."

Catcott wagged his head solemnly.

"Love of notoriety is a weakness of youth. You cannot blame him too severely."

"Perhaps not. Still he knew the importance of my history. I should not have prevented the publication of his discovery."

"At all events, if the fellow is as clever as he seems, with us lies the honor of having first recognized the lad's talent."

Barrett smiled.

"True. We must exploit him as our protégé. However I would question the lad closely as to the source of his information." Barrett picked up his hat.

"You doubt the boy's sincerity?"

"Why are the archives so deficient?" Barrett asked bluntly.

"With fossils,—" Catcott began. Barrett interrupted him.

"Haven't time for dissertation, old chap," he said with a laugh. "We can talk it over to-night at the 'White Hart' with George and Burgum." And he was gone.

That same evening, Barrett and his fellow antiquarians, Burgum and the two Catcotts, summoned Chatterton to "White Hart" where it was their custom to meet to discuss their hobbies, and where sometimes sitting about

the fire they listened to Chatterton while he read them from his Rowley poems, or perchance, his tragedy of "Goddwynn" or of "Aella."

Chatterton found the four men seated as usual by the fire, smoking and chatting. They made room for him, motioning him to a vacant seat.

"You've brought some manuscript with you I see," the reverend Catcott remarked noting the roll of parchment under the boy's arm.

"Yes," Chatterton replied, "a few old poems I thought you would be glad to hear."

"But first, Tom my lad, tell us your authority for that article you wrote for Felix Farley's Journal," Barrett said abruptly, his historic sense keenly alive.

Chatterton's cheeks flushed crimson, his brows knitting sharply together.

"You question it, Mr. Barrett?" he retorted.

"As an historian I question everything until I have the proofs," Barrett answered with slow emphasis.

"Perhaps I did not write it. Why do you fasten its authorship on me?" Chatterton parried, scowling.

"It is not difficult, my boy. For a year past you have brought me scraps of information for my history."

"You have not questioned these facts. However, if you must know, I did write the article, and I have in my possession proofs of its authenticity."

"And that proof?"

"The original manuscript," Chatterton answered sullenly.

"How came you by it?" Burgum put in.

"It is of that same collection belonging to my father of which I told you when I found your pedigree," Chatterton replied, turning to the pewterer.

"Why did you not tell me of it? It would have pushed my history forward tremendously," Barrett questioned renewing the attack.

"One cannot be a pot-boy always, Mr. Barrett. I too have ambitions."

"We are all human, Barrett," the reverend Catcott laughed. "Facts or fossils, we would exploit as well as find them."

Barrett frowned.

"We have treated you otherwise, Tom," he said, not heeding the interruption. "We have interested ourselves in your career, and have even put money in your way."

"Perhaps for your own ends rather than to help me, sir. I have my own way to hew. Think you that to catch the ear of Bristol alone will satisfy?"

"Pray what will? Think you to set the Thames afire?" the surgeon asked bitingly.

Chatterton rose abruptly, his head tossed back defiant.

"I not only think, I know. For the fuse that will set it aflame is already lighted."

"You grow boastful, Tom."

"Who would not with a letter of one Horace Walpole in his possession?"

"Horace Walpole!" the men gasped.

"None other, gentlemen. You would have proof?" he asked ironically, drawing the letter from his pocket and handing it to Barrett. "It is in reply to one of mine own penning in which I enclosed him some of my Rowley poems," Chatterton added by way of explanation.

Barrett read the letter aloud. It ran as follows:

"ARLINGTON ST., March 28, 1769.

"Sir—I cannot but think myself singularly obliged by a gentleman with whom I have not the pleasure of being acquainted,

when I read your very curious and kind letter, which I have this minute received. I give you a thousand thanks for it, and for the very obliging offer you make of communicating your manuscript to me. What you have already sent me is valuable, and full of information; but, instead of correcting you, sir, you are far more able to correct me. I have not the happiness of understanding the Saxon language, and, without your learned notes, should not have been able to comprehend Rowley's text.

"As a second edition of my ANECDOTES was published last year, I must not flatter myself that a third will be wanted soon; but I shall be happy to lay up any notices you will be so good as to extract for me and send me at your leisure; for, as it is uncertain when I may use them, I would by no means borrow or detain your MSS.

"Give me leave to ask you where Rowley's poems are to be found. I should not be sorry to print them, or at least a specimen of them, if they have never been printed.

"The Abbot John's verses that you have given me are wonderful for their harmony and spirit, though there are some words that I do not understand. You do not point out exactly the time when he lived; which I wish to know, as I suppose it was long before John van Eyck's discovery of oil-painting: if so, it confirms what I have guessed and hinted in my ANECDOTES, that oil-painting was known here much earlier than that discovery or revival.

"I will not trouble you with more questions now, Sir; but flatter myself, from the urbanity and politeness you have already shown me, that you will give me leave to consult you. I hope, too, you will forgive the simplicity of my direction, as you have favored me with none other.

"I am, sir, your much obliged and obedient servant,

"HORACE WALPOLE.

"P.S.—Be so good as to direct to Mr. Walpole, Arlington Street."

When he had finished, Barrett handed Chatterton back the letter.

"You are fortunate, my lad, to have won the interest of so great a man," he said generously. "I trust the interest will not cool as suddenly as it was aroused."

Chatterton was exultant.

"He did not demand proofs. He knew at once my manuscripts were genuine."

"He is not an historian," Barrett answered with *hauteur*.

Chatterton raised his eyebrows.

"Mr. Walpole's antiquarian knowledge is as London is to Bristol," he said coolly replacing the letter in his pocket. "Good-evening, gentlemen." With a triumphant bow he turned on his heel and left them.

"Our eaglet would soar high," George Catcott remarked from his corner of the fire.

"A damned ungrateful beggar, I call him," Burgum grumbled.

Barrett rubbed his slim white hands thoughtfully together, and stared into the fire.

"It will not do to clip his wings," he said at last. "When he has hit the sun, maybe he will be content to roost on common earth awhile."

Alexander Catcott shook his head.

"I give him one more year of Bristol. The bait Walpole has thrown will be swallowed whole, not nibbled."

"He will feel the hook afterwards," his brother rejoined jocosely.

"Mayhap. Experience is a great teacher," the cleric answered sententiously. "But I must home and burn a candle or two over my fossils before turning in," he added as he rose to go.

"Don't burn them at both ends," George put in facetiously.

Barrett rose also.

"I will go along with you as far as the church, Alec. I also have some work to do before retiring."

Thus the cronies parted for the night.

A year later, these same four men were seated in their accustomed places before the Inn fire.

"I was a prophet," the reverend Alexander Catcott was saying. "I gave the boy a year more in Bristol before he would break his moorings."

"Tom must be mad," Barrett answered folding up a letter he had been reading to the others.

"You have seen the lad?" Burgum asked.

"Yes, and striven with him."

"To what effect?" George inquired dryly.

Barrett shook his head.

"Little I fear, though he was moved to tears. Poor boy! I can but pity him."

"Pity him!" Burgum snorted. "Why should one pity a fool?"

"No fool, but a genius. You may call it a misfortune if you like," Barrett interposed kindly. "We must not be too hard on the boy."

"Did he give any reason for his folly?" the reverend Catcott questioned.

"An uncongenial occupation."

"There are many such," Burgum grumbled.

"Aye. But with Tom's proud nature it drives to madness. His soul is tortured. He cried out to me that he 'must either live a slave, a servant to have no will of my own which I may freely declare as such, or *DIE*'."

"What do you purpose doing in the matter?" his reverence asked.

"I propose that we give the lad a chance, send him to London where he may try his wings," Barrett answered heartily.

"Why should not Bristol be large enough for him as well as for us?" Burgum muttered, his fingers closing involuntarily over his purse.

"Should he succeed, the glory would accrue to Bristol, and the credit to us who recognized genius in the smouldering flame," Alexander Catcott put in pompously.

"I side with Barrett. The lad should be given a chance. You can count on me for a contribution toward the boy's outfit and the expenses of the journey, Barrett."

"Thanks, Catcott. I knew I could count on you."

"Of course if you think it best," Burgum said grudgingly, "you can count on me also."

"I'm in this too," George added quickly, knocking the ashes from his pipe.

So it was settled, and a week later Chatterton, his eyes alight, bid farewell to Bristol, setting his face toward London.

V

Chatterton sat at his attic window, gazing out into the sultry August night. His pale face rested on his hands; his bold, gray eyes burned feverishly. He leaned out stifled by the closeness of his room only to feel the foul air steeped with the stench of uncleaned streets beat upon his face. It was late, and Brooke Street was quiet, sleeping despite the squalor and the misery tucked away within its tumbledown houses. Presently the stillness was rudely broken as a man and woman reeled round the corner singing snatches of a song. Chatterton surveyed them, a bitter smile playing about his thin set lips. At least they had purchased temporary forgetfulness, while he, who had not tasted food for two days struggled with despair. "Oh, God! was there nothing could still that gnawing agony?" he cried out. "Was this the end of all his dreams? to starve like a rat in a garret because a few self-centered editors and publishers closed their doors in his face?" His thoughts swept rapidly over the four months he had been in London,—months of roseate hopes that had faded one by one, months when he had buoyed himself up by

writing brave letters home, letters in which he magnified a meagre success with the skill of a boaster perhaps, yet letters thrilling with a spirit that would never admit itself conquered. He recalled his first interview with Fell, publisher of the "Freeholder's Magazine," when Fell had opened the pages of the magazine to him, promising as remuneration his patronage and an introduction to Wilkes, who Fell insisted possessed a high opinion of him. The words rang ironically in his ears now. "Chatterton only eighteen! Upon my soul, I don't believe it. So young a man could not write like this." Chatterton laughed bitterly as he thought of that vanished dream. The flattery had been sweet, but Fell had gone to prison for his liberal views instead of introducing him to Wilkes.

Below in the street the drunken song rose and fell, interlarded with soulless laughter and ribald jest. Chatterton's face hardened. So this was life! a hopeless struggle, a tuneless thing like the drunken song quavering up to him from the sultry street, and ending how? He felt the pangs of hunger, and thought of his empty purse; of Edmunds, of Hamilton and the rest who bade him feed on paltry honors and be thankful that he got into print at all, or paid him such a pittance as would scarce feed a sparrow, caring little whether he starved or not.

"An artist works not for recompense," he remembered Hamilton answered when he had asked for a larger honorarium.

"An artist must live," he had answered. But Hamilton had shrugged his shoulders, bidding him ply his trade elsewhere if the terms suited him not.

Even Beckford, the Lord Mayor, who had taken some interest in him, and through whose influence he had

gained entrance to two political papers, had died inopportunately. He recalled the glowing description he had written home, of his visit to the Lord Mayor's house, and his laugh rang out into the night like a startled echo of that rude laughter in the narrow street. Why not end it all, instead of beating his life out against fate's iron bars? All the avenues through which he had hoped to win freedom had closed in upon him one by one. August had come with its heat and dullness. Business was at a standstill; editors and publishers were away, their magazines were overstocked; the Coffee-Houses were empty: from them there was no hope. How was he to live? How tell his mother of his condition? That cut most of all. The sodden pair in the street had moved away, the night quiet reigned once more along its narrow, ill-lighted windings. The boy's mood softened as he thought of his mother, and his eyes sought the silence of the summer stars. She had been so proud of him, though she had never understood him. Oh, God! she must not know.

What of the Rowley poems which he had loved with all his deep passionate nature? His eyes grew dark and wild. He thought of the meadow behind St. Mary Redcliffe on a certain moonlight night, the color flooding his pale cheeks as he thought of Dorothy Rumsey, and heard her bantering laughter mingling with the sneers of half Bristol. No, no. They should never know his shame. He would end it all that night. He would die unknown in his garret room. He took out a little phial from his pocket, fingering it lovingly. After all, there was a way of escape from which none could cheat him. He glanced up again at the quiet sky, where on the horizon's rim there gathered an ink black cloud.

To his fevered fancy it seemed symbolic. Truly he sat "throned in a broken chair within an inch of a thunder-cloud." To-night he would outwit the thunder-cloud. When it burst, he would have escaped the deluge. He turned back into the stifling room. The floor was strewn with papers; the table where he had been writing, was littered with half written sheets. By the feeble rays of his sputtering candle he made his way to the door and barred it, listening intently. No one stirred. When he had come in fagged and weary that afternoon after a day of fruitless tramping, his landlady had invited him to dine. He had refused, though his empty stomach had cried out against such foolish pride. Now he feared she might come again to his door. But all was still. She slept unsuspecting. He turned back to the bed and sat down, a set smile upon his lips.

"To Bristol and the dolts of London!" he said grimly, lifting the phial with a mocking gesture, and quaffing its contents.

He sat as one transfixed watching the sputtering candle on the table. The phial slipped from his nerveless fingers, and suddenly the guttering candle flickered and went out. From out the heart of the darkness there fluttered a deep sigh. Silence again. Presently the tenseness of that silence was broken by the soft thud of a body. Then all was still. Across the night sky a star sped its course, and dropped glowing into the threatening west.

VI

"Who is this fellow Thomas Chatterton to whose memory this doggerel verse is penned?" Johnson asked laying aside the October number of "Town and Country."

"A youth of genius who rather than face starvation, committed suicide last August," Goldsmith answered gently. "Oh, the pity of it! Had I only known!"

"Did hack work for the magazines on starvation wages?" Walpole asked lightly as he puffed his pipe contentedly.

The three men had gathered about the fire of the Gerard Club,—their first meeting since they had separated for the summer vacation.

"More than that, judging from what I have learned. He was also a transcriber of various ancient pieces of poetry. Indeed, it is a marvellous treasure the boy unearthed," Goldsmith added, waxing enthusiastic.

Johnson laughed.

"You're always unearthing treasures, Goldy. Where is your proof that they are genuine?"

"I have been in communication with a Mr. Catcott of Bristol who knew the boy."

"Bristol?" Walpole exclaimed, pricking up his ears. "I seem to recall having had some correspondance with a Bristolian about some ancient poems. What did you say the lad's name was?"

"Chatterton,—Thomas Chatterton."

"Ah! I remember now. A peppery lad! He sent me a bundle of poems purporting them to be transcriptions from some old manuscripts composed three hundred years ago by one Thomas Rowley, a priest of Bristol."

"You have seen them, then?" Johnson questioned.

"Yes, and might have had the honor of ushering the great discovery to the learned world," Walpole answered, a touch of irony in his voice.

"Why didn't you?" Johnson demanded bluntly.

"I was not sure of their authenticity for one thing. I held them for awhile, thinking to investigate the matter

further. Then I went abroad and, in fact, forgot them."

"You never sent them back?"

Walpole nodded, an amused smile overspreading his face.

"On my return, I found two impertinent letters from the young cub summarily demanding them. I packed the manuscripts off to him without more ado, and there the matter ended. You say the boy killed himself?"

"Yes, too proud to beg, too proud to admit his failure at home, he took poison in a Brooke Street garret."

"If I had only known," Walpole groaned. "Have you seen any of the poems?" he asked after a pause.

"I secured this one from the fellow Catcott," Goldsmith answered, drawing a manuscript from his pocket. It was the "Song of the Bereaved Maiden" in "Aella."

"You say the lad was but eighteen?" Johnson queried, more incredulous after the reading of the poem than before.

"But eighteen," Goldsmith assented. "Truly a marvellous boy!"

"He is the most extraordinary young man that has encountered my knowledge: it is wonderful how the young whelp has written such things," Johnson replied, skepticism still lingering in his voice.

"Egad! a star hath flashed across our horizon and hath vanished while London slept," Walpole commented, his eyes resting upon the stained and yellowed parchment. "Starved in a garret, and I might have saved him," he repeated huskily, turning away.

Johnson stared silently into the fire; but Goldsmith's eyes were wet with sudden tears.

BLAKE—THE BOY OF THE LONDON STREETS

PARS DRAWING SCHOOL was disgorging itself for the noon hour's rest. From every floor of the ramshackle old building, students were making their way out into the sunbaked London street. The room on the second floor seemed at a first glance empty; even the model had gone: yet in a far corner across the irregular line of easels stood a boy working still over a charcoal drawing of a nude figure, a figure that despite its crudeness and half finished state, revealed the power of the master touch. Motion, free and beautiful, expressed itself in the long curved lines, in the swirl, in the originality and certain strangeness of the conception, in the depth of interpretation lurking behind those few firm lines. The drawing master had seen only that the drawing did not measure up to conventional standards. The drawing was out, the figure of the model had possessed no such freedom of motion. He had rebuked the Boy severely for his inaccuracy and inattention, brushing aside the Boy's protest that "he saw it that way."

"Learn to see it as it is. Do it over, or go," the master had snapped as he left the room.

A pained expression still rested on the sensitive face of the Boy, but the mouth had set into a thin line; in the dreamy, dark eyes a fire still smouldered. He would draw the thing as he saw it, or not at all. He was poorly clad, this brown-haired Boy of the London streets; yet he was neat. His coat was threadbare, but carefully brushed. His shoes were patched and scuffed, but whole.

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His face was white and pinched; his features heavy, marking him of the people: but it was a mobile face with no suggestion of peasant stolidity. A poet's sensitiveness lurked there, a sensitiveness that registered the swift play of moods that swept him.

He yawned, stretched himself, and throwing down his bit of charcoal moved slowly toward the window. His pocket was empty. He had no coppers to spend on luncheon. He would stay where he was for the noon hour rest. Through the window the June air of this year of 1767 came burdened with the fragrance of far-off hayfields, that dominated for the moment the close atmosphere of the smoke-bound London streets. The Boy leaned against the window sniffing the air, his head thrown back, his eyes wrapped in contemplation of the June sky. Somewhere beyond the grimy line of chimney pots lay the fields of fresh mown hay basking in the June sunlight, fair fields smiling up at that same sapphire sky that here in London had lost something of its lustre; but the Boy was thinking neither of the grime of London, nor of the sunlit world lying beyond its borders. Though but fourteen, the Boy stood at a crossroads, and his mind was bent upon the future and what it was to hold for him. The master's words that morning had cut deep, but after all they did not matter much. His work at Pars was over, and it was his next step that was of importance. Hope was high, his vision reaching to the stars. Yet he had never known what it was not to want; necessity pressed hard upon him and his family. A bread winner he must be first of all. For four years he had studied at Pars; now it was time he was up and doing; but what? Once an artist had visited the school, and had singled out his drawing from among the rest. Though servile in his acquiescence, the wrath of the drawing

master, whose one-legged vision could not leap the bars of the conventional, was brought to bear privately upon the Boy who had thus innocently overshadowed the drawing-master's favorite pupil. Artist to the finger tips, the Boy dimly realized that his work was not of a kind to bring in bread and butter. It was different, distinctive, possessed of a splendid isolation because of its strangeness, bringing with it a new message which a thoughtless world must learn to interpret; and the world was never tender with those who forced it to stop and think. Should he barter this heaven-born talent of his for gold? The Boy's eyes flashed fire. Rather than that, he would stand behind the counter of his father's shop doing the work of a common drudge. Soil the gift vouchsafed him by the gods? Never.

The loneliness of the artist had been his from babyhood, loneliness even in his home where he was regarded as an exotic, a delicate flower that had somehow taken root in the kitchen garden. A good, wholesome atmosphere he had grown up in, yet totally uncongenial. No one understood him, and he lacked that communion of spirit for which he yearned, that sympathy which was in part accorded him by the gentle, devoted mother. She it was who encouraged in him his love of art, of designing and sketching even though she failed to understand the depth of its significance. Her mother instinct recognized that this Boy was of finer mould than the rest, that for him the future held other things than the daily round of their tiny, fog-bound world. Thus possessed with a blind faith, she gave the Boy of her sympathy despite the fact that she failed to understand him. At ten the Boy had been proclaimed an artist; at twelve, a poet: but of his visions the Boy had ceased to speak altogether, it having been forced home upon him very

The Boy of the London Streets III

early that others did not see the things he saw. They ridiculed him, calling him an idle dreamer. So the sensitive Boy had crept more and more into himself, dwelling in an isle of dreams and visions that already he had begun to express not only in his drawings and designs in which his thought was clothed in symbols, but also in verse, rude but melodious, full of fine thought and pervaded with "a deep and peculiar feeling." Often the Boy composed simple yet characteristic music for his songs, his gift expressing itself thus in a three-fold language, making him unique and giving him almost unlimited freedom in the unfolding of his thought. To the Boy, this world of the imagination was "the world of Eternity, a real world to which he gained entrance in a glowing flash of intuition, a haven of refuge where he could find true beauty," where the thirst of his soul might for the moment be assuaged. A passion for beauty had dominated the Boy always, and the attitude of childlike wonder that he portrayed toward life revealed the poet in him. Later he would realize that his sensitiveness to the influence of the imagination was, as it was everyman's, his nearest approach to truth. In these Songs of Innocence, which with characteristic uniqueness, he often set to music, he, all unknowing, was giving expression of that age of exquisite illusion when "life is a thing not to be reasoned about, but the world is a toy of the imagination, and the delicately colored visions of the child are the only real things of life." Thus in verse, he was already expressing the haunting beauty of childhood,—"the fleeting of a smile, in the same manner as do the porcelains of Lucca della Robbia." Lonely, forced in upon himself, the Boy entered "into Noah's rainbow, making a friend and a companion of one of these images of wonder which always entreat

him to leave mortal things." His "was the voice of wisdom in a child, who had not yet forgotten the world out of which the soul came," a "voice as spontaneous as the note of a bird, an affirmation of life; in its song, which seemed mere music, it was the mind which sang; it was lyric thought." He felt himself under the direction of heavenly messengers, daily and nightly, and in the light of visions did he traverse a marvellous country whose entrance gate few find, or in finding fail to recognize, their blindness unable to penetrate into that inner shrine of a poet's world.

Once his mother had taken him to Westminster Abbey, a place so steeped in beauty that ecstasy had filled his soul. He had sat wrapped, his eyes drinking in the beauty of those unsurpassed architectural lines, his ears filled with the wonderful tones of the organ until the people about him had faded and a vision had come to him of Christ and the Apostles clothed in shimmering whiteness. When his mother touched him, he had followed her silently, his eyes still upon the wonders he had witnessed; but for his abstraction, he offered no explanation nor excuse. Derisive laughter or an attitude of scornful scepticism, even more unbearable, would greet his words. Experience had taught him that. Only a few days before, his father had taken him to the famous engraver Ryland with the idea of apprenticing the Boy to him. When the Boy and his father had gotten outside after the interview, the Boy had said: "Father, I'd rather be apprenticed to Basire. I don't like Ryland's face." Pressed for an answer, the Boy had merely answered: "His face looks as if he will live to be hanged"—a prophecy ridiculed at the moment, that was to be fulfilled some twelve years later.

The Boy's father was a hosier, and but for his mother's

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pleadings the Boy's destiny would have been the shop instead of Pars Drawing School. He had always loathed the dingy shop, which represented to him always the very essence of the Philistinism his soul abhorred, an atmosphere atrophying perforce because of its unrelieved persistence, denying thus the needed "liberty of body and mind to exercise the divine arts of Imagination." The thralldom of the shop had loomed before him even during these years at Pars; for it could not be expected that he should be a burden to his father who had many mouths to feed on a slim purse. Yet, the father's pride in the Boy, stirred by the praise of the artist who had seen the Boy's work at Pars, and who had strongly advocated the Boy's taking up painting as a profession, now offered the Boy the possibility of this career which was his very life. That it meant an enormous sacrifice, the Boy knew well; and the noble generosity of the offer, now that the golden apple lay within his grasp, made him hold back. He shrank from accepting so great a sacrifice. Was there no way out? No road by which he could climb to his goal without the tremendous cost? Designing had always been his forte, his mind clothing his thought by means of symbolic figures. If he apprenticed himself to the engraver Basire, it would be an outlet by which he might give expression to the thoughts surging within him, a medium in which he might even introduce color when he became a master of his art. Yet the world of color in which the painter dwelt drew him almost irresistibly.

The Boy was essentially a gamin of the London streets, their fog and grime part of his bone and sinew; yet to the lad they were woven into delicate webs of colored mystery. Touched by his imagination, the fog was color-shot with beauty, Celtic in its haunting elusiveness.

From the London streets the Boy had gotten his first outlook on life, and from that vantage ground, he viewed the city life in all its rich variety stream past him. It had led him to the door of the Coffee Houses where he had watched all the great lights of the London art world, especially the men of letters, pass in and out,—Goldsmith, Gray, Johnson, Wordsworth, Chatterton; now and again he caught the spindrift of their talk. It stirred up in him an intense longing for knowledge, and such books as he could get he devoured hungrily. Once Goldsmith, attracted by the eager, sensitive face, had paused by the door to speak with the little lad, and finding the Boy hungry for books had loaned him a copy of Ossian. It marked a turning point in the Boy's career. In some such manner the Boy had also come to know Percy's Reliques, and the Elizabethans, notably Spenser; and under their spell he had written "An Island in the Moon,"—full of imaginative power.

There was another aspect of the London streets with which he was infinitely more familiar, cutting a more indelible impression on the mind of the child, coloring his whole life; for the Boy at best touched but the fringe of London's literary life with its gay gatherings at the Coffee Houses. Naturally speculative, the Boy from babyhood had probed, had striven to analyze those things, which forcing themselves upon his consciousness, gave him no rest until the problem they presented had been solved. Caused partly by his surroundings, for he was a child of the slums, the problem of good and evil was forced in upon him early, a problem that was never to cease troubling him, a riddle of the Sphinx that would haunt him always, that mystery and that warring of elements which later he was to interpret in symbolic figures of wood into which he had breathed the very

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breath of life. Yet this Boy, who from circumstance saw and knew so much of life in the raw, life in all its tawdry unloveliness, was possessed of a deep spirituality that would hold him ever apart. Tinged inevitably with the dark tragedy of life, its pitilessness, its inequality, he was not overcome by it. Beyond the Gate of Horn there lay forever bright a spaceless country wherein his spirit dwelt, a place where no dark cloud might dim the crystal beauty of his vision. There he was the joyous piper of his songs, "piping down the valleys wild, piping songs of pleasant glee," the ecstatic child of delicate fancy whose song was spun of merry laughter, and of thoughts as exquisite as the tracery of a gothic window, color-shot, touched by the sun's ray. He was a child lost in a poet's dream, unmindful of the ribald laughter echoing down the street, of the cry of the poor and of the misery haunting the evil-smelling byways of London. These same streets of London were to be his battle ground; for life for him would always be a struggle against fearful odds,—want, loneliness, the ceaseless toil of the artist striving to make his voice heard above the din of a city's roar. Always would he be struggling within the grimy line of chimney pots stretching endlessly across the June sky. Yet, even as the Boy standing by the window catching the odor of new-mown hay, saw fields where wild flowers ran riot amid tall waving grass, so would his spirit always soar beyond the range of the smoke-stained actual into those realms of "sweetness and light" for which his spirit yearned. Outwardly his life was to be bounded by the drab chimney pots of fog-blurred London; but his soul unfettered would never cease to reach out and touch that fair world of the imagination in which he most truly dwelt. This world would always lie behind the

beyond ; but it was there,—a possession of which no man might rob him.

The sound of tramping feet aroused the Boy, and he turned from the window with a sigh. The hour of rest was over ; the students were returning to their work in the crowded classroom. As the Boy moved slowly to his place, he saw his path, not the one he most desired,—the way of the painter,—but the way of the artist still. His work at Pars was finished ; he would gain nothing by remaining longer. On the morrow he would apprentice himself to Basire, the engraver ; he would by unremitting toil perfect his art ; he would strike a new note in engraving by introducing color, even as his conceptions would be unique, conceptions whose symbolism only the discerning few might interpret. Quietly he picked up his half-finished drawing, and went out into the sunlit street, his face caught in the red glow of his dreams, turned toward the future, that future of toil and disappointment, want and blinding sweat ; but a future holding crystal clear his world of vision, the June sky and the green fields lying beyond the rows of grimy chimney pots.

HAMILTON—THE BOY OF ST. KITTS

A DISQUIETING stillness overhung Nevis, the sultry atmosphere charged with the ominous portend of the coming storm, a portend that caused the Boy Alexander, despite the August heat, to keep his horse at a gallop along the superb avenue of royal palms leading past the Lyttons, his uncle's estate, where he paused but long enough to shout his warning of the coming storm. Suddenly, despite the wall of wind at his back, the horse reared, swerving to the left only just in time to avoid a great palm that crashed across the road. The Boy, sensitive, high-strung, shivered, though he pushed on, the memory of his mother flashing before him, the memory of a mother's tenderness, when he, a tiny fellow had been transfixed with terror. He had been standing near the shore throwing pebbles into the blue water, absorbed in watching the circles that he made, when of a sudden he heard a swish close to the beach, followed by the appearance of the white belly of a shark. Terror stricken he had fled to his mother, taking refuge behind her skirts. Something of that childish terror of the unseen, of the supernatural gripped the Boy now as he threaded his way between the ripening fields of cane and patches of woodland toward the Mitchell's, the mangroves swelling the murmur of the ever rising wind, an indefinable moaning at first, like the quiet sobbing of a child, deepening as he passed, into the wailing of those mysterious, myriad voices of the sea. As the wind rose, so the Boy's struggle to accomplish his errand grew

fiercer, a battle between elemental forces in which the Boy's indomitable will would conquer. To surmount difficulty, to rise unconquered no matter what the odds, was the very essence of the lad's whole nature. Born a conqueror, life to this Boy of destiny, was a titanic struggle, which by the sheer force of his character he must overcome, must win, his unconquerable spirit to be one of the living foundation stones of a great nation.

Ingrained in the Boy's nature, was British ruggedness, tenacity and stubborn oneness of purpose, the heritage bestowed upon him by his Scotch father. While from his mother, whom he worshipped with all the intensity of his passionate nature, he had inherited her splendid intellect, her French ardor and sparkling wit and humor, a humor that bitter experience was already deepening into cynicism. His dark gray eyes, so like his mother's, gleamed and sparkled, as with his massive head thrown back, his delicately chiseled mouth parted in a smile, giving to the boyish, sunburnt fairness of his face, a rare sweetness and beauty. Yet for all his beauty, there was nothing effeminate nor weak in the lad's face, his firm chin, sharply cut nose and full brow lending strength and purposefulness. Virility marked every movement of his supple, well-knit body, his proud bearing and graceful carriage in no way diminished by his shortness of stature.

As he raced on, striving to outstrip the whirlwind, memories flooded in upon the Boy, his imagination kindled to white heat as he visioned the utter desolation the hurricane would leave in its wake, the wreckage of all his fondest hopes and ambitions that for five years had eaten at his heart, the desire to go to college that he might prepare himself for a professional career. From his window in his uncle Tom Mitchell's house, how

often he had sat for hours dreaming of the future, the future that lay somewhere in the mist-shrouded sea lying beyond the blue line of the peaks of St. Thomas and St. John, that vast untrammelled sea beyond the foam-rimmed line of the sounding reef; for in the harbor of Charlotte Amalie at St. Thomas, there sometimes rode one hundred and eighty ships. As the Boy had stared at the blue hills above her, this centre of the maritime trade of the West Indies was to his kindled imagination a bit of the great world for which his boyish soul yearned, the first step beyond the narrow confines of his island home leading out toward the great goal of his ambitions, King's College and New York. From that same window, too, he could see the gay Park behind the Fort; while towering above the walls of Government House, his eye, quick to note beauty, followed the curve of the mountain, its shimmering green studded by the glistening façades of the stone houses of the landowners, houses each with its arcade and outside staircase, bearing the imprint of Spanish occupation. The Boy's artist soul turned ever to the mountains and the sea for solace, the sea his mother had loved so passionately, and had found comfort in in many a tragic hour of her shadowed life.

Alexander's proud spirit chaffed at the restraint that bound him to the counting house, a life utterly distasteful to him, giving him no play for his ambition, nor intellectual recreation with his equals. His was a mind that could concentrate without effort upon whatever demanded its powers, that could master the details of even a hated task with incredible swiftness. Yet a boy with such intellectual superiority was destined in that provincial town to a lonely existence. Small men shunned him for his gifted mind. They feared his brilliant sallies of wit as putting them at a disadvantage. Sensitive

and proud, the Boy shrunk into himself, and his humor deepened into cynicism. Driven in upon himself, he kept his ever active brain exercised by study. With all his intense energy he threw himself into the study of mathematics, chemistry and history, studies which he pursued under the wise tutelage of his friend and confidant, Hugh Knox, the man who, because of his breadth of vision, became a great moulding force in the Boy's life. It was he who saw the restive spirit within, and who exercised patience with the Boy in his studies; he who encouraged him to go on when for a moment he was threatened with despair; he who, realizing the Boy's high destiny, gave him untiringly of his best that the Boy might be ready when the moment arrived, and go forth equipped as far as possible to meet the world beyond the sea. To this end, Hugh Knox, and a glowing joy gripped the Boy's heart as he dwelt for a moment upon the large hearted loyalty of his friend, had for five years been bringing pressure to bear especially upon the Mitchells, to send Alexander to King's College. So far he had failed, and the Boy's pride had been stung to the quick by his uncle's persistent refusal. Hugh counseled patience, registering a vow in his own mind that he would never let go his demand until the Boy was given his chance. The Boy's cup of bitterness overflowed when his friend, Ned Stevens, had gone a few months before. Yet it made him the more determined, and he doggedly hung on to his hated job in the counting house. Only once did the Boy give way to his tropical temper, it happening in this wise. Mr. Cruger, the head of the counting house, had left Alexander in charge while he was absent on some business enterprise. Cutter, a man long in the employ of Cruger, resented being placed under the authority of a mere boy, and but

thinly veiled his insolence. Alexander paid no heed at first, hoping to overcome the man's resentment. One day, however, he gave Cutter an order. Instead of obeying, Cutter coolly lighted a cigar and laughed in Alexander's face. The Boy went blind with passion, and at a bound leaped over the counter, terrorizing the man by the fierceness of his passion more than by his well-placed fists. Needless to say, after that the Boy's authority was not again questioned; but Mr. Cruger on his return sent the lad to St. Thomas on business, giving him thus the first glimpse of a world other than his own, deepening too, his desire to stretch his wings in full flight. To Hugh Knox it became daily more evident that the Boy's wings could not be kept clipped much longer. Like the eagle, he must have the freedom of the heights if he was to grow to his full stature. He would die from fretting, in captivity.

In his dark moods, the Boy sought ever the solace of the sea, and down by the rock-bound shore, the Boy would sit for hours dreaming of his future, his restless imagination forever building, stretching out to what lay just beyond the horizon's rim. Now that the first great sorrow of his life had come to him, the death of his mother, the Boy went more often to the sea, his loneliness biting deep into his soul. They had been great companions, this boy and his mother, and he had mourned her with all the passion of a great love suddenly stripped and left quivering by a sorrow that could cloak itself in silence, that could give no expression nor sign of its grief.

As he thought of his mother, there swept in upon him the vague memory of the mist-shrouded night when his mother had taken him, a tiny lad of three or four, and with her three faithful slaves had rowed from Nevis to

St. Kitts to give warning of the uprising of the blacks, a task demanding the utmost coolness and courage; for the night was opaque, with no star by which to shape the course, only the roar of the surf on the outer ledges to remind them of the foam-flecked monster ready to prey upon them if they lost the channel. It thrilled the Boy riding through the night to think of that high courage of his mother's, and he remembered how, after she had accomplished her task, she had walked with him until dawn along the edge of the dismal swamps, the atmosphere of that desolate spot, charged with eerie silence, save, when at dawn, some bird rose out of the marsh with its wild, weird cry. The child, wide awake, and thrilled by his midnight adventure, walked by his mother's side, his active little brain alive with questions which only a mother's insight and patience could meet and satisfy. A wonderful mother, this mother of his had been, a rich, royal nature that could command the passionate loyalty of her husband and this son of hers, whom she early recognized as no ordinary child, the flower, really, of a great and royal love.

Somehow the sobbing passion of the storm sharpened these memories of his mother, for as the Boy knew well, her whole life, despite the momentary flashes of sunshine illuminating it, had rested within the shadow of Mount Misery, beneath whose lofty peak she had been born, a child coming unwelcome into a home from whence love had vanished. Her home had faced the sea to which, like her son, she had turned for consolation. Her mother had seen to it that Rachel received a superior education; for she had recognized early the fine quality of the girl's mind, as well as her rare beauty. So the girl's imagination was developed, a rare thing in those days, a heritage that she was to hand down to her

son increased an hundred fold. The Boy dwelt lovingly on the ruddy gold of her hair, hair framing a face aflush with animation, her deep-set gray eyes glowing as she touched on things stirring her profoundly. Then had come her loveless marriage with the Dane, a marriage forced upon her by her mother, and leaving her forever seared. Her life was blighted, the great love for the man to whom she gave herself with heart and soul, tinged by this tragic spectre of the past. Her greatest happiness lay with her boy, Alex., and for him she spent herself in preparing him for the great destiny, she, with her mother's insight, knew was his. Truly she had lived only for him and his future.

At four, his parents had sent him to a small school in the neighborhood, kept by a Jewess. Some weeks later, he had proposed to recite for them. What was their astonishment when they realized that it was the Decalogue in Hebrew that he was reciting so glibly to them. Fearing a too swift development of the lad, too much activity for the lad's brain, they wisely stopped his schooling for a time, turning him loose out of doors to work off his restless energies in play. So the child from babyhood turned to nature and communed with her, knew her in all her moods and soaked his soul in the beauty all about him. The luxuriant beauty of the tropics steeped the atmosphere with its heavy pungency, its sentiency the pulsing undercurrent of life about him creeping into his blood, sensitizing him, calling up the poet and the artist lying deep in him. Yet this sensitiveness to beauty tempered by the strain of northern blood flowing in his veins like an east wind fresh from the heathered moorland of the Scottish hills, this heritage from his father giving him balance, that cool, intellectual quality of mind that gave him so funda-

mental, so stupendous a grasp in after years, of that giant task of laying the sound basis of a nation's currency. A paradox in the Boy's nature, it would seem, yet really but two needed qualities, the one the complement of the other, making him truly great. With the first, he felt and visioned. With the second, he moulded and crystallized those visions that were to encompass the building and the fashioning of a nation newly born. To this country of his adoption, the Boy was to give himself without reserve, to pour out all the passionate love of a great soul, a love expressing itself in tireless service, a love that could find no rest until his work was finished; his short life full to the brim and overflowing in its giving, to be struck down by an ungenerous foe.

In his dying, this Boy of St. Kitt's was to reveal the epitome of his whole character,—his generous nature, his fine pride, his fearless going out of that same quality as the questing spirit of his boyhood, the slipping out into the unknown sea beyond the sounding reef at the harbor's mouth, and the blue line of hills of St. Thomas. In all things, he was a seeker, and so he was to sweep out as he had swept in, like a great tide losing itself in the vast infinitude of sea that knows no horizon, only to find itself anew, a seeker still, conscious of greater strength, vaster power.

Nearer and nearer swept the storm, and faster and faster the black horse sped along the white road, the Boy bent forward now, urging the lathered horse forward, his voice, quiet, tense, impelling. The gleam of battle glowed in the Boy's gray eyes as he pitted his will unflinchingly against the storm, this Boy whose nature was all sunshine, whose life was ever tinged by the shadow of the storm cloud. As he swept on toward the Mitchells,

having shouted his warning to the Lyttons as he passed, bitter thoughts crowded in, pain gnawing at his heart, because those who might have helped him to the fulfillment of his heart's desire, still refused the needful pecuniary aid. It was galling enough to his pride to have asked. To be refused, cut him to the quick. So four years before he had left his uncle's house, determined to no longer be dependent upon any one. So he had hung on to his place at the counting house, longing for the day when he could break away to live his life in a more congenial environment. Would he see the fulfillment of his dream of going to King's, this college which was to be his gateway to the world? Hugh Knox had counseled patience, and he had striven for his friend's sake to curb his spirit; but his spirit would tug at the leash, and the breaking point was near,—nearer than he knew; for beyond the shadow of the storm the sun was shining, though in the darkness he knew it not. This storm pursuing him along the dark lonely road, and bringing destruction in its path, was to give him his great opportunity. To the Boy, riding through the night, the road seemed to stretch endlessly, with no shadow of a turning. Yet, at that very moment he was at the turning. Life in all its fullness lay waiting for him just beyond the turn of the road, a road that he would follow to the end, wherever it might lead. Destiny was calling to him from out the heart of the storm wind, and he would go at her bidding with no thought of turning back.

As he rode, the Boy knew not why, a sudden exaltation gripped him, as if at last he were, in truth, riding the storm wind, master of his fate, captain of his soul. Such was to be the Boy's mood as he sat down to write the story of that historic hurricane that swept Nevis in 1772,

a hurricane that set the seal of the Boy's future career; for through it he was to win his uncle Tom Mitchell's consent and aid to pursue his college course at King's.

"Keep your temper, lad, and keep your head high regarding your birth," Hugh Knox had said to him once when the Boy had come to him flushed and angry, stung by some schoolboy's taunt. "Your mother's and father's love was of rare purity and nobility. Keep your own counsel, but if the secret of your heart is forced, let no man besmirch their names."

"Gad, sir!" the Boy had flashed back. "If any one dare. . . ."

Hugh Knox had gripped the Boy's shoulder, the Boy could feel the gentleness of his touch now, as he remembered also his words.

"I know the quality of your loyalty, lad. You loved your mother as few do. Strive always for the highest."

So the Boy was to go forth with his head held high, riding upon the storm wind, a conqueror to the end. Storms would sweep over him, but would not shatter. His road would ever lead him into the heart of the whirlwind, but his fine courage would not fail, his indomitable will forever rising to do battle and to conquer. Though his life was destined to be spent beyond the blue line of hills, and the sounding reef at the harbor's mouth, yet his heart would ever turn back to the windswept hillside where his beloved mother lay sleeping. It was there he paused in reverence like the crusader of old, before he set forth upon his journey along that bright, mist-hung roadway of his dreams, a roadway whose goal was the land across the seas. It was there his thoughts swept back in his moments of stress and of exaltation,—this Boy of St. Kitts riding upon the storm wind that freedom might rest safe upon the wings of the dawning day.

NELSON—THE BOY OF TRAFALGAR

HE stood, a slim figure of a boy, upon the quarter deck of the *Racehorse*, looking off across the endless stretches of snow fields gleaming cold and grim in the violet dusk, snow fields broken here and there by the sheer sides of a vast berg, or by hummocks formed by the ice packs of many an arctic spring when the ice had broken up and started on its journey toward the open sea. As far as the eye could reach, on every side, stretched this wilderness of ice and snow, a desolate waste, with no sign of life save the stout outlines of the *Carcass*, caught like her sister bombship, the *Racehorse*, hemmed in by that frozen polar sea. Now and again, the Boy swept those lifeless wastes with his glass, his figure taut, his eyes luminous, brimming with expectancy from beneath the fur cap encasing his head. So he kept watch, this young coxswain, Horatio Nelson, R.N., in the late winter dusk, as he had kept watch countless nights during that long winter since the expedition had gotten caught in the ice off the Greenland coast, months of monotony, of hardships, of deepening anxiety as the spring and the breaking up of the ice drew nearer.

To-night, as he paced the quarter deck, it was the monotony that palled upon this ardent young seaman; for the Boy was essentially a boy of action, his eager, passionate nature reaching out toward the vigorous prosecution of some deed. Passivity, inactivity, were not easy for him; yet he could wait endlessly, if by waiting he could the more surely accomplish. He seemed to sense

the psychological moment for action, and therein lay the secret of his greatness. The discipline of these months of inactivity had not been lost upon him. He had learned to curb his impatience, to hearten the men, to help make their lot easier; for his sympathy had gone out early in his seaman's career to the men before the mast, a sympathy born of his own loneliness when he had first shipped under his uncle, Captain Suckling, on the *Raisonnable*, and which throughout his career he was never to lose. He, only a boy of fifteen, had learned, though he knew it not, the secret of leadership, that understanding of human nature coupled with knowledge, with intensity of purpose, with that mental daring that pushes on without hesitation toward the goal his vision has revealed to him. This winter had inured the Boy to hardship, his weakness of body dominated ever by his indomitable will, his resolute heart and nobleness of mind that was to distinguish his whole career of labor and glory. Though slight, the Boy was of the spareness of the athlete, his fresh complexion bronzed by exposure, his eyes steady and level, seaman's eyes, luminous from looking across the limitless space, from penetrating into the unknown, into the unseen mysteries beyond the horizon line where sea and sky meet.

All his life, the Boy had dreamed of the sea, had loved it ever since his first glimpse of the pale line of the North Sea from the wooded hillside of Burnham Thorpe, his Norfolkshire home,—the deep setting of his whole life, the spot to which all his days he turned with love and longing. Many a day, he would slip away to the crest of the hill, in springtime a mist of tender green, in autumn brown and bare, yet vibrant, and flinging himself upon his back, he would dream of life out there upon the mist-shrouded North Sea, whose waters, in the days to come, he was to patrol with English ships, safeguarding

European civilization, saving it, really, from the greed of one man's overfed ambition. So from babyhood, the Boy had let his imagination linger about the pale line of distant sea, his longing for the sea coming to him as an inheritance from his mother, her family, the Sucklings, having been seafaring men for generations. A delicate child from birth, his mother had never encouraged the lad's longing for a sailor's life. Yet, perhaps of all the eight children, Horace, as they called him at home, sat most enthralled listening to his sailor uncle spinning sea yarns, this bluff sailor man who came occasionally to visit at Burnham Thorpe, being a hero in the Boy's eyes.

He was but a little chap of nine, when his mother died, her death a lasting grief to the gentle, white-haired vicar and his little brood whom with rare wisdom he mothered, and prepared to meet the world, as well as his straitened circumstances would allow. Horace's uncle Maurice, on that tragic day when the Boy's mother had been laid to rest in the little churchyard, had promised to care for one of the boys, a promise that three years later he was to make good, though at first none too graciously; for he was to judge the Boy by his delicate appearance, as a weakling. He was to learn later the lad's robustness of soul. The longing for the sea had grown upon the lad during those three years following his mother's death, and with it came too a desire to provide for himself. His father was growing old, and his means were limited the Boy knew, and while his father was at Bath recovering his health, Horace read of his Uncle Maurice's appointment to the command of the *Raisonnable*, a ship of sixty-four guns. With all the ardor of his boyish nature, he begged leave of his father on his return, to ship with his uncle, and so begin his seaman's career, the life for which he longed. His father, knowing the boy's character, did

not oppose him, and putting his hand on the lad's shoulder, he said:

"Horace, my lad, I know your heart, and I know that in whatever station you are placed, you will not rest until you have climbed to the top of the tree. Let nothing less satisfy."

So the Boy's father with rare insight, touched the nobleness lying deep in his son's nature, awaking it, the nobleness in the father calling to that of this Boy of destiny, in whose keeping lay the future of an empire, the very life of European civilization.

At last on a cold spring morning the vicar's servant came to the North Walsham School to summon the boy to join his ship. It was dark and cheerless, the ground sodden, the wind sweeping in from the North Sea, bleak and biting, as they set forth on the journey up to London. Yet, despite the heartsickness the Boy felt at leaving his brother William behind, there was no thought in Horace's mind of turning back. He had put his hand to the plough. His face was set toward the east, and would be until the furrow was finished, the field ready for the sowing and the harvest, that harvest which he was to vision and make possible for England to realize, England for whom his whole life was to be spent in service, in maintaining that freedom of the seas first won by Francis Drake against the pirates of the Spanish Main, an ideal and a tradition that was for all time to permeate England's navy. It was this stoutness of heart, this half-formed vision in the lad, that enabled him to crush down those first days of loneliness on the *Raisonnable*, his uncle's contemptuous words that had bitten so deep into the Boy's sensitive soul. When Captain Suckling had remembered at last that his nephew was aboard, he had sent for him, his contempt for the weakling boy ill-concealed.

"What has poor Horatio done, who is so weak," he exclaimed peevishly, noting the lad's frailness, "that he above all the rest should be sent to rough it out on the sea? The first time we go into action, a cannon ball may knock off his head and provide for him at once."

He little knew what fate had in store for this lad so slim of body, so mighty of soul; nor did he guess how England's future lay with this lad's fertile brain, his intuitive sense that would grasp the psychological moment when to strike, when to hold back, his tenacity and his fidelity to the high trust imposed in him.

As the Boy paced the quarter deck under the Arctic sky, old memories came flooding in, bringing with them an ache at the heart, a yearning for home and all that that vine-clad parsonage at Burnham Thorpe signified; for the quiet peace of rural England, love of the soil, that backbone of England's strength, and the homely beauty of tradition were the deep roots of the Boy's life, giving to his eager, passionate nature balance, that clear-sighted vision which his creative restlessness resolved ever into action. No idle dreamer, this lad of the Norfolk byways, but a doer, a visioner that he might accomplish great deeds for England whom he loved with all the depth of his passionate nature. On that still air of the Arctic night, there was wafted to him the fragrance of the Norfolk countryside in April, the winding roads and deep-set lanes bordered by high tangled hedges white with may, the steep banks carpeted with wild rose, clematis and elder flower, the fields splashed with scarlet poppies and blue cornflowers, or ashimmer with the shrill green of century-old pastures, reborn in the soft April air. "Oh! to be in England now that April's here," was the cry of his heart as he visualized the old parsonage with its steep-eaved, red-tiled roof, its gray dormer windows

and low, wide doorway, its smoke-stained chimneypiece about which they had gathered on winter nights, the blazing logs the background of many an Arabian Night adventure. There in the dooryard, stood the sturdy oak where the mavis' liquid notes had stirred the poet in the boy, and where the nightingale had made vibrant the stillness of a night in May. There was the stream winding down through the meadow where the cows were pastured, and the pump where he and his brothers had played at being navigators, the duck pond hard by, to them the great South Seas of adventure, the imagination of the Boy opening up new avenues for their adventurous spirits to follow. Then there was the walled kitchen garden, its box walks full of delicious mystery, and peopled by the Boy with fairy folk born of his imagination. The espalier of fruit along the southern wall, was an Eden from which he seldom escaped untainted by the race-old failure of Eve. Just beyond the box hedge lay his land of flowers, as he called it, the flower garden, a riot of color in June, and redolent of roses drenched with dew, this quiet beauty sinking deep into the Boy's soul, a beauty permeated by the wholesome and the true, making for "sweetness and light" in a life whose bedrock was the tradition of a noble heritage. Simplicity of living was the keynote of the Boy's whole life, a life that because of its roots struck deep into the soil, could reach out in all its rugged vigor to every corner of the empire, leaving its indelible imprint upon the pages of the world's history.

Horace's mind was inordinately acute as the hours of his watch dragged on, the minutest memory driving in upon him, and he recalled how as a tiny lad he had strayed away searching for bird nests, his wandering feet stayed by a brook too swift and deep for him to cross. Yet,

even in that wee scrap of five, tenacity of purpose was revealed a dominant trait; for it never had occurred to the child to return home defeated. His family had found him after long searching, striving to overcome the obstacle by which he was faced.

"I wonder, child," his grandmother had said to him, "that hunger and fear did not drive you home."

"Fear, Grandmamma?" the lad had answered wonderingly, "I never saw fear. What is it?"

Therein lay the epitome of the Boy's whole character. Fear he knew not, his daring and courage of that rare quality that not only accomplishes what it sets out to do, but that sees and knows, spending itself tirelessly, yet conserving, that when the moment to act comes, there will be no wasting of strength, no betrayal of a blind eagerness, more futile in its effects than lack of initiative. Again he recalled another bird-nesting adventure, this time the nest of a rare bird being the goal of his quest, his quest rudely interrupted by his nurse Blackett, who, with a nurse's limited vision, knew only that it was Master Horace's bed hour, and that therefore, despite all protest, to bed he must go. The lad submitted none too willingly, yet underneath the outward compliance the Boy's resolve hardened. He but bided his time, and when the house lay quiet beneath the May moon, he crept out into the night, back to the woods from which his nurse had carried him, there to be found when morning came, asleep beneath the tree in whose branches the bird had made its nest. Only a little lad of seven, yet with a courage and tenacity of purpose that gave him no rest until the quest was ended, the thing which he had visioned lay within his grasp.

Faithfulness was likewise characteristic of the lad, a faithfulness that was the flower of his tenacity of pur-

pose, of his keen sense of duty, of his instinctive response to any trust imposed upon him, a faithfulness that was coupled with a profound sense of honor. Once, after the winter holidays, he and his brother William having set out on horseback for school, returned because of the snow. Their father, with rare wisdom, bade them try again, and that if they found the snow too deep, they might come home. They set out for a second time, but William, cold and hating the curtailment of his freedom return to school would entail, suggested that they turn back. Horace, looking at his brother, answered swiftly:

“We are on our honor. We may not return.”

So the boys went on to North Waltham as the vicar had believed they would; for with almost a woman's intuition, this gentle, old man knew the hearts and the characters of these boys, to whom he ever gave a mother's loving care, especially to Horace, whom he dimly surmised as set apart for some great destiny. Thus the Boy's thoughts strayed to the Royal Grammar School at Norwich, standing within the very shadow of the cathedral. Here he had spent many happy days, wandering about the cathedral precincts; best of all, he had loved fishing beside the old water gate, Pull's Ferry, so it was called, that self-same spot whither in old monastic days the monks had come to do their fast days' fishing. The Boy laughed now, remembering the day he had scaled the schoolmaster's garden wall, and had stolen pears from the espalier, not because he had wanted them, or had eaten any of his stolen fruit. He had done it merely because no other boy had dared. The fruit he had tossed in disgust to the boys who had watched him from a distance.

So had his power of leadership been revealed in the schoolboy, seeds that even now were blossoming. There had been his fight with the walrus two months before,

when he and his men had sought a passage to the open sea, his coolness and daring not only winning the men under his command, but saving the expedition from disaster. Only three nights before, he had faced alone a huge polar bear with only the butt of his musket with which to defend himself, a sudden rift in the ice the only thing that had saved the lad for England's future service.

To-night, as he paused to scan the horizon with his glass, a great wave of despair swept him, he knew not why. Longing for the quiet beauty of Burnham Thorpe gripped him. The eternal cold, the forced inactivity, the monotony of this land of eternal snow had crept into his bones, sharpening the nostalgia. Would the ice hold them in its grip until hunger and lack of fuel beat down their unconquerable spirits even unto death? Was this to be the end of all his hopes and dreams, the blotting out of his high vision for the future? To go out, with not a fighting chance for life; to sleep forever among those desolate wastes of snow and ice; never to breathe again the hawthorn-laden air of England, nor to behold the magic beauty of an English spring; to be cut down at the beginning of his career without a chance to prove himself and to win glory for England; these were the thoughts crowding in upon the Boy pacing his watch upon the quarter deck of the *Racehorse*. Yet, as he watched an aurora brightening in the north, its delicate needles stretching out to the highest heavens, so a vision came to the Boy, a vision of his king and country calling him to some great service on the seas, he on his flagship *Victory* leading that proud line of ships to do battle somewhere for England. Though the vision, like the aurora, faded, yet the glow of that white light had burned itself upon his heart forever. His soul was filled with a sudden high resolve that he was never to let go.

"I will be a hero," he vowed to the night stars, "and, confiding in Providence, I will brave every danger."

Thus the Boy's foot was set upon the path along which Destiny was calling him, a pathway at whose end roses grew, perhaps, but intermixed with many a thorn. Yet the thorns he would tread under foot, his duty the mistress whom he served with rare fidelity, his whole life that of service to the country he loved with passionate devotion.

As he stood there watching and dreaming of the vision he had seen, his heart on fire, the Boy caught the booming of the breaking ice. Release even as the spring, was at hand, and, he knew not why, assurance came to him that the days of waiting and anxiety were at an end, the weary days spent upon those frozen Greenland shores were nearly over. Beyond lay the open sea to which with the breaking up of the ice they would drift, and so to England lying over there to the east, England, with her brown plough lands and her shrill green pastures, her woodlands and her quiet gardens steeped in flowers.

With a swift movement he called a petty officer to him. His watch was over. For him the dawning of a new day was breaking, even as the stars paled and the aurora faded.

"My compliments to Commander Phipps, officer, and tell him that in the west the ice is breaking. To-day, to the eastward, we will find open sea!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

BURNS—THE BOY OF THE SCOTTISH MOORS

THE soft breath of the west wind swept across the bleak heather-brown moorland, voicing the advent of spring as it sped toward the lowlands, awakening in its passing the dreaming flowers, the wooded valleys, and the very stone-strewn field where a young sower was already scattering seed as he trudged up and down the freshly harrowed earth whistling as he went. Strong, of robust build, the Boy with easy stride swung to and fro across the field, pausing now and again to sniff the sea air, and to glance up at the gray sky through which patches of blue sky peeped shyly out. From out the bracken on the far edge of the field a lark rose singing as if it too had caught the note of spring in the "wet-lipped" sea wind, even as the Boy standing entranced, his dark eyes glowing, the seed in his outstretched hand momentarily forgotten. With a happy smile the Boy watched the bird mount and mount into the March sky and disappear into a blue patch rimmed with clouds overhanging the moorland beyond the straggling stone fence, this trackless waste, his epitome of the freedom for which his soul yearned. The stone-set field in which he stood marked the drudgery of his daily life, the long hours from sunrise to sunset of ceaseless toil that yielded but little recompense. Yet it was something to be in the open all day, to live with nature and to know her every mood, to know by the tang of the sea wind brushing his face that the snows of yesterday were vanished for another year, and that the "green fire" of spring was even now creep-

ing softly across the hills and valleys. He had seen the lark rise from out the bracken, and in the rowan tree by the wall he now caught the liquid notes of another harbinger, the mavis. The Boy drew in his breath sharply, the beauty of the song catching at his throat, while in his dark eyes tears gleamed. He felt a peculiar kinship with all living things, this boy of the fields and moors, even for the shy little field mouse whose home he sometimes inadvertently disturbed while ploughing, an event that brought out swiftly the deep tenderness in him, the gentleness inherent in the truly strong. The bird ceased its singing, and the Boy mechanically went back to his sowing; but his thoughts were far away among the pungent, heather-strewn cliffs overlooking a foam-flecked sea. It was one of the seeming contradictions in him, that despite his merry nature and love of companionship, the Boy craved solitude, the solitude of the woods and hills, the trackless moorland edging the sea. So sensitive was the Boy to the beauty, which in his outdoor life surrounded him, pressing in upon his soul until it cried out in exquisite pain, that for the sweet joy of it, he must needs creep away until his soul overflowed into lyric song. It was the deep-voiced sea, with its pent note of passion that stirred in the Boy's soul, its organ-like undercurrent of rich harmonies the fabric into which his simple melodies were to be woven and interwoven, impregnating them with the passion-stirred music of that storm-tossed northern sea. Out of the silence of those sea-fringed cliffs, the wind spoke its mystic language to the Boy; and he, translating, gave expression to this world of beauty in which he lived. So were the common tasks of every day lifted up sunshot and sparkling as the wave's spume caught by the sun.

Yet the Boy was not all dreamer; the martial spirit of

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the highlands tempering his spirit likewise, and as a tiny lad the sound of the pipes and the sight of the kilted highland regiments stirred his blood, setting his thoughts toward a soldier's career. Many a time the countryside of Ayr was regaled with the sturdy figure of the tiny boy of six strutting down the street after the recruiting drum and bagpipe. This early warlike ardor was awakened in the Boy, perhaps, through his love of reading, an inheritance from his father, this love of reading encouraged and nurtured in him by his beloved schoolmaster, one John Murdock, who generously shared his few books with this ruddy-faced boy of the open. "The Life of Hannibal" awakening in the Boy all the love for heroic tradition inherent in the Scot, was followed by the story of Wallace borrowed from the blacksmith, a tale that fired the Boy's imagination to white heat, the Boy walking some six miles one summer's day to pay his respects to Leglen Wood, peopled with many a legend and tradition that,

"Nourished Imagination in her growth,
And gave the mind that apprehensive power,
By which she is made quick to recognize
The moral properties and scope of things."

Thus Leglen Wood poured "a tide of Scottish eternal prejudice into his veins." The Boy's imagination had been first enkindled by his mother, who from his cradle had sung him to sleep with tradition-worn ballads, and the songs of Jacobite Scotland. A close bond united this mother and her eldest son, who resembled her so closely in feature; and she, quick to recognize in the glow of his dark eyes the budding imagination in the Boy, nourished it with her rich store of ballads and traditional tales. To a relative of his mother's, one Betty Davidson, who spent much of her time with the Burns family, the Boy

owed a great deal also; for it was she who further augmented his mother's fund of tales, filling his mind with stories of ghosts and fairies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, giants, enchanted towers and dragons, his imagination thus enkindled, sensitizing him, enabling him to draw closer to nature and to commune with her, and to interpret her every mood, her tenderest emotion and her wildest outburst. It sharpened too, his keen observation, until he knew the habits and the whereabouts of field mouse and mavis, of moor hen and scurrying rabbit; as for the flowers, he watched for them before the snow had melted from the hills, and hunted for them long after the white heather had withered and turned brown. So close he dwelt to nature's very heart, that to the Boy she seemed a living personality, speaking to him in manifold ways, the wind, the flowers, the birds, each with its mystic message, and vibrant of the music of the wide moorland wastes.

A tender smile swept the Boy's face, remembering his mother and the days when as a little fellow he and his brothers had sat at her knee by the wide-mouthed chimney piece in the fire-light glow, the wind and sleet beating upon the walls of the clay cottage standing by the highway to Ayr. He could hear still her rich alto voice singing those soul-stirring Songs of the North. Then in the flickering firelight she would tell them tales of Flora Macdonald and Prince Charlie, of Wallace and Bruce, tales that fired the Boy's imagination and patriotism, that ardent love of country so deep-grained in the Scot. The Boy possessed of a retentive memory, "a stubborn sturdy something in his disposition," never forgot those dark winter evenings by the fireside, his imagination thus steeped in legend, and in the romance-soaked history of his native land, gave back of its sombre richness a

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thousand fold, his lyrical verse to be at once of that simplicity and richness, that barrenness and color of his own native Ayrshire. There was one story that the Boy's mother always told with special emphasis, knowing her son's quickness to despair, the story of Bruce watching the spider spin his web at the mouth of the cave in Hawthornden Woods hard by Roslyn Chapel; for the mother, with the sublime understanding of a mother's love, saw in the tiny lad seeds of the weak will and lack of perseverance that in later years was to be his undoing.

"He never gave up, Bobbie, lad," she had said to him one day when the Boy, weary of the plough, strained at the leash. "Its that makes a man great."

"He was a soldier fighting for his country. He did not hoe and plough," the Boy had answered sullenly.

"He had a stonier field to hoe than you will ever know, lad. Yet he had faith in himself and in God. His vision for Scotland he never let grow dim."

Nor were all the long winter evenings given over to things of the imagination; for twice a week the Boy's father would devote to him and his brothers, teaching them arithmetic and geography, geography rather than arithmetic being the thing that held the Boy's attention. These lessons began when Bobbie had just turned seven, the same year the family had moved to Mont Oliphant, a farm that proved a more "hungry soil" than the one on the Ayr highway. Even at that early age, the Boy had traced with eager fingers the maps of an unknown world, a world so rich in possibilities, brilliant as autumn leaves blown by the wind. In the Boy's nature there stirred even then a vague desire for the spaceless moorland and the sea, for a life less cramped, less monotonous, a life that was not hemmed in by a furrowed field rough with stones and poor in recompense, but a life rich in intellec-

tual intercourse and environment, and therefore free. The narrow confines of his life irked the boy, his imagination reaching out to grasp the purple, sunshot mists overhanging the moorland stretches beyond the crumbling stone fence. He felt the call of nature all about him as he stood there in the half-sown field, this call making him restless not only to express the beauty stirring his very soul, but restless in his longing for that companionship of soul that makes a life sparkle with sunshine.

Into the drab monotony of his existence, there came one whose coming marked a turning point in his career, his teacher, John Murdock, who with rare insight gleaned the poet in the lad, noting his insatiate love of beauty, developing it, satisfying the hunger in the Boy's soul by lending him books from his limited though choice store, a treasure trove for the Boy who drank thirstily from this Pierian spring, his taste guided thus to discriminate and to love the best in literature as well as in nature. It was Murdock who spent hours instructing the Boy, hours often demanding infinite patience, for Bobbie, as he was generally called, like all high-spirited boys, was full of pranks, loving fun far better than his lessons. Murdock who, perhaps more than any one, except the Boy's mother, did most in moulding this embryo poet, gave the boy the richness of his friendship, not only introducing him to the *Spectator*, Shakespeare and Pope's "Homer," but also by spending many a winter's evening with the lad reading to him, dipping into the golden pages with the love of one who dwells much on the heights. The Boy laughed now remembering the first time Murdock had read to him "Titus Andronicus," that fifth scene of Act II, where Lavinia enters with hands cut off and tongueless, the reading affecting the quivering imagina-

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tion of the Boy of nine so keenly, that he declared that if Murdock left the play to finish that he would burn it. So Murdock, laughing, had left instead "The School for Love," little guessing the hidden irony of his choice.

In his thirteenth year, the Boy had gone to the parish school of Dalrymple where he augmented his meager education, the desire to learn a touching tribute to Murdock's inexhaustible patience, and untiring encouragement. It was there he met James Candlish, afterwards destined to be distinguished both as a debater and a medical lecturer, a friendship that was further cemented by a sojourn the following summer at Ayr Grammar School where Bobbie had spent some weeks by Murdock's, the headmaster's invitation, weeks proving fruitful in the Boy's after life; the time there broken into by the call of harvest, a harvesting memorable because of his first meeting with the lovely highland lass, Nellie Kirkpatrick, the blacksmith's daughter, who shared with him, as was the custom in that part of the country, the work of harvest.

The Boy's dark eyes glowed as he recalled their first meeting in that very field, he a lad of fifteen, and she, lovely and bewitching in her fresh, unconscious beauty, a lass barely turned fourteen. They had met, and they had loved as the sun seeking the heart of wayside flowers in May. As they had gathered in the harvest, their hearts sang to the springtide of awakening love. To the Boy, it was the first step toward the wide moorland of his dreams, deepening in him his understanding and love of nature; for through nature he would express the deep thoughts of his soul. Nature and its beauty had turned his heart to melody. Love was to give the touch of immortal fire making him not only Scotland's greatest poet, but the most nobly impassioned singer of love songs

since the days of Shakespeare. Pure lyric verse he poured out in that first flush of his love, and through all his poems there is ever passion set in nature's imagery.

"I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:"

Throughout his life he was to cling to his plowman's creed, which the darkening clouds of his later life could never dim.

"Give me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire;
Then tho' I drudge thro' dub and mire
At pleugh or cart,
My Muse though hamely in attire,
May touch the heart."

The meager harvest had soon been garnered. So the Boy's love for the fair blacksmith's daughter had passed as swiftly as the golden glory of an autumn day. Yet the harvest had been of a richness as measureless as the grain gathered from the "hungry soil" on which he stood had been scanty and of little worth.

As he reached the bottom of the field, the Boy paused by the rowan tree, looking off across the moorland, his dreamy eyes a gleam, as if they would pierce the mist-dimmed horizon shrouding the distant sea. Freedom and companionship lay yonder, and he craved its richness even as the "hungry soil" craved nourishment. Nature first, and then Nellie Kirkpatrick, the fair highland lassie, had shown him a way of escape. The endless avenues of his heritage, his imagination, the gods own gift, had set his soul free. Yet he yearned for the great highways of a world still beyond his ken, a world savoring of intellectual companionship, where the plowshare was

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unknown, and the sower of seed passed unnoticed until the harvest. He caught the joy of the lark's song anew as he watched it mount swiftly. Some day he too would wing his flight in like fashion, singing as he went, and, perhaps, would rise as high. With a smile upon his lips, the Boy with a light step turned whistling back to his sowing.

WORDSWORTH—THE BOY OF WINANDER

AN April wind swept down the sun-flecked valley of the Derwent, ruffling its placid surface, bringing with it the pungent odor of daffodils, of primroses and drenched woods,—all the fresh beauty of the spring. To the awkward, raw-boned Boy of thirteen standing on this April day of the year 1783 by the close-clipped privet hedge, this breath of the hills was poignant with memory. He was in thoughtful mood as he leaned against the hedge bordering the terrace wall of the old garden; for in this moment the future,—Cambridge, the university, the world—, gleaming before him, he looked instinctively backward across the years touching those things which were woven into his very bone and sinew, those silent forces that had left their impress indelibly upon him, his home, his mother, Nature in all its wild, free beauty.

A few months before, his father had been laid to rest beside his much-loved mother, and he, “an orphan of a home extinct,” and dependent on the bounty of two uncles, now sought in farewell this terraced garden overlooking the Derwent, that “fairest of all rivers,” whose voice throughout his life was to “flow along his dreams.”

This garden hedged with privet close-clipped, and with roses; the shining Derwent at its feet; the silent mountains in the distance, a white road winding over their hilltops, marked three distinct influences in his life. The garden represented to him always the quiet cultivated atmosphere and beauty of his home, a dominant force in his life, this love of home rooted and set in that deep soil

of England from which he sprang. His mother's gentleness and strength curbed and controlled the wilder nature in him, moulding this indomitable vigor, will and temper through a wise discipline, into a stern moral energy and patriotism,—the backbone of England's greatness. His sister Dorothy was the other softening influence in his life, a gentleness that feared to brush the dust from off a butterfly's wings; and this garden, echoing the spring song of the birds and the deeper undertone of the murmuring river, was full of memories of her. Here these two had learned their first lessons from Nature, had watched the birds nest, and the birdlings take the wing; had followed the course of the seasons from the moment when the "green fire" of spring had crept across the hills until autumn had sounded reveille among the swaying tree-tops.

Perhaps the Derwentwater revealed most completely the two sides of his nature, the wild turbulence of the mountain stream, and its calm, translucent quality as it glided by the terraced wall, reflecting in its waters the ruined towers of Cockermouth Castle, that crumbling symbol of a past, powerful, majestic; reflecting likewise the present, the fresh, tender green of an awakening world. It was the past that was to grip and hold the Boy's imagination first, even as it was to be the background upon which he was to paint his vision of the future—a future that was to rise up, bringing with it new thought, new standards, a new and broader outlook. Thus the eyes of the Boy of Winander, in whose clear depths an unquenchable fire smouldered, rested upon the distant hills and the winding road leading across those naked summits. They called to him from the heights as to a quest, the quest of the seeker and the seer, that was to lure him later beyond their craggy peaks only to call

him back again,—the source truly of all his inspiration, of all his strength.

Thoughts of his mother came to the Boy as he stood there in the quiet garden, and a smile, tender, wistful, crept into his eyes, softening also the lines about his firm mouth, making his square, rugged face almost beautiful. Memories of that loved mother filled the garden, from the thick clump of roses where the birds without fear built their nests, to the great oak whose spreading shade made it a haven from the noonday heat. Shadowy memories he possessed of her to be such a dominant influence in his life; yet his imagination had woven about that gentle presence a reality, sweet, strong and true. Though but a little lad of five when she had left him, he felt still the power and gentleness of her control, a power that won him even when he defied all authority, striving to show his daring and independence, as when, defiant, he had struck a whip through a family portrait only to burst into a flood of tears at sight of his mother's face grieved and pained. She had been the first to teach him, and she had been the first to unfold to him the hidden beauty of the common things of life, the beauty lurking in the brown clod as well as in the apple bloom; "the blended holiness of earth and sky" that he was to interpret later in words tuned to the murmur of the river, to the deep voice of Nature.

To his father, revered and loved, the Boy owed much in the further awakening and developing of this life of the imagination, his richest inheritance, the "inward eye" that was to be his "bliss of solitude." It was his father who taught him first to commit to memory the great English poets,—Shakespeare, Milton, and the rest of that long line—, giving him thus an open sesame to the wide fields that lay forever green upon the heights of Eng-

land's Parnassus, where wandering free, untrammelled, he might feed his imagination upon that which was to set the temper of his mind. Though in his love of sport, and all that pertained to the out-of-doors he was much as other boys, yet from babyhood he had been in a certain sense apart, seeking companionship in solitary walks among the hills and valleys that he loved. In this "fair seed-time" of his soul, he was fostered alike by beauty and by fear, this mingling of two elements revealed in the weird wild beauty of those hills playing upon the vivid imagination of the child. Sensitive to impression, the Boy's mood was swayed by the drear sighing of some "blast-torn" tree, by the bleak loneliness of some moorland waste, or by a "naked pool" lying in some deep hollow of the hills, where the mist creeping in wove a gray web of shapes fantastic, suggestive of the supernatural, the atmosphere surcharged with brooding and foreboding. Two incidents stood out clear-cut upon his childish memory. The first occurred when as a little child scarce old enough to hold a bridle, he had ridden across these very hills near Cockermouth accompanied by an ancient servant of his father's house. A fog sweeping in upon the moorland waste, the Boy had gotten separated from his guide. Thinking to find the road again, and so his companion, he had dismounted, leading his horse across the rough and stony moor until he reached a bottom, where, in former times, a murderer had been hanged in iron chains. The murderer's name carved in monumental letters on the turf, the bleak loneliness of the spot, played so upon the imagination of the child, that he had fled in terror, overcome by the sense of the supernatural, as if the spirit of that ancient murderer hovered still about the place of execution. The second incident that had left so indelible an impress upon his memory,

had happened only a few months before, a premonition of impending ill overwhelming him as he had stood upon the slopes of High Crag watching for the horses that were to take him and his brothers home from school for the long-looked-for holidays,—a premonition that had been realized two weeks after in his father's death. Standing there now in the old garden, looking out upon those time-scarred hills, this incident swept over him, each detail of the scene on the mountain side where he had stood watching bearing in upon him,—the single sheep, the one blasted tree, the bleak music from the lichened wall, the noise of wood and water and the mist

“That on the line of each of those two roads
Advanced in such indisputable shapes;”

—, a ghostly warning voicing this loss that was to leave him all bereft, forcing his life into new channels, the old life shed as an outworn garment.

The four years of his school life at Hawkeshead flooded back with all the fierce longing of a receding tide. He saw as in a dream details that before had passed unnoticed,—the old market town with its irregular outline of narrow corkscrew streets; the flag pavement covering the brook; the low archways; the picturesque frontages of the houses, the windows diamond-paned, the chimneys quaint and primitive; the winding approach to the church upon the hill; and below it the ancient Grammar School that for three centuries had been a famed foundation. From the school with its quiet library where he loved to dream among the musty volumes, the Boy's mind wandered to the cottage of Anne Tyson shadowed by the tall ash, where he had lodged these four years, a humble dwelling yet “with a crowd of things about the precincts all beloved.” Here in this Vale of Hawkeshead, whither

he had been transplanted four years before to be "let loose for sports of wider range," the Boy, possessed of all the daring of the hunter, had been the leader among his schoolmates in many a wild escapade. On half-holidays he had led them to the open heights, where woodcocks scudded from snare to snare; or, hanging by grassy knots from some perilous cliff, he would harry a raven's nest, thus making himself a hero in their eyes. In summer he and his school chums rowed upon Lake Windemere, visiting the various islands about which clung the crumbling beauty of romance as revealed in a half-ruined shrine, or ivy-grown wall. When the pale sunshine of a winter's day gleamed athwart the hills, it was the Boy who led the skaters on the Lake of Esthwaite with shout and merry laughter; yet to the Boy this free, untrammelled intercourse with Nature took on a deep significance, giving him a sense of kinship that in other boys was lacking. Often he slipped away from his companions, seeking the deep communion of the solitary places, drinking in silently the wild beauty all about, nothing escaping his keen observation. To him, with

"—strange utterance did the loud dry wind
Blow through his ear. The sky seemed not a sky
Of earth—and with what motion moved the clouds!"

There was an old Wishing Gate near Windemere that caught the imagination of the Boy. About it he wove many a gossamer thought, until it grew to be the entrance way into his land of dreams, the gate by which he slipped into those rich meadow-lands of fancy; the entrance, perchance, to some magic cave built by fairy hands where romance spun webs of gold-shot fantasie. Once on a summer night he stole down to the Lake, and finding there a boat tied to a willow tree, he unloosed the chain.

Pushing from the shore, he glided with slow rhythmic strokes across the moonlit waters, fixing his view

“Upon the summit of a craggy ridge,
The horizon’s utmost boundary; far above
Was nothing but the stars and a gray sky.”

There in the silence of the summer night that craggy ridge stood out a symbol to the Boy, a symbol of the heights to which Destiny was calling him, and to whose callings he now began dimly to make response. The huge black peak rising sharp and sheer behind the jagged ridge seemed to his wrought fancy a Power which he must overcome, the conflict which was to be his before attainment, which he later would recognize as an essential element in the poet’s life,—a struggle to the very end, a battling against heavy odds. It was his poet’s vision that was to keep life sweet for him, that, and the love that was to crown it.

Thus did the Boy hold unconscious intercourse with beauty, while the earth and the common face of Nature “spoke to him rememberable things.” And thus did he build up his soul with “high objects,” with the things that endure; for there were two great periods in the development of the Boy. The first period was that of unconscious receptivity, when life seemed sweet he knew not why. Now as he stood there in the old garden, his eyes piercing the future,—the four more years at Hawkeshead, a changed aspect with no looking forward to holidays at home; then Cambridge and the world—, he passed into that second period of his growth, that of conscious intercourse with aspects both sublime and fair to the external world.

So the Boy crossed the borderland even as he left the garden, his head thrown back, the light of a new-born power flashing in his gray eyes, a solitary figure who had

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seen beyond the summit of the distant mountains. The power of the hills was on him, the music of waters was in his ears; light and darkness were to weave their spells for him,—this Boy of Winander who was to be the discoverer of the open face of Nature.

LAMB—THE BLUE-COAT BOY

FOUR things always stood out beyond all others in the Blue-Coat Boy's after life,—the old Temple with its gardens, its fountain court, its terraced walk and the Temple Church, the library of his father's benefactor, Mr. Salt, to which he had free access; the old house at Blakesware in Hertfordshire, where as a child he visited his grandmother, the worthy housekeeper of the venerable family of Plumer; and the cloisters of Christ's Hospital, the Blue-Coat School about which so many of his boyhood days were centred, these cloisters, perchance, being the most potent influence coloring the after years. To these cloisters where as a boy he loved to linger, the Boy was ever coming back, sometimes in reality, more often in thought, finding there the peace his gentle, contemplative spirit yearned, linking him inevitably with the past with which he had such close kinship. Yet the Boy, though born and shadowed by the past, was no idle dreamer who spun romances or wove about himself a world of mere unrealities and evanescent fancies. He clung persistently to the realities of life, seeing them more clearly because of his power of vision, these antithetic qualities in him working together in harmony toward concrete as well as spiritual attainment, this looking backward giving him the vision to go forward; for true as the present was to him, the past was also, a potent force, and upon this firm foundation the Boy was to build his philosophy of life.

The Boy's earliest recollections were steeped in the atmosphere of the past, the Inner Temple and the quaint

surroundings of Crown Office Row, his birthplace; Fountain Court bordered by the Elizabethan Middle Temple Hall of the old Benchers, the terraced walk, the Temple gardens and the Temple Church haunted by the ghosts of the Templars, were his playground, places where his romance-loving imagination glowed and was fed. To the Boy always, it was an oasis in the heart of sunbaked London, its green coolness keeping ever young the soul of this great city of unnumbered miles of arid streets crowded with people and echoing the eternal roar of a world's commerce. No sound of this outside struggle for existence penetrated to the cool peace of Fountain Court; only the song of the mavis in springtime and the silvery splash of the playing fountain broke in upon its brooding quiet, the voice of the fountain recalling to the Boy how, for the benefit of his playmates, he had made the water rise and fall as if by magic, making him thus a hero in their eyes. This hero worship of his fellows gave to the Boy a certain keen satisfaction, his marked insignificance of stature, which his nervous timidity of manner and stuttering speech accentuated, making him peculiarly sensitive to the contemptuous attitude assumed by the sturdier lads toward a physical inferior. Yet there was something in the Boy's infinite gentleness and quaint humor that won them in the end,—this boy who, despite his puny frame, stood shoulder-high above them. It was he who told them stories of the Knights Templars under the shadow of the Elizabethan Hall in the noonday hush of the Fountain Court, tales of their prowess in the East in defense of the Holy Sepulchre. As he wove his tales, his hazel eyes shot fire, or grew dreamy lost in his dream world of the past; for those stone armored figures lying cross-legged in the Temple Church had made a deep impress on the Boy's mind, stirring his imagination

not only by their knightly courage and daring, but by the life of self-sacrifice and austere devotion to duty as revealed in the early days of the Order before the dry-rot of prosperity had riddled their nobility with self-indulgence. Many an afternoon the Boy had slipped into the empty church there to dream amid the silence of those majestic effigies, while the summer sun crept through the mullioned windows touching the shadows with an ethereal jeweled light. Or he would, perchance, linger in the long June twilight in the Fountain Court, to creep solitary and unobserved into the ancient Hall of the Benchers, shrouded in the ghost-hung memories of Elizabethan splendor,—memories crowned by the transparent glory of a Shakespeare whose "Twelfth Night" was produced within the rich sombreness of this mediæval hall.

Then there was the stately terrace used by the old Benchers of the Inner Temple; and many a day the Boy could remember seeing Thomas Coventry, "whose person was quadrate, his face square as the lion's, his gait peremptory and path-keeping," a staunch Tory, pacing to and fro on the terrace with his pensive gentile coeval Samuel Salt, a stout Whig, the same Salt who early took an interest in this youngest son of his worthy clerk, John Lamb. This benevolent old man was quick to note in the Boy the gentle manners, refined tastes and keen understanding of his parents, encouraging in the lad his love of books by giving him free access to his library, a place the Boy ever entered with a kind of reverent awe, the lines of books upon the library shelves not mere dusty tomes, but vitally alive, pregnant of the past that lives. It was from his father the Boy inherited his love of books, and that imagination which in the Boy was to revivify the past for all time, the past touched out with that sensitive understanding of humanity enveloping it in

perpetual modernity. The Boy's father had literary aspirations, and had even written several things of which he was unduly proud. Yet the Boy, more finely tempered than either of his parents, was never really understood by them; his sensitiveness forcing him to shrink more and more into himself, into that mystic world of shadowy tradition shot with the rich gold of his imagination. Of these early years, the Boy remembered with deep tenderness, his father's sister, the aunt who in her own way understood him, giving to him an unselfish love and devotion even to nursing him through smallpox when he was but five.

Perhaps the dearest spot in the Temple precincts, was the gardens washed by London's "busy silent highway," the Thames, upon whose "brode aged back doth ride" and gather the merchant ships from the four corners of the earth. These gardens, heavy with the scent of roses, and haunted still by memories of Shakespeare and the rich pageantry of his time, thrilled the Boy with the rose-gold magic of England's priceless heritage. Wandering in the quiet garden, he would catch the far-off echo of the swelling tide of England's greatness, those days of Elizabeth when men dared all to win glory on the high seas for their mother England; or poured forth the richness of their minds as lavishly as their blood, those lustrous pearls of a great age to gleam forever, jewels of England's crown, an heritage to which this boy of the Temple would add a translucent glory all his own. Into this garden of flowers and quiet walks the Boy would steal away from his companions to wander amid its solitudes, or to lie beneath the ancient sycamore of Shakespeare's time and dream away the hours, his soul swinging free into the measureless blue spaces of rich fancy. While toward the sunset hour, he loved to hang upon the

parapet above the river, watching the ebb and flow of those white-winged birds of passage upon the sun-drowned waters of the Thames, these merchantment in fancy pictured in all the splendid pageantry of other days, those days of Elizabethan magnificence when from these same gardens one could see,

"London herself on her proud stream afloat,
 * * * * *
 Holding due course to Westminster."

Westminster, Chelsea, Twickenham, the fleet of merchant ships gathered in the roadway of the Thames, each phase an integral part making rich and firm the woven texture of the nation's manifold life. It was to the keen observing Boy as he stood by the parapet of the old gardens, as if he saw the life of England passing to and fro upon the "brode-backed" Thames, her every mood reflected upon the silvery waters, the temper of these moods set and carved upon the brick and stone-faced masonry edging the river's banks, this river winding between the smoked grimed gray of the city, of Chelsea and of Westminster, and beyond into the quiet green of Hampton Court and Twickenham; until at length the towers of Oxford found reflection in its still calm. Oxford, the magic of whose name would ever draw the Boy as a magnet, the Oxford for which his soul craved, would always be denied him because of his stuttering speech. Though in his seventh year the Boy knew he was destined through the kind interest of Mr. Salt to be presented to the school of Christ's Hospital, yet he might never hope for the much-coveted University scholarship, which was only open to those intending to study for priest's orders, a calling from which his halting speech debarred him. So it was that the Boy shut out from this time-weathered city of his dreams, entered by another gate through which

he had free access, the gateway of his imagination, peopling it with the great minds of England, revivifying thus, not the past alone, nor the present that he knew, but reaching out with prophetic vision into the mist-veiled future pregnant with rich possibilities. Thus the Boy, because of his power of vision, to look forward as well as into a quickened past, was to belong not merely to his own age, but to all ages, possessing as he did the secret of perpetual youth, modernity as marked a characteristic in him as his power to revivify and crystallize the richness of the past.

It was from his father the Boy inherited a magnificent democracy, a burning sense of justice and true chivalry coupled with a deep reverence for those in authority and for tradition. Swift in action to defend the weak and oppressed even to the defiance of some prig of quality; yet ever ready to show the deference due those whose nobility was as patent as their title. This reverence for tradition and for nobility was deepened in the Boy by his visits to his grandmother, the worthy housekeeper of the ancient family of Plumer. The atmosphere of the old mansion of Blakesware in Hertfordshire, where he was free to wander at will, gave him "a peep at the contrasting accidents of great good fortune," creating likewise "an alliance with that gentility of soul which to appreciate is to share, the value of high lineage, the spirit of nobleness which breathes around it." Every nook and corner of the old place held its magic for the Boy, awakening in him a knowledge of a world rich in tradition, in literature and in art, a world broader and more wonderful than he had dreamed of in the frugal homeliness of the more restricted boundaries of his home world; impregnating him with that "feeling of gentility" linking him with those of gentle birth. There was the store room in whose "hot

window seat" he read Cowley to the "hum and flapping of a solitary wasp"; the paneled yellow room and the tapestried bedrooms peopled with Greek gods and goddesses as well as haunted by the century-long line of ancestral inmates. The picture gallery, replete with fine old family portraits, held an especial fascination for the Boy, and many a rainy afternoon he lingered there, giving free rein to his imagination, each portrait woven about with a romance of his own weaving, seeing in them at last through his intimacy of fanciful imaginings, family likenesses, the plebeian claiming thus kinship with nobility, all differences absorbed and forgotten where souls of the same noble strain meet and recognize one another. Then, too, there was the "costly fruit garden" with its sun-baked southern wall; the "ampler pleasure garden" rising backward from the house in triple terraces and crammed with flowers, a riot of color making the air heavy with their fragrance; and beyond this quiet, cultural beauty, rose the dark tips of a "firry wilderness" haunt of the squirrel and the wood pigeon, the mavis and the nightingale. So this lonely child found in this solitude, not "the mother of thought but the feeder of love and silence and admiration" for the rich heritage of tradition,—this glimpse into this wide horized world to be incorporated into the Boy's very being, deepening his vision, enriching his imagination, giving him kinship with the highest and the best.

The Inner Temple and the old house in Hertfordshire, the setting of his earliest childhood, was augmented when at seven he was presented to the school of Christ's Hospital by one Timothy Yeates, Governor, these school days to be, perchance, the most potent in the Boy's whole life. The buffeting by the upper boys, the severe discipline, the bad food and the bitter loneliness, were lost, sunk in the

soft beauty of the fragmentary cloisters, pregnant of the past, and luminous with the memories of his meeting, his budding friendship and his talks with the "inspired charity boy," Samuel Coleridge. Many a day these two Blue-Coat boys had stolen into the quiet cloisters for a talk, the walls of the ancient Grey Friars re-echoing to the accents of the "inspired charity boy" whose speech entranced and inspired the Boy of the Inner Temple, though it made him cling more closely to realities; for even then Coleridge revealed the roving spirit of his "ancient mariner," his restless spirit seeking the wooded bypaths of Shropshire. While the Boy born within the shadow of the Temple clung to the surroundings that he knew. City bred, he loved passionately the smoke-stained buildings and gray skies of London, the green fields and the hedgerows he loved best lying within the city's very heart. In the last days of his school life at Christ's Hospital, the Boy, possessed of the self-concentration of the young monk, had sought more and more the quiet peace of the moss-grown cloisters. This was the peace, the atmospheric calm in which his contemplative spirit loved to dwell. From the deep shadows of the cloister, his vision gleamed forth luminous, quickened by a mingling of gentle, whimsical humor and keen observation, interpretive rather than prophetic. Looking out upon the cloister garth in those last days, the Boy had somehow visioned the future lying beyond, a future opening upon quiet ways, full of self-sacrifice and stern duty, and tender, loving devotion to the sister whom he adored, his heritage the past, which was to be by his subtle pen revived into a living and an abiding present, even as his spirit being enriched by the atmosphere of century-old greatness in which he had always dwelt, would express ever the springtime of an immortal youth.

KEATS—THE BOY OF GREECE

THE soggy grayness of the November fog shrouded the London streets. The smoke-stained houses of Museum Street lay wrapped in its mysterious gloom as a boy, brown-eyed and golden-haired, made his way through this sleepy by-street toward the British Museum, his step buoyant, his head thrown back as if expectant, his thoughts unmindful, seemingly, of the dank, grayness clinging to his black clothes, and to the crisp curls escaping from beneath the cap he wore. He paused a moment within the classic entrance to the Museum, ever a place of mystery, of romance and wonder to the lad. Then, with the wonder deepening in his eyes, he made his way through the Roman sculptures, nor did he pause until he reached the Elgin Room, rich in its treasures of ancient Greece.

As the Boy, John Keats, slipped into that room, the gray, dripping fog outside in the London street was, of a sudden, sunshot with the golden beauty of Greece, that Greece lapped by the violet waters of the Ægean Sea. The Boy was caught up into a realm of poetic beauty, of heroic splendor, a world where gods and goddesses lived, moved and had their being for him. Since that chance visit, when as a tiny lad he had been brought to the British Museum by his sailor uncle, these broken fragments of Doric Greece had stirred something within him, had claimed his kinship with Pan and Ganymede, and all that host of pagan heroes of an age far-off yet immortal, old yet ever young; for the Boy's soul was possessed of a

strange mingling of Greek and Anglo-Saxon, the Greek the dominant note, its clear-cut whiteness of expression veiled in the soft mellowness and imagery of the English countryside in springtime. Thus, it happened that on every chance holiday in London, the Boy would steal away from his companions, spending hours among those blocks of living stone.

It was the heroic that first gripped the lad, those sixteen metopes from the Parthenon representing on gigantic scale the battle between the Centaurs and the Athenians assisted by the Lapithæ, telling their epic story in stone made living by the divine breath of the sculptor Pheidias, each metope depicting some phase of the battle, now the Centaurs victorious, now the Athenians, now a seeming stalemate, or a surging movement when the victory hung in midair, dependent on the favor of the gods. Through it all ran that breathless, pulsing life, from the taut figures of the warriors to the straining, pulsing horses so full of wild restraint, its very virility finding such swift response in the Boy, that virility, that love of action, that wild strain of adventure coming to him an inheritance from his Cornish father. So did this heroic quality in the Elgin marbles kindle the Boy's imagination to a white heat that was never to cool nor grow dim. This small, compact, broad-chested lad was all energy and fire. Daring, defiant, pugnacious he was, yet full of goodwill and generosity, his high spirits offset by a brooding melancholy, the loneliness of genius, this dual nature struggling within him for mastery. Passion would sweep him like a tropical gust only to leave him in misery, swayed by a grief so poignant as to paralyze his energies. His terrier courage won him leadership among his school-fellows. His magnanimity and loyalty won him friends,—this staunch loyalty toward those he loved characteristic of

him even at five, his father finding him, sword in hand, guarding the entrance to his mother's bedroom where she lay ill, his sturdy little figure erect, his brown eyes glowing, ready to eject a would-be intruder upon his beloved mother.

As he stood there before those heroic fragments of Greece, the Boy became conscious of his black clothes, and the reason of his coming; for the second great sorrow of his life had come to the lad in the death, a few weeks before, of his adored mother, a woman commonplace, pleasure seeking, shallow even, yet holding the lad's fealty and love by that sacred bond of her motherhood, that bond of heritage and understanding that mother and son accepted without question. Feverishly oversensitive the lad was, like his mother, as he was morbidly passionate, this inheritance from his mother balanced by those qualities handed down to him by his father; for from his father the Boy possessed manliness and a hard common sense, a vision crystal clear, a judgment that offset what might otherwise have been an instability that would have marred the poetic beauty and clarity of his creative faculty. The Boy's quivering nerves begot his creative power, a power that came as part of his Cornish heritage as well as from his premature birth; for Thomas Keats, head liveryman of the "Swan & Hoop" of Moorfields, London, came from Land's End, a place where wild beauty and romance, daring adventure and love of the sea were the daily breath of Cornishmen. So hidden beneath this outer crust of hard, common sense, Thomas Keats gave to this hyper-sensitive son of his, all the richness of a Cornish heritage, a heritage flushed with the sun-flecked rugged beauty of Tintagel washed by a green-gold sea, that gold web of romance clustering about the mouldering walls of Arthur's castle, the cave of Merlin

and the Table Round. This rich mine of romance and legendary lore was a constant stimulus to the lad's imagination, his love of the sea bound up with that wreck-strewn Cornish coast, yet colored ever by the intenser, all-pervading beauty of the Greek, a beauty, not of nature, but of art, these two to be blended in the Boy, and so to bubble forth from that Pierian Spring with which the Muses had endowed him, a passionate outpouring of beauty, that magic tapestried richness of texture and expression which is the "innermost soul of poetry."

As the Boy wandered among those silent, soul-stirring Greek figures, striving to assuage his loneliness and grief, to draw strength from their sublime heroic calm and beauty, he paused before the broken figure of Niké that once adorned the western pediment of the Parthenon. Niké the Wingless Victory, driving the car of Athena, is approaching the goddess who is about to enter it, having conquered Poseidon in their contest for the honor of naming the city of Athens, and as he stood there drinking in its beauty, there awakened in the lad for the first time, a conscious desire to express the emotions stirring him. Of a sudden the chaos of his energies became concentrated into an intellectual ambition, the intensity of his nature developing into a burning desire for knowledge, a craving for conquest, not as heretofore, with his fists, but in the kingdom of his mind. His thoughts slipped back to his school at Enfield, ten miles to the north of London, the red brick Eighteenth Century building where he had spent the last seven years, its ivy-grown, homely beauty dear to him since that first day when with his brother Tom he had come a "litel clergeon" in frocks, caring nothing for books, always as ready as a gamecock for a fight. This very pugnacity, so closely allied in him with generosity and an utter inability to do a mean

action, had won him many a friend, and he had become the pet prize fighter of the school. On one occasion, he had attacked an usher of the school, a boy twice his size, because the usher had boxed his brother Tom's ears. He and his younger brother George were always fighting, a fact that seemed to increase rather than decrease their deep affection for one another.

Yet underneath this rough and tumble play, the shouting and the ceaseless scuffling and noise, there lay the deeper nature of the Boy as yet scarcely awake, unconscious of his high destiny, this deeper self reaching out to feast his soul upon the quiet beauty, the world of silence enveloping the main building, the garden where he might slip away and dream his dreams, and soak his soul in beauty,—the vista that he caught beyond the garden gate, the pond, the patch of woodland, the sweep of emerald meadow dotted with cattle—, holding for him always the deep, spiritual significance in its quiet beauty and rich mellowness, that truth which is forever beauty, that beauty which is forever truth.

John had always loved music, and many a night when the rest of the dormitory was asleep, the Boy would creep to the window overlooking the moonlit garden, sitting there enrapt, listening to the headmaster's son playing in the room beneath him, music this friend of his, Cowden Clarke, was to hear again in after years in an old castle on St. Agnes' Eve, "yearning like a God in pain." Out of that night had blossomed a friendship between these two lads never to die, a friendship in which the lad Cowden brought to his friend John Keats the essence of culture, surrounding him not only with that atmosphere of art and literature pervading the headmaster's home, but opening up for him the richness and the splendor of the Elizabethan Age, firing

the Boy's imagination, saturating his soul in beauty. Hours at a time, through the long summer days, the lads spent in the arbor of the school garden, while Cowden read "Epithalamion" and "The Faerie Queene" to the Boy, until John, looking out upon the distant woods and meadowland, gazed upon the magic beauty of an elysian domain peopled with fairy folk flung against the rich tapestried background of mediæval chivalry and romance. Later, the Boy's imagination was to be further stimulated by Coleridge, Wordsworth and Scott's romantic lays; but it was the robustness of the Elizabethan Spencer that had kindled and set on fire the sleeping genius in the lad. The sluice gates of the surging flood of English Literature were thus flung open wide to the Boy, never to close again, and in this boundless world of rich imagination the Boy wandered at will, his soul swung free, a place of refuge whither he might flee to steep his soul in beauty. Greek beauty clothed in the soft rich texture of English imagery, this English lad of Greece was to give back, adding thus to the treasure house from whence he had gleaned and garnered its riches, fusing them with the delicate grace, the godlike beauty of the Greek, bedrock and well-spring of all art and beauty. Yet it was not books alone that were his teacher. Nature played too upon the sensitive, violin nature of the lad, the vital English beauty playing upon the vibrant soul of him until he gave back of its music. While he was still at Enfield, and even now living at Edmonton, some two miles from his old school, where his guardian had apprenticed him to a surgeon, John had tramped the low, mist-hung hills edging the valley of the Lea, had rambled through the deep green aisles of Epping Forest and over the wind-blown meadows of Enfield Chase, steeping his soul in beauty, filled with the

delicious sense of the myriad activities of nature's pulsing life in wood and field, in brook and croft and hedgerow, the spring air heavy with the scent of May, the fields carpeted with lush grass flecked with poppies and with cornflowers. This vibrant beauty creeped into the Boy's soul, a beauty akin to pain, so exquisite and poignant was it, through which the figures of Greek Mythology floated, those "leaf-fringed" legends

"Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady."

As ever in the lad's soul echoed those unheard melodies of the Pan pipes, he, with his liquid, tawny eyes flashing, his face like a young god, wandered among those immortals with the inward look, seeing visions, dreaming dreams, waiting, all unconscious, for the spring flood when his soul would pour out in immortal verse the immortal music of the gods, the passionate, liquid music of his own nightingale.

Fired by a sudden hunger for books, the Boy had poured over Lempiere's Classical Dictionary, a book that was to give him his first knowledge of the Greek world of myths and legends, of gods and goddesses and all that dazzling world of heroes. So he read further Tooke's "Panthéon" and Spence's "Polynetis." Absorbed in this new world in which he found himself, the lad was impervious for a time to the chaffing of his school fellows. A climax was reached, however, when he brought to the refectory Bishop Burnet's "History of my Own Times" to read during the noonday meal, the lad settling with his fists his right to read when and where he chose, even as it stamped his undisputed leadership.

As the Boy stood before Niké, the Wingless Victory, other memories came crowding in, memories of his

uncle, the naval officer who was the ideal hero of John and his brothers' dreams, a man of stalwart presence, who had acquitted himself with honor on Admiral Duncan's ship in the famous engagement off Camperdown, that added another glorious page in the history of the British Navy. It was he who told them tales of Drake and Raleigh, and of deeds of that great host of England's heroes of the high seas. This hero's giant form playing upon the fancy of the Boy, became merged in the child's mind with the heroic figure of Poseidon, who with his trident once adorned the western pediment of the Parthenon, whose broken fragments in the Elgin Room of the British Museum, were to make this English lad's soul Greek.

There had been a certain indefinable comradeship between the lad and his hard-headed father, that inherent love of the soil, of Cornwall with its grim, rugged beauty that drew them silently together, a companionship of few words but of deep understanding, so rudely broken by his father's sudden death when the Boy was only nine. So grief, blinding and overwhelming had come for the first time into his life. His father came often to the school to visit his sons, and on returning had dined at Southgate before proceeding on his way. When on the City Road, shortly after leaving the inn, the horse had slipped and fallen, throwing his master whose skull was crushed, death sweeping out this hardy Cornishman as swiftly as a leaf caught in the tideway at Tintagel. These and many thoughts of his past swept the Boy as the fog dripped in the sodden streets outside. His life had been shaken to its foundations in the loss of his mother. The past was as if it were not; the present was gray and purposeless; the future blurred and desolate. Yet as he moved among those Grecian fragments,

their golden beauty mellowed in his soul and he awoke, conscious of that inner light burning forever in the soul, a light fed by an imagination enkindled by a vision whose beauty and strength was of the hills. In beauty he was to clothe his soul, the beauty of Greek art, the deeper spiritual beauty of the woods and hills; for he was in the very essence of his being, a child of nature, that mingling of shyness and of the wild in him peeping out from his tawny eyes, suggestive of a faun lurking among the thickets and olive groves of Greece. His sensitive mouth would quiver with emotion as the beauty of nature played upon him like a bow upon the strings of a violin. Especially was he affected by the wind sweeping across forest trees, their southing suggestive to him of the sea and the coming of the tide. For hours together he would stand like a shy faun, half hid by the bracken, listening to its music, his eyes softly radiant. "The tide! the tide!" he would cry, springing lightly up to an overhanging branch, there to watch the passing of the wind across the meadow grasses or the corn, not stirring until the breeze was all about him, rapture in his eyes, his face aglow, eager, expectant, as if he listened for some cry, some signal from the forest depths, the sentiency of nature gripping him vitally.

As he stood absorbed in the bas-relief of Pan seated upon a rock, the nymph Echo enveloped in drapery standing before the god, it was as if the soul of Pan entered the Boy's soul, his wild haunting music echoing in his brain and heart until the lad gave forth again the immortal music of those Pan pipes. At last he knew, this Boy of Greece, the path he was to follow, the future for him no longer blurred and desolate, but golden hued, lapped by the violet waters of the Egean Sea; yet colored,

too, by the rich softness of the English countryside. Pan and the gods were calling, and he, vibrant with their music, knew himself a singer, a son of Polymnia, a minstrel whose home was green forest aisles and the classic realms of art, whose music was of the immortal spheres, whose span of life, short though it was to prove, was yet to encompass the world of music and of beauty. Thus with a deepening wonder in his shy, wild eyes, the Boy dreamed on, hearing Pan piping in the reeds, now close at hand, now but the spirit music of wind bells in the silvered oaks bordering a sunlit glade, the nymph Echo floating upon the wings of the passing zephyr, sweeping the Boy across the limitless spaces where time is not, where only beauty breathes the immortality of its joy.

As the Boy turned away from this room flooded with the golden glow of Greek beauty, of Greek art, the Boy knew himself a Greek, a boy no longer merely of the London streets, but also of that land of immortal beauty and of art in all its chasteness and perfection, glowing still those living blocks of stone, fused with the breath of life breathed into them by the flamelike genius of the immortal Pheidias. So did this Boy, the immortal singer of beauty to be, go forth, the sunshine of Greece flooding his heart, forgetful of the dank, dripping fog blanketing the London street; for his vision pierced its grayness, or wove its strands into an iridescent web of beauty by which he reached the stars. His spirit floated free even as the music of the Pan pipes, the nymph Echo bearing it to the four corners of the earth, and beyond. He, too, though he knew it but in a dream, was of the company of the immortals, and in the Elgin Room, all unknowing he had sought his own company. As he stumbled along the ill-lighted street in the chill

dusk of the November afternoon, he trod, of a truth, the elysian fields of fancy, a faun lurking in the bracken listening to the music of the wind god piping his music by streams and through forest aisles, or weaving nature's colored textures into the richness of immortal verse,— John Keats, the Boy of Greece, hymning of the beauty which to him was truth, as it was also a joy forever.

LINCOLN—THE BOY OF DEMOCRACY

HE was standing at the edge of the clearing, within the shadow of great forest trees, a tall, gaunt figure of a lad, looking out across the fields from which the harvest had been lately garnered. About him the gold glow of an October day, the quivering stillness of the sunset hour, the only sound the purr of Little Pigeon Creek winding its way through green forest glades and dim forest aisles toward the distant river. Primeval forest in all its majesty was the deep setting of the boy Abe's whole life, even as the clearing was the work of his own toil-worn hands, the clearing by which sunshine had crept into the forest's heart. He leaned against a tree, axe in hand, his cap of coon pushed back from his face, a face that even at seventeen was that of a great spirited child who year after year had battled against poverty, his high intelligence starving for the simple appliances of education that in that wilderness had always been denied him. Yet in the glow of those deep-set eyes, looking out toward the western sky, there flamed a spirit no obstacles could break down, no discouragements quench. As his strength and stature were even now beyond those of ordinary men, so was his will power. With the simple directness of the pioneer, and the vision of one who lives with nature, he saw beyond the clearing with its encircling trees to the vaster horizon of the sunset whither he dimly knew destiny was calling him. What his work was to be out there beyond the confines of the forest he knew not; yet that his road

led thither he had no doubt, a road upon which in the coming months he would have set his foot never to return. Clad in tanned deer hide, his feet shod with moccasins, his very dress proclaimed his pioneer life, its poverty and its struggle; yet they were symbols, too, of the power and richness of the traditions of which he was the heir. The strength of a sound inheritance and the virtues of a pioneer life were his, and upon that sure foundation his whole life was to be built and fashioned.

His eyes intent upon the road across the clearing that was opening for him, the Boy's mind swept backward, spanning the short years of his life, years for the most part, a dull monotone of toil and hardship and of loneliness, a loneliness that had bred in him the need and the cultivation of his world of imagination, a world colored and peopled by the child, a refuge whither he could slip away and forget the cheerlessness of a home that held for him neither the tender love nor devotion for which a child's heart yearns. His father, a tall, sinewy, well-knit man of medium height, was by trade a carpenter, a good man yet without ambition, his shiftlessness the cause of much of the discomfort in this frontier home. It was from his handsome mother, Nancy Hanks, the Boy came by his fine intellect and those stirrings of ambition driving him to overcome all obstacles in his struggle to better his condition. He possessed the instinct to develop himself by every means in his power, an instinct coupled with an indomitable will that refused to be swerved by the seemingly insurmountable. A wistful mirthfulness mingled with melancholy due to his surroundings became ingrained in the Boy's character; for from babyhood the Boy lived his own lonely life in the woods, returning from solitary games of his own

invention to a cheerless fireside. Yet the innate nobility of the Boy's nature transcended the utter lack of advantages for the cultivation of mind and spirit in that far-off wilderness. He made friends with the birds and animals of the forest, they coming to him without fear; for he spoke to them in a language which they understood, and instinctively they seemed to know the kindness of his great heart. It was as if the rigors of this life of the wilderness were a proving ground for the Boy's future career when he should be called to serve his country in the first great crisis of the nation's life. As having nothing yet possessing all things, this Boy of the trackless forest was to hew his way out to the light. Patriotism burned like a white flame in the Boy, as did that quality of giving his all without reserve, a quality that later, because of the Boy's democratic sense of sharing with the individual, would reach out to the noblest ideals of citizenship, that sense of national service that made him great among his fellows.

The soldier's uniform stood always for him as a symbol of that service; for he had been taught early to revere the soldier's calling, the soldier being the protector of the home and of the helpless. Once in the spring of 1812, returning from a fishing expedition, a string of fish in his hand, he had met upon the dusty road a soldier returning to his home on furlough. The Boy paused and with shy reverence shining in his eyes, he held out this trophy of his childish prowess to the war-weary man. The soldier smiled down into the boy's eager face, and sitting by the roadside, he told the boy tales of the battlefield from whence he had come, of the grim toll of war, of the battle for justice as the only means to peace.

"It is a great and noble calling, lad, serving one's coun-

try with the sword in the cause of right. Yet there are other ways as noble. Service, that is a word to write on all men's hearts,—service to one's country and one's fellows."

This incident awakened, perhaps, the first stirrings in the Boy of his passionate love of justice, whose roots struck deep into the very bedrock of the Boy's character, this stout moral fibre and burning sense of justice part of the lad's rich English heritage; a justice that would seek no compromise nor reconciliation with wrongdoing, that would without hesitation give its all in the cause of right. This fighting spirit in the Boy, revealed itself in his protective love of animals, his schoolfellows dubbing him "Champion of Right," he winning the boys by his sheer force of character to side with him, their recognized leader. Once in the noon-day recess, Abe, as was his wont, was at the bidding of his mates, making a speech. Even then these school boys dimly perceived in Abe the budding orator. The purport of the speech matters not, but as he stood there on the tree stump his hand outstretched in earnest exhortation, a boy on the edge of the crowd flung a turtle at Abe's head, the animal falling crushed at the youthful orator's feet. Abe paused, his dreamy eyes suddenly ablaze, his fists clenched as he stepped down to where the suffering animal lay, his strained face and figure relaxing to pity as he stooped to gently lift the quivering creature so cruelly set upon. The boys knowing his powerful strength, and how unhesitatingly he used it, watched him in awed silence as he rose to face them; for his reputation as a wrestler was respected in the neighborhood. Suddenly, as he stood there, the Boy quivering with emotion, a great light swept over his homely face, transfusing it; while with tongue unloosed, he pleaded for kindness to dumb ani-

mals, laying stress on their helplessness, his simple, native eloquence winning sympathy for the crushed turtle lying in his hand, a tide of resentment rising up against the bully who had inflicted pain so wantonly, a resentment that not only caused the boys to shun their comrade until he showed signs of a genuine repentance, but that forced the boy under guard to carry the turtle to the river where it could safely rest until its new shell grew once more.

The Boy's mind following the blazed trail of his life still further, he thought of Austin Gollaher, a boy some three years his senior, one of the few companions of his childhood with whom he had been on many an adventure, love of adventure being inborn in the lad, that spirit of the quest, of treading the unblazed trail so necessary to accomplish what he had set out to do. It was at Knob's Creek, a year before Abe's father struck deeper into the wilderness, that Abe and Austin had been off after partridges, and Austin had proved himself a hero; for Abe had been intent upon pursuing a brace of partridges. While "cooning across" he had fallen in, Austin's swift aid with a handy sycamore branch alone saving him from drowning. So destiny intervened for a nation's future welfare.

It was when the family moved from Knob Creek to the rich fertile forest country of Little Pigeon Creek, from Kentucky to Indiana, that the real hardships of life began to press in upon the Boy; for that first year in the wilderness in a rude half-faced cabin was a severe test even to the hardened pioneer. So primitive was this log cabin sheltered by forest trees, and surrounded by a stockade, that the only access to the loft where each night Abe sought his bed of leaves, was by pegs driven into the logs forming the cabin walls. Here, too, the first deep sorrow came to the lonely child, the death of his mother

from the "milk sickness." The death of his mother was a great grief to the Boy; for in his silent way he had worshipped and loved her, his grief revealing itself months after her going in his persistent efforts, despite his nine years, to seek out and bring to their world's end settlement a preacher who would preach a sermon and hold service at the grave of his beloved dead. Nor did the Boy rest until he had procured the services of one David Elkin, an itinerant preacher who came and set apart the little plot of ground where the good woman had been laid.

Within a year of his mother's death, the Boy's father married again one Sarah Bash, and with her coming sunshine crept into the desolate home. For the first time in his life the Boy knew the true meaning of the word home, a place of cheer and comfort in so far as the wilderness permitted, a place permeated by love and the sunshine that love brings; for despite her many excellent qualities, Abe's mother from her very reserve had withheld, unconsciously perhaps, the outward expression of the love she bore her children, lacking also the art of making a home out of the simple things she had. He and his sister, Nancy, basked in this atmosphere, turning to this bright-faced woman whom they soon learned to call mother with that instinctive directness of the child who quickly recognizes love thus given. Sarah Bash, taking these two neglected orphans, especially Abe, to her heart, she clothed them warmer and saw to their wants, besides educating them as far as power in her lay; for she was quick to recognize in the Boy his burning thirst for knowledge, a thirst that she might alleviate though, she knew full well, never quench. To this step-mother of his, the Boy gave the whole love of his

starved young heart, a devotion that remained constant throughout his life.

Like a famished thing, the Boy seized upon education, his active mind and fine intellect burning with a desire to know not only of the great world beyond the dark line of the forest, but of its riches, those intellectual riches of which he vaguely surmised. That he would never spend his life within these forest solitudes, the step-mother quickly realized; for she was quick to note the ambition in the Boy to better his condition, to reach a world where he would some day match the latent powers within him with other men, ambition urging the Boy to seize upon education as a means to accomplish his purpose. Ambition leading him further, he desired to possess an accomplishment unknown to his playmates. Thus he learned to write. Yet this was but the superficial outcrop of the deep desire of his heart. Nobler reasons dominated the Boy. To help his elders and to be able to copy what struck him in his reading, that he might keep it for future use, were the underlying impulses urging the Boy to reach a goal that would give him superiority over his playmates, a superiority that now and in the days to come would never be used save in the service of his country and his fellows. His schooling was of the crudest, and at best intermittent, four weeks of schooling being allotted as a term by the itinerant schoolmaster. The Boy's last days were passed under one Swaney, whose schoolhouse stood some four and a half miles from the Lincoln home, making a daily walk of nine miles when winter came, a test of the Boy's unflinching doggedness of purpose.

It was then his father set the Boy to work, the daily grind of farm labor, a tiller of the fields by day, the

tending of the stock at dawn and at early evening. Through the long winter he became the woodsman; in the summer the sower and the garnerer of grain. Yet the Boy, nothing daunted by the unending toil, cheerfully did his share from cock's crow to the moon's rising. His evenings he claimed as his own, and these he devoted with renewed energy to his studies. His store of books though small, was choice, consisting of the Bible, "Æsop's Fables," "Robinson Crusoe," "The Pilgrim's Progress," a History of the United States and Weems' "Life of Washington," the latter book, one over which he pored and pondered much. This "Life of Washington" came to him in this wise, its possession being a turning point in the Boy's whole life; for from it he gleaned not only the greatness of the man, but his statesmanship and power of vision. Unconsciously he stored away his vision of the country's first president against the time when he should be called to serve his country in a like capacity. Thus early was his ideal of what an American and a patriot should be, planted deep in the Boy's very soul. The book had been lent him by his schoolmaster, one Crawford, a crabbed hard-headed man, who in his rough way was fond of the Boy. Despite his reverent care, so characteristic of the lad where a book was involved, the rain leaking down through a neglected hole in the roof one night, dripped upon the shelf where the book lay, spoiling it past all help. Manfully the Boy went to his old friend telling him of the ruined book, telling him that as soon as his empty purse was full enough he would repay him. The old man greeted his proposition gruffly, but told the Boy the book was his if he would work it out on his farm. Gladly the Boy agreed, giving three hard days' labor on the farmer schoolmaster's farm before he became the

proud owner of this life of Washington, earned as was all he was to have in life, by hard, unremitting toil, his work to be scarce recognized until he should have given even his life in his country's service.

Often he would wander down to see his friend the constable, David Turnham, this grizzled officer of the law making the lad welcome. It was there, perhaps, Abe formed his first taste for the law, he having found upon the dusty book shelves a series of musty volumes entitled "The Revised Statutes of Indiana," books which he eagerly devoured. From these the foundation of his knowledge of the law was doubtless laid, his legal type of mind grasping their content and guiding his thoughts into these channels. Neighbors, too, let him borrow of their slender store of books, a boon to the lad whose slim purse could ill afford the purchase of many volumes. It was then his weeks and months of patient striving found its reward; for it enabled him to take voluminous notes from these books he could not buy, and these he learned by heart, adding ever thus to an increasingly rich store of knowledge. Nor did he end there. He pondered over what he read, working out his own conclusions, conclusions which he oftentimes wrote down, the seeds of his political speeches to be. His splendid mind developed slowly, unfolding like a flower that long in maturing, finally flings back the last petaled leaf of its maturity, revealing the perfected flower. Slowly, too, his power of reasoning and the native rhetoric so preëminently his, improved, an improvement that was to continue until the end of his life. Yet even here, poverty baffled him; for he was too poor to buy paper upon which to write down his thoughts, but was dependent upon odd scraps he could find. Or, as more often happened, he was obliged to leave his thoughts unex-

pressed, its purpose by a wise Providence, perhaps, to force him to break loose from the confines of his back-water into the broad shining river of his dreams. Many an afternoon he had crept away to the forest, there to lie upon his back and dream of what life out there beyond the forest must be like, and what it was to hold for him. Now at last the first glimpse of this magic world was to be vouchsafed him; for with the spring he was to ship as bow hand on a flat boat owned by Mr. Gentry of Gentryville, he and another lad entrusted with the care of the boat and the disposal of the cargo when they had reached their destination, New Orleans. This voyage was to prove a turning point in the Boy's future career; for in the quaint old town permeated by its former French occupation, Abe saw for the first time fellow beings used as slaves. This trafficking with slaves bit deep into the Boy's consciousness, awakening in him an ineradicable hatred of slavery of any human being white or black, this tiny spark enkindling in him a passionate desire to have all men free and equal, a desire that became the key-note of his whole life, his spirit never resting until he had realized his ideal of democracy, emancipation even at the price of blood.

The seeming narrow confines of his life of forest and clearing was typical, really, of the Boy's whole life, the training ground hardening him to endure, stiffening his will as well as his muscles; for his was to be to its very end a pioneer's life, a life where he must blaze the trail that others might find the way to reach a true ideal of democracy, a democracy whose roots struck deep into the soil, whose branches should reach the very stars. This Boy of the soil, felling the forest trees to make a clearing whence the sun might find its way into the forest, sowing in early spring seed in a fallow,

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virgin soil that others through countless generations might reap, was destined, though as yet he knew it not, to perform a like service for his country for whose welfare his whole life was to be spent and offered up. Standing axe in hand on the edge of the clearing, the sunset light shining in his dreamy eyes, the Boy caught in that moment a swift vision of the future, a future encompassing a forest ocean-bound into whose heart he would let in the sun. The hardness of life he knew and would know; but out of it would come also his spiritual strength not only to endure, but to look up with perfect faith toward the wide spaces of the sky, the sower and the toiler, that his country, his fellowmen might reap.

HUXLEY—THE BOY OF EVOLUTION

THE *Rattlesnake* lay quietly at her moorings in the Bay of Islands, where she had dropped anchor for some needed repairs. She had made her way from Sydney across the wastes of the Pacific only to find the Falklands cold and bleak, the snow-clad hills rimming the harbor barren and lifeless, save for the weather-beaten town of Stanley, scattered along their gaunt sides. So cold and cheerless was it, that only a solitary figure paced the empty, silent deck. Slim and lithe, he tramped back and forth clad in his great naval coat, the maroon stripe set between the gold on his sleeve designating him an assistant surgeon of the Royal Navy. The rest of the ship's company was either ashore or busy below decks, and Tom Huxley was taking advantage of this rare opportunity for solitude. He needed the quiet solitariness in which to give play to his sensitive imagination, this Boy who, though his life was to be spent among cold facts, was yet no less a dreamer of dreams, a brooder over problems reaching into the very heart of life. It was because of this power dwelling within him, that he was able to reach so deep into facts, illuminating them until the most abstruse problems yielded up their secrets.

On this bleak, winter afternoon of the year 1850, he was in contemplative mood, the years of his vanishing boyhood spread out before him even as the steep roadway of his future career was beckoning him onward towards the heights, a road holding out to the Boy lone-

liness and flint-strewn surfaces, yet at whose ending hung the stars. His mind slipped back over the way he had come, a solitary way, and one full of thorns; for his schoolfellows had had no taste for the problems which had flooded his mind, and over which he had brooded continually. Driven in upon himself, his habit of reserve increased, the Boy dwelt in a world apart, going out to very few. To those few he gave his heart with passionate, loyal devotion. As he gazed out across the sea, his thoughts turned to his mother, whom in temperament and in appearance he so closely resembled. They had been such companions, these two, and he recalled, how, in her dear gentle way, she had laughed at him because he had thought he resembled in appearance the handsome old vicar, Sir Herbert Oakley. Many a time she had told him, how she had found him in the kitchen, his pinafore turned wrong side out to look like a surplice, he preaching to the maids in Sir Herbert's best manner. He always loved to think of her best, as he first remembered her, sitting by a window of the Ealing house, his birthplace, her dark face illumined by the sunset, her black eyes glowing as she had read to him from Tennyson's King Arthur. He had thrown himself upon the floor, and lay there gazing up at her, absorbed in what she was reading, when suddenly she paused, and in her vibrant voice had expressed her pleasure in his tenacity of purpose in pushing to completion a distasteful task. His dark eyes had flashed his love up into hers, happy in her approbation. For that he would have circled the earth; for she controlled his fiery, energetic temper by the wisdom of her love, her deep sensitive understanding of him giving her rare insight. They understood each other, this boy and his mother, and her understanding sympathy was as balm to Tom's

lonely heart. No greater punishment than his mother's disapprobation could be meted out to the lad, and he recalled with a smile how many a night he had lain awake sobbing his heart out in morbid fear lest his mother should die.

The lad's nature was finely balanced. Offsetting the swift emotional energy, his inheritance from his dark-eyed mother, he possessed that grim tenacity of purpose, that hot temper, so silent and so deadly, because of the quiet control behind it, so characteristic of his father, together with the vigorous medium of expression through his drawing, the lad's draughtmanship to be an asset to him in his especial work always. His mother had handed down to this boy of hers, her rapidity of thought, that swift, intuitive grasp of things and situations Celtic in its sensitive, imaginative sweep; while his father had bestowed upon him that more Anglo-Saxon sceptical quality of mind, that cool, clear-cut logic of the scientist, of the thinker, a mind slow to accept until the proofs are at hand, and disregarding authority merely as authority. Together with these qualities, Tom possessed a passionate love of truth, an open-hearted sincerity, these mingled qualities giving him a broadmindedness, a kindly tolerance and respect for other men's beliefs, a wide-angled vision. Keen humor came to Tom also an inheritance from his mother, a gift that would guide him past many a reef besetting his course.

Tom's father was the senior assistant master of Dr. Nicholas' School at Ealing, an "unreformed public school" which combined enforced obedience to certain rules with an utter disregard for the intellectual and moral welfare of the boys. To reach the boys themselves, to guide them or help them in their school life, was seemingly ignored by those in charge. The Boy

recalled with a shudder, when he, a tiny lad of eight, had been thrust into the midst of that heartless crowd of school boys to be bullied and buffeted into the regulation mould. Slight of build, the Boy, when roused, was possessed of a wild-cat spirit, standing him in good stead when one of the older lads had bullied him past endurance. As swift in his movements as in his thoughts, Tom sprang upon his adversary one day, trouncing him so effectively that he had no further trouble through the remainder of the two years he was at school at Ealing. The two lads having bruised and battered each other with their fists, made up their differences, schoolboy fashion. One of the things, however, that bit deep into the Boy's deep sense of justice, was the fact that although he was the one attacked, it was he who was punished for fighting, punishment lighting upon him because of a tell-tale black eye; while the aggressor went scot free. It was these memories of his brief school days at Ealing, brought abruptly to an end by the death of Dr. Nicholas, that turned the trend of the lad's thoughts in maturer years toward the question of reform in the educational system of the land he loved so passionately, and which all his life he served so loyally and so well. Many and varied were the posts to which his country would call him, yet clustering ever around the scientific research work about which his whole life was centered; for this Boy was essentially a seeker, his life spent upon an unending quest, not merely after pure knowledge, but probing deep into human life. A knowledge of life and its causes absorbed him, making him realize in after years, the need for introduction of science into the school curriculums. His mind had turned early to speculation, especially to that of metaphysics, another form of his intense curiosity to discover the motive principle of

things, their why and wherefore, and how they acted, a tendency that had revealed itself in his love of engineering, and later of anatomy. No superficial reasons would satisfy the lad, and he spent much of his time ransacking his father's library, even getting up before dawn cold winter mornings, a blanket pinned about him, to pour by candlelight over Hutton's Geology.

It was at this time, shortly after the family removed to Coventry, that Tom formed his first friendship with a man nine years his senior. This disparity in age between Tom and his new-found friend, George Anderson May, made little difference to this boy of fifteen, who discussed philosophy with his elders with a freedom and a mature outlook astonishing in so young a boy. To George May the Boy, usually so reserved and shy, felt free to go with his problems, telling him of his aspirations and ideals, revealing his ideas on philosophy and life. The older man not only received the Boy's comments with seriousness, but gave him of his sympathetic understanding; for he perceived in the lad the first flush of his budding genius, recognizing, too, the splendid mind lying fallow still, yet in which already the surface soil had been stirred. Tom and his friend loved to tramp across country, and to the Boy pacing the deck of the *Rattlesnake*, one soft September day stood out with especial vividness. He and May had been following the winding Sherbourne, its green meadows dotted with cattle grazing, and under the shade of an overhanging tree they had thrown themselves down to rest. As the Boy lay there, gazing up through the green branches at the blue sky, he had begun speaking of his dream to be a mechanical engineer. The architectural and engineering part of building gripped the lad, the working out, not only of a plan in its unity, but the

mechanical knowledge of how the countless parts fitted one into another, the most infinitesimal being necessary to the completion and perfection of the whole. So later, when he finally entered upon his medical studies, the Boy's interest lay, not primarily with the art of healing, but in "the mechanical engineering of living machines," in working out "the wonderful unity of plan in the thousands and thousands of diverse living constructions, and their modifications," the study of these intricacies of living organisms nearly proving fatal to the lad through blood poisoning, caused by the dissection of a body.

"I want to be a mechanical engineer, George," Tom flung out, "but Father is set on medicine for me."

"You don't like the idea?"

"Not as a profession for healing the sick," the Boy answered picking up a stone. "Physiology is all right."

"Why physiology?"

"That's the architectural and engineering part of the business," he flashed back, his black eyes glowing.

"You might be a geologist," May suggested after a pause, pointing to the stone in Tom's hand.

"Yes, I might," the lad replied, fingering the stone. "You know," he continued dreamily, studying the stone, "you know, I have often wondered what would become of things if their qualities were taken away."

May smiled at the Boy's intensity and deep brooding.

"It is a question striking into the very heart of the law of the universe," was all he said. But it gave him an insight into the lad's thoughtful nature, into the future career of the man to be. This lad stretched upon the river bank, drinking in the summer sunshine, would travel far; for he was no idle questioner. His questing spirit would flood his path with the problems of a great thinker, an

interpreter of life, a solver of riddles, especially that riddle of growth, the doctrine, in short, of evolution, which is the mainspring of life itself, the law of its development, its means of reaching upward to perfection.

Not long after this talk, the Boy had lighted upon Sir William Hamilton's *Logic*, a book marking a turning point in his career; for when later he came to read the greater English and German philosophers, he found he already possessed a clear notion of where the key of metaphysic lay. Thus Tom's field of thought widened and deepened, enabling the lad and his friend May to penetrate further into things as they tramped the hills and valleys about Coventry. One brisk October day, as they skirted the ridge of hills touched with the dull gold of autumn, they fell into an argument as to the nature of the soul, and the difference between it and matter.

"You can't prove that matter is essentially—as to its base—different from soul," Tom maintained stoutly.

"Why isn't soul the perspiration of matter?" May threw out.

Tom laughed, his keen humor swiftly conscious of his friend's wit; but it did not satisfy him.

"How can we know the absolute basis of matter, George?"

May's answer was to quote a favorite passage from Carlyle, whom the lad greatly admired.

"The healthy understanding, we should say, is neither the argumentative nor the Logical, but the Intuitive, for the end of understanding is not to prove and find reasons, but to know and believe."

The Boy shook his head.

"Give me the honest doubt, George. I must probe until I have proven."

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"An honest searcher after truth, you will always be, lad. Of that I am sure."

So they had returned in the twilight to the quaint old town, the faint odor of wood smoke in the air.

To Carlyle the Boy had turned first of all because of Carlyle's intense hatred of shams, a kinship that went deep with the lad all his life. This and Carlyle's translations from the German, roused in Tom an ardent desire to know German for himself. So he had set to work to teach himself, and it came to him as he looked up now at the dark hillsides in the gathering dusk, how he had gone out into the hayfields one summer, pretending to make hay with one hand, while with the other he held the key to the gate of a new knowledge, beyond which lay the wide avenues of German philosophy and science.

As the young surgeon leaned against the taffrail gazing up at the snow-crested hills, they seemed indicative of his life, a life isolated from those of his own age, from the many who could neither understand nor sympathize with his aims and endeavors in the cause of science. He was to pay the penalty of greatness, loneliness of soul to be accentuated in this relentless searcher after truth, because he dared to voice what he believed, to fight for the truth as he saw it, as it was revealed to him through his mistress science. After his mother, his sister Lizzie was of the few who had given him a rare and understanding sympathy. It was she who had encouraged him in his studies, had urged him, when later he was a student at Sydenham College, to work for the Botanical prize which he had won. Her belief in him and in his future was a tower of strength to the Boy who was so early, if vaguely, conscious of unrest, of great powers within

him striving to find expression. It was his passionate love, not only of truth, but his deep-seated desire to know the truth, to probe into the very heart of life and to discover of what it came and whither it was going, to know, in short, the Heart of the Creator of all this beauty, of all this wonderful unity and intricacy of design to be found in nature, in the universe, that had driven him on, and would drive him on so long as life lasted. He would spend whole days in the woods, in the fields, more often even, upon some isolated, rock-bound coast, brooding over nature, the life of a tiny flower, or some low form of animal life found among the weed-strewn rocks, he totally absorbed as he unveiled bit by bit the inner mysteries of its being. So unconsciously as a child he had begun to evolve his theory of evolution, an idea that was to revolutionize science, to reveal the meaning of life,—life as a struggle through which it should reach upward toward perfection. An intensely religious nature, the Boy revered nature teeming with myriad life, marveling ever at its beauty and infinite variety, the perfection of the tiniest creature's mechanism as with boundless patience he dissected it and studied it beneath his microscope. His energy was boundless, and even after lecture hours, at the Charing Cross School of Medicine, he would stay on, his recreation and amusement his microscope. Daily the other boys playing at games in the Court caught sight of Tom's dark head bending over his instrument, one wit among them dubbing it "The Sign of the Head and Microscope."

His passionate yearning to reach the very soul of truth was the mainspring of the Boy's whole life, and yet he would never stoop to satiate his thirst for it at the price of insincerity or hypocrisy. For him, peace of

mind could never be bought with compromise. His was the high ideal holding up the dignity of science as an instrument of truth; and though he never might reach the heights of a faith realized, yet his questing spirit would never fail, his yearning to grasp truth by the hand never be stilled. To the end he would be a seeker, even though he was never to find the grail for which he sought. His belief was that the interpretation of the book of nature was not to be kept apart from the ultimate problems of existence, in essence, really, the eleventh century ideal that the material and the spiritual must be fused, must rise up together without discord, the one the complement of the other. No iconoclast was Tom Huxley, but a builder, who strove to fit the scientific stones of his fabric upon the rock-hewn foundation of truth.

As he paced to and fro on the deck, the gentle lapping of the water on the ship's sides the only sound stirring the silence, Tom Huxley knew himself at a parting of the ways, his whole future hanging upon his choice. Five years he had spent in the East, years spent in research work for the Admiralty, in result of no small value to the scientific world. Now, his ship headed homeward, he wondered bitterly if these precious years had been wasted; for the papers he had forwarded he had not heard from. On them his hopes were set. Were they valueless? Had his youthful enthusiasm over-estimated them? Belief in himself welled up to combat the discouragement he felt. Deep in his heart he knew he had chosen a flint-strewn road, a road steep and slow of ascent. Should he turn back and choose the easier road across the plain? The temptation was strong; for he had left his heart in Sydney, in the keeping of one who was to prove worthy of his great trust in her. Sup-

pose he failed now to win recognition in his chosen field? Should he return to Sydney and establish a practice there, and so clip the wings of Pegasus? Could he be true to the best that was in him by turning his back on the steep road he had set himself to follow? These questions flooded in upon him as he paced the deck reviewing the years of his crowded, short life. Yet he knew he could not turn back until the heights were won. No life that did not give scope to his intellectual passion could ever satisfy him, could ever bring him or the girl he loved happiness. He must be true to himself, to his ideals, even as he was to be an apostle of truth, a pioneer bringing light into unblazed trails of scientific research. The way would be a lonely way, a way beset with thorns and with every foot a battle ground. The truth as he conceived it, he would uphold with all the flaming enthusiasm of the seeker to whom nothing but attainment could bring peace. Unconsciously he squared his shoulders, the glow in his dark eyes deepening. He would win out no matter what the cost. The vision of his ideal should be kept bright. Beyond the barren, snow-clad hills lay a life of struggle, pain, misunderstanding, ostracism, perhaps; but the joy of the quest was his, the seeking for the realization of his dreams. His course even as the ship's, was set, the North Star a guide across the gray waste of waters, to this apostle of truth, this Boy of Evolution, seeking to unravel the mysteries of life.

JAMES J. HILL—THE BOY PIONEER OF THE NORTHWEST

THE biting wind of the short January day swept across the ice-bound Levee of the small trading settlement of St. Paul, hurrying on down the river dotted with the transportation boats winter bound by the ice clogging the upper Mississippi. Nor did the wind searching the decks of one of these moored boats, spare the lithe, erect figure of a young man tramping briskly up and down, his strong face half hidden by the fur cap and heavy coat collar he wore. Back and forth he paced, his face ruddy from the cold, his keen blue eye glowing as if the battle against the wind thrilled him. His springing step, his square shoulders bespoke virility, purpose, latent power. Aft he paused a moment, gazing westward toward the unknown country stretching for two thousand miles to the Pacific, that gateway to the Orient which since childhood had lured him, his boyhood's dream carrying him beyond the confines of the Canadian farm near Rockwood, a dream which as he stood there was crystallizing into reality.

He had been in the little town of St. Paul seven years, and now, after these years of toil, this Boy was to begin to spread his wings, the embryo of his idea growing and prospering even as the mustard seed. He had served a hard noviciate, but one in which every moment was to bear potently on his future. All this winter he had lived in the river boat, working by day as shipping clerk, by night guarding the moored packet

boats, his life in the boat cabin, in a way one of final preparation for the national work he was destined to perform. It had been a winter of deep reading, of deeper contemplation, of detailed study not only of his business in all its various branches, but of engineering, which with his habitual thoroughness he was to master. As he had studied the subject of transportation, it had been impressed upon him, the stupendous necessity of it, his vision grasping the ever growing need for enlarging transportation facilities already along the rivers, and also of establishing new fields of activity through an extension of the river traffic in the country lying beyond the Mississippi. The Boy had lived much alone with his thoughts; for, though he entered into all fun and sport with the zest of a boy, his humor and nonsense bubbling out like a clear spring, yet his friends could not understand his tropical imagination as applied to practical things. They failed to recognize the blood of the Celt flowing in his veins, which reaches out toward greatness as a flower the sun. To the Celt all things are possible because his power of vision carries him across the barrier of mountains into the radiant country of his dreams.

In the growing dusk, the lad's mind slipped back to his childhood, those first years spent in the Canadian Northwest, a rugged, pioneer's life of constant struggle to wrest from nature the bare necessities of life, instilling in the child the art of simple living, even as his sturdy, high-minded parents taught him and his brothers and sisters that the best gift of life is to be at harmony with one's daily life as one finds it, and the individual qualities and limitations of those about him. Simplicity had been the keynote of the Boy's home, a log cabin on the edge of the wilderness, primitive really, yet home in its deep-

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est sense, a place where love dwelt unafraid, and whose foundation stones were set in those sterling highminded qualities of soul that inspire lofty ideals and create the spiritual beauty of true holiness. So the Boy from infancy had dwelt close to nature's heart, turning to the forest as to a friend for strength, loving the flowers and the animals dwelling therein. Strong of body the lad grew, his nerves steady, his mind super-sensitive to impression. Like the great oak shadowing the cabin dooryard, though he knew it not, James was to overtop his fellows, his power of vision flinging open to him the wide spaces of the world beyond the mountain barrier to the west. This love of nature came to the lad partly as an inheritance, that Celtic love of the wild stretches of heather-blown moorland, inherent in the Irish as well as in the Scotch nature, the lad inheriting from these sturdy parents of his, the joyousness of the Irish Celt and the practical though no less poetic and beauty-loving nature of the Scot; for this Boy's vision held the breadth and beauty of the epic poet subtly blended with the shrewd, far-sightedness of a mind intensely practical, these two qualities marking the measure of his greatness, A fervid imagination, an insight into the future by intuitive perceptions so characteristic of the Celt, was to give this boy of empire vision, form to his life dream, coherence to his work.

From the first, because life so impressed itself upon him, the Boy, James, recognized that fundamental fact that life means struggle, and that by struggle alone men, like all things in nature, grow upward toward perfection, fullest realization. To have won a vantage ground from the wilderness as his parents had done, was a victory of the soul as well as of the body, a victory opening up wider possibilities for the Boy and his broth-

ers and sisters ; fashioning, too, ideals of wider conquest. So as the lad, in all unconsciously, absorbed this idea of evolutionary growth as related fundamentally to life, so in his own life, as his powers of mind and vision grew, he reached out into the unknown beyond the forest, reaching upward also toward the blue. His vision widened, but it also deepened, his ideals to shine steadfast throughout his life. This lad was to succeed, not by sharp practice, but because of his far-reaching vision, his grasp of future conditions preparing him to meet them, forestalling them. The Boy of the Canadian wilderness went out to meet the world taking his ideals with him, ideals he was to carry through life, his vision enlarging so that it encompassed not merely his own future, but that of his adopted country's ; a vision building for the American people, for a nation's future. So by service, he was to prove his worth as a citizen.

From his father, the Boy came by his industriousness, that persistence of effort, that bull-doggedness that never lets go, that subdues continents, that accomplishes what it sets out to do. A rare though silent companionship existed between the Boy and his father, his father possessing an inherent understanding and appreciation of the lad's qualities of mind and heart. From his mother, whom he most resembled, James came by his strong character, his intense temperament. The Boy worshipped this mother of his, his finely wrought nature enveloping her always with a rare and exquisite tenderness, that gentleness of strength inherent in deep, silent souls, a tenderness that wrapped her round when the crushing blow of his father's death came when the lad was but fourteen ; a blow bringing with it, not only sorrow and responsibility to the Boy, but closing forever the first chapter of his life, putting an end to his dreams of college

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and a professional career, or even a continuation of his school days at Rockwood Academy which had been, perhaps, the most potent influence in his life as they were also the happiest days of his boyhood. His father had sought more than the limited elementary education of the neighborhood for this eldest boy of his, recognizing as he did James' unusual qualities of mind, his quick perception, his swift absorption of elementary knowledge, his insatiable thirst for more. A thoroughly normal boy, bright, active, ready for sport, yet books held him spell-bound, this passion for reading to be characteristic of him all his life. Playing with some lads at school one day, James lost his right eye, an arrow piercing it, putting an end to his dream of being a doctor; but his iron will overcame this handicap, his career to be unmarred by the loss of his eye.

At five, James had started school, and the young man leaning against the taffrail looking westward, smiled as he recalled his daily tramp of five miles each day through the bush as he went to and from school, a feat not much thought of by those sturdy pioneers, these first school days setting their mark upon the child; for it was then that the Boy first came under that gentle, benign Quaker influence that was to make its indelible impress upon the child, and so on the man to be. The settlement was largely comprised of Friends, and from the first school and the splendid old Quaker, John Harris, the schoolmaster, the Boy at eleven had gone to Rockwood Academy, a private school started by a Quaker, William Wetherald by name, a man of parts who gave to this Boy of promise the best that was in him, his intuitive understanding awakening the mind of the lad. Until his father's death some three years later, it was the Boy's privilege to be under this man's influence, a forma-

tive period in the Boy's life, bearing vital consequences for the future; for with the lad's awakening had dawned a fixity of intellectual purpose, that under his beloved teacher's rare guidance was to develop and mature. Mental discipline rather than mental craftsmanship was the ideal William Wetherald inculcated in the Boy, preparing him thus, when he came at grips with life in the great world outside, to fasten upon this new material, the Boy's mind taking all that these years had given him of precision and of power, and thus remoulding it into the forms his mind conceived. The magic touch of character on character was potent, and the noble example of plain living and high thinking, inculcated in the Boy from birth, was deepened and enriched by his intimate contact with his teacher to whom he gave a deep and lasting devotion, their friendship forged with links no separation could lessen.

In his love of reading the Boy was stimulated and encouraged by this rare friend of his, who opened to him the world's best literature. Shakespeare, Burns, the dictionary and the Bible were his bookshelf, developing his love of beauty in things pertaining to nature and the spirit, his slim library to be augmented by a *Life of Napoleon* which made a deep impress upon the lad. Napoleon's indomitable will gripped him; for it touched a half-formed idea of his own, that what a man made up his mind to do was already half done. This became the watchword of the man. So he accomplished the great things destiny held for him, the light and shade of his character brought out by the patience, insight and sympathy of his teacher who, with an artist's knowledge, knew how to mould and fashion the lad's mind and character.

To these five books, the Boy gradually added a few

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others, Plutarch, Lalla Rookh and Byron, firing his imagination to white heat, setting him dreaming of the Orient, with India his Mecca. His mind upon the roadway he had come, the young man pacing the deck of the river boat traced minutely the four years following his father's death and their removal to Guelph, years spent in the irksome confines of a village store, yet years in which the Boy had by hard and constant tilling made profitable in their rich yield; for his evenings and Sundays were his own, and these he spent in reading and study, with ever the inspiration of his friend, his beloved teacher, to guide and help him over the rough places, the droning drudgery of unremitting toil. The lad in the country store, dreamed not only of the romantic East in the abstract, but he dreamed of it constructively, of opening up the country by means of transportation on the rivers, the Ganges and the Brahmapootra to become the roadways to the world of commerce beyond India's frontiers. In this rainbow dream of his, the Boy saw dimly the benefit it would be to India by opening it up to the world's marts of trade. His vision, even as a Boy reached out, out beyond stultifying self-interest, this boyhood's dream to be finally realized upon the Mississippi and in the vast Northwest. Here in St. Paul already commercial activity centered about the Levee, boats being practically the only means of transportation.

When at Rockwood Academy, James had known two boys from the Red River Settlement. So when he started on his quest of the East, and had failed to ship as a sailor from an Atlantic seaboard, the Boy came to St. Paul seven years before with the idea of making his way to the Pacific by way of the Red River Settlement, so reaching the far East by going west. He had arrived in St. Paul sixteen days too late to join the last brigade

of the season going to Red River, and he was obliged to wait over the winter before another expedition would start. So had begun his seven years apprenticeship in St. Paul. In the west, not in the old world East, destiny thus decided this Boy of the Canadian border should cast his lot; yet in the years to come his ships would ride in the harbors of Cathay, even though this Boy of Destiny's life was to be spent largely in the Northwest wherein his vision of empire was to be born and developed into national proportions. Romance played about the prosaic, ramshackled town rising on high bluffs above the Mississippi; for Fremont and Nicollet had that year of 1856 completed their explorations of the Upper Mississippi country, firing the imagination of the Boy, his imagination fired still further by Major I. Stevens, then governor of the territory of Washington, Major Stevens declaring that the seeming wilderness lying between St. Paul and the Pacific was no unconquerable wilderness despite the fierce Indian tribes overrunning it. It was all susceptible of occupancy. Again, the enthusiasm of Lord Selkirk, which had planted the first outpost for agricultural and commercial conquest of the interior of the continent in the Northwest beyond the Red River, opened a gateway through which the Boy's embryo visions were entering. His intensely practical mind, bright with vision, gripped what came nearest to him, his wonderful memory enabling him to utilize to the full his wide field of knowledge. In those seven years of apprenticeship which he had served, he had studied the country about him, going out often far afield in vacation-time, to outlying settlements by way of rudely-blazed trails, his mind ever alert to that country's possibilities for cultivation and transportation. So with everything. He knew the shipping business in all

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its details. More than that, he did not measure tomorrow's needs by to-day's. He perceived the future invisible to others, and in that light he was to set to work. Standing upon the deck looking out across the snow-clad wastes of that land stretching endlessly westward, he visioned the need of conquering its wildness, of taming the fierce roving Indian bands. The country was growing, and the ever increasing population must push westward to till the black virgin soil, to fell the forests and to lay bare the richness of the as yet undiscovered mineral wealth. To meet this, boat transportation would be inadequate. Railroads must be developed and pushed westward ahead of the influx of people. Then out of his restless, creative mind, there rose that wider vision which was to mark the measure of his greatness, the building of model towns along his railroads to which to give impetus to this westward migration. Looking across those white-clad plains, the gray January day drawing to a close, the great Northwest called to James Hill as never before. His soul was stirred to its depths. He saw the railroad pushing its way through these wastes, leaving embryo farms and homesteads by the railside; he saw how, by introducing live stock—cattle and hogs—into the vast bunch grass plains stretching out on every side, cattle ranges would be stocked with the best blooded stock obtainable; he saw, as in a vision, his trains, demonstration trains they would be called later, to teach these pioneers of the new land how to get more wheat per acre out of their crops, and how to market their grain, he to furnish the elevators to house it; he saw towns rising out of the wilderness, towns that he was to build that a nation might grow and expand and become great. His dream of empire was not to exploit himself, nor to accrue autocratic power, but to spend himself

for the people of the country of his adoption ; his service the high water mark of his citizenship. His greatness was to be other than the mere power of accumulating money. The ideal of his boyhood was to carry him through life. His contact with the world was to enlarge his vision, rather than to dwarf it. His sense of values was to be sharpened not dulled nor swept away even as his love of art, of beauty was to be deepened, the Celt in him demanding that his passion for color and beauty of form should be satisfied.

So this Boy pioneer of the Northwest was to reach the far East through the gateway of the great Northwest, his dream of his ships touching in Eastern ports to be realized with the completion of his railroad at Puget Sound,—a fleet of steamers that would carry the commerce of the United States into China and Japan, extending and developing thus further her commercial activities. Because he was to think in billions when men still thought in millions, he would be called visionary ; but he perceived a future invisible to those of lesser genius, smaller minds, those less sensitized than the Scotch-Irish Celt, whose vision was to people a wilderness, whose genius was to make that vision a reality.

PATER—THE BOY LOVER OF MYSTIC BEAUTY

A KEEN February wind sweeping in from the East Coast scurried the snow flakes across Green Court, that echoed to the shouts of excited King's boys battling to drive out the Canterbury boys beyond the weathered gateway, marking the precincts of the cathedral school. Within the shadow of the Norman Staircase, the Boy, Walter Pater, stood looking down upon the scene, a desolate little figure, unprepossessing, unless you caught the glow in his deep-set eyes, bespeaking the artist, the poet's soul burning within. Already a heavy down outlined his chin and lip, giving him a prematurely old appearance; and the slight curve in his back, the Pater Poke they called it at home, debarred him from entering into the sports in which other boys delight. He wrapped his gown more tightly about him as if to shut out the wind, his thin, plain face white and desolate, as he followed the fortunes of the battle; or, as was more often the case, his eyes wandered across Green Court to the cathedral upon which he was never tired of gazing.

Green Court lay mantled in snow, its shimmering whiteness set against a jumble of gray walls and buttresses, of gray bare-limed trees and pinnacled towers reaching up into a gray, cloud-hung sky. Standing aloof, above the battle, the lad's eye caught the splash of white against the gray, noting, too, the soft outlines of the cathedral he loved so passionately as it rose delicately penciled against the leaden winter sky, revealed through a gray mist of delicious, mysterious beauty gripping his very

soul. Everything spoke in terms of beauty to this sensitive Boy whose soul quivered as vibrant as a flower to the wind, yet whose physical appearance bespoke the very ugliness he abhorred. His low-bridged nose, heavy jaw and square-cut chin together with a curious malformation of the mouth, seemed a strange setting for his Greek, beauty-loving soul; for the Boy looked out upon a Greek world, his world of the imagination, peopled with the simple purity of form and beauty essentially Greek, that beauty which he himself lacked and craved, even as his physical weakness made him worship strength and athletic prowess in his comrades. The unconscious beauty of line and movement the artist in the lad was quick to catch as he watched the boys below him struggling for mastery, holding his interest. He shrank from close physical contact with his fellows, that rough and tumble bear play that is the very breath of life to most boys. Yet he craved companionship, that intellectual companionship that seeks the heights together, building daringly as those mighty architects of old conceived and fashioned the great cathedral across Green Court flinging its beauty to the gray, February sky.

Atmosphere was a potent thing with the Boy, and Walter had become saturated with the all-pervading atmosphere of the cathedral, its traditions and its memories, its aspirations and its ideals having become part of his bone and fibre. To him, the cathedral was a symbol not merely of the great age that fashioned it, but of the heights to which the human soul in any age might aspire. It had set the high water mark of human achievement, that no man might dare fall short of. Its potent influence pervaded the precincts reaching even to the town itself with its narrow, winding streets bordered by timbered houses, Canterbury to the Boy always "a leaf

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torn from an illuminated missal." It lent a certain spiritual softness to life, a warm, illumined beauty, a colored radiance permeating it, suggestive of a light shining through things not merely on them as in the dazzling whiteness of Greek art. In this atmosphere in which Walter was steeped, a certain ascetic quality in his way of life was evident, as if the old monastic influence still lingered about the mouldering stones of the Almonry Chapel with its heavy old desks carved now by the countless generations of boys who had passed through the school, and were now forgotten save on the dust-dimmed records where their names could still be traced. This asceticism in the lad was subtly blended with a sensitive æsthetic quality, developing in him love of the mystic, his mysticism suggestive of St. Francis of Assisi or of St. Bernard of Cluny, dreamers of beauty in the heart of their monastic surroundings, their souls on fire with the passion of the mystic, seers piercing to the very soul of life, interpreting its hidden beauties. It was this sense of detachment one felt in the lad, an aloofness setting him apart, making him seek solitude, his chief delight to wander alone about the precincts. Thus he grew to intimate knowledge of each nook and corner, —the ancient vine-clad arches of the infirmary of monastic days, the Dark Entry where Nell Cook of the Ingoldby "Legends" "with ashen face stalks on Friday nights;" Green Court, shadowed by flowering limes and hedged in on the northern side by the Deanery, on the western end by the Norman Staircase; and beyond through the chapel arches, Mint Yard where stood the house of the Head Master, the revered reverend George Wallace, Mint Yard, however, more especially remembered for the corner where stood Mrs. Norton's sweets stall, Mrs. Norton the wife of old Norton the school

factotum. Above all, the Boy loved the hushed quiet of the cloisters, their crumbling Gothic beauty still rich in heraldries, setting them apart as a place of special sanctity, the spot where in the cloister garth the monks lay sleeping within the shadow of the cathedral they loved and chiseled until the gray blocks of stone on which they wrought, became living monuments, setting the seal of their achievement. It was here the lad slipped away most often to dream, picturing, perhaps, the quiet rudely broken in upon by Becket's murderers, those knights led by their king battering down the door leading from the cloisters into the cathedral where Becket met his martyrdom so bravely. Or, he would sit where he could gaze up at the pinnacled Bell Harry Tower, its stately magnificence connoting to the Boy the four-squared integrity, the wide-eyed aspiration and democracy of England, that gift of the Middle Ages to the centuries coming after; for the monastic life, of which in a sense this King's schoolboy was a part, breathed a spirit of democracy, that aim of a veritable community of which Plato speaks, in which the good of the whole was the ideal, the individual gain attained through the general welfare. Then, too, the spirit of patience to attain was instilled within these gray walls, that spirit imbued by the very architecture itself. The daring height coupled with an equally daring severity in the unending upward lines, the free spring and grace of the Gothic arches, the daring boldness of the sculpturing, the least conspicuous figure as finely wrought as that plainest to view, touched the deep artist vein in the Boy's nature, that French fineness that was to be characteristic of him always, that artist yearning for perfection, counting no labor too arduous to attempt if only the perfection was attained. Commercialism held no part in the Boy's

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outlook on life. For him there were nobler aims and obligations in life than selling one's soul for money. This artist's love of perfection, came to him partly an inheritance from his Flemish artist ancestor, Jean Baptiste Pater, the pupil and friend of that prince of court painters, Watteau, a friendship to be immortalized by this King's boy Walter Horatio. The careful neatness of this artist ancestor, cropped out again in this Kentish lad, coupled with a wilfulness and obstinacy, characteristics in curious contrast to the sweetness and gentleness so dominant a feature in the lad's nature. Yet, despite the Dutch background of his heritage, its sturdiness and its homely beauty, the Boy had been moulded and steeped in the atmosphere of England, its peculiar beauty and its noble traditions, his English heritage the predominant force in his life; and of it he was to give expression, revealing the very essence of England redolent with blossoming hedgerows and of harvest, its haze-hung fields caught in the mystic glow of summer sun, possessed of a peace and beauty all its own.

On this bleak February afternoon, the Boy shivered more from utter loneliness than from cold. The sudden death of his mother whom he worshipped, and from whom he had parted in petulance, filled him with remorse. His father, who had died when Walter was only five, had been cold and severe; but to his widowed mother he had given that passionate devotion of which so sensitive and shy a nature could give but rarely. As if by a sudden impulse, the lad gathered his gown about him, slipping across Green Court to seek sanctuary in the hushed beauty of the cathedral, there to think things out, and to re-adjust himself as best he could to his loss. He was early for the evening service, he knew, a time he loved, for he took great joy in singing in the

cathedral choir; but he was glad to have the hour alone with his friend the cathedral, to him a living personality, its brooding quiet potent with the wisdom of the centuries, uplifting in its noble traditions, its fidelity to the faith which daily it has proclaimed since the coming of St. Augustine and his monks,—an element reflected in the school's *esprit de corps*, and so reacting upon him likewise.

Sitting there in the choir, Walter's eyes sought instinctively the Angel Steeple, the lantern shedding, on summer days, a soft effulgent radiance, touching to life the gray stone, giving that sense of light and spacelessness, the spiritual quality of mystic beauty gripping the lad profoundly. Sitting there, his mind swept back to the dimly-remembered Tudor house at Weston Underwood and Olney, with its tiled roof and heavily mullioned windows where he had been born. Etched on his memory was the gateway with its massive piers surmounted by stone balls, this moss-grown relic of a by-gone age shadowed by whispering beeches and swaying alders through which he passed for the last time after the death of his father when the family had moved to Chase-Side, Enfield. The gateway had stood at the head of a narrow lane which joined the village street close to the socket of the ancient wayside cross, these bits so eloquent of Middle Age, making their impress on the child even at five; to be supplemented later by his memories of Enfield, the King James and Tinker Inn and the market cross, the old mansion with its hoary relics of King John, shadowed by immemorial cedars. Enfield stood out in the Boy's mind primarily, as the abode of Charles Lamb and of Keats who came thither to school for several terms, both essayist and poet to have their part in the moulding of the lad even as the garden, odorous of wall flowers

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and sweet peas, permeated his soul with their perfume, filling him with a longing to give in like measure of those things of the spirit that alone give forth the brightness and beauty of the sun. The house acted to "his wandering soul as in second degree its body and tabernacle," all these things playing all unconsciously upon the Boy's nature as he absorbed the beauty all about him, later to give out again enriched an hundred fold.

From his Aunt Bessie, whom next to his mother he loved devotedly, he learned much of his ancestral background, of the Flemish Pater who came so long ago to ply his lacemaking in England. Another of his childhood memories was Fishall Hall, the home of his cousin and godmother, a Georgian square of brick, yet possessed, withal, of a comely whiteness, appealing to the lad in whom color and sensibility to suffering were such marked characteristics. From infancy he had had a passion for white, a white cat being always an essential part of the Pater household. The long drive bordered with shrubs and pampas grass, the paths by alders and wide-spreading yews, the swans swimming about the old fish pond of monastic days, the trellised walk, the mulberry tree burdened in summer with luscious fruit, the greenery, all hung vividly in his memory, potent factors in the moulding of the child, sensitizing him to beauty, not only in nature, but in all things pertaining to a noble tradition; instilling in him also, the value of culture.

Two years had passed since his mother and his Aunt Bessie had moved from Chase-Side to Harbledown Place that he might enter King's School as a day scholar, a day proving to be a turning point in his career, flinging him, as it did, not only into a world of beauty and splendid traditions, but also into a community where he must learn to hold his own, winning for himself a place among

his schoolmates. Hating sports in the actual and the rough and tumble fights so inevitable a part of the school term, the Boy had shrunk at first within himself. His timidity made him the butt of the boys, and his loathing for snakes had caused his brother William, egged on by the other boys, to wind a viper around the door knob of his cubicle, terrifying the lad. Yet Walter's keen sense of humor in the end had won them; for he enjoyed their antics if he did not always participate in them. There were two Newfoundland dogs belonging to the school, named by the boys Nep and Tip. They taught the dogs to pull up the posts set in Green Court to protect the grass, and their delight was to set the dogs to work and then watch for old Norton to turn the corner. Old Norton was not spry enough for the dogs, and the dogs seemed to enter into the game with the spirit of the boys.

There was another tradition in the school spurring the boys to like feats of daring. As was often the case, repair work necessitating scaffolding about the cathedral was being done, and on one of the occasions when there had been scaffolding on the Bell Harry Tower, a boy, who in passing had given the windlass rope a tug, was drawn up to the top by the mason who thought it was a signal from below to draw up material. So frightened was the man when he saw a boy appear over the top that he let him down again instead of rescuing him then and there. The boy arrived safely at the bottom, however, his terror soon forgotten in the halo of heroism that was soon encircling him.

The history of the school, Walter knew by heart, loving to dwell on its founding in the seventh century when Kent was still a kingdom and St. Augustine and his monks the latest sensation. To Dean Stanley, per-

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haps, more than to any other, this knowledge of the cathedral's history was due, the Dean making real to the Boy the coming of Augustine, the martyrdom of Becket and the passing of the Black Prince, those characters so intimately associated with the place; dwelling especially on the Black Prince whose romantic figure was sure to catch the imagination of the lad. There was the well at Harbledown where the Black Prince had paused to drink and to water his horse. Above all, there was the Warrior's Chapel in the cathedral where with great pomp and ceremony the Black Prince had been laid to rest in a beautifully carved tomb above which still hung his shirt of mail and shield blazoned with the lilies of France. A living personality the Black Prince became to the Boy, the ideal of chivalry and knightly prowess that he worshipped. Love of the military life was ingrained in the lad, as was his longing for the strength and agility needed for athletics, a longing for those things of which his physical weakness deprived him. This seeming inconsistency in the Boy, his intense love for the military life and for athletics, from which he at the same time instinctively shrank, was but a part, really, of his passionate love of beauty, especially perfection of form, abhorrence of the ugly; for the lad suffered keenly because of his physical ugliness, taking refuge in his world of imagination, where only the beautiful, the strong, the true had place. Nor was King's School wanting in its military traditions, its boys having gone out, from time to time, to give their lives in their country's service, a tattered flag or two the symbol and the sign of their supreme sacrifice.

It was the Boy's pensive seriousness that attracted Keble to him; and to this gentle, noble soul Walter, with shy, boyish ardor, gave a deep love and admiration.

One of the red letter days of his vacation time was a visit to Keble at Hursley, their talks and walks along the Norman moat of the adjoining place, leaving an indelible impress upon the lad. The Head Master, too, the Boy loved and revered, his two maxims being Walter's guideposts to attainment always. The first was, "Be content with a humble place at first, but spare no exertion to fit yourself for a higher." The second carried on the thought, or perhaps, supplemented it. "Regarding your position in life as a revelation from God Who wills you to perform the duty assigned to it with a cheerful obedience."

The great event of Walter's school days, the one most far-reaching in its effects, was the forming of the Triumvirate between himself and two other King's boys, Henry Dombtrain and John Ranier McQueen, known as René. The friendship with these two boys was the open sesame of a new life for Walter, a life less cramped, enriched by the interchange of thoughts and ideas, the play, of varying qualities of imaginations. Dombtrain was the son of a hop grower, who, of Huguenot descent, had come to England in an open boat. Henry's was a saturnine disposition, very foreign to the gay humor and quaint seriousness of Walter, or the sunny sweetness of René, grandson of the original Weir of Hermiston Stevenson was later to immortalize. René, in a sense, brought with him the military tradition, his father being a colonel of Hussars, and to Walter the ideal soldier he in his dreams would be. René was a quiet, solitary boy, of great independence of thought and action, possessing also a vivid imagination, his illustrated "Imaginative Countries" inspiring Walter in after years to write in a sense a companion volume, in his "Imaginary Portraits." That delicacy of imaginative weaving of Greek white-

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ness shot with color, palpitating with life was revealed in the Boy Walter, not yet sixteen, a delicacy belonging to the Kentish countryside and absorbed, doubtless, on the long tramps and exploring expeditions, "skirmishings" as Walter with his military ardor called them, indulged in by these three lads in the long summer days. Blean Woods, the remains of an ancient forest between Canterbury and Faversham, green-gold vested in May, and Bigberry Wood with its rude relics of an old British Camp, drew them by spring magic and the dust-dimmed memories clustered about the past,—a spot to cast its spell upon their virile imaginations. Past the oast houses they wandered on their way to Bigberry Wood as the hawthorn hedges and the oak shaws were burgeoning, and the fields were carpeted with anemones, wild hyacinths and yellow archangel, the air redolent of spring, the nightingale singing in the blue dusk of the May night as they sauntered homewards. In June when the wild roses shed their fragrance, there mingled with it the scent of hay catching at their throats, catching in the Boy's throat now as he sat in the stillness of the choir, so vividly memory swept in upon him like a tide; memories, too, of the marshes in autumn twilight within scent and sight of the sea, the tang of the sea wind mingling with wood fires whose smoke curled up into the dusking sky.

On these expeditions, Dombrian would relate with glowing eyes the story of Mad Tom, he of the coal black beard who roamed the country side scattering terror when in his wild moods; or, again, of the daring Canterbury goldsmith of the Reform Bill days stoning Archbishop Howley, who crowned Queen Victoria. Walter's eyes gleamed, reveling in these tales of horror; for a curious love of horrors veined his na-

ture, a nature so sensitive to suffering, so singularly sweet and gentle. René, as they lay stretched out under the sunflecked trees, would tell of the countries into which his fancy had led him, picturing for them out of his glowing imagination these countries of his dreams, weaving, often, about the British Camp or some crumbling wall, the story of its building, this spot where they were, a country as remote as the Kentish Kingdom of olden time.

Walter's romance-loving mind of a more mystic type, etched for them word pictures of Chaucer and his Pilgrims the motley throngs wending their way to Canterbury coming suddenly in sight of the giant tower of the Cathedral, marking the goal they were seeking. Or, he would weave them a story of some holy virgin or emaciated saint their faces and hollow eyes "as if cut out of yellow ivory." At another time he would trace the picture of a priest in flowered amice and stole, caught up in a cloud of incense, through which the sun filtering in through the stained glass window, turned to mystic radiance, this unearthly beauty that which gripped the Boy most deeply; or again, of resplendent but noseless and fingerless abbots, kneeling in dim churches, their palms pressed in prayer, their alabaster figures turned to living flesh and blood to the Boy, his world of the imagination a world alive and real to him, the well-spring of the riches he was to give out again in the years to come.

Then, as the boys went home together in the mellowing light, it was the first sight of the cathedral town that gripped them as the Pilgrims of old, with its beauty, the gray old town, dominated by the cathedral whose daring fingers reached upward as if seeking still those heights to which throughout the centuries it has aspired.

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A silver-toned bell striking the quarter roused the Boy. It was time for service, and he hurried away to make ready; but as he stood once more among the white-robed choristers, he saw again as on Ascension and School Feast Day, the long procession, the fifty King's Scholars, the Commoners, the masters in their university robes, coming across Green Court and following the clergy and the choir into the cool cathedral, an endless procession coming down the centuries, even to-day and in the future, and of which he was forever an integral part, King's School, lichened, hoary gray, his gateway to the great world outside where his dreams would be resolved into the facts of life, that world into which he would carry with him the ideals and traditions of which he was the heir, the great cathedral to be his well-spring of inspiration even as he was to give back with the fulness of his powers the beauty and the richness that had been lavished upon him, he who was the lover of mystic beauty, who, because of his power of vision, had pierced the veil, seeing into the soul of things.

RODIN—THE BOY OF COSMIC SYMBOLISM

IT was closing hour at the Petite Ecole des Arts Décoratifs, and the students poured out noisily into the old rue de Médecine, its time-scarred grayness soft and mellow in the June twilight. Among that throng of black-smocked boys, one slipped silently away, his massive torso and enormous head, singling him out among his fellow students. His head was bare, the rough brush of hair framing a brow rugged, suggestive of power, of the thinker, as did the keen, gray-blue eyes, aglow now with an inward fire. His strong, purposeful hands were stained with the clay which he had handled for the first time that evening. His swift, rolling stride betrayed a secret exaltation, as if he had at last found his medium of expression in the wet clinging clay. Almost rudely he cast off two boys who would have accompanied him home, his excuse being that he had an errand before returning to the rue de l'Arbalète, the mediæval, hilly street on the slopes of the Montaigne Sainte Geneviève where he had been born, and where he had lived his short life, except for the two years he had spent with his uncle at Beauvais, a life shadowed throughout by the lofty beauty and inspiration of two mighty cathedrals, Notre-Dame, heart of the Isle de France, and St. Pierre-de-Beauvais; two mighty influences moulding all silently this Boy, Auguste Rodin, the imprint of their strength and rugged beauty to be found in the masterpieces he was destined to mould and fashion out of his great soul.

It was always to the river he came in his great moments

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and in his hour of need, this river Seine born among the hills of France and winding its way through the heart of Paris to the sea, the great artery through which pulsed the very life blood of France itself. So to-night Auguste sought the Petit Pont, leaning upon its weathered stone parapet, and gazing across at Notre-Dame, the sun lingering still upon its sculptured pinnacles, a roseate glow reflectant in the mirrored waters of the slow-moving Seine. As in a dream the Boy watched the night life of Paris drift past him, people flitting to and fro from the Boul' Miche to the Cité, to the gay boulevards, past the rose-scented Luxemburg Gardens where brooded the spirit of mediæval France, or melting into the shadows along the quays where memories hung like fine strands of gossamer webs caught by the sun's ray. This manifold life of Paris of which he was an integral part, gripped the Boy as never before, soaking deep into his soul, Paris of an infinitude of moods,—gay as the laughing faun, yet of clear vision, tragic, yet possessed of the deep serenity of soul of one who has touched unfathomed blackness, yet has risen above it, strong, facing life unafraid; the very light and shade enhancing her beauty, mellowing it, leaving clear-cut the fantasy and the beauty of each age, now so subtly blended, revealing the harmony and the richness in infinite variety.

To-night in this June of 1855, it was the Norman in the lad rose uppermost, the inheritance from his Norman father, his Norman nature overflowing with life and a need, passionate in its demand for expression, to steep his soul in beauty, producing an exaltation of the senses which was to resolve itself in an art exquisite in taste, rugged, Godlike in the boldness of its conception and execution; for the lad was to deal in terms of the cosmic, and by symbolism to lay bare a mood with all the subtle

beauty and relentless truth of the psychologist, the scientific analyst. Drenching his soul in beauty, this Boy, sensitized, his imagination smouldering into flame, was to give forth again out of the richness of his manifold nature. As his power of expression grew and was unique in its concrete form, so was the lad to have need of those elements within him, his heritage from his Lorrainer mother, the indomitable courage and tenacity of the fighter who will never let go until he has achieved, triumphed over crass criticism and opposition, those obstacles besetting the pathway of all great artists, all men of vision. It was no rose-strewn pathway the lad was to follow, though at its end lay the veiled glory of the artist who has been true to his inner vision, who has spoken even as the prophet, whose work is of that immortal quality defying men's praise or blame. When one has to fight, there is no time to dream, is the hallmark of Lorraine, that age-worn battle ground between Gaul and Teuton. Yet how one fights depends upon the dreamer's power of vision. It is because this fighting spirit of Lorraine is fused with vision, that it is unconquerable. So with the shock-headed Boy standing upon the century-scarred Petit Pont dreaming great dreams and seeing splendid visions! Later he would resolve them into living realities, his power to crystallize great moments, exalted moods pregnant of the temper of his time, the product of the two races from which he sprang, he the militant dreamer revealing in his work the passionate and rugged vigor of the doer and the seer.

Poor, knowing the pinch of poverty so common in the Quartier St. Victor, Auguste had from babyhood been reared in the presence of realities. He had been steeped in life itself, its struggle and its bareness, its hardness and its pain, yet pervaded by the half-toned mellowness of

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the ages, his sensitive soul absorbing the gray-gold beauty and fantastic wonder enveloping him, tradition's record graven upon the jumbled roofs and moss-stained walls of this Quartier St. Victor hid away a quiet backwater bordering the stream of modernity. There was the Panthéon, Greek in its classic outlines, as in very truth the bits of wall and statuary, the mosaic paved baths and bas-reliefs lingering in the shaded cloister garth of the Cluny, breathed the spirit of that ancient world of Greece and Rome, imbuing the lad with the splendor and the beauty of those immortal artists and builders of a far-flung civilization and culture. There was St. Etienne guarding the tomb of Ste. Geneviève, its bizarre picturesqueness rising within the shadow of the Panthéon, while across the square the buildings of the Sorbonne and the Schools were grouped, the centre since the thirteenth century of French learning, mediæval and renaissance; while near the Cluny the rambling old church of St. Séverin, its walls incense-soaked with the prayers of centuries, resonant of the chant of countless worshippers, its mystic silences holding for the lad the inexpressible, even as the Church's symbolism spoke to the Boy in terms of deepest reverence, appealing as it did, not only to his æsthetic sense, but also to his mystic nature, his aloofness demanding this veiled form to express the deep things of his soul, it being likewise the highest and the truest means of expression in art as well as in religion.

Certain places always stood out in the Boy's mind, their atmosphere bearing potently upon his entire after life. This Quartier St. Victor, crowded, picturesque, squalid, even, hinting of the East with its network of streets, its jumbled, low-ceilinged shops dating back to the guilds, and over which played shadow and golden light, indicative of life, its age-old mystery, its familiar charm, this

bit of old Gothic Paris gripping the Boy's soul because of its human quality; for he was very close to life, this Boy interpreter, loving the soil of Paris as the peasant loves the brown earth of his pasture land. Then from the rudely-paved streets, he would slip into that haven of dreams, the Luxemburg Gardens bathed in summer sunshine, there to dream beneath the arched summits of the limes and hawthorns, their fragrance sharpening to poignancy his love of beauty, his sense of mellowed glory enveloping the Gardens as a mist. In this oasis of Paris, relic of royal France, there lingered amid the scented flowers those colored bits of France's history, profoundly moving the self-contained enthusiasm of the Boy. From these broken fragments of past glories, Auguste gleaned those quickened seeds of spiritual power that were to stamp France great in the days to come. He, with his artist's instinct, absorbing unconsciously the atmosphere about him, seeing into the soul of things, was to give back again in his heroic figures the spirit of France, the soul of Paris, reaching out toward the limitless spaces of the sea. To Auguste, the child, the shaded walks with their arched avenues of trees, possessed the magic of forest aisles through which his imagination roamed free, finding new vistas opening continually. Thus as he wandered down those gold-green avenues pushing his way into the very heart of the magic wood, he found dark, sunless patches, deep, cool and full of mystery, the gold and shadow of the Quartier St. Victor, symbol, really, of life itself, swept in its full-rounded beauty by storm as well as sunshine. To this Boy of the Paris streets, life was an ever-changing mystery, a reality that must be met squarely, robustly. The grimness of its struggle Auguste had known; it belonged to his own gray-walled surroundings; but this nearness to its drabness had not made him

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fear it. Rather, he had grasped it the more firmly, piercing its grayness until he found the gold lurking beneath. He accepted it with that certain matter-of-factness belonging to the poor, as a thing that existed and therefore must be met. In penetrating life, he discovered beauty in all its resplendence and wonder until he felt the exquisite pain of one wholly awakened, conscious of the palpitating beauty of the world about him.

Through nature, he would approach art, giving in his rough-hewn statues the essence, the epitome of life itself. So he translated in terms of cosmic symbolism the inner meaning of life, crystallizing pregnant moments, revealing the whole. The Boy's approach to Notre-Dame and St. Pierre-de-Beauvais, those forests of stone which had their being from the ancient forests of France, became for him a symbol, the swaying forest trees caught by the artist workmen of the giant age that gave them birth, and immortalizing them in stone, the passionate life of the Gothic. Life in motion rather than life in rest as revealed in the classic, was the thing that gripped the Boy, holding him by its blended strength and beauty, life throbbing, passionate, vital. Love of the forest, of nature, awakened in him a peculiar understanding of those gray-gold cathedrals, an understanding to be reflected in all his work. As the Boy had made crude sketches of the flowers and birds in the Gardens, so now, as he wandered about the cathedral aisles, the sunlight filtering in through the stained glass windows, or lingered in some dim-lighted chapel centered about the red sanctuary lamp, his spirit swinging free as in a greenwood sanctuary, he would make mental sketches, his thoughts slowly resolving into the vaster conceptions that were to grow from beneath his purposeful fingers. Symbolic of France, these century-scarred cathedrals to the Boy, their loftiness and daring,

their virile beauty, their sculptured walls and pinnacles aspiring to the perfection of the ancient Greeks, a kinship won by those artists of the great Middle Age because of a like complete sincerity,—the keynote too of this embryo artist leaning upon the stone parapet of the Petit Pont his fingers still quivering with the joy of the touch of the wet clay yielding to his hand. Auguste possessed not only clarity of vision, but a deep-seated sincerity holding him faithful to that vision. Isolated, misunderstood, yet he knew that only by clinging to his vision as he saw it could he give of his highest and his best. Poverty had early taught this boy of the Paris streets of creating happiness, of finding resource within himself. To live fully, to enjoy life with all the passionate intensity of the young, healthy fawn, to get close to nature's heart, the Boy's life to be enriched further by friendship,—this was the background against which his living monuments in stone were to be set. So early the lad had learned the secret of living, finding beauty in the brown earth, in the simple things of life; lifting them up into his world of dreams, never letting go life's realities. His background was to be further enriched by his reading; for he drank hungrily of the Greek poets and dramatists, the Roman historians and old French chronicles, Dante, Shakespeare, Victor Hugo, Baudelaire, a rich storehouse opening up endless avenues for the Boy, developing his intellectual powers as well as stimulating his imagination to white heat. The fruits of this reading were to be gathered up into those two colossal conceptions of his, "The Gate of Hell," and "The Burghers of Calais," compositions conceived by a master mind, by a man who has absorbed the best in literature, history and art, a man of great soul, of prophetic vision. His genius joined to the richness of his intellect, "the simplicity of heart that creates faith. Genius believes

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even more than it thinks." In that faith this Boy was to create that which was immortal. Auguste's was a reflective mind, no detail being too minute to escape him whether in nature, or in the labyrinth of detail in the cathedrals, or in the stream of surging life about him. Reflective, yet acutely sensitive, the lad's thoughts matured slowly, unfolding to full realization as a flower bursting into full bloom reveals in its sudden realization of perfection, a completeness, a breathless beauty unsuspected in the brown seed. As this was the keynote to the Boy's finely strung nature, so it would be the keynote to his art which was to speak out of the very essence of his being.

Possessed of the gift of determining the value of the object and its setting, the lad was to see in the unhewn block of marble the figure hidden within; his task to hew away the stone until, under his master touch, the figure would stand forth living, free, immortal. To him life was movement, and so he was to interpret it in all his work, that movement in which lay the strength of Michel Angelo, as in the perfection of his modeling. In these two qualities, together with an absolute sincerity, lay Auguste's kinship with the great Italian master and the ancients. Art through the study of nature, was to reach fruition in him as he was to lead France back to the heights of art to which by heritage she belonged.

Standing in the gathering dusk upon the Petit Pont of the year 1855, the Boy's mind slipped back to those early school days in the rue St. Jacques, rough and tumble days devoid of beauty and the things his soul craved. Auguste's father was an "employé," a good father desiring to do his best by the lad. So at twelve, the Boy was sent to his uncle in Beauvais where he was placed in a boarding school, a drab existence, lacking all companionship, and in which hated mathematics pursued him like a night-

mare. Being near-sighted, Auguste could not always see what was written on the blackboard, a fact mitigating against the lad who was accused of sulkiness and failure to respond and do the tasks assigned him. The one bit of sunshine in those two years from home, was the giant cathedral of St. Pierre to which the lad went to pour out his heart, that soul-satisfying and soul-stirring cathedral leaving an indelible impress upon the Boy's mind and soul, troubling the depths of his nature, laying the seeds of aspiration that in after years were to germinate and grow to perfection under the sure touch of his square artist hands. Now after two years of exile he had returned to his bare but tenderly loved home in the rue de l'Arbalète to enter the Petite Ecole in the old rue de Médecine, where, for the first time the lad found himself in a congenial atmosphere, in a milieu of originality and life, surrounded by a little group of beginners in every line, budding artists, many of them, like himself. As far back as he could remember, he had used his pencil, and his parents, realizing that this son of theirs was possessed of no ordinary gifts, were determined, with that artistic appreciation characteristically French, to give Auguste a chance to perfect his drawing, even though they were too poor to provide him with special masters. It had been the beginning of a new heaven and a new earth for the Boy, and his days at the school passed all too quickly. Twice a week he attended Barye's classes at the Jardin des Plantes, he and Barye's son forming a close friendship. In the cellar of the museum they arranged a studio, making chairs out of tree trunks. There the lads copied anatomical objects or drew flowers and animals, deepening Auguste's love of nature, and his realization that the heights of art were reached only through nature. At the Louvre, at the Bibliothèque Nationale, he made drawings

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from the antique, making also careful study of the science of draperies, all of which was to be of value to him in the days to come. From the rue de Richelieu the Boy trudged to the Gobelins, where he spent the waning afternoon hours following the course in design, reveling in this work which placed him before nature itself, before the nude quivering with life, motion and emotion.

To-day, fingering the clay for the first time, the Boy had slipped suddenly into a world of enchantment. Revelation had come to this lad of scarce fifteen. He had found his path, the *métier* in which he was to search for the form of things, by which he was to give his truest, his sublime expression. Carpeaux, the great Carpeaux, had praised him! This master had perceived the genius lurking in the clay figure the lad had shown him.

"You understand the structure of the human body, *mon garçon*. *Les bonshommes tiennent*," Carpeaux had said delightedly. "You are a born sculptor. This gift is nothing without the will to make it worth while. Have you this Auguste?"

The Boy had looked up at the master his gray-blue eyes afire, his body quivering with the exaltation of the moment.

"The patience of water, *monsieur*, that eats the rock drop by drop."

The master smiled.

"Then I shall have no fear, Auguste. You will arrive, and some day France will be proud of you."

Carpeaux had left the Boy among the stars, and when nine o'clock had struck, Auguste had slipped out alone into the June twilight, bringing his joy to Notre-Dame and to the river before he went home to tell his loved ones of his good fortune. At last the pathway of his dreams was opening to him, and he would heed the call, a call to

battle as well as to create; for to this Boy of vision his robust independence of soul would fight to the end that art, as he saw it, the art of the ancients and of Michel Angelo, of which he was to be the modern exponent, should prevail. From the time of his rejection at the Beaux-Arts he was to fight that hydra of a hundred heads, the Institute, with all the force of his Lorrainer consciousness; for he knew how to estimate to a nicety what he was fighting for. To him, rewards were as nothing, true happiness lying rather in untrammelled, passionate toil, in the exercise of a growing intelligence determined not to be stopped on the road to discovery, nor turned aside short of the realization of his vision. His reward lay in his work well done, not in the fickle praise of those who substituted dexterity for conscience. Though he knew it not, the lad at that moment, was even as his man awakening to nature, his man of bronze to be, passing from the unconsciousness of the primitive, unawakened boy into the age of understanding and love.

About the Boy brooded the sentient beauty of the June night, the city's lights reflectant in the waters of the Seine; above him the canopy of stars into which the shadowy outlines of Notre-Dame reached up in suppliant beauty. Shadows had deepened the quiet of the Gardens which, like his own Quartier St. Victor, were to him Paris, the Paris of sunshine and shadow, of mellowed beauty and of grim purposefulness, Paris pleasure-loving yet sweetly serious which later he was to epitomize in *La Pensée* and *La Pucelle*. As he gazed up at the vanishing cathedral across the square he saw as in a vision France from whose forests this mighty monument had sprung, France, his beloved France, as he would conceive her later in his colossal figure, further revealing her soul in his "Burghers of Calais." So his mind turned to the

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river flowing beneath him so steadily seaward, that mind that must inevitably seek likewise the open, spaceless sea; for the Boy's soul was to reach beyond Paris, beyond his beloved France into the vastness of the Universal. In his "Man Awakening to Nature," above all, in his giant, brooding "Thinker," he was to rise into the realms of the cosmic, his symbolism of the titanic quality belonging to Olympus and the Age of Michel Angelo. Even as the Boy leaned upon the parapet gazing into the star-hung night, the hum of the city all about him, he realized dimly what the future held for him. Toil unceasing, unremitting, was to be his lot along this road the gods had opened to him, a road lonely, without companionship save that of misunderstanding, blindness and crass prejudice; yet at whose ending lay the realization of his dreams. For this he would work, as infinitely patient as water eating away the stone drop by drop, his reward in the joy of revealing the figure hidden in the heart of the unhewn marble, this Boy of Cosmic Symbolism, the thinker, the interpreter, speaking with poetic vision out of the marble transformed by the touch of his square builder's hands. With a sigh Auguste turned away from the Petit Pont, wending his way through the dark, crooked streets, passed the Cluny and the Sorbonne, the Panthéon and St. Etienne to the rue de l'Arbalète whose rugged personality he was one day to immortalize in stone.

STEVENSON—THE BOY OF TREASURE ISLAND

THE late September day was cold and bleak, a black wind having swept in from the sea bringing with it a gray rain that half shrouded the cliffs at the harbor mouth, and the end of the partially-built breakwater in a web of mist. The night set in with the wind still rising, the sea slowly gathering strength as for an onslaught, its dull roar among the outer reefs like the eternal grinding of the millstones of Menja and Fenja. Then of a sudden the wind fell, and the stars began to peep from beneath the edges of the scudding clouds: but the sea pounding against the cliffs roared on, its restlessness unstilled, its voice insistent, ceaseless, its cry impelling in the deep hush of the night.

For the Boy Louis it had been also a day of storm and stress, a day when a black wind had swept his soul, and the voice of the sea had beat upon his ears until he had been driven from his room in the stone cottage by the harbor's edge. With swinging strides he had mounted the gaunt cliff guarding the harbor, and there from its summit he now stood looking down into the gray swirl of waters. Fitfully the moon shone out from beneath the broken fleet of clouds silhouetting his tall, slim figure against the barren hillside. He was but sixteen, perhaps a trifle older, this brown-faced, fair-haired lad; yet alone here in sight and hearing of the sea, he had heard Destiny calling, and in that moment he knew that his work was to be other than the one chosen for him by his father, the profession that came to him as an inheritance, and for

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which his career was being shaped,—that of a lighthouse engineer. Even now he was in charge of the building of the breakwater across the harbor, a giant task and one full of discouragements as the inroads of the two days' storm bore witness; but it was not because of the destruction of a few weeks work that he wished to give up this task. To build, to tear down and to build up again with infinite patience was characteristic of him even now. His material was the thing he cried out against. Words, not blocks of granite were the medium through which he must express himself, if he was to give of his highest and his best. Yet he hesitated to tell his father of his longing, for he knew well the bitterness of the disappointment if he, Louis, the only son, defied family tradition. A wall of reserve had sprung up between him and his much-loved father that troubled the Boy. He longed to speak out, to be frank in this and in the more serious question of his belief which had already begun to slip the leash of dogma; yet he dreaded the pain such frankness would inflict, and thus far had remained silent. A great tenderness glowed in his dark eyes as he thought of him, and he smiled seeing in their very likeness to each other the cause of their dissension. The points of resemblance far out-balanced the differences. The Boy possessed something of his mother's noble spirit likewise,—a dauntlessness, a sunny cheeriness that offset the profound melancholy of the Scot, an element so dominant in his father. It was from his father that the Boy came by the vivid imagination and that spirit of adventure and romance so distinctive a characteristic in him, that restless, creative imagination that in a moment would gather the hosts of a dream world about him, weaving from out these gossamer threads patterns of fantastic loveliness, or, more often, of colorful picturesqueness,—tales of horror and blood-

curdling adventure "with ships and roadside inns, robbers, old sailors and commercial travelers before the era of steam," later to be bound up in the delights of "Treasure Island." Love of these tales dated back to earliest infancy, when wakefulness caused by ill-health made wearisome the long nights, nights when the Boy's vivid imagination was given rein until the terror of the blackness stole over him, his fears stilled only by the tender care of "Cummy," the devoted nurse, and of his father who would sit by him telling him tales or feigning conversations with imaginary people. The sensitiveness of the Boy's imagination portrayed itself also in the wild wrought fancies that his Calvinistic upbringing regarding the terrors of hell had inspired in him. On stormy nights when the wind had broken loose over the town, it was as if he could hear the howl of the Devil's passing, and the clinking of his horse's bit and stirrups. This fantastic quality the Boy carried into his play, touching as it did not only that deep vein of romance and love of adventure, but also that other element in him that came to him from his sturdy grandfather, that love of action which was never to die in him despite the bondage of ill-health from which he never was to be free.

Standing on the cliff flooded now by a waning moon, a reminiscent mood upon him, the Boy's thoughts strayed back to the garden of Colinton Manse in which so many days of his early childhood were spent. About this old place the child wove a web of mystery and romance, especially about the garden that had first held his imagination. The old Manse possessed a haunting, dreamy quality also, something of an exotic atmosphere—as in the India room—fascinating to the Boy because of its strangeness. The beauty of the sloping lawn in the garden, "a perfect goblet of sunshine, and the Dionysius ear

for a whole forest of bird-songs" swept over him, and he recalled the blossoming lilac bush that stood within the semi-circle of laurels which he and his playmates had identified as the "tree whose shadow was death." It was in the great laurel bush at the corner he had lain hidden with his toy gun waiting for the herd of antelopes that never came. Again, finding in the river a small island of yellow sand that moved beneath his feet, it became on the instant a quicksand, a "place as ominous as the lilac bush." Then there was the path leading from the stable shadowed by the great yew along the retaining wall of the kirkyard, and called by the Boy the Witches Walk, a spot shrouded in mystery, in gloom, in horror even, suggestive of the supernatural. The Boy and his two cousins, "with the strange attraction of fear," were forever hovering about the moss-grown retaining wall of the kirkyard looking for "spunkies," and many a night Louis recalled sitting by his bedroom window in the old Manse hoping to see spunkies playing among the graves. One evening had etched itself upon his memory, an evening just at dusk, when he and his companions discovered a "burning eye looking out from a hole in the retaining wall." The gloom shrouding the spot, the death-like stillness, the eeriness of the supernatural had stolen over their spirits as they had discussed gravely in awed whispers as to whether it was a bird of ill-omen roosting in the cranny of the wall, or whether it was some dead man who was sitting up in his coffin and watching them with that strange, fixed eye,—a conclusion that they always maintained, having one by one peered through the cranny at this supernatural being. Thus to the Boy everything was a symbol, the kernel of an adventure, the heart of a romance. To him all things were alive. Nature was a sentient, responsive thing that called to him always, bringing him solace in his boyhood moods

of joy, or of weariness when ill-health held him bound. To him certain gardens "cried aloud for a murder; certain old houses demanded to be haunted; certain coasts were set apart for shipwreck. Other spots again, seemed to abide their destiny, suggestive and impenetrable." So through the gateway of his imagination, the Boy had slipped away, "an Ariel free to wander as fancy prompted," this life of the spirit giving him a freedom of which none could rob him. This gateway to Treasure Island, first opened to him by his father, was further opened by his mother and Cummy who read to him indefatigably, filling his soul with pleasurable delight, when for weeks together he was confined to the "land of counterpane." The spot in his memory was still sensitive to the first time his mother had read him "Macbeth." Consciousness of the delight of reading to himself came to him suddenly when he was eight years old, an incident revealing likewise how even then beauty gripped him. The memory flashed upon him now standing there in the night—a day warm and beautiful spent with his cousin in a "sandy wilderness across the road"; then evening coming on, "evening with a great flash of color and a heavenly sweetness in the air," the Boy forgetting all, his play, his companion in contemplation of the wonderful beauty enveloping him. Then, being sent on an errand, and being still in dreamy mood, the Boy took with him a book of fairy-tales, and as he followed the path through a fir-wood, he fell to reading as he walked, and suddenly he knew that he loved reading.

While thus he absorbed much, enlarging ever the power and scope of his imagination, yet the Boy had already tasted of the wonder and fascination of creation. When only six he had won a prize offered by his uncle David for the best history of Moses, and from that moment he

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had but one desire, he had worked for but one end,—to write to be “in the truest sense an author.” He laughed a little bitterly now thinking of the accusations that all his days he had been an idler. Perhaps in the tasks set before him; but he was busy enough on his own private end the learning to write. That was a passion with him, and never did he go out without two books in his pocket, one to read and one to write in, dimly realizing even then that writing was a science as exacting as the building of lighthouses, an art to be mastered not without toil and long years of labor with no thought of reward save perfection, a vision that he was to keep bright throughout the years. Though he possessed a poet’s mind and a poet’s senses, the Boy’s attitude, now wholly unconscious, was scientific in its exactness, thoroughness and coolness in its keenness in piercing the cause that produced the effect. This interest in “the whole page of experience, and in his perpetual quest and fine scent for all that seems romantic to a boy,” came to him an inheritance from the sturdy builder of the Bell Rock Light, his grandfather, whose name he likewise bore. “Perfection was his design,” and nothing short of the perfection of his art would satisfy this Boy whom Destiny was calling, and to whose call he was slowly but surely awakening. Celtic this poet’s vision in him, Celtic too this scientific craving for perfection, as was the deep vein of spirituality and passion surging through him; for in him were two divergent elements handed down by his grandfather and grandmother,—worldly ambition, a desire for attainment in their work in the world, and a deep inherent spirituality and unworldliness, a living in a land of dreams about which flowed unheeded the realities of a material world. Already he felt within him that strange mingling of conflicting elements, a cavalier fondness for gaiety that was

offset by a more serious strain, for he was no less a son of the Covenanters, the strain of the moralizing Covenanter jostling the madcap jester, the sprite in him. His sensitive, gentle kindness softened the strains of iron tenacity and will even to obstinacy seething within him. Supreme among the diverse elements striving for mastery, were patience and its opposite, a patience indefatigable in its endurance either in illness or in accomplishment; an impatience that blazed up when he was confronted with insincerity, affectation, or with the snobbishness of those who did not accept him in spite of his personal appearance. Both kinds of physical courage were his,—the active, delighting in danger, revealing the adventurer and experimentalist in him; and the passive, unshaken in endurance. Coupled with physical courage went tremendous moral courage, that high courage expressing itself in a noble humility, a simplicity, a readiness to pay for faults committed, an outspokenness and a facing unflinchingly of situations and their consequences. Sternness and tenderness dwelt together within him, a ready sympathy that left him ever poor in purse though rich in friends. Swept by emotion, French in its intensity, by an unquenchable energy that spent itself in a “fury of play,” by a perfect intoxication of joy at the sight of some beautiful object in nature, in art, in music, yet he possessed no less a restraint, giving him a fine poise, distinguishing the Boy. His frankness was tinged with reserve regarding those things that touched him deeply.

As he stood upon the cliff, his mind skirting the borderland of his childhood, a great loneliness swept over him. He felt as he had often felt before in his solitary dreamy childhood when he had “flown his private signal and none had heeded; when he had seemed abroad in a world from which the very hope of intimacy had van-

ished." That he was made for contest, that life for him would be a battleground he even then dimly realized; yet the Boy, filled with longing to follow his heart's desire, yearned for the understanding and companionship of his father which for the moment was denied him. Even the heights whither he would climb were shrouded in mist. As he stood there looking out across the gray swirl of waters, the moon swinging low in the Western sky, it was as if his burning eyes strove in vain to pierce the wall of night encompassing him. Then turning toward the east, he saw, as in a dream, an inland sea touched with the first flush of the dawn, the delicate tints of morning creeping across the sky. Presently a bird's song, then another broke in upon the hush of night until the hillside was vibrant with the song of birds awakening. Night might envelope the hills and the sea; but there was always the dawn. That then was his answer. He saw his way clear at last. He would go to his father, he would be frank with him and so be honest with himself. He would endeavor to break down the wall of reserve that was forcing them apart. For the rest he would have faith and patience. In that moment too, the Boy remembered his friends, those friends who had come but lately into his life and were to have no small part in the moulding and shaping of his future. Friendship was to be his bulwark even as love for his friends was strong and true; and there was always Treasure Island, that realm of the imagination wherein his richest treasures lay beyond the reach of the marauder. For the Boy to whom revelation had come would always find refuge there, an island world having the spacelessness of the sea for its boundary line, and upon whose heights beat eternally the deathless music of the spheres. The child would live on in him always, in real survival, with all its freshness of perception un-

impaired, with none of its play instincts in the least degree extinguished or made ashamed. And therein was to lie his power of vision, his interpretation of truth.

Pondering upon these things in the first flush of the morning, the loveliness of an awakening world about him, the Boy turned to leave the cliff, peace in his heart. The way he had chosen he knew well would be like the path leading up to the summit where he stood, steep and rough with stones; but it led toward the heights of his desire. There he too would build a light, not of stone, but of words that would endure. And who may say that the light that the Boy of Treasure Island was to build would not outshine even the Bell Rock Light and the light of Dhu Heartach, its rays reaching into the far corners of the world?

KITCHENER—THE BOY OF KHARTOUM

A WILD bit of the Irish coast it was, rugged, heather-strewn cliffs broken by a stretch of shingle at the head of Taplee Bay in Kerry, where the Boy went most often to swim, and on this particular June afternoon he had sought its solitude "to think things out"—his laconic answer always if questioned as to why he had gone off alone. Some of the June sunshine seemed to creep into the Boy's steel-blue eyes as he paused tall, lithe, clean-limbed at the top of the beach and looked off across the still green waters of the Bay toward the haze-rimmed horizon. Overhead clouds floated slowly southward. Out of the gorse and heather of the cliff a lark rose swiftly filling the pungent air with its song. The gentle lapping of the tide roused the Boy, and quickly stripping, he plunged eagerly into the gray-green water. Though only twelve, the Boy was a splendid swimmer, his long even strokes portraying endurance, latent power, a reserve force equal to emergencies; and as he swam along, he seemed to revel in his strength. His keen eyes followed the dark line of the cliff edged in purple and gold, noting near the shore lines of seaweed swaying idly on the tide, betokening some recent storm somewhere out there upon the mist-shrouded Atlantic that ever held in thrall his imagination; but save for these strings of gold-brown weed and kelp, there was no suggestion of a storm in the lightly wind-swept waters of the Bay. On and on the Boy swam steadily toward the distant headland guarding one entrance of Taplee Bay, turning at length upon his back

to float and rest himself. The afternoon lay before him. Why should he hurry? It was a day for dreams, and as the Boy lay there on his back, his face turned to the June sky, he gave rein to his fancy, letting it drift even as the tide shoreward only to flood out again beyond the headlands into the open sea. This afternoon his mind swept out into the as yet unexplored open sea; for that very morning, an important decision had been reached in his future career. A few weeks hence he would slip away from this old familiar life of the Bay, and the spirit of adventure in him was quickened though mingled with it lay the subconscious knowledge that when he went to Grand Clos School at Villeneuve, the old life would be gone forever. What would life out there be like he wondered dreamily? A struggle against odds in which one must win? His eyes flashed at the thought; for struggle for mastery, that boundless energy that pushed on to accomplishment was characteristic of the Boy even at eight, a Saxon energy that found its complement in the Boy's nature in the French thoroughness and austere devotion to the minutest detail, his inheritance from his mother who had given to this son of hers her French imagination and her love of dreams also. Yet despite the adventure in this new life opening before him, he would miss the old life at Cottagh House keenly; for he loved this wild, desolate Irish coast as he loved the simple Irish peasants with their ready wit and their kindly smile. He by birth, if not inheritance, was imbued with the spirit of the Celt. He was part and parcel of the soil, and he loved it with all the intensity of his strong, passionate nature that, because of his shyness and his reticence, he could not express; passing thus as cold and unresponsive when his heart was all on fire.

The Boy's imagination had been early kindled by

his old nurse, Nanna, he called her, and she had instilled in him a belief in kelpies, in fairies and the like as she wove for him the folk lore of Kerry, embroidered and enriched out of her own Celtic imagination. So the magic of Ireland wove its spell about the lad, sensitizing him, a priceless gift that in after years was to aid him in sensing danger, in interpreting invisible signs and symbols, that sensitiveness to atmosphere so inborn in the Celt, due, perhaps, to the Celt's swift, responsive sympathy. This world of dreams opened to him by his nurse, the Boy augmented and enlarged by reading tales of Celtic gods and heroes, steeping his imagination thus in the green gold of romance springing from every cranny of the rugged cliffs even as the shamrock and the gorse. To this woman, his beloved Nanna, the Boy gave all the deep love and devotion of his strong, passionate nature, a love that would live always, a devotion that even in the crowded years of manhood would never fail to seek Nanna out, bringing joy to her old, faithful heart.

The active expression of his love of adventure, was in the great cave beneath the cliff whither he even now was heading, a cave hollowed out by the sea, whose dripping walls echoed ever the swish and rumble of century-old tides; and in whose depths, so tradition had it, lay somewhere hidden a famous smuggler's treasure. He and his brothers, Chevalier, Arthur and Walter, came there seeking a treasure which they never found, but for which they never wearied of hunting. They played at being smugglers then, or, better still, at pirates robbing the crew of a wrecked galleon of the famed Armada; and in these games the Boy, Herbert Kitchener, was indisputably the leader. It was he who planned and outlined the assault upon the unsuspecting and invisible foe; and it was he who, by the sheer force of his personality, led the

attack. Yet to-day, as he lay upon his back in that still water, it was solitude that he wanted, to think out this new life of the open sea that was calling to him. He was brought back sharply to reality by a gentle tugging at his left leg that grew quickly into an insistent drawing downward. For a moment the Boy's face whitened as he swiftly recognized his danger. He was caught by a piece of kelp that in all probability would suck him under never to let him go. He jerked his leg trying to free himself only to find that the weed gripped the tighter. It was after that that the real struggle began. It would not have occurred to him to call for help had any been near. His was a solitary, self-reliant mind accustomed to get himself out of difficulties unaided, to solve his own problems without asking help or advice. So now he lay quietly upon his back, his square-set jaws drawn down grimly, the whole force of his will, gleaming in his keen blue eyes, his body taut and still as the Boy bided his time for the moment when he could free himself. That silent struggle seemed a struggle of forces, the elemental striving to overcome the intellectual, a solitary struggle typical of the Boy's whole life; for the Boy was to win success through struggle, a success attained through a relentless energy in mastering whatever he had in hand to do, this relentless energy in him tempered by an inexhaustible patience, a power to wait the psychological moment, a quality inherited from his French mother whom he worshipped. Would he never slip beyond the confines of the Bay after all? The desire to live welled up in him. Yet the Boy lay motionless upon the water, the sinuous kelp about his leg. Presently his keen ears caught the soft murmur of the coming tide, and with it came a gradual loosening of the weed. He lay still not daring to move lest it would tighten the grip of the gold-brown strand

of kelp. After a space, he moved his arms through the water to find that he slipped forward slowly without feeling the grip upon his leg. The tide and his will power had saved him. His passive resistance had freed him from the kelp at last. Swiftly he turned over and began to make his way toward the shore, flinging himself upon the shingle at the mouth of the smuggler's cave. Though he would not have acknowledged it, a momentary reaction had set in. It was the first time he had been so close to death, and the memory of an old woman, the gardener's mother, and a rose-clad cottage came to him. It was in the days of his early childhood, at Gunsborough House, before they had moved to their present home, that he had gone to see this old woman, and she had read his fortune in the tea leaves. "Sure, you will travel far, gasiur, and see many lands, but it is the sea will call you at the end of the road." The words had meant nothing then; but now—was this, then, a premonition, a first call of the sea, he wondered? He shuddered as he looked off across the silvered waters of the Bay.

The Boy's thoughts slipped back to Gunsborough House of homely beauty, its square white front trailed with ivy, its close-cropped lawn splashed with the flowers he loved. It was in those days that the Boy had been given over wholly to his world of dreams and fancies, dreams occupying time that should have been spent on books at school; this dream world rent and rudely broken into when he failed in his examinations,—his first and only failure. His soldier father, a man of keen humor and rare wisdom, dealt swiftly with the Boy, realizing that the Boy's whole future hung in the balance. He called his son to him.

"Herbert," he said, "a man must needs dream, must possess the power of vision to be great; but, he must

not let dreaming run away with him. As punishment, I shall send you to the neighboring dame school until you learn the value of mastering that which is at hand. Remember always, that the practical has its place as well as dreams. 'Thoroughness' is our motto, you know, lad."

The Boy flushed now remembering how mortified and humiliated he had turned away, his mind set in a sterner, more determined mood. As he left the room his father had called after him with his gay laugh.

"Another failure, and I shall apprentice you to a hatter."

The Boy's humor had for a moment overtopped his humiliation, and he had flashed back:

"I think it will be Woolwich, sir."

It was a turning point in the Boy's career. 'Thoroughness' became his watchword. The relentless energy in mastering whatever task he had in hand became as marked a characteristic in him as his love of dreams, the one to be the complement of the other all his days.

The second great event of his life had come when the family had moved from Gunsborough House to Cottagh House, an old place steeped in romance, satisfying the Boy's craving for the beautiful also. The old garden crammed with flowers, and pervaded with a strange, brooding peace, was to be the deep setting of his life, the spot to which his thoughts would ever slip back, the epitome, really, of the only home life he would ever know, that life in the garden marking not only his love of the beautiful, but representing likewise an intimate expression of his personality that in later years none but the few would see or recognize; for the personality of the man, though sharp-cut and distinctive in its power to leave its impress upon the country he was to serve so selflessly and so well, was to be merged as a quickening

spirit into the vastness of the empire he had visioned and was to help to build. A wilderness that garden now, for,

“Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruins all,
And the long grass o’ertops the mouldering wall.”

Yet beneath the tangled desolation flowers would ever spring up and blossom.

With the coming of the tide a faint breeze had sprung up, ruffling the waters of the Bay, and the Boy scanned the horizon looking for the fishing boats that at sunset would be putting out to sea. He stretched himself lazily, and leaned back against the entrance to the cave, his thoughts flooding out again toward the future that was opening for him. In a few days he would be thirteen, and then, after the summer vacation, he was to go to Grand Clos School at Villeneuve, and from there to London where he would prepare for Woolwich. Then it was that his life of service would begin, that life of service his French mother had instilled in him from babyhood as being the be-all and the end-all of every man,—the true bulwark of the state. The smouldering fire in the Boy’s eyes flamed at the thought. A life of stern discipline it would be, this life of service, a life in which every personal desire must be subservient to the accomplishment of the task in hand, a life demanding all of his relentless energy, his boundless ambition alone satisfied when complete success should crown his efforts. Doubtless as the old woman had said, he would travel far and see many lands. The great avenues of the world were opening to him, avenues leading into the far East, to Arabia, India, southernmost Africa and Egypt, the land that even now lured him; places where he would come not only face to face with grave dangers, but with dangers that he might

sense but never see. It would be then that his sensitiveness to atmosphere would stand him in good stead, and his rare understanding of another's viewpoint, would become an element of greatness in him; for no matter how foreign or antagonistic was a man's point of view, he could grasp it, appreciate it, and with that fine strain of democracy in him, concede the right of an opinion other than his own. These seeds of leadership and greatness, were stirring unconsciously even now in the Boy's soul. Hard and stern, people would call him. Yet he was possessed of that true kindness belonging to a strong, deep nature. His shyness and his reticence would ever conceal the depths of the emotions stirring him. His was a solitary figure, even now as a boy a certain aloofness setting him apart inevitably. His nature was of that simple directness so marked a characteristic in his soldier father, as was his hatred of display also. The Boy worshipped his father, who represented to him always the true ideal of what a soldier should be; and the Boy had taken to heart the lesson of the dame school. He would keep his world of dreams. It would ever be for him the inner shrine enfolding his power of vision—without which no man can be truly great; and just because of it, 'Thoroughness' and relentless energy would be the undercurrent of his life, the mechanism in the fulfilment of his dreams, the realization of his far-reaching vision of imperial greatness for England, that mistress to whose service his whole life was pledged. The Boy's face glowed at the thought. Yes, the life out there beyond the headlands guarding the entrance of the Bay, was calling to him, and soon he would be answering that call.

The sun was at its setting, the summer clouds shot with its gold glow, the water flushed to iridescence, and out

from the Bay one by one fishermen in their yellow oilers steered their black boats out to the open sea while the purple twilight gathered softly in the west. The Boy rose slowly, stretched himself, and with a sigh turned to the entrance of the cave, staring into its black depths where all the romance, the dreams, the love of adventure of his past life seemed gathered—the cave with its hidden treasure of Spanish gold which he had sought, and, as yet, never found. His would be a life of seeking, of adventure, of struggle, but the Bay would know him no more. His life would be that of the open sea that knows no east, no west, no north, no south. For a moment he stood thus, leaning against the dripping walls. Then without a word he turned swiftly back to the beach half covered now by the incoming tide. Even the cave had echoed of the sea. In a few weeks the new life would begin. He too would be putting out to sea even as the fishermen; but for him there would be no returning to the Bay. A breeze had sprung up, and already white-caps dotted the green water. Of a sudden the thrill of battle gripped the Boy. It would be a hard pull home, but he would conquer, glorying in the struggle. A stray bullet might catch him in some far-off land. Never the sea. With eyes gleaming, he plunged into the foam-flecked water, and with long, even strokes, set his face toward the east.

FOCH—THE BOY MYSTIC OF GASCONY

SEE, Sergeant! That is the fellow I should choose, the dark chestnut with the broad chest and slender legs."

"You have the eye for a good horse, monsieur Ferdinand," the grizzled sergeant answered smiling down at the lad beside him.

The Boy's blue-gray eyes flashed.

"I may ride him, sergeant?"

"You are not afraid?" the sergeant questioned measuring the Boy's slim, graceful figure with an appraising eye. None knew better than he the virile strength, the keen intelligence, the quiet, dominating will of this eighteen-year-old boy.

"Afraid, sergeant? He will obey when I speak."

The sergeant laughed.

"After inspection, monsieur. He will be surely chosen for the army, that fine fellow."

"I, too, prepare for the army," the Boy answered softly, his face suddenly aglow. "We shall be comrades, that horse and I."

They were standing, the Boy, Ferdinand Foch, and the old sergeant, on the edge of the range of the Remount Station, watching the horses from which were selected mounts for the light cavalry of the French army, descendants of those Arab steeds abandoned by the Saracens in their flight before Charles Martel. Behind the two standing by the barrier, lay the town of Tarbes white

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and shimmering in the mid-August heat. Before them stretched the wide fertile plains of Tarbes, their broad, green surfaces broken by streams and irrigation trenches bordered by stretches of pasture land and fields of maize, the waving corn growing up to the slopes of the foothills of the Pyrenees, slopes covered by vineyards whose purpling beauty softened the bare, craggy summits of the distant grim, cloud-hung peaks.

"At eleven, monsieur," the sergeant said, saluting gravely.

The Boy gave a smart salute in return.

"At eleven, sergeant. It is understood. I will be here."

Even as a child, the Boy had often come here to this spot, sometimes, as now, with his friend, the sergeant, more often alone; for more than he loved to watch the horses scampering about the green-swarded range, he loved the beauty of the plains set against the gray grimness of the snow-clad mountains rising tier upon tier into the infinite blue, suggestive of strength unending, of tranquillity and power. It was ever to this southern barrier of mountains that the Boy turned as to a friend in his moments of exaltation and of need. To-day as his keen, gray-blue eyes swept across the plain toward the Pic Bigorre, he knew that he had come to a valley of decision that he must reach if he was ever to attain the snow-clad summits lying half hid now in mist, mists that he must pierce to reach the blue. His school-days at Rodez and at St. Etienne were ended, and at Metz, whither he was going with the opening of the new school term, meant a step influencing his whole after life; for it meant a definite choosing of a career, and his heart was set on the army, and on entering it by the gateway of the Ecole Polytechnique. That had been his dream since, as a tiny lad, his father had told him tales of the first Napoleon

who had, for a time, held Europe in the hollow of his hand. Later the Boy's imagination had been further enkindled by Thiers' "History of the Consulate and the Empire," by Victor Hugo and by Michelet, books which he devoured eagerly, his mind caught in the colorful romance of a man's great deeds which had won glory for France. It was Napoleon's largeness of conception rather than his character that caught the lad, the first Emperor's colossal achievements standing out in sharp contrast to the days of the Second Empire in which the Boy was now living. Unconsciously he felt the largeness and sincerity, the reality and splendor of Napoleon's reign as compared with the pettiness of the over-ornate imitation of the third Napoleon, a period surfeited with a hothouse luxuriance and extravagance doomed from its very abnormality to destruction, its pseudo-heroism a poor substitute for the robust heroism of the great Napoleon. While France, at the mercy of the Second Empire, swept on to her doom, this Boy of Gascony was living in his world of Napoleonic glory, a world of great military achievement, of heroism and romance, his mind seizing avidly and with the inborn instinct of the strategist upon those salient qualities marking Napoleon a great general; recognizing, too, his power of leadership, his ability not only to turn every weakness of his foes to his own advantage, but because of his confidence in himself to fire others with his own white heat of enthusiasm. To the Boy's keen mind, war as revealed in the Napoleonic campaigns, was a passionate drama to be worked out with the same relentless logic as a tragedy of Shakespeare, as life itself. It possessed all the possibilities for the general that words possessed for the dramatist or notes for the musician, and its problems gripped his intellect even as the human element stirred his imagination and his emotion, his sensi-

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tive, high-strung nature as vibrant as a violin string. Yet, with all his passionate nature, his keen dramatic sense, he possessed also that cool analytic quality of mind, that power of intellectual detachment giving him that perfect balance so characteristically French that quality of impersonality in viewing a subject making for breadth of vision, for clear thinking, these two qualities in him giving promise of the greatness of the man to be. Duty and discipline had been instilled into the lad from babyhood, two virtues founded by a wise father upon knowledge and reason, this wisdom of the father to be set by the Boy in after years as the standard by which the French army should accomplish great deeds for France and for the world.

This reverence for Napoleon I. had an intimately personal side for the Boy, touching him deeply and with more subtle force than the mere historic reputation of the man. Ferdinand's grandfather Dupré had served under the Emperor in his war with Spain, and for his gallant services had been made a chevalier of the empire. So the Boy, of a truth, inherited from his mother that passion for Napoleon, a passion influencing his whole life. From his grandfather the Boy had learned first hand of that campaign, his grandfather in his eyes the soldier hero who had helped his Emperor win glory for France. This veneration for the Emperor was encouraged by the gentle Sophie Dupré, who was yet all fire, a soldier's daughter handing down to this son of hers the soldier spirit as well as that tender gentleness of strength to be so characteristic of the marshal to be.

In his love of history, the Boy Ferdinand did not acquaint himself merely with the great age of Napoleon, though in the work destiny had designed for him, the military genius of the Emperor would ever be the back-

ground from which he would draw his inspiration and his technical knowledge of strategy. History, the history of France all through the ages the lad fed upon—the driving back of the Vandals by Charles Martel being to him always a symbol, a symbol accentuated to the Boy of Tarbes, whose religious faith burned within him a white flame, because of St. Missolin, the priest whose relics were preserved in the cathedral whose every stone the Boy knew and loved. St. Missolin had aided in the defense of his country against the Vandals, his life the price of his patriotism. Honored as a saint as far back as Gregory of Tours, Tarbes had become a place of pilgrimage, and the Boy had grown up in an atmosphere of simple faith, a faith strong and impregnable. That faith and serene fearlessness of Bayard was the ideal knight upon which the lad strove to pattern his life; and with those qualities he possessed likewise the power of tireless intellectual effort, the will and the eager willingness to learn, the dependability, the concentrated force, the brevity, the crystalline clarity of vision stamping him truly great.

To the Boy on this haze-hung August morning, standing by the range overlooking the Heath of the Moors, the wide plain with its cloud-curtained background of mountains, took on a new and deepened significance. He had come down, as was his custom since leaving Tarbes, to Valentine, the picturesque village in the foothills of the Pyrenees, to spend his vacation with his paternal grandparents, and from there he always found his way back to the white town nestled on the left bank of the Adour, the place of his birth, and where he had spent his childhood until his father's new appointments had taken the family first to Rodez and then to St. Etienne where they were now living. A halo of romance enveloped the town for

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the Boy. Through its streets one caught glimpses of the mountains, heard the sound of running water, and, in the spring, there came the odor of apple orchards heavy with bloom. Many a time as a tiny lad wandering about the Heath of the Moors, he had seen a peasant plow out a skull of some Frenchman or Saracen who had fought to the death on that very plain, those same forces in conflict in that age of budding chivalry as now, evil in the end being crushed out at the price of sacrifice, an age-old struggle that will never relax until time is not. Here too, he had listened to the old men and women weaving their tales of the keeping of the anniversary of that battle, the twenty-fourth of May, as it had been celebrated until the Revolution, and how at the southern end of the battle-field had stood a colossal equestrian wooden statue of the warrior priest, St. Missolin, about which had gathered the girls of the vicinity singing and crowning the statue with garlands.

Following the road of romance still further, the lad saw in imagination Charlemagne and his twelve knights pass through Tarbes with his stalwart army and across this same Heath of the Moors into Spain to fight again against the Saracens, this time to go down to defeat if only for a time. Among those knights of Charlemagne, the name of gallant Roland stands out, defying time, Roland, who with his good sword Durandal clove the Breach of Roland, so cutting a pass through the Pyrenees for the fleeing army; in proof thereof, Roland's horse leaving his iron-shod hoof-print in the rock. The memory of Roland was to this lad of Gascony more than a tradition. He was a living personality, an ideal of Christian knighthood, setting a standard to which this embryo soldier was to aspire, bringing out too, that knowledge of the Vandal still lurking behind the eastern mountain

barrier of France, a Vandal that in two short years was to force an entrance into the Boy's beloved France, a defeat which, though he knew it not, standing that August morning overlooking the Heath of the Moors, was to give definite direction to his life work. When only twelve, while still a student at the Collège de Tarbes, Ferdinand had revealed himself as having the "stuff of a polytechnician." So his form of service, that of a soldier of France, was unfolded to him, a life of service that was not to rest until France should rise in a final triumph over her Vandal foes from across her eastern frontier. The prayer carved by a forgotten hand upon the portal of his school at Tarbes, held for the lad a special meaning, that steadfastness and singleness of purpose to carry on until accomplishment. "May this house remain standing until the ant has drunk all the waves of the sea, and the tortoise has crawled round the world," the prayer ran, and it became in later years the Boy's passionate prayer for France.

The Boy's family life was of that unity, simplicity and beauty so truly French, and throughout his whole life the influence of his home had borne its indelible impress, an atmosphere that Ferdinand and his brothers and sister felt also at Valentine, where they spent their vacation with their grandparents, a life set in the beauty of holiness, the majestic beauty of the hills and that inner spiritual beauty of lives lived near to God. Religion was to the lad as the air he breathed, the natural expression of man to God. Inheritance, tradition was the foundation upon which he was to build, a spiritual conception of life that was to enable him to endure and to rise triumphant, turning defeat into victory. It was the human element, likewise, in his conception of life, of war, as a passionate drama, an element materialism

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overlooks, that gave him the power of broad understanding, of tender sympathy fused with vision crystal clear, that was the highwater mark of his greatness, making him unconquerable in France's supreme hour of need.

The old castle of the Counts of Bigorre, of which the tower of Marguerite de Béarn alone remains, held its romance also for the lad, a nigh forgotten history clinging to its scarred sides even as the century-grown ivy. Here local history had played its part, and here also the English had come in the old days, the lad's hero, the Black Prince, about whom he wove many a colorful romance, this chivalrous knight worthy to draw sword with those of France.

August and November were the months Ferdinand loved best; for in August was held the Concours Hipique; in November, November eleventh, the day that in after years was to sum up the final triumph of this saviour of France, the Grande Semaine des Courses took place, these two events marking days of keen delight to the Boy. Since babyhood, Ferdinand had been a fearless rider, full of the ardor of the chase, so characteristically French, loving horses passionately. More than that, these horse races, and horse fairs that took place in the Place Forail, brought the world to Tarbes, that world of which the lad dreamed, and for which he had all his life been reaching toward; for since his master at the Collège de Tarbes had recognized in the lad of twelve a genius for geometry and logic, Ferdinand was destined for the army, to serve the third Napoleon as his grandfather had served the first. A greater fate destiny held for the Boy, a wider, truer service; for his service was to be for France, for a world-wide democracy, for humanity, a service which he was to meet supremely, thus saving to the world freedom and civilization, democracy

and that ideal of unity in variety so essential to the wholeness of the world. Into the quiet backwater of Tarbes a stream of people flowed in from the Pyrenees, from Provence, from the Basque country, from Navarre, from Béarn, a motley crowd of varied type in costume and picturesqueness, a mosaic in color and character leaving its impress upon the Boy whose after life was to be set among the men of all France, and whom he would understand because of his intimate contact with them and with their racial characteristics, a contact that would make for close communion, for instant response. On fair days the lad loved to wander about under the plane trees in the Place Forail watching these men of infinite variety bargaining and showing off their horses, some bragging, some careless, laughing, others full of southern fire; each with the human touch making them kin. Full of sympathy, of innate understanding, the lad, all unknowing, learned to know men; and from them he also learned of the world outside, that world into which he was going, and of which he was to be a part; for the Boy was possessed of the sensitiveness of the artist, who, absorbing, reflects impressions as a finely tuned 'cello vibrates sound. Temperament as well as character was his; for he inherited the nerves of supple steel inherent in the Basque, his education at Metz whither he was going, to instill in him the calm will of Lorraine, that tenacity of purpose that carries on until accomplishment, a fighting spirit fused with vision, a vision crystal clear in which there was no clouding of issues.

Like most French bourgeois, Ferdinand's parents were thrifty and hard working, doing their utmost to give this eldest son of theirs a liberal education, no sacrifice too great to prepare him for the service of France; for with French perspicacity, they recognized the budding gifts in

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the lad, setting him in a sense apart, dedicating him to France, even as they gave their second son to the Church. It is this sense of service bred in every Frenchman, that made France strong in the blackest hour of her history, that sense that each man owes to France his best, no sacrifice too great in her service. So Sophie Dupré and her husband gave, and so they prepared their son Ferdinand for a life of service, a life demanding not only a high sense of duty and discipline, but complete self-mastery, complete self-effacement. The lad's passionate, silent nature gave to France as he gave to his mother, a deep, reverent worship, a love that knew no measure, that forgot self in the joy of giving.

Standing there by the paddock in the soft August sunlight, the Boy thrilled at the thought of this service he was to enter upon at Metz in a few weeks. A lonely life he knew it would be, a life of struggle, of self-denial, of preparation that he might be ready when France called him. This was to be the vision of his ideal which was to keep the hard, strenuousness and monotony of the daily grind from becoming the monotony of life. Self-reliance too, this life of self-discipline was to teach him, a self-knowledge giving him confidence to play his own hand, this confidence in himself devoid of egotism; for his confidence was founded on a great faith, even as he was to recognize his gifts as from God. The light in his gray-blue eyes portrayed an inner illumination of soul that would mellow and deepen with the years.

The crunching of a heavy cavalry boot made the Boy turn swiftly, his face flushing with pleasure and eagerness as he saw his old friend the sergeant approaching, a saddle and bridle on his arms. They saluted.

"Now, monsieur Ferdinand! Let us see what you can do with the Arab yonder."

The horse came winnowing toward them, the Boy fondling him with that fearless love all animals recognize quickly. Like an arrow the Boy shot lightly up into the saddle, and the horse like his young master, all gentleness yet all fire, was aquiver to be gone. A word from the Boy, and they sped across the wide flowing Heath of the Moors, horse and rider as one, the figure of the Boy on horseback lingering long in the sergeant's mind, a figure graceful, lithe, commanding, a figure that would hold the eyes of all France, of the world in the days to come, that figure on horseback leading the blue-gray and khaki-clad hosts of civilization against the Vandals, nor pausing until they had fled across the mountains never to return.

JOFFRE—THE BOY OF NEW FRANCE

STANDING among the grapevines upon the slopes of the Catalanian foothills overhung by the massif des Corbières, he may at first glance have seemed like other peasant boys of Catalan, this fair-haired, blue-eyed Joseph Jacques Césaire, his cap pushed back, his full corduroy trousers held in place by a wide red sash, and frayed a little at the bottom, his large hands bronzed and hardened by work in his mother's vineyard under the burning southern sun. Yet as he bent to his task in the purple glow of the September day, there was a suggestion of latent power, of boundless energy and massive force in his powerfully knit frame marking him of different mould from the other peasant boys, making him closely akin to those dark, rugged hills rising behind him tier upon tier, crowned at last by snow-capped Mont Canigou that proud, majestic rears its head into the soft, gray sky.

The Boy worked steadily at his grape picking, pausing now and again to stretch himself and straighten out his cramped muscles. It was then his deep blue eyes glowed as he gazed off across the narrow valley of the Agly and the plain of Roussillon to the distant line of blue sea, or grew dreamy as his gaze lingered upon the barren slopes and desolate heights of the century-scarred Pyrenees. Of these naked mountains the Boy never tired, absorbing unconsciously of their calm strength; and often toward evening when his work was done, he would steal away, climbing up to some cloud-hung summit there to lie upon his back and dream, caught in the magic of the reverber-

ating silence of the hills. From his eyrie he could look down upon Rivesaltes enveloped in great plane trees, through the dense foliage of which peered the high clock tower and the church steeple. The little town, nestled in the foothills stood in an oasis of green, and past its white walls, and beneath the beautiful stone bridge glided the limpid Agly. Slow-moving, despite the melting snows swelling its waters at its source, the river wound its way across the vine-clad plain, in places bordered by a framework of reeds; and so to the Golfe de Lion and the sea. Every inch of it the Boy knew and loved; for many a day he had spent fishing along its banks, following its windings far up into the hills where it had cut its way through deep clefts that half shut out the sun.

As the Boy paused beside his half-filled basket, his eyes rested upon Rivesaltes basking in the September light. Gay, laughing it was, like its people, and it too, it came suddenly to the Boy looking down upon it, had absorbed something of the majestic quality of the mountains looming above it,—that same blending of the gay and the austere, antithetic qualities making the perfect balance so typically French. Perhaps that was one reason, though wholly unanalyzed, why the Boy loved the gay, laughing town, its sombreness touched with a Spanish love of color; for in the Boy the spirit of the gay, laughing town and that of the austere, majestic mountains was subtly blended, his moods as swift-changing as the cloud-swept craggy peaks, his nature sunny, finely tempered, of southern intensity coupled with restraint. Hot blooded he was, for like many in that Catalan town, Spanish as well as Gascon blood mingled in his veins; yet this hot blood, was tempered withal by a northern strain, his tall, handsome great-grandfather having come from the plains of Picardy to woo and win his fiery bride of the Midi. And

as is so often true of mountain folk, this hot-headedness was offset by a shrewd matter-of-factness, of a singular dignity and self-possession, giving the Boy that patient coolness and endless perseverance which in later years would stamp him a great general—the man who would save France. It was the dashing figure of his soldier great grandfather about whom the Boy wove a halo of romance; and as a child he would sit in the long winter evenings at his grandmother's knee by the open fire listening to her tales, tales told in the Catalan tongue spoken in those parts, of his gallant ancestor's daring deeds not only in the service of the king, but more stirring still, deeds done in defense of a people's rights; for this sturdy soldier from Picardy all his life served the cause of democracy even more loyally than that of the king. Both he could serve, in so much as the kings of France sided more often with the people of Picardy, though purely for self-interest, than with their tyrannical bishops. So the ideal of democracy came to the Boy as an inheritance, an ideal that he was to nurture, to cherish and to guard sacredly against the hour when France should be called to fight to the death for an ideal which in that hour would prove as never before a living reality. This inborn passionate devotion to this ideal of democracy, was awakened in him by his grandmother.

"Love of one's fellows, it is to recognize that they too have rights, Joseph Jacques," she would say to him, her hand on his fair curls. "Fight for it always as thou wouldst fight for thy very soul. I have heard thy great-grandfather tell of how the streets ran red in Paris during the Revolution,—the price of a people's freedom. I myself know the oppression that followed and the suffering of the people because of Napoleon."

"Napoleon was a great general," the Boy would in-

terrupt, his eyes on fire. "He brought glory to France."

"Aye, perhaps; but he forgot the people who had given him power. His power vanished like the mist on Canigou. As to the glory—? It was the way of the Cross he made France follow."

"I would be a great general like Napoleon," the Boy persisted, still dazzled by the glitter of Napoleon's deeds.

"Thou!" the old woman laughed. "Thou, the cooper's son! Yet Napoleon was but an upstart after all," she added thoughtfully. Then after a pause: "A soldier thou may'st be; but remember this always. One can be a great general like Napoleon, yet fight for the people. It is that will win glory for thyself and France."

These talks with his grandmother were not forgotten by the Boy, sinking deep into his soul to bear fruit later when the soldier's blood stirring in him, he should bend all his ambitions and his energy to prepare himself for the life which from babyhood had called him; and with it grew to blossoming the passionate love of his life, New France, whose spirit was the life-blood of her people. As this dream of a soldier's life deepened in him, the Boy grew more reticent about it, speaking of it rarely save to his grandmother and to a white-haired soldier who had seen service in the Crimea, and who came yearly to Rivesaltes during the vintage, a chance meeting destined to influence the Boy's entire future career. Rivesaltes, its prosperity dependent upon its vineyards, was given over in September to the wine merchants who came thither at that season from all over France to lay in their stores for the coming year, and to gage the yield and the quality of the muscatel grapes ready for the harvest. The inns were full, the streets astir as in fair time; for the peasants, their costumes enlivened with gay splashes of color, their horses also bedecked in high-

peaked collars from which fell a kind of veil, flecked with red or green, poured into the town from the whole countryside, bringing their harvest of grapes to be appraised and sold in the market place. It was a season that delighted the Boy, this inundation of the outer world into the little town of the Pyrenean foothills, bringing in with it new currents and a taste of that world lying beyond the mountains, which with burning curiosity he longed to penetrate. Did he not love these stark sombre mountains? Ah! yes, with a passion that would hold him always, that would lure him back to their snow-capped peaks all his life; but they had also grown to be a symbol of the struggle lying before him, of the steep, rough ways he must follow before he reached the heights whither his vision carried him. Life in the valley of the Agly with its mingled tears and laughter, of gaiety and majestic somberness would be the deep setting against which the broader life across the mountains would be thrown, the sheltered life of the valley deep rooted in the soil which for generations his ancestors had tilled and cultivated with loving care. Productive, this life of the soil, of the simple directness and sturdy character, the massive, vigorous force and gentle, sunny temper, those moral and intellectual qualities portraying his brains and his character in perfect equilibrium. It was the September he was nine that he had seen the old soldier who was to fully awaken in him his desire to go beyond the mountains, and that was now three years ago. This keen-eyed veteran of the Crimea had been seated in the entrance of one of the large wine cellars when the Boy had passed with his father, Joffre the cooper as he was called. Something in the Boy's ungainly figure and intelligent sunny face had attracted the man, and he had called the boy to him. Thus began a

friendship that for Joseph Jacques opened up a new world, setting his imagination on fire. His keen intelligence, his modest unaggressiveness, his gentle courtesy coupled with a quiet force, appealed to the shrewd white-haired man, who recognized in the boy of nine qualities unusual, and holding promise of great things. Gradually he had drawn the boy out until the Boy had laid bare his heart's desire to lead a soldier's career. It pleased the man's fancy to encourage this longing. He spun him tales taken here and there from many a glorious page of France's history, dwelling upon the industry demanded of even her greatest generals before reaching the heights of achievement.

"To arrive means industry, Joseph, unceasing, unremitting toil. The higher we aim, the harder must we work to attain. To be a commander of an army is not to sit around in epaulets and gold lace giving orders. It means forgetfulness of self, the sinking of personal desire for the larger end. Real sacrifice is needed to truly serve one's country; and France has need of such men."

The words sank deep into the Boy's soul.

"That boy of yours, Joseph, has promise," the soldier said one day to the cooper a year after the Boy and he had become friends. "He must have his chance. Send him to Perpignan when his schooling is done here."

"He is but one of eleven, monsieur. He must work like the rest," the cooper answered sadly, "or the pot will cease to boil."

"He is a lad of much promise. It is worth the sacrifice. Some day when he is a great general, you will be proud of him. Who knows but that some day he may save France."

The cooper's face brightened.

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"You think that, monsieur? He is but ten. How can one tell so young what the vine will yield?"

"I am a soldier, monsieur, who has served. Your boy has the qualifications. Next year when I come, tell me you have sent Joseph to Perpignan. Aurevoir." So they had parted each year, only each time the old veteran became more insistent.

As the Boy filled his basket quickly and methodically, with painstaking industry, he was dreaming over this future of his that with the late autumn would begin to be realized; for he had won the right to go to Perpignan largely through his own industry, working in the vineyard through the long summers. The schoolmaster at the Rivesaltes school had been as quick as the soldier to note the intellectual keenness in the boy, his clear, logical thinking especially in mathematical problems, and he had not only encouraged the Boy to continue his studies, but had brought his influence to bear on Joseph Jacques' father; the cooper finally yielding to this double pressure, pride in the growing ability of the Boy manifesting itself more and more as he saw the patient industry and endless perseverance of his son displayed in accomplishing the monotonous daily tasks as well as in those things which would lead him nearer to his land of heart's desire. The future of France lay with her people, and the humble cooper of Rivesaltes took pride in his son who even then was destined to give himself in service for France; and whom at a sacrifice the father was fitting for that service. Joseph Jacques, dreaming of his future as he filled his basket on the hillside, recalled every word of the talk he had had the evening before with his old friend, a talk so pregnant with his future.

"Joseph Jacques you are on your way," were the words with which his friend had greeted him.

The Boy, flushing with pleasure, had answered:

"Yes, monsieur. I go to Perpignan this autumn."

"You stood well in your class, I hear."

"In all but German, monsieur. I can never speak a tongue so barbaric."

The soldier laughed.

"It is a language you may have need of when you are a soldier."

The Boy flashed back one of his merry smiles.

"It is not language, but mathematics I shall need when that time comes, monsieur; and for mathematics I have a pencher."

"After Perpignan, what then, Joseph?"

"The Ecole Polytechnique in Paris, monsieur."

"Truly you aim high. It is well; but entrance there is difficult. It is competitive."

"It is there I must go, monsieur, if I am to be an officer in the service of France."

"You have set your path among the steep mountain heights. It is a lonely way, but someday you will be called to do some giant task for France. Work for that day as if it were to come to-morrow. Then you'll be ready when the hour strikes. Remember this, that no detail is too unimportant to slip over. It was a maxim of Napoleon, this. In his mastery of detail lay the seeds of his success. When I come next year, you shall tell me of Perpignan. Aurevoir."

So the two friends, the grizzled soldier and the fair-haired boy, had parted for another year, the Boy going home in the soft falling dusk, his heart on fire, his imagination kindled afresh. Yet with all this intensive glowing at the heart, this burning thought of the goal to

which his life was now tending, the Boy gave little outward expression save in the deepening glow in his eye, or the quivering of his nostrils, a sensitive revealing of an emotion stirring him characteristic likewise when he was swayed by righteous anger against cruelty, oppression or injustice in any form whether toward man or beast. There was none of the loud-talking braggard nor the bombast of the Midi about this self-contained Boy of Catalan. He had learned, too, self-discipline early, holding his fierce southern temper in absolute control. This reticence had in a measure set him apart, even from his brothers and sisters, who did not understand their big, ungainly brother though they perforce loved him in their own fashion. Especially the Boy felt this isolation with his mother whom he worshipped, and who gave to this son whom she could not understand, a love different and deeper than to the rest of her little brood.

Yes, the path he had chosen to follow would be steep and rough, the way long, winding and solitary. Yet he would never look back, this fair-haired boy of New France, until he had arrived. Those sublime, austere peaks were calling to him more insistently each year, and he could not rest until he had answered that call. The story of the old curé of Pierre-Lys of these same Pyrenean mountains, came to him, a story his soldier friend had told him that first year they had met in the wine cellar at Rivesaltes, the old curé who pick in hand had worked with his people cutting a road through the mountain—the Trou du Curé it is called—and so had opened for them the world beyond their mountains. The curé had refused a bishopric offered him by Napoleon, a lover of good roads and roadmakers, preferring to die with the people to whom he had ministered all his life.

"You, too, will cut your way across the mountains, Joseph Jacques," the old soldier had said to him; "but for you life calls beyond the mountains. You will come back, yes; but never to stay. Your work lies yonder. It is there you will serve France."

So now it was to be. The path was opening at his feet, and the Boy was ready.

The basket was full, and as the Boy reached the end of the row, he paused and straightened himself, gazing off intently, lost in the beauty encircling him. Along the vine-clad slopes, and across the plain covered by interminable rows, the young leaves of the vines were tinted by the deep red gold of the setting sun. To the northwest, the aride massif des Corbières stood out picturesque and sublimely melancholy in their broken lines; to the south, the Albères pale blue against the gray of their cloud-hung summits; while far off toward the sea the white walls of Barcarès, the tiny port from whence Rivesaltes ships its wines, lay sparkling, gay and laughing in the gold of sunset. Above all, the white-mantled summits of Mont Canigou, half-hid by low, drifting clouds, gave the touch of sublimity that stirred the Boy to his very depths, filling his soul with the strength of those tireless, storm-swept hills. With a sigh of content, the Boy swung his basket piled high with luscious grapes upon his shoulder, and started down the hillside toward the valley. To-night, he would return to the valley of the Agly, but to-morrow he would leave the gay laughing valley and the sun-drenched plain of Roussillon for the austere sublimity of those cloud-hung summits looming far above him in the violet dusk. In that moment, though he knew it not, as he picked his way down the steep path to the valley, across the mountains there stirred the first breath of the dawn of an awakening France.

BRUSILOFF—THE BOY OF THE CAUCASUS

IN the soft, cloud-hung July dawn the lithe figure of a boy on horseback moved swiftly along the military road that threads its way through the wild beauty of the narrow gorge of the Terek, and upward to the bleak plateau of the upper Terek Valley. Far above him, as the dawn brightened into day, the Boy caught now and again glimpses of jagged ridges, of vast pitiless slabs of unbroken granite and glistening pinnacles of ice-glazed crags. Deep gullies gashed the walls of rock hemming in the gorge, silent with the majestic silence of the mountains, save for the surging music of the torrent edging the road, the song of birds and the occasional boom of a distant avalanche crashing down from some sérac-swept height.

At a bend in the road, the Boy Alexei Alexeievitch drew rein to look back down the valley from whence he had come, his restless hunter's eyes alight, fused with the eager keenness of a dauntless spirit and the penetrative vision of the mystic. The green tunic which he wore became his slim, graceful figure. Spurs and boots and a cap of green cloth edged with fur set jauntily upon his head completed his rich but simple costume. The gun slung over his shoulder betokened his early morning errand; that of the huntsman seeking his quarry in the lair. His horsemanship bespoke his Cossack breeding; for from babyhood the boy had been cradled in the saddle. His indefinable oneness with nature, with those snow-crowned Caucasian peaks, was likewise subtly sug-

gested by the quivering joy of the Boy's face and figure as he sat astride his horse looking down through the thick forested slopes to the green of pasture lands in the smiling, sunlit valley; his gaze held longest though, by the soaring, snow-capped crags above him. To him even then, boy as he was, these mountains signified struggle, the thrill of battling against giant, elemental forces, odds unsurmountable save for that spiritual element within that has ever had power to overcome mere brute strength. Above all, these mountains symbolized for him spiritual strength, that peculiar gift of the hills to those who look up to them. As he pushed his way further up the gorge, the Boy's eyes turned with special intentness upon those half veiled heights; for with his fifteenth birthday, his free happy life among the mountains which he loved with all the intensity of his Cossack nature, would, for a time, be over. He was destined to begin his military education in one of the renowned Russian military schools, his military career coming to him as an inheritance not only from his distinguished soldier father, but from the race of Cossack warriors from whom he sprang, even as his birthplace, the Caucasus, was the school of Russian military prowess and skill. Here in these mountain fastnesses for generations the armies of Russia had striven to conquer those valorous, savage tribesmen, especially the Cherkess of the north, the Kurds of the south; and in these wars, the Boy's father had won renown. So heredity, tradition, environment were playing their part in the moulding of the Boy's character as well as his genius. Life as the Boy had known it in these well-loved mountains, had been a hard life, a life of discipline, of constant vigilance against an ever watchful foe; a life, too, set in the elemental largeness and inexpressible beauty, the majesty of windswept peaks

rising sheer and shimmering into the blue haze-hung sky. The Boy's face glowed as he thought of his soldier father, the hero of many a battle with the fierce nomad tribes, and to the Boy the King Arthur of his dreams. Many a winter's night beside a blazing log fire, the Boy had listened breathless while his father spun him tales of his campaigns. Best of all the Boy loved to hear the story of the capture of Schamyl, the rebel Lesghian chief, an event that took place when the Boy was three years old, and which proclaimed the supremacy of the Russian arms in the Caucasus. There was something in the romantic figure of this rebel chieftain of Daghestan that fired the imagination of the lad, Schamyl's genius pitted against the might of all the Russias, his savage, untamed hordes brought by the force of his personality into a sturdy unity for a common cause,—freedom. Love of freedom, democracy, came to the Boy as part of his Cossack heritage; for the Don Cossacks of the Terek Valley were democratic in their government, every man having the chance at the yearly election to serve even in the post of Hetman. Living among hostile tribes these outpost warriors of the Tzars originated a peculiar military organization, forming either a cordon of military settlements along the confines of the occupied country, or as isolated camps in the nomad country beyond. Thus to the Boy captivity had always been abhorrent, and to the captive Lesghian chief, despite his being an enemy, his boy heart went out in silent sympathy; for to him freedom was the priceless gift of life itself. Often the Boy's father had told him of an early ancestor of his who, before the days of Peter the Great, had won fame as a soldier in these southern tracks beyond the dominion of the Moscow Tzars, before what is now Cossack country had been embodied in the Rus-

sian Empire. So each generation had added to the family's military renown, the sum of this noble heritage handed down to be built upon and added to, a sacred trust that must be guarded and enriched.

"We must live up to our traditions, lad," Alexei the father had said to the Boy one day as they rode along this very pass. "One cannot do less than one's forebears. One must always hand down an heritage enriched. Soon you will be starting out on your career as a soldier. You must not fall short of the family ideal."

"To be a soldier. It is that I most desire," the Boy had flashed back.

The noble life of a soldier was inbred in the child, his whole life from babyhood fashioned and moulded for that career. This life was one of stern discipline, of inuring the Boy to hardship that in later years would give him power to endure, that would steel him to bear the overpowering weight of responsibility his country would lay upon him; for he was possessed of the boundless energy of his loved mountains, that energy of soul which is the very breath of life.

On and on up the gorge the Boy made his way, nor did he pause again until he reached a rude kosh of unhewn stone roofed with great pine branches, this goatherd's hut perched upon a steep and set amid a vast acreage of unbroken granite, a wilderness of rock devoid of trees, a low scrub growth the pasturage of goats and sheep. As the Boy dismounted, a short stocky man clad in sheep skins came out of the hut greeting the boy.

"You are welcome, excellency. Milk, warm from the goat, and bread and cheese await your pleasure."

The Boy gaily tossed the rein to the goatherd exclaiming: "I love it best up here, Mikailovitch, Someday I too will herd goats upon the mountain."

Mikailovitch shook his head, a broad smile upon his rugged visage as they entered the hut.

"For you the open road, little master, not the goat's trail upon the mountain summits."

"It is the life I love best," the Boy re-iterated swiftly. "Here one is free."

"One can keep one's soul free even upon the plains," the man answered with the characteristic simplicity and directness of mountain folk. "Though here one seems nearer God," he added softly.

The Boy did not answer, but the words sunk deep, and long afterwards in the stress of battle they came back to him vividly. He had learned then that God like freedom dwells first in a man's soul, that a man must dominate his environment while he looks unto the hills.

The Boy picked up his rifle and went out followed by the goatherd, pausing far up the trail upon the edge of the cliff to gaze up at towering Elbruz rising like a snow-clad sentinel above the pass, Elbruz, among whose crags tradition records Prometheus was chained, Elbruz clad in primeval snows, a world of mountains in itself, its radiant summits mingling with the heavens. Through a soft veil of fleece clouds huge masses of black rock rose from the intermediate plain, their dark brows throwing into relief the dazzling peaks above them. Here, again, tradition has it, the ark of Noah floated over these mountains on its way to Mt. Ararat, smiting the head of Elbruz with its keel, the cleft made in the mountain bearing witness to the truth of this tale that is handed down by the mountain folk.

"The giant's bones, you have seen them, Mikailovitch?" the Boy questioned, abruptly pointing upward to the smaller summit of the looming mountain.

"Yes, yes, little master. They lie there bleached and weathered by the sun and ice for all to see the power of the divine wrath." The goatherd crossed himself as he spoke.

"Someday I will go with you to see them. It is here we wait for the mountain goats?"

"They cross the trail some twenty paces from here."

As the Boy lay waiting for the game, he fell to dreaming of his future, a future family tradition had carved out for him; for after his schooling at the military school, he, because of his Cossack blood, would of necessity enter the Tver Dragoons, a regiment as permanently fixed in the Caucasus as the British regiments in northwest India. Dashing adventure and the dull routine of his military calling, the daily round enlivened by hunting and steeple chases would be his lot. Everything that would bring out the daring in the lad was encouraged, and with this daring was developed likewise initiative, quickness of thought, resource within oneself so that to act quickly in moments of danger became second nature to the Boy Alexei Alexeievitch. In preparation for this life he was to lead, the Boy was taught early the value of hard discipline, of instant obedience, of the subservience of personal desires to those of others. Above all he was imbued with the nobility of service to his country to whom his whole life was to be pledged.

"Those who command others must never spare themselves," his father said to him one day. "Never ask of your men what you would not do yourself. It is the mark of a good general."

Thus from babyhood the Boy was inculcated with the fine essence of democracy, a democracy that would reach out in true brotherliness to those with whom he came in contact. So in after years when the respon-

sibility of a general was placed upon him, personal knowledge of his men marked his power to do with them what he would. Belief in him was paramount, because they knew not only his courage, but his willingness to share their hardships, his refusal to enjoy comforts denied them.

As Alexeievitch lay there dreaming of his future, there broke in upon his consciousness the restless surge of the mountain torrent far below him. The Boy crossed himself; for inbred in him was the belief of these dwellers of the mountains in the power of the supernatural in nature, the spirit dwelling in the winds and the rivers a force to be reckoned with and propitiated. Dwelling among the mountains had developed in the Boy an elemental quality, giving ruggedness and splendid vigor to his character, offsetting the gentleness and fine courtesy of his aristocratic breeding and upbringing. Thus was he finely balanced, and thus he had absorbed these folk tales of the mountain people, their simple belief in offerings to propitiate the spirit of the river mingling with the deep religious faith inherent in the Boy. Stretched upon the rocky ledge, he recalled the ancient story of the Don Cossack insurgent chief, Stenka Razin, who in a moment of fervid devotion flung the beautiful captive Persian princess whom he loved into the Volga, exclaiming: "Oh mother Volga! much hast thou given me of gold and silver and of all good things. I have in no way shown my gratitude. Here is something for thee! Take it!" Again, there flashed upon his vision the tale of a youth who derided the swift mountain torrent he was fording, and in a flash was swept from his horse and drowned in the swirling waters.

Above all there was the story of Ivan of which he never tired of hearing, a tale told him one stormy night

by the goatherd after Mikailovitch had rescued the lad upon the mountain side. Alexeievitch had been caught by the swift autumn darkness and so missed the trail. His prolonged absence alarmed the faithful goatherd, and he had gone out seeking for him until he found him. So late was it that the lad was forced to spend the night in the kosh with his humble friend, and as they sat before the fire, the herdsman had told him of Ivan the young prince who saved his mother from Vikhor the Whirlwind. Ivan was the youngest of three sons who set out to free their captive mother. Vikhor dwelt among the mountain fastnesses; he lurked in the green furrows of the sea. His road was the path of his desire, his wanderings the breadth and length of the world; for this wind blew where it listeth, nor could one tell from whence it came, nor whither it was going. The trail to the haunt of Vikhor the Whirlwind was a trail steep, winding, solitary and beset with grave difficulties and dangers,—dangers that to the hearts of Ivan's two elder brothers brought discouragement; for they listened to those who had gone before them and who had failed. So they turned back, leaving Ivan to finish the task alone. Ivan was of sterner metal, and his stout heart, though it quailed often as he crossed some desolate, sérac-swept height of the snow-clad summits, or made his way through a sunless gorge, yet it never faltered. He went on to accomplishment. His vision, illumined by a great love, led him forward without a thought of turning back until his goal was reached, the object of his quest, the rescue of his mother, fulfilled. From a little man of the mountain he had learned that the haunt of the Whirlwind was a dark cave in which stood two giant urns, one filled with the waters of weakness, the other with the waters of strength. Upon his enemies Vikhor forced

the waters of weakness, while he partook of the waters of strength, thus overcoming them.

"Change the urns," the little man admonished Ivan on parting, "and you will conquer this Vikhor, the scourge of the mountains. Remember when the struggle between you comes, do not look back, but keep your face toward the light."

So Ivan conquered Vikhor the Whirlwind, and saved his mother whom he worshipped. This story marked a turning point in the Boy's career, for by it he, all unconsciously, began to mould his philosophy of life. To drink of the waters of strength, those waters flowing from out the heart of the hills, and never to look back, to keep one's face toward the light, the realization of the quest, were the things lying fallow in this Cossack Boy of the Caucasus, this embryo soldier. These were the qualities that would make of him some day a great general; for love of his mother Russia was the inborn passion of his life, Russia, who in her hour of need he would rescue even as Ivan his mother, from Vikhor the Whirlwind.

As he lay there waiting, the Boy's mind was full of the new life opening before him, life beyond the mountains that he loved. His sensitive mouth quivered at the thought of leaving his beloved mountains, and with them his family and his friends, the goatherd yonder, and the dark-haired Olga, whose beauty had already cast a spell about the lad. Then there was Vladimar, whose road would later lead also out for a time into that unknown world beyond the barrier of mountains. As he thought of his mother, the Boy's face grew still and taut, his highly strung nature aquiver, yet held in leash by his iron will, and by a reserve that left unexpressed often the deep things of his soul. It was to his mother

the Boy owed his sensitiveness to impression, his nervous swift grace of movement, his delicate wit and banter that welled up like one of his own mountain brooks. From her, too, the Boy inherited his mystic quality of mind, his faith in God, in things unseen, a clear-visioned mysticism that sees into those things beyond mere human sight; yet is keen to discern the true from the false, this deep spirituality in him to be the mainspring of his power, the force of his personality founded upon the living reality of his faith that drew its strength from the eternal hills.

So the day sped by until late afternoon. Then it was the goatherd whispered:

"See, little master, the goats have come." He pointed to a craggy ledge upon which the leader of the flock stood outlined against the sky.

For a moment the Boy's eye flashed, and he poised his gun to shoot. Then of a sudden he threw his rifle down. Somehow the goat standing defiant upon the edge of the cliff recalled sharply to the Boy's mind the figure of Schamyl the Lesghian chieftain, his solitary figure facing the might of all the Russias, fighting to the death for his freedom, and he could not shoot.

Alexeievitch gave a nervous little laugh.

"Not to-day, Mikailovitch. Let him keep his freedom. He loves it as I do."

"You have waited all day, and it is a fair shot," the goatherd answered ruefully. "As you will, little master."

"I will save my bullets to fight for freedom, not to slay a defenceless goat."

"You love the goats as I do, little master. May your heart not change when you become a great general."

"When that time comes, I will grow a white beard and wear a long sword," the Boy laughed merrily.

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"You will forget the mountains and the goatherd then."

"Never my friends nor my mountains, Mikailovitch. When I return I will come and sup with you at the kosh. Come, it grows late. I must return."

So they made their way, the Boy and the man, back to the kosh the dull gold of afternoon about them, there to partake of tea and unleavened cakes before the Boy returned to the Fort from whence in a few weeks his road would lead him across the mountains and beyond into the lowlands where his new life was destined to begin. At the door of the kosh the Boy paused once more to look up at the shimmering summits of Elbruz, thinly veiled now in the gossamer of sun-shot mists. Then with a silent handshake, a, "until I return, Mikailovitch," the two friends parted, the man to tend his flocks upon the desolate mountainside under a canopy of stars; the Boy to wend his way down the gorge into the lowlands that he might fit himself for the service of his mother Russia, Russia to whom his life was pledged, down into the lowlands that he might in very truth aspire and reach the snow-clad heights to which destiny was calling him.

ROOSEVELT—THE BOY AMERICAN OF VISION

HE stood leaning upon his gun within the shadow of the wooded bluff, looking out across Long Island Sound, a powerfully built, awkward-looking boy, his blue eyes intent upon the unseen distances, his body taut as if alert and waiting even while he dreamed. Virility, purposefulness marked the square set of the shoulders of this eighteen year old lad, Theodore Roosevelt, a self-control born of self-discipline, a will dominating the whole vibrant buoyancy of the Boy's nature, that in the days to come was to mark him a great leader of men. Yet this adolescent Boy had not acquired this steel-like purposefulness without effort; for he had been a timid, sickly lad, lacking confidence in himself, fearful, unable to hold his own against boys of hardier temperament and build. Yet by sheer force of will the lad had overcome these defects, not by side-stepping, but by meeting them face to face and conquering them,—his shyness, his lack of confidence, his fear. Thus he was acquiring the habit of fearlessness, and in his power to conquer himself he was to rise above those who, naturally fearless, have not found their measure; for it is through struggle that men most truly arrive.

In this resolution to overcome fear, the Boy had been touched first through his imagination, his imagination enkindled by tales of Valley Forge and of Morgan's riflemen; so his soul, his admiration for gallant deeds done with the quiet courage of men who, without question,

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gave their all in a great cause, deepened by the lad's sensitive response to his heredity, the deeds of his southern ancestors stirring his blood, forcing him to rise and make himself worthy of the blood flowing in his veins. The richness of a noble heritage was his, a living example to the Boy, his father, of whom he was to pay an immortal tribute in those words, "he was the best man I ever knew." It was no craven fear gripped the Boy, but a timidity due to physical weakness; for dormant, deep down in his nature, a lion courage lay sleeping.

The Boy idolized his father, from whom he inherited strength, that courage with gentleness, that truthfulness and fearlessness in defence of the right, in denunciation of wrong, to be so marked a characteristic of the man to be. From his beautiful southern mother, Theodore came by his keen sense of humor, a humor that was to give illumination to his prophetic vision; for despite his physical near-sightedness, he saw into the soul of things, beyond the day-bound horizon into the future, making him not only an analyst of existing conditions, but a seer and an interpreter of events still in the hands of the gods. The inherent courage in the lad, and the warm indignation he felt in the presence of wrong or injustice, bubbled up like a spring that, despite its rock-bound surface, forces its way up into the sunlight; his will of finely tempered steel overcoming his lack of confidence, a timidity due to nervousness and outward circumstances rather than to the nature of the lad. Having been a sickly boy, and having lived in consequence much at home, Theodore had not come in contact with the school-boy's rough and tumble life, his lack of physical strength making him indifferent to the physical prowess of which the average boy boasts, and in which he takes over-

weening pride. Yet his free spirit, stung by his impotence in the face of a bully, roused the Boy to a sense first, of where and how he fell short, and second, of his need to dominate his timidity and shrinking if he was to rise to the ideal of what a man should be,—an ideal set high by the father he loved and revered so deeply. Nor was the lad one who, having seen his path, would rest until he had put his resolution into action. Immediately he had set about to make himself physically fit that he might hold his own with his fists actually as well as figuratively, a thing he was to accomplish not without a tremendous exercise of will, this self-discipline to teach him not only control over himself, without which a man is as nothing, but to give him that true freedom of soul which comes only from self-abnegation.

Standing there looking out across the Sound, the hunt for game and specimens for his natural history collection were forgotten, submerged temporarily in the flood of memories surging in upon the Boy. He had come to his first parting of the ways; for with October he was to enter Harvard, his university career to be the beginning of that broader life of the world of which he was to become so integral and vital a part, a life so different from the sheltered life of the backwater he had hitherto known. Not that the lad had been over guarded or pampered; but he had been delicate, suffering much from asthma, and the deep tenderness he felt for his father had its inception, perhaps, in the gentleness and love with which his father night after night had paced the floor, the gasping boy in his arms, his quiet strength and sympathy soothing the child in his pain.

Then there had been the episode so different in character when Theodore had been only four, an episode that made the Boy chuckle now as he recalled it. It had been

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a turning point in his whole career, teaching him to discriminate between right and wrong, also instilling in him a lesson in chivalry toward women he never forgot. He had been playing with his sister, and in a moment of childish exuberance had bitten her arm, frightening her to tears. With a smile the lad recalled how, conscious of having committed a crime, he had fled to the yard and thence to the kitchen and his ally, the warm-hearted Irish cook whom he knew would cover his retreat. The cook was kneading dough at the time, and Theodore had crept underneath the table, his tiny fists full of dough, preparedness being even then his watchword. Justice in the shape of his father relentlessly pursued the Boy, and after a brief struggle, in which the dough flew, justice was rendered in a manner never to be forgotten by the lad.

It was the human quality in the Boy that made him so loveable; for he was full of a healthy mischief normal in a boy, making him understanding in after years of human nature, that large-heartedness in aiding a man to make good after he had paid the penalty for his crime and was desirous of doing better. To aid the repentant sinner is a different matter from condoning evil or from fraternizing with the criminal still glorying in his crime.

The Boy's thoughts slipped back to his birthplace, that house at 28 East 20th Street where he had spent his early childhood. A halo of romance still hung over it for the lad, its very somberness and severe simplicity enveloping it with a sense of delicious mystery, especially the cut glass chandelier in the parlor with its prisms of magic hues. One day, one of the prisms fell, to be stowed by the lad in a secret hiding place as a veritable find from Treasure Island. The spirit of adventure burned in the lad for all his timidity and lack of assurance. A

happy home life Theodore had always known, a life in which each member shared the joys and sorrows of the others, a home in which the father and mother entered into their children's lives, making home their Mecca, the interwoven strand of gold amid the rough and tumble of life.

The country the Boy had always loved, that freedom of the out-of-doors from early spring when the throstle sings in the brambles to mellowing autumn when the wind whines in the brake. Barefoot, bronzed by sun and wind, Theodore, his brother and sisters, lived an untrammelled life tinged with the romance of hayfield and woodchuck hunting, of nut gathering and wigwam building in these same chestnut wooded hills where he was now standing, where sunbeams playing among the shadows and bits of blue sea opened up limitless vistas to the lad's imagination. Playing at Indians was a favorite amusement, a game carried to the extremes of realism by applying poke-cherry juice to their faces and hands, and incidently to their clothes, a liberal application trying to their mother whom they adored. The joy of living came to the Boy an inheritance from his father, an exuberant joy in beauty, in being near to nature, in being alive, enabling him to meet and conquer the difficulties that were to beset his path.

The spirit of adventure stirred in the Boy, and it was the books of Marryat and Ballantyne and Longfellow's Saga of King Olaf that caught and held his imagination. The lad's love of nature gave him likewise a naturalistic bent, the beginning of his leaning toward natural history definitely emphasized as marking the beginning of his career as a zoölogist, a dead harbor seal lying upon a slab of wood in the market. Theodore had haunted the market after that morning, making endless measurements

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of the creature which he carefully recorded, his first natural history, in simplified spelling, begun under the inspiration of this new obsession. Hopes of possessing and preserving the seal vanished, but eventually the Boy became the proud owner of the seal's skull, thus obtaining the first exhibit for the "Roosevelt Museum of Natural History" which he and his cousins shortly after founded. Thus began the Boy's interest in natural history, a bent encouraged by a wise father and mother, this valueless collection in their eyes the possible foundation for real serious work later on, a faith that was to be fully justified. Theodore remembered well the day he obtained permission from his father to take lessons in taxidermy. His teacher was a Mr. Bell, a onetime companion of Audubon, a fact giving further incentive to the lad to pursue his work, a work that he had taken up with deepening seriousness the following winter in Egypt, bird collecting to be the chief zest of his trip up the Nile.

This trip to Europe had opened new worlds to Theodore, the ancient worlds of Egypt, Greece, Syria and the land of Ali Baba of the Arabian Nights, worlds of historic richness and splendor and Eastern luxuriance, giving breadth of outlook and historic background, the illumination of noble traditions and the manysidedness of peoples and of life. Unconsciously the Boy had absorbed something of that world of ancient glories and grandeur that was to become part of the warp and woof of his character, giving him a keen sense of values, yet intensifying the wholeness of his unadulterated Americanism. He was to grow to know men in all races and classes, his knowledge to be first hand, not founded on theories; for he was to mingle with all sorts and conditions and to be recognized by them as a man honest, upright, courageous, one having no mercy on evil, yet

merciful to the repentant wrongdoer striving to rise above himself, a conqueror. The Boy's Americanism was to be of that peculiarly Anglo-Saxon temper which in moments of grave crisis depends upon instincts rather than intellect; and the Boy's instincts were true, making for greatness in times of grave decision, he acting instantly where reason would delay and so grasping the golden moment because taken at the floodtide. Therein lies the difference between rashness and impulse born of true instincts, this ethical soundness of moral fibre to be the sum of the Boy's inherent greatness. To lend himself to a cause only from conviction, was the keynote of the lad's character, nor would he ever lend himself to arbitrarily defend a subject nor a cause by glib arguments in which he had no belief nor faith in its justice, a practice tending toward loose thinking, placing cleverness above conviction, bluff above principle.

To the Boy standing in the shadow of the chestnuts, listening half dreamily to the wind swirling through them, his thoughts focussed upon the new world he was to enter, Harvard to be his gateway to the endless avenues of the great world beyond. His love of nature and the out-of-doors had steadily grown with the years, and thus his interest in natural history, his ambition urging him toward a scientific career patterned after Audubon. It came to him how he had spoken to his father of his longing to seriously take up science as a profession, and his father's hearty acquiescence, delighted in the Boy's love of worth-while things.

"I have made enough, my Boy," Theodore recalled his father saying, "to enable you to take up such a career and to do non-remunerative work of value, but only provided you are ready to give it your best. I want no dilettantes in my family, Theodore."

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"It's bully of you, father. I mean to put my all into it."

The Boy could feel the pressure of his father's hand upon his shoulder still, could see the glow in his father's joyous blue eyes, could hear the deepened note in his voice.

"A scientific career means sacrifice, Boy. It is a life of service, not of money getting."

The words had sunk deep into the Boy's soul. A life of service! The Boy thrilled at the thought now, the giving of himself to the service of humanity. Yet in this first dedication, how little he dreamed how world-wide that service was to be, a service including not merely science, but statesmanship, the service of his country and the world. A lonely road and rough, a road truly to Calvary, but the only road by which men reach the heights of Olivet and beyond.

It was the home training the Boy received that fitted him so preëminently for the work toward which Destiny was leading him, that sense of his individual responsibility first toward his family, and, as he grew older, toward the state, a moral outlook founded upon character, and instilled into him from babyhood. Upon this fundamental prime necessity, the Boy's moral life was built, this spring of moral purpose making for virility and vigor of soul, a fertile soil in which to emplant the seed of collective responsibility, this need of collective action to be the measure of true democracy. The sinking of self for the common good, was to be the ideal by which the Boy was to interpret service, a service so pure and exalted in the white flame of its selflessness as to reach into the four corners of the earth, a service that was to mean the offering up for his country's sake of his very life blood. The spirit in which he was to serve was of that

quality that does the task at hand to the utmost of his power, even though that task but opens the way for another to carry on. It was because the Boy was to do his work without thought of the future and his own self-aggrandisement, that he was to rise to greatness as statesman, as patriot, as typifying Americanism in its truest, highest sense.

As he stood there looking out across the Sound, the September sun filtering down through the thick growth of chestnut trees, many avenues of thought revealed themselves. The low hum of early autumn was in the air, and the Boy had come to this spot where the surge of tides lapped the pebbles at his feet, to think things out rather than to hunt or to search specimens for his collection. In a few weeks now he was going to Harvard, and with his going he was leaving behind this old life he had loved and known, a life, nevertheless, that was to be the warp and woof of his being, the green-gold background against which his future was to stand out. Gentleness with courage, unselfishness with strength, clean living and uprightness was the code by which he would steer his course, giving him the true freedom of soul born of self mastery. There under the swaying trees, it came back to him with renewed force, a conversation he had had with his father a few weeks before, when they had been talking about his college career.

“You are going out into the world, laddie. For the first time you will have to meet alone temptations in many forms. Remember always, clean living and hard hitting where wrong is concerned measure the man. There can be no two standards of conduct. What is wrong for a woman is wrong for a man. Do right and you can look the world in the face.”

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It was with the thrill of an adventurer Theodore contemplated this new life opening before him. Never having been regularly to school like other boys because of ill-health, it was for him a special testing time, a time when he would be measured up against other men. His teeth snapped together and his jaw set. He must not be found wanting. In part he had conquered his shyness and lack of self-confidence. He must go on. All things were possible for him if he but chose to make his day-dreams reality. Danger, his father had taught him was something to be faced and overcome, and his life, while not something to be thrown away, was a pawn to be unhesitatingly hazarded if the hazard was warranted by a great cause. That was to be his ideal of service, an ideal to become the very fibre of his being. It was what he owed his country, to life, not what they owed him, that was its essence, a service born of sacrifice and self-forgetfulness for a great end.

For a little while the Boy lingered, gazing out upon the whitecapped waters of the Sound, and his jaw stiffened, his blue eyes grew tense. He would conquer despite his physical handicaps; he would school himself to hold his own in the battle of life. He would prepare himself for whatever the future held, doing the task at hand with all his might, an instrument in the hands of the gods.

With a quick, restless movement, the Boy slung his gun over his shoulder, turning back along the path he had come, purposeful, strong, facing the future full of the vision that had come to him in the hushed stillness of the autumn woods. As the brown leaves crackled beneath his feet, though he knew it not, he had already turned the first bend in the path that by lonely ways and steep, rough stretches, was to bring him to the heights where

he would be a leader of men, a man who, in giving his life most truly was to find it; who, because he was true to the vision of his ideal, was to become a mighty patriot, the first American, a world voice.

MACDOWELL—THE BOY CREATOR OF AMERICAN MUSIC

THE air was heavy with the scent of roses, the soft, warm breeze blowing across the Luxemburg Gardens redolent with their perfume, pungent with the odor of rain-soaked earth. Everything was alive and sparkling after the summer shower which had relieved the heat of the sultry, July day, the late afternoon sun shedding its radiance with spendthrift joyousness. Outside the gates, the life of Paris droned by, a soft murmur as of bees drifting into this old world garden without disturbing it lying wrapped in the beauty of its traditions, its past. Besides the fountain in the sunken garden, a boy paced restlessly up and down, his strong, boyish face flushed, the delicate whiteness of his skin in marked contrast to the blue-black of his hair waving back from a forehead broad and intellectual. This Boy, Edward MacDowell, had pocketed his cap as he paced here and there along the allées. For a moment he paused facing the sunset, his eyes of vivid blue and set wide apart, aglow, betraying too that inextinguishable Celtic humor and joyousness, the keynote, really, of his character. His sensitive, full-lipped mouth quivered as if with suppressed emotion, an emotion sweeping his mobile face so expressive of many moods, and off-set by the square-cut chin portraying, as it did, the perfect balance essentially his.

With a quick movement, Edward squared his shoulders and resumed his restless pacing. He had heard Rubin-

stein that afternoon for the first time, and he had been stirred to his very soul. The throbbing cadences of the Tchaikovsky B-flat minor surged through him, the pain of its tragic beauty gripping him still, urging him to seek out this master musician to learn of him the magic of his interpretation.

"I can never learn to play like that if I stay here," he had burst out to his mother as they had left the concert hall.

The Boy's heart glowed now remembering his mother's face as she had answered him. Her trust and confidence in this seventeen year old son of hers touched him deeply, making their companionship very close.

"You are growing restless here. We can go elsewhere if you think best. Do not decide, though, without due thought. Later we can go over the matter together."

So the Boy had left her, seeking the quiet beauty of the Gardens he loved so well. He had come to a crossroads in his career, the whole future dependent upon his present choice. His mind swept back along the road he had come; of his quest from that first day when he was eight years old and Juan Buitraga, hearing him play, had begged to give him lessons. The Boy had hated the drudgery of the daily practicing, and a smile crept into his eyes remembering how, when no eye was upon him, he had spent the practice time for his own compositions, covering his music sheets with sketches revealing a skilful hand and an observing eye. Thus from babyhood, the creative impulse was the dominant characteristic in the lad, the desire to give forth out of the richness of his Celtic imagination. Fairy tales and legendary lore were his delight, those tales which to the Celt hold the mysterious beauty of life, that mystic

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undercurrent upon which his imagination feeds. Nature to the Boy, was not merely sentient, but alive with spiritual import, bearing upon life itself. Poetry was of the very essence of his being, to be revealed in the music he was later to write, life, nature, to be portrayed in poetic cadences of endless music, music overflowing with spiritual insight. He lived in a world apart, the world of the "little people" of Celtic Ireland and the gray Scotch hills, that world Fiona Macleod has since made real to us in rhythmic prose and verse, as this Boy, Edward, would in his Keltic Sonata reach the highwater mark of his art. Into it, he would breathe that quality of heroic beauty so truly belonging to the ancient Celt, portraying the heroic Gaelic world caught in the sun-drowned mists of the miraculous; a world of transcendent passions and aspirations, of gods and goddesses, of bards and heroes fired by the adventurous spirit of the quest; a world of green-gold romance through which surged the beauty and the fierceness of great love and stupendous hate. Haunting sweetness, that note of poignant yearning, of endless seeking, inherent in the Celt, coupled with exquisite tenderness, was to be expressed in this work cast in so heroic a mould. Yet the spirit of Cuchullin the Unconquerable was to be the dominant mood, the spirit of an immortal hour of vision to which he would hold true to the end and beyond,—the heart of the Celt remaining forever unsatisfied, pursuing that which forever lures, yet forever evades.

Edward came by his imagination and his Celtic sensitiveness of temperament, from his father, who had handed down to this third son of his, his rich artistic gifts both as draughtsman and painter, gifts lying dormant in this loved father because of his parents' strict adherence to Quaker belief. Thus did this prac-

tical business man hand down to his son Edward gifts, aspirations denied him, those gifts of which a Scotch-Irish ancestry made him the heir. Edward's great-grandparents were Belfast born, their son migrating to America in the eighteenth century, bringing with him the cool, hard-headedness of the Scot mingled with the rich, poetic imagination, the sensitiveness of the visioning Gael. Race influence, though largely unconscious, perhaps, was potent in the lad, the old Scotch cadences so native to his heart, revealing themselves later in his music, in his outlook on life. The robustness of the Scottish Gael was subtly blended with the evanescent delicacy of the Irish Celt, that mingling of the deep surge of northern tides, of gray seas grim, relentless, and the green-gold beauty of woods alight with sunshine through which filters the joyous song of birds. Dryads and fairies were the daily comrades of this Boy who dwelt much within the recesses of enchanted woods, where fairy boughs were swayed by an unseen wind as it went sighing down the valley, giving forth the haunting music of the ages; or, where, by a still lake, the swans, children of Lir, at sundown came to rest. Yet the Boy was no mere dreamer. A normal, mischief-loving boy, he belonged also to the world of reality, a reality that is fused with the spirit of romance, that is inseparably bound up with it, that changeless, eternal world of beauty, of a truth, to him the supreme reality. A poet, he was to look inward as well as outward, interpreting with the eye of vision the emotions lying deep in the hearts of men.

The Boy paused in his walk to watch the play of the fountain as it splashed up into the sunlight. He was in reminiscent mood, even while he pondered upon his future. The old house in Clinton Street where he had

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been born and had spent his childhood, rose before him. Tears filled the lad's eyes as he thought of the roomy, old-fashioned house, furnished in quiet taste, so permeated with its atmosphere of gentle breeding, a home he loved, the simple beauty of its environment enveloping him, that beauty of a home where love and mutual trust dwelt unafraid. There he had learned those lessons of discipline and service, of noble living and the spirit of sacrifice that were to fit him so splendidly to meet life, the wisdom of a father and mother seeing the need of moulding early so strong a character, guiding it into those channels from whence, having found its bearings, it would safely seek the open sea. Truth, honor, were of the air he breathed, Edward's father's fineness and his mother's strong, tender sympathy and understanding the foundations upon which this Boy built up his moral outlook on life. His eyes glowed now, remembering his mother's quick understanding of his mood as he sat that afternoon entranced listening to Rubinstein; and at his weariness after these years of unremitting work in Paris, years that had laid the foundation for the great future he was to build. It was just like her, he thought, to leave it to him to decide. Later, he knew, she would be ready with her advice; but not until he asked it. Their mutual trust and understanding was very sweet to the lad standing upon the brink of a decision influencing his whole future career.

So full had he been of his afternoon, that for a moment Edward was moved to go straight to Rubinstein, feeling sure this master would understand. He was not ordinarily afraid of celebrities. His father's house had always been the rendezvous of people of note, his father's love of art in all forms, drawing artists to him. Thus he partly satisfied his craving for the artistic life, by inter-

course with those men and women who were free to express themselves through the various arts. So vital, however, was this crisis facing the lad, that Edward hesitated to go to Rubinstein, desiring to think out first just what he wanted and why. He feared to decide too hastily; so he had slipped away to these old Gardens he loved, a place full of the music of old Paris and its impelling past. While he had been studying in New York under Paul Desvernine, his first professional teacher, Edward had come under the influence of the brilliant Carreño, receiving from her occasional supplementary lessons, an influence leaving its indelible trace, this splendid genius firing the Boy's imagination and ambition to white heat. Full of enthusiasm, he had come to Paris with his mother three years before, and having passed his examinations, entered the Paris Conservatoire for a course in piano and theory. His slim knowledge of French had made it difficult for him to follow the lectures of Savard, his teacher in composition and theory,—a difficulty he had set to work immediately to overcome. He chuckled now remembering his first essay in French, when as a boy of ten he had made the "grand tour" with his mother from Scotland to the Rhine. Then their stay in Paris had been all sunshine, a play time when the child had absorbed avidly the wonders all about him. He had saved some French money, and one day, seized with an American boy's craving for candy, he had sallied forth unknown to his mother to spend his little hoard in satisfying it. Seeing a shop near the hotel conspicuously marked "Confections," he had gone in eagerly, his imagination swiftly supplying the needed letters to make the word "confectionary." Surrounded by a group of laughing girls, he had in his child's French explained his errand, his confusion deepening as their merriment grew. In

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the end he had laughed with them, his humor overwhelming his embarrassment; and he had hurried out to seek further until he found.

The boy of seventeen was weary of the grind of the past three years, even while he realized keenly what they meant to his future career. He had grown restive under the tremendous academic strain. The routine had become irksome to this lad by nature none too systematic nor too full of application. He recognized clearly what he had gained by the hard work he had been obliged to do, even as he knew and appreciated the inspiration coming to him from the teachers who, quick to see the budding genius in the lad, took pride in him and his work. He had won by his unceasing effort, the much coveted fellowship from the Conservatoire. He loved the congenial atmosphere by which he was surrounded. Yet the spirit of the quest was upon him, and he, with a boy's natural eagerness, longed to explore new musical fields. He must leave Paris and go on from mountain top to mountain top until he should arrive. That he loved his surroundings and his teachers made the struggle the harder. The urge of the Celt and the artist was upon him, and he must answer the call.

Two weeks a year had been all the holiday allowed the Boy, though once he had prolonged it a little by substituting for the organist in the tiny church of the French village where those precious days of freedom were spent, a village from whence he could escape quickly into the country, he reveling in the long days in the open. On Sundays he had played the organ, his interest centred less on the music before him, than on the congregation and on the young lord of the manor who came to Mass in his hunting clothes, and accompanied by two immense dogs who laid down solemnly on either side of their

master, their eyes fixed on the American boy improvising at the organ. This holiday was all too short for this sensitive, delicately-poised lad, whose cry since babyhood had always been: "May I go to the country?" The unloveliness of the city, its roar and its smoke-hung skies smothered him, his spirit craving the untrammelled freedom of the farm where as a boy he had spent his summer holidays.

Yet this lad of seventeen was not all seriousness. He was a healthy, normal boy, winning even in his mischief-loving fun, his humor, so Celtic in its temper, bubbling continually, a sparkling humor tinged with kindness, sharpness and rancor having no part in his nature. Monotony palled on him, and he recalled how once, when his French lesson bored him, he had relieved the dullness by drawing a portrait of his French teacher, a man with an uncommonly large nose. Edward was caught just as the sketch was finished; but so impressed was the Frenchman with his own likeness, that instead of reprimanding the Boy, he had asked him if he had ever studied drawing.

"No, monsieur. I have just drawn things always."

"I shall keep this drawing, monsieur Edward, as a reminder of you. I have a friend, an instructor at the Beaux Arts to whom I will show this excellent likeness."

The artist was so delighted that he went straight to Edward's mother.

"Your son has unusual talent, madame. Give him to me for three years, and I will make of him a great artist. He has the temperament, the imagination."

"What of his musical career?"

"Let me have him, madame. I will instruct him free, and be responsible for his support during those three years."

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"You are most kind, monsieur. I must talk the matter over first with Edward, and with Marmontel, his teacher in piano. It is too important a decision to make hastily."

Marmontel, averse to losing his talented pupil, strongly advised against interrupting the Boy's musical career. Edward, when approached, did not hesitate a moment.

"I prefer tone pictures to those made by brush and palette. It is the medium by which I can give of my best, express what is deepest in me."

So this lad, so versatile and full of genius, turned his back upon painting, to give himself wholly to a musical career, a choice he was never to regret. His extraordinary powers of vision and imagination were, through the medium of music, to interpret the hidden emotions of the human soul, to interpret life, nature, the ancient lore of the Celt, to be the symbols of those things of the spirit which are the essence of life, this power of interpretation, the true function of the artist as it is the measure of his greatness.

Among his fellow students at the Conservatoire, was Claude Debussy, whose original genius was not to show itself until later when he came under Russian influence. Both these boys were dreamers, dwellers in a world of colorful imagination. Both lived in the world of the mystic, the magic, the elusive; but Debussy's world was a place of vague wandering in shadows dank and sunless, or shot with the haunting ominousness of pursuing evil, of tragedy dogging the footsteps of youth, of shadows drowning out the light. Edward, looking out upon life, clear-eyed and joyous, recognized the vein of tragedy in life, yet dominated it, depicting life largely and robustly, a world of struggle between titan forces through which ran the gold thread of spiritual beauty, a world alive, poignant with human emotion, yet a world devoid

of the sensuous, a world of shadows through which one reached the light. He lived in a dream-filled world of beauty, a world intangible and full of magic, yet a world vital and real, of the vigorous ruggedness of northern cliffs carven and torn by a wild, northern sea.

As never before, Edward standing in the Gardens, felt himself at a crossroads in which his decision would be the determining factor in his life. The spirit of the quest was upon him,—the seeking of new fields in which to test his powers. The beauty of Paris and all it meant to him gripped him; yet after hearing Rubinstein that afternoon, he knew his need of new experiences, a realization deepening as he paced the gravel walks of the old Gardens. Where could he best attain his goal? Moscow? Rubinstein was connected with the Conservatory there. Why not? Perhaps he could yet see the virtuoso before he left Paris. He would consult with his mother at once, and decide where they should go. Moscow was a long way to go, perhaps, on a chance. Stuttgart, Frankfort and Leipsic were nearer. At least he knew that Paris and his work there was over. If he was to arrive he must go elsewhere, spinning anew his colored web of vision. At all hazards he must be true to his ideal, no matter what the cost. Already he had read widely in many literatures, and this knowledge he was now applying to the æsthetic and philosophic problems touching music, its theory and its practice. He had come to definite conclusions as to the tendencies and potentialities of music, conclusions revealing the maturity of this seventeen year old lad.

The rose-burdened air filled him with sudden longing for the sweet pure air of the country, for woods and fields where he might roam free as the wind, following, perchance, rod in hand, some winding brook up into the

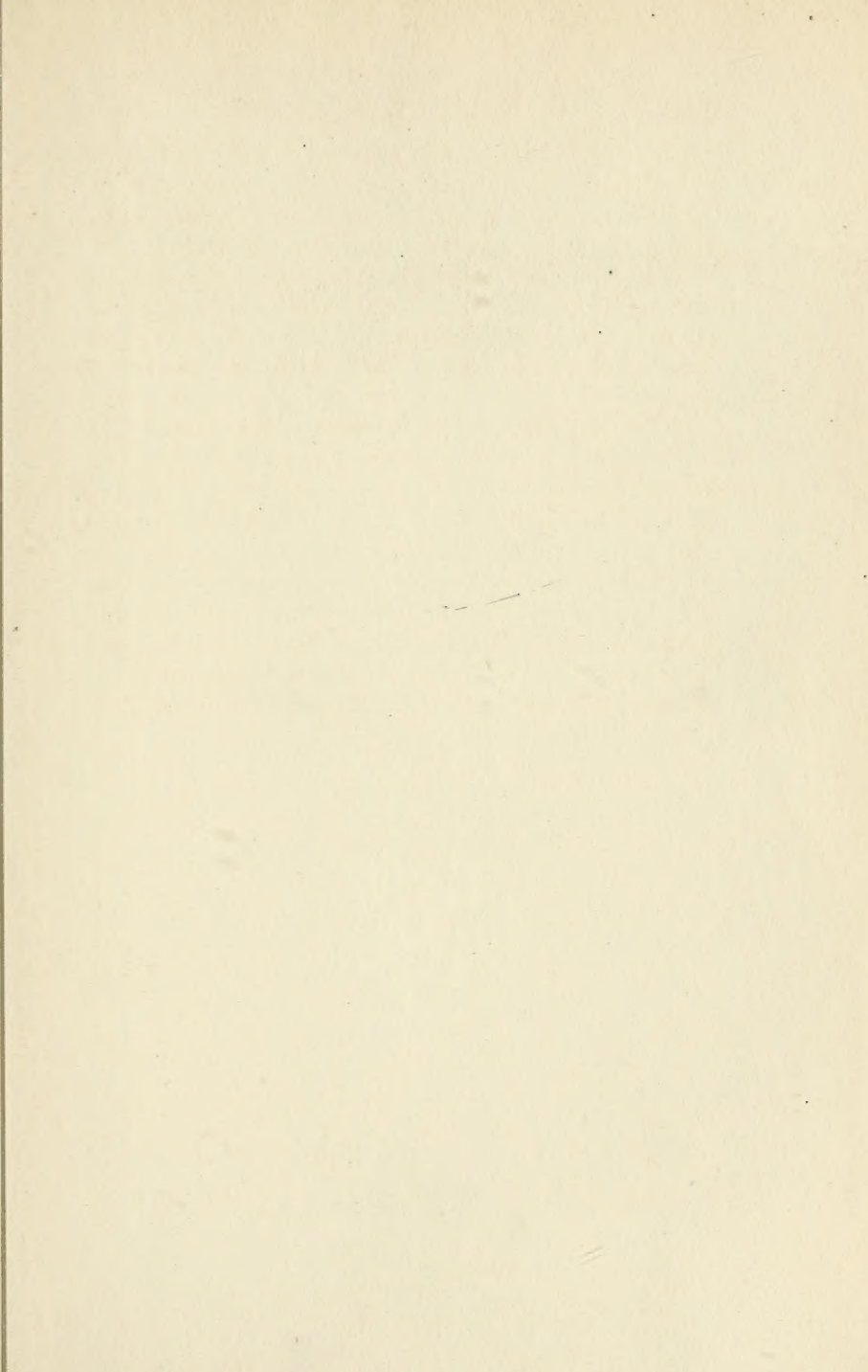
Boy Creator of American Music 301

hills; or to lie on a tide-hewn cliff overlooking the sea he loved so passionately. He brushed the thought away. He must not think of holidays now. His face was set toward the goal which he had visioned. He would work on steadily and courageously despite weariness and discouragement. The spirit of Cuchullin was in his soul. Stern with himself, he, so sensitively attuned to the tragedy and comedy of life, was compassionate toward others' feelings. With the tenderness of a large nature, he was to look out upon life, his strength and his passion to be measured by that restraint so truly Celtic. To him there came those noble thoughts which Maeterlinck says, "pass across man's heart like great white birds," thoughts that he would later translate into tone pictures of unending music, music embodying a beauty at once aërial and enchanted; music, lucid as the mountain brook, as epical and full of virile power as Cuchullin of old; music, realistic yet impregnated with that which is divine, the "Island Harp" once more unbound by his touch. The Celt in him was subtly blended with the Anglo-Saxon, his heritage likewise; for above all, this Boy, Edward MacDowell, was to represent in himself and in his music, not only the best America had to give, but he was to be first and foremost the creator of American music, to possess also, the vision of the truly great artist who is both prophet and interpreter. His music was to be rich in his virile, vivid personality; yet more than that, it was to be as indigenious to the soil from which it sprang as the poetry of Walt Whitman, no whit the less, because he was, like the poet, to build upon the foundations of the traditional, taking old forms and resolving them into new ones, giving to them new values.

Standing by the playing fountain in the rich gold of the July sunset, there came to the lad the vision of the

road he must follow. His questing spirit leaped to the task. He would go to his mother, and decide with her the next step, and then like pilgrims of old they would set out, their eyes upon the next summit beckoning them. Shadow and sunshine would be his lot; it was ever the way of the artist: but in the end he would outrun the shadows, the unfathomable spirit of Cuchullin the Unconquerable to sustain him to the gates of the sunset and beyond.

In the still evening air, the bells of St. Sulpice rang out the Angelus, their silvery sweetness flooding the Gardens bathed in sunset light. With quick restless steps, the lad made his way out of the Gardens redolent with roses, his thoughts full of the future. With the old life here he was done; but to-morrow he would follow the new road opening before him, a road that ultimately, by many and devious ways, would bring him back to his native land of heart's desire, that land that would some day hail him as the creator of American music.



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