




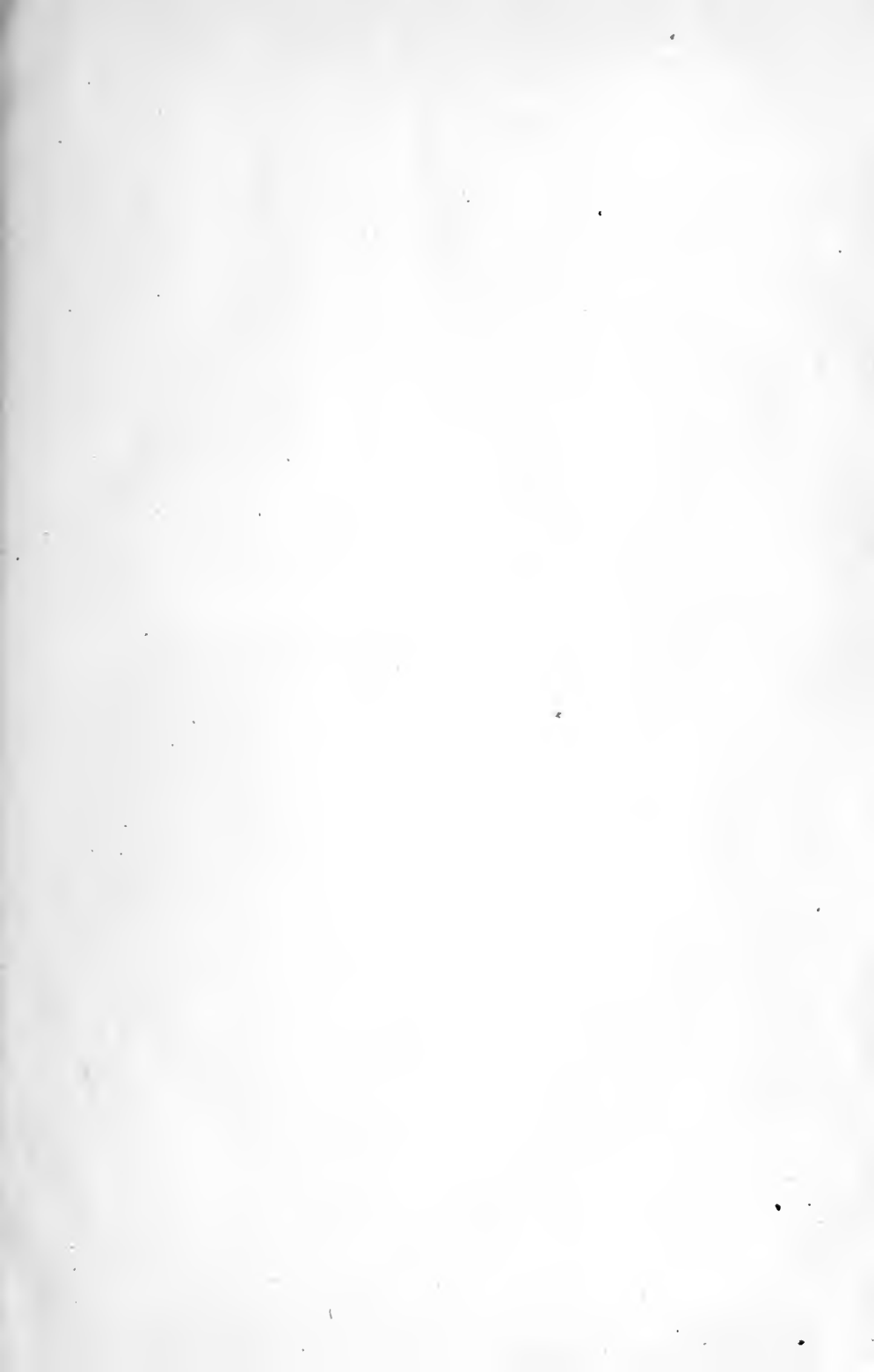
Presented to
The Library
of the
University of Toronto
by
Miss Helen E. Nelles



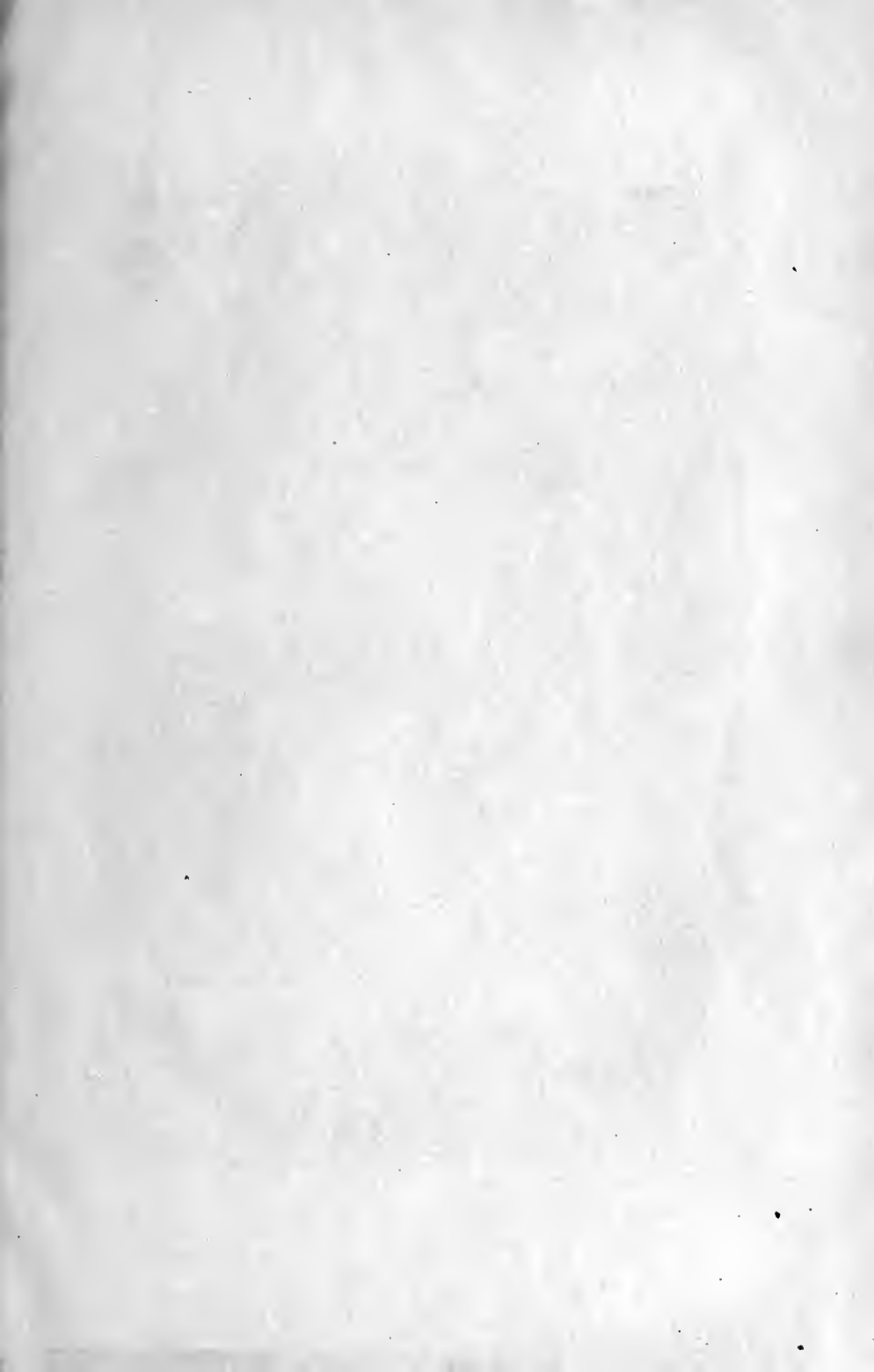
“A good book
is the best
of friends
the same today
and forever.”

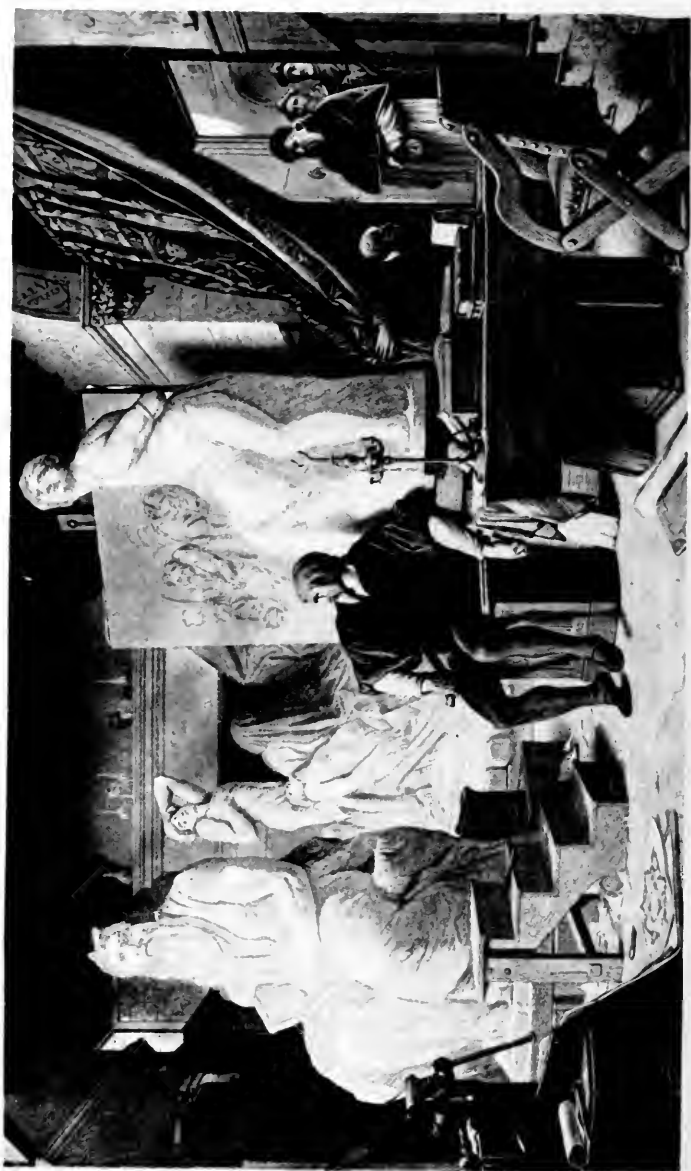
Tipper





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation





The Ridpath Library

OF

Universal Literature

A BIOGRAPHICAL AND BIBLIOGRAPHICAL
SUMMARY OF THE WORLD'S MOST EMI-
NENT ALIENS, INCLUDING THE
CHOICEST ESSAYS AND MASTER-
PIECES FROM THEIR WRITINGS . . .

MICHELANGELO IN HIS STUDIO.

Photogravure—After the painting by Cabanel.
Specially engraved for the Ridpath Library.

John Clark Ridpath, A.B., LL.D.

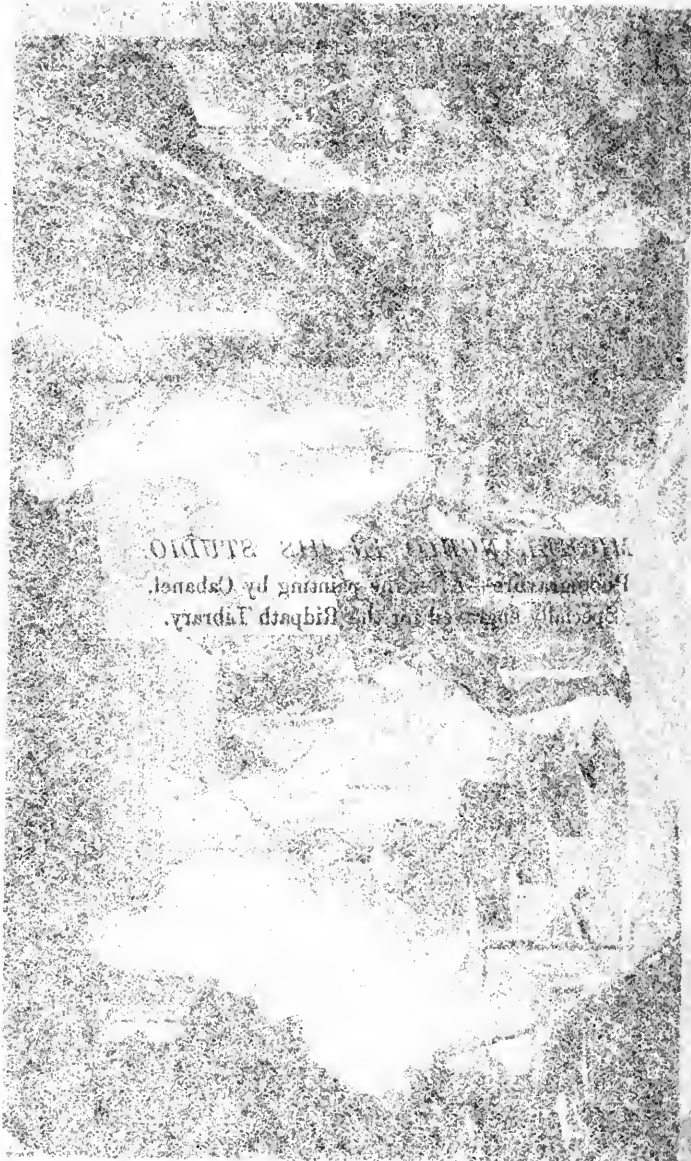
Editor of The American and Ridpath's
History of the United States, Encyclo-
pedia of American History, Great
Races of Man, etc.

Edition de Poche

TWENTY-FIVE COPIES

Vol. X.

FIFTH AVENUE LIBRARY SOCIETY
NEW YORK



STUDIO
Specialty
Lithograph

RESA 754

The Ridpath Library

OF

Universal Literature

A BIOGRAPHICAL, AND BIBLIOGRAPHICAL,
SUMMARY OF THE WORLD'S MOST EMINENT
AUTHORS, INCLUDING THE
CHOICEST EXTRACTS AND MASTER-
PIECES FROM THEIR WRITINGS

CAREFULLY REVISED AND ARRANGED BY A
CORPS OF THE MOST CAPABLE SCHOLARS

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

John Clark Ridpath, A.M., LL.D.

Editor of "The Arena," Author of "Ridpath's
History of the United States," "Encyclo-
pedia of Universal History," "Great
Races of Mankind," etc., etc.



Edition de Luxe

TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES

VOL. X.

FIFTH AVENUE LIBRARY SOCIETY
NEW YORK

454280
27.11.46

COPYRIGHT, 1899
BY THE GLOBE PUBLISHING COMPANY

PN
6013
R5
1899
V. 10



KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.

a as in fat, man, pang.
 ā as in fate, mane, dale.
 ǣ as in far, father, guard.
 á as in fall, talk.
 á as in ask, fast, ant.
 ā as in fare.
 e as in met, pen, bless.
 ē as in mete, meet.
 e as in her, fern.
 i as in pin, it.
 í as in pine, fight, file.
 o as in not, on, frog.
 ō as in note, poke, floor.
 ȝ as in move, spoon.
 ô as in nor, song, off.
 u as in tub.
 ū as in mute, acute.
 ũ as in pull.
 ü German ü, French u.
 oi as in oil, joint, boy.
 ou as in pound, proud.

A single dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates its abbreviation and lightening, without absolute loss of its distinctive quality. Thus:

ǣ as in prelate, courage.
 ē as in ablegate, episcopal.
 ȝ as in abrogate, eulogy, democrat.
 ũ as in singular, education.

A double dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates that, even in the mouths of the best speakers, its

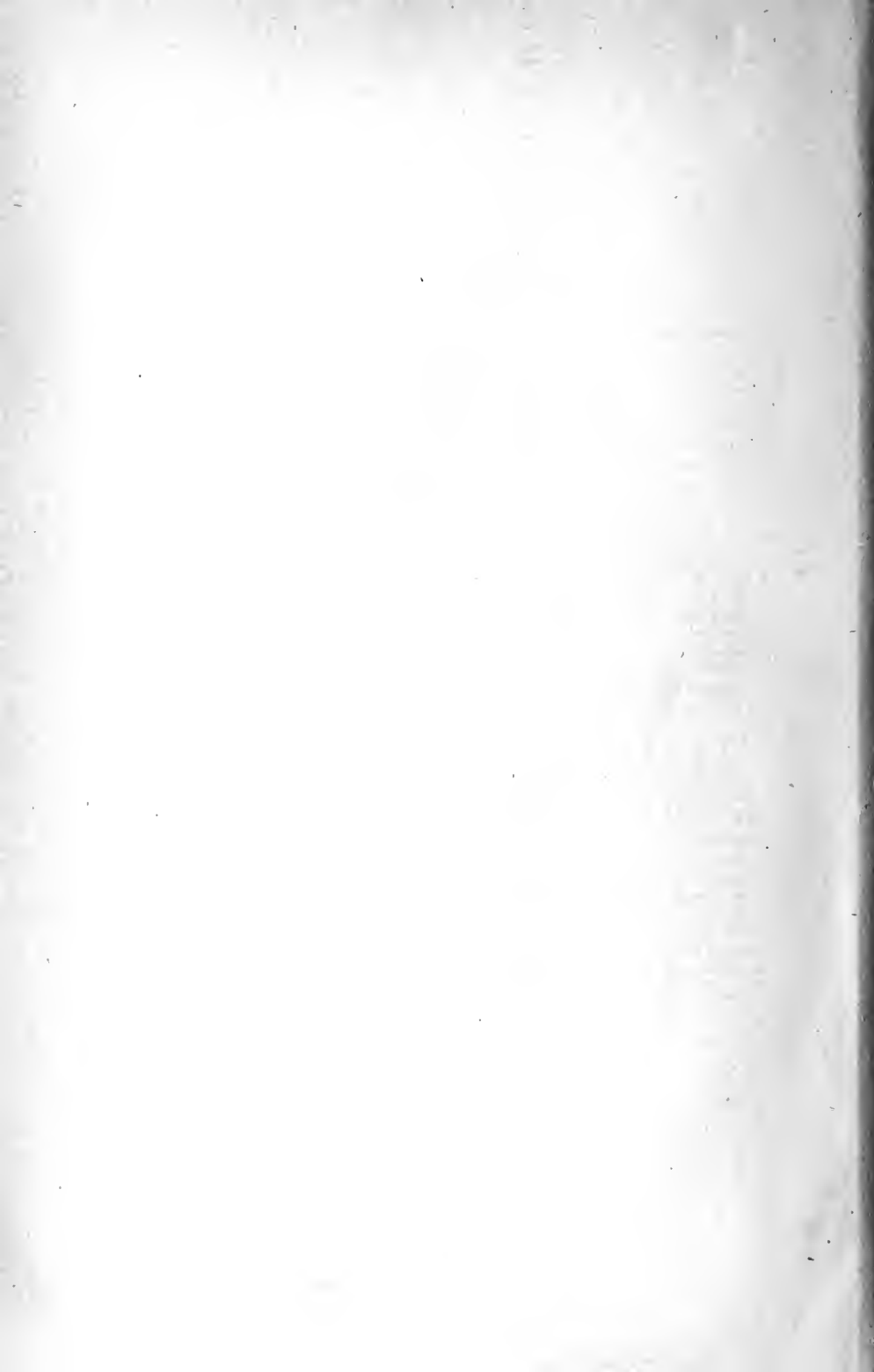
sound is variable to, and in ordinary utterance actually becomes, the short *u*-sound (of but, pun, etc.). Thus:

a as in errant, republican.
 e as in prudent, difference.
 í as in charity, density.
 o as in valor, actor, idiot.
 ȝ as in Persia, peninsula.
 ē as in *the* book.
 ũ as in nature, feature.

A mark (–) under the consonants *t*, *d*, *s*, *z* indicates that they in like manner are variable to *ch*, *j*, *sh*, *zh*. Thus:

t as in nature, adventure.
 d as in arduous, education.
 s as in pressure.
 z as in seizure.
 y as in yet.
 B Spanish b (medial).
 çh as in German ach, Scotch loch.
 G as in German Abensberg, Hamburg.
 H Spanish g before e and i; Spanish j; etc. (a guttural h).
 ñ French nasalizing n, as in ton, en.
 s final s in Portuguese (soft).
 th as in thin.
 FH as in then.
 D = FH.

' denotes a primary, " a secondary accent. (A secondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)



LIST OF AUTHORS, VOL. X.

(WITH PRONUNCIATION.)

- Federalist (fed'ə rəl ist), The.
 Feltham or Felltham (fel'thəm), Owen.
 Fénelon (fān lōn'), François de Salignac
 de La Mothe.
 Fenn (fen), Sir John.
 Fenner (fen'ér), Cornelius George.
 Ferguson (fer'gu sən), Adam.
 Ferguson, Sir Samuel.
 Ferrusson (fēr'gu sən), Robert.
 Ferrier (fēr'ier), Susan Edmonston.
 Ferreira (fer rā'ç rä), Antonio.
 Feuerbach (foi'er bäch), Ludwig An-
 dreas.
 Feuillet (fé-yā), Octave.
 Fichte (fích'te), Immanuel Herman.
 Fichte, Johann Gottlieb.
 Field (fēld), Eugene.
 Field, Henry Martyn.
 Field, Kate.
 Yielding (fēl'ding), Henry.
 Fields (fēldz), James Thomas.
 Figueroa (fē gā rō'ā), Francisco de.
 Figuiér (fē gyā'), Louis Guillaume.
 Filicaja (fē lē ká'yā), Vincenzo da.
 Finlay (fín'lā), George.
 Finley (fín'li), John.
 Firdusi (fēr dō'sē), Abul Kasim.
 Firenzuola (fē ren zō ō'lā), Agnolo.
 Fischer (fish'er), Ernst Kuno.
 Fisher (fish'ér), George Park.
 Fisher, John.
 Fisk (físk), Wilbur.
 Fiske (físk), John.
 Fitzgerald (fítz jer'ald), Edward.
 Fitzgerald, Percy Hetherington.
 Flammarion (flā mā rē òn'), Camille.
 Flaubert (flō bār'), Gustave.
 Fleming (flem'ing), George. See
 Fletcher, Julia Constance.
 Fleming, Paul.
 Fletcher (flech'ér), Andrew.
 Fletcher, Giles.
 Fletcher, John. See Beaumont and
 Fletcher.
 Fletcher, John William.
 Fletcher, Julia Constance.
 Fletcher, Maria Jane (Jewsbury).
 Fletcher, Phineas.
 Flint (flint), Timothy.
 Florence Percy (flor'əns pər'si). See
 Mrs. Elizabeth (Chase) Allen.
 Florian (flō ryon'), Jean Pierre Claris
 de.
 Follen (fo'lən), Adolf Ludwig.
 Follen, Charles.
 Follen, Eliza Lee (Cabot).
 Fonblanque (fon blangk'), Albany
 William.
 Fontaine (fon tān': Fr. pron. fōn tān'),
 Jean de la. See La Fontaine.
 Foutenelle (fōnt nel'), Bernard le Bovier
 de.
 Fonvielle (fōn vē el'), Wilfrid de.
 Foote (füt), Mary (Hallock).
 Foote, Samuel.
 Forbes (fōrbz), Archibald.
 Forbes, Edward.
 Ford (förd), John.
 Ford, Richard.
 Forster (fōrs'tér), John.
 Forsyth (fór sith'), Joseph.
 Fortescue (fōr'tes kü), Sir John.
 Fortune (fór tūn), Robert.
 Foscolo (fos'kō ló), Niccolò Ugo.
 Foster (fos'tér, or fós'tér), John.
 Foster, Stephen Collins.
 Fouqué (fō-kā'), Albertine Tode.
 Fouqué, Caroline von Rochow.

LIST OF AUTHORS, VOL. X.

- Fouqué, Friedrich, Baron de La Motte.**
Fourier (fö ryä'), François Charles Marie.
Fowler (fou'ler), Charles Henry.
Fox (foks), Charles James.
Fox, George.
Foxe (foks), John.
France (frans), Anatole.
Francillon (fran'sillon), Robert Edward.
Francis (fran'sis), Saint, d'Assisi (däs-së'së), Giovanni Francesco Bernardone.
Francis Forrester (for'es tér). See Wise, Daniel.
Francis, John Wakefield.
Francis, Sir Philip.
Franklin (frangk'lin), Benjamin.
Fraser (frä'zer), James Baillie.
Fréchette (frä shet'), Louis Honoré.
Frederic (fred'er ik), Harold.
Freeman (frë'man), Edward Augustus.
Freiligrath (fri'lig rät), Ferdinand.
Frémont (frë mont'), Jessie Benton.
Frémont, John Charles.
French (french), Miss Alice. See Thanet, Octave.
Freneau (fre nō'), Philip.
Frere (frër), John Hookham.
Freytag (fri'täg), Gustav.
Fröbel (frë'bel), Friedrich Wilhelm August.
Froissart (froi'särt; Fr. pron. frwä sär'), Jean.
Frothingham (froth'ing am), Nathaniel Langdon.
Frothingham, Octavius Brooks.
Froude (fröd), James Anthony.
Fuller (fül'ér), Andrew.



FEDERALIST, THE, a series of eighty-five political essays published between October, 1787, and April, 1788, in two New York newspapers, *The Independent Journal* and *The New York Packet*, besides a few in *The Daily Advertiser*. It was doubtful whether the newly drafted Constitution for the United States would receive the ratification of the State of New York. John Jay, Alexander Hamilton, and James Madison concerted to write a series of essays explaining the intent of the proposed Constitution, and urging its ratification by the State of New York. No. 1, which was introductory to the series, was written by Hamilton; Jay followed with Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, issued in rapid succession, when he received an injury which disqualified him for mental exertion for several months. He, however, recovered in time to write No. 64, when the proposed series was drawing to a close. These papers were all addressed "To the People of the State of New York," and bore the common signature of "Publius." They were recognized as an authoritative exposition of the principles and intent of the Constitution, and as the ablest advocate of its adoption. They were first put forth in a separate volume in 1788, several editions of which, with some slight corrections, appeared from time to time; up to 1852 there were in all about twenty editions issued. In 1863 Mr. Henry Dawson pub-

lished the commencement of a critical edition, which was to consist of two large volumes; but only the first volume was printed. He undertook to reproduce the essays precisely as they originally appeared in the newspapers. A year later Mr. John C. Hamilton put forth another critical edition, in which he adopted the somewhat modified text which had the sanction of at least Jay and Madison. In 1886 Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge edited a complete edition of the works of Alexander Hamilton, in six volumes, *The Federalist* constituting Vol. VI. He follows the original, not the amended text.

There is a question as to the authorship of a portion of these essays. There is no doubt that five of them were written by Jay; fifty-three by Hamilton; twelve by Madison, and three by Hamilton and Madison conjointly. There remain twelve, the authorship of which is claimed both for Hamilton and Madison. Mr. Lodge, after carefully weighing all evidence upon this point, comes to this conclusion: "The outcome of it all is that the evidence in regard to the twelve disputed numbers is so conflicting that, although the balance is strongly in Hamilton's favor, the best which can be done is to present the plain facts, and all the arguments, and then leave everyone to draw his conclusions to suit himself. No one is entitled to assign the disputed numbers to either Hamilton or Madison with absolute confidence. They were surely written by one or the other; and with that uncertainty we must fain be content."

DANGERS FROM FOREIGN POWERS.

I have assigned several reasons why the safety of the people would be best secured by union against the danger it may be exposed to by *just* causes of war given to other nations; and those reasons show that such causes would not only be more rarely given, but would also be more easily accommodated by a National government than either by the State governments or the proposed Confederacies. But the safety of the people of America against dangers from foreign force depends not only on their forbearing to give just causes of war to other nations, but also on their placing and continuing themselves in such a situation as not to invite hostility or insult; for it need not be observed that there are pretended as well as just causes of war. . . .

The people of America are aware that inducements to war may arise from various circumstances; and that whenever such inducements may find fit time and opportunity for operation, pretences to color and justify them will not be wanting. Wisely, therefore, do they consider union and a good National government as necessary to put and keep them in such a situation as, instead of inviting war, will tend to repress and discourage it. That situation consists in the best possible state of defence, and necessarily depends on the government, the arms, and the resources of the country.

As the safety of the whole is the interest of the whole, and cannot be provided for without government—either one or more, or many—let us inquire whether one good government is not, relative to the object in question, more competent than any other given number whatever.

One government can collect and avail itself of the talents and experience of the ablest men in whatever part of the Union they may be found. It can move on uniform principles of policy. It can harmonize, assimilate, and protect the several parts and members, and extend the benefit of its foresight and precautions to each. In the formation of treaties it will regard the interests of the whole, and the particular interests of the parts

as connected with that of the whole. It can apply the resources and power of the whole to the defence of any particular part, and that more easily and expeditiously than State governments or separate Confederacies can possibly do, for want of concert and unity of system. It can place the militia under one plan of discipline, and by putting their officers in a proper line of subordination to the chief magistrate, will in a manner consolidate them into one corps, and thereby render them more efficient than if divided into thirteen, or into three or four distinct independent bodies.

What would the militia of Britain be if the English militia obeyed the government of England, if the Scotch militia obeyed the government of Scotland, and if the Welsh militia obeyed the government of Wales? Suppose an invasion: Would those three governments (if they agreed at all) be able with all their respective forces to operate against the enemy so effectually as the single government of Great Britain can do?

We have heard much of the fleets of Britain; and if we are wise, the time may come when the fleets of America may engage attention. But if one National government had not so regulated the navigation of Britain as to make it a nursery of seamen—if one National government had not called forth all the national means and materials for forming fleets, their prowess and their thunder would never have been celebrated. Let England have its navigation and fleet; let Scotland have its navigation and fleet; let Wales have its navigation and fleet; let Ireland have its navigation and fleet:—let these four of the constituent parts of the British empire be under four independent governments, and it is easy to perceive how soon they would each dwindle into comparative insignificance.

Apply these facts to our own case. Leave America divided into thirteen—or, if you please, into three or four—independent governments; what armies could they raise and pay, what fleets could they ever hope to have? If one was attacked would the others fly to its succor, and spend their blood and money in its defence? Would there be no danger of their being flattered into neutrality by specious promises, or seduced by a too

great fondness for peace, to decline hazarding their tranquillity and present safety for the sake of neighbors of whom they perhaps have been jealous, and whose importance they are content to see diminished? Although such conduct would not be wise, it would nevertheless be natural. The history of the States of Greece, and other countries, abounds with such instances; and it is not improbable that what has so often happened would, under similar circumstances, happen again.

But admit that they might be willing to help the invaded State or Confederacy. How, and when, and in what proportion, shall aids of men and money be afforded? Who shall command the allied armies, and from which of the associates shall he receive his orders? Who shall settle the terms of peace; and in case of disputes what umpire shall decide between them, and compel acquiescence? Various difficulties and inconveniences would be inseparable from such a situation; whereas one government, watching over the general and common interests, combining and directing the powers and resources of the whole, would be free from all these embarrassments, and conduce far more to the safety of the people.

But whatever may be our situation—whether firmly united under one National government, or split into a number of Confederacies—certain it is that foreign nations will know and view it exactly as it is; and they will act toward us accordingly. If they see that our National government is efficient and well administered, our trade prudently regulated, our militia properly organized and disciplined, our resources and finances discreetly managed, our credit re-established, our people free, contented, and united—they will be much more disposed to cultivate our friendship than to provoke our resentment. If, on the other hand, they find us either destitute of an effectual government (each State doing right or wrong as to its rulers may seem convenient), or split into three or four independent, and probably discordant, Republics or Confederacies, one inclining to Britain, another to France, and a third to Spain—and perhaps played off against each other by the three—what a poor pitiful figure will America make

in their eyes ! How liable would she become, not only to their contempt, but to their outrage ; and how soon would dear-bought experience proclaim that when a people or a family so divide, it never fails to be against themselves. . . . Let candid men judge then whether the division of America into any given number of independent sovereignties would tend to secure us against the hostilities and improper interference of foreign nations.—*The Federalist, No. 4.*—JAY.

OBJECTIONS URGED AGAINST THE CONSTITUTION.

A patient who finds his disorder daily growing worse, and that an efficacious remedy can no longer be delayed without extreme danger—after coolly revolving his situation and the character of different physicians—selects, and calls in such of them as he judges most capable of administering relief, and best entitled to his confidence. The physicians attend ; the case of the patient is carefully examined ; a consultation is held : they are unanimously agreed that the symptoms are critical ; but that the case, with proper and timely relief, is so far from being desperate that it may be made to issue in an improvement of his constitution. They are equally unanimous in prescribing the remedy by which this happy effect is to be produced. The prescription is no sooner made known, however, than a number of persons interpose, and, without denying the reality or danger of the disorder, assure the patient that the prescription will be poison to his constitution, and forbid him, under pain of certain death, to make use of it. Might not the patient reasonably demand, before he ventured to follow this advice, that the authors of it should at least agree among themselves on some other remedy to be substituted ? And if he found them differing as much from one another as from his first counsellors, would he not act prudently in trying the experiment unanimously recommended by the latter, rather than in hearkening to those who could neither deny the necessity of a speedy remedy, nor agree in proposing one ?

Such a patient, and in such a situation, is America at this moment. She has been sensible of her malady.

She has obtained a regular and unanimous advice from men of her own deliberate choice. And she is warned by others against following this advice, under pain of the most fatal consequences. Do the monitors deny the reality of her danger? No. Do they deny the necessity of some speedy and powerful remedy? No. Are they agreed—are any two of them agreed—in their objections to the remedy proposed, or in the proper one to be substituted? Let them speak for themselves.

This one tells us that the proposed Constitution ought to be rejected, because it is not a Confederation of the States, but a government over individuals. Another admits that it ought to be a government over individuals to a certain extent, but by no means to the extent proposed. A third does not object to the government over individuals, as to the extent proposed, but to the want of a Bill of Rights. A fourth concurs in the absolute necessity of a Bill of Rights, but contends that it ought to be declaratory not of the personal rights of individuals, but of the rights reserved to the States in their political capacity. A fifth is of opinion that a Bill of Rights of any sort would be superfluous and misplaced, and that the plan would be unexceptionable but for the fatal power of regulating the times and places of election. An objector in a large State exclaims loudly against the unreasonable equality of representation in the Senate. An objector in a small State is equally loud against the dangerous inequality in the House of Representatives. From this quarter we are alarmed with the amazing expense from the number of persons who are to administer the new government. From another quarter—and sometimes from the same quarter on another occasion—the cry is that Congress will be but a shadow of a representation, and that the government would be far less objectionable if the number and the expense were doubled. A patriot in a State that does not import or export, discerns insuperable objections against the power of direct taxation. The patriotic adversary in a State of great exports and imports is not less dissatisfied that the whole burthen of taxes may be thrown upon consumption. This politician discovers in the Constitution a direct and irresistible tendency to monarchy; that is

equally sure it will end in aristocracy. Another is puzzled to say which of these shapes it will ultimately assume, but sees clearly it must be one or other of them ; whilst a fourth is not wanting who, with no less confidence, affirms that the Constitution is so far from having a bias toward either of these dangers, that the weight on that side will not be sufficient to keep it upright and firm against its opposite propensities.

With another class of adversaries to the Constitution the language is, that the legislative, executive, and judiciary departments are intermixed in such a manner as to contradict all the ideas of regular government, and all the requisite precautions in favor of liberty. Whilst this objection circulates in vague and general expressions, there are not a few who lend their sanction to it. Let each one come forward with his particular explanation, and scarcely any two of them are exactly agreed upon the subject. In the eyes of one, the junction of the Senate with the President in the responsible function of appointing to offices, instead of vesting this executive power in the Executive alone, is the vicious part of the organization. To another, the exclusion of the House of Representatives, whose numbers alone could be a due security against corruption and partiality in the exercise of such a power, is equally obnoxious. With another, the admission of the President into any share of a power which must ever be a dangerous engine in the hands of the executive magistrate, is an unpardonable violation of the maxims of republican jealousy.

No part of the arrangement, according to some, is more inadmissible than the trial of impeachments by the Senate, which is alternately a member both of the legislative and executive departments, when this power so evidently belonged to the judiciary department. We concur fully, reply others, in the objection to this part of the plan ; but we can never agree that a reference of impeachments to the judiciary authority would be an amendment of the error ; our principal dislike to the organization arises from the extensive powers already lodged in that department. Even among the zealous patrons of a Council of State, the most irreconcilable variance is discovered concerning the mode in which it

ought to be constituted. The demand of one gentleman is that the Council should consist of a small number, to be appointed by the most numerous branch of the legislature. Another would prefer a larger number, and considers it as a fundamental condition that the appointment should be made by the President himself.

As it can give no umbrage to the writers against the plan of the Federal Constitution, let us suppose that, as they are the most zealous, so they are also the most sagacious of those who think the late Convention were unequal to the task assigned them, and that a wiser and better plan might and ought to be substituted. Let us further suppose that their country should concur both in this favorable opinion of their merits, and in their unfavorable opinion of the Convention; and should accordingly proceed to form them into a second Convention, with full powers, and for the express purpose of revising and remoulding the work of the first. Were the experiment to be seriously made—though it requires more effort to view it seriously even in fiction—I leave it to be decided by the sample of opinions just exhibited whether, with all their enmity to their predecessors, they would in any one point depart so widely from their example, as in the discord and ferment that would mark their own deliberations; and whether the Constitution now before the public would not stand as fair a chance for immortality as Lycurgus gave to that of Sparta, by making its change depend on his own return from exile and death, if it were to be immediately adopted, and were to continue in force, not until a *better*, but until *another* should be agreed upon by this new assembly of lawgivers.

It is a matter both of wonder and regret that those who raise so many objections against the new Constitution should never call to mind the defects of that which is to be exchanged for it. It is not necessary that the former should be perfect; it is sufficient that the latter should be more imperfect. No man would refuse to give brass for silver or gold, because the latter had some alloy in it. No man would refuse to quit a shattered and tottering habitation for a firm and commodious

building, because the latter had not a porch to it ; or because some of the rooms might be a little larger or smaller, or the ceiling a little higher or lower than his fancy would have planned them.

But, waiving illustrations of this sort, is it not manifest that most of the capital objections urged against the new system lie with tenfold weight against the existing Confederation? Is an indefinite power to raise money dangerous in the hands of a Federal Government? The present Congress can make requisitions to any amount they please ; and the States are constitutionally bound to furnish them. They can emit bills of credit as long as they will pay for the paper ; they can borrow both abroad and at home, as long as a shilling will be lent. Is an indefinite power to raise troops dangerous? The Confederation gives to Congress that power also : and they have already begun to make use of it. Is it improper and unsafe to intermix the different powers of government in the same body of men? Congress—a single body of men—are the sole depository of all the Federal powers. Is it particularly dangerous to give the keys of the treasury and the command of the army into the same hands? The Confederation places them both in the hands of Congress. Is a Bill of Rights essential to liberty? The Confederation has no Bill of Rights. Is it an objection against the new Constitution that it empowers the Senate, with the concurrence of the Executive, to make treaties which are to be the laws of the land? The existing Congress, without any such control, can make treaties which they themselves have declared, and most of the States have recognized, to be the supreme law of the land. Is the importation of slaves permitted by the new Constitution for twenty years? By the old it is permitted forever.

I shall be told that however dangerous this mixture of powers may be in theory, it is rendered harmless by the dependence of Congress on the States for the means of carrying them into practice ; that, however large the mass of powers may be, it is in fact a lifeless mass. Then I say, in the first place, that the Confederation is chargeable with the still greater folly of declaring certain powers in the Federal Government to be absolutely

necessary, and at the same time rendering them absolutely nugatory ; and, in the next place, that if the union is to continue, and no better government be substituted, effective power must either be granted to or assumed by the existing Congress ; in either of which events the contrast just stated will hold good. But this is not all. Out of this lifeless mass has already grown an excrescental power which tends to realize all the dangers that can be apprehended from a defective construction of the supreme government of the union. . . .

Congress have undertaken to form new States; to erect temporary governments ; to appoint officers for them ; and to prescribe the conditions on which such States shall be admitted into the Confederacy. All this has been done, and done without the least color of constitutional authority. Yet no blame has been whispered ; no alarm has been sounded. A great and independent fund of revenue [the public lands] is passing into the hands of a single body of men, who can raise troops to an indefinite number, and appropriate money to their support for an indefinite period of time. And yet there are men who have not only been silent spectators of this prospect, but who are advocates for the system which exhibits it ; and at the same time urge against the new system the objections which we have heard. Would they not act with more consistency in urging the establishment of the latter, as no less necessary to guard the union against the future powers and resources of a body constructed like the existing Congress, than to save it from the dangers threatened by the present impotency of that assembly ?

I mean not by anything here said to throw censure on the measures which have been pursued by Congress. I am sensible that they could not have done otherwise. The public interest, the necessity of the case, imposed upon them the task of overleaping their constitutional limits. But is not the fact an alarming proof of the danger resulting from a government which does not possess regular powers commensurate to its objects ? if dissolution, or usurpation, is the dreadful dilemma to which it is constitutionally exposed.—*The Federalist*, No. 38.—MADISON.

PRESIDENTIAL RE-ELIGIBILITY.

With a positive duration of considerable extent, I connect the circumstance of re-eligibility. The first is necessary to give the officer himself the inclination and the resolution to act his part well, and to the community time and leisure to observe the tendency of his measures, and thence to form an experimental estimate of their merits. The last is necessary to enable the people, when they see reason to approve of his conduct, to continue him in the station, in order to prolong the utility of his talents and virtues, and to secure to the government the advantage of permanency in a wise system of administration.

Nothing appears more plausible at first sight, nor more ill-founded upon close inspection, than a scheme which, in relation to the present point, has had some respectable advocates—I mean that of continuing the chief magistrate in office for a certain time, and then excluding him from it, either for a limited period or for ever after. This exclusion, whether temporary or perpetual, would have nearly the same effects; and these effects would be for the most part rather pernicious than salutary.

One ill effect of the exclusion would be a diminution of the inducements to good behavior. There are few men who would not feel much less zeal in the discharge of a duty, when they were conscious that the advantage of the station with which it was connected must be relinquished at a determinate period, than when they were permitted to entertain a hope of *obtaining by meriting* a continuance of them. This position will not be disputed so long as it is admitted that the desire of reward is one of the strongest incentives of human conduct; or that the best security for the fidelity of mankind is to make interest coincide with duty. Even the love of fame—the ruling passion of the noblest minds—which would prompt a man to plan and undertake extensive and arduous enterprises for the public benefit, requiring considerable time to mature and perfect them, if he could flatter himself with the prospect of being allowed

to finish what he had begun, would, on the contrary, deter him from the undertaking, when he foresaw that he must quit the scene before he could accomplish the work, and must commit that, together with his own reputation, to hands which might be unequal and unfriendly to the task. The most to be expected from the generality of men in such a situation is the negative merit of not doing harm, instead of the positive merit of doing good.

Another ill effect of the exclusion would be the temptation to sordid views, to speculation, and in some instances to usurpation. An avaricious man who might happen to fill the office, looking forward to a time when he must at all events yield up the advantages which he enjoyed, would feel a propensity, not easy to be resisted by such a man, to make the best use of his opportunities while they lasted; and might not scruple to have recourse to the most corrupt expedients to make the harvest as abundant as it was transitory; though the same person probably, with a different prospect before him, might content himself with the regular emoluments of his station, and might even be unwilling to risk the consequences of an abuse of his opportunities. His avarice might be a guard upon his avarice. Add to this that the same man might be vain or ambitious as well as avaricious. And if he could expect to prolong his honors by his good conduct, he might hesitate to sacrifice his appetite for them to his appetite for gain. But with the prospect before him of approaching an inevitable annihilation, his avarice would be likely to get the victory over his caution, his vanity, or his ambition.

An ambitious man, too, finding himself seated on the summit of his country's honors, looking forward to the time at which he must descend from the exalted eminence forever, and reflecting that no exertion of merit on his part could save him from the unwelcome reverse, would be much more violently tempted to embrace a favorable conjuncture for attempting the prolongation of his power at every personal hazard, than if he had the probability of answering the same end by doing his duty.

Would it promote the peace of the community, or the

stability of the government, to have half a dozen men who had credit enough to raise themselves to the seat of the supreme magistracy, wandering among the people like discontented ghosts, and sighing for a place which they were destined never more to possess?

A third ill effect of the exclusion would be the depriving the community of the advantage of the experience gained by the chief magistrate of the exercise of his office. That experience is the parent of wisdom is an adage the truth of which is recognized by the wisest as well as the simplest of mankind. What more desirable or more essential than this quality in the governors of nations? Where more desirable or more essential than in the first magistrate of a nation? Can it be wise to put this desirable and essential quality under the ban of the Constitution; and to declare that the moment it is acquired, its possessor shall be compelled to abandon the station in which it was acquired, and to which it is adapted? This, nevertheless, is the precise import of all those regulations which exclude men from serving their country, by the choice of their fellow-citizens, after they have, by a course of service, fitted themselves for doing it with a greater degree of utility.

A fourth ill effect of the exclusion would be the banishing men from stations in which, in certain emergencies of the State, their presence might be of the greatest moment to the public interest or safety. There is no nation which has not, at one period or another, experienced an absolute necessity of the services of particular men in particular situations; perhaps it would not be too strong to say, to the preservation of its political existence. How unwise, therefore, must be every such self-denying ordinance as serves to prohibit a nation from making use of its own citizens, in the manner best suited to its exigencies and circumstances! Without supposing the personal essentiality of the man, it is evident that a change of the chief magistrate at the breaking out of a war, or any similar crisis, for another even of equal merit, would at all times be detrimental to the community; inasmuch as it would substitute inexperience to experience, and would tend to unhinge and set afloat the already settled train of the administration.

A fifth ill effect of the exclusion would be that it would operate as a Constitutional interdiction of stability in the administration. By inducing the necessity of a change of men in the first office of the nation, it would necessarily lead to a mutability of measures. It is not generally to be expected that men will vary and measures remain uniform. The contrary is the usual course of things. And we need not be apprehensive that there will be too much stability while there is even the option of changing; nor need we desire to prohibit the people from continuing their confidence where they think it may be safely placed; and where, by constancy on their part, they may obviate the fatal inconveniences of fluctuating councils and a variable policy.

These are some of the disadvantages which would flow from the principle of exclusion. They apply most forcibly to the scheme of a perpetual exclusion, but when we consider that even a partial one would always render the readmission of the person a remote and precarious object, the observations which have been made will apply nearly as fully to one case as to another.

What are the advantages promised to counterbalance the evils? They are represented to be: 1. Greater independence in the magistrate; 2. Greater security to the people. Unless the exclusion be perpetual, there will be no pretence to infer the first advantage. But even in that case, may he have no object beyond his present station to which he may sacrifice his independence? May he have no connections, no friends for whom he may sacrifice it? May he not be less willing by a firm conduct to make personal enemies, when he acts under the impression that a time is fast approaching, on the arrival of which he not only *may* but *must* be exposed to their resentment upon an equal, perhaps upon an inferior footing? It is not an easy point to determine whether his independence would be most promoted or impaired by such an arrangement.

As to the second supposed advantage, there is still greater reason to entertain doubts concerning it, especially if the exclusion were to be perpetual. In this case, as already intimated, a man of irregular ambition—of whom alone there could be reason in any case to

entertain apprehension—would with infinite reluctance yield to the necessity of taking his leave for ever of a post in which his passion for power and pre-eminence had acquired the force of habit? And if he had been fortunate or adroit enough to conciliate the good-will of the people, he might induce them to consider as a very odious and unjustifiable restraint upon themselves a provision which was calculated to debar them of the right of giving a fresh proof of their attachment to a favorite. There may be conceived circumstances in which this disgust of the people, seconding the thwarted ambition of such a favorite, might occasion greater danger to liberty than could ever reasonably be dreaded from the possibility of a perpetuation in office, by the voluntary suffrages of the community, exercising a Constitutional privilege.

There is an excess of refinement in the idea of disabling the people to continue in office men who had entitled themselves, in their opinion, to approbation and confidence; the advantages of which are at best speculative and equivocal, and are overbalanced by disadvantages far more certain and decisive.—*The Federalist*, No. 72.—HAMILTON.





FELTHAM, OWEN, an English moralist, born about 1602 ; died about 1668. He was a zealous royalist during the civil war in the reign of Charles I. He was secretary to the Earl of Thomond, under whose roof he wrote, at the age of eighteen, a little volume of *Resolves, Divine, Moral, and Political*. This became very popular, and during his lifetime at least nine editions were issued, each containing large additions. To his latest editions were appended *Lusoria*, a collection of forty poems. Several later editions of the *Resolves* have been printed, the last in 1840. He was also the author of several minor works in prose and verse. In the course of a criticism, Hallam says : “He is one of our worst writers in point of style ; he is not only a labored and artificial, but a shallow writer.”

LIMITATION OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.

Learning is like a river whose head being far in the land, is at first rising little, and easily viewed ; but still as you go, it gapeth with a wider bank, not without pleasure and delightful winding, while it is on both sides set with trees, and the beauties of various flowers. But still the further you follow it, the deeper and the broader 'tis ; till at last it inwaves itself in the unfathomed ocean ; there you see more water but no shore—no end of that liquid, fluid vastness. In many things we may sound Nature, in the shallows of her revelations. We may trace her to her second causes : but, beyond them, we

meet with nothing but the puzzle of the soul, and the dazzle of the mind's dim eyes. While we speak of things that are, that we may dissect, and have power and means to find the causes, there is some pleasure, some certainty. But when we come to metaphysics, to long-buried antiquity, and unto unrevealed divinity, we are in a sea, which is deeper than the short reach of the line of man. Much may be gained by studious inquisition ; but more will ever rest which man cannot discover.—*Resolves.*

MEDITATION.

Meditation is the soul's perspective glass ; whereby, in her long remove, she discerneth God, as if He were nearer hand. I persuade no man to make it his whole life's business. We have bodies as well as souls ; and even this world, while we are in it, ought somewhat to be cared for. As those states are likely to flourish where execution follows sound advisements, so is man when contemplation is seconded by action. Contemplation generates ; action propagates. Without the first the latter is defective ; without the last, the first is but abortive and embryous. St. Bernard compares contemplation to Rachel, which was the more fair ; but action to Leah, which was the more fruitful. I will neither always be busy and doing, nor ever shut up in nothing but thought. Yet that which some would call idleness, I will call the sweetest part of my life, and that is, my thinking.—*Resolves.*

NO MAN CAN SEEM GOOD TO ALL.

I never yet knew any man so bad, but some have thought him honest and afforded him love ; nor ever any so good, but some have thought him evil and hated him. Few are so stigmatical as that they are not honest to some ; and few again, are so just, as that they seem not to some unequal ; either the ignorance, the envy, or the partiality of those that judge, do constitute a various man. Nor can a man in himself always appear alike to all. In some, nature hath invested a disparity ; in some, report hath fore-blinded judgment ; and in

some, accident is the cause of disposing us to love or hate. Or, if not these, the variation of the bodies' humors, or, perhaps, not any of these. The soul is often led by secret motions, and loves she knows not why. There are impulsive privacies which urge us to a liking, even against the parliamentary acts of the two houses, reason and the common sense; as if there were some hidden beauty, of a more magnetic force than all that the eye can see; and this, too, more powerful at one time than another. Undiscovered influences please us now, with what we would sometimes contemn. I have come to the same man that hath now welcomed me with a free expression of love and courtesy, and another time hath left me unsaluted at all; yet, knowing him well, I have been certain of his sound affection; and have found this not an intended neglect, but an indisposedness, or a mind seriously busied within. Occasion reins the motions of the stirring mind. Like men that walk in their sleep, we are led about, we neither know whither nor how.—*Resolves.*

AGAINST READINESS TO TAKE OFFENCE.

We make ourselves more injuries than are offered us; they many times pass for wrongs in our own thoughts, that were never meant so by the heart of him that speaketh. The apprehension of wrong hurts more than the sharpest part of the wrong done. So, by falsely making ourselves patients of wrong, we become the true and first actors. It is not good, in matters of discourtesy, to dive into man's mind, beyond his own comment; nor to stir upon a doubtful indignity without it, unless we have proofs that carry weight and conviction with them. Words do sometimes fly from the tongue that the heart did neither hatch nor harbor. While we think to revenge an injury, we many times begin one; and after that, repent our misconceptions. In things that may have a double sense, it is good to think the better was intended; so shall we still both keep our friends and quietness.—*Resolves.*



FÉNELON, FRANÇOIS DE SALIGNAC DE LA MOTHE, a French prelate and religious writer, born at Perigord, August 6, 1651; died at Cambrai, January 7, 1715. He was the son of Pons de Salignac, Count de la Mothe. At the age of twelve he entered the University of Cahors, and finished his philosophical studies in the Collège du Plessis, at Paris. The attention which he attracted aroused the anxiety of his uncle, who had assumed the charge of his education, and who hastened to remove him to the theological seminary of St. Sulpice. He wished to devote himself to mission work in Canada; but his uncle refused consent to the project. He then gave himself to work as a preacher and catechist in the parish of St. Sulpice, until his appointment as Superior of the *Nouvelles Catholiques*, a community established for the protection and instruction of female converts from Protestantism. At the request of the Duchess of Beauvilliers he wrote a treatise *On the Education of Girls*, which became an elementary work of high repute among the upper classes of France. After the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Fénelon was appointed head of a mission among the Protestants of Poitou and Saintonge, then in a dangerous state of irritation. On his presentation to the King, before setting out on his mission, he asked



FENÉLON.



that all troops should be withdrawn from the districts, and that he might choose his co-workers. Under his influence all irritation soon subsided.

On his return to Paris, he was appointed preceptor of the King's grandsons, the Duke of Burgundy, the heir-apparent to the crown, and the Dukes of Anjou and Berry. The Duke of Burgundy was haughty, arrogant, and unfeeling to the last degree.

To the training of this ungoverned character Fénelon brought his rare patience, tact, high principle, and deep religious feeling. Under his care the Prince grew up to a promising early manhood, from which were drawn the happiest auguries for his reign. For the use of the princes Fénelon wrote his *Fables*, the *Dialogues of the Dead*, *Directions for the Conscience of a King*, *Abridgment of the Lives of Ancient Philosophers*, and the *Adventures of Telemachus*, embodying the principles which he made the groundwork of his royal pupils' education. For five years his services were unrecognized by the King, his only means of support being the proceeds of a small living bestowed upon him by his uncle, the Bishop of Salat.

In 1694, probably through the influence of Madame de Maintenon, the abbacy of St. Valery was given him. In this year he addressed an anonymous letter to the King, Louis XIV., setting forth the manifold abuses of his reign. It is not probable that Louis suspected the authorship of the letter; for in the following year he raised Fénelon to the Archbishopric of Cambrai. Fénelon accepted the promotion on the condition that

he should be permitted to devote nine months of the year to the duties of the archbishopric, giving only three months to the care of the education of the princes. He also resigned the abbacy of St. Valery.

Fénelon was not long to enjoy the royal favor. He had some years before become acquainted with Madame Guyon, and was strongly attracted by the doctrine of "Quietism," of which she was the eloquent supporter. The upshot of the matter was, that the teachings of Madame Guyon were denounced by the ecclesiastical authorities. Fénelon, about the time of his elevation to the Archiepiscopal See of Cambrai, became involved in the controversy which ensued; and at length wrote the *Explication des Maximes des Saints sur la Vie Interieur*. The French prelates, notable among whom was Bossuet, took strong ground against the *Maximes*. Fénelon was deprived of his place as preceptor in the royal family, and was ordered to retire to his See of Cambrai. The teachings of Fénelon were laid before Pope Innocent III., who submitted the matter to the College of Cardinals, who drew up a list of twenty-three articles as worthy of condemnation, and their decision was sanctioned by the Pope. Fénelon yielded unhesitatingly to this decision of the highest ecclesiastical authority; but he was not restored to favor at Court. Just about this time was printed his *Adventures of Telemachus*, which he had written many years before for the amusement and instruction of his royal pupils. Someone who had the manuscript for copying sold it

to a publisher, by whom it was surreptitiously printed in 1699. Louis, not unnaturally, conceived the work to be a satire upon himself and his Court, and ordered every copy to be destroyed; and Fénelon was ordered to confine himself strictly to his own diocese. Here the remaining fifteen years of his life were spent in the exercise of every virtue. The works of Fénelon embrace many subjects: theology, philosophy, literature, history, oratory, spirituality. They have been collected in twenty octavo volumes. His letters are many and interesting. *Telemachus* has been translated into nearly all the languages of Europe. After *Telemachus*, his *Demonstration of the Existence of God* is his most important work.

ANCIENT TYRE.

Near this delightful coast, the island on which Tyre is built emerges from the sea. The city seems to float upon the waters, and looks like the sovereign of the deep. It is crowded with merchants of every nation, and its inhabitants are themselves the most eminent merchants of the world. It appears, at first, not to be the city of any particular people, but to be common to all as the centre of their commerce. There are two large moles, which, like two arms stretched out into the sea, embrace a spacious harbor, which is a shelter from every wind. The vessels in this harbor are so numerous as almost to hide the water in which they float; and the masts look at a distance like a forest. All the citizens of Tyre apply themselves to trade; and their wealth does not render them impatient of that labor by which it is increased. Their city abounds with the finest linen of Egypt, and cloth that has been doubly dyed with the Tyrian purple—a color which has a lustre that time itself can scarce diminish, and which they frequently heighten by embroidery of gold and silver. The com-

merce of the Phœnicians extends to the Straits of Gades ; they have even entered the vast ocean by which the world is encircled, and made long voyages upon the Red Sea to islands which are unknown to the rest of mankind, from whence they bring gold, perfumes, and many animals that are to be found in no other country.

“By what means,” said I to Narbal, “have the Phœnicians monopolized the commerce of the world, and enriched themselves at the expense of every other nation?”

“You see the means,” answered Narbal ; “the situation of Tyre renders it more fit for commerce than any other place ; and the invention of navigation is the peculiar glory of our country. If the accounts are to be believed that are transmitted to us from the most remote antiquity, the Tyrians rendered the waves subservient to their purpose long before Typhis and the Argonauts became the boast of Greece ; they were the first who defied the rage of the billows and the tempest on a few floating planks, and fathomed the abysses of the ocean. They reduced the theories of Egyptian and Babylonian science to practice, regulating their course, where there was no landmark, by the stars ; and they brought innumerable nations together which the sea had separated. The Tyrians are ingenious, persevering and laborious ; they have, besides, great manual dexterity ; and are remarkable for temperance and frugality. The laws are executed with the most scrupulous punctuality ; and the people are, among themselves, perfectly unanimous ; and to strangers, they are, above all others, friendly, courteous, and faithful. Such are the means, nor is it necessary to seek for any other, by which they have subjected the sea to their dominion, and included every nation in their commerce. But if jealousy and faction should break in among them ; if they should be seduced by pleasure or by indolence ; if the great should regard labor and economy with contempt, and the manual arts should no longer be deemed honorable ; if public faith should not be kept with the stranger, and the laws of a free commerce should be violated ; if manufactures should be neglected, and those sums spared which are

necessary to render every commodity perfect of its kind, that power which is now the object of your admiration would soon be at an end."

"But how," said I, "can such a commerce be established at Ithaca?"

"By the same means," said he, "that I have established it here. Receive all strangers with readiness and hospitality; let them find safety, convenience, and liberty in your ports; and be careful never to disgust them by avarice or pride. He that would succeed in a project of gain must never attempt to gain too much; and upon proper occasions must know how to lose. Endeavor to gain the good-will of foreigners; rather suffer some injury than offend them by doing justice to yourself, and especially do not keep them at a distance by a haughty behavior. Let the laws of trade be neither complicated nor burdensome; but do not violate them yourself, nor suffer them to be violated with impunity. Always punish fraud with severity; nor let even the negligence or prodigality of a trader escape; for follies as well as vice effectually ruin trade, by ruining those who carry it on. But above all, never restrain the freedom of commerce, by rendering it subservient to your own immediate gain; the pecuniary advantages of commerce should be left wholly to those by whose labor it subsists, lest this labor, for want of a sufficient motive, should cease; there are more than equivalent advantages of another kind, which must necessarily result to the prince, from the wealth which a free commerce will bring into his state; and commerce is a kind of spring, which to divert from its natural channel is to lose. There are but two things which invite foreigners, profit and conveniency; if you render commerce less convenient, or less gainful, they will insensibly forsake you; and those that once depart will never return, because other nations, taking advantage of your imprudence, will invite them to their ports, and a habit will soon be contracted of trading without you.

"It must, indeed, be confessed, that the glory even of Tyre has for some time been obscured. O my dear Telemachus, hadst thou beheld it before the reign of Pygmalion, how much greater would have been thy as-

tonishment. The remains of Tyre only are now to be seen ; ruins which have yet the appearance of magnificence, but will shortly be mingled with the dust. O unhappy Tyre ! to what a wretch art thou subjected ; thou, to whom, as to the sovereign of the world, the sea so lately rolled the tribute of every nation ! Both strangers and subjects are equally dreaded by Pygmalion ; and instead of throwing open our ports to traders of the most remote countries, like his predecessors, without any stipulation or inquiry, he demands an exact account of the number of vessels that arrive, the countries to which they belong, the name of every person on board, the manner of their trading, the species and value of their commodities, and the time they are to continue upon his coast ; but this is not the worst, for he puts in practice all the little artifices of cunning to draw the foreign merchants into some breach of his innumerable regulations, that under the appearance of justice he may confiscate their goods. He is perpetually harassing those persons whom he imagines to be most wealthy ; and increasing, under various pretences, the incumbrances of trade, by multiplying taxes. . . . And thus commerce languishes ; foreigners forget, by degrees, the way to Tyre, with which they were once so well acquainted ; and if Pygmalion persists in a conduct so impolitic and so injurious, our glory and our power will be transferred to some other nation, which is governed upon better principles."—*Telemachus—Translation of HAWKSWORTH.*

SIMPLICITY.

Simplicity consists in a just medium, in which we are neither too much excited, nor too much composed. The soul is not carried away by outward things, so that it cannot make all necessary reflections ; neither does it make those continual references to self, that a jealous sense of its own excellence multiplies to infinity. That freedom of the soul, which looks straight onward in its path, losing no time to reason upon its steps, to study them, or to contemplate those that it has already taken, is true simplicity.

The first step in the progress of the soul is disen-

gagement from outward things, that it may enter into itself and contemplate its true interests ; this is a wise self-love. The second is, to join to this the idea of God whom it fears ; this is the feeble beginning of true wisdom ; but the soul is still fixed upon itself : it is afraid that it does not fear God enough : it is still thinking of itself. These anxieties about ourselves are far removed from that peace and liberty, which a true and simple love inspires ; but it is not yet time for this ; the soul must pass through this trouble ; this operation of the Spirit of God in our hearts comes to us gradually ; we approach step by step to this simplicity.

In the third and last state we begin to think of God more frequently, we think of ourselves less, and insensibly we lose ourselves in him. The more gentle and docile the soul is, the more it advances in this simplicity. It does not become blind to its own defects and unconscious of its imperfections ; it is more than ever sensible of them ; it feels a horror of the slightest sin ; it sees more clearly its own corruption ; but this sensibility does not arise from dwelling upon itself, but by the light from the presence of God we see how far removed we are from infinite purity. Thus simplicity is free in its course, since it makes no preparation ; but it can only belong to the soul that is purified by a true penitence. It must be the fruit of a perfect renunciation of self and an unreserved love of God. But though they who become penitents, and tear themselves from the vanities of the world, make self the object of thought, yet they must avoid an excessive and unquiet occupation with themselves, such as would trouble, and embarrass, and retard them in their progress. Dwelling too much upon self produces in weak minds useless scruples and superstition, and in stronger minds a presumptuous wisdom. Both are contrary to true simplicity, which is free and direct, and gives itself up without reserve and with a generous self-forgetfulness to the Father of spirits. How free, how intrepid are the motions, how glorious the progress that the soul makes when delivered from all low, and interested, and unquiet cares.

If we desire that our friends be simple and free with us, disencumbered of self in their intimacy with us, will

it not please God, who is our truest friend, that we should surrender our souls to him, without fear or reserve, in that holy and sweet communion with himself which he allows us? It is this simplicity which is the perfection of the true children of God. This is the end that we must have in view, and to which we must be continually advancing. This deliverance of the soul from all useless, and selfish, and unquiet cares, brings to it a peace and freedom that are unspeakable. . . .

But some will say, "Must we never think of self? We need not practise this constraint; in trying to be simple we may lose simplicity. What then must we do?" Make no rule about it, but feel satisfied that you affect nothing. When you are disposed to speak of yourself from vanity, you can only repress this strong desire by thinking of God, or what you are called upon by him to do. Simplicity does not consist in false shame or false modesty any more than in pride or vainglory. When vanity would lead to egotism, we have only to turn from self; when, on the contrary, there is a necessity of speaking of ourselves, we must not reason too much about it, we must look straight at the end. "But what will they think of me? They will think I am boasting; I shall be suspected in speaking so freely of my own concerns." None of these unquiet reflections should trouble us for one moment. Let us speak freely, ingenuously, and simply of ourselves, when we are called upon to speak. It is thus that St. Paul spoke often in his epistles. What true greatness there is in speaking with simplicity of one's self! Vainglory is sometimes hidden under an air of modesty and reserve. People do not wish to proclaim their own merit, but they would be very glad that others should discover it. As to the matter of speaking against ourselves, I do not either blame or recommend it. When it arises from true simplicity, and that hatred with which God inspires us of our sins, it is admirable, and thus I regard it in many holy men. But usually the surest and most simple way is not to speak unnecessarily of one's self, either good or evil.—*Translation of ELIZA L. FOLLEN.*

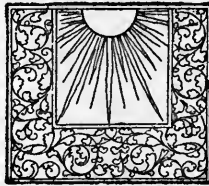
FREEDOM OF THE WILL.

Another mystery that I bear within me, and that renders me incomprehensible to myself, is that on the one hand I am free, and on the other, dependent. Independence is the supreme perfection. The Creator must be the cause of all the modifications of His creation. The being who is dependent for his nature must be so for all its operations. Thus God is the cause of all the combinations and movements of everything in the universe. It is He who has created all that is. But I am free, and I cannot doubt it; I have an intimate and immovable conviction that I am free to will, or not to will. There is within me a power of election, not only to will or will not, but to decide between different objects. This is in itself a proof of the immateriality of my soul. What is material, corporeal, cannot choose; it is, on the contrary, governed by fixed laws, that are called physical, that are necessary, invincible, and contrary to what I call liberty. In saying, then, that I am free, I say that my will is fully in my power, and that God leaves me to use it as I am disposed; that I am not determined by a law like other beings, but I will of myself. I conceive that if the Supreme Being were beforehand to inspire me with a will to do right, I have the power to reject the inspiration, however great it might be, to frustrate its effect, and to refuse my consent. I conceive, also, that when I reject his inspiration to do right, I have actually the power not to reject it, just as I have the power to open or shut my eyes. Outward things may solicit me by all that is most captivating, the most powerful and affecting arguments may be presented to influence me, the Supreme Being may touch my heart with the most persuasive inspiration; but I still remain free to will or not to will. It is this exemption from all restraint and from all necessity, this empire over my own actions, that makes me inexcusable when I will what is evil, and praiseworthy when I will what is good.

This is the foundation of all merit and demerit; it is this that makes the justice of reward or punishment. Hence it is that we exhort, reprove, menace, or prom-

FRANÇOIS DE SALIGNAC DE LA MOTHE FÉNELON

ise. This is the foundation of all government, of all instruction, and of all rules of conduct. Everything in human life brings us to this conclusion, that there is nothing over which we have such entire control, as our own will; and that we have this free will, this power of election, between two things equally in our reach. It is this truth that the shepherds sing among the mountains, that merchants and artisans take for granted in their negotiations, that the actor represents on the stage; the magistrate recognizes it in his decisions, and learned doctors teach it in their schools; it is what no man of sense can seriously doubt. This truth imprinted on our hearts is acknowledged in the practice of those philosophers who attempt to overthrow it by their chimerical speculations. The internal evidence of this truth is like that we have of those first principles, which have no need of demonstration, and by which we prove other truths less certain.—*Translation of ELIZA L. FOLLEN.*





FENN, SIR JOHN, an English antiquary, born at Norwich, November 26, 1739; died February 14, 1794. He was a country gentleman of Norfolk-shire. He has a claim to a place in literary history mainly on account of having edited a large series of family papers known as *The Paston Letters*, written by various persons of rank and consequence during the reigns of Henry VI., Edward IV., and Richard III. (1420-1485). The first publication of these letters was in 1787, in two quarto volumes; a third and fourth volume appeared in 1789; in 1823 a fifth volume was added, bringing the correspondence down to 1509. *The Paston Letters* have been several times reprinted; the most convenient form being in "Bohn's Antiquarian Library" (2 vols., 1849). A new and greatly enlarged edition, under the care of James Gairdner, was published in 1872-75. The following letter, by Dame Agnes Paston (1458), shows the way in which gentlewomen of that day wrote the English language:

DAME PASTON'S LETTER OF INSTRUCTIONS.

Erands to London of Augnes Paston the xxviii day of
Jenure, the yer of Kyng Henry the Sext, xxxvi.

To prey Grenefeld to send me feythfully word, by
wrytyn, who Clement Paston hath do his dever in lern-
yng. And if he hathe nought do well, nor wyll nought
amend, prey hym that he will trewly belassch hym, tyl
he wyll amend; and so ded the last maystr, and the best

that ever he had, att Caumbrage. And sey Grenefeld that if he wyll take up on hym to brynge hym in to good rewyll and lernyng, that I may verily know he doth hys dever, I wyll geve hym x marcs for hys labor ; for I had lever he wer fayr beryed than lost for defaute.

Item, to se who many gownys Clement hathe ; and the that be bar, late hem be reysyd. He hath achort grene gowne, and achort musterdevelers gowne, wer never reysyd ; and achort blew gowne that was reysyd, and mad of a syde gowne, when I was last in London ; and a syde russet gowne, furryd with bevyr, was mad this tyme ii yer ; and a syde murry gowne was mad this tyme twelmonth.

Item, to do make me vi sponys, of viii ounce of troy wyght, well facyond, and dubbyl gylt.

And say Elyzabet Paston that she must use hyr selfe to werke redyly, as other gentylwomen done, and sumwhat to help hyr selfe ther^e with.

Item, to pay the Lady Pole xxvis. viii*d*. for hyr bord.

And if Grenefeld have do wel hys dever to Clement, or wyll do hys dever, geffe hym the nobyll.—*The Paston Letters.*

William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, had been sentenced to banishment from England. The vessel in which he embarked was boarded by an English cruiser, and the Duke was murdered. [See Shakespeare, *King Henry the Sixth, Part II.*] The following farewell letter to his son was written by Suffolk on the morning of his embarkation, April 30, 1450. The spelling is here conformed to modern usages.

THE DUKE OF SUFFOLK'S FAREWELL LETTER TO HIS SON.

My dear and only well-beloved son—I beseech our Lord in heaven, the Maker of all the world, to bless you, and to send you ever grace to love Him and to dread Him ; to the which as far as a father may charge his child, I both charge you and pray you to set all spirits and wits to do, and to know His holy laws and

commandments, by the which ye shall with His great mercy pass all the great tempests and troubles of this wretched world. And that also wittingly, ye do nothing for love nor dread of any earthly creature that should displease Him. And thus as any frailty maketh you to fall, beseecheth His mercy soon to call you to Him again with repentance, satisfaction, and contrition of your heart never more in will to offend Him.

Secondly, next Him, above all earthly thing, to be true liegeman in heart, in will, in thought, in deed, unto the king our aldermost high and dread sovereign lord, to whom both ye and I be so much bound to; charging you as father can and may, rather to die than be the contrary, or to know anything that were against the welfare or prosperity of his most royal person, but that, as far as your body and life may stretch, ye live and die to defend it, and to let his Highness have knowledge thereof in all the haste ye can.

Thirdly, in the same wise, I charge you, my dear son, always, as ye be bounded by the commandment of God, to do, to love, to worship your lady and mother, and also that ye obey always her commandments, and to believe her counsels and advices in all your works, the which dreaded not, but shall be best and truest to you.

Furthermore, as far as father may and can, I charge you in any wise to flee the company and counsel of proud men, of covetous men, and of flattering men, and to draw to you and to your company good and virtuous men, men of good conversation, and of truth, and by them shall ye never be deceived, nor repent you of. Moreover, follow your own wit in no wise, but in all your works, of such folks as I write of above, ask ye your advice and counsel, and doing thus, with the mercy of God, ye shall do right well, and live in right much worship and great heart's rest and ease. And I will be to you as good lord and father as my heart can think.

And last of all, as heartily and as lovingly as ever father blessed his child in earth, I give you the blessing of our Lord and of me, which of his infinite mercy increase you in all virtue and good living.

Written of mine hand the day of my departing from this land. Your true and loving father.—*Paston Letters*



FENNER, CORNELIUS GEORGE, an American poet and divine, was born at Providence, R. I., December 30, 1822; died at Cincinnati, O., January 4, 1847. His ancestors were among the earliest inhabitants of his native city. He was educated at Brown University, from which he was graduated in 1842. He married a daughter of Judge Greene, the author of *Old Grimes* and other well-known poems. His *Poems of Many Moods* were published at Boston in 1846, a few months before his lamented death at Cincinnati, where he had but recently been installed as clergyman of the First Unitarian Church.

GULF-WEED.

A weary weed, tossed to and fro,
Drearly drenched in the ocean brine,
Soaring high and sinking low,
Lashed along without will of mine;
Sport of the spoom of the surging sea,
Flung on the foam afar and anear;
Mark my manifold mystery;
Growth and grace in their place appear.

I bear round berries gray and red,
Rootless and rover though I be,
My spangled leaves, when nicely spread,
Arboresce as a trunkless tree;
Corals curious coat me o'er,
White and hard in apt array;
'Mid the wild waves' rude uproar,
Gracefully grow I, night and day.



FERGUSON, ADAM, a Scottish philosopher and historian, born at Logierait, Perthshire, June 20, 1724; died at St. Andrews, February 22, 1816. He was educated at the University of St. Andrews, and commenced the study of theology at Edinburgh; but in 1745, when he had completed only half of the course, he was selected, on account of his knowledge of the Gaelic language, to act as chaplain to a Highland regiment, with which he went to the Low Countries. He retained this position until 1754. In 1757 he became conspicuous by a pamphlet on *The Morality of the Stage*, a defence of his friend and fellow-clergyman, John Homes, who had been sharply censured for having written the tragedy of *Douglas*. In 1759 he was elected Professor of Natural Philosophy, and in 1764 of Moral Philosophy, in the University of Edinburgh. In 1778 he went to America as secretary to a commission appointed to negotiate a peace with the revolted colonies; his chair in the University being filled during the year's absence by Dugald Stewart, who became Ferguson's successor after his resignation in 1785. Ferguson's principal works are: *Essay on the History of Civil Society* (1767); *Institutes of Moral Philosophy* (1769); *The Progress and Termination of the Roman Republic* (1783), and *Principles of Moral and Political Science* (1792).

DEVELOPMENT OF CIVIL SOCIETY.

Mankind have twice within the compass of history ascended from rude beginnings to very high degrees of refinement. In every age, whether destined by its temporary disposition to build or to destroy, they have left the vestiges of an active and vehement spirit. The pavement and the ruins of Rome are buried in dust, shaken from the feet of barbarians, who trod with contempt on the refinements of luxury, and spurned those arts the use of which it was reserved for the posterity of the same people to discover and to admire. The tents of the wild Arab are even now pitched among the ruins of magnificent cities ; and the waste fields which border on Palestine and Syria are perhaps become again the nursery of infant nations. The chieftain of an Arab tribe, like the founder of Rome, may have already fixed the roots of a plant that is to flourish in some future period, or laid the foundations of a fabric that will attain to its grandeur in some distant age.

Great part of Africa has been always unknown ; but the silence of fame, on the subject of its revolutions, is an argument, where no other proof can be found, of weakness in the genius of its people. The torrid zone, everywhere round the globe, however known to the geographer, has furnished few materials for history ; and though in many places supplied with the arts of life in no contemptible degree, has nowhere matured the more important projects of political wisdom, nor inspired the virtues which are connected with freedom, and which are required in the conduct of civil affairs. It was indeed in the torrid zone that mere arts of mechanism and manufacture were found, among the inhabitants of the new world, to have made the greatest advance ; it is in India, and in the regions of this hemisphere which are visited by the vertical sun, that the arts of manufacture and the practice of commerce are of the greatest antiquity, and have survived, with the smallest diminution, ruins of time and the revolutions of empire. The sun, it seems, which ripens the pineapple and the tamarind, inspires a degree of mildness that can even

assuage the rigors of despotical government : and such is the effect of a gentle and pacific disposition in the natives of the East, that no conquest, no irruption of barbarians, terminates, as they did among the stubborn natives of Europe, by a total destruction of what the love of ease and of pleasure had produced.

Man, in the perfection of his natural faculties, is quick and delicate in his sensibility ; extensive and various in his imaginations and reflections ; attentive, penetrating, and subtle in what relates to his fellow-creatures ; firm and ardent in his purposes ; devoted to friendship or to enmity ; jealous of his independence and his honor, which he will not relinquish for safety or for profit ; under all his corruptions or improvements, he retains his natural sensibility, if not his force ; and his commerce is a blessing or a curse, according to the direction his mind has received. But under the extremes of heat or of cold, the active range of the human soul appears to be limited ; and men are of inferior importance, either as friends or as enemies. In the one extreme, they are dull and slow, moderate in their desires, regular and pacific in their manner of life ; in the other they are feverish in their passions, weak in their judgments, and addicted by temperament to animal pleasure. In both, the heart is mercenary, and makes important concessions for childish bribes ; in both, the spirit is prepared for servitude ; in the one, it is subdued by fear of the future ; in the other, it is not roused even by its sense of the present.—*History of Civil Society.*





FERGUSON, SIR SAMUEL, an Irish lawyer and poet, born at Belfast, March 10, 1810; died at Howth, County Dublin, August 9, 1886. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin; was admitted to the Irish Bar in 1838, and to the Inner Bar in 1859. He was appointed Deputy Keeper of the Public Records of Ireland in 1867, and in 1878 received the honor of knighthood on account of his antiquarian and literary merits. As president of the Royal Irish Academy he gave a powerful impetus to the scientific study of early Irish art. His contributions to the magazines began to attract attention in 1832. Besides numerous contributions, in verse and prose, to *Blackwood* and the *Dublin University Magazine*, he published *Lays of the Western Gael* (1865); *Congal, a Poem* (1872); *Poems* (1880); *Shakespearian Brevities* (1882); *Leabhar Breac* (1876); *The Forging of the Anchor* (1883); *Ogham Inscription* (1887). *The Cromlech on Howth* (1864) is enriched with valuable notes on Celtic ornamental art. Among his best known contributions to periodical literature, besides those already mentioned, are *Father Tom and the Pope*, *The Widow's Cloak*, and a series of Irish pictorial tales entitled *Hibernian Nights' Entertainments*. During his life he collected all the known antiquarian literature of his native land.

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

Come see the Dolphin's Anchor forged ; 'tis at a white
 heat now,
 The bellows ceased, the flames decreased ; though on
 the forge's brow
 The little flames still fitfully play through the sable
 mound ;
 And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking
 round,
 All clad in leather panoply, their broad hands only
 bare ;
 Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the
 windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound
 heaves below,
 And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every
 throe ;
 It rises, roars, rends all outright—O Vulcan, what a
 glow !
 'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright, the bright sun
 shines not so !
 The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery, fearful
 show ;
 The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy
 lurid row
 Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men before
 the foe ;
 As quivering through his fleece of flame the sailing
 monster slow
 Sinks on the anvil—all about the faces fiery grow.
 " Hurrah ! " they shout ; " leap out—leap out ! " bang,
 bang the sledges go ;
 Hurrah ! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low ;
 A hailing front of fire is struck at every swashing blow ;
 The leathern mail rebounds the hail ; the rattling cin-
 ders strow
 The ground around ; at every bound the sweltering
 fountains flow ;
 And thick and loud the swinking crowd, at every stroke,
 pant " Ho ! "

Leap out, leap out, my masters ! leap out, and lay on
load !

Let's forge a goodly Anchor, a bower thick and broad.
For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,
And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road ;
The low reef roaring on her lee, the roll of the ocean
poured

From stem to stern, sea after sea, the mainmast by the
board ;

The bulwalks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove
at the chains !

But courage still, brave mariners, the bower still remains ;
And not an inch to flinch he deigns, save where ye pitch
sky high,

Then moves his head, as though he said, " Fear nothing
—here am I ! "

Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep
time ;

Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's
chime !

But while ye swing your sledges, sing ; and let the bur-
den be :

" The Anchor is the Anvil-King, and royal craftsmen
we ! "

Strike in, strike in ; the sharks begin to dull their rus-
tling red !

Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon
be sped ;

Our Anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array,
For a hammock at the roaring bow, or an oozy couch of
clay :

Our Anchor soon must change the lay of merry crafts-
men here,

For the Yo-heave-o, and the Heave-away, and the sigh-
ing seaman's cheer,

When weighing slow, at eve they go, far, far, from love
and home ;

And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean
foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens down at last :
A shapely one he is, and strong as e'er from cat was cast.

O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,
What pleasure would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea !
O deep sea-diver, who might then behold such sights as thou ?
The hoary monsters' palaces ! Methinks what joys 'twere now
To go plump plunging down amid the assembly of the whales,
And feel the charmed sea round me boil beneath their scourging tails !
Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea-unicorn,
And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn ;
To leave the subtle wonder-fish, a bony blade forlorn ;
And for the ghastly-grinning shark, to laugh his jaws to scorn ;
To leap down on the kraken's back, where, 'mid Norwegian isles,
He lies, a lubber anchorage, for sudden shallowed miles,
Then snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls.
Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far-astonished shoals
Of his black browsing ocean-calves ; or haply in his cove,
Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undiné's love,
To find the long-haired mermaidens ; or hard by icy lands,
To wrestle with the sea-serpent upon cerulean sands.

O broad-armed Fisher of the deep ! whose sports can equal thine ?
The dolphin weighs a thousand tons that tugs the cable line ;
And night by night 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,
Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to play.
But, shamer of our little sports ! forgive the name I gave :
A fisher's joy is to destroy—thine office is to save.

O lodger in the sea-king's halls ! couldst thou but understand
Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping band,
Slow swaying in the heaving waves, that round about thee bend,
Which sounds like breakers in a dream, blessing their ancient friend—
Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide, with larger steps round thee,
Thine iron side would swell with pride ; thou'dst leap within the sea !

Give honor to their memories who left the pleasant strand,
To shed their blood so freely for the love of Fatherland—
Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard grave
So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave—
Oh, though our Anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
Honor him for their memory, whose bones he goes among.





FERGUSSON, ROBERT, a Scottish poet, born at Edinburgh, September 5, 1750; died there, October 16, 1774. He was a copying clerk in a lawyer's office, and was wont to relieve the monotony of his daily labor by writing verse and in conviviality. The doings of a social club to which he belonged, and in which his fine voice made him a favorite, are celebrated in *Auld Reekie*, the best of his poems. In 1773 a collection of his poems was published. He had already manifested symptoms of mental disease; these were aggravated by a fall by which his head was injured, and he was placed in a public asylum, where he died. A copy of his poems fell into the hands of Burns, and had much to do in shaping the bent of his poetical genius. Burns thus apostrophizes his precursor:

“Oh thou my elder brother in misfortune,
By far my elder brother in the muses,
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate.”

In 1787 Burns sought out the unmarked grave of Fergusson in the Canongate burying-ground, and caused a memorial-stone to be placed by it, upon one side of which is this inscription: “By special grant of the managers to Robert Burns, who erected this stone, this burial-place is to remain forever sacred to the memory of Robert Fergusson.”

AN EDINBURGH SUNDAY.

On Sunday, here an altered scene
 O' men and manners meets our een.
 Ane wad maist trow, some people chose
 To change their faces wi' their clo'es,
 And fain wad gar ilk neighbor think
 They thirst for guidness as for drink ;
 But there's an unco dearth o' grace,
 That has nae mansion but the face,
 And never can obtain a part
 In benmost corner of the heart.
 Why should religion mak us sad
 If good frae virtue's to be had ?
 Na : rather gleefu' turn your face,
 Forsake hypocrisy, grimace ;
 And never hae it understood
 You fleg mankind frae being good.

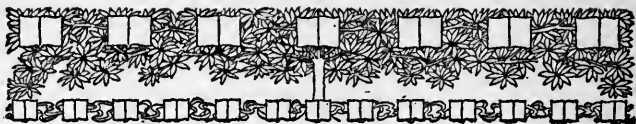
In afternoon, a' brawly buskit,
 The joes and lasses lo'e to frisk it.
 Some tak a great delight to place
 The modest bon-grace ower the face,
 Though you may see, if so inclined,
 The turning o' the leg behind.
 Now, Comedy-Garden and the Park
 Refresh them, after forenoon's wark :
 Newhaven, Leith, or Canonmills,
 Supply them wi' their Sunday's gills,
 Where writers aften spend their pence,
 To stock their heads wi' drink and sense.

While danderin' cits delight to stray,
 To Castle-hill or public way,
 Where they nae other purpose mean
 Than that fool cause o' being seen,
 Let me to Arthur's seat pursue,
 Where bonny pastures meet the view,
 And mony a wild-lorn scene accrues,
 Befitting Willie Shakespeare's muse
 If Fancy there would join the thrang,
 The desert rocks and hills amang,
 To echoes we should lilt and play,

And gie to mirth the livelang day.
Or should some cankered biting shower
The day and a' her sweets deflower,
To Holyrood house let me stray,
And gie to musing a' the day ;
Lamenting what auld Scotland knew,
Bien Days for ever frae her view.
O Hamilton, for shame ! the Muse
Would pay to thee her couthy vows,
Gin ye wad tent the humble strain,
And gie 's our dignity again !
For, oh, wae 's me ! the thistle springs
In domicile o' ancient kings,
Without a patriot to regret
Our palace and our ancient state.

—*Auld Reekie.*





FERRIER, SUSAN EDMONSTON, a Scottish novelist, born at Edinburgh, September 7, 1782; died there, November 5, 1854. Her father, James Ferrier, was for a time one of the Clerks of the Court of Sessions with Sir Walter Scott. She herself was an intimate friend of the author of *Waverley*, and contributed much to relieve the sadness which overclouded the later years of his life. She wrote only three novels: *Marriage* (1818); *The Inheritance* (1824), and *Destiny* (1831). These novels were all published anonymously, and by many the authorship was attributed to Scott. Thus in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* (November, 1826), the Ettrick Shepherd is made to say: "I aye thocht that *The Inheritance* was written by Sir Walter as weel's *Marriage*, till it spunked out that it was written by a leddy." Sir Walter was wont to give Miss Ferrier a high place among the novelists of the day. In his diary for March 27, 1826, after speaking of a new novel which he had been reading, he says: "The women do this better. Edgeworth, Ferrier, Austen, have all given portraits of real society far superior to anything man—vain man—has produced of the like nature."

MISS VIOLET MACSHAKE.

As soon as she recognized her grand nephew, Mr. Douglas, she welcomed him with much cordiality, shook him long and heartily by the hand, patted him on the

back, looked into his face with much seeming satisfaction ; and, in short, gave all the demonstrations of gladness usual with gentlewomen of a certain age. Her pleasure, however, appeared to be rather an *impromptu* than a habitual feeling ; for, as the surprise wore off, her visage resumed its harsh and sarcastic expression, and she seemed eager to efface any agreeable impression her reception might have excited.

“ And wha thought o’ seein’ ye enoo ? ” said she, in a quick gabbling voice ; “ what’s brought you to the toon ? Are you come to spend your honest faither’s siller ere he’s weel cauld in his grave, puir man ? ”

Mr. Douglas explained that it was upon account of his niece’s health.

“ Health ! ” repeated she with a sardonic smile ; “ it wad make an ool laugh to hear the wark that’s made about young fowk’s health noo-a-days. I wonder what ye’re a’ made o’,” grasping Mary’s arm in her great bony hand—“ a when puir feckless windlestraes—ye maun awa’ to Ingland for your healths. Set ye up ! I wonder what cam’ o’ the lasses i’ my time that bute [behoved] to bide at hame ? And whilk o’ ye, I sud like to ken, ’ll e’r leive to see ninety-sax, like me ? Health ! he ! he ! ”

Mary, glad of a pretence to indulge the mirth the old lady’s manner and appearance had excited, joined most heartily in the laugh.

“ Tak aff yer bannet, bairn, an’ let me see your face ; wha can tell what like ye are wi’ that snule o’ a thing on your head ? ” Then after taking an accurate survey of her face, she pushed aside her pelisse : “ Weel, it’s ae mercy I see ye hae neither the red head nor the muckle cuits o’ the Douglasses. I kenna whuther your faither has them or no. I ne’er set een on him : neither him nor his braw leddy thought it worth their while to speer after me : but I was at nae loss, by a’ accounts. ”

“ You have not asked after any of your Glenfern friends,” said Mr. Douglas, hoping to touch a more sympathetic cord.

“ Time enough—wull ye let me draw my breath, man—fowk canna say awthing at ance. An’ ye but to hae an English wife tu, a Scotch lass wudna ser’ ye. An’

yer wean I'se warran' it's ane o' the world's wonders—it's been unco lang o' comin'—he, he !”

“He has begun life under very melancholy auspices, poor fellow !” said Mr. Douglas, in allusion to his father's death.

“An' wha's faut was that? I ne'er heard tell o' the like o't, to hae the birn kirsened an' its grandfather deein' ! But fowk are naither born, nor kirsened, nor do they wad or dee as they used to do—awthing's changed.”

“You must, indeed, have witnessed many changes,” observed Mr. Douglas, rather at a loss how to utter anything of a conciliatory nature.

“Changes !—weel a wat I sometimes wonder if it's the same warld, an' if it's my ain heed that's upon my shoothers.”

“But with these changes you must also have seen many improvements?” said Mary, in a tone of diffidence.

“Improvements?” turning sharply around upon her ; “what ken ye about improvements, bairn? A bonny improvement, or ens no, to see tyleyors and sclaters leavin' whar I mind jewks and yerls. An' that great glowerin' New Toon there,” pointing out of her windows, “whar I used to sit an' luck oot at bonny green parks, an' see the coos milket, and the bits o' bairnies rowin' and tumlin', an' the lasses trampin' i' their tubs—what see I noo but stane an' lime, an' stoor an' dirt, an' idle cheels an' dinkit oot madams prancin'? Improvements, indeed !”

Mary found she was not likely to advance her uncle's fortune by the judiciousness of her remarks, therefore prudently resolved to hazard no more. Mr. Douglas, who was more *au fait* to the prejudices of old age, and who was always amused with her bitter remarks, when they did not touch himself, encouraged her to continue the conversation by some observation on the prevailing manners.

“Mainers !” repeated she, with a contemptuous laugh ; “what ca' ye' mainers noo, for I dinna ken? ilk ane gangs bang intill their neebor's hoos, and bang oot o't, as it war a chynge-hoos ; an' as for the maister o't, he's

no o' sae muckle vaalu as the flunky ahint his chyre. I' my grandfather's time, as I hae heard him tell, ilka maister o' a family had his ain sate in his ain hoos, ay ! an' sat wi' his hat on his heed afore the best o' the land, an' had his ain dish an' was ay helpit first, and keepit up his owthority as a man sude do. Paurents war paurents than—bairns dardna set up their gabs afore them than as they do noo. They ne'er presumed to say their heeds war their ain i' thae days—wife and servants, reeteeners an' childer, a' trummelt i' the presence o' their heed."

Here a long pinch of snuff caused a pause in the old lady's harangue. Mr. Douglas availed himself of the opportunity to rise and take leave.

"Oo, what's takin' ye awa', Archie, in sic a hurry? Sit doon there," laying her hand upon his arm, "an' rest ye, an' tak a glass o' wine an' a bit o' breed; or maybe," turning to Mary, "ye wad rather hae a drap broth to warm ye? What gars ye look sae blue, bairn? I'm sure it's no cauld; but ye're just like the lave; ye gang a' skiltin' about the streets half-naked, an' than ye maun sit an' birsle yoursels afore the fire at hame."

She had now shuffled along to the further end of the room, and opening a press, took out wine and a plateful of various-shaped articles of bread, which she handed to Mary.

"Hae, bairn—tak a cookie—tak it up—what are you feared for! it'll no bite ye. Here's t' ye, Glenfern, an' your wife an' yer wean; puir tead, it's no had a very chancy ootset, weel a wat."

The wine being drank, and the cookies discussed, Mr. Douglas made another attempt to withdraw, but in vain.

"Canna ye sit still a wee, man, an' let me speer after my auld freens at Glenfern? Hoo's Grizzy, an' Jacky, an' Nicky?—aye workin' awa' at the peels an' the drogs—he, he! I ne'er swallowed a peel nor gied a doit for drogs a' my days, an' see an' ony o' them 'll rin a race wi' me whan they're naur five-score."

Mr. Douglas here paid some compliments upon her appearance, which were pretty graciously received; and added that he was the bearer of a letter from his aunt

Grizzy, which he would send along with a roebuck and brace of moor-game.

"Gin your roebuck's nae better than your last, atweel it's no worth the sendin'; poor dry fissionless dirt, no worth the chowin'; weel a wat I begrudged my teeth on't. Your muirfowl war nae that ill, but they 're no worth the carryin'; they 're doug cheap i' the market enoo, so it's nae great compliment. Gin ye had brought me a leg o' gude mutton, or a cauer sawmont, there would hae been some sense in 't; but ye're ane o' the fowk that'll ne'er harry yoursel' wi' your presents; it's but the pickle powther they cost ye, an' I 'se warran' ye 're thinkin' mair o' your ain diversion than o' my stamick wan ye 're at the shootin' o' them, puir beasts."

Mr. Douglas had borne the various indignities levelled against himself and his family with a philosophy that had no parallel in his life before, but to this attack upon his game he was not proof. His color rose, his eyes flashed fire, and something resembling an oath burst from his lips as he strode indignantly toward the door.
—*Marriage.*





FERRIEIRA, ANTONIO, Portuguese poet and dramatist, born at Lisbon in 1528; died there in 1569. He is sometimes spoken of as the "Portuguese Horace." He was of noble family, and was educated at the University of Coimbra, where he subsequently became a professor. He was destined for the public service and studied law, and during the reign of King John III. and two of his successors held high positions at court. He was especially fond of the poetry of Horace and hoped to improve the Portuguese tongue by writing in pure, forcible style in his native language. His *Epistles*, written from court to many illustrious persons, contain his best thoughts, and were the first of their kind in Portuguese literature.

He wrote many sonnets, odes, and epigrams, in which the influence of Petrarch appears, but which are lacking generally in sincerity and depth of feeling. His greatest work is the tragedy of *Ignes de Castro*, composed in the antique manner, with a chorus of Coimbrian women. This is the first Portuguese tragedy and the second in modern European literature. He also wrote a comedy, *Bristo*.

SEMI-CHORUS IN IGNES DE CASTRO.

When first young Love was born,
Earth was with life imbued ;

(57)

The sun acquired his beams, the stars their light,
 Heaven shone in Nature's morn ;
 And, by the light subdued,
 Darkness revealed long-hidden charms to sight ;
 And she the rosy-hued,
 Who rules heaven's fairest sphere,
 Daughter of Ocean rude,
 She to the world gave Love, her offspring dear.

'Tis Love adorns our earth
 With verdure and soft dews ;
 With colors decks the flowers, with leaves the groves ;
 Turns war to peace and mirth ;
 O'er harshness softness strews ;
 And melts a thousand hates in thousand loves.
 Incessant he renews
 The lives stern Death consumes,
 And gives the brilliant hues
 In which earth's beauteous picture ever blooms.

The raging of his flames
 'Twere cowardice to fear ;
 For Love is soft and tender as a child ;
 His rage entreaty tames ;
 And passion's starting tear
 He kisses from the eyes, tenderly mild.
 Within his quiver hear
 The golden arrows ring ;
 The deadly shafts appear,
 But love-fraught, love-impelled, their flight they wing.

Love sounds in every lay,
 In every tuneful choir ;
 Tempestuous winds are lulled by his sweet voice ;
 Sorrow is chased away ;
 And in his genial fire
 The limpid streams, the hills and vales rejoice.
 Love's own harmonious lyre
 In heaven is heard to sound ;
 And while his flames inspire
 Thy heart, thou, Castro, by Love's God art crowned.
 —*Translation in Foreign Quarterly Review.*

THE LAMENT OF DOM PEDRO FOR IGNES.

Dom Pedro.—What should I say? What do? What shriek or groan?

O fortune! O barbarity! O grief!
 O mine own Dona Ignés! O my soul!
 And art thou slain? Hath Death the audacity
 To touch thee? Do I hear it, and survive?
 I live, and thou art dead! O cruel Death!
 My life thou'st slain, and yet I am not dead!
 Open, thou earth, and swallow me at once!
 Burst, burst away, my soul, from this evil body,
 Whose weight by force detains thee!
 Thy blood! What cruel swords! What cruel hands!
 How could they move against thee? Those hard
 weapons,
 How had they strength or edge, turned against thee?
 How, cruel king, couldst thou allow the deed?
 Mine enemy—not father—enemy?
 Wherefore *thus* murder me? Ye savage lions,
 Ye tigers, serpents! why, if for my blood
 Athirst, glutted ye not on me your rage?
 Me had you slain, I might survive. Barbarians,
 Wherefore not murder me? If wronged by me,
 Mine enemies, why not on me revenge
 Your wrongs? She had not wronged you—that meek
 lamb,
 Innocent, beautiful, sincere, and chaste;
 But you, as rancorous enemies, would slay me—
 Not in my life, but soul. Ye heavens that saw
 Such monstrous cruelty, how fell ye not?

Messenger.—My lord, for weeping there is ample leisure;

But what can tears 'gainst death? I pray thee now
 Visit the corse, and render it due honors.

Dom Pedro.—Sad honors! Other honors, Lady mine,
 I had in store for thee—honors thy due. . . .
 How look upon those eyes, forever closed?
 Upon those tresses now not gold, but blood?
 Upon those hands, so cold and livid now,
 That used to be so white and delicate?
On that fair bosom, pierced with cruel wounds?

Upon that form, so often in mine arms,
 Clasped, living, beautiful, now dead and cold?
 How shall I see the pledges of our loves?
 O cruel father, didst thou not in them
 Behold thy son? Thou hear'st not, my beloved!
 I ne'er shall see thee more! Throughout the world
 Shall never find thee!—Weep my griefs with me,
 All you who hear me! Weep with me, ye rocks,
 Since in men's hearts dwells such barbarity!
 And thou, Coimbra, shroud thyself forever
 In melancholy! Ne'er within thy walls
 Be laughter heard, or aught save tears and sighs!
 Be thy Mondego's waters changed to blood!
 Withered thy trees, thy flowers! Help me to call
 Upon Heaven's justice to avenge my woes!—
 I slew thee, Lady mine! 'Twas I destroyed thee!
 With death I recompensed thy tenderness!
 But far more cruelly than thee they slew
 Will I destroy myself, if avenge not
 Thy murder with unheard-of cruelties!
 For this alone does God prolong my life!—
 With mine own hands their breasts I'll open; thence
 I'll tear out the ferocious hearts that durst
 Conceive such cruelty: then let them die!
 Thee, too, I'll persecute, thou king, my foe!
 Quickly shall wasting fires work ravages
 Amidst thy friends, thy kingdom! Thy slain friends
 Shall look on others' deaths, whose blood shall drown
 The plains, with whose blood shall the rivers stream,
 For hers in retribution! Slay me thou,
 Or fly my rage. No longer as my father
 Do I acknowledge thee! Thine enemy
 I call myself—thine enemy! My father
 Thou'rt not—I am no son—I'm an enemy!—
 Thou, Ignes, art in heaven! I remain
 Till I've revenged thee; then I there rejoin thee!
 Thine innocent body shall in royal state
 Be placed on high! Thy tenderness shall be
 Mine indivisible associate,
 Until I leave with thine my weary body,
 And my soul haste to rest with thine for ever!

—*Translation in Blackwood's Magazine.*



FEUERBACH, LUDWIG ANDREAS, German philosophical writer, born at Landshut, Bavaria, July 28, 1804; died near Nuremberg, Bavaria, September 13, 1872. After studying theology for two years in the University of Heidelberg, he went, in 1824, to Berlin to attend the lectures of Hegel. The following year he abandoned theology for philosophy, of which in 1828 he became a teacher in the University of Erlangen. His first work, *Thoughts on Death and Immortality*, was published anonymously in 1830. In this, as in his later works, he combated the doctrine of immortality. His peculiarities of manner interfered with his success in teaching, and at length he relinquished the profession, married, and settled in the Castle at Brucksberg, a residence which formed part of his wife's dower. He had already written a *History of Modern Philosophy* (1833); *Abelard and Heloise, or the Writer and the Man* (1834); a *Description, Explanation, and Criticism of the Philosophy of Leibnitz* (1837), and *Pierre Bayle* (1838). *The Critique of Hegel* followed in 1839, and *The Essence of Christianity*, his most important work, in 1841. In this work he claims to set forth a new philosophy, resting "not on an Understanding *per se*, on an absolute nameless understanding, belonging, one knows not to whom, but on the understanding of man, though not on that

of man enervated by speculation and dogma.' He argues that man's highest good consists in resembling that ideal humanity which, created by man himself, is called God. Among his works not already mentioned are *Grundsätze der Philosophie der Zukunft* (1834); *Das Wesen der Religion* (1846-51); *Theogonie* (1857), and *Gottheit, Freiheit, und Unsterblichkeit* (1866).

REASON, WILL, AFFECTION.

What, then, is the nature of man, of which he is conscious, or what constitutes the specific distinction, the proper humanity of man? Reason, Will, Affection. To a complete man belong the power of Thought, the power of Will, the power of Affection. The power of Thought is the light of the intellect, the power of Will is energy of character, the power of Affection is love. Reason, love, force of will are perfections—the perfections of the human being—nay, more, they are absolute perfections of being. To will, to love, to think, are the highest powers, are the absolute nature of man as man, and the basis of his existence. Man exists to think, to love, to will. Now that which is the end, the ultimate aim, is also the true basis and principle of a being. But what is the end of reason? Reason. Of love? Love. Of will? Freedom of the Will. We think for the sake of thinking: love for the sake of loving, will for the sake of willing—*i.e.*, that we may be free. True existence is thinking, loving, willing existence. That alone is true, perfect, divine, which exists for its own sake. But such is love, such is reason, such is will. The divine trinity in man, above the individual man, is the unity of reason, love, will. Reason, Will, Love, are not powers which a man possesses, for he is nothing without them; he is what he is only by them; they are the constituent elements of his nature, which he neither has nor makes, the animating, determining, governing powers—divine, absolute powers—to which he can oppose no resistance,

How can the feeling man resist feeling, the loving one love, the rational one reason? Who has not experienced the overwhelming power of melody? And what else is the power of melody but the power of feeling? Music is the language of feeling; melody is audible feeling—feeling communicating itself. Who has not experienced the power of love, or at least heard of it? Which is the stronger—love or the individual man? Is it man that possesses love, or is it not much rather love that possesses man? When love impels a man to suffer death even joyfully for the beloved one, is this death-conquering power his own individual power, or is it not rather the power of love? And who that ever truly thought has not experienced that quiet, subtle power—the power of thought? When thou sinkest into deep reflection, forgetting thyself and what is around thee, dost thou govern reason, or is it not reason which governs and absorbs thee? Scientific enthusiasm—is it not the most glorious triumph of intellect over thee? The desire of knowledge—is it not a simply irresistible and all-conquering power? And when thou suppresses a passion, renounces a habit, achievest a victory over thyself, is this victorious power thine own personal power, or is it not rather the energy of will, the force of morality, which seizes the mastery of thee, and fills thee with indignation against thyself and thine individual weakness?—*Essence of Christianity*.

MAN'S NATURE HIS SOLE OBJECT OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

Man is nothing without an object. The great models of humanity, such men as reveal to us what man is capable of, have attested the truth of this proposition by their lives. They had only one dominant passion—the realization of the aim which was the essential object of their activity. But the object to which a subject essentially, necessarily relates is nothing else than this subject's own, but objective, nature. If it be an object common to several individuals of the same species, but under various conditions, it is still, at least as to the form under which it presents itself to each of them ac-

ording to their respective modifications, their own, but objective, nature. . . .

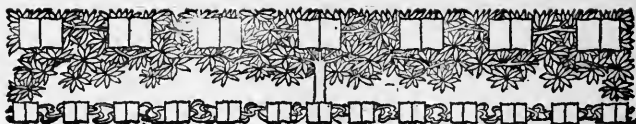
In the object which he contemplates, therefore, man becomes acquainted with himself ; consciousness of the objective is the self-consciousness of man. We know the man by the object, by his conception of what is external to himself ; in it his nature becomes evident ; this object is his manifested nature, his true objective *ego*. And this is true, not merely of spiritual, but also of sensuous objects. Even the objects which are most remote from man, *because* they are objects to him, and to the extent that they are so, are revelations of human nature. That he sees them and so sees them is an evidence of his own nature. The animal is sensible only of the beam which immediately affects life ; while man perceives the ray, to him physically indifferent, of the remoter star. Man alone has purely intellectual, disinterested joys and passions ; the eye of man alone keeps theoretic festivals. . . .

The absolute to man is his own nature. The power of the object over him is therefore the power of his own nature. Thus the power of the object of feeling is the power of feeling itself ; the power of the object of the intellect is the power of the intellect itself ; the power of the object of the will is the power of the will itself. The man who is affected by musical sounds is governed by feeling ; by the feeling, that is, which finds its corresponding element in musical sounds. But it is not melody as such, it is only melody pregnant with meaning and emotion, which has power over feeling. Feeling is only acted on by that which conveys feeling, *i.e.*, by itself, its own nature. Thus also the will ; thus, and infinitely more, the intellect. Whatever kind of object, therefore, we are at any time conscious of, we are always at the same time conscious of our own nature ; we can affirm nothing without affirming ourselves. And since to will, to feel, to think, are perfections, essences, realities, it is impossible that intellect, feeling, and will should feel or perceive themselves as limited, finite powers, *i.e.*, as worthless, as nothing. For finiteness and nothingness are identical ; finiteness is only a euphemism for nothingness. Finiteness is the metaphysical, the

theoretical—nothingness the pathological, practical expression. What is finite to the understanding is nothing to the heart.

But it is impossible that we should be conscious of will, feeling, and intellect as finite powers, because every perfect existence, every original power and essence, is the immediate verification and affirmation of itself. It is impossible to love, will, or think, without perceiving these activities to be perfections—impossible to feel that one is a loving, willing, thinking being without experiencing an infinite joy therein. Consciousness consists in a being becoming objective to itself; hence it is nothing apart, nothing distinct from the being which is conscious of itself. How could it otherwise become conscious of itself? It is, therefore, impossible to become conscious of a perfection as an imperfection, impossible to feel feeling limited, to think thought limited. —*Essence of Christianity.*





FEUILLET, OCTAVE, French novelist and dramatist, born at Saint Lô, Manche, August 11, 1821; died in Paris, December 29, 1890. He distinguished himself at the College of Louis-le-Grand, in Paris, where he was educated. He began his literary work with part of a romance entitled *Le Grand Vieillard*, to which two other authors also contributed. It was the beginning of a life of constant literary activity. Both as dramatist and novelist he was very successful, and he contributed many articles to newspapers and reviews. In 1862, he was elected a member of the French Academy. Among his dramatic works are *La Nuit Terrible* (1845); *La Grise* (1848); *Le Pour et le Contre* (1849); *Delila* (1857); *Montjoye* (1863); *La Belle au Bois Dormant* (1865); *Le Cas de Conscience* (1867), and *Le Sphinx* (1874). Among his novels are *Punchinello* (1846); *Onesta* (1848); *Rédemption* (1849); *Bellah* (1850); *Le Cheveu Blanc* (1853); *Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre* (1858); *Histoire de Sibylle* (1862); *Monsieur de Camors* (1867); *Un Mariage dans le Monde* (1875); *Le Journal d'une Femme* (1878); *La Morte*, translated under the title of *Aliette, Honneur d'Artiste* and *Le Veuve* (1890). Many of these novels have been rendered into English. The most popular of his works has been *Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre*, which has been translated into many languages.

A RUSTIC LOVE-LETTER.

In the middle of an unusually laborious ascent a voice cried suddenly from the roadside, "Stop, if you please!" And a tall, bare-legged girl, holding a distaff in her hand, and wearing the antique costume and ducal cap of the peasants of the district, quickly crossed the ditch; she upset some terrified sheep, whose shepherdess she seemed to be, settled herself on the step, and showed us, in the frame of the carriage window, her brown, composed, and smiling face. "Excuse me, ladies," she said, in the short, melodious accents which characterize the speech of the people of the country; "would you be so kind as to read me that?" and she drew from her bosom a letter folded in the old fashion.

"Read it, sir," said Mlle. Laroque, laughing; "and read it aloud, if it is possible."

I took the letter, which was a love-letter. It was very minutely addressed to Mlle. Christine Oyadec, borough of —, commune of —, farm of —. The writing was that of a very uncultivated hand, but one that seemed sincere. The date proclaimed that Mlle. Christine had received the missive two or three weeks before. Apparently the poor girl, not being able to read, and not wishing to reveal her secret to the ridicule of her neighbors, had waited till some passing stranger, both benevolent and learned, should come and give her the key to the mystery which had lurked in her bosom for a fortnight. Her widely opened blue eye was fixed on me with a look of irrepressible eagerness, while I painfully deciphered the slanting lines of the letter, which was conceived in the following terms:

"Mademoiselle, this is to tell you that since the day when we spoke together on the moor after vespers, my mind has not changed, and that I am anxious to learn yours. My heart, Mademoiselle, is all yours, as I desire that yours should be all mine; and, if that is the case, you may be very sure and certain that there is not a more loving soul on earth or in heaven than your friend —, who does not sign; but you know very well who, Mademoiselle."

"Why, you don't know who, do you, Mademoiselle Christine?" said I, giving her back the letter.

"Very possibly," she said, showing her white teeth, and gravely shaking her young head, radiant with happiness. "Thank you, ladies; and you, sir."

She jumped down from the step, and soon disappeared in the underwood, flinging toward the sky the joyous notes of a Breton song. Mme. Laroque had followed with evident delight all the details of this pastoral scene, which sweetly flattered her chimera; she smiled—she dreamed in the presence of that happy, barefooted girl—she was charmed. Still, when Mlle. Oyadec was out of sight, a strange idea suddenly came into Mme. Laroque's thoughts. It was that, after all, she would not have done so much amiss to give the shepherdess a five-franc piece, besides her admiration. "Alain!" she cried, "call her back!"

"What for, mother?" said Mlle. Margu rite, eagerly, who had hitherto seemed to pay no attention to the occurrence.

"Why, my child, perhaps the girl does not understand altogether what pleasure I should find, and she herself ought to find, in running about barefoot in the dust. In any case I think it fitting to leave her something to remember me by."

"Money!" returned Mlle. Margu rite. "Oh! mother, don't do that! Don't mix up money with the child's happiness!"

This expression of a refined feeling which poor Christine, by the way, would perhaps not have immensely appreciated, did not fail to astonish me, coming from the mouth of Mlle. Margu rite, who does not generally pique herself on this quintessence. I even thought that she was joking, although her face showed no inclination to merriment. However that might be, her caprice, joke or no joke, was taken very seriously by her mother, and it was enthusiastically decided that the idyl should be left with its innocence and bare feet.—*The Romance of a Poor Young Man.*



FICHTE, JOHANN GOTTLIEB, German metaphysician and philosopher, born at Rammenau, near Kamenz, in Upper Lusatia, May 19, 1762; died in Berlin, January 27, 1814. He was the son of a poor weaver, and owed his education to a wealthy nobleman, the Baron von Miltitz. He studied theology at Jena, Leipsic, and Wittenberg; and afterward became a tutor in several private families, in which capacity he was not successful. In 1790 he took up his residence at Leipsic, where he turned his hand to any kind of literary work. Here he became personally acquainted with Kant, of whose philosophy he was already an ardent admirer; and soon after put forth anonymously his *Essay towards a Critique of all Revelation*, which was by many attributed to Kant himself. His prospects now began to brighten. In 1794, through the influence of Goethe, he was made Professor of Philosophy in the University of Jena, and began a series of lectures on *Wissenschaftslehre* ("The Science of Knowledge"). But after five years some of his teachings aroused opposition on account of their alleged atheistical tendency, and Fichte was constrained to resign his professorship. During his stay at Jena he had fairly formulated his metaphysical system. The leading principles of this system are thus presented by Professor Adamson in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* :

FICHTE'S PHILOSOPHICAL THEORY.

Philosophy is to Fichte the re-thinking of actual cognition, the *theory* of knowledge, the complete, systematic exposition of the principles which lie at the basis of all reasoned cognition. It traces the necessary acts by which the cognitive consciousness comes to be what it is, both in form and content. Not that it is a natural history or even a *phenomenology* of consciousness; only in the later writings did Fichte adopt even the genetic method of expression; it is the complete statement of the pure principles of the understanding in their rational or necessary order. But if complete, this *Wissenschaftslehre* ("Theory of Science") must be able to deduce the whole organism of cognition from certain fundamental actions, themselves unproved and incapable of proof; only thus can we have a *system* of reason. From these primary axioms the whole body of necessary thoughts must be developed, and, as Socrates would say, the argument itself will indicate the path of the development.

Of such primitive principles, the absolutely necessary conditions of possible cognition, only three are thinkable:—one, perfectly unconditioned both in form and matter; a second, unconditioned in form but not in matter; a third, unconditioned in matter but not in form. Of these, evidently the first must be the fundamental; to some extent it conditions the other two; though these cannot be deduced from it or proved by it. The statement of these principles forms the introduction to the *Wissenschaftslehre*.

The method which Fichte first adopted for stating these axioms is not calculated to throw full light upon them, and tends to exaggerate the apparent airiness and unsubstantiality of his deduction. They may be explained thus: The primitive condition of all intelligence is that the Ego shall posit, affirm, or be aware of itself. The Ego is the Ego. Such is the first pure act of conscious intelligence, that by which alone consciousness can come to be what it is. It is what Fichte called a "Deed-act" (*Thathandlung*); we cannot be

aware of the process—the Ego *is* not until it has affirmed itself—but we are aware of the result, and can see the necessity of the act by which it is brought about. The Ego then posits itself as real. What the Ego posits is real. But in consciousness there is equally given a primitive act of op-positing, or contra-positing, formally distinct from the act of positing, but materially determined, in so far as what is op-positing must be the negative of what is posited. The non-Ego—not, be it noticed, the world as we know it—is op-posed in consciousness to the Ego. The Ego is not the non-Ego. How this act of op-positing is possible and necessary, only becomes clear in the practical philosophy, and even there the inherent difficulty leads to a higher view. But third, we have now an absolute antithesis to our original thesis. Only the Ego is real, but the non-Ego is posited in the Ego. The contradiction is solved in a higher synthesis, which takes up into itself the two opposites. The Ego and non-Ego *limit* one another; and, as limitation is negation of part of a divisible quantum, in this third act the divisible Ego is op-posed to a divisible non-Ego.

From this point onwards the course proceeds by the method already made clear. We progress by making explicit the oppositions contained in the fundamental synthesis, by uniting those opposites, analyzing the new synthesis, and so on, until we reach an ultimate pair. Now, in the synthesis of the third act two principles may be distinguished:—(1) The non-Ego determines the Ego; (2) The Ego determines the non-Ego. As determined the Ego is theoretical, as determining it is practical; ultimately the opposed principles must be united by showing how the Ego is both determining and determined.

From Jena Fichte went to Berlin, where, by his writings, and particularly by his lectures, he exerted a powerful influence on the public mind. Two of his courses of lectures are worthy of special mention: The *Grundzüge des gegenwärtigen Zeitalters* (“Characteristics of the Present Age”)

and the *Wesen des Gelehrten* ("The Nature of the Scholar"). These have been admirably translated into English by William Smith. Among the works of Fichte written after his removing to Berlin are the *Bestimmung des Menschen* ("The Vocation of Man") and the *Anweisung zum Seligen Leben* ("The Way to a Blessed Life"). The closing years of Fichte's life were devoted to labors of a quite practical political and social character. In the autumn of 1813 the hospitals at Berlin were filled with the sick and wounded from the campaign against Napoleon. Among the most devoted of the voluntary nurses in the hospitals was the wife of Fichte. She was seized with a severe attack of "hospital fever," from which, however, she recovered; but on the very day on which she was pronounced to be convalescent Fichte himself was stricken down by the same infectious disease, which proved fatal on January 27, 1814.

A complete edition of the *Works* of Fichte, including several posthumous writings, was published in 13 vols., 1845-46; second edition, 1862; by his son, IMMANUEL HERMAN FICHTE (1796-1878), himself a voluminous writer upon philosophical and theological subjects.

INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE HUMAN RACE.

A philosophical picture of the Present Age is what we have promised in these lectures. But that view only can be called philosophical which refers back to the multiform phenomena that lie before us in experience to the unity of one common principle, and, on the other hand, from that one principle can deduce and completely explain these phenomena. The mere Em-

piricist who should undertake a description of the Age, would seize upon some of its most striking phenomena just as they present themselves to casual observation, and recount these, without having any assured conviction that he had understood them all, and without being able to point out any other connection between them than their co-existence in one and the same time. The Philosopher who should propose to himself the task of such a description, would, independently of all experience, seek out an Idea of the Age (which in its own form—as *Idea*—cannot be directly apparent in experience), and would exhibit, as the necessary phenomena of the Age, the form in which this Idea would come to manifest itself in experience; and in so doing he would distinctly exhaust the circle of these phenomena, and bring them forth in necessary connection with each other, through the common Idea which lay at the bottom of them all. The former would be the *Chronicler* of the age; the latter would have made a *History* of it a possible thing.

In the first place, if the Philosopher must deduce from the Unity of his presupposed principle all the possible phenomena of experience, it is obvious that in the fulfilment of this purpose he does not require the aid of experience; that in following it out he proceeds merely as a Philosopher, confining himself strictly within the limits which that character imposes upon him, paying no respect whatever to experience, and thus absolutely *à priori* to describe Time as a whole, and at all its possible Epochs. It is an entirely different question whether the *present time* be actually characterized by the phenomena that are deduced from the principle which he may lay down, and thus whether the Age so pictured by the speaker be really the present Age—should he maintain such a position, as we, for example, shall maintain it. On this part of the subject every man must consult for himself the experience of his life, and compare it with the history of the Past as well as his anticipations of the Future; for here the business of the Philosopher is at an end, and that of an Observer of the world and of men begins.

Every particular Epoch of Time—as we have already

hinted—is the fundamental Idea of a particular Age. These Epochs and fundamental Ideas of particular ages, however, can only be thoroughly understood by and through each other, and by means of their relations to Universal Time. Hence it is clear that the Philosopher, in order to be able rightly to characterize any individual Age, and, if he will, his own, must have *à priori* understood and thoroughly penetrated into the signification of Universal Time and all its possible Epochs. . . .

The life of Mankind *on this Earth* stands here in place of the *One Universal Life*, and *Earthly Time* in place of *Universal Time*. Strictly speaking, and in the highest speculation, Human Life on Earth, and Earthly Time itself, are but necessary Epochs of the *One Time* and of the *One Eternal Life*; and this Earthly Life, with all its subordinate divisions, may be deduced from the fundamental Idea of the *Eternal Life* already accessible to us here below. It is our present voluntary limitation alone which forbids us to undertake this strictly demonstrable deduction, and permits us here only to declare the fundamental Idea of this Earthly Life, requesting every hearer to bring this Idea to the test of his own sense of truth, and, if he can, to approve it thereby.

Life of *Mankind* on Earth, we have said, and Epochs of this Life. We speak here only of the progressive Life of the *Race*, not of the *Individual*. The Idea of a World-Plan is thus implied in our inquiry, which, however, I am not at this time to deduce from the absolute source indicated above, but only to point out. I say, therefore—and thus lay the foundation of our intended edifice—The End of the Life of Mankind on Earth is this: That in this Life they may order all their relations with *Freedom* according to *Reason*.

With *Freedom*, I have said; — their own Freedom—the Freedom of Mankind in their collective capacity—*as a Race*. And this Freedom is the first accessory condition of our fundamental principle which I intend at present to pursue, leaving the other conditions, which may likewise need explanation, until the subsequent lectures. This Freedom must become apparent in the collective consciousness of the Race; it must appear

there as the proper Freedom of the Race—as a true and real fact—the product of the Race during its Life, and proceeding from its Life, so that the absolute existence of the Race itself is necessarily implied in the existence of this fact and product thus attributed to it. If a certain person has done something, it is unquestionably implied in that fact that the person has been in existence prior to the deed, in order that he might form the resolution so to act, and also during the accomplishment of the deed, in order that he might carry his previous resolution into effect; and every one would accept the proof of *non-existence* at a particular time, as a proof of *non-activity* at the same time. In the same way—if Mankind, as a Race, has done something, and appeared as an actor in such a deed, this act must necessarily imply the existence of the Race at a time when the act had not yet been accomplished.

As an immediate consequence of this remark, the Life of Mankind upon our Earth divides itself, according to the fundamental Idea which we have laid down, into two principal Epochs or Ages:—the one in which the Race exists and lives without as yet having ordered its relations with *Freedom* according to *Reason*; and the other, in which this Voluntary and Reasonable arrangement has been actually accomplished.

To begin our farther inquiry with the first Epoch:—It does not follow, because the Race had not yet, *by its own free act*, ordered its relations according to Reason, that therefore these relations are not ordered by Reason; and hence the one assertion is by no means to be confounded with the other. It is possible that Reason of itself, by its own power, and without the co-operation of human Freedom, may have determined and ordered the relations of Mankind. And so it is in reality. Reason is the first law of the Life of a Race of Men, as of all Spiritual Life; and in this sense, and in no other, shall the word “Reason” be used in these lectures. Without the living activity of this law a Race of Men could never have come into existence; or, even if it could be supposed to have attained to being, it could not, without this activity, maintain its existence for a single moment. Hence, where Reason cannot as yet

work Freedom, as in the first Epoch, it acts as a law or power of Nature, and thus may be visibly present in consciousness and active there, only without insight into the grounds of its activity; or, in other words, may exist as mere Feeling—for so we call Consciousness without this insight. In short, to express this in common language:—Reason acts as *blind Instinct*, where it cannot as yet through Free Will. It acts thus in the first epoch of the Life of Mankind upon Earth; and this first Epoch is thereby more closely characterized and more strictly defined.

By means of the stricter definition of the first Epoch we are also enabled, by contrast, more strictly to define the second. Instinct is *blind*—a Consciousness without insight. Freedom, as the opposite of Instinct, is thus *seeing* and clearly conscious of the grounds of its activity. But the sole ground of this free activity is Reason. Freedom is thus conscious of Reason, of which Instinct was unconscious. Hence between the dominion of Reason through mere Instinct, and the dominion of the same Reason through Freedom, there arises an intermediate condition—the *Consciousness* or *Knowledge of Reason*.

But further:—Instinct as a blind impulse excludes Knowledge; hence the birth of Knowledge presupposes a liberation from the compulsive power of Instinct as already accomplished; and thus between the dominion of Reason as Instinct and that of Reason as Knowledge there is interposed a third condition—that of *Liberation from Reason as Instinct*.

But how could humanity free itself, or even wish to free itself, from that Instinct which is the law of its existence, and rules it with beloved and unobtrusive power? Or how could the *one* Reason which, while it speaks in Instinct, is likewise active in the impulse towards Freedom—how could this same Reason come into conflict and opposition with itself in human life? Clearly, not directly; and hence a new medium must intervene between the dominion of Reason as Instinct and the impulse to cast off that dominion.

This medium arises in the following way:—The results of Reason as Instinct are seized upon by the more

powerful individuals of the Race—in whom, on this very account, that Instinct speaks in its loudest and fullest tones, as the natural but precipitate desire to elevate the whole race to the level of their own greatness—or, rather, to put themselves in the room and place of the Race—and by them it is changed into an *external ruling Authority*, upheld through outward constraint; and then among other men Reason awakens in another form—as *the impulse toward Personal Freedom*, which, although it never opposes the mild rule of the inward Instinct which it loves, yet rises in rebellion against the pressure of a stranger Instinct which has usurped its rights, and in this awakening it breaks the chains—not of Reason as Instinct itself—but of the Instinct of foreign natures clothed in the garb of external power. And thus the change of the individual Instinct into a compulsive Authority becomes the medium between the dominion of Reason as Instinct, and the liberation from that dominion.

And finally, to complete this enumeration of the necessary divisions and Epochs of the Earthly Life of our Race:—We have said that through liberation from the dominion of Reason as *Instinct*, the *Knowledge* of Reason becomes possible. By the laws of this Knowledge, all the relations of Mankind must be ordered and directed *by their own free act*. But it is obvious that mere cognizance of the law, which is nevertheless all that Knowledge of itself can give us, is not sufficient for the attainment of this purpose, but that there is also needed a peculiar practical capacity, which can only be thoroughly acquired by use: in a word, *Art*. This Art of ordering the whole relations of Mankind according to that Reason which has already been scientifically comprehended—(for in this higher sense we shall always use the word “Art” when we employ it without explanatory remark)—this Art must be universally applied to all the relations of Mankind, and manifested therein, until the Race become a perfect image of its everlasting archetype in Reason:—and then shall the purpose of this Earthly Life be attained, its end become apparent, and Mankind enter upon the higher spheres of Eternity.—*Characteristics of the Present Age*. Translation of WILLIAM SMITH.



FIELD, EUGENE, an American poet and journalist, was born at St. Louis, Mo., September 2, 1850; and died at Chicago, Ill., November 4, 1895. He was a son of Judge Field of the Circuit Court of Missouri, who was widely known as counsel for the negro and his wife in the famous Dred Scott case. In early childhood Eugene lost his mother, and was sent, with his brother Roswell, to a cousin named Mary French, living at Amherst, Mass.; and during his minority his father also died. He studied at Williams College, at Knox College, and at the University of Missouri; and then went to Europe and spent his money in the purchase of rare and valuable books. Returning to America, he married, and was for some time co-editor of several papers in the larger cities of his native State. He first became generally known in 1881 as a humorous writer for the *Denver Tribune*; and later for his "Sharps and Flats" in the *Daily News*, now the *Record*, of Chicago. In the "Sharps and Flats" column first appeared the dialect poems and charming children's verses which have endeared him to the hearts of American and European readers; chief among them being his *Little Boy Blue*; *Intry-Mintry*; *Ganderfeather's Gift*; and *Wynken, Blynken, and Nod*. His separately published works are: *The Denver Tribune Primer* (1882); *A Model Primer* (1882); *Culture's Garland* (1887); *A Little*
(78)



EUGENE FIELD.



Book of Western Verse (1889); *A Little Book of Profitable Tales* (1889); *Echoes From the Sabine Farm* (1891); *With Trumpet and Drum* (1892); *Second Book of Verse* (1892). Several of these books were written in collaboration with his brother; and some were at first privately printed, and were not given to the general public until a year or two later than the dates here affixed. *The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac* was left unfinished, and was published after the author's death.

Eugene Field was widely known among literary people, and was universally beloved. He was above all things a lover of books; his library, collected with care, was large, and contained many rare volumes, bought at any price, whether he could afford it or not. His own literary work was carefully and conscientiously performed. His poems, which were widely copied, are all marked, as a writer in *White's National Biography* expresses it, "by daintiness and pathetic beauty, some of his child-poems being among the best in the language." "His prose," says another writer, "is filled with delicate sentiment and rare humor, which very often lies very close to tears." "His character," says the *Critic*, "was a strange combination of smiles and tears, and it was hard to tell which side was the more interesting. Underneath the laughter, though, there was always a current of seriousness, which would appear on the surface now and then at unexpected moments." Speaking of the love that existed between the children and the "children's poet," the Rev. Dr. Bristol made the following suggestion on the day

of Mr. Field's funeral: "Some day, out in God's Acre, where angels sing their 'Sleep, oh, sleep,' a monument shall mark the resting-place of our gentle poet; and let it be built, as was Daniel Defoe's in London, by the loving, grateful contributions of the children of the land."

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
 But sturdy and stanch he stands;
 And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
 And his musket moulds in his hands.
 Time was when the little toy dog was new
 And the soldier was passing fair,
 And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
 Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
 "And don't you make any noise!"
 So toddling off to his trundle-bed
 He dreamt of the pretty toys.
 And as he was dreaming, an angel song
 Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
 Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
 But the little toy friends are true.

Ah, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
 Each in the same old place,
 Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
 The smile of a little face.
 And they wonder, as waiting these long years through,
 In the dust of that little chair,
 What has become of our Little Boy Blue
 Since he kissed them and put them there.

THE LITTLE PEACH.

A little peach in the orchard grew—
 A little peach of emerald hue;
 Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew
 It grew.

One day, passing that orchard through,
 That little peach dawned on the view
 Of Johnny Jones and his sister Sue—
 Them two.

Up at that peach a club they threw—
 Down from the stem on which it grew
 Fell that peach of emerald hue.
 Mon Dieu !

John took a bite and Sue a chew,
 And then the trouble began to brew—
 Trouble the doctor couldn't subdue,
 Too true !

What of the peach of the emerald hue,
 Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew ?
 Ah, well, its mission on earth is through.
 Adieu.

DUTCH LULLABY.

Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night
 Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
 Sailed on a river of misty light
 Into a sea of dew.
 "Where are you going, and what do you wish ?"
 The old moon asked the three.
 "We have come to fish for the herring-fish
 That live in this beautiful sea ;
 Nets of silver and gold have we,"
 Said Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sung a song,
 As they rocked in the wooden shoe ;
 And the wind that sped them all night long
 Ruffled the waves of dew ;
 The little stars were the herring-fish
 That lived in the beautiful sea.
 "Now cast your nets wherever you wish,

But never afeard are we !”
 So cried the stars of the fishermen three,
 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
 For the fish in the twinkling foam,
 Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe
 Bringing the fishermen home ;
 'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
 As if it could not be ;
 And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
 Of sailing that beautiful sea ;
 But I shall name you the fishermen three :
 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
 And Nod is a little head,
 And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
 Is a wee one's trundle-bed ;
 So shut your eyes while mother sings
 Of wonderful sights that be,
 And you shall see the beautiful things
 As you rock on the misty sea,
 Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three—
 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.





FIELD, HENRY MARTYN, an American clergyman and journalist, born at Stockbridge, Mass., April 3, 1822, a son of David Dudley Field (1781-1867), who was for more than sixty years minister at Haddam, Conn., and at Stockbridge, Mass. Four of the sons of David Dudley Field have attained eminence: DAVID DUDLEY (1805-94), prominent as a lawyer and publicist; STEPHEN JOHNSON, born in 1816, a lawyer and jurist, after 1863 one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States; CYRUS WEST (1819-92), who had more than any other man to do with the success of the Atlantic telegraph. Henry M. Field studied at Williams College; in 1842 he became pastor of a church in St. Louis, and subsequently proprietor of the New York *Evangelist*. In 1875-76 he made a twelve months' tour around the world. Soon after his return he published an account of this journey in two volumes, entitled respectively: *From the Lakes of Killarney to the Golden Horn* and *From Egypt to Japan* (1876, 1877). He has also written *The Irish Confederates and the Rebellion of 1798* (1851); *Summer Pictures from Copenhagen to Venice* (1859); *History of the Atlantic Telegraph* (1866); *Among the Holy Hills* and *On the Desert* (1883); *Old Spain and New Spain* (1888); *Gibraltar* (1889); *Bright Skies and Dark Shadows* (1890), and *The Barbary Coast* (1892).

BLARNEY CASTLE, IRELAND.

What shall be said of the first sight of a ruin? Of course it was Blarney Castle, which is near Cork, and famous for its Blarney Stone. A lordly castle indeed it must have been in the days of its pride, as it still towers up a hundred feet and more, and its walls are eight or ten feet thick; so that it would have lasted for ages if Cromwell had not knocked some ugly holes through it a little more than two hundred years ago. But still the tower is beautiful, being covered to the very top with ivy, which in England is the great beautifier of whatever is old, clinging to the mouldering wall, covering up the huge rents and gaps made by the cannonballs, and making the most unsightly ruins lovely in their decay. We all climbed to the top, where hangs in air, fastened by iron clamps in its place, the famous Blarney Stone, which is said to impart to whoever kisses it the gift of eloquence which will make one successful in love and in life. As it was, only one pressed forward to snatch this prize which is held out to our embrace. . . .

Before leaving this old castle—as we shall have many more to see hereafter—let me say a word about castles in general. They are well enough *as ruins*, and certainly, as they are scattered about Ireland and England, they add much to the picturesqueness of the landscapes, and will always possess a romantic interest. But viewed in the sober light of history they are monuments of an age of barbarism, when the country was divided among a hundred chiefs, each of whom had his stronghold, out of which he could sally to attack his less powerful neighbors. Everything in the construction—the huge walls, with narrow slits for windows through which the archers could pour arrows, or in later times the musketeers could shower balls on their enemies; the deep moat surrounding it; the drawbridge and portcullis—all speak of a time of universal insecurity, when danger was abroad, and every man had to be armed against his fellow. As a place of habitation, such a fortress was not much better than a prison.





LIFE IN THE DESERT.
Painting by E. Bracht.

The chieftain shut himself in behind massive walls, under huge arches where the sun could never penetrate, where all was dark and gloomy as a sepulchre. I know of a cottage in New England, on the crest of one of the Berkshire Hills, open on every side to light and air, kissed by the rising and the setting sun, in which there is a hundred times more of real comfort than could have been in one of these old castles, where a haughty baron passed his existence in gloomy grandeur, buried in sepulchral gloom.

And to what darker purposes were these castles sometimes applied ! Let one go down into the passages underneath, dark, damp, and cold as the grave, in which prisoners and captives were buried alive. One cannot grope his way into these foul subterranean dungeons without feeling that these old castles are the monuments of savage tyrants ; that if these walls could speak they would tell many a tale, not of knightly chivalry, but of barbarous cruelty that would curdle the blood with horror. These things take away somewhat of the charm which Walter Scott has thrown about those old "gallant knights," who were often no better than robber chiefs ; and I am glad that Cromwell with his cannon battered their strongholds about their ears. Let those relics remain, covered with ivy, and picturesque as ruins, but let it never be forgotten that they are the fallen monuments of an age of barbarism, of terror, and of cruelty.—*From Killarney to the Golden Horn.*

IN THE DESERT.

And now we are approaching the border line between Asia and Africa. It is an invisible line ; no snow-capped mountains divide the mighty continents which were the seats of the most ancient civilization ; no sea flows between them. The Red Sea terminates over seventy miles from the Mediterranean ; even the Suez Canal does not divide Asia and Africa, for it is wholly in Egypt. Nothing marks where Africa ends and Asia begins but a line in the desert, covered by drifting sands. And yet there is something which strangely touches the imagination as we move forward in the twilight,

with the sun behind us setting over Africa, and before us the black night coming on over the whole continent of Asia.

But what can one say of the desert? The subject seems as barren as its own sands. *Life* in the desert? There is no life; it is the very realm of death, where not a blade of grass grows, nor even an insect's wing flutters over the mighty desolation; the only objects in motion the clouds that flit across the sky, and cast their shadows on the barren waste below; and the only sign that man has ever passed over it, the bleaching bones that mark the track of caravans. But as we look, behold "a wind cometh out of the North," and stirring the loose sand, whirls it into a column which moves swiftly toward us like a ghost, as if it said, "I am the Spirit of the Desert! Man, wherefore comest thou here? Pass on! If thou invadest long my realm of solitude and silence, I will make thy grave!"

We shall not linger; but only "tarry for a night," to question a little the mystery that lies hidden beneath these drifting sands. We look again, and we see shadowy forms coming out of the whirlwind—great actors in history, as well as figures of the imagination. The horizon is filled with moving caravans and marching armies. Ancient conquerors pass this way for centuries from Asia into Africa, and back again—the wave of conquest flowing and reflowing from the valley of the Tigris to the valley of the Nile. As we leave the Land of Goshen we hear behind us the tramp of the Israelites beginning their march; and as the night closes in, we see in another quarter of the horizon the Wise Men of the East coming from Arabia, following their guiding star, which leads them to Bethlehem, where Christ was born. And so the desert which was dead becomes alive; a whole living world starts up from the sands, and glides into view, appearing suddenly like Arab horsemen, and then vanishing as if it had not been, and leaving no hole in the sands any more than is left by a wreck that sinks in the ocean. But like the sea it has its passing life, which has a deep human interest. And not only is there a life of the desert, but a literature which is the expression of that

life ; a history and a poetry which take their color from these peculiar forms of nature ; and even a music of the desert, sung by the camel-drivers to the slow movement of the caravan, its plaintive cadence keeping time to the tinkling of the bells. . . .

A *habitat* so peculiar as the desert must produce a life as peculiar. It is of necessity a lonely life. The dweller in tents is a solitary man without any fixed ties or local habitation. Whoever lives in the desert must live alone, or with few companions, for there is nothing to support existence. It must also be a nomadic life. If the Arab camps with his flocks and herds in some green spot beside a spring, yet it is only for a few days, for in that time his sheep and cattle have consumed the scanty herbage, and he must move on to some new resting-place. Thus the life of the desert is a life always in motion. The desert has no settled population, no towns or villages, where men are born, and grow up, and live and die. Its only "inhabitants" are the "strangers and pilgrims," that come alone or in caravans, and pitch their tents, and tarry for a night, and are gone.—*From Egypt to Japan.*





FIELD, KATE, an American journalist, born in St. Louis about 1840; died at Honolulu, Island of Hawaii, May 19, 1896. She was educated in Massachusetts and in Europe, and became a foreign correspondent of the *New York Tribune* and several other papers. She was an industrious writer for magazines, a public reader, a lecturer, an actress, an editor, and a publisher. In 1874 she appeared upon the stage in New York in the character of *Peg Woffington*. She established *Kate Field's Washington*, a weekly paper, at Washington, in 1889. She was the author of *Planchette's Diary* (1868); *Haphazard* (1873); *Ten Days in Spain* (1875), and *History of Bell's Telephone* (1878).

One of her warmest personal friends, Jeannette Gilder, editor of *The Critic*, says: "It was as a newspaper correspondent that Miss Field shone to best advantage. She had a quick observation, a keen sense of humor and a facile pen. In the early days of her career there was no more popular newspaper writer in America. But toward the end she got worn out; she had worked too hard, and things had not gone well with her. The old snap and spirit were missing. But she worked on with as much energy as when she was young and strong." Her best writings, perhaps, are those describing incidents of travel abroad.

A RETURNED OFFICER.

A few miles west of Saragossa we changed our train, the Blinker appearing with his carpet-bag, intensely disgusted that all the beggars were still asleep—a criminal offence, which obliged him to be his own porter. Again I was the sole occupant of a dirty compartment that consoled me for not being pecuniarily interested in Spanish railroads. Again I gazed upon sunburnt desolation, and when we stopped at a station, situated in the middle of nothing, there was a tumultuous appearance of nobody that made me tremble for dividends. However, I did see an officer get out at an impossible place, and be received by the entire population, consisting of four women, six men, and a boy. His wife threw her arms about his neck, laughing with all the joy of her impulsive heart, the little boy clung to his father's legs and screamed in Spanish, the father's father felt of his son to see whether he really had come back in one piece, while three women and five men slapped the hero on his back and shouted a hearty welcome. I may be mistaken about the relations existing between these happy people, but if they were not as I imagine, they ought to have been.—*Ten Days in Spain.*

AT BAYONNE.

The Consular Agent would be back directly; would I wait? Sitting beneath the widespread wings of the American Eagle, I overheard a conversation between an elderly Englishman and a Frenchman. The Englishman was a journalist. "I'm here in the interest of my paper," he observed, "but I'm not to be lured into Spain. 'If you want your head to remain on your shoulders, you'll keep out of Spain,' said the English Consul, and he's about right. Those Spaniards are always cutting and slashing one another. They never can be quiet. A good-for-nothing lot! Why, they are worse than the French!" This was truly British, and the decorous silence that followed was truly French. I envied the journal that possessed a correspondent whose courage was only equalled by his courtesy. At the close of this

remark, the Consular Agent appeared upon the scene of inaction. Would he give me a passport? No, he wouldn't, for the excellent reason that he couldn't. Only ministers could issue passports. Moreover, I had no need of a passport. I was a woman. It was satisfactory to be assured of my sex; nevertheless, in case of trouble, I wanted a certificate of American citizenship. Would the Consular Agent put that important fact down in writing, and stamp it with the seal of my country? The American Eagle almost flapped his wings and shrieked "E Pluribus Unum!" in his desire to protect me from Legitimist brigands. More suspicious, the Consular Agent, who did not speak English, and could not tell an American by the horrible nasal twang which, according to Englishmen, is peculiar to this country (but which I know prevails in several English counties), looked at me, studied my letter of credit, and then good-naturedly complied with my request.

The Englishman who would not risk his precious life in Spain opened his mouth and eyes, and an elderly Frenchman followed me down stairs, making a profound bow as I entered the carriage. I was a heroine on such small capital as to be ashamed of myself. I began to feel as though I was drawing a hundred dollars' interest on an investment of fifty cents; nor did the banker modify this sensation, for it required twenty minutes to make him see that a woman could go to Spain. After seeing it, he entered into my plans with enthusiasm. Money? That, of course. Courier I must have, and he could secure one. In five minutes a telegram sped to Biarritz for the purpose of securing a man Friday. I shuddered at the thought, for couriers are—couriers; but I did not dare fly in the face of public opinion, especially in the face of a genial banker who spoke English like a native, and took as much interest in my trip as though he had known me for years. Anything he could do for me he would, and I must write to him if I fell among thieves. I left Bayonne feeling the richer by one new friend.—*Ten Days in Spain.*



FIELDING, HENRY, an English novelist, dramatist, and essayist, born at Sharpham Park, near Glastonbury, Somersetshire, April 22, 1707; died at Lisbon, October 8, 1754. He was of an ancient family which could trace its descent from the same stock as the Imperial house of Hapsburg. After distinguishing himself at Eton, he was sent to the University of Leyden; but he led so expensive a life that his not over-rich father was obliged to recall him in his twentieth year. His father promised him an allowance of £200 a year, "which," said Fielding, "anybody might pay who would." He took up his residence in London, and began writing for the stage, his first comedy, *Love in Several Masks*, being produced while he was yet a minor. In his twenty-seventh year he married Miss Craddock, who had a fortune of only £1,500. He retired to a small estate worth about £200 a year which he had inherited from his mother, resolving to amend his loose way of life. He gave up writing for the stage, and applied himself closely to literary studies. But his income was insufficient for his profuse expenses, and in three years he fell into bankruptcy. He went back to London, entered himself as a student at the Inner Temple, and in due time was called to the bar. But repeated attacks of gout prevented him from travelling the circuit, and compelled him to fall back to his pen for

support. He wrote comedies and farces for the theatre ; essays, poems, and squibs for periodicals, and even produced an elaborate treatise on *Crown Law*. The entire number of his dramatic pieces was about thirty ; but the only ones which have kept the stage are his burlesque *Tom Thumb the Great*, produced at twenty-three, and *The Miser* (an adaptation from the French), three years later. Among the poems of Fielding the following is about the only one worth reproducing :

THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

Genteel in personage,
 Conduct and equipage ;
 Noble by heritage,
 Generous and free ;
 Brave, not romantic ;
 Learned, not pedantic ;
 Frolic, not frantic—
 This must he be.

Honor maintaining,
 Meanness disdaining,
 Still entertaining,
 Engaging and new ;
 Neat, but not finical ;
 Sage, but not cynical ;
 Never tyrannical—
 But ever true.

Fielding did not discover wherein his true strength lay until he had reached the age of thirty-four, when (in 1742) appeared his first novel, *Joseph Andrews*, which was begun as a burlesque upon Richardson's *Pamela*, but which grew into something of a far higher order. Shortly after the publication of this novel his wife died. He

was sincerely attached to her, and mourned her deeply · but in a few months he consoled himself by marrying her maid. In 1743 he put forth three volumes of *Miscellanies*, including the *Journey from This World to the Next*, and soon after the great prose satire, *The History of Jonathan Wild*. In 1749 appeared the second of his novels, and the best of all, *Tom Jones, or the History of a Foundling*, which some have styled “ the greatest of all compositions of its class.” He had by his pen done good service to the Whig party of his day, and in 1749, when his constitution had completely broken down, he received the appointment of Acting Magistrate for Westminster. The emoluments of this office were small; and the duties, which were not onerous, seem to have been performed with great ability. In 1752 was published his third novel, *The History of Amelia*, in which he attempts to portray the virtues of his first wife and the reckless conduct of his own early years. His health gave way wholly; dropsy, with which he had long been troubled, assumed an aggravated form; he was induced to make a voyage to Portugal, in the hope of being benefited by a milder climate. He sailed in the summer of 1754, but died in two months after reaching Lisbon. Few authors have been so warmly praised by famous critics as Fielding has been. Perhaps the most genial of all of these eulogies is pronounced by Thackeray in his *English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century*.

During his voyage to Lisbon Fielding kept a journal, which, though he was suffering the ut-

most pain, and was obliged to be continually tapped, shows that his intellect was as vigorous and his affections as warm as they had ever been.

PARTING WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.

Wednesday, June 26, 1754.—On this day the most melancholy sun I had ever beheld arose, and found me awake at my house at Fordhook. By the light of this sun I was, in my own opinion, last to behold and take leave of some of those creatures on whom I doted with a motherlike fondness, guided by nature and passion, and uncured and unhardened by all the doctrine of that philosophical school where I had learned to bear pains and despise death. In this situation, as I could not conquer nature, I submitted entirely to her, and she made as great a fool of me as she had ever done of any woman whatsoever; under pretence of giving me leave to enjoy, she drew me into suffering the company of my little ones during eight hours; and I doubt whether in that time I did not undergo more than in all my distemper. At twelve precisely my coach was at the door, which was no sooner told me than I kissed my children round, and went into it with some little resolution. My wife, who behaved more like a heroine and philosopher, though at the same time the tenderest mother in the world, and my eldest daughter, followed me; some friends went with us, and others here took their leave; and I heard my behavior applauded, with many murmurs and praises to which I well knew I had no title; as all other such philosophers may, if they have any modesty, confess on the like occasions.—*Journal of Voyage to Lisbon.*

MR. PARTRIDGE SEES GARRICK IN "HAMLET."

In the first row, then, of the first gallery did Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miller, her youngest daughter, and Partridge take their places. Partridge immediately declared it was the finest place he had ever been in. When the first music was played, he said: "It was a wonder how so many fiddlers could play at one time

without putting one another out." While the fellow was lighting the upper candles, he cried out to Mrs. Miller : "Look, look, madame ; the very picture of the man in the end of the common-prayer book, before the gunpowder treason service." Nor could he help observing, with a sigh, when all the candles were lighted : "That here were candles enough burnt in one night to keep an honest poor family for a whole twelvemonth."

As soon as the play, which was *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, began, Partridge was all attention, nor did he break silence till the entrance of the Ghost ; upon which he asked Jones : "What man that was in the strange dress ; something," said he, "like what I have seen in a picture. Sure it is not armor, is it ?" Jones answered : "That is the Ghost." To which Partridge replied, with a smile : "Persuade me to that, sir, if you can. Though I can't say I ever exactly saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain I should know one if I saw him better than that comes to. No, no, sir ; ghosts don't appear in such dresses as that, neither."

In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighborhood of Partridge, he was suffered to continue till the scene between the Ghost and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr. Garrick which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a trembling that his knees knocked against each other. Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior upon the stage. "O la ! sir," said he, "I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of anything, for I know it is but a play ; and if it was really a ghost, it could do one no harm at such a distance, and in so much company ; and yet if I was frightened, I am not the only person." "Why, who," cries Jones, "dost thou take to be such a coward here beside thyself ?" "Nay, you may call me a coward if you will ; but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life. Ay, ay ; go along with you ! Ay, to be sure ! Who's fool, then ? Will you ? Lud have mercy upon such foolhardiness ! Whatever happens, it is good enough for you. Follow you ! I'd follow the devil as soon. Nay, perhaps it is the devil—for they say he can put on what

likeness he pleases. Oh ! here he is again. No further ! No, you have gone far enough already ; further than I'd have gone for all the king's dominions." Jones offered to speak, but Partridge cried : "Hush, hush, dear sir ; don't you hear him ?" And during the whole speech of the Ghost, he sat with his eyes fixed partly on the Ghost, and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open ; the same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet succeeding likewise in him.

When the scene was over, Jones said : "Why, Partridge, you exceed my expectations. You enjoy the play more than I conceived possible." "Nay, sir," answered Partridge, "if you are not afraid of the devil, I can't help it ; but, to be sure, it is natural to be surprised at such things, though I know there is nothing in them : not that it was the ghost that surprised me, neither ; for I should have known that to have been only a man in a strange dress ; but when I saw the little man so frightened himself, it was that which took hold of me."

"And dost thou imagine then, Partridge," cries Jones, "that he was really frightened?" "Nay, sir," said Partridge, "did not you yourself observe afterward, when he found it was his own father's spirit, and how he was murdered in the garden, how his fear forsook him by degrees, and he was struck dumb with sorrow, as it were, just as I should have been had it been my own case. But hush ! Ola ! what noise is that ? There he is again. Well, to be certain, though I know there is nothing at all in it, I am glad I am not down yonder where those men are." Then turning his eyes again upon Hamlet : "Ay, you may draw your sword ; what signifies a sword against the power of the devil ?"

During the second act, Partridge made very few remarks. He greatly admired the fineness of the dresses ; nor could he help observing upon the King's countenance. "Well," said he, "how people may be deceived by faces ! *Nulla fides fronti* is, I find, a true saying. Who would think, by looking in the King's face, that he had ever committed a murder ?" He then inquired after the Ghost ; but Jones, who intended he should be surprised, gave him no other satisfaction than "that he

might possibly see him again soon, and in a flash of fire."

Partridge sat in fearful expectation of this ; and now, when the Ghost made his next appearance, Partridge cried out : "There, sir, now ; what say you now ? is he frightened now or no ? As much frightened as you think me, and, to be sure, nobody can help some fears, I would not be in so bad a condition as—what's his name ? 'Squire Hamlet—is there, for all the world. Bless me ! what's become of the spirit ? As I am a living soul, I thought I saw him sink into the earth." "Indeed you saw right," answered Jones. "Well, well," cries Partridge, "I know it is only a play ; and besides, if there was anything in all this, Madam Miller would not laugh so ; for, as to you, sir, you would not be afraid, I believe, if the devil was here in person. There, there ; ay, no wonder you are in such a passion ; shake the vile, wicked wretch to pieces. If she was my own mother, I should serve her so. To be sure all duty to a mother is forfeited by such wicked doings. Ay, go about your business ; I hate the sight of you."

Our critic was now pretty silent till the play which Hamlet introduces before the King. This he did not at first understand, till Jones explained it to him ; but he no sooner entered into the spirit of it than he began to bless himself that he had never committed murder. Then turning to Mrs. Miller, he asked her : "If she did not imagine the King looked as if he was touched ; though he is," said he, "a good actor, and doth all he can to hide it. Well, I would not have so much to answer for as that wicked man there hath, to sit upon a much higher chair than he sits upon. No wonder he ran away ; for your sake I'll never trust an innocent face again."

The grave-digging scene next engaged the attention of Partridge, who expressed much surprise at the number of skulls thrown upon the stage. To which Jones answered : "That it was one of the most famous burial places about town." "No wonder, then," cries Partridge, "that the place is haunted. But I never saw in my life a worse grave-digger. I had a sexton when I was clerk that should have dug three graves while he is

digging one. The fellow handles a spade as if it was the first time he had ever had one in his hand. Ay, ay, you may sing. You had rather sing than work, I believe." Upon Hamlet's taking up the skull, he cried out: "Well! it is strange to see how fearless some men are: I never could bring myself to touch anything belonging to a dead man on any account. He seemed frightened enough, too, at the ghost, I thought. *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.*"

Little more worth remembering occurred at the play; at the end of which Jones asked him which of the players he had liked best. To this he answered, with some appearance of indignation at the question: "The King, without doubt." "Indeed, Mr. Partridge," says Mrs. Miller, "you are not of the same opinion with the town; for they are all agreed that Hamlet is acted by the best player who ever was on the stage."

"He the best player!" cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer; "why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you call it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, Lord help me! any man—that is, any good man—that had such a mother would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me; but, indeed, madam, though I was never at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country: and the King for my money; he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other. Anybody may see he is an actor."—*Tom Jones.*





FIELDS, JAMES THOMAS, an American publisher and poet, born at Portsmouth, N. H., December 31, 1817; died in Boston, April 26, 1881. He was educated at the High School in his native town. At the age of seventeen he went to Boston, and was employed in a bookstore. A year after, he delivered the anniversary poem before the Boston Mercantile Library Association, the oration being delivered by Edward Everett. He had barely reached his majority when he became a partner in the house in which he was employed, the title of which in 1844 became Ticknor & Fields, and in 1864 Fields, Osgood & Co. In 1870 he withdrew from the business, and devoted himself to lecturing and other literary occupations. Among the important enterprises in which Mr. Fields was personally engaged was a Complete Collection of the Works of De Quincey, in twenty volumes, completed in 1858. In 1860 the *Atlantic Monthly*, which had been established several years, passed into the hands of Ticknor & Fields, Mr. Fields for some time acting as Editor. He visited Europe several times, and was personally intimate with nearly every prominent American and English author. His published writings are not numerous. They include three small volumes of *Poems* (1849, 1854, 1858); *Yesterdays with Authors* (1871), and *Underbrush* (1877).

BALLAD OF THE TEMPEST.

We were crowded in the cabin, not a soul would dare
to sleep ;
It was midnight on the waters, and a storm was on the
deep.
'Tis a fearful thing in Winter to be shattered by the
blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet thunder, "Cut away
the mast !"
So we shuddered there in silence, for the stoutest held
his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring, and the breakers
talked of Death.

As thus we sat in darkness, each one busy in his
prayers,
"We are lost !" the captain shouted as he staggered
down the stairs.
But his little daughter whispered, as she took his icy
hand :
"Isn't God upon the ocean just the same as on the
land ?"
Then we kissed the little maiden, and we spoke in bet-
ter cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor when the moon was
shining clear.

THE LAST OF THACKERAY.

I parted with Thackeray for the last time in the
street, at midnight, a few months before his death.
The *Cornhill Magazine*, under his editorship, having
proved a very great success, grand dinners were given
every month in honor of the new venture. We had
been sitting late at one of these festivals, and as it was
getting towards morning I thought it wise, as far as I
was concerned, to be moving homeward before the sun
rose. Seeing my intention to withdraw, he insisted on
driving me in his brougham to my lodgings. When we
reached the outside door of our host, Thackeray's ser-

want, seeing a stranger with his master, touched his hat, and asked where he should drive us. It was then between one and two o'clock—time certainly for all decent diners-out to be at rest. Thackeray put on one of his most quizzical expressions, and said to John, in answer to his question, "I think we will make a morning call on the Lord Bishop of London." John knew his master's quips and cranks too well to suppose he was in earnest, so I gave him my address, and we went on.

When we reached my lodgings the clocks were striking two, and the early morning air was raw and piercing. Opposing all my entreaties for leave-taking in the carriage, he insisted upon getting out on the sidewalk and escorting me up to my door, saying, with a mock-heroic protest to the heavens above us, that "It would be shameful for a full-blooded Britisher to leave an unprotected Yankee friend exposed to ruffians who prowl about the streets with an eye to plunder." Then giving me a gigantic embrace, he sang a verse of which he knew me to be very fond; and so vanished out of my sight the great-hearted author of *Pendennis* and *Vanity Fair*. But I think of him still as moving, in his own stately way, up and down the crowded thoroughfares of London, dropping in at the Garrick, or sitting at the window of the Athenæum Club, and watching the stupendous tide of life that is ever moving past in that wonderful city.

Thackeray was a *master* in every sense, having, as it were, in himself a double quantity of being. Robust humor and lofty sentiment alternated so strangely in him that sometimes he seemed like the natural son of Rabelais, and at others he rose up a very twin brother of the Stratford Seer. There was nothing in him amorphous and unconsidered. Whatever he chose to do was always perfectly done. There was a genuine Thackeray flavor in everything he was willing to say or to write. He detected with unerring skill the good or the vile wherever it existed. He had an unerring eye, a firm understanding, and abounding truth. "Two of his great master powers," said the chairman at a dinner given to him many years ago in Edinburgh, "are satire and sym-

pathy." George Brinley remarked that "he could not have painted Vanity Fair as he has, unless Eden had been shining in his inner eye." He had, indeed, an awful insight, with a world of solemn tenderness and simplicity in his composition. Those who heard the same voice that withered the memory of King George the Fourth repeat "The spacious firmament on high" have a recollection not easily to be blotted from the mind; and I have a kind of pity for all who were born so recently as not to have heard and understood Thackeray's *Lectures*. But they can read him, and I beg of them to try and appreciate the tenderer phase of his genius as well as the sarcastic one. He teaches many lessons to young men; and here is one of them, which I quote *memoriter* from *Barry Lyndon*: "Do you not, as a boy, remember waking of bright summer mornings and finding your mother looking over you? Had not the gaze of her loving eyes stolen into your senses long before you awoke, and cast over your slumbering spirit a sweet spell of peace, love, and fresh-springing joy?"

Thackeray was found dead in his bed on Christmas morning, 1863, and he probably died without pain. His mother and his daughters were sleeping under the same roof when he passed away alone. Dickens told me that, looking on him as he lay in his coffin, he wondered that the figure he had known in life as one of such a noble presence could seem so shrunken and wasted. But there had been years of sorrow, years of labor, years of pain, in that now exhausted life. It was his happiest Christmas morning when he heard the Voice calling him homeward to unbroken rest.—*Yesterdays with Authors*.

DIRGE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

Underneath the sod low-lying,
 Dark and drear,
 Sleepeth one who left, in dying,
 Sorrow here.

Yes, they're ever bending o'er her
 Eyes that weep;
 Forms, that to the cold grave bore her,
 Vigils keep.

When the summer moon is shining
 Soft and fair,
 Friends she loved in tears are twining
 Chaplets there.

Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,
 Throned above ;
 Souls like thine with God inherit
 Life and love.

IF I WERE A BOY AGAIN.

When we are no longer young we look back and see where we might have done better and learned more ; and the things we have neglected rise up and mortify us every day of our lives. May I enumerate some of the more important matters, large and small, that, if I were a boy again, I would be more particular about ?

I think I would learn to use my left hand just as freely as my right one, so that if anything happened to lame either of them the other would be all ready to write and handle things, just as if nothing had occurred. There is no reason in the world why both hands should not be educated alike. A little practice would render one set of fingers just as expert as the other ; and I have known people who never thought, when a thing was to be done, which particular hand ought to do it, but the hand nearest the object took hold of it, and did it. . . .

I would learn the art of using tools of various sorts. I think I would insist on learning some trade, even if I knew there would be no occasion to follow it when I grew up. What a pleasure it is in after life to be able to "make something," as the saying is !—to construct a neat box to hold one's pen and paper ; or a pretty cabinet for a sister's library ; or to frame a favorite engraving for a Christmas present to a dear, kind mother. What a loss not to know how to mend a chair that refuses to stand up strong only because it needs a few tacks and a bit of leather here and there ! Some of us cannot even drive a nail straight ; and should we attempt to saw off an obtrusive piece of wood, ten to one we should lose a finger in the operation. It is a pleasant

relaxation from books and study to work an hour every day in a tool-shop ; and my friend, the learned and lovable Professor Oliver Wendell Holmes, finds such a comfort in "mending things," when his active brain needs repose, that he sometimes breaks a piece of furniture on purpose that he may have the relief of putting it together again much better than it was before. He is as good a mechanic as he is a poet. . . .

I think I would ask permission, if I happened to be born in a city, to have the opportunity of passing all my vacations in the country, that I might learn the names of trees and flowers and birds. We are, as a people, sadly ignorant of all accurate rural knowledge. We *guess* at many country things, but we are *certain* of very few. It is inexcusable in a grown-up person, like my amiable neighbor Simpkins, who lives from May to November on a farm of sixty acres, in a beautiful wooded country, not to know a maple from a beech, or a bobolink from a cat-bird. He once handed me a bunch of pansies, and called them violets ; and on another occasion he mistook sweet-peas for geraniums. What right has a human being, while the air is full of bird-music, to be wholly ignorant of the performer's name ? When we go to the opera, we are fully posted with regard to all the principal singers ; and why should we know nothing of the owners of voices that far transcend the vocal powers of Jenny Lind and Christine Nilsson ? . . .

If I were a boy again, I would learn how to row a boat and handle a sail ; and, above all, how to become proof against sea-sickness. I would conquer *that* malady before I grew to be fifteen years old. It can be done, and ought to be done in youth ; for all of us are more or less inclined to visit foreign countries, either in the way of business or mental improvement—to say nothing of pleasure. Fight the sea-sick malady long enough, and it can be conquered at a very early age. Charles Dickens, seeing how ill his first voyage to America made him, resolved after he got back to England to go into a regular battle with the winds and waves ; and never left off crossing the British Channel, between Dover and Calais, in severe weather, until he was victor over his own stomach, and could sail securely

after that in storms that kept the ravens in their nests. "Where there's a will, there's a way," even out of ocean troubles; but it is well to begin early to assert supremacy over salt-water difficulties. . . .

If I were a boy again I would have a blank-book in which I could record, before going to bed, every day's events just as they happened to me personally. If I began by writing only two lines a day in my diary, I would start my little book, and faithfully put down what happened to interest me. On its pages I would note down the habits of birds and animals as I saw them; and if the horse fell ill, down should go the malady in my book; and what cured him should go there, too. If the cat or the dog showed any peculiar traits, they should all be chronicled in my diary; and nothing worth recording should escape me. . . .

If I were a boy again, one of the first things I would strive to do would be this: I would, as soon as possible, try hard to become acquainted with, and then deal honestly with *myself*; to study up my own deficiencies and capabilities: and I would begin early enough, before faults had time to become habits. I would seek out earnestly all the weak spots in my character, and then go to work speedily and mend them with better material. If I found that I was capable of some one thing in a special degree, I would ask counsel on that point of some judicious friend; and if advised to pursue it, I would devote myself to that particular matter, to the exclusion of much that is foolishly allowed in boyhood. . . .

If I were a boy again, I would school myself into a habit of *attention* oftener; I would let nothing come between me and the subject in hand. I would remember that an expert on the ice never tries to skate in two directions at once. One of our great mistakes while we are young is that we do not attend strictly to what we are about just then—at that particular moment. We do not bend our energies close enough to what we are doing or learning. We wander into a half-interest only, and so never acquire fully what is needful for us to become master of. The practice of being habitually attentive is one easily attained, if we begin early enough. I often hear grown-up people say, "I couldn't fix my attention

on the sermon or book, although I wished to do so." And the reason is that a *habit* of attention was never formed in youth. . . .

If I were a boy again, I would know more about the history of my own country than is usual, I am sorry to say, with young Americans. When in England I have always been impressed with the minute and accurate knowledge constantly observable in young English lads of average intelligence and culture concerning the history of Great Britain. They not only have a clear and available store of historical dates at hand for use on any occasion, but they have a wonderfully good idea of the policy of government adopted by all the prominent statesmen in different eras down to the present time. . . . If the history of any country is worth an earnest study, it is surely the history of our own land; and we cannot begin too early in our lives to master it fully and completely. What a confused notion of distinguished Americans a boy must have to reply, as one did not long ago when asked by his teacher, "Who was Washington Irving?" "A General in the Revolutionary War, Sir." . . .

If I were a boy again, I would strive to become a fearless person. I would cultivate *courage* as one of the highest achievements of life. "Nothing is so mild and gentle as courage, nothing is so cruel and vindictive as cowardice," says the wise author of a late essay on "Conduct." Too many of us nowadays are overcome by fancied lions in the way that have never existed out of our own brains. Nothing is so credulous as fear. Some weak-minded horses are forever looking around for white stones to shy at; and if we are hunting for terrors, they will be sure to turn up in some shape or other. We are too prone to borrow trouble, and anticipate evils that may never appear. "The fear of ill exceeds the ill we fear." Abraham Lincoln once said that he never crossed Fox River, no matter how high the stream was, "until he came to it." Dangers will arise in any career, but presence of mind will often conquer the worst of them. Be prepared for any fate, and there is no harm to be feared.

If I were a boy again, I would look on the cheerful

side of everything ; for everything, almost, has a cheerful side. Life is very much like a mirror ; if you smile upon it, it smiles back again on you ; but if you frown and look doubtful upon it, you will be sure to get a similar look in return. I once heard it said of a grumbling, unthankful person, "He would have made an uncommonly fine sour apple, if he had happened to be born in that station of life." Inner sunshine warms not only the heart of the owner, but all who come in contact with it. Indifference begets indifference. "Who shuts love out, in turn shall be shut out of love." . . .

If I were a boy again, I would demand of myself more *courtesy* towards my companions and friends. Indeed I would rigorously exact it of myself towards strangers as well. The smallest courtesies, interspersed along the rough roads of life, are like the little English sparrows now singing to us all winter long, and making that season of ice and snow more endurable to everybody. But I have talked long enough, and this shall be my parting paragraph : Instead of trying so hard to *be* happy, as if that were the sole purpose of life, I would, if I were a boy again, try still harder to *deserve* happiness.
—*Underbrush.*

AGASSIZ.

Once in the leafy prime of spring, when blossoms whitened every thorn,
I wandered through the Vale of Orbe, where Agassiz was born.
The birds in boyhood he had known went flitting through the air of May,
And happy songs he loved to hear made all the landscape gay.

I saw the streamlet from the hills run laughing through the valleys green ;
And, as I watched it run, I said, "This his dear eyes have seen !"
Far cliffs of ice his feet had climbed that day outspoke of him to me ;
The avalanches seemed to sound the name of Agassiz !

And standing on the mountain crag, where loosened
waters rush and foam,
I felt that, though on Cambridge side, he made that
spot my home.
And looking round me as I mused, I knew no pang of
fear or care,
Or homesick weariness, because once Agassiz stood
there.

I walked beneath no alien skies, no foreign heights I
came to tread ;
For everywhere I looked, I saw his grand, beloved head.
His smile was stamped on every tree ; the glacier shone
to gild his name ;
And every image in the lake reflected back his fame.

Great keeper of the magic keys that could unlock the
magic gates,
Where Science like a monarch stands, and sacred Knowl-
edge waits :—
Thine ashes rest on Auburn's banks : thy memory all
the world contains ;
For thou couldst bind in human love all hearts in golden
chains !
Thine was the heaven-born spell that sets our warm and
deep affections free :—
Who knew thee best must love thee best, and longest
mourn for thee !





FIGUEROA, FRANCISCO DE, a celebrated Spanish poet, born at Alcala de Henares about 1540; died there about 1620. He was a soldier by profession. Lope de Vega calls him "the Divine Figueroa." Cervantes makes him and his friend Garcilaso interlocutors in his pastoral poem *Galatea*. Of Figueroa, Mr. Ticknor says: "A gentleman and a soldier, whose few Castilian poems are still acknowledged in the more choice collections of his native literature, but who lived so long in Italy, and so studied its language, that he wrote Italian verse with purity, as well as Spanish." Just before his death he ordered that all of his poetical works should be burned; but a few copies escaped destruction.

ON THE DEATH OF GARCILASO.

O beauteous scion from the stateliest tree
That e'er in fertile mead or forest grew,
With freshest bloom adorned, and vigor new,
Glorious in form, and first in dignity!
The same fell tempest, which by Heaven's decree
Around thy parent stock resistless blew,
And far from Tejo fair its trunk o'erthrew,
In foreign clime has stripped the leaves from thee.
And the same pitying hand has from the spot
Of cheerless ruin raised ye to rejoice,
Where fruit immortal decks the withered stem.
I will not, like the vulgar, mourn your lot,
But with pure incense and exulting voice,
Praise your high worth, and consecrate your fame.

—*Translation of* HERBERT.



FIGUIER, LOUIS GUILLAUME, French scientific writer, born at Montpellier, February 15, 1819; died November 9, 1894. He studied medicine under his uncle, Pierre Oscar Figuiet, Professor of Chemistry in the School of Pharmacy in Montpellier, and, having taken his degree of M.D., went to Paris, in 1842, to continue his studies. Four years later he was appointed a professor in the School of Pharmacy in his native town. He afterward returned to Paris, became the scientific editor of *La Presse*, and contributed numerous articles to scientific journals. Among his works are *Exposition and History of the Principal Modern Scientific Discoveries* (1851-53); *History of the Wonders of Modern Times* (1859-60); *Lives of Illustrious Savants from Antiquity to the Nineteenth Century* (1866); *The World Before the Deluge* and *The Vegetable World* (1867); *The Ocean World* and *The Insect World* (1868); *Birds and Reptiles, The Mammalia, and Primitive Man* (1870); *The Human Race* (1872); *Recent Conquests of Science* (1885), and *The Mysteries of Science* (1887). Figuiet was the editor of *L'Année Scientifique et Industrielle*.

GLACIERS.

The fortunate spectator who could embrace with a bird's-eye view, or from the chariot of some adventurous aeronaut, the whole of the vast Alpine chain, from the shores of the Mediterranean to those of the Adriatic,

would behold nearly every shining and silent peak draped in a dazzling robe of ice, which falls over the vast body of each mountain like a kingly shroud, except when broken here and there by the sharp points of rocks too precipitous to retain the descending snows. Beneath, far beneath these towering crests, he would mark a labyrinth of narrow valleys, whose inner flanks are rude with furrows of ice, like the fringes or tatters of the silver mantle spread about the summit. He would perceive that these long furrows penetrate to the very heart of the fertile regions which the sons of men call their own. If he removed his gaze from the centre of the Alpine mass, secondary and less important chains, ramifying in every direction, would offer him the same spectacle on a smaller scale. And if his wandering glances descended lower still, he would observe that the ice and snows gradually disappear; that nature loses its savage and inhospitable aspect; that the contours of the soil grow rounder and more softened; and finally, that the smiling vegetation and fairy-like bloom of the plains replace the desolate monotonousness of the bleak fields of snow.

These rivers of solidified water, which in the Alps are found wherever the mountain-summits rise above the perpetual snow-line, and which descend into the valleys far below that boundary, perform no unimportant part in Nature's grand economy. On the awakening of Spring, Nature, too, awakes; the budding trees announce and prepare the laughing verdure of the woods; everywhere the gloom of Nature disappears before the genial influence of April. The glaciers alone respond not to the warm embraces of the sun, and the summer heats apparently play upon their impassive surfaces without producing any impression. But when we reflect that these long, motionless, frozen rivers descend unbrokenly from the region of eternal snows, we easily divine that their origin must be sought, no less than their sustenance, in the remote recesses of the mountain-summits. The glaciers are the advance-guards despatched from the inaccessible heights where reigns Eternal Winter; they are the emissaries of those powers of frost which clothe in snow and ice the supreme elevations.

The snow which falls on the loftier mountains never melts ; it preserves its condition of solidity upon all rocks whose temperature never rises above zero. The masses which are thus accumulated year after year, would eventually, one might say, threaten the very sky ; they would gather in ever-succeeding strata on the summits, and deprive the plains of the benefit of their waters if provident Nature had not guarded against so evil a result. And it guards against it by the formation of glaciers. A glacier is immovable only to the eye ; in reality it is endowed with a progressive motion. This motion is miraculously slow, and in this very slowness of progression rests the providential intention of the phenomenon. Little by little the glaciers advance into the valleys ; there they undergo the influence of the mild temperature of Spring and Summer ; they melt away at their base ; and in this manner create inexhaustible springs and innumerable water-courses. Ascend the bed of an Alpine torrent ; follow it up the course of the miry ravine which encloses it, and you will come upon a glacier. A glacier is, in fact, neither more nor less than a vast reservoir of congealed waters, which melt very slowly, and drag on their lingering way into the lower valleys, where they form a rapid stream, or broaden into a noble river. And if we would unveil the whole series of Nature's operations in this branch of her chemistry, we must add that, in the plains and the valleys, the heat of the sun, evaporating the water of brook and river, returns it to the atmosphere in the condition of vapor ; which, after awhile, descends again to earth in the form of snow, to be anew converted into ice, and then into vivifying springs ; accomplishing thus the most complete and marvellous circle of natural operations, a circle everlasting, which, like its Author, has neither beginning nor end.—*Earth and Sea.*



FILICAJA, VINCENZO DA, an Italian poet, born at Florence, December 30, 1642; died there, September 24, 1707. He was of a noble family and studied philosophy, jurisprudence, and theology, writing poetry only by way of relaxation. His early poems were of an amatory character, but the lady to whom he was attached died young, and he resolved thereafter to write only upon sacred or heroic themes. After the raising of the Turkish siege of Vienna by John Sobieski, in 1683, Filicaja celebrated the triumph of the Christian arms by six triumphal odes. His sonnet to Italy is esteemed the best in the Italian language.

“Filicaja’s sonnets,” writes Professor Marani of Trinity College, Dublin, “are singularly beautiful, rivalling Petrarch’s in style and versification; whilst, according to Muratori, the style and language of his ‘Canzones’ are lofty and inimitable. It is, however, admitted by every impartial critic that, although a highly poetical tone pervades the works of Filicaja, many of his compositions are disfigured by tropes and far-fetched expressions, partaking still of that wearisome flippancy unhappily introduced by Marini at the beginning of the seventeenth century.”

Macaulay pays this tribute to Filicaja: “Vincenzo da Filicaja was the greatest lyric poet of modern times.”

SONNET TO ITALY.

Italia, O Italia ! hapless thou
 Who didst the fatal gift of beauty gain,
 A dowry fraught with never-ending pain—
 A seal of sorrow stamped upon thy brow :
 O were thy bravery more, or less thy charms !
 Then should thy foes—they whom thy loveliness
 Now lures afar to conquer and possess—
 Adore thy beauty less, or dread thine arms !
 No longer then should hostile torrents pour
 Adown the Alps ; and Gallic troops be laved
 In the red waters of the Po no more ;
 Nor longer then, by foreign courage saved,
 Barbarian succor should thy sons implore—
 Vanquished or victors, still by Goths enslaved.
 —*Translation in U. S. Literary Gazette.*

THE SIEGE OF VIENNA.

How long, O Lord, shall vengeance sleep,
 And impious pride defy Thy rod ?
 How long Thy faithful servants weep,
 Scourged by the fierce barbaric host ?
 Where, where, of Thine almighty arm, O God,
 Where is the ancient boast ?
 While Tartar brands are drawn to steep
 Thy fairest plains in Christian gore,
 Why slumbers Thy devouring wrath,
 Nor sweeps the offender from Thy path ?
 And wilt Thou hear Thy sons deplore
 Thy temples rifled—shrines no more—
 Nor burst their galling chains asunder,
 And arm Thee with avenging thunder ?

See the black cloud on Austria lower,
 Big with terror, death and woe !
 Behold the wild barbarians pour
 In rushing torrents o'er the land !
 Lo ! host on host, the infidel foe
 Sweep along the Danube's strand,

And darkly serried spears the light of day o'erpower !

There the innumerable swords,
The banners of the East unite ;
All Asia girds her loins for fight :
The Don's barbaric lords,
Sarmatia's haughty hordes,
Warriors from Thrace, and many a swarthy file
Banded on Syria's plains or by the Nile.

Mark the tide of blood that flows
Within Vienna's proud imperial walls !
Beneath a thousand deadly blows,
Dismayed, enfeebled, sunk, subdued,
Austria's queen of cities falls.
Vain are her lofty ramparts to elude
The fatal triumph of her foes ;
Lo her earth-fast battlements
Quiver and shake ; hark to the thrilling cry
Of war that rends the sky,
The groans of death, the wild laments,
The sob of trembling innocents,
Of 'wildered matrons, pressing to their breast
All which they feared for most and loved the best !

Thine everlasting hand
Exalt, O Lord, that impious man may learn
How frail their armor to withstand
Thy power—the power of God supreme !
Let Thy consuming vengeance burn
The guilty nations with its beam !
Bind them in slavery's iron band,
Or as the scattered dust in summer flies
Chased by the raging blast of heaven
Before Thee be the Thracians driven ?
Let trophied columns by the Danube rise,
And bear the inscription to the skies :
" Warring against the Christian Jove in vain,
Here was the Ottoman Typhœus slain ! " . . .

If Destiny decree,
If fate's eternal leaves declare,
That Germany shall bend the knee

Before a Turkish despot's nod,
 And Italy the Moslem yoke shall bear,
 I bow in meek humility,
 And kiss the holy rod.

Conquer—if such Thy will—
 Conquer the Scythian, while he drains
 The noblest blood from Europe's veins,
 And Havoc drinks her fill :
 We yield Thee trembling homage still ;
 We rest in Thy command secure ;
 For Thou alone art just, and wise, and pure.

But shall I live to see the day
 When Tartar ploughs Germanic soil divide,
 And Arab herdsmen fearless stray,
 And watch their flocks along the Rhine,
 Where princely cities now o'erlook his tide ?
 The Danube's towers no longer shine,
 For hostile flame has given them to decay :
 Shall devastation wider spread
 Where the proud ramparts of Vienna swell,
 Shall solitary Echo dwell,
 And human footsteps cease to tread ?
 O God, avert the omen dread !
 If Heaven the sentence did record,
 Oh, let Thy mercy blot the fatal word !

Hark to the votive hymn resounding
 Through the temple's cloistered aisles !
 See, the sacred shrine surrounding,
 Perfumed clouds of incense rise !
 The Pontiff opes the stately piles
 Where many a buried treasure lies ;
 With liberal hand, rich, full, abounding,
 He pours abroad the gold of Rome ;
 He summons every Christian king
 Against the Moslem in to bring
 Their forces leagued for Christendom :
 The brave Teutonic nations come,
 And warlike Poles like thunderbolts descend,
 Moved by his voice their brethren to defend.

He stands upon the Esquiline,
And lifts to heaven his holy arm,
Like Moses, clothed in power divine
While faith and hope his strength sustain.
Merciful God! has prayer no charm
Thy rage to soothe, Thy love to gain?
The pious king of Judah's line
Beneath Thine anger lowly bended,
And Thou didst give him added years;
The Assyrian Nineveh shed tears
Of humbled pride when death impended,
And thus the fatal curse forefended:
And wilt Thou turn away Thy face
When Heaven's vicegerent seeks Thy grace?

Sacred fury fires my breast,
And fills my laboring soul.
Ye who hold the lance in rest,
And gird you for the holy wars,
On, on, like ocean waves to conquest roll,
Christ and the Cross your leading star!
Already He proclaims your prowess blest:
Sound the loud trump of victory!
Rush to the combat, soldiers of the Cross!
High let your banners triumphantly toss:
For the heathen shall perish, and songs of the free
Ring through the heavens in jubilee!
Why delay ye? Buckle on the sword and the targe,
And charge, victorious champions, charge!

—*Translation in U. S. Literary Gazette.*





FINLAY, GEORGE, a British historian, born at Faversham, Kent, December 21, 1799; died at Athens, Greece, January 26, 1875. At the age of twenty, while a student at Göttingen, he began to interest himself especially in the affairs of Greece. In 1823 he resolved to go there that he might judge for himself the likelihood of success for the uprising of the Greeks against the Turks. Arriving at Cephalonia in November, he had some intercourse with Lord Byron, who had already embarked in that enterprise. In 1829, when the independence of Greece had been secured, Mr. Finlay took up his residence in Attica; but the hopes which he had cherished of the regeneration of Hellas were not then realized; he lost all his fortune, which he had invested in an attempt to improve the agricultural condition of his adopted land. In the years ensuing he wrote several works relating to the later history of Greece. The principal of these are *The Hellenic Kingdom and the Greek Nation* (1836); *Greece under the Romans* (1844, second edition 1857); *The History of the Greek and Byzantine Empires* (1854); *The History of Greece under the Ottoman and Venetian Dominion* (1856), and *The History of the Greek Revolution* (1861). A new edition of *The History of the Byzantine and Greek Empires* was brought out in 1877.

THE VICISSITUDES OF NATIONS.

The vicissitudes which the great masses of the nations of the earth have undergone in past ages have hitherto received very little attention from historians, who have adorned their pages with the records of kings and the personal exploits of princes and great men, or attached their narrative to the fortunes of the dominant classes, without noticing the fate of the people. History, however, continually repeats the lesson that power, numbers, and the highest civilization of an aristocracy are, even when united, insufficient to insure national prosperity and establish the powers of the rulers on firm and permanent basis. On the other hand, it teaches us that conquered tribes, destitute of all these advantages, may continue to perpetuate their existence in misery and contempt. It is that portion only of mankind which eats bread raised from the soil by the sweat of its brow that can form the basis of a permanent national existence. The history of the Romans and of the Jews illustrates these facts. Yet even the cultivation of the soil cannot always insure a race from destruction, "for mutability is nature's bane." The Thracian race has disappeared. The great Celtic race has dwindled away, and seems hastening to complete absorption in the Anglo-Saxon. The Hellenic race, whose colonies extended from Marseilles to Bactria, and from the Cimmerian Bosphorus to the coast of Cyrenaica, has become extinct in many countries where it once formed the bulk of the population, as in Magna Græcia and Sicily. On the other hand, mixed races have arisen, and, like the Albanians and Wallachians, have intruded themselves into the ancient seats of the Hellenes. But these revolutions and changes in the population of the globe imply no degradation of mankind, as some writers appear to think, for the Romans and English afford examples that mixed races may attain as high a degree of physical power and mental superiority as has ever been reached by races of the purest blood in ancient or modern times.—*History of the Greek and Byzantine Empires,*



FINLEY, JOHN, an American poet, was born at Brownsburg, Rockbridge County, Va., January 11, 1797; died at Richmond, Ind., December 23, 1866. After receiving such an education as the common schools of his native county could afford him, he removed, upon the attainment of his majority, to Cincinnati; and five years later he pushed on into the State of Indiana, and settled at Richmond. Here he became prominent as a journalist and proprietor of the *Palladium*. He was for a time a member of the State Legislature, and enrolling clerk of the Senate. From 1838 until 1845 he was clerk of the county courts of Wayne County; and in 1852 he was elected Mayor of Richmond, which office he held until his death, fourteen years later. His *Hoosier's Nest and Other Poems*—that being the collective title of a volume containing his well-known *Bachelor's Hall* and other verses—was published at Cincinnati the year before the author's death.

BACHELOR'S HALL.

Bachelor's Hall? What a quare-looking place it is!
Kape me from sich all the days of my life!
Sure, but I think what a burnin' disgrace it is
Niver at all to be gettin' a wife.

See the old bachelor, gloomy and sad enough,
Placing his taykettle over the fire;

Soon it tips over—Saint Patrick ! he's mad enough
(If he were present) to fight with the Squire.

There like a hog in a mortar-bed wallowing,
Awkward enough, see him knading his dough ;
Troth ! if the bread he could ate widout swallowing,
How it would favor his palate, you know ?

His meal being over, the table's left setting so ;
Dishes, take care of yourselves if you can !
But hunger returns—then he's fuming and fretting so,
Och ! let him alone for a baste of a man.

Pots, dishes, pans, and such greasy commodities,
Ashes and prata-skins kiver the floor ;
His cupboard's a storehouse of comical oddities,
Sich as had niver been neighbors before.

Late in the night, then, he goes to bed shivering :
Niver the bit is the bed made at all !
He crapes, like a terrapin, under the kivering:—
Bad luck to the picter of Bachelor's Hall.





FIRDUSI (ABUL KASIM MANSUR), celebrated Persian epic poet, born at Shadab, near Tus, in Khorasan, about 940; died at Tus in 1020. He is said to have been the son of a gardener on the domain of the Governor of Tus. He was carefully educated in the Arabic language and literature, the Old Persian, and the history and traditions of his country. For many years he cultivated his poetical talents with success, and at length conceived the design of relating in an epic poem the history of the Persian kings. He began his work when he was thirty-six years old. When he was more than fifty he went to the Court of the Sultan Mahmud ibn Sabuktagin, drawn thither by the report that the monarch had directed the poets at his Court to write a poetical version of the deeds of the ancient kings. For some time Firdusi remained at the Court unnoticed; but at length one of his friends presented to Mahmud the poet's version of the battles of Rustem and Isfendiyar. The Sultan immediately appointed him to complete the *Shah-Nameh*, or *Book of the Kings*, gave him the name of Firdusi, or "Paradise," and commanded his treasurer to pay him a thousand pieces of gold for every thousand verses of the poem. The poet chose to wait until the work was complete, and receive the entire payment in a lump. The poem was at length com-

pleted in 60,000 verses. Mahmud professed himself delighted, and ordered payment to be made. But whether through the parsimony of the king, or the treachery of his treasurer, silver was substituted for gold; the poet saw his splendid reward dwindle to paltry wages. He was at the bath when the money was brought to him. In a transport of disappointment and rage, he immediately divided it into three equal parts, which he gave to the keeper of the bath, the seller of refreshments, and the slave who brought the money. "The Sultan shall know," said he, "that I did not bestow the labor of thirty years on a work to be rewarded with silver." On learning that his gift had been despised, Mahmud reproached the treasurer, who contrived to throw the blame on Firdusi, and so inflamed the Sultan's rage that he condemned the poet to be trampled to death by an elephant on the following morning. In anguish Firdusi hastened to the Sultan, and besought his pardon. It was reluctantly granted, but the outraged poet fled, first giving into the hands of the king's favorite a sealed paper containing a bitter satire on Mahmud. He first took refuge in Mazenderan, and afterward at Bagdad, where in honor of its Caliph, Al Kader Billah, he composed a thousand additional verses to the *Shah-Nameh*. He also wrote *Yusef and Zuleika*, a poem of 9,000 couplets. He at length returned to his native town, where it is said that he lived obscurely until his death.

The *Shah-Nameh* is regarded by the Orientals as an authority on the ancient history of Persia;

but there are in it no pretensions to true history, chronology being disregarded, and some of the kings represented as reigning for hundreds of years. It is held in as high estimation, in comparison with other Oriental poems, as are the works of Homer in comparison with other poems of the West. Hence, Firdusi has been called the Homer of the East. The principal hero is Rustem, the son of Zal and Rudabeh, who in his eighth year was as powerful as any hero of his time. His exploits in early youth, as recorded by Firdusi, were the marvel of the world. The story of Rustem and his son Sohrab is regarded as the finest episode of the *Shah-Naméh*.

While on a hunting excursion to Turan, Rustem, overcome with fatigue after a long day's chase, lay down and fell asleep. His horse, Rakush, left to browse near him, was captured by a band of Tartars and led away. On waking, Rustem traced his horse by his footprints to Samengan, a small kingdom on the border of Turan. The king of Samengan went forth to meet him, begged that the hero would become his guest, and promised that his horse should be restored to him. Rustem accepted the king's hospitality, and was entertained at a feast. In the night Rustem was awakened by a light shining across his eyes. On opening them he saw a beautiful girl attended by a female slave carrying a lamp. It was Tamineh, the king's daughter, who told him that the story of his wonderful deeds had captivated her heart, and that she had long before resolved to be the wife of no other man. Her

beauty and tenderness instantly won his love, and he sent for her father, and asked his consent to their marriage. It was given, and the marriage was solemnized.

Rustem could spend but a short time with his bride. On parting with her he gave her his golden bracelet, telling her that if their child should be a daughter, she might bind the bracelet in her hair, and if it should be a son, she might place it on his arm. Tamineh told him that it was she who had caused Rakush to be stolen, in order that she might obtain a horse of his famous breed. The horse was restored to Rustem, and he returned to his king, and said nothing of his marriage. In due time a son was born to Tamineh; but when her husband sent her a rich present, and a message in regard to the child, she so feared to lose it that she replied that it was a daughter.

She named the boy Sohrab, and spared no pains on his education. When he was ten years old she told him the name of his father, but cautioned him against revealing it on account of enemies. One day he asked her for a suitable war-horse, and found none that could carry him until he tried the foal of Rakush, which had been trained in the royal stables. He now announced his intention of going to war with Kaus, then King of Persia, and securing the kingdom for Rustem. On this, Afrasiyab, who had always borne Rustem malice for his former defeat, sent a message to Sohrab, telling him that Kaus was also his enemy, and asking to join him against the king. Sohrab accepted his offer, and Afrasiyab instructed Human

and Barman, the leaders of his Tartar auxiliaries, to prevent Rustem and Sohrab from recognizing each other, but to bring them together in battle, when Sohrab, being younger and stronger, would probably vanquish his father, and could then be slain by the followers of Afrasiyab, who would seize the kingdom for himself. Rustem was summoned by Kaus to drive out the invaders of Persia.

Sohrab, bent on discovering his father, questioned Hujir, but was deceived by him in regard to his father's tent and horse. Rustem, seeing the remarkable likeness of the young prince, only fourteen years of age, to his own grandfather, inquired anxiously about him; but, remembering Tamineh's assertion that their child was a daughter, put the thought of kinship aside, and went to meet Sohrab in single combat. The battle was fought on three successive days, with spears, swords, clubs, bows, and arrows, and finally by wrestling. Before every struggle, Sohrab, who instinctively loved Rustem, begged the champion to reveal his name. To the question, "Art thou not Rustem?" the champion replied, "I am the servant of Rustem." For two days the young hero had the advantage, but spared his adversary. On the third day, he was thrown by Rustem, who, fearing that he could not hold him, drove a dagger into his side, giving him a mortal wound. While dying, Sohrab revealed his identity to his father, who was overwhelmed with anguish at his deed. We give large space to an extract from the great Persian epic:

THE DEATH OF SOHRAB.

When the bright dawn proclaimed the rising day,
 The warriors armed, impatient of delay,
 But first Sohrab, his proud confederate nigh,
 Thus wistful spoke, as swelled the brooding sigh—
 “Now mark my great antagonist in arms!
 His noble form my filial bosom warms;
 My mother’s tokens shine conspicuous here,
 And all the proofs my heart demands appear;
 Sure this is Rustem, whom my eyes engage!
 Shall I, O grief! provoke my father’s rage?
 Offended nature then would curse my name,
 And shuddering nations echo with my shame.”

He ceased, then Human: “Vain, fantastic thought,
 Oft have I been where Persia’s champion fought,
 And thou hast heard what wonders he performed,
 When, in his prime, Mazinderan was stormed;
 That horse resembles Rustem’s, it is true,
 But not so strong nor beautiful to view.”

Sohrab now buckles on his war-attire,
 His heart all softness, and his brain all fire;
 Around his lips such smiles benignant played.
 He seemed to greet a friend, as thus he said:

“Here let us sit together on the plain,
 Here social sit, and from the fight refrain;
 Ask we from Heaven forgiveness for the past,
 And bind our souls in friendship that may last;
 Ours be the feast—let us be warm and free,
 For powerful instinct draws me still to thee;
 Fain would my heart in bland affection join,
 Then let thy generous ardor equal mine;
 And kindly say with whom I now contend—
 What name distinguished boasts my warrior-friend?
 Thy name unfit for champion brave to hide,
 Thy name so long, long sought, and still denied;
 Say, art thou Rustem whom I burn to know?
 Ingenuous say, and cease to be my foe!”

Sternly the mighty champion cried, “Away!—
 Hence with thy wiles—now practised to delay;
 The promised struggle, resolute I claim,

Then cease to move me to an act of shame."

Sohrab rejoined : " Old man ! thou wilt not hear
The words of prudence uttered in thine ear ;
Then, Heaven ! look on."

Preparing for the shock,
Each binds his charger to a neighboring rock ;
And girds his loins, and rubs his wrists, and tries
Their suppleness and force with angry eyes.
And now they meet—now rise, and now descend,
And strong and fierce their sinewy arms extend :
Wrestling with all their strength they grasp and strain,
And blood and sweat flow copious on the plain ;
Like raging elephants they furious close ;
Communal wounds are given, and wrenching blows.
Sohrab now clasps his hands, and forward springs
Impatiently and round the champion clings ;
Seizes his girdle belt, with powers to tear
The very earth asunder in despair.

Rustem, defeated, feels his nerves give way,
And thundering falls. Sohrab bestrides his prey :
Grim as the lion, prowling through the wood,
Upon a wild ass springs, and pants for blood.
His lifted hand had lopt the gory head,
But Rustem, quick, with crafty ardor said :
" One moment, hold ! what, are our laws unknown ?
A chief may fight until he is twice o'erthrown ;
The second fall his recreant blood is spilt,
These are our laws : avoid the menaced guilt."

Proud of his strength, and easily deceived,
The wondering youth the artful tale believed ;
Released his prey, and wild as wind or wave,
Neglecting all the prudence of the brave,
Turned from the place, nor once the strife renewed,
But bounded o'er the plain, and other cares pur-
sued,
As if all memory of the war had died,
All thoughts of him with whom his strength was
tried. . . .

When Rustem was released, in altered mood
He sought the coolness of the murmuring flood ;
There quenched his thirst and bathed his limbs, and
prayed,

Beseeching Heaven to yield its strengthening aid.
 His pious prayer indulgent Heaven approved,
 And growing strength through all his sinews moved ;
 Such as erewhile his towering structure knew,
 When his bold arm unconquered demons slew.
 Yet in his mien no confidence appeared,
 No ardent hope his wounded spirits cheered.

Again they met. A glow of youthful grace
 Diffused its radiance o'er the stripling's face,
 And when he saw in renovated guise
 The foe, so lately mastered ; with surprise,
 He cried : " What ! rescued from my power again
 Dost thou confront me on the battle plain ?
 Or dost thou, wearied, draw thy vital breath,
 And seek from warrior bold the shaft of death ?
 Truth has no charms for thee, old man ; even now,
 Some further cheat may lurk upon your brow ;
 Twice have I shown thee mercy, twice thy age
 Hath been thy safety—twice it soothed my rage."

Then mild the champion : " Youth is proud and
 vain !

The idle boast the warrior would disdain ;
 This aged arm perhaps may yet control
 The wanton fury that inflames thy soul."

Again, dismounting, each the other viewed
 With sullen glance, and swift the fight renewed ;
 Clinched front to front, again they tug and bend,
 Twist their broad limbs as every nerve would rend ;
 With rage convulsive Rustem grasps him round ;
 Bends his strong back, and hurls him to the ground ;
 Him who had deemed the triumph all his own ;
 But dubious of his power to keep him down,
 Like lightning quick he gives the deadly thrust,
 And spurns the stripling withering in the dust.

Thus as his blood that shining steel embrues,
 Thine too shall flow when destiny pursues :
 For when she marks the victim of her power,
 A thousand daggers speed the dying hour.
 Writhing with pain Sohrab in murmurs sighed—
 And thus to Rustem ; " Vaunt not in thy pride ;
 Upon myself this sorrow I have brought,
 Thou but the instrument of fate—which wrought

My downfall ; thou art guiltless—guiltless quite ;
 O had I seen my father in the fight,
 My glorious father ! Life will soon be o'er ;
 And his great deeds enchant my soul no more.
 Of him my mother gave the mark and sign,
 For him I sought, and what an end is mine !
 My only wish on earth, my only sigh,
 Him to behold, and with that wish I die,
 But hope not to elude his piercing sight,
 In vain for thee the deepest glooms of night.
 Couldst thou through ocean's depths for refuge fly,
 Or 'midst the star-beams track the upper sky !
 Rustem, with vengeance armed, will reach thee there,
 His soul the prey of anguish and despair."

An icy horror chills the champion's heart,
 His brain whirls round with agonizing smart ;
 O'er his wan cheek no gushing sorrows flow,
 Senseless he sinks beneath the weight of woe ;
 Relieved at length, with frenzied look, he cries :
 " Prove thou art mine, confirm my doubting eyes !
 For I am Rustem ! " Piercing was the groan,
 Which burst from his torn heart—as wild and lone,
 He gazed upon him. Dire amazement shook
 The dying youth, and mournful thus he spoke :

" If thou art Rustem, cruel is thy part,
 No warmth paternal seems to fill thy heart ;
 Else hadst thou known me when, with strong desire,
 I fondly claimed thee for my valiant sire ;
 Now from my body strip the shining mail,
 Untie these bands ere life and feeling fail ;
 And on my arm the direful proof behold !
 Thy sacred bracelet of refulgent gold !
 When the loud brazen drums were heard afar,
 And, echoing round, proclaimed the pending war,
 Whilst parting tears my mother's eyes o'erflowed,
 This mystic gift her bursting heart bestowed :
 ' Take this,' she said, ' thy father's token wear,
 And promised glory will reward thy care.'
 The hour is come, but fraught with bitterest woe
 We meet in blood to wail the fatal blow."

The loosened mail unfolds the bracelet bright,
 Unhappy gift ! to Rustem's 'wilder'd sight.

Prostrate he falls—"By my unnatural hand,
 My son, my son is slain—and from the land
 Uprooted." Frantic, in the dust, his hair
 He rends in agony and deep despair ;
 The western sun had disappeared in gloom,
 And still the champion wept his cruel doom ;
 His wondering legions marked the long delay,
 And, seeing Rakush riderless astray,
 The rumor quick to Persia's monarch spread,
 And there described the mighty Rustem dead.
 Kaus, alarmed, the fatal tidings hears ;
 His bosom quivers with increasing fears.
 "Speed, speed, and see what has befallen to-day
 To cause these groans and tears—what fatal fray !
 If he be lost, if breathless on the ground,
 And this young warrior with the conquest crowned,
 Then must I, humbled, from my kingdom torn,
 Wander like Jemshid, through the world forlorn."

The army, roused, rushed o'er the dusty plain,
 Urged by the monarch to revenge the slain ;
 Wild consternation saddened every face,
 Tus winged with horror sought the fatal place,
 And thus beheld the agonizing sight—
 The murderous end of that unnatural fight.
 Sohrab, still breathing, hears the shrill alarms,
 His gentle speech suspends the clang of arms :
 "My light of life now fluttering sinks in shade,
 Let vengeance sleep, and peaceful vows be made.
 Beseech the king to spare the Tartar host,
 For they are guiltless, all to them is lost ;
 I led them on, their souls with glory fired,
 While mad ambition all my thoughts inspired.
 In search of thee, the world before my eyes,
 War was my choice, and thou my sacred prize ;
 With thee, my sire ! in virtuous league combined,
 No tyrant king should persecute mankind.
 That hope is past, the storm has ceased to rave,
 My ripening honors wither in the grave ;
 Then let no vengeance on my comrades fall,
 Mine was the guilt, and mine the sorrow, all.
 How often have I sought thee—of my mind
 Figured thee to my sight—o'erjoyed to find

My mother's token ; disappointment came,
 When thou denied thy lineage and thy name ;
 Oh ! still o'er thee my soul impassioned hung,
 Still to my father fond affection clung !
 But fate, remorseless, all my hopes withstood,
 And stained thy reeking hand in kindred blood."

His faltering breath protracted speech denied ;
 Still from his eyelids flowed a gushing tide :
 Through Rustem's soul redoubled horror ran,
 Heart-rending thoughts subdued the mighty man.
 And now, at last, with joy-illumined eye,
 The Zabul bands their glorious chief descry ;
 But when they saw his pale and haggard look,
 Knew from what mournful cause he gazed and shook,
 With downcast mien they moaned and wept aloud ;
 While Rustem thus addressed the weeping crowd :
 "Here ends the war ! let gentle peace succeed
 Enough of death, I—I have done the deed !"

Then to his brother, groaning deep, he said :
 "O what a curse upon a parent's head !
 But go—and to the Tartar say—No more
 Let war between us steep the earth with gore."

Zuara flew, and wildly spoke his grief
 To crafty Human, the Turanian chief,
 Who, with dissembled sorrow, heard him tell
 The dismal tidings which he knew too well ;
 "And who," he said, "has caused these tears to flow ?
 Who, but Hujir ? He might have stayed the blow ;
 But when Sohrab his father's banners sought,
 He still denied that him the champion fought :
 He spread the ruin, he the secret knew,
 Hence should his crime receive the vengeance due !"

Zuara, frantic, breathed in Rustem's ear
 The treachery of the captive chief Hujir ;
 Whose headless trunk had weltered on the strand,
 But prayers and force withheld the lifted hand.
 Then to his dying son the champion turned,
 Remorse more deep within his bosom burned ;
 A burst of frenzy fired his thrilling brain ;
 He clinched his sword, but found his fury vain ;
 The Persian chiefs the desperate act repress,
 And tried to calm the tumult in his breast.

Thus Gudarz spoke : "Alas ! wert thou to give
Thyself a thousand wounds, and cease to live ;
What would it be to him thou sorrowest o'er ?
It would not save one pang—then weep no more ;
For if removed by death, O say, to whom
Has ever been vouchsafed a different doom ?
All are the prey of Death—the crowned, the low,
And man, through life, the victim still of woe."

Then Rustem : "Fly ! and to the king relate
The pressing horrors which involve my fate ;
And if the memory of my deeds e'er swayed
His mind, O supplicate his generous aid ;
A sovereign balm he has whose wondrous power
All wounds can heal and fleeting life restore ;
Swift from his tent his potent medicine bring."

But mark the malice of the brainless King !
Hard as the flinty rock he stern denies
The healthful draught, and gloomy thus replies :
"Can I forgive his foul and slanderous tongue ?
The sharp disdain on me contemptuous flung ?
Scorned 'midst my army by a shameless boy,
Who sought my throne, my sceptre to destroy !
Nothing but mischief from his heart can flow,
Is it then wise to cherish such a foe ?
The fool who warms his enemy to life,
Only prepares for scenes of future strife."

Gudarz, returning, told the hopeless tale—
And thinking Rustem's presence might prevail,
The champion rose, but ere he reached the throne,
Sohrab had breathed the last expiring groan.

Now keener anguish racked the father's mind,
Reft of his son, a murderer of his kind ;
His guilty sword distained with filial gore ;
He beat his burning breast, his hair he tore ;
The breathless corse before his shuddering view.
A shower of ashes o'er his head he threw ;
"In my old age," he cried, "what have I done ?
Why have I slain my son, my innocent son ?
Why o'er his splendid dawning did I roll
The clouds of death, and plunge my burning soul
In agony ? My son ! from heroes sprung ;
Better these hands were from my body wrung ;

And solitude and darkness, deep and drear,
Fold me from sight than hated linger here.
But when his mother hears with horror wild,
That I have shed the life-blood of her child,
So nobly brave, so dearly loved, in vain,
How can her heart that rending shock sustain ?”

Now on a bier the Persian warriors place
The breathless youth, and shade his pallid face ;
And turning from that fatal field away,
Move toward the champion's home in long array.
Then Rustem, sick of martial pomp and show,
Himself the spring of all this scene of woe,
Doomed to the flames the pageantry he loved,
Shield, spear, and mace, so oft in battle proved ;
Now lost to all, encompassed by despair ;
His bright pavilion crackling blazed in air ;
The sparkling throne the ascending column fed ;
In smoking fragments fell the golden bed ;
The raging fire red glimmering died away,
And all the warrior's pride in dust and ashes lay.

—*Translation of J. ATKINSON*





FIRENZUOLA, AGNOLO, a celebrated Italian poet, born at Florence, September 28, 1493; died about 1545. He studied at Siena and Perugia, entered upon an ecclesiastical career, and finally became an Oblate. His habits, however, were extremely loose, and his constitution was broken down in middle life. He translated into Italian the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius, and wrote some satirical poems, sonnets, prose essays, novels, and dramas, most of which are of a questionable character, and also several works in prose. His two comedies, entitled *I Lucidi* and *La Trinuzia*, are much admired; in fact, all his writings are esteemed models of style, and are cited as authorities in the vocabulary of the *Accademia della Crusca*. None of his writings were published until after his death. They have since been frequently reprinted. The latest edition, in two volumes, appeared at Florence in 1848.

“Firenzuola’s *Dialogue of the Beauty of Women* appeals,” wrote Theodore Child, “neither to the erudite alone, nor to the general public, but to all those who love refinement and pursue beauty. He was a poet and a literary man of very great talent; and the extreme perfection of his Tuscan style was such that one of his translations was eulogized as being ‘the most perfect piece of Italian prose ever written.’”

OF THE WEARING OF FLOWERS.

Madonna Lampiada. When I was a girl we did not love to dress our heads as many of our maidens do now-a-days, by putting on so many flowers and leaves that they often resemble a jar full of gilliflowers or marjoram; nay, some might be a quarter of a kid on the spit, since they will even wear rosemary, which to me seems the most graceless thing in the world. And you, Messer Celso, how seems it to you?

Celso. I like it not, if I am to tell the truth; and this mistake arises from their not knowing for what reason the ancients would wear a flower above the ear. I speak of gentlewomen, since the peasant women, having no other jewels or pearls, load themselves, as you know, with flowers, without order, fashion, or number; and in them this excess becomes beauty.

Madonna Lampiada. But tell us, I entreat, the reason of wearing flowers.

Celso. It must be known to you that in general folks sleep rather on the right temple than on the left; whence it comes that this side, being more pressed and crushed than the other, is more hollow; as we see that in men the beard, for the same reason, is less thick on the right side than on the left. And therefore, desiring to raise the hollowed part somewhat by a little art, gentle ladies were wont to place over it some few flowers, but small ones, which should stand out and raise it a little, yet in such a way as not to make the other side seem too small. And these were of two kinds, but of the same color, and helped rather than took away from the freshness of the vermilion cheeks and the fairness of the whole face; this was blue, and they chose certain flowers called hood flowers (chicory), besides blue cornflowers, which had this name by reason of their use. Inasmuch as you must have heard tell that ladies of yore wore on their heads certain headgear which were called hoods, and whereas these flowers were worn under these hoods, they were called hood-flowers (capucci), and these served to fill up the hollowed temple of which I spoke. The cornflower, in-

deed, since it hath a longer stem and stuck out farther toward the face, was called "flower of the face," as being seemly to adorn the face withal. And again they were wont to use violets, which for the short time they endure, and for their color and size, resemble those other flowers; and they were called *viole mammole*, as who should say bosom violets. Politian, indeed, calls them *mammolette verginelle*, as meaning that they are flowers or violets for virgin bosoms.

Those flowers which, for their odor, many call clove-pinks, and roses, and other large, strongly-smelling flowers they were fain to carry in the hand; and to the end that their too fiery redness should not make the natural hue of the rosy face look pale they placed them not by the cheeks, since you know how ill red beseems the carnations of a fair cheek and the flesh generally of you ladies. Nay, and I should wonder that any would ever wear it, if I did not perceive that everything is done as chance directs, and that the art of apparel, and of arraying and adorning ladies, is lost. What foolishness it is to see a pair of fur cuffs on the tight sleeves of a gown. Is it not plain that this fur puffs out the cuffs, and that the shoulders are lost, and the arm appears crippled? A fine thing it is to see the figure bereft of all profile about the neck, and without a curve, but straight down! Is it the arm alone from below the elbow that is cold and therefore wrapped in fur, and not the whole person? Oh! what a monstrosity, what a folly, what an ungraceful thing! and yet it is common, and we see it done by those who find that orange flowers stink.

But to return to our flowers: I say that certain foolish maids, without considering the matter too nicely, seeing that these flowers lent so much grace, argued among themselves after the manner of the Sophists: if one little flower lends such grace, what will not a large one do? And if one or two, what will not ten, or twelve, or a bunch? And they began to heap them up, as you see, without considering whether the head were wide, the face long, the temples hollow or full. If the wife of Panfilo took my advice perchance she would not wear so many; for she, having somewhat hollow temples, by

the gilliflowers she places on her cheeks, or it may be even lower, not merely takes all the color out of her face (and she hath none to sell), but, by filling out her temples more than she need, makes them seem more hollow than in truth they are. And mark this when you shall see her, and you will discern if I am telling the truth, and if I know what I am saying.—*Dialogo delle Bellezze delle Donne* ; translated by CLARA BELL.

UPON HIMSELF.

O thou, whose soul from the pure sacred stream,
 Ere it was doomed this mortal veil to wear,
 Bathed by the gold-haired god, emerged so fair,
 That thou like him in Delos born didst seem !
 If zeal that of my strength would wrongly deem,
 Bade me thy virtues to the world declare,
 And in my highest flight, struck with despair,
 I sunk unequal to such lofty theme :
 Alas ! I suffer from the same mishap
 As the false offspring of the bird that bore
 The Phrygian stripling to the Thunderer's lap :
 Forced in the sun's full radiance to gaze,
 Such streams of light on their weak vision pour,
 Their eyes are blasted in the furious blaze.

—*Translation in the London Magazine.*





FISCHER, ERNST KUNO BERTHOLD, a German philosopher, was born at Sandewalde, in Prussian Silesia, July 23, 1824, and was educated at Leipzig University and at the University of Halle. In 1849 he issued his *Diotima, the Idea of the Beautiful*; and three years later, when but twenty-eight years of age, he began the publication of his great work on the *History of Modern Philosophy* (1852-77).

“Professor Fischer’s right to speak with authority,” said the *Yale Review*, “and to be heard with particular consideration, in the domain of philosophical development since Descartes, cannot be called in question. But—what is perhaps rarer among German writers—he expresses his views with great clearness and in an attractive way. His style has in places the pointed and epigrammatic forms of statement which are characteristic of that nation of brilliant lecturers, the French.”

From 1856 to 1872 Fischer was Professor of Philosophy at the University of Jena, and during this period he published—besides attending to the writing and issuing of the above work—*Kant* (1860); *Spinoza* (1865); *System of Logic and Metaphysics* (1865). In 1872 he became Professor of Philosophy at the Heidelberg University, where he produced his critical and historical works on *Bacon* (1876); *Lessing* (1882); *The Kantian Philosophy* (1885); *Goethe’s Faust* (1886); *Schiller* (1892).

THE RELATION OF MODERN TO ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY.

In certain crises the mind of man, weary of that which is, reverts to its original powers, and, from its own unbounded resources, begins anew its culture. The foundations of such crises are laid deep in the progress of humanity: they are dependent upon a long series of historical conditions, and, therefore, they are rare. They never appear except in the fulness of time. Such a fulness of time, modern philosophy required for its origin. Hence, this philosophy, with all its independence of thought, with all the originality of its foundations, remains in constant intercourse with all its historical presuppositions. It contradicts them in its first period, and sharpens this contradiction to a complete contrast: as it progresses, it inclines to them, and feels a kinship with them; and, in its most recent period, it renews this antagonism and this relationship. Thus, modern philosophy always sustains a definite relation to the philosophy of ancient times, and never permits it to vanish from its horizon.—*From History of Modern Philosophy.*

THE CRISIS.

In Jesus has been solved the deepest and most difficult of this world's problems, man's salvation from the world. Jesus was the personal solution of this problem; he forms therefore the decisive crisis in the development of humanity, as Socrates was in the development of Greek consciousness. This comparison shows likewise the difference between the two. At this point in the history of humanity a spiritual renewing began. Before this was possible, it was necessary for the divine idea to be embodied in a person who restored and revealed the human archetype in himself; then it was necessary for humanity to recognize this archetype as its own, and believe in the person Jesus as the Saviour of the world. This faith in Jesus Christ forms the foundation and the principle of Christianity: it contains the problem which from that time occupied humanity, and out of which new problems are progressively developed.

MAGIC AND MYSTICISM.

There is a road which leads to God; and it goes through the very centre of our being. It demands absorption into ourselves, the quiet turning into our own inmost being, and away from all worldly pleasure; in a word, perfectly sincere, profound, contemplative piety, by means of which we become what we are in the primary principle of our being. That is not the path of magic, but of mysticism. Both are forms of theosophy which seek the path to God through the mystery of things. Magic takes its course through external nature; mysticism, through internal; that, through the mystery of nature; this, through that of man. Mysticism is the deeper and more abiding form, since it seeks by a sure way which always leads to new discoveries.





FISHER, GEORGE PARK, an American Congregational clergyman and theological writer, born at Wrentham, Mass., August 10, 1827. He graduated at Brown University in 1847, studied theology at Yale, Andover, and Halle. On his return from Germany in 1854 he was appointed Professor of Divinity at Yale, and in 1861 Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Yale Divinity School. In 1866 he became one of the editors of the *New Englander*. He is the author of *Essays on the Supernatural Origin of Christianity* (1865); *A History of the Reformation* (1873); *Grounds of Theistic and Christian Belief*; *The Beginnings of Christianity*; *Discussions in History and Theology*; *Faith and Rationalism*; *The Christian Religion*; *Outlines of Universal History* (1886); *Colonial History of the United States* (1892), and *Manual of Natural Theology* (1893).

AN INFINITE AND ABSOLUTE BEING.

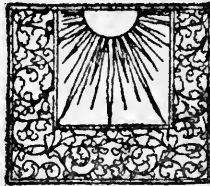
It is objected to the belief that God is personal, that personality implies limitation, and that, if personal, God could not be infinite and absolute. "Infinite," (and the same is true of "absolute") is an adjective, not a substantive. When used as a noun, preceded by the definite article, it signifies, not a Being, but an abstraction. When it stands as a predicate, it means that the subject, be it space, time, or some quality of a being, is without limit. Thus, when I affirm that space is infinite, I express a positive perception, or thought. I mean not

only that imagination can set no bounds to space, but also that this inability is owing, not to any defect in the imagination or conceptive faculty, but to the nature of the object. When I say that God is infinite in power, I mean that he can do all things which are objects of power, or that his power is incapable of increase. No amount of power can be added to the power of which he is possessed. It is only when "the Infinite" is taken as the synonym of the sum of all existence, that personality is made to be incompatible with God's infinitude. No such conception of him is needed for the satisfaction of the reason or the heart of man. Enough that he is the ground of the existence of all beings outside of himself, or the creative and sustaining power. . . .

An absolute being is independent of all other beings for its existence and for the full realization of its nature. It is contended that, inasmuch as self-consciousness is conditioned on the distinction of the *Ego* from the *non-Ego*, the subject from the object, a personal being cannot have the attribute of self-existence, cannot be absolute. Without some other existence than himself, a being cannot be self-conscious. The answer to this is, that the premise is an unwarranted generalization from what is true in the case of the human, finite personality of man, which is developed in connection with a body, and is only one of numerous finite personalities under the same class. To assert that self-consciousness cannot exist independently of such conditions, because it is through them that I come to a knowledge of myself, is a great leap in logic. The proposition that man is in the image of God does not necessarily imply that the divine intelligence is subject to the restrictions and infirmities that belong to the human. It is not implied that God ascertains truth by a gradual process of investigation or of reasoning, or that he deliberates on a plan of action, and casts about for the appropriate means of executing it. These limitations are characteristic, not of intelligence in itself, but of finite intelligence. It is meant that he is not an impersonal principle or occult force, but is self-conscious and self-determining. Nor is it asserted that he is perfectly comprehensible by us. **It is not pretended that we are able fully to think away**

the limitations which cleave to us in our character as dependent and finite, and to frame thus an adequate conception of a person infinite and absolute. Nevertheless, the existence of such a person, whom we can apprehend if not comprehend, is verified to our minds by sufficient evidence. Pantheism, with its immanent Absolute, void of personal attributes, and its self-developing universe, postulates a deity limited, subject to change, and reaching self-consciousness—if it is ever reached—only in men. And Pantheism, by denying the free and responsible nature of man, maims the creature whom it pretends to deify, and annihilates not only morality, but religion also, in any proper sense of the term.

The citadel of Theism is in the consciousness of our own personality. Within ourselves God reveals himself more directly than through any other channel. He impinges, so to speak, on the soul which finds in its primitive activity an intimation and implication of an unconditioned Cause on whom it is dependent—a Cause self-conscious like itself, and speaking with holy authority in conscience, wherein also is presented the end which the soul is to pursue through its own free self-determination—an end which could only be set by a Being both intelligent and holy. The yearning for fellowship with the Being thus revealed—indistinct though it be, well-nigh stifled by absorption in finite objects and in the vain quest for rest and joy in them—is inseparable from human nature. There is an unappeasable thirst in the soul when cut off from God. It seeks for "living water."
—*Grounds of Theistic and Christian Belief.*





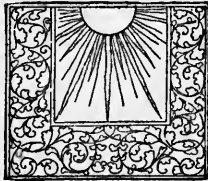
FISHER, JOHN, an English clergyman, born at Beverley, Yorkshire, in 1459; beheaded on Tower Hill, London, June 22, 1535. He was graduated at Cambridge in 1487, became Vice-Chancellor of the University in 1501, and Professor of Divinity in 1503. In 1504 he was elected Chancellor of the University and repeatedly re-elected. In 1504 he was made Bishop of Rochester, and is supposed to have been the author of the treatise *Assertio Septem Sacramentorum*, for which Henry VIII. obtained the title of "Defender of the Faith." From 1505 to 1508 he was President of Queen's College. He was one of the most prominent supporters of the new learning, and a friend of Erasmus, whom he invited to Cambridge and had appointed to the professorship of Greek, but was hostile to the Reformation. Fisher was the confessor, chief adviser, and champion of Katherine of Aragon, and opposed the divorce of Henry VIII. from her, thereby incurring the displeasure of the King; and when in 1531 the claim of spiritual supremacy was broached for the King, Fisher refused to acknowledge it. Three years later he refused to take the oath of allegiance, and was committed to the Tower, his bishopric being declared vacant. Soon after he was beheaded upon the charge of denying the King's supremacy. Fisher wrote several contro-

versial works, sermons, and devotional treatises. A copious Biography of him appeared in 1854. One of his sermons, preached in 1509, was in honor of the Countess of Richmond, the mother of King Henry VII., in which he gives a picture of a pious lady of high rank. His refusal to comply with the Act of Succession and the Act of Supremacy led to his execution for treason.

THE PIOUS COUNTESS OF RICHMOND.

Her sober temperance in meats and drinks was known to all them that were conversant with her, wherein she lay in as great weight of herself as any person might, keeping alway her strait measure, and offending as little as any creature might: eschewing banquets, rere-suppers, juicerics betwixt meals. As for fasting, for age and feebleness, albeit she were not bound, yet those days that by the Church were appointed, she kept them diligently and seriously, and in especial the holy Lent throughout, that she restrained her appetite till one meal of fish on the day; besides her other peculiar fasts of devotion, as St. Anthony, St. Mary Magdalene, St. Catharine, with other; and throughout all the year, the Friday and Saturday she full truly observed. As to hard clothes wearing, she had her shirts and girdles of hair, which, when she was in health, every week she failed not certain days to wear, sometime the one, sometime the other, that full often her skin, as I heard her say, was pierced therewith. . . . In prayer, every day at her uprising, which commonly was not long after five of the clock, she began certain devotions, and so after them, with one of her gentlewomen, the matins of Our Lady; then she came into her closet, where then with her chaplain she said also matins of the day; and after that daily heard four or five masses upon her knees; so continuing in her prayers and devotions unto the hour of dinner, which of the eating-day was ten of the clock, and upon the fasting-day eleven. After dinner

full truly she would go her stations to three altars daily; daily her dirges and commendations she would say, and her even-songs before supper, both of the day and of Our Lady, beside many other prayers and psalters of David throughout the year; and at night before she went to bed, she failed not to resort unto her chapel, and there a large quarter of an hour to occupy her devotions. No marvel, through all this long time her kneeling was to her painful, and so painful that many times it caused in her back pain and disease. And yet, nevertheless, daily when she was in health, she failed not to say the crown of Our Lady, which after the manner of Rome containeth sixty and three aves, and at every ave to make a kneeling. As for meditation, she had divers books in French, wherewith she would occupy herself when she was weary of prayer. Wherefore divers she did translate out of the French into English. Her marvellous weeping they can bear witness of, which here before have heard her confession, which be divers and many, and at many seasons in the year, lightly every third day. Can also record the same those that were present at any time when she was houshilde, [received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper] which was full nigh a dozen times every year, what floods of tears there issued forth of her eyes!





FISK, WILBUR, an American clergyman and educator, born at Brattleboro, Vt., August 31, 1792; died at Middletown, Conn., February 22, 1839. He graduated at Brown University in 1815, and entered upon the study of law; but in 1818 he entered the itinerant ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and five years later was made Presiding Elder of the Vermont District. In 1826 he became Principal of an academy at Wilbraham, Mass. When the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn., was founded, in 1832, Mr. Fisk, was chosen as first President of the new institution. He was instrumental, in 1832, in establishing an Indian mission in Oregon. In 1835-36, on account of impaired health, he made a tour in Europe. During his absence he was elected a Bishop of the Methodist Church, but declined the position. His principal works are *Sermons and Lectures on Universalism*, *Reply to Pierpont on the Atonement*, *The Calvinistic Controversy*, and *Travels in Europe*. His *Life* has been written by Rev. Joseph Holdich (1842).

SEA-SICKNESS.

If I supposed that any sketch of this disease would produce even the premonitory symptoms upon my readers, I could not find it in my heart to inflict the misery upon one of the sons of Adam—except on the physicians; nor even upon them, except in hope that

it would put them upon extra exertions to find a cure. On board the steamboat which conveyed us down to Sandy Hook an eminent physician suggested and sanctioned the theory, which I believe has gained extensive authority with the faculty, and certainly seems very plausible, and accords well with many of the symptoms, that the disease is the inversion of the peristaltic motion of the digestive muscles through the stomach and viscera.

Alas! what a picture of this distressing disorder. Only conceive the unpleasant sensation which this unnatural action must produce—the loathing, the shrinking back, and the spasmodic action of all the digestive organs. And when this system of “internal agitation” is begun, it is increased by its own action. The spasm increases the irritation, and the irritation increases the susceptibility to spasmodic action, until the coats of the stomach and all the abdominal viscera are convulsed. The sensations produced, however, are not those of *pain* as we commonly use the term, but of loathing—of sickness—of death-like sickness—until nature is wearied, and the poor sufferer feels that life itself is a burden. He is told that he must not give up to it; he must keep about, take the air, and drive it off. At first he thinks that he will—he believes that he can; and, perhaps, after the first complete action of his nausea, feels relieved, and imagines that he has conquered; but another surge comes on, and rolls him and his vessel a few feet upward; and again she sinks, and he with her: but not *all* of him. His body goes down with the vessel, as it is meet that it should, according to the laws of gravitation; but that which his body contains cannot make ready for so speedy a descent. The *contained* has received an impetus upward, and it keeps on in this direction; while the *container* goes down with the ship. The result may be readily inferred.

But even then the worst is still to come. When the upward action, the distressing nausea, the convulsive retching continue, the deeper secretions are disturbed, and the mouth is literally filled with “gall and bitterness.” All objects around you now lose their interest: the sea has neither beauty nor sublimity; the roaring

of the wave is like the wail of death ; the careering of the ship before the wind, "like a thing of life," is but the hastening and aggravation of agony. Your sympathy, if not lost, is paralyzed. Your dear friend—perhaps the wife of your bosom—is suffering at the same time ; but you have not the moral courage, if you have the heart, to go to her assistance. And even that very *self*, which is so absorbing and exclusive, seems, by a strange paradox, hardly so interesting as to be worth an existence.

If the theory of the inversion of the peristaltic motion be true, it may yet be a curious, and perhaps not unprofitable physiological inquiry, What are the intermediate links between the motion of the vessel—which is evidently the *primum mobile* of all the agitation—and this inverted action of the digestive organs ? Is this latter the effect of a previous action upon the nervous system ? Is it the effect of sympathy between the brain and the stomach ? if a nervous derangement is a prior link, are the nerves wrought upon by the imagination ? and if so, through what sense is the imagination affected ? Is it through the general feelings of the frame—the entire system—or is it chiefly through the organ of sight ? I have not skill or knowledge sufficient to answer these questions. I cannot but think, however, that the eye has much to do in this matter. If you look at the vessel in motion, it seems to increase the difficulty ; and hence, while under the influence of the disease, you cannot bear to look on anything around you, but are disposed to close the windows of the soul, and give yourself up to dark and gloomy endurance.

One of the social—or rather *anti*-social—concomitants of this disease is that it excites but little pity in those around you who are not suffering. One tells you, "It will do you good !" This is the highest comfort you get. Another assures you that "it is not a mortal disease," and that "you will feel a great deal better when it is over." Another laughs you in the face, with some atrocious pleasantry about "casting up accounts," or "paying duties to Old Neptune." A "searching operation," this paying custom to the watery king. If his Majesty demanded but a large percentage of your

wares, it might be tolerated ; but he takes all you have ; he searches you through and through.

Wearied out at length, you throw yourself into your berth, where, by keeping in a horizontal position, and sinking into the stupor of a mere oyster existence, you find the only mitigation of your suffering. But here, too, you have painful annoyances. Is it cold : your extremities become numb and icy ; the system, as in the cholera, has all the heat and action within, while the entire surface is torpid, and the extremities are cold as death. Is it hot : you have a sense of suffocation for the want of air ; you open your eyes, and see the white drapery of your bed waving, and in a moment you anticipate the fanning of the breeze. No, no ! that waving motion is not from the zephyr ; it is from the same baleful agitation that is the source of all your distress.

To this hour I can scarcely think of the waving of that white drapery in the stagnant air of my state-room without associating with it the idea of a ghostly visitant in the hour of midnight, flapping his sepulchral wing about the bed of agony, and boding ill to the sufferer. Again you close your eyes. You think of home—of land anywhere—of the *terra firma* beds of the lower animals, even of the worst accommodated among them—the horse or the swine—and you feel that their lodgement would be a Paradise compared with your billow-tossed couch. But all is in vain, and you find no other alternative but to give yourself up to passive endurance. And such endurance ! You listen to the bell dividing off the hours—and you feel that Time, like the slow fires of savage torments, has slackened his pace to prolong your sufferings. Suffice it to say that I have been describing what I have actually felt, in a greater or less degree, with occasional interruptions, for fifteen days during my voyage to Europe — *Travels in Europe*.



FISKE, JOHN, an American philosopher and religious writer, was born at Hartford, Conn., March 30, 1842, and died at East Gloucester, Mass., July 4, 1901. His name was originally Edmund Fiske Greene, but he assumed that of his maternal great grandfather. As a boy he resided at Middletown, Conn., where he studied philosophy and languages, and was well advanced in learning when he entered college. His education was completed at Harvard University, and at the Dane Law School, from which he graduated in 1865. In 1869 he was appointed Lecturer on Philosophy at Harvard, in 1870 Tutor in History, and in 1872 Assistant Librarian, which office he held until 1879. He early determined to devote his life to the study of the origin and progress of the human race, especially along the lines of Christianity, evolution, and general history. His lectures on American History, delivered in Boston in 1879, were repeated by invitation before university audiences in London and Edinburgh. He has published *Myths and Myth-makers* (1872); *Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy* (1874); *The Unseen World* (1876); *Darwinism and Other Essays* (1879); *Excursions of an Evolutionist* (1883); *The Destiny of Man Viewed in the Light of His Origin* (1884); *The Idea of God as Affected by Modern Knowledge*, *American Political Ideas* (1885); *The Doctrine of Evolution* (1892); *History of the United States* (1894), and *The War of Independence* (1894).

THE SCIENTIFIC MEANING OF THE WORD "FORCE."

In illustration of the mischief that has been wrought by the Augustinian conception of Deity, we may cite the theological objections urged against the Newtonian theory of gravitation and the Darwinian theory of natural selection. Leibnitz who, as a mathematician but little inferior to Newton himself, might have been expected to be easily convinced of the truth of the theory of gravitation, was nevertheless deterred by theological scruples from accepting it. It appeared to him that it substituted the action of physical forces for the direct action of the Deity. Now the fallacy of this argument of Leibnitz is easy to detect. It lies in a metaphysical misconception of the meaning of the word "force." "Force" is implicitly regarded as a sort of entity or dæmon which has a mode of action distinguishable from that of Deity; otherwise it is meaningless to speak of substituting one for the other. But such a personification of "force" is a remnant of barbaric thought, in no wise sanctioned by physical science. When astronomy speaks of two planets as attracting each other with a "force" which varies directly as their masses and inversely as the square of their distances apart, it simply uses the phrase as a convenient metaphor by which to describe the manner in which the observed movements of the two bodies occur. It explains that in presence of each other the two bodies are observed to change their positions in a certain specified way, and this is all that it means. This is all that a strictly scientific hypothesis can possibly allege, and this is all that observation can possibly prove.

Whatever goes beyond this, and imagines or asserts a kind of "pull" between the two bodies, is not science, but metaphysics. An atheistic metaphysics may imagine such a "pull," and may interpret it as the action of something that is not Deity, but such a conclusion can find no support in the scientific theorem, which is simply a generalized description of phenomena. The general considerations upon which the belief in the existence and direct action of Deity is otherwise founded are in

no wise disturbed by the establishment of any such scientific theorem. We are still perfectly free to maintain that it is the direct action of Deity which is manifested in the planetary movements; having done nothing more with our Newtonian hypothesis than to construct a happy formula for expressing the mode or order of the manifestation. We may have learned something new concerning the manner of divine action; we certainly have not "substituted" any other kind of action for it. And what is thus obvious in this simple astronomical example is equally true in principle in every case whatever in which one set of phenomena is interpreted by reference to another set. In no case whatever can science use the words "force" or "cause" except as metaphorically descriptive of some observed or observable sequence of phenomena. And consequently at no imaginable future time, so long as the essential conditions of human thinking are maintained, can science even attempt to substitute the action of any other power for the direct action of Deity.—*The Idea of God.*

THE EARLY SETTLERS OF NEW ENGLAND.

The settlement of New England by the Puritans occupies a peculiar position in the annals of colonization, and without understanding this we cannot properly appreciate the character of the purely democratic society which I have sought to describe. As a general rule colonies have been founded, either by governments or by private enterprise, for political or commercial reasons. The aim has been—on the part of governments—to annoy some rival power, or to get rid of criminals, or to open some new avenue of trade; or, on the part of the people, to escape from straitened circumstances at home, or to find a refuge from religious persecution. In the settlement of New England none of these motives were operative except the last, and that only to a slight extent. The Puritans who fled from Nottinghamshire to Holland in 1608, and twelve years afterward crossed the ocean in the *Mayflower*, may be said to have been driven from England by persecution. But this was not the case with the Puritans who between 1630 and 1650

went from Lincolnshire, Norfolk, and Suffolk, and from Dorset and Devonshire, and founded the colonies of Massachusetts and Connecticut. These men left their homes at a time when Puritanism was waxing powerful and could not be assailed with impunity. They belonged to the upper and middle classes of the society of that day, outside of the peerage.

Mr. Freeman has pointed out the importance of the change by which, after the Norman Conquest, the Old-English nobility or *thegnhood* was pushed down into "a secondary place in the political and social scale." Of the far-reaching effects of this change upon the whole subsequent history of the English race I shall hereafter have occasion to speak. The proximate effect was that "the ancient lords of the soil, thus thrust down into the second rank, formed that great body of freeholders, the stout gentry and yeomanry of England, who were for so many ages the strength of the land." It was from this ancient *thegnhood* that the Puritan settlers of New England were mainly descended. The leaders of the New England emigration were country gentlemen of good fortune, similar in position to such men as Hampden and Cromwell; a large proportion of them had taken degrees at Cambridge. The rank and file were mostly intelligent and prosperous yeomen. The lowest ranks of society were not represented in the emigration. To an extent unparalleled, therefore, in the annals of colonization, the settlers of New England were a body of *picked men*. Their Puritanism was the natural outcome of their free-thinking, combined with an earnestness of character which could constrain them to any sacrifices needful for realizing their high ideal of life. They gave up pleasant homes in England, with no feeling of rancor toward their native land, in order that they might establish in the American wilderness what should approve itself to their judgment as a God-fearing community. In the unflinching adherence to duty which prompted their enterprise, and in the sober intelligence with which it was carried out, we have, as I said before, the key to what is best in the history of the American people.—*American Political Ideas.*



FITZGERALD, EDWARD, a British poet and translator, was born at Bredfield House, near Woodbridge, in the county of Suffolk, England, March 31, 1809; died at Merton, in Norfolk, June 14, 1883. His father, John Purcell, took his wife's family name on her father's death in 1818. In 1816 the family went to France, and lived for a time at St. Germain, and afterward in Paris. In 1821 Edward was sent to King Edward VI.'s School at Bury St. Edmunds, where James Spedding, W. B. Donne, and J. M. Kemble were among his school-fellows. He went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, in October, 1826, where Spedding joined him the next year, and where he formed fast friendships with Thackeray, W. H. Thompson, afterward Master of Trinity, and John Allen, afterward Archdeacon of Salop. He took his degree in January, 1830. His father's family resided at Wherstead Lodge, near Ipswich, from 1825 to 1835, and subsequently at Boulge Hall. His life at this time was a quiet round of reading and gardening, occasionally broken by visits to or from friends. His chief friends in the neighborhood were the Rev. G. Crabbe, the son of the poet, and vicar of Bredfield; Archdeacon Groome, and Bernard Barton, the Quaker-poet of Woodbridge, whose daughter he afterward married. Every spring he used to make a long visit to London to see his friends.

There he constantly met Donne, Spedding, and Thackeray, and was a frequent visitor at Carlyle's house. Lord Tennyson and his brother Frederic had been his contemporaries at college, but it was in London that they became intimate; how fast the friendship was is best shown by Lord Tennyson's dedication of *Tiresias*. His great outdoor amusement was yachting; and every summer was spent cruising about the Suffolk coast, especially near Lowestoft and Aldborough, the latter locality being of great interest to him as associated with the poems of his favorite, Crabbe. He enjoyed the rough, honest ways of the sailors and fishermen; and he liked to collect their peculiar words and phrases. But he could not escape "the browner shade" which Gibbon ascribes to the evening of life, and the sea gradually lost its charm; one old sailor died, and another grievously disappointed him; and he at last gave up the yacht for his garden, where his favorite walk was the "Quarter-deck."

Fitzgerald's literary fame rests upon his translation of the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám, which he published in 1859. All his writings were produced *con amore*; so that a fair estimate of his literary tastes may be gathered from his publications; which included *Euphranor*, a dialogue on youth; *Polonius* (1852); a translation of Calderon's *Plays* (1853); a version of the Persian Jami's *Saldmánand Absál* (1856); the *Rubáiyát*, already mentioned; besides other translations, and a selection from the writings of his Quaker father-in-law. His *Letters and Literary Remains*, edited by W.

Aldis Wright, were brought out six years after his death.

Concerning his translations, it has been well said by a recent critic, that "he possessed to an extraordinary degree the power of reproducing on his reader the effect of the original; and, though the original ideas are often altered, condensed, and transposed in an apparently reckless manner, these lawless alterations and substitutions are like those in Dryden, and they all tell; the translator becomes the 'alter' and not the 'dimidiatus Menerander.'"

The *Edinburgh Review*, speaking more particularly of his *Letters*, calls him "one of the casuals of literature;" and goes on to say that "he had no desire, in his own opinion, no capacity, for achievement. His special endowment he considered to be taste—'the feminine of genius;' and he felt entitled by this comfortable theory to take his ease as a privileged onlooker with no corresponding duties of performance. Strolling through life, so to speak, with his pipe in his mouth, and his hands in his pockets, he unpremeditatedly, and against all reasonable expectation, did just one or two things supremely well."

CARLYLE.

I suppose he is changed, or subdued, at eighty; but up to the last ten years he seemed to me just the same as when I first knew him five-and-thirty years ago. What a fortune he might have made by showing himself about as a lecturer, as Thackeray and Dickens did; I don't mean they did it for vanity, but to make money, and that to spend generously. Carlyle did indeed lecture near forty years ago, before he was a lion to be

shown, and when he had but few readers. I heard his *Heroes*, which now seems to me one of his best books. He looked very handsome then, with his black hair, fine eyes, and a sort of crucified expression.—*From Letter to Professor Norton, of Harvard.*

APOLOGIA.

All I can say is to say again that, if you lived in this place, you would not write so long a letter as you have done; though, without any compliment, I am sure you would write a better than I shall. But you see the original fault in me is that I choose to be in such a place as this at all; that argues certainly a talent for dulness which no situation nor intercourse of men could much improve. It is true; I really do like to sit in this doleful place with a good fire, a cat and a dog on the rug, and an old woman in the kitchen. This is all my livestock. The house is yet damp, as last year; and the great event of this winter is my putting up a trough round the eaves to carry off the wet. Why should I not live in London and see the world, you say? Why, then, I say as before, I don't like it. I think the dulness of country people is better than the impudence of Londoners; and the fresh cold and wet of our clay fields better than a fog that stinks *per se*; and this room of mine, clean at all events, better than a dirty room in Charlotte Street.—*From a Letter to Frederic Tennyson.*

HIS WORK IN PERSIAN LITERATURE.

To-day I have been writing twenty pages of a metrical Sketch of the Mantic, for such uses as I told you of. It is an amusement to me to take what liberties I like with these Persians, who (as I think) are not poets enough to frighten one from such excursions, and who really do want a little art to shapen them. I don't speak of Jeláledín, whom I know so little of (enough to show me that he is no great artist, however), nor of Hafiz, whose *best* is untranslatable because he is the best musician of words. Old Johnson said the poets were the best preservers of a language: for people must go to the original to relish them. I am sure tha'

what Tennyson said to you is true : that Hafiz is the most Eastern—or, he should have said, most *Persian*—of the Persians. He is the best representative of their character, whether his Sáki and wine be real or mystical. Their religion and philosophy is soon seen through, and always seems to me *cuckooed* over like a borrowed thing, which people, once having got, don't know how to parade enough. To be sure, their roses and nightingales are repeated enough ; but Hafiz and old Omar Khayyám ring like true metal. The philosophy of the latter is, alas ! one that never fails in the world.—*From a Letter to Mr. Cowell.*

SALÁMÁN AND ABSÁL.

When they had sail'd their vessel for a moon,
 And marr'd their beauty with the wind o' the sea,
 Suddenly in mid sea reveal'd itself
 An isle, beyond imagination fair ;
 An isle that was all garden ; not a flower,
 Nor bird of plumage like the flower, but there ;
 Some like the flower, and others like the leaf ;
 Some, as the pheasant and the dove, adorn'd
 With crown and collar, over whom, alone,
 The jewell'd peacock like a sultan shone ;
 While the musicians, and among them chief
 The nightingale, sang hidden in the trees,
 Which, arm in arm, from fingers quivering
 With any breath of air, fruit of all kind
 Down scatter'd in profusion to their feet,
 Where fountains of sweet water ran between,
 And sun and shadow chequer-chased the green,
 This Iran-garden seem'd in secrecy
 Blowing the rosebud of its revelation ;
 Or Paradise, forgetful of the dawn
 Of Audit, lifted from her face the veil.

LOVE AND FATE.

O, if the world were but to re-create,
 That we might catch, ere closed, the Book of Fate,
 And make the writer on a fairer leaf
 Inscribe our names, or quite obliterate !

Better, O better cancel from the scroll
 Of universe one luckless human soul,
 Than drop by drop enlarge the flood that rolls
 Hoarser with anguish as the ages roll.

Ah love ! could you and I with fate conspire
 To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
 Would not we shatter it to bits, and then
 Remould it nearer to the heart's desire !

But see ! the rising moon of heaven again
 Looks for us, sweetheart, through the quivering plane ;
 How oft hereafter rising will she look
 Among those leaves—for one of us in vain !

And when yourself with silver foot shall pass
 Among the guests star-scattered on the grass,
 And in your joyous errand reach the spot
 Where I made one—turn down an empty glass !
 —*From Omar Khayydm.*

IGNORANCE AND WINE.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
 Doctor and saint, and heard great argument
 About it and about : but evermore
 Came out by the same door as in I went.

With them the seed of wisdom did I sow,
 And with my own hand wrought to make it grow ;
 And this was all the harvest that I reaped,—
 "I came like water, and like wind I go."

Into this universe, and *why* not knowing,
 Nor *whence*, like water willy-nilly flowing ;
 And out of it as wind along the waste,
 I know not *whither*, willy-nilly blowing.

What ! without asking, hither hurried *whence* ?
 And, without asking, *whither* hurried hence !
 Ah, contrite Heaven endowed us with the vine,
 To drug the memory of that insolence !
 —*From Omar Khayydm.*



FITZGERALD, PERCY HETHERINGTON, an Irish novelist, biographer, and juvenile writer, born at Fane Valley, County Louth, in 1834. He was educated at Stonyhurst, Lancashire, and Trinity College, Dublin, was admitted to the Irish bar, and was appointed Crown Prosecutor on the Northeastern Circuit. Among his works are *Never Forgotten*, *The Second Mrs. Tillotson*, *The Bridge of Sighs*, *Bella Donna*, *Polly*, *The Sword of Damocles*, *The Night Mail*, *Diana Gay*, *The Life of Sterne*, *The Life of Garrick*, *Charles Townshend*, *A Famous Forgery*, being the life of Dr. Dodd; *Charles Lamb*, *Principles of Comedy*, *Pictures of School Life and Boyhood*, *The Kembles*, *Life and Adventures of Alexandre Dumas*, *The Romance of the English Stage*, *Life of George IV.*, *The World Behind the Scenes*, *A New History of the English Stage*, *Recollections of a Literary Man*, *The Royal Dukes and Princesses of the Family of George III.*, *The Recreations of a Literary Man*, *Kings and Queens of an Hour*, *Records of Love*, *Romance*, *Oddity*, and *Adventure*, *Lives of the Sheridans*, *The Book-Fancier*, *Chronicles of Bow Street*, *Henry Irving, or Twenty Years at the Lyceum*, and *Picturesque London*.

GOLDSMITH'S COMEDY.

That delightful comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*, would indeed deserve a volume, and is the best specimen of what an English comedy should be. It illustrates excellently what has been said as to the necessity of the

plot depending on the characters, rather than the characters depending on the plot, as the fashion is at present. How would our modern playwright have gone to work, should he have lighted on this good subject for a piece—that of a gentleman's house being taken for an inn, and the mistakes it might give rise to? He would have an irascible old proprietor, who would be thrown into contortions of fury by the insults he was receiving; visitors free and easy, pulling the furniture about, ransacking the wardrobes, with other farcical pranks, such as would betray that they were *not* gentlemen, or such as guests at an inn would never dream of doing. But *facere* would be got out of it somehow. . . .

Very different were the principles of Goldsmith. He had this slight shred of a plot to start with; but it was conceived at the same moment with the character of Marlow—the delicacy and art of which conception is beyond description. It was the character of all others to bring out the farce and humor of the situation, viz., a character with its two sides—one that was forward and impudent with persons of the class he believed his hosts to belong to, but liable at any crisis, on the discovery of the mistake, to be reduced to an almost pitiable state of shyness and confusion. It is the consciousness that this change is *in petto* at any moment—that the cool town man may be hoisted in a second on this petard—that makes all so piquant for the spectator. To make Marlow a mere exquisite would have furnished a conventional dramatic contrast; but the addition of bashfulness—and of bashfulness after this artistic view—more than doubles the dramatic force. A further strengthening was the letting his friend into the secret; so that this delightfully self-sufficient creature is the only one of all concerned—including audience—who is unaware of his situation. . . .

One could write on and on in praise of this delicious comedy. What was before Goldsmith's mind was the local color, as background for Marlow—the picture of the old country-house and its old-fashioned tenants, its regular types of character, as full and round as the portraits on the wall. Then there is the artful contrast of the characters, every figure in it separate, distinct, alive,

colored, round, and to be thought of, positively, like people we have known. Young Marlow, and Tony Lumpkin—Old Hardcastle, and Diggory, and Mrs. Hardcastle—these are things to be recalled hereafter, from being framed in an admirable setting at a theatre in this metropolis, where the background, the atmosphere, the scenery, and dress, is like a series of pictures, and helps us over many shortcomings in the play. With excellent playing in one leading character, Tony, it haunts the memory as something enjoyable; and, to one who goes round the playhouses, it is as though he had been stopping at some cheerful country-house from which he was loth to depart. . . .

What a play! we never tire of it. How rich in situations, each the substance of a whole play! At the very first sentence the stream of humor begins to flow. Mrs. Hardcastle's expostulation against being kept in the country, and her husband's grumbling defence; the alehouse, and the contrast of the genteel travellers misdirected; the drilling of the servants by Hardcastle; the matchless scene between Marlow, his friend, and the supposed landlord; the interrupted story of the Duke of Marlborough, unrivaled in any comedy; the scene between the shy Marlow and Miss Hardcastle; Hastings's compliments to Mrs. Hardcastle; the episode of the jewels; Marlow's taking Miss Hardcastle for the barmaid; the drunken servant, and Hardcastle's fairly losing all patience; and the delightful and airily delicate complications as to Marlow's denial of having paid any attentions; the puzzle of his father; the enjoyment of the daughter, who shares the secret with the audience—all this makes up an innumerable series of exquisite situations, yet all flowing from that one simple *motif* of the play—the mistaking a house for an inn! Matchless piece! with nothing forced, nothing strained, everything natural and easy. "Gay" would be the word to describe it. We regret when it is over, and look back to it with delight.—*Principles of Comedy and Dramatic Effect.*



FLAMMARION, CAMILLE, a noted French astronomer and novelist, born at Montigny-le-Roi, Haute-Marne, February 25, 1842. He was educated in the ecclesiastical seminary of Langres, and at Paris, and studied in the Imperial Observatory for four years. In 1862 he became editor of the *Cosmos*, and in 1865 scientific editor of the *Siècle*. He is the author of *La Pluralité des Mondes Habités* and *Les Habitans de l'autre Monde* (1862); *Les Monde Imaginaires et les Mondes Réels* (1864); *Les Merveilles Célestes*, translated under the title of *Wonders of the Heavens* (1865); *Dieu dans la Nature* (1866); *Contemplations Scientifiques* and *Voyages Aériens* (1868); *Lumen* (1872); *L'Atmosphère* (1872); *Histoire d'un Planète* (1873); *Les Terres du Ciel* (1876); *Histoire du Ciel* (1877); *L'Astronomie Populaire* (1880); *Dans le Ciel et sur la Terre* (1886); *Urania* (1889). In 1868 Flammarion made several balloon ascents for the purpose of ascertaining the condition of the atmosphere at great altitudes. In 1882 he founded *L'Astronomie*, a monthly review. *Stella*, a romance of love and astronomy, published in a New York newspaper in 1897, was credited to his pen.

Gubernatis speaks of Flammarion as "an illustrious astronomer and a brilliant writer;" and after referring to his personal qualities and the honors heaped upon him, says: "But his glory is

in having elevated the philosophy of astronomy, and in having in every way popularized it with superior intelligence and unlimited devotion."

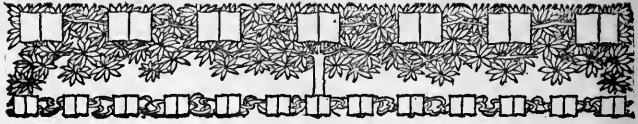
INFINITE SPACE.

There are truths before which human thought feels itself humiliated and perplexed, which it contemplates with fear, and without power to face them, although it understands their existence and necessity; such are those of the infinity of space and eternity of duration. Impossible to define—for all definition could only darken the first idea which is in us—these truths command and rule us. To try to explain them would be a barren hope; it suffices to keep them before our attention in order that they may reveal to us, at every instant, the immensity of their value. A thousand definitions have been given; we will, however, neither quote nor recall one of them. But we wish to open space before us, and employ ourselves there in trying to penetrate its depth. The velocity of a cannon-ball from the mouth of the cannon makes swift way, 437 yards per second. But this would be still too slow for our journey through space, as our velocity would scarcely be 900 miles an hour. This is too little. In nature there are movements incomparably more rapid: for instance, the velocity of light. This velocity is 186,000 miles per second. This will do better; thus we will take this means of transport. Allow me, then, by a figure of speech, to tell you that we will place ourselves on a ray of light, and be carried away on its rapid course.

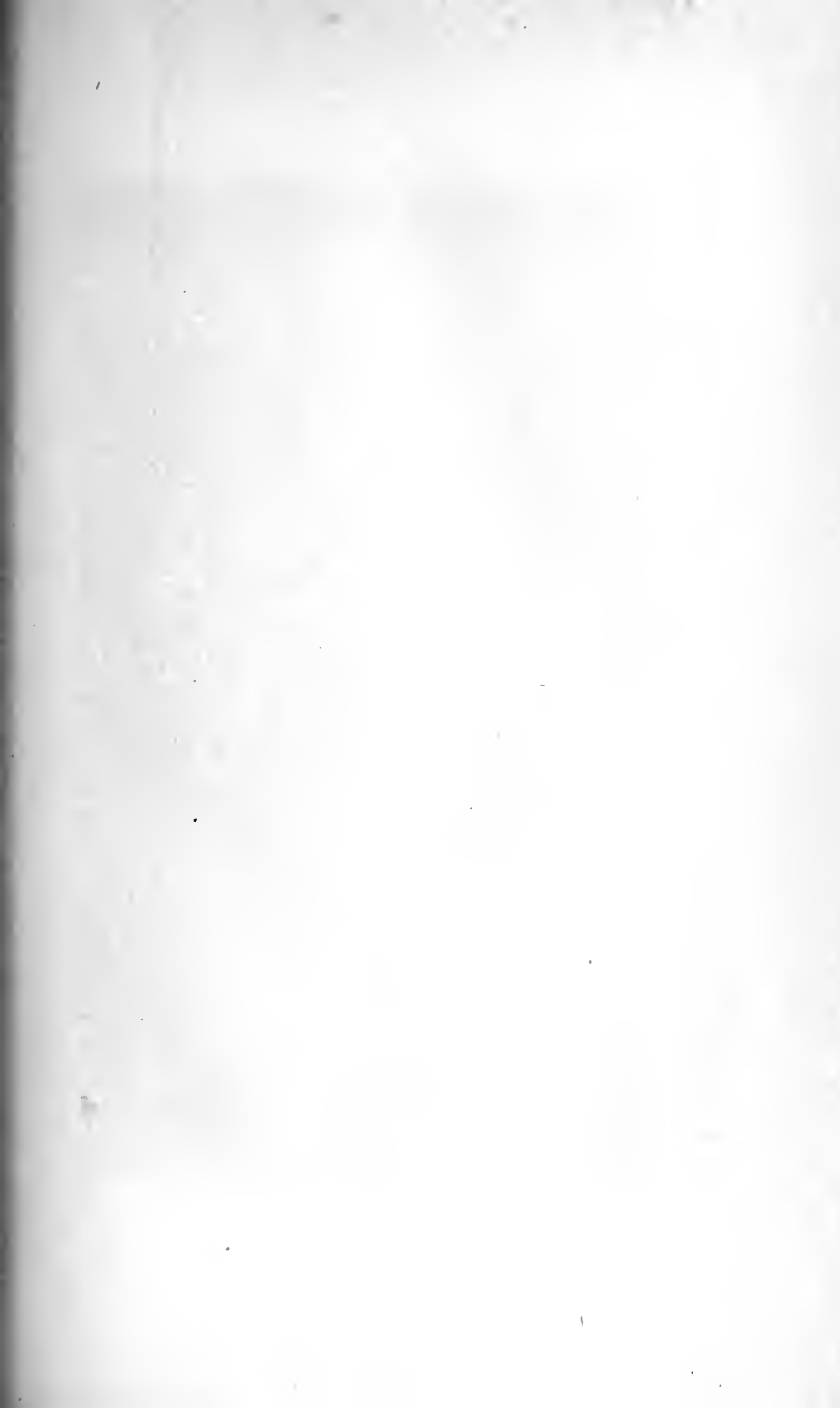
Taking the earth as our starting-point we will go in a straight line to any point in the heavens. We start. At the end of the first second we have already traversed 186,000 miles; and at the end of the second, 372,000. We continue: Ten seconds, a minute, ten minutes have elapsed—111,600,000 miles have been passed. Passing, during an hour, a day, a week without ever slacking our pace, during whole months, and even a year, the time which we have traversed is already so long that, expressed in miles, the number of measurement exceeds

our faculty of comprehension, and indicates nothing to our mind; there would be trillions, and millions of millions. But we will not interrupt our flight. Carried on without stopping by this same rapidity of 186,000 miles each second, let us penetrate the expanse in a straight line for whole years, fifty years, even a century. . . . Where are we? For a long time we have gone far beyond the last starry regions which are seen from the earth—the last that the telescope has visited. No mind is capable of following the road passed over; thousands of millions joined to thousands of millions express nothing. At the sight of this prodigious expanse the imagination is arrested, humbled. Well! this is the wonderful point of the problem: we have not advanced a single step in space. We are no nearer a limit than if we had remained in the same place. We should be able again to begin the same course starting from the point where we are, and add to our voyage a voyage of the same extent; we should be able to join centuries on centuries in the same itinerary, with the same velocity, to continue the voyage without end and without rest, and when, after centuries employed in this giddy course, we should stop ourselves, fascinated, or in despair before the immensity eternally open, eternally renewed, we should again understand that our secular flights had not measured for us the smallest part of space, and that we were not more advanced than at our starting-point. In truth it is the infinite which surrounds us, as we before expressed it, or the infinite number of worlds.

Hence it follows that all our ideas on space have but a purely relative value. When we say, for instance, to ascend to the sky, to descend under the earth, these expressions are false in themselves, for being situated in the bosom of the infinite, we can neither ascend nor descend; there is no above or below; these words have only an acceptation relative to the terrestrial surface on which we live. The universe must, therefore, be represented as an expanse without limits. Neither dome nor vaults, nor limits of any kind; void in every direction, and in this void an immense number of worlds, which we will soon describe.—*Wonders of the Heavens.*



FLAUBERT, GUSTAVE, French novelist, born at Rouen, December 12, 1821 ; died at Croisset, near Rouen, May 8, 1880. His father was Chief Surgeon of the Hôtel Dieu in Rouen. His brother also was a physician, and he himself studied medicine, which he relinquished for literature. In 1849 he set out on a journey through Northern Africa, Asia Minor, Syria, and Southern Europe. During his travels he studied enthusiastically all that related to the past in the countries he visited. On his return to France he engaged in authorship. His first publication was a novel, *Madame Bovary*, which appeared in the *Revue de Paris*, in 1857. Legal proceedings instituted against him on account of its alleged immorality fell to the ground. The next year he went to Tunis, and then to the ruins of Carthage, where he remained for a long time. This journey resulted in the production of the author's greatest work, *Salammbô*, published in 1862, and which has been called the "resurrection of Carthage." It is founded upon the revolt, under Spendius, of the Barbarian followers of Hamilcar Barca, after the first Punic war, their siege of Carthage, and their terrible punishment. The heroine of the tale is Salammbô, the daughter of Hamilcar, whose story has been grafted by the author on the historical foundation. Among Flaubert's other works are *Sentimental Education*





THE STORMING OF THE BYRSA AT CARTHAGE.

Drawing by H. Leutemann.

(1869); *The Temptation of St. Anthony* (1874); *Herodias*; *St. Julian the Hospitaller* and *A Simple Heart* (1877), and *Bouvard et Pécuchet* (1880), completed a few weeks before the author's death.

UNDER THE WALLS OF CARTHAGE.

From the surrounding country the people, mounted on asses, or running on foot, pale, breathless, wild with fear, came rushing into the city. They were flying before the Barbarian army, which, within three days, had traversed the road from Sicca, bent on falling upon and exterminating Carthage. Almost as soon as the citizens closed the gates, the Barbarians were descried, but they halted in the middle of the isthmus on the lake shore. At first they made no sign whatever of hostility. Many approached with palms in their hands, only to be repulsed by the arrows of the Carthaginians, so intense was the terror prevailing throughout the city. During the early morning and at nightfall stragglers prowled along the walls. A small man carefully enveloped in a mantle, with his face concealed under a very low visor, was specially noticeable. He tarried for hours looking at the aqueduct, and with such persistence, that he undoubtedly desired to mislead the Carthaginians as to his actual designs. He was accompanied by another man, of giant-like stature, who walked about bareheaded.

Carthage was defended throughout the entire width of the isthmus; first by a moat, succeeded by a rampart of turf; finally by a double-storied wall, thirty cubits high, built of hewn stones. It contained stables for three hundred elephants, with magazines for their carriages, shackles, and provisions, as well as other stables for a thousand horses with their harness and fodder; also casernes for twenty thousand soldiers, arsenals for their armor, and all the materials and necessaries for war. Towers were erected on the second story, furnished with battlements, clad on the exterior with bronze bucklers, suspended from cramp-irons.

The first line of walls immediately sheltered Malqua, the quarter inhabited by seafaring people and dyers of

purple. Poles were visible on which purple sails were drying, and beyond, on the last terraces, clay furnaces for cooking saumure. At the back the city was laid out like an amphitheatre ; its high dwellings in the form of cubes were variously built of stone, planks, shingles, reeds, shells, and pressed earth. The groves of the temples appeared like lakes of verdure in this mountain of diversely colored blocks. The public squares levelled it at unequal distances, and innumerable streets intercrossed from top to bottom. The boundaries of the three old quarters could be distinguished, now merged together and here and there rising up like huge rocks or spreading out in enormous flat spaces of walls—half-covered with flowers, and blackened by wide streaks caused by the throwing over of filth ; and streets passed through in yawning spaces like streams under bridges.

The hill of the Acropolis, in the centre of Byrsa, disappeared under a medley of monuments ; such as temples with torsel-columns, with bronze capitals, and metal chains, cones of uncemented stones banded with azure, copper cupolas, marble architraves, Babylonian buttresses, and obelisks poised on the points like reversed flambeaux. Peristyles reached to frontons ; volutes unrolled between colonnades ; granite walls supported tile partitions. All these were mounted one above another, half-hidden in a marvelous incomprehensible fashion. Here one felt the succession of ages, and the memories of forgotten countries were awakened. Behind the Acropolis, in the red earth, the Mappais road, bordered by tombs, extended in a straight line from the shore to the catacombs ; then followed large dwellings in spacious gardens ; and the third quarter, Megara, the new city, extended to the edge of cliffs, on which was erected a gigantic lighthouse where nightly blazed a beacon. Carthage thus deployed herself before the soldiers now encamped on the plains.

From the distance the soldiers could recognize the markets and the cross-roads, and disputed among themselves as to the sites of the various temples. Khamoûn faced the Syssites, and had golden tiles ; Melkarth, to the left of Eschmoûn, bore on its roof coral branches ; Tanit, beyond, rounded up through the palm-trees its

copper cupola ; and the black Moloch stood below the cisterns at the side of the lighthouse. One could see at the angles of the frontons, on the summit of the walls, at the corners of the squares, everywhere, the various divinities with their hideous heads, colossal or dwarfish, with enormous or immeasurably flattened bellies, open jaws, and outspread arms, holding in their hands pitchforks, chains, or javelins. And the blue sea spread out at the ends of the streets, which the perspective rendered even steeper.

A tumultuous people from morning till night filled the streets ; young boys rang bells, crying out before the doors of the bath-houses ; shops wherein hot drinks were sold sent forth steam ; the air resounded with the clangor of anvils ; the white cocks, consecrated to the sun, crowed on the terraces ; beeves awaiting slaughter bellowed in the temples ; slaves ran hither and thither with baskets poised on their heads, and in the recesses of the porticoes now and again a priest appeared clothed in sombre mantle, barefooted, wearing a conical cap.

This spectacle of Carthage enraged the Barbarians. They admired her ; they execrated her ; they desired at the same time to inhabit her, and to annihilate her. But what might there not be in the military port, defended by a triple wall ? Then behind the city, at the extremity of Megara, higher even than the Acropolis, loomed up Hamilcar's palace.—*Salammbô*.





FLEMING, PAUL, German lyric poet, born at Hartenstein, Saxony, October 5, 1609; died at Hamburg, April 2, 1640. While he was a young child his mother died, and his father, a clergyman, was transferred to a higher charge at Wechselburg, and the boy grew up under the kind treatment of an affectionate stepmother. He was sent to school at Leipsic, where he developed a generous, mainly character, and gave evidence of poetic genius. On attaining his majority he was driven from Leipsic by the horrors of the Thirty Years' War. About this time the Duke of Holstein resolved to send an embassy to Persia for the purpose of negotiating for the establishment of closer trade relations with the Oriental countries. Young Fleming secured a subordinate official position in the expedition, which, having met with some obstruction at Moscow, was delayed for a year, the leaders returning to the Duke of Holstein for instructions, leaving the inferior officers at Revel, a fashionable seaside resort on the shores of the Baltic. Fleming was received in the best families of the place, and fell in love with a German maiden, to whom he indited many charming sonnets, full of the ardor and confidence of youth, but with a nobility of mature expression, evincing ability to grapple with the more serious problems of life. Early in
(172)

1636 the embassy again got under way and reached Ispahan in 1637. During the three years the expedition was abroad Fleming wrote many lively poetic descriptions of the strange sights he saw in the foreign lands. Returning to Revel in 1639, he found his inamorata the wife of another. He transferred his pliant affections to a certain Fräulein Anna, to whom he was soon betrothed, and he returned to Leipsic to study medicine with the intention of settling down at Revel to practise, but the fatigues of foreign travel had undermined his health, and he died when thirty years of age, while on his way to Revel.

In 1624 Martin Opitz, a talented Silesian poet, published a treatise on the art of versification, in which he counselled a departure from the monotonous Alexandrine, which had been the favorite style of the poets of the sixteenth century, and while he still clung with mathematical precision to the rules of rhyme, he injected more life into the lines and more poetic feeling into the theme. Fleming became a disciple of Opitz, and ere long, though unconsciously, he surpassed his master in intensity of feeling and melodious metre. Without any apparent straining after effect, he is celebrated for the aptness, beauty, and variety of his phraseology. His *Spiritual and Secular Poems* (1642) are justly admired for the melody of their versification. Among his religious poetry is the well-known hymn, beginning, "In allen meinen Thaten." His works, both secular and religious, were collected and published after his death under the title *Teutsche Poemata* (1646).

"He was not," says *The Leisure Hour*, "a great, but a truly good man. No one could desire to have a more sincere and trustworthy friend, a more amiable companion. Purity of heart, benevolence of disposition, were the most prominent features in his character. His mind was richly stored with learning and observation.

"His best poems are some of his spiritual sonnets, and his hymns. Feelings and ideas are here so distinctly expressed, that the plainest man cannot but thoroughly understand them, while his heart is warmed with their devotional aspirations. The simplicity of the words is best adapted to the sublime subject; while the well-observed prosody, the flowing melody of the verse, bears the test of the keenest criticism."

His "Traveller's Song," on *A Long and Dangerous Journey*, was written in 1631, while on the journey to Russia and Persia. This is considered one of his best hymns, and is much sung in German congregations. The original—which begins "In allen meinen Thaten"—loses in translation some of its force and beauty; but the rendering by Miss Winkworth seems to have caught the spirit of the pious poet, as well as his thought and expression.

THE LONG, PERILOUS JOURNEY.

Where'er I go, whate'er my task,
 The counsel of my God I ask,
 Who all things hath and can;
 Unless he give both thought and deed,
 The utmost pains can ne'er succeed,
 And vain the wisest plan.

For what can all my toil avail ?
My care, my watching all must fail,
 Unless my God is there ;
Then let him order all for me
As he in wisdom shall decree,
 On him I cast my care.

For naught can come, as naught hath been,
But what my Father hath foreseen,
 And what shall work my good ;
Whate'er he gives me I will take,
Whate'er he chooses I will make
 My choice with thankful mood.

I lean upon his mighty arm,
It shields me well from every harm,
 All evil shall avert ;
If by his precepts still I live,
Whate'er is useful he will give,
 And naught shall do me hurt.

But only may he of his grace
The record of my guilt efface,
 And wipe out all my debt ;
Though I have sinned he will not straight
Pronounce his judgment, he will wait,
 Have patience with me yet.

I travel to a distant land
To serve the post wherein I stand,
 Which he hath bade me fill ;
And he will bless me with his light,
That I may serve his world aright,
 And make me know his will.

And though through desert wilds I fare,
Yet Christian friends are with me there,
 And Christ himself is near ;
In all our dangers he will come,
And he who kept me safe at home,
 Can keep me safely here.

When late at night my rest I take,
 When early in the morn I wake,
 Halting or on my way,
 In hours of weakness or in bonds,
 When vexed with fear my heart desponds,
 His promise is my stay.

Since, then, my course is traced by him,
 I will not fear that future dim,
 But go to meet my doom,
 Well knowing naught can wait me there
 Too hard for me through him to bear ;
 I yet shall overcome.

To him myself I wholly give,
 At his command I die or live,
 I trust his love and power :
 Whether to-morrow or to-day
 His summons come, I will obey,
 He knows the proper hour.

But if it please that love most kind,
 And if this voice within my mind
 Is whispering not in vain,
 I yet shall praise my God ere long
 In many a sweet and joyful song,
 In peace at home again.

To those I love will he be near,
 With his consoling light appear,
 Who is my shield and theirs ;
 And he will grant beyond our thought
 What they and I alike have sought
 With many tearful prayers.

Then, O my soul, be ne'er afraid !
 On him who thee and all things made
 Do thou all calmly rest.
 Whate'er may come, where'er we go,
 Our Father in the heavens must know
 In all things what is best.

— *Translated by* CATHERINE WINKWORTH.



FLETCHER, ANDREW (commonly known as Fletcher of Saltoun), a Scottish politician and orator, born at Saltoun, Haddingtonshire, in 1653; died in London, in September, 1716. He was educated under the care of Gilbert Burnet, then minister of the parish of Saltoun; travelled extensively on the Continent, and in 1681 became a member of the Scottish Parliament, distinguishing himself for his vehement opposition to the arbitrary measures undertaken by the English Government of Charles II. He fled to Holland, and, failing to appear before the Privy Council when summoned, his estates were confiscated. He took a prominent part in the Revolution of 1688, which placed William III. on the throne of England. His estates were restored to him; but he soon became as ardent an opponent of William III. as he had been of Charles II. and James II. He opposed to the last the union between the kingdoms of England and of Scotland, and when the union was consummated, in 1707, he withdrew from public life. He wrote *Discourse of Government* (1698); two *Discourses Concerning the Affairs of Scotland* (1698); *Speeches* (1703), and *The Right Regulation of Governments* (1704). These were published in a single volume in 1737; and in 1797 appeared an essay on his life and writings by the Earl of Buchan. Fletcher is the author of the
(177)

fine saying, which has been erroneously attributed to the Earl of Chatham: "I knew a very wise man that believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation."

STATE OF SCOTLAND IN 1698.

There are at this day in Scotland—besides a great many poor families very meanly provided for by the church-boxes, with others, who, by living on bad food, fall into various diseases—two hundred thousand people begging from door to door. These are not only no way advantageous, but a very grievous burden to so poor a country. And though the number of them be perhaps double to what it was formerly, by reason of this present great distress, yet in all times there have been about one hundred thousand of those vagabonds, who have lived without any regard or subjection either to the laws of the land, or even those of God and nature. No magistrate could ever be informed, or discover, which way one in a hundred of these wretches died, or that ever they were baptized. Many murders have been discovered among them; and they are not only a most unspeakable oppression to poor tenants—who, if they give not bread, or some kind of provision, to perhaps forty such villains in one day are sure to be insulted by them—but they rob many poor people who live in houses distant from any neighborhood. In years of plenty many thousands of them meet together in the mountains, where they feast and riot for many days; and at country-weddings, markets, burials, and the like public occasions, they are to be seen, both men and women, perpetually drunk, cursing, blaspheming, and fighting together. These are such outrageous disorders, that it were better for the nation they were sold to the galleys or West Indies, than that they should continue any longer to be a burden and curse upon us.—*Discourse on the Affairs of Scotland.*



FLETCHER, GILES, an English clergyman and poet, born in 1584; died in 1623. He was a brother of Phineas Fletcher, and son of the Rev. Giles Fletcher (1548–1610), an author of some repute. The younger Giles Fletcher was educated at Cambridge, and became Rector of Alderton, on the coast of Suffolk, where “his clownish and low-pated parishioners valued not their pastor according to his worth, which disposed him to melancholy, and hastened his dissolution.” A few months before his death he published *The Reward of the Faithful*, a theological treatise in prose. While at Cambridge he wrote several minor verses and his great poem, *Christ's Victory and Triumph, in Heaven, in Earth, Over and After Death* (1610). From this poem Milton borrowed much in his *Paradise Regained*. Hallam says, in his *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*: “Giles seems to have more vigor than his elder brother [Phineas], but less sweetness and smoothness. They both bear much resemblance to Spenser.”

THE SORCERESS OF VAIN DELIGHT.

The garden like a lady fair was cut,
That lay as if she slumbered in delight,
And to the open skies her eyes did shut;
The azure fields of Heaven were 'sembled right
In a large round, set with the flowers of light:
The flower-de-luce, and the round sparks of dew

That hung upon their azure leaves, did shew
 Like twinkling stars that sparkle in the evening
 blue. . . .

And all about, embayèd in soft sleep,
 A herd of charmèd beasts aground were spread,
 Which the fair witch in golden chains did keep,
 And them in willing bondage fetterèd :
 Once men they lived, but now the men were dead,
 And turned to beasts ; so fabled Homer old,
 That Circé with her potion, charmed in gold,
 Used manly souls in beastly bodies to immould.
 Through this false Eden, to his leman's bower—
 Whom thousand souls devoutly idolized—
 Our first destroyer led our Saviour ;
 There in the lower room, in solemn wise,
 They danced a round, and poured their sacrifice
 To plump Lyæus, and among the rest,
 The jolly priest, in ivy garlands drest,
 Chanted wild orgials, in honor of the feast. . .

A silver wand the sorceress did sway,
 And, for a crown of gold, her hair she wore ;
 Only a garland of rosebuds did play
 About her locks, and in her hand she bore
 A hollow globe of glass, that long before
 She full of emptiness had bladderèd,
 And all the world therein depicturèd :
 Whose colors, like the rainbow, ever vanishèd.

Such watery orbicles young boys do blow
 Out from their soapy shells, and much admire
 The swimming world, which tenderly they blow
 With easy breath till it be raisèd higher ;
 But if they chance but roughly once aspire,
 The painted bubble instantly doth fall.
 Here when she came she 'gan for music call,
 And sung this wooing song to welcome him withal :
 Love is the blossom where there blows
 Everything that lives or grows :
 Love doth make the heavens to move,
 And the sun doth burn in love .

Love the strong and weak doth yoke,
 And makes the ivy climb the oak ;
 Under whose shadows lions wild,
 Softened by love, grow tame and mild :
 Love did make the bloody spear
 Once a leafy coat to wear,
 While in his leaves there shrouded lay
 Sweet birds, for love, that sing and play:
 And of all love's joyful flame
 I the bud and blossom am.
 Only bend thy knee to me,
 Thy wooing shall thy winning be. . . .

Thus sought the dire enchantress in his mind
 Her guileful bait to have embosomèd :
 But he her charms dispersèd into wind,
 And her of insolence admonishèd,
 And all her optic glasses shatterèd.
 So with her sire to hell she took her flight ;
 The starting air flew from the damned sprite ;
 Where deeply both aggrieved plunged themselves in
 night.

But to their Lord, now musing in his thought,
 A heavenly volley of light angels flew,
 And from his Father him a banquet brought
 Through the fine element, for well they knew,
 After his Lenten fast, he hungry grew :
 And as he fed, the holy choirs combine
 To sing a hymn of the celestial Trine ;
 All thought to pass, and each was past all thought
 divine.

The birds' sweet notes, to sonnet out their joys,
 Attempered to the lays angelical ;
 And to the birds the winds attune their noise ;
 And to the winds the waters hoarsely call,
 And echo back again revoicèd all ;
 That the whole valley rung with victory.
 But now our Lord to rest doth homewards fly :
 See how the night comes stealing from the mountains
 high. —*Christ's Victory and Triumph.*



FLETCHER, JOHN WILLIAM [FLECHIERE, JEAN GUILLAUME], an English clergyman and theological writer, born at Nyon, Switzerland, September 12, 1729; died at Madeley, Shropshire, England, August 14, 1785. He was educated at Geneva for the ministry, but finding himself unable to subscribe to the doctrine of predestination, he entered the Portuguese military service, and was to sail for Brazil. Accident prevented his sailing, and he then entered the Dutch service. Peace put an end to his military life before it was fairly begun. He then went to England and became a tutor. In 1755 he became intimate with Wesley, and in 1757 took Orders in the Church of England. He declined a wealthy parish, and took that of Madeley, among a poor and neglected population, to whom he devoted himself. In 1769 he visited France, Switzerland, and Italy, and on his return was for a time at the head of the theological school at Trevecca, Wales. Among his works are an *Address to Seekers of Salvation*, *Checks to Antinomianism*, *Christian Perfection*, and *A Portrait of St. Paul, or the Sure Model for Christians and Pastors*. Fletcher was a man of remarkable personal influence, due to his pure life, earnest preaching, and devoted pastoral work. Southey said of him: "No country ever possessed a more apostolic minister."

TRIVIAL SINS.

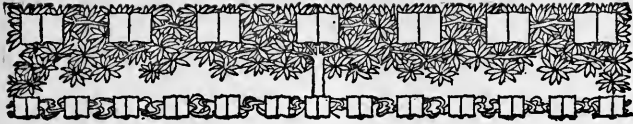
Every voluntary transgression argues a real contempt of the legislator's authority ; and in such contempt there is found the seed of every sin that can possibly be committed in opposition to his express command. All the commands of God, whether they be great or small, have no other sanction than that which consists in his Divine authority, and this authority is trampled under foot by every petty delinquent, as well as by every daring transgressor. Those which we usually esteem trivial sins are the more dangerous on account of their being less attended to. They are committed without fear, without remorse, and generally without intermission. As there are more ships of war destroyed by worms than by the shot of the enemy, so the multitude of those who destroy themselves through ordinary sins exceeds the number of those who perish by enormous offences.

We have a thousand proofs that small sins will lead a man, by insensible degrees, to the commission of greater. Nothing is more common among us than the custom of swearing and giving away to wrath without reason ; and these are usually regarded as offences of an inconsiderable nature. But there is every reason to believe that they who have contracted these vicious habits would be equally disposed to perjury and murder, were they assailed by a forcible temptation, and unrestrained with the dread of forfeiting their honor or their life. If we judge of a commodity by observing a small sample, so, by little sins, as well as by trivial acts of virtue, we may form a judgment of the heart. Hence the widow's two mites appeared a considerable oblation in the eyes of Christ, who judged by them how rich an offering the same woman would have made had she been possessed of the means. For the same reason, those frequent exclamations, in which the name of God is taken in vain, those poignant railleries, and those frivolous lies, which are produced in common conversation, discover the true disposition of those persons, who, without insult or temptation, can violate the sacred laws of piety and love. The same seeds produce fruit more or less perfect, according to the sterility or luxuriance of the soil in which

they are sown. Thus the very same principle of malice which leads a child to torment an insect acts more forcibly on the heart of a slanderous woman, whose highest joy consists in mangling the reputation of a neighbor; nor is the cruel tyrant actuated by a different principle, who finds a barbarous pleasure in persecuting the righteous and shedding the blood of the innocent.

If prejudice will not allow these observations to be just, reason declares the contrary. The very same action that, in certain cases, would be esteemed a failing, becomes, in some circumstances, an enormous crime. For instance: if I despise an inferior, I commit a fault; if the offended party is my equal, my fault rises in magnitude; if he is my superior it is greater still; if he is a respectable magistrate—a beneficent prince—if that prince is my sovereign lord, whose lenity I have experienced after repeated acts of rebellion; who has heaped upon me many kindnesses; who means to bestow upon me still greater favors; and if, after all, I have been led to deny and oppose him, my crime is undoubtedly aggravated by all these circumstances to an extraordinary degree. But if this offended benefactor is Lord of lords, and King of kings, the Creator of man, the Monarch of angels, the Ancient of Days, before whom the majesty of all the monarchs upon earth disappears, as the lustre of a thousand stars is eclipsed by the presence of the sun—if this glorious Being has given his beloved Son to suffer infamy and death, in order to procure for me eternal life and celestial glory, my crime must then be aggravated in proportion to my own meanness, the greatness of benefits received, and the dignity of my exalted Benefactor. But our imagination is bewildered, when we attempt to scan the enormity which these accumulated circumstances add to those acts of rebellion denominated sins.

—*Portrait of St. Paul.*



FLETCHER, JULIA CONSTANCE, known by her pseudonym of GEORGE FLEMING, an American novelist, was born in Brazil about 1850, where her father, the Rev. James C. Fletcher, was a Presbyterian chaplain and Secretary of the United States Legation. He was also United States Consul at Naples from 1873 to 1877. In 1876 she visited Egypt, and wrote her novel *Kismet*, which appeared in 1877. She resided for some years at Rome; and in 1886 she removed to Venice. She has written *Mirage* (1878); *The Head of Medusa* (1880); *Vestigia* (1884); *Andromeda* (1885); *The Truth About Clement Ker.*(1889).

Speaking of her novel *The Head of Medusa*, the *Saturday Review* said: "'All claret would be port if it could,' and most American novels would be by Mr. Henry James if they had the luck. *The Head of Medusa* is no exception to this rule. The situations, the 'international' combination of English, Americans, and Italians, are constructed on the model of Mr. James's stories. The padding, of which *The Head of Medusa* is all compact, is sentimental in the manner of Miss Thackeray. The book is full of talent."

The London *Academy* called her *Vestigia* "a delightful and yet irritating novel,—delightful, because the simple love-idyl of which it consists is told with peculiar grace and charm; irritating,

because one of the chief motives of the story is palpably absurd;" and the *Nation* said of it: "It is not the solving of a riddle, but the development of two or three simple, noble motives. The action is much simpler than anything the author has before attempted, and her style has gained correspondingly. There is only so much of the fair Italian sky and sea as to throw into relief the figures, but so deft, so sympathetic is the choice, that the few pages give the sense that all Italy is in the book."

THE FIRING OF THE SHOT.

The candle had burnt itself out in its socket. There was no sound in the room but the heavy breathing of the weary sleeper, and the ticking of Valdez's watch, which lay before him on the table. He sat there counting the hours. And at last the dawn broke, chill and gray; the dim light struggling in at the window made a faint glimmer upon the glasses which stood beside the untouched food. To the old man keeping his faithful watch beside the sleeper, this was perhaps the hardest of all—till the darkness wore slowly away; the sky turned to a clear stainless blue; and all the city awoke to the radiance of the April Day.

Soon the bells began their joyous clash and clamor. It was hardly eight o'clock when the two men stepped out into the street together, but the rejoicing populace was astir already and hurrying toward the new quarter of the Macao.

Rome was in festa; heavy and splendid Rome. Bright flags fluttered, and many-colored carpets and rugs were suspended from every available window. All along the Via Nazionale a double row of gaudily decked Venetian masts, hung with long wreaths and brilliant flapping banners, marked the course where the royal carriages were to pass. But it was farther on, at the Piazza dell' Indipendenza, that the crowd was already thickest. The cordon of soldiers had been sta-

tioned here since early morning. Looking down from any of the neighboring balconies upon that swarming sea of holiday-makers, it seemed impossible that even the great Piazza could contain more; and yet at every instant the place grew fuller and fuller; a steady stream of people poured in from every side street; peasants from the country in gay festa dress; shepherds from Campagna in cloaks of matted sheepskin; and strapping black-haired girls with shrill voices and the step of queens who had come all the way from the Trastevere to look on at the spectacle—there was no end, no cessation, to the thickening and the growing excitement of the crowd.

Dino had taken his place very early. It was exactly at the corner of the Piazza, where a street-lamp made a support for his back, and prevented him from being brushed aside by the gathering force and pressure of the multitude. He had found a safe place for Palmira to stand, on the iron ledge which ran around the lamp-post. The child's little pale face rose high above the crowd; she was quiet from very excess of excitement, only from time to time she stooped to touch her brother's shoulder in token of mute content.

Valdez stood only a few paces behind them. He had kept the revolver in his own possession to the last moment. It was arranged that he should pass it to Dino at a preconcerted signal, and as the King came riding past for the second time.

Dino had scarcely spoken all that morning, but otherwise there was no sign of unusual excitement about him. He was deadly pale; at short intervals a faint red flush came and went like a stain upon his colorless cheek. But he answered all little Palmira's questions very patiently. The morning seemed very long to him, that was all. He stood fingering the handkerchief in his pocket with which he was to give Valdez the signal for passing him the weapon.

It was more than twenty-four hours now since he had tasted food, and the long absence was beginning to tell upon him; at times his head felt dizzy and if he closed his eyes the continuous roar and chatter of the crowd sank—died away far off—like the sound of the surf

upon a distant shore. At one moment he let himself go entirely to this curious new sensation of drifting far away; it was barely an instant of actual time, but he recovered himself with a start which ran like ice from head to foot; it was a horrible sensation, like a slow return from the very nothingness of death. He shivered and opened his eyes wide and looked about him. He seemed to have been far, far away from it all in that one briefest pause of semi-unconsciousness, yet his eyes opened on the same radiant brightness of the sunshine; a holiday sun shining bravely down on glancing arms and fretting horses; on the dark line of the soldiers pressing back the people, and the many-colored dresses, the laughing, talking, good-natured faces of the gesticulating crowd.

One of these mounted troopers was just in front of Dino. As the human mass surged forward, urged by some unexplainable impulse of excitement and curiosity, this man's horse began backing and plunging. The young soldier turned around in his saddle, and his quick glance fell upon Palmira's startled face.

"Take care of your little girl there, my friend," he said to Dino good-humoredly, and forced his horse away from the edge of the pavement.

Dino looked at him without answering. He wondered vaguely if this soldier boy with the friendly blue eyes and the rosy face would be one of the first to fall upon him when he was arrested? And then his thoughts escaped him again—the dimness came over his eyes.

He roused himself with a desperate effort. He began to count the number of windows in the house opposite; then the number of policemen stationed at the street corner; an officer went galloping by; he fixed his eyes upon the glancing uniform, until it became a mere spot of brightness in the distance.

Hark!

The gun at the palace. The King was starting from the Quirinal. All the scattered cries and laughs and voices were welded together into one long, quavering roar of satisfaction and excitement.

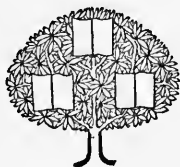
There—again! and nearer at hand this second gun. The cheers rise higher, sink deeper. He is coming,

the young soldier King, the master of Italy, the popular hero.

See! Hats are waving, men are shouting,—the infection of enthusiasm catches and runs like fire along the line of eager, expectant faces. Here he comes. The roar lifts, swells, grows louder and louder; the military bands on either side of the piazza break with one accord into the triumphant ringing rhythm of the royal march. They have seen the troops defile before them with scarcely a sign of interest; but now at sight of that little isolated group of riders with the plumed and glittering helmets, there comes one mad instant of frantic acclamation, when every man in that crowd feels that he, too, has some part and possession in all the compelling, alluring splendor and success in life.

And just behind the royal cavalier, among the glittering group of aides-de-camp, rode the young Marchese Balbi. He was so near that Dino could scarcely believe their eyes did not actually meet; but if Gasparo recognized him he gave no sign, riding on with a smile upon his happy face, his silver-mounted accoutrements shining bravely in the sun.

And so for the first time, the doomed King passed by.





FLETCHER, MARIA JANE (JEWSBURY), an English poetess and moralist, was born at Measham, Derbyshire, October 25, 1800; died at Poonah, India, October 4, 1833. She was the eldest daughter of Thomas Jewsbury of Manchester; and as her marriage occurred only fourteen months before her death, she was known to the literary world as Miss Jewsbury, and for a time her biographers were loath to speak of her as Mrs. Fletcher. She was educated at a school at Shenstone kept by a Mrs. Adams, but when fourteen years old she was taken away on account of her delicate health. About 1818 her family removed to Manchester. Shortly afterward she lost her mother, whereupon the charge of her sister Geraldine and her three brothers fell upon her. Her first published poem came out in *Aston's Manchester Herald*. In 1824 she was induced by Alaric A. Watts, editor of the *Manchester Courier*, to adopt literature as a profession, and through his introduction, her first work, *Phantasmagoria, or Sketches of Life and Character*, was published at Leeds (2 vols., 8vo), with a dedication to Wordsworth. About this time she had a long and serious illness, in the course of which she wrote her *Letters to the Young*, published in 1828. In 1829 her *Lays of Leisure Hours* were issued with a dedication to Mrs. Hemans. In the following year

she brought out her last work, *The Three Histories: The History of an Enthusiast, the History of a Nonchalant, the History of a Realist*. Much of her best writing appeared from 1830 to 1832 in the *Athenæum*. She also wrote in one or more of the annuals, but nothing she ever wrote, clever though it was, gave an adequate idea of her actual talents.

On August 1, 1832, she married, at Penegroes, Montgomeryshire, the Rev. William Kew Fletcher, a chaplain in the East India Company's service, with whom she sailed for Bombay. She died a victim to cholera. Some extracts from the journal of her voyage to, and residence in, India are given in Espinasse's *Lancashire Worthies*.

In person she was tall and well formed. Her vivacity and conversational powers rendered her remarkably fascinating to her friends. Wordsworth, who addressed his poem of *Liberty* to her in 1829, said that in the quickness of the motions of her mind she had no equal within the range of his acquaintance. Miss Landon spoke of the "extreme perfection of her language; it was like reading an eloquent book full of thought and poetry." Christopher North, in *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, March, 1829, speaks in eulogistic terms of her genius.

BIRTH-DAY BALLAD.

Thou art plucking spring roses, Genie,
And a little red rose art thou!
Thou hast unfolded to-day, Genie,
Another bright leaf, I trow:

But the roses will live and die, Genie,
Many and many a time
Ere thou hast unfolded quite, Genie,
Grown into maiden prime.

Thou art looking now at the birds, Genie ;
But, oh ! do not wish their wing !
That would only tempt the fowler, Genie :
Stay thou on earth and sing ;
Stay in the nursing nest, Genie,
Be not soon thence beguiled ;
Thou wilt ne'er find another, Genie,
Never be twice a child.

Thou art building up towers of pebbles, Genie
Pile them up brave and high,
And leave them to follow a bee, Genie,
As he wandereth singing by ;
But if thy towers fall down, Genie,
And if the brown bee is lost,
Never weep, for thou must learn, Genie,
How soon life's schemes are crossed.

What will thy future fate be, Genie,
Alas ! shall I live to see ?
For thou art scarcely a sapling, Genie,
And I am a moss-grown tree :
I am shedding life's blossoms fast, Genie,
Thou art in blossom sweet,
But think of the grave betimes, Genie,
Where young and old oft meet.





FLETCHER, PHINEAS, an English clergyman and poet, brother of Giles Fletcher, born at Cranbrook, Kent, in April, 1582; died about 1665. He was educated at Eaton and Cambridge, and became chaplain to Sir Henry Willoughby, by whom he was presented to the rectorate of Hilgay, in Norfolkshire. Shortly after obtaining this living he married, and named his first son Edmund, in honor of Edmund Spenser, of whom he was a great admirer. He brought out several works in verse and prose. Among these are *Sicelides*, a pastoral drama, which was acted before the University in 1614; *Locustæ*, a furious invective against the Jesuits (1627); *Joy in Tribulation*, a theological treatise (1632); *Piscatory Eclogues*, etc. (1633), and *A Father's Testament* (published in 1670, some years after his death). His chief work is *The Purple Island, or the Isle of Man*, an allegorical poem in twelve cantos, describing the physical and mental constitution of the human being: the bones spoken of as mountains, the veins as rivers, and so on. Five cantos are occupied with the phenomena of the body, seven with those of the mind. In this poem, the style of Spenser is imitated, though the allegory is tedious and prosaic to modern readers. Fletcher was not without original genius, and is highly praised by contemporaneous critics. John Milton was numbered among his admirers.

THE DECAY OF HUMAN GREATNESS.

Fond man, that looks on earth for happiness,
 And here long seeks what here is never found !
 For all our good we hold from Heaven by lease,
 With many forfeits and conditions bound ;
 Nor can we pay the fine, and rentage due :
 Though now but writ, and sealed, and given anew,
 Yet daily we it break, then daily must renew.

Where is the Assyrian lion's golden hide,
 That all the East once grasped in lordly paw ?
 Where that great Persian bear, whose swelling pride
 The lion's self tore out with ravenous jaw !
 Or he which, 'twixt a lion and a pard,
 Through all the world with nimble pinions fared,
 And to his greedy whelps his conquered kingdoms
 shared.

Hardly the place of such antiquity,
 Or note of these great monarchies we find :
 Only a fading verbal memory,
 And empty name in writ is left behind :
 But when this second life and glory fades,
 And sinks at length in time's obscurer shades,
 A second fall succeeds, and double death invades.

That monstrous beast, which, nursed in Tiber's fen,
 Did all the world with hideous shape affray ;
 That filled with costly spoil his gaping den,
 And trod down all the rest to dust and clay :
 His battering horns, pulled out by civil hands
 And iron teeth, lie scattered on the sands ;
 Backed, bridled by a monk, with seven heads yoked
 stands.

And that black vulture which with deathful wing
 O'er shadows half the earth, whose dismal sight
 Frightened the Muses from their native spring,
 Already stoops, and flags with weary flight :
 Who then shall look for happiness beneath ?
 Where each new day proclaims chance, change, and death,
 And life itself's as flit as is the air we breathe.

—*The Purple Island.*



FLINT, TIMOTHY, an American clergyman and novelist, born at North Reading, Mass., July 11, 1780; died at Salem, August 16, 1840. He was graduated at Harvard in 1800; two years afterward he entered the Congregational ministry, and preached at several places in New England until 1815, when he went to the West as a missionary. Enfeebled health compelled him to return to Massachusetts in 1825. In 1828 he removed to Cincinnati, where for three years he edited the *Western Review*. He then came to New York, and was for a short time editor of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. He subsequently made his residence in Alexandria, Va., but usually passed the summer in New England. His principal works are *Recollections of Ten Years Passed in the Valley of the Mississippi* and *Francis Berrian*, a novel (1826); *Geography and History of the Western States* and *Arthur Clendenning* (1828); *George Mason, or the Backwoodsman* (1830); *Indian Wars in the West* (1833); *Memoirs of Daniel Boone* (1834). In 1835 he contributed to the London *Athenæum* a series of papers on American Literature.

THE SHORES OF THE OHIO IN 1815.

It is now the middle of November. The weather up to this time had been, with the exception of a couple of days of fog and rain, delightful. The sky has a milder and lighter azure than that of the Northern

TIMOTHY FLINT

States. The wide, clean sand-bars stretching for miles together, and now and then a flock of wild geese, swans, or sand-hill cranes and pelicans, stalking along on them; the infinite varieties of form of the towering bluffs; the new tribes of shrubs and plants of the shores; the exuberant fertility of the soil, evidencing itself in the natural as well as cultivated vegetation, in the height and size of the corn—of itself alone a matter of astonishment to an inhabitant of the Northern States—in the thrifty aspect of the young orchards, literally bending under their fruit; the surprising size and rankness of the weeds, and, in the enclosures where cultivation had been for a time suspended, the matted abundance of every kind of vegetation that ensued—all these circumstances united to give a novelty and freshness to the scenery. The bottom-forests everywhere display the huge sycamore—the king of the Western forest—in all places an interesting tree, but particularly so here, and in autumn, when you see its white and long branches among its red and yellow fading leaves.

To add to this union of pleasant circumstances, there is a delightful temperature of the air, more easily felt than described. In New England, where the sky was partially covered with fleecy clouds, and the wind blew very gently from the southwest, I have sometimes had the same sensations from the temperature there. A slight degree of languor ensues; and the irritability that is caused by the rougher and more bracing air of the North, and which is more favorable to physical strength and activity than enjoyment, gives place to a tranquillity highly propitious to meditation. There is sometimes, too, in the gentle and almost imperceptible motion, as you sit on the deck of the boat and see the trees apparently moving by you, and new groups of scenery still opening upon your eyes, together with the view of those ancient and magnificent forests which the axe has not yet despoiled, the broad and beautiful river, the earth and the sky, which render such a trip at this season the very element of poetry.—*Recollections of the Valley of the Mississippi.*



FLORIAN, JEAN PIERRE CLARIS DE, French poet, novelist, fabulist, and dramatist, born at the Chateau de Florian, near Anduze, Gard, March 6, 1755; died at Sceaux, near Paris, September 13, 1794. His mother, a Spanish lady, died when he was a child, and his character received its early moulding by his grandfather, an old noble who had run through his estate. His uncle, who had married a niece of Voltaire, introduced him to the aged dictator of French literature, and the boy spent many pleasant days at Ferney. On entering his teens Jean became a page in the household of the Duke of Penthièvre, at Anet, and enjoyed the patronage of that powerful nobleman throughout his lifetime. When he became of age he obtained a commission in a company of dragoons, and behaved himself in a boisterous, brawling manner, totally at variance with his demeanor either before or after his connection with the army. On leaving his regiment he became a gentleman in ordinary. When the French Revolution broke out he retired to Sceaux, but he was discovered by the sans culottes of Paris and dragged to prison. His incarceration was of short duration, but it undermined his health, and he survived his release but a few months. In 1782 and 1783 he published an epistle in verse entitled *Voltaire et le Serf du Mont Jura* and a pastoral poem called

Ruth, which drew attention to his work. His romance, *Galatea*, an acknowledged imitation of the *Galatea* of Cervantes, was very popular, and was followed by *Numa Pompilius*, an imitation of Fénelon's *Télémaque*, which became almost as popular as its prototype. In 1788 he published *Estelle*, a pastoral similar to *Galatea*, and became a member of the Academy. *Gonzalve de Cordove* (1791) is a romance, preceded by a historical account of the Moors. He issued an abridged translation of *Don Quixote*, which, though greatly inferior to the original, was well received. In 1792 his *Fables* appeared. During his imprisonment at Paris he occupied his time writing an original version of the story of William Tell. After his death this was published in unfinished form.

Florian was not an original writer, though he copied less in his fables, little comedies, and minor tales than in his more pretentious efforts. He seems to have been unable to soar above the realm of a simple comedy or fable without the use of others' wings. He was a professed imitator of Gessner, and his style bears all the imperfections of his model. Among the best of his fables are *The Monkey Showing the Magic Lantern*, *The Blind Man and the Paralytic*, *The Monkeys and the Leopard*. *Les Deux Billets*, *Le Bon Père*, and *Le Bon Menage* are the best known of his comedies. Florian's complete works were published in Paris in sixteen volumes in 1820.

"His style," says the *Quarterly Review*, "at once elegant, and easy of construction, has universally recommended him to the teachers of the

language, and *Telemachus* is commonly succeeded or supplanted by *Numa*. *Gonzalve de Cordove*, *Estelle*, and *Galathée* are stock-books in all the circulating libraries, and the *Tales* of Florian are almost as generally read as those of Voltaire and Marmontel. He possesses indeed very great attractions for the lovers of light reading. His narrative is spirited and interesting. Love, Friendship, and Heroism are his themes, and he commonly descants upon them with that genuine warmth which results from the combination of sensibility with genius.

“The writings of Florian receive an additional charm from his glowing descriptions of the beauties of nature, an excellence of close affinity with that which has already been noticed. He seems tenaciously to uphold the poetical connection between rural life and moral purity, and loves to annex to tales of love and hardihood their appropriate scenery of rivers, woods, and mountains. These propensities naturally led him to pastoral and romance, and his most celebrated works are accordingly of one or other of these descriptions.”

DISCRETION'S WHISPER.

Warriors brave, and lovers dear,
 Discretion's sober whispers hear :
 Oft are the virtuous and bold
 By arts of treacherous villains sold ;
 The hero's banners mock the wind,
 But silent Treachery's behind.

Whilst, beneath these hedges green,
 The songster of the Spring is seen .

Whilst to the fluttering Western gale
 He carols forth his tender tale,
 The hawk, swift messenger of death,
 Stops at once his song and breath.

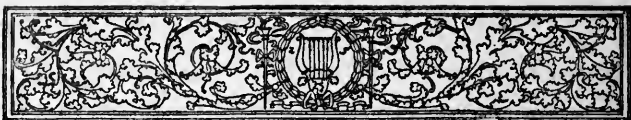
The forest's lord his foe espies,
 And swift the trembling hunter flies ;
 Cover'd with fraud, a pit enthalls,
 And down the noble victim falls.
 He falls, he dies, without defence ;
 His foes yet trembling, death dispense.

—*From Gonzalve de Cordova ; translated in 1792*

THE KING AND THE TWO SHEPHERDS.

A certain king one day deplored the fate
 Which wayward placed him in his lofty state ;
 "I wish, heaven knows, I wish my people blest,
 And yet they groan by heaviest loads opprest ;
 Whilst nought to me so fair, so dear as truth,
 By lies insidious they mislead my youth :
 Thus made my subjects' wretched lot to see,
 Heaven seems to spend its vengeance all on me.
 Counsel I seek, but all my efforts vain,
 Though still continued, but increase my pain."
 Just at this hour, beneath a mountain's brow,
 The prince beheld some wandering sheep below :
 Meagre they were to see, while close-shorn plains
 Small produce promis'd to the owner's pains.
 Here, straggling lambs without a mother's care ;
 Yonder, the luckless ewes deserted bare ;
 All were dispers'd, confus'd ; the rams forlorn,
 With strength impaired, among the briers were torn.
 He who presided o'er the rabble rout,
 The foolish shepherd, hurried wild about,
 Now to the wood a wand'ring ewe to find ;
 Now for a lamb he stopp'd, which lagg'd behind ;
 Now one, a favorite beyond the rest,
 He stooping down with silly fondness prest.
 But now a wolf the best among them tore,
 Fled to forest, and was seen no more :
 He left his lamb, which soon a bird of prey

Seiz'd with his rav'nous gripe, and bore away.
The wretched shepherd yielded to despair,
He beat his breast, and tore his streaming hair ;
Then, sitting down in all the rage of grief,
He call'd on death, his last, his sole relief :
"How well," exclaimed the prince, "is here express
What passes now within my wretched breast !
Life, I behold, to untaught shepherds brings
All the keen anguish, all the woes of kings ;
Why then should I unmanly thus repine ?
The sight of others' woes might lessen mine."
Raising his eyes, the prince beheld again
A numerous flock upon a smiling plain ;
Well fed, well fleec'd, they slowly graz'd along ;
Rams, proud and fierce, in order led the throng ;
Lambs, fair and vig'rous, frisk'd amidst the green,
Where the fat ewes with well-stor'd dugs were seen.
The shepherd careless at his ease was laid,
Now carol'd verses to some fav'rite maid,
Now made his flute in softer notes repeat
Sounds which pleas'd Echo in her secret seat.
"Ah!" said the king amaz'd, "this flock so fair
Soon shall the wolves and soon the vultures tear ;
They, as in search of prey they famish'd rove,
But little heed the swain who sings of love ;
He, when the choicest of his flock they gain,
Shall sing and play, and lift his flute in vain.
How should I laugh !" that moment as he spoke,
Forth from the wood a wolf enormous broke :
As soon a dog, with strong and vig'rous bound,
Flew on the thief and fix'd him to the ground.
Stunn'd at the noise, two sheep had scamper'd wide,
A dog soon brought them to his master's side ;
Thus in a moment order was restor'd,
Whilst undisturb'd remain'd the rustic Lord :
At this the prince in haste the swain address'd,
Whilst rage and wonder fill'd his anxious breast :
"How canst thou thus at careless ease remain,
Whilst wolves and birds of prey molest the plain."
"Monarch!" the swain replied, in careless mood,
"My only secret's this—my dogs are good."
—*Translated in 1797 for The Gentleman's Magazine.*



FOLLEN, ADOLF LUDWIG, a German poet, brother of Charles Follen, born at Giessen, January 21, 1794; died at Bern, Switzerland, December 26, 1855. He was educated at Giessen, and subsequently became tutor in a noble family. In 1814 he entered the army as a volunteer, and served in the campaign against Napoleon. He then became editor of a newspaper at Elberfeld. In 1819 he became implicated in revolutionary movements, and was imprisoned at Berlin until 1821, when he was liberated, and took up his residence in Switzerland. He made excellent translations from Greek, Latin, and Italian, and wrote spirited German songs. A collection of his poems, *Free Voices of Fresh Youth*, appeared in 1819. In 1827 he put forth two volumes entitled *Bildersaal Deutscher Dichtung*.

Professor Karl Elze says of Follen that "his lyric poetry was particularly popular with students, whilst his translations from Homer, Tasso, and the Niebelungen earned the praises of scholars."

BLÜCHER'S BALL.

[Battle of the Katzbach, August, 1813.]

By the Katzbach, by the Katzbach, ha! there was a merry dance,
Wild and weird and whirling waltzes skipped ye through,
ye knaves of France!



BLÜCHER'S BALL.

Battle of the Katzbach, August, 1813.



For there struck the bass-viol an old German master
famed—

Marshal Forward, Prince of Wallstadt, Gebhardt
Blücher, named.

Up! the Blücher hath the ball-room lighted with the
cannon's glare!

Spread yourselves, ye gay green carpets, that the
dancing moistens there!

And his fiddle-bow at first he waxed with Goldberg and
with Jauer;

Whew! he's drawn it now full length, his play a stormy
morning shower!

Ha! the dance went briskly onward; tingling madness
seized them all,

As when howling mighty tempests on the arms of wind-
mills fall.

But the old man wants it cheery; wants a pleasant
dancing chime;

And with gun-stocks clearly, loudly, beats the old Teu-
tonic time.

Say, who, standing by the old man, strikes so hard the
kettle-drum,

And with crashing strength of arm, down lets the thun-
dering hammer come?

Gneisenau, the gallant champion: Allemania's envious
foes

Smites the mighty pair, her living double-eagle, shiver-
ing blows.

And the old man scrapes the "Sweepout;" hapless
Franks and hapless trulls!

Now what dancers leads the gray-beard? Ha! ha! ha!
'tis dead men's skulls!

But as ye too much were heated in the sultriness of
hell,

Till ye sweated blood and brains, he made the Katz-
bach cool ye well.

From the Katzbach, while ye stiffen, hear the ancient
proverb say,

"Wanton varlets, venal blockheads, must with clubs be
beat away!"

—*Translation of C. C. FELTON.*



FOLLEN, CHARLES, brother of Adolf Follen, a German-American clergyman and writer, born at Romrod, Hesse Darmstadt, September 4, 1795; died with one hundred and seventy-five fellow passengers at the burning of the steamer Lexington in Long Island Sound, January 13, 1840, while on his way to attend the dedication of a Unitarian church at East Lexington, Mass., to which he had been called as pastor. In 1813 he entered the University of Giessen, where with other young men he undertook to form a *Burschenschaft* which should embrace all students irrespective of the particular German territory whence they came. Soon after taking his degree, in 1818, as Doctor of Civil Law, his liberal sentiments and writings, and the part he took in the defence of popular rights, made him obnoxious to the government of his own province, and he went to Jena, where he became a lecturer in the University. His acquaintance with Sand, the assassin of Kotzebue, led to his arrest. He was taken to Weimar and Mannheim, examined, and acquitted; but was forbidden to lecture at Jena, and was at length forced to take refuge in Switzerland. In 1821 he became Professor of Law at Basel, but his liberal sentiments drew upon him the disfavor of the Holy Alliance. An order for his arrest had been issued; but he saved himself by flight to Paris,

and thence to America. He first formed a class in Boston in civil law. In 1825 he was appointed Tutor of German at Harvard University; in 1828 Teacher of Ecclesiastical History and Ethics in the Cambridge Divinity School, and in 1830 Professor of German Literature at Harvard. He studied divinity, and in 1836 became pastor of the First Unitarian Church in New York. In addition to his pastoral work, he wrote various articles for the *Christian Examiner* and other papers, and lectured on literature. He was the author of several celebrated popular songs written in the interest of liberty, the best of which is, perhaps, the *Bundeslied*, beginning "Brause du Freiheits-sang." It is one of the liveliest of patriotic German airs. He also wrote a German grammar and reader. His works include *Sermons*, *Lectures on Moral Philosophy*, *Schiller's Life and Dramas*, and several essays on *Psychology*, *The State of Man*, and other subjects.

THE PROVINCE OF THE PSYCHOLOGIST.

It is the province of the psychologist to notice the manifold impressions, recollections, and forebodings; the divers perceptions, reflections, and imaginings; the ever-varying inclinations, temptations, and struggles of the soul; in short, all that is stirring, striving, and going on within us; and to trace all to its elements, its original constitution, and intended harmonious progression. It is the province of the psychologist to show how impressions call forth thoughts, and excite rival desires; and how these inward struggles end in the enslavement or enfranchisement of the soul. It is the high calling of the observer of the mind to watch its progress, from the dawn of intelligence, the unfolding of the affections, and the first experiments of the will, through all the

mistakes, the selfish desires, and occasional deflections from duty, onward to the lofty discoveries, the generous devotion, and moral conquests of the soul. Psychology leads us to the hidden sources of every action, every science and art, by making us acquainted with the motives which prompt, and the faculties which enable human beings to conceive of and carry into effect any practical and scientific or literary undertaking. The calculation of the orbit of a comet is an achievement which to him who has not advanced much beyond the multiplication-table would appear impossible if he were not obliged to admit it as a fact. Yet an accurate knowledge of the power by which the orbits of the celestial bodies is revealed to man would convince him that the same capacity which enables him to cast his private accounts is fitted to ascertain the courses of the stars. A poetic composition like *Hamlet* or the *Midsummer Night's Dream* is something so wholly beyond the ordinary attainments of men that the author must appear more than human, if an intimate acquaintance with the soul did not convince us that the power which enables us to understand and enjoy a single line of those compositions is the same that formed a Shakespeare. And thus the resolution of a child rather to expose himself to punishment than to tell a falsehood, may be shown, by a strict psychological analysis, to be essentially the same that enables the martyr to endure the cross rather than deny his faith.—*Psychology*.

FOLLEN, ELIZA LEE (CABOT), an American juvenile writer, born in Boston in 1787; died in 1860. In 1828 she married Charles Follen. She was the author of *The Well-spent Hour* and *Selections from Fénelon* (1828); *The Skeptic* (1835); *Married Life* and *Little Songs and Poems* (1839); *Twilight Stories* and a second series of *Little Songs* (1859); *The Life of Charles Follen*, and several other works.

CHARACTERISTICS OF CHARLES FOLLEN.

From his earliest youth, when but a boy of twelve years of age, he had dwelt upon the idea of a state of society, in which every man, through his own free effort, should make himself a true image of Jesus; and had thought that thus the foundation would be laid for a reformation which should have no limit. All tyranny he considered sin. Every one, he thought, was bound to resist it, but first within his own breast; for it was his creed that no man is a free man who is the slave of any passion; no man is free who fears death; none but the believer in immortality can be truly free. . . . After having subdued the enemy within, he thought every one bound to resist, as far as he was able, all unjust dominion wherever he encountered it, beginning in the circle in which he happened to be placed, and extending his efforts as his powers and opportunities enlarged.

He believed that much might be done for Germany by a reformation founded on these principles, and commenced in the Universities by its hopeful youth. He thought every man who should act from these convictions would find himself possessed of an incalculable power, and might of himself produce an immeasurable effect. He early began his practical illustration of his theory by a life of purity and devotion to duty. He became a freeman according to his own idea of a freeman, and thus consecrated himself to the work of a reformer by a perfect subjection of himself to the law of justice and universal brotherhood, as taught by Jesus. . . .

He was exemplary in his devotion to study; he was pure and upright in all actions; so careful of the rights of others, and so free from all blemish himself, that even the malicious and the envious could not find aught against him. He exercised a power that was felt by all. He had perfected himself in all manly exercises. He was a skilful gymnast; he was master of the broadsword, and a powerful swimmer. . . .

He took an active part with other members of the

Burschenschaft in the formation and establishment of a court of honor among themselves, that should be empowered to settle all differences among them according to the rules of morality and justice. This was called the *Ehrensiegel*, or "Mirror of Honor." Their decisions were to be binding upon the students; and thus they hoped to check, not only the bad practice of duelling, but many other evils from which they suffered. This great idea of a Christian Brotherhood, to be first formed in the Universities, and afterward to be spread over all Germany, fired the hopeful and aspiring soul of Charles Follen. He met with violent opposition. He and those who were of his opinion, and cherished the same purposes, were nicknamed and insulted by the *Landsmannschaften*. They were called "Old Blacks," from the color of their academic coats. Great stories were told of their revolutionary purposes, and at last they were accused, to the Rector, of treasonable acts. The Rector was, in consequence, called upon by his office to make an investigation into the charge against some of the students, particularly the adherents of the *Ehrensiegel*. As soon as the accused ascertained that this was the case, they made a statement of facts, put all the records of their meetings into the hands of the Rector, and challenged an investigation of all their purposes and actions. The trial and examination proved them innocent of any violation of the laws of the land or of the University.—*Life of Charles Follen*.

EVENING.

The sun is set, the day is o'er,
 And labor's voice is heard no more;
 On high the silver moon is hung;
 The birds their vesper hymns have sung,
 Save one, who oft breaks forth anew,
 To chant another sweet adieu
 To all the glories of the day,
 And all its pleasures passed away.

Her twilight robe all nature wears,
 And evening sheds her fragrant tears,

Which every thirsty plant receives,
While silence trembles on its leaves ;
From every tree and every bush
There seems to breathe a soothing hush,
While every transient sound but shows
How deep and still is the repose.

Thus calm and fair may all things be,
When life's last sun has set with me ;
And may the lamp of memory shine
As sweetly o'er my day's decline
As yon pale crescent, pure and fair,
That hangs so safely in the air,
And pours her mild, reflected light
To soothe and bless the weary sight.

And may my spirit often wake
Like thine, sweet bird, and singing, take
Another farewell of the sun—
Of pleasures past, of labors done.
See, where the glorious sun has set,
A line of light is hanging yet ;
Oh, thus may love awhile illumine
The silent darkness of my tomb !





FONBLANQUE, ALBANY WILLIAM, an English journalist and publicist, born in London in 1793; died there, October 13, 1872. He was the son of an eminent lawyer, and studied for the bar; but he became a political writer upon the *London Morning Chronicle*. In 1820 he succeeded Leigh Hunt as editor of the *Examiner*, which he conducted until 1846. In 1852 he was made Director of the Statistical Department in the Board of Trade. In 1837 he put forth, under the title *England Under Seven Administrations*, a collection, in three volumes, of some of his papers in the *Examiner*. His nephew, E. B. Fonblanque, published in 1874 the *Life and Labors* of his uncle.

In 1828 the Duke of Wellington became Prime-minister. The English newspapers were full of the most minute details of his every-day habits and occupations. To ridicule these accounts, and incidentally the Duke himself, Fonblanque wrote this burlesque:

DAILY HABITS OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

The Duke of Wellington generally rises at about eight. Before he gets out of bed he commonly pulls off his nightcap, and while he is dressing he sometimes whistles a tune, and occasionally damns his valet. The Duke of Wellington uses warm water in shaving, and lays on a greater quantity of lather than ordinary men. While shaving he chiefly breathes through his nose, with a view, as is conceived, of keeping the suds out of his mouth; and sometimes he blows out one cheek, some-

times the other, to present a better surface to the razor. When he is dressed he goes down to breakfast, and while descending the stairs he commonly takes occasion to blow his nose, which he does rather rapidly, following it up with three hasty wipes of his handkerchief, which he instantly afterward deposits in his right-hand coat pocket. The Duke of Wellington's pockets are in the skirts of his coats, and the holes perpendicular. He wears false horizontal flaps, which have given the world an erroneous opinion of their position.

The Duke of Wellington drinks tea for breakfast, which he sweetens with white sugar and corrects with cream. He commonly stirs the fluid two or three times with a spoon before he raises it to his lips. The Duke of Wellington eats toast and butter, cold ham, tongue, fowls, beef, or eggs; and sometimes both meat and eggs; the eggs are generally those of the common domestic fowl. During breakfast the Duke of Wellington has a newspaper either in his hand, or else on the table, or in his lap. The Duke of Wellington's favorite paper is the *Examiner*. After breakfast the Duke of Wellington stretches himself out and yawns. He then pokes the fire and whistles. If there is no fire, he goes to the window and looks out.

At about ten o'clock the general post letters arrive. The Duke of Wellington seldom or never inspects the superscription, but at once breaks the seal, and applies himself to the contents. The Duke of Wellington appears sometimes displeased with his correspondents, and says *pshaw*, in a clear, loud voice. About this time the Duke of Wellington retires for a few minutes, during which it is impossible to account for his motions with desirable precision.

At eleven o'clock, if the weather is fine, the Duke's horse is brought to the door. The Duke's horse on these occasions is always saddled and bridled. The Duke's horse is ordinarily the same white horse he rode at Waterloo, and which was eaten by the hounds at Strathfieldsaye. His hair is of a chestnut color. Before the Duke goes out, he has his hat and gloves brought him by a servant. The Duke's daily manner of mounting his horse is the same that it was on the morning of

the glorious battle of Waterloo. His Grace takes the rein in his left hand, which he lays on the horse's mane; he then puts his left foot in the stirrup, and with a spring brings his body up, and his right leg over the body of the animal by the way of the tail, and thus places himself in the saddle. He then drops his right foot into the stirrup, puts his horse to a walk, and seldom falls off, being an admirable equestrian.

When acquaintances and friends salute the Duke in the streets, such is his affability that he either bows, touches his hat, or recognizes their civility in some way or other. The Duke of Wellington very commonly says, "How are you?" "It's a fine day!" "How do you do?" and makes frequent and various remarks on the weather, and the dust or the mud, as it may be.

At twelve o'clock on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays the Duke's Master comes to teach him his Political Economy. The Duke makes wonderful progress in his studies, and his instructor is used pleasantly to observe that "The Duke gets on like a house on fire."

At the Treasury the Duke of Wellington does nothing but think. He sits on a leather library chair, with his heels and a good part of his legs on the table. When thus in profound thought he very frequently closes his eyes for hours together, and makes an extraordinary and rather appalling noise through his nose. Such is the Duke of Wellington's devotion to business that he eats no luncheon.

In the House of Lords the Duke's manner of proceeding is this: He walks up to the fireplace, turns his back to it, separates the skirts of his coat, tossing them over the dexter and sinister arms, thrusts his hands in his breeches pockets, and so stands at ease. The characteristic of the Duke's oratory is a brevity the next thing to silence. As brevity is the soul of wit, it may confidently be affirmed that in this quality Lord North and Sheridan were fools compared with him.—*Under Seven Administrations.*

LEGAL FICTIONS.

The forms of our law are of so happy a nature that, when they are employed on the gravest crimes, they

cause a feeling of the ludicrous to spring up in the mind of the reader. The daily papers have given an abstract of the indictment against Corder, the murderer of Maria Marten, which *abstract* occupies about three-fourths of a column of small print; and we ask whether any mortal can glance his eye over this article without having his sentiment of horror at the crime disturbed by a sense of the ludicrous absurdity of the jargon in which it is set forth:

“*First Count.*—The jurors of our Lord the King, upon their oath, present that William Corder, late of the parish of Polstead, *etc.*, Suffolk, yeoman, on the 18th of May, *etc.*, with force and arms, *etc.*, in and upon one Maria Marten, in the fear of God, *etc.*, then and there being, feloniously, wilfully, and of his malice aforethought, did make an assault, and that the said William Corder, a certain pistol of 2s. value, then and there charged with gunpowder and one leaden bullet (which pistol he the said William Corder, in his right hand, then and there had and held) then and there feloniously, wilfully, and of his malice aforethought, did discharge and shoot off at, against, and upon the said Maria Marten; and the said William Corder, with the leaden bullet aforesaid, out of the pistol aforesaid, by the said William Corder discharged and shot off, then and there feloniously, wilfully, *etc.*, did strike, penetrate, and wound the said Maria Marten in and upon the left side of the face of her the said Maria Marten, *etc.*, giving her the said Maria Marten one mortal wound of the depth of four inches, and of the breadth of half an inch, of which said mortal wound she the said Maria Marten then and there instantly died; and so the jurors aforesaid, upon their oaths, *etc.*, do say, that the said William Corder, her the said Maria Marten, did kill and murder.”

As it would be impossible to proceed in the investigation of truth without the wholesome aid of a contradictory averment or a palpable lie, in the next count it is stated that William Corder killed Maria Marten with a sword of the value of one shilling. It may be asked of what importance is the value of the instrument. The answer is, that it serves to hang a falsehood on—which seems to be always good in the forms of the law; the

instrument being valued at a worth obviously stated at random and false. The naked state of the accusation of Corder is this :—

1. He killed one Maria Marten with a wound from a pistol bullet on the left side of the face. Of this wound she instantly died.—2. He killed one Maria Marten with the blow of a one-shilling sword on the left side of the body, of which wound she instantly died.—3. He killed one Maria Marten with the blow of a sword on the right side of the face.—4. He killed one Maria Marten by a blow on the right side of the neck.—5. He killed one Maria Marten by strangling her with a handkerchief.—6. He killed one Maria Marten by shooting her with a charge of shot from a gun.—7. He killed one Maria Marten by throwing her into a hole and heaping upon her five bushels of earth of no value, and five bushels of clay of no value, and five bushels of gravel of no value, of all which load of fifteen bushels of no value she instantly died.—8. He killed one Maria Marten by heaping fifteen bushels of clay, gravel, and earth, in equal quantities and equal worthlessness, upon her in a hole of a particular size.—9. He killed one Maria Marten by stabbing her with a sharp instrument, and also strangling her.—10. He killed one Maria Marten by shooting her with a pistol loaded with shot, by stabbing her with a sharp instrument, also a one-shilling sword, by strangling her with a handkerchief, and throwing her into a hole, and heaping earth, gravel, and clay on her.

Now it is mathematically certain, that if Corder killed only one Maria Marten, and not ten different Maria Martens, destroyed by different means, as set forth in the indictment, nine distinct lies have been averred respecting the circumstances. And it follows that no less than nine great lies, with their accompaniments, are absolutely necessary to the discovery of one truth, and the ends of justice.

If it had been simply set forth that Corder had killed Maria Marten, the minds of the jury would surely have been utterly at fault, and unequal to discover by the examination of the evidence whether he had indeed murdered the deceased, and by what means. How admira-

bly promotive of the elucidation of the truth, and the detection of guilt, is that exact averment of the five bushels of clay, the five bushels of earth, and the five bushels of gravel ! And what curious and profound effect there is in the statement that the earth, gravel, and clay were of " no value ! " How directly all these points bear on the point at issue ! And while so much nicety is observed, how much latitude is allowed ! For example : exact in statement as these combined fifteen bushels sound, the clerk of the indictment might have made Corder either destroy Maria Marten in Polstead barn, with as much soil as would make a new world ; or he might have made him smother her by flinging on her half a peck of mould.

Provided only a lie be told, English justice is satisfied. The effect of the lie is indifferent ; all that is wanted is the customary and comforting example of falsehood. Whether you use a mountain or a molehill in an indictment for murder is indifferent, provided you give it the necessary character of a lie. For example : to have said that Corder killed Maria Marten by heaping earth upon her, might have been true ; but the exactness of stating that he killed her with five bushels of earth, five of clay, and five of gravel, produces the desirable certainty of falsehood.

If falsehood were supposed to be an exhaustible body, nothing could be conceived more politic than the system of English law, which would in this case expend so many lies on its own forms and proceedings, as to leave none for the use of rogues in evidence. But unfortunately such is not the moral philosophy, and the witness who goes into one of our courts, the vital atmosphere of which is charged with fiction, is too likely to have his inward and latent mendacity provoked by the example. He sees in the reputed sacred forms of justice, that the falsehood which is accounted convenient is not esteemed shameful ; and why, he considers, may not the individual man have his politic fictions as well as that abstraction of all possible human excellence, Justice. The end sanctions the means. We cannot touch pitch without defilement ; and it is impossible that a people can be familiarized with falsehood, and reconciled to it on pre-

tense of its utility, without detriment to their morals.—
Under Seven Administrations.

THE IRISH CHURCH: 1835.

The last attention to a feasted Esquimau who can swallow no more, is to lay him on his back, and to coil a long strip of blubber into his mouth till it is quite filled; and then to cut off the superfluous fat close to his lips. With this full measure the Esquimau is content; for he is not an Ecclesiastical Body, and his friends do not cry out that he is starved because the surplus blubber is cut off, and appropriated to some empty stomach. The case of the Esquimau is the case of the Irish Church. It lies supine, full of fat things, and there is a superfluity which the Ministry is for cutting off smooth to the lips; but its champions raise a cry of spoliation and famine.

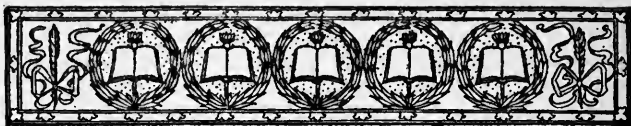
The question at present [1835] in debate is simply whether Lazarus shall have the crumbs which fall from the table of established Dives. It is merely a question of the shaking of the table-cloth. No one proposes to give away a dish or a seat, but only just to allow morality the benefit of the broken bread. Dives pronounces this flat robbery; says that he has a man for every morsel; and that if a crumb of his abundance be abridged, he shall be brought to beggary. And here we may observe, by-the-by, that future etymologists, noting how our Dignitaries of the Church cling to riches, and delight in purple and fine linen, may easily fall into the blunder of supposing that Divines derived their name from Dives, and were the elect representatives of the poms and vanities of riches.

The sinecure character of the Irish Establishment, and its gilding, have a kind of consistency, looking upon it as a sign—a sign of ascendancy. As we pass along the streets we see signs of Golden Boots and Golden Canisters, and such like, and they are always of a huge size, and serving no purpose of boot or canister, or whatever they represent; and so it is with a Golden Priesthood. It stands out as a sign, but fulfills no purpose of the thing it represents. The Irish, who only

see in it the sign of their yoke, have to pay extravagantly for the gilding; and this is the hardship.

What is proposed for the abatement of this huge abuse? What is resisted as robbery, sacrilege, and so forth? A measure carrying the principle of justice feather-weight, and no more. The Virginius of Sheridan Knowles hears "a voice so fine, that nothing lives 'twixt it and silence." This is a reform so fine, that nothing lives 'twixt it and abuse. Yet, fine as it is, small as it is, it is consecrated by the spirit of justice, and is as acceptable to the long-oppressed people of Ireland as drops of water are to the parched wretch in the desert. The fault of the pending Bill is on the side of inefficiency; it deals too tenderly with the abuse. But its moderation has certainly served the more strongly to expose the obstinate injustice of its opponents. It has been made manifest that men who oppose a gentle palliative like this are wilfully resolved to resist any measure having in it one particle of the substance or spirit of Reform.—*Under Seven Administrations.*





FONTENELLE, BERNARD LE BOVIER DE, a French dramatist, philosopher, poet, and miscellaneous writer, born at Rouen, February 11, 1657; died in Paris, January 9, 1757. His father was an advocate of Rouen, his mother a sister of Pierre and Thomas Corneille. He was educated at the College of the Jesuits at Rouen, and studied law, which he abandoned on losing his first case. He then devoted himself to poetry. His tragedy, *Asper* (1680), was a failure, the more mortifying because it had been highly praised by Thomas Corneille. Of his other dramatic works—*Psyche*, *Bellérophon*, *Endymion*, *Thetis and Peleus*, *Lavinia*, *Brutus*, *Idalie*—not one has kept the stage. His first literary success was the *Dialogues des Morts*, published in 1683. The *Entretiens sur la Pluralité des Mondes* (1686), written for the purpose of setting forth attractively Descartes's theory of vortices, enhanced his reputation. In 1687 Fontenelle removed to Paris, and published *L'Histoire des Oracles*, a translation and abridgment of the Latin of the Hollander, Dale. This work, which takes the ground that oracles were not inspired by demons, and that they did not cease at the birth of Christ, was attacked by the Jesuit Battus, who maintained the contrary. Fontenelle left his critic in possession of the field. "All quarrels displease me," he

wrote to his friend Leclerc. "I would rather the devil had been the prophet, since the Jesuit father will have it so, and since he thinks that more orthodox." The controversy in regard to the respective merits of ancient and modern writers was then raging, and Fontenelle took the modern side in a *Digression sur les Anciens et les Modernes* (1688). In the same year appeared his *Poésies Pastorales*, and shortly afterward his *Doutes sur le Système Physique des Causes Occasionnelles*, in opposition to Malebranche. Racine and Boileau, who had always disliked Fontenelle, had four times succeeded in securing his rejection from the French Academy. In 1691 he was admitted, notwithstanding their efforts against him. He afterward became a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and the Academy of Sciences. In 1699 he was nominated Perpetual Secretary of the latter body, and held the office for forty-two years. His *Histoire de l'Académie des Sciences* (1696-99) and his *Eloges des Académiciens* (1708-19) are distinguished for the beauty of their style. The *Eloges* contain his best work. He was famous for the charm of his conversation as well as of his writings. He has been accused of heartlessness. It is said that he neither laughed nor wept. His two mottoes, "Everything is possible," and "Everybody is right," may at once account for his numerous friends and for the lack of true feeling in his poems. His last words when dying were, "I do not suffer, my friends; but I feel a sort of difficulty in living."

CONCERNING THE WORLD IN THE MOON.

The Marchioness was so intent upon her notions that she would fain have engaged me next day to proceed where I left off ; but I told her, since the moon and stars were become the subject of our discourse, we should trust our chimeras with nobody else. At night, therefore, we went again into the park, which was now wholly dedicated to our learned conversation.

"Well, Madame," said I, "I have great news for you ; that which I told you last night, of the moon being inhabited, may be otherwise now ; there is a new fancy got into my head, which puts those people in great danger."

"I cannot," said her ladyship, "suffer such whims to take place. Yesterday you were preparing me to receive a visit from the Lunarians, and now you would insinuate there are no such folks. You must not trifle with me thus : once you would have me believe the moon was inhabited ; I surmounted that difficulty, and do now believe it."

"You are a little too nimble," replied I ; "did not I advise you never to be entirely convinced of things of this nature, but to reserve half of your understanding free and disengaged, that you might admit of a contrary opinion, if there should be occasion ?"

"I care not for your suppositions," said she, "let us come to matters of fact. Are we not to consider the moon as St. Denis ?"

"No," said I, "the moon does not so much resemble the earth as St. Denis does Paris : the sun draws vapors from the earth, and exhalations from the water, which, mounting to a certain height in the air, do there assemble and form the clouds ; these uncertain clouds are driven irregularly round the globe, sometimes shadowing one country and sometimes another ; he, then, who beholds the earth from afar off will see frequent alterations upon its surface, because a great country, overcast with clouds, will appear dark or light, as the clouds stay, or pass over it ; he will see the spots on the earth often change their place, and appear or disappear as the clouds remove, but we see none of these changes

wrought upon the moon, which would certainly be the case were there but clouds about her ; yet, on the contrary, all her spots are fixed and certain, and her light parts continue where they were at first, which indeed is a great misfortune ; for by this reason the sun draws no exhalations or vapors above the moon ; so that it appears she is a body infinitely more hard and solid than the earth, whose subtle parts are easily separated from the rest, and mount upward as soon as heat puts them in motion ; but it must be a heap of rock and marble, where there is no evaporation ; besides, exhalations are so natural and necessary where there is water that there can be no water at all where there is no exhalation. And what sort of inhabitants must those be whose country affords no water, is all rock, and produces nothing ?”

“This is very fine,” said the Marchioness ; “you have forgot since you assured me we might from hence distinguish seas in the moon. Pray, what is become of your Caspian Sea and your Black Lake ?”

“All conjecture, Madame,” replied I, “though for your ladyship’s sake, I am very sorry for it ; for those dark places we took to be seas may perhaps be nothing but large cavities ; it is hard to guess right at so great a distance.”

“But will this suffice, then,” said she, “to extirpate the people in the moon ?”

“Not altogether,” replied I ; “we will neither determine for nor against them.”

“I must own my weakness, if it be one,” said she. “I cannot be so perfectly undetermined as you would have me to be, but must believe one way or another ; therefore, pray fix me quickly in my opinion as to the inhabitants of the moon : preserve or annihilate them, as you please ; and yet methinks I have a strange inclination for them, and would not have them destroyed, if it were possible to save them.”

“You know,” said I, “Madame, I can deny you nothing ; the moon shall be no longer a desert ; to do you a service we will repeople her. Since to all appearance the spots on the moon do not change, I cannot conceive there are any clouds about her that sometimes obscure

one part, and sometimes another ; yet this does not hinder but that the moon sends forth exhalations and vapors. It may so happen that the vapors which issue from the moon may not assemble round her in clouds, and may not fall back again in rain, but only in dews. It is sufficient for this that the air with which the moon is surrounded—for it is certain she is so as well as the earth—should somewhat vary from our air, and the vapors of the moon be a little different from those of the earth, which is very probable. Hereupon the matter being otherwise disposed in the moon than on the earth, the effects must be different ; though it is of no great consequence whether they are or no ; for from the moment we have found an inward motion in the parts of the moon, or one produced by foreign causes, here is enough for the new birth of its inhabitants, and a sufficient and necessary fund for their subsistence. This will furnish us with corn, fruit, water and what else we please ; I mean according to the custom or manner of the moon, which I do not pretend to know ; and all proportional to the wants and uses of the inhabitants ; with whom I own I am as little acquainted.”

“That is to say,” replied the Marchioness, “you know all is very well, without knowing how it is so ; which is a great deal of ignorance, founded upon a very little knowledge. However, I comfort myself that you have restored to the moon her inhabitants again, and have enveloped her in an air of her own, without which a planet would seem to be very naked.”

“It is these two different airs, Madame, that hinder the communication of the two planets ; if it was only flying, as I told you yesterday, who knows but we might improve it to perfection, though I confess there is but little hope of it ; the great distance between the moon and the earth is a difficulty not easy to be surmounted ; yet were the distance but inconsiderable, and the two planets almost contiguous, it would still be impossible to pass from the air of the one into the air of the other. The water is the air of fishes. They never pass into the air of the birds, nor the birds into the air of the fishes ; and yet it is not the distance that hinders them, but both are imprisoned by the air they breathe in. We find

our air consists of thicker and grosser vapors than the air of the moon ; so that one of her inhabitants arriving at the confines of our world, as soon as he enters our air, will inevitably drown himself, and we shall see him fall dead on the earth."

"I should rejoice," said the Marchioness, "to see the wreck of a good number of these lunar people ; how pleasant would it be to behold them lie scattered on the ground, where we might consider at our ease their extraordinary and curious figures !"

"But," replied I, "suppose they could swim on the surface of our air, and be as curious to see us, as you are to see them ; should they angle or cast a net for us, as for so many fish, would that please you ?"

"Why not ?" said she, smiling ; "for my part, I would go into their nets of my own accord were it but for the pleasure of seeing such strange fishermen."

"Consider, Madame, you would be very sick when you were drawn to the top of our air, for there is no respiration in its whole extent, as may be seen on the tops of some very high mountains. Here, then, are natural barricades, which defend the passage out of our world, as well as the entry into that of the moon ; so that, since we can only guess at that world, let us fancy all we can of it."—*Conversations on the Plurality of Worlds.*





FONVIELLE, WILFRID DE, a French scientist and journalist, born in Paris in 1828. He was first a teacher of mathematics, then a journalist, and a writer on scientific subjects. Among his works are *L'Homme Fossil* (1865); *Les Merveilles du Monde Invisible* (1866); *Eclairs et Tonnerres*, translated into English under the title of *Thunder and Lightning* (1867); *L'Astronomie Moderne* (1868), and *Comment se font des Miracles en Dehors l'Eglise*, in which he reviews, from the common-sense point of view, the pretensions of the spiritualistic mediums (1879). He made several balloon ascents, and when Paris was besieged escaped from the city in a balloon and went to London, where he set forth the benefits which had been conferred upon the government by balloons. An account of his ascents, published in 1870, has been translated into English under the title of *Travels in the Air*. His more recent books are a description of the Greely Expedition of 1885, a history of the moon, *Le Pétrole* (1887), a study of modern fasting-men (1887), *Le Pôle End* (1888), and a work on celebrated ships (1890).

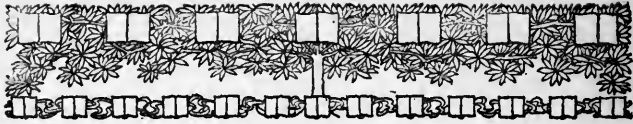
TERRESTRIAL WATERSPOUTS.

When a cloud is thick enough, tenacious enough, and, perhaps, when the air is sufficiently charged with moisture, the electric matter draws it toward the earth. It is no longer then a simple fulminating globe which precipitates itself with impetuosity toward us; it is a

threatening column which descends from the skies. Sometimes this column progresses so slowly that a man can follow it on foot. But one must possess, it will be readily admitted, almost superhuman courage not to fly at once in an opposite direction. For these meteors sometimes break their connection with the earth, and the most frightful and incredible effects are the result. For instance, M. de Gasparin tells us that the waterspout of Courtizou overturned one of the walls of Orange. The extremity of this column of vapor having commenced whirling around like a sling hanging from the clouds, caused a breach in the mass of masonry, the opening of which was thirty-nine feet long, sixteen feet high, and four feet wide. This species of bastard lightning tore up in an instant a mass of matter weighing at least 200 tons. . . .

It appears difficult to conceive a storm more favorable for observing the formation of these meteors than the frightful waterspout of Malaunay. Effectively, in the early part of the day, two storm-clouds approached, driven violently one toward the other by contrary currents. These two masses being charged with the same kind of electricity, doubtless positive electricity, could not amalgamate into one cloud, nor could they discharge each other by giving birth to a brilliant flash of lightning. The higher storm-cloud, which appeared the stronger of the two, managed, though not without difficulty, to push down the lower cloud. Who knows but that this happened by the intervention of the earth which, being powerfully electro-negative, attracted the vapor charged with positive electricity? As soon as the horn, pulled from the vanquished cloud, had approached to within a few yards of the earth, its fire was seen to flow from it like a stream which had just found an issue, for the point of the horn was perfectly incandescent.

Sometimes the electric tube rises from the earth; in this case it is not watery vapor which forms the threatening horn, but whirlwinds of dust which rise toward the clouds with a frightful gyratory motion.—*Thunder and Lightning.*



FOOTE, MARY (HALLOCK), an American artist and novelist, born at Milton, N. Y., November 19, 1847. She studied art at the School of Design for Women in New York, and became an illustrator for several magazines. She soon began to write short stories, illustrating them with her own drawings. In 1876 she went out West and resided at various times in California, Colorado, and Idaho, where she wrote romances depicting life and scenes on the American frontier. Among them are *Friend Barton's Concern* and *A Story of a Dry Season*. She also published *The Led-Horse Claim* (1882); *John Bodewin's Testimony*; *The Chosen Valley* (1892); *Cœur d'Alene* (1894), and *In Exile, and Other Stories* (1894), novels of mining life.

Referring more especially to *John Bodewin's Testimony*, the *London Academy* says of her writings: "There is less of directly local coloring and dialect than is usual in American stories dealing with the classes here represented; and the reader is to expect his satisfaction to arise from carefully drawn types of character and dramatic fitness of detail—in which event he will not be disappointed." "Picturesque and graceful description," says the *Nation* in its review of *The Led-Horse Claim*, "is likely to be a woman's forte; but the fine balance which keeps Mrs. Foote's eye and hand true is a rare power."

COMING INTO CAMP.

Mr. Newbold and his daughter rode back to the camp in the splendor of a sunset that loomed red behind the skeleton pines. Josephine let her horse take his own way down the wagon-track, while she watched its dying changes. But she lost the last tints in her preoccupation with the dust and the strange meetings and partings on the broad and level road by which they approached the town. That quickening of the pulse which makes itself felt in every human community as day draws to a close had intensified the life of the camp. The sound of its voices and footsteps, the smoke of its fires, rose in the still, cool air.

Cradled between two ranges of the mother mountains of the continent, the little colony could hardly have been more inland in its situation; it had, nevertheless, in many respects the characteristics of a seaport. It owed its existence to hazardous ventures from a distance. Its shops were filled, not with the fruits of its soil or the labor of its hands, but with cargoes that had been rocked in the four-wheeled merchantmen of the plains. Bronzed-faced, hairy-throated men occupied more than their share of its sidewalks, spending carelessly in a few days and nights the price of months of hardship and isolation. Its hopes and its capital were largely bound up in the fate of adventures into that unpeopled land which has no history except the records written in fire, in ice, and in water, on its rocks and river-beds; the voyage across that inland sea where the smoke of lonely camp-fires goes up from wagon-roads that were once hunter-trails, and trails that were once the tracks of buffalo. There were men seen at intervals of many months in its streets, whom the desert and the mountains called, as the sea calls the men of the coast towns. It was a port of the wilderness.

The arrivals due that Saturday night were seeking their dusty moorings. Heavily loaded freighters were lurching in, every mule straining in his collar, every trace taut and quivering. Express wagons of lighter tonnage took the dust of the freighters, until the width

of the road gave their square-trotting draught-horses a chance to swing out and pass. In and out among the craft of heavier burden, shuffled the small, tough bronchos. Their riders were for the most part light-built like their horses, with a bearing at once alert and impassive. They were young men, notwithstanding the prevailing look of care and stolid endurance, due in some cases, possibly, to the dust-laden hollows under the sun-wearied eyes, and to that haggardness of aspect which goes with a beard of a week's growth, a flannel shirt loosely buttoned about a sunburned throat, and a temporary estrangement from soap and water. These were the doughty privateersmen, returning with a convoy of pack-animals from the valley of the Gunnison or the Clearwater, or the tragic hunting-grounds of the Indian Reservation. Taking the footpath way beside his loaded donkey trudged the humble "grub-stake," or the haggard-eyed charcoal-burner from his smoking camp in the nearest timber; while far up on the mountain, distinct in the reflected glow of sunset, a puff of white dust appeared from moment to moment, following the curves of the road, where the passenger-coach was making its best speed, with brakes hard down, on the home grade from the summit of the pass.—*John Bodewin's Testimony.*





FOOTE, SAMUEL, an English comic actor and humorist, born at Truro in 1720; died at Dover, October 21, 1777. He studied for a while at Worcester College, Oxford, but was obliged to leave at the age of twenty. He afterward began the study of law; but in consequence of his dissolute habits soon lost two fortunes, one of which he inherited from his uncle, the other from his father. In 1744 he betook himself to the stage, attempting both tragedy and comedy with slight success. But his talent for imitation came to his aid. In 1747 he opened the Haymarket Theatre with a piece called *The Diversions of the Morning*, written by himself, and in which he was the principal actor. This was followed by *Mr. Foote Taking Tea with His Friends*, *The Auction of Pictures*, and other pieces, all of which were successful, the main reason for their success being Foote's exaggerated mimicry of any person of note whose appearance or manner was capable of being caricatured. For ten years he kept the theatre open, eluding all attempts of the dramatic licensers to close it. In 1767 a fall from his horse rendered necessary the amputation of one of his legs. The Duke of York, who witnessed the accident, procured for him a regular patent to open a theatre. This he carried on for ten years, mainly producing his own pieces. During this period he made an-

other fortune, which he contrived to squander. In 1777, broken in health, he set out upon a journey to France, but died before he had left the shores of England. Foote produced in all some twenty-five dramatic pieces, and several others have been attributed to him. The best of these are *The Minor*, satirizing the Methodists (1760); *The Mayor of Garratt* (1763); *The Devil upon Two Sticks* (1768); *The Lame Lover* (1770); *The Nabob* (1772), and *The Bankrupt* (1773). A selection from the plays of Foote, with an entertaining memoir, by William Cooke, in three volumes, was published in 1805.

CHARLOTTE, SERJEANT CIRCUIT, AND SIR LUKE LIMP.

Char.—Sir, I have other proofs of our hero's vanity not inferior to that I have mentioned.

Serj.—Cite them.

Char.—The paltry ambition of levying and following titles.

Serj.—Titles! I don't understand you.

Char.—I mean the poverty of fastening in public upon men of distinction, for no other reason but because of their rank; adhering to Sir John till the baronet is superseded by my lord; quitting the puny peer for an earl; and sacrificing all three to a duke.

Serj.—Keeping good company!—a laudable ambition!

Char.—True, sir, if the virtues that procured the father a peerage could with that be entailed on the son.

Serj.—Have a care, hussy; there are severe laws against speaking evil of dignities.

Char.—Sir!

Serj.—*Scandalum magnatum* is a statute must not be trifled with; why, you are not one of those vulgar sluts that think a man the worse for being a lord?

Char.—No, sir; I am contented with only not thinking him the better.

Serj.—For all this, I believe, hussy, a right honorable proposal would soon make you alter your mind.

Char.—Not unless the proposer had other qualities than what he possesses by patent. Besides, sir, you know Sir Luke is a devotee to the bottle.

Serj.—Not a whit the less honest for that.

Char.—It occasions one evil at least, that when under its influence he generally reveals all, sometimes more than he knows.

Serj.—Proofs of an open temper, you baggage; but come, come, all these are but trifling objections.

Char.—You mean, sir, they prove the object a trifle.

Serj.—Why, you pert jade, do you play on my words? I say Sir Luke is——

Char.—Nobody.

Serj.—Nobody! how the deuce do you make that out? He is neither a person attainted nor outlawed, may in any of his majesty's courts sue or be sued, appear by attorney or in propria personâ can acquire, buy, procure, purchase, possess, and inherit, not only personalities, such as goods and chattels, but even realties, as all lands, tenements, and hereditaments, whatsoever and wheresoever.

Char.—But sir——

Serj.—Nay, further, child, he may sell, give, bestow, bequeath, devise, demise, lease or to farm, let, ditto lands, or to any person whomsoever—and——

Char.—Without doubt, sir; but there are, notwithstanding, in this town a great number of nobodies, not described by Lord Coke.

[SIR LUKE LIMP makes his appearance, and after a short dialogue, enter a SERVANT, who delivers a card to SIR LUKE.]

Sir Luke.—[*Reads.*] “Sir Gregory Goose desires the honor of Sir Luke Limp's company to dine. An answer is desired.” Gadso! a little unlucky; I have been engaged for these three weeks.

Serj.—What! I find Sir Gregory is returned for the corporation of Fleecem.

Sir Luke.—Is he so? Oh, oh! that alters the case. George, give my compliments to Sir Gregory, and I'll certainly come and dine there. Order Joe to run to Al-

derman Inkle's in Threadneedle street; sorry can't wait upon him, and confined to my bed two days with the new influenza. *[Exit Servant.]*

Char.—You make light, Sir Luke, of these sort of engagements.

Sir Luke.—What can a man do? These fellows—when one has the misfortune to meet them—take scandalous advantage: When will you do me the honor, pray, Sir Luke, to take a bit of mutton with me? Do you name the day. They are as bad as a beggar who attacks your coach at the mounting of a hill; there is no getting rid of them without a penny to one, and a promise to t'other.

Serj.—True; and then for such a time, too—three weeks! I wonder they expect folks to remember. It is like a retainer in Michaelmas term for the summer assizes.

Sir Luke.—Not but upon these occasions no man in England is more punctual than——

[Enter a SERVANT who gives SIR LUKE a letter.]

From whom?

Serv.—Earl of Brentford. The servant waits for an answer.

Sir Luke.—Answer! By your leave, Mr. Serjeant and Charlotte. *[Reads.]* “Taste for music—Mons. Duport—fail—dinner on table at five.” Gadso! I hope Sir Gregory's servant ain't gone.

Serv.—Immediately upon receiving the answer.

Sir Luke.—Run after him as fast as you can—tell him quite in despair—recollect an engagement that can't in nature be missed, and return in an instant.

[Exit Servant.]

Char.—You see, sir, the knight must give way for my lord.

Sir Luke.—No, faith, it is not that, my dear Charlotte: you saw that was quite an extempore business. No, hang it, no, it is not for the title: but to tell you the truth, Brentford has more wit than any man in the world; it is that makes me fond of his house.

Char.—By the choice of his company he gives an unanswerable instance of that.

Sir Luke.—You are right, my dear girl. But now to give you a proof of his wit ; you know Brentford's finances are a little out of repair, which procures him some visits that he would gladly excuse.

Serj.—What need he fear? His person is sacred ; for by the tenth of William and Mary——

Sir Luke.—He knows that well enough, but for all that——

Serj.—Indeed, by a late act of his own House—which does them infinite honor—his goods or chattels may be——

Sir Luke.—Seized upon when they can find them ; but he lives in ready furnished lodgings, and hires his coach by the month.

Serj.—Nay, if the sheriff return “non inventus.”

Sir Luke.—A plague o' your law ; you make me lose sight of my story. One morning a Welsh coachmaker came with his bill to my lord, whose name was unluckily Lloyd. My lord had the man up. You are called, I think, Mr. Lloyd? At your lordship's service, my lord. What, Lloyd with an *L*? It was with an *L*, indeed, my lord. Because in your part of the world I have heard that Lloyd and Flloyd were synonymous, the very same names. Very often, indeed, my lord. But you always spell yours with an *L*? Always. That, Mr. Lloyd, is a little unlucky ; for you must know I am now paying my debts alphabetically, and in four or five years you might have come in with an *F* ; but I am afraid I can give you no hopes for your *L*. Ha, ha, ha!

[*Enter a SERVANT.*]

Serv.—There was no overtaking the servant.

Sir Luke.—That is unlucky ; tell my lord I'll attend him. I'll call on Sir Gregory myself.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Serj.—Why, you won't leave us, Sir Luke?

Sir Luke.—Pardon, dear Serjeant and Charlotte ; I have a thousand things to do for half a million of people, positively ; promised to procure a husband for Lady Cicely Sulky, and match a coach-horse for Brigadier Whip ; after that must run into the city to borrow a

thousand for young At-all at Almack's ; send a Cheshire cheese by the stage to Sir Timothy Tankard in Suffolk ; and get at the Heralds' office a coat-of-arms to clap on the coach of Billy Bengal, a nabob newly arrived ; so you see I have not a moment to lose.

Serj.—True, true.

Sir Luke.—At your toilet to-morrow you may—*[Enter a Servant abruptly and runs against Sir Luke.]* Can't you see where you are running, you rascal ?

Serv.—Sir, his Grace, the Duke of—

Sir Luke.—Grace ! where is he ? Where—

Serv.—In his coach at the door. If you an't better engaged, would be glad of your company to go into the city, and take a dinner at Dolly's.

Sir Luke.—In his own coach, did you say ?

Serv.—Yes, sir.

Sir Luke.—With the coronets—or—

Serv.—I believe so.

Sir Luke.—There's no resisting of that. Bid Joe run to Sir Gregory Goose's.

Serv.—He is already gone to Alderman Inkle's.

Sir Luke.—Then do you step into the knight—hey !—no—you must go into my lord's—hold, hold, no—I have it—step first to Sir Greg's, then pop in at Lord Brentford's just as the company are going to dinner.

Serv.—What shall I say to Sir Gregory ?

Sir Luke.—Anything—what I told you before.

Serv.—And what to my lord ?

Sir Luke.—What !—tell him that my uncle from Epsom—no—that won't do, for he knows I don't care a farthing for him—hey ? Why, tell him—hold, I have it. Tell him that as I was going into my chair to obey his commands, I was arrested by a couple of bailiffs, forced into a hackney-coach, and carried into the Pied Bull in the Borough ; I beg ten thousand pardons for making his Grace wait, but his Grace knows my misfor—
[Exeunt Sir Luke and Serv.]

Char.—Well, sir, what d'ye think of the proofs ? I flatter myself I have pretty well established my case.

Serj.—Why, hussy, you have hit upon points ; but then they are but trifling flaws ; they don't vitiate the title ; that stands unimpeached.—*The Lame Lover.*



FORBES, ARCHIBALD, British journalist and war-correspondent, born in Morayshire, Scotland, in 1838. He studied at the University of Aberdeen. After several years of service in the Royal Dragoons, which gave him practical knowledge of the details of military life, he became, in 1870, special correspondent for the *Daily News* (London), and accompanied the German army throughout the Franco-German War. In the same capacity he accompanied the Prince of Wales in his tour through India, 1875-76; was with the Russian army in the Russo-Turkish campaign of 1877, being on the field in all the severest engagements; accompanied the expedition to Afghanistan, 1878, and the British invasion of Zululand in South Africa, riding one hundred and twenty miles through a trackless country to reach a telegraph-station whence he sent the earliest tidings of the victory at Ulundi not only to the *Daily News*, but also to Sir Garnet Wolseley and to Sir Bartle Frere, Governor of the Cape. His message, transmitted by Sir Bartle to the government in London, was read in Parliament with acclamations. His health began to be seriously affected by his severe labors and he turned to lecturing, travelling in Great Britain, America, and Australia, recounting his experiences before large audiences. Among his publications are *My Experiences of the War Between France and*

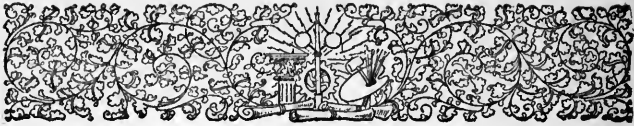
Germany and Glimpses Through the Cannon Smoke (1880); *Soldiering and Scribbling* and *A Series of Sketches* (1882); *Life of Chinese Gordon* (1884); *Life of the Emperor William of Germany* (1889); *Havelock* (1890); *Barracks, Bivouacs, and Battles* (1891); *The Afghan Wars* (1892); *Colin Campbell*; *Lord Clyde*, biography (1895); *Memoirs and Studies of War and Peace* (1895).

MONT AVRON.

I am bound for Le Vert Galant, and should turn away from the front at Livry; but let me go a little farther southward, through the *col* of Bondy, to see what that old *bête noir* Mont Avron is like in the thickening gloom. The place is true to its established character. From the range of the fringe of felled forest through which I have penetrated, I can only faintly trace the familiar outlines, so rapidly has the darkness fallen. But—flash! up goes the electric light from Nogent and Rosny, and bang comes the first shell—the “top of the evening” from Avron. What a humbug, to be sure, is that same electric light. The French were always using it. You saw it scintillating on the summit of Valérien and flashing out toward Le Bourget from Montmartre. To the defenders of Paris all it could do is to make darkness visible; to its besiegers, if they had only been in the mind, it would have been a gratis illumination that would be worth any money. In the foreground of the electric flashes of the forts before me, lies Avron as clear as if it were noonday. But Chelles, Montfermeil, Noisy, or Villiers might have been swallowed up in an earthquake, so utterly invisible are they. Oh, for something else than the meagre walruses by the windmill and on the vineberg! Half-a-dozen hours’ pelting with real artillery on those impudent batteries on the verge and crest of the plateau so brilliant under the rays of the electric light—then in the small hours a storming party of one battalion of Saxons and another of Guardsmen; a bayonet fight on the summit—and then hurrah

for the black, white and red flag to flaunt wherewithal the gunners of Nogent and Rosny. It would not be a light cause for which the Saxons, having once got a grip of the summit, would surrender it now. Well, let us live in hope, in early hope. How long? How long? I get angry as I look at the battery, made right in our faces, but the other day comparatively harmless, and at whose door, young as it is, lie the deaths of so many stalwart Saxons, whose corpses will fertilize next year's crops in the fatal horseshoe. I get angry and impatient when I think that this place, which our ground dominates so that not a gun could ever have been mounted but for unaccountable *laissez faire*, should test the elasticity of our forepost line in a direction that I am disgusted and savage to have the knowledge of. The *laissez faire* days were over; but there seldom comes an indulgence without a penalty, and on many graves around this side of Paris, the pioneers might have substituted for the "Hier ruhen in Gott," the words, "Here lie the consequences of vacillation."—*From My Experiences of the War Between France and Germany.*





FORBES, EDWARD, a British naturalist, born at Douglas, on the Isle of Man, February 12, 1815; died near Edinburgh, November 18, 1854. He studied medicine at Edinburgh, but devoted himself mainly to scientific pursuits and to literature. He was among the earliest to collect specimens in natural history by means of deep-sea dredging. In 1842 he became Professor of Botany in King's College, London, and shortly afterward was appointed Curator of the Museum of the Geological Society. His scientific publications were very numerous. Among his more important works was the preparation of a palæontological and geographical map of the British Islands, with an explanatory dissertation upon the *Distribution of Marine Life*. In 1852 he was chosen President of the Geological Society, and in 1853 was made Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh. A collection of his purely literary papers, with a Memoir by Professor Huxley, appeared soon after his death.

“Forbes was pre-eminently a naturalist,” wrote Dr. W. A. Browne. “His attention had never been exclusively directed to any one of the natural sciences. He was equally a botanist, a zoologist, and a geologist from first to last. With a remarkable eye and tact for the discrimination of species and the allocation of natural groups, he

combined the utmost delicacy in the perception of organic and cosmical relations. He possessed that rare quality so remarkable in the great masters of natural history, Linnæus and Cuvier—the power of availing himself of the labors of his brethren, not, as is too often the case, by appropriating their acquisitions, but by associating them voluntarily in the common labor. Entirely destitute of jealousy in scientific matters, he rather erred in overrating than in underrating the services of his friends. He was consequently as much beloved and confided in by his seniors in science as by the youngest naturalists of his acquaintance.”

THE CATERPILLAR STATE OF MAN.

What is the peculiarity of bachelorhood? It is the yearning after love returned, the craving for marriage, the longing for woman's companionship. Surround a bachelor with every possible comfort; give him the roomiest of bedchambers, the most refreshing of couches, the largest of sponging-baths; cover his breakfast with the whitest of tablecloths; make his tea with hottest of boiling water, envelop his body with the most comfortable of dressing-gowns, and his feet in the easiest of slippers; feed him among the luxuries and comforts of the snuggest of clubs; do all these things and more for him, and he will nevertheless be unhappy. He mopes and ponders and dreams about love and marriage. His imagination calls up shadow-wives, and he fancies himself a Benedict. In his dream he sees a fond and charming lady beside his solitary hearth, and prattling little ones climbing up his knees. He wakes to grow disgusted with his loneliness, and, despairing, vents his spleen in abuse of the very condition for which, waking and sleeping, he longs and pines.—*From Literary Papers.*

THE ECONOMIC VALUE OF SCIENCE.

On Friday night I lectured at the Royal Institution. The subject was the bearing of submarine researches and distribution. I pitched into Government mismanagement pretty strong, and made a fair case of it. It seems to me that at a time when the country is starving, we are utterly neglecting, or grossly mismanaging, great sources of wealth and food. I have lately rummaged through every document, official and non-official, that can be laid hold of on this matter, and more wonderful blindness on the part of statesmen, etc., could not have been discovered. It happened that the night before my lecture the question rose accidentally in the House, and ministers and members displayed as much ignorance of the case as ever. Were I a rich man, I would make the subject a hobby, for the good of the country, and for the better proving that the true interests of government are those linked with and inseparable from science.—*From Letter to Professor Ramsay, May 17, 1847.*

DREDGING SONG.

Hurrah for the dredge, with its iron edge,
 And its mystical triangle,
 And its hided net with meshes set
 Odd fishes to entangle!
 The ship may move through the wave above,
 Mid scenes exciting wonder,
 But braver sights the dredge delights
 As it roveth the waters under.
 Then a-dredging we will go, wise boys!
 Then a-dredging we will go.

Down in the deep, where the mermen sleep,
 Our gallant dredge is sinking;
 Each finny shape in a precious scrape
 Will find itself in a twinkling!
 They may twirl and twist, and writhe as they wist,
 And break themselves into sections:

But up they all, at the dredge's call,
Must come to fill collections.
Then a-dredging we will go, wise boys !
Then a-dredging we will go.

The creatures strange the sea that range,
Though mighty in their stations,
To the dredge must yield the briny field
Of their loves and depredations.
The crab so bold, like a knight of old,
On scaly armor plated,
And the slimy snail, with a shell on his tail,
And the star-fish—radiated.
Then a-dredging we will go, wise boys !
Then a-dredging we will go.





FORD, JOHN, an English dramatist, born at Islington, Devonshire (baptized April 17th), 1586; died subsequent to 1639. He was of good family, his grandfather and father having attained legal eminence. At sixteen he was entered as a student at law at the Inner Temple, was called to the bar, and practised until past fifty, when he retired to his estate, and nothing further is recorded of him. He appears to have gained a competent fortune in his profession, so that he was able to write without regard to any pecuniary profit which he might gain from his dramas, and to disregard the prevailing taste of the theatre-goers of his time. Some of his dramas were produced in conjunction with others, especially with Rowley, Dekker, and Webster, and it is impossible to fix with certainty the respective shares of each. The titles of sixteen plays, wholly or in part by Ford, have been preserved, but several of these are not now known to be extant; some of them do not appear to have ever been printed. *Love's Melancholy*, probably the earliest of Ford's dramas, was first acted in 1678; *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*, a powerful tragedy, was printed in 1633; *The Broken Heart*, upon the whole the best of Ford's dramas, was also printed in 1633, but both were probably produced upon the stage a little earlier; *The Lady's Trial* was acted in 1638,

and printed in the following year. The first complete edition of Ford's works, edited by Weber, was published in 1811; in 1827 appeared an edition edited by Gifford; and in 1847 an expurgated edition was issued in "Murray's Family Library." Gifford's edition, revised by Dyce, with Notes and an Introduction (1869), is the best. An Essay on Ford, by Algernon Charles Swinburne, was published among his "Notes and Essays" in 1875.

CALANTHA AND PENTHEA.

Cal.—Being alone, Penthea, you have granted
The opportunity you sought, and might
At all times have commanded.

Pen.— "Tis a benefit
Which I shall owe your goodness even in death for.
My glass of life, sweet princess, hath few minutes
Remaining to run down; the sands are spent:
For, by an inward messenger, I feel
The summons of departure short and certain.

Cal.—You feed too much your melancholy.

Pen.— Glories
Of human greatness are but pleasing dreams,
And shadows soon decaying: on the stage
Of my mortality my youth hath acted
Some scenes of vanity, drawn out at length;
By varied pleasures sweetened in the mixture,
But tragical in issue.

Cal.—Contemn not your condition for the proof
Of bare opinion only: to what end
Reach all these moral texts?

Pen.— To place before you
A perfect mirror, wherein you may see
How weary I am of a lingering life,
Who count the best a misery.

Cal.— Indeed,
You have no little cause; yet none so great
As to distrust a remedy.

Pen.— That remedy

Must be a winding-sheet, a fold of lead,
And some untrod-on corner in the earth.
Not to detain your expectation, princess,
I have an humble suit.

Cal.— Speak, and enjoy it.

Pen.—Vouchsafe, then, to be my executrix ;
Heaven will reward your piety and thank it,
When I am dead : for sure I must not live.

Cal.—Now beshrew thy sadness ;
Thou turn'st me too much woman.

Pen.— Her fair eyes
Melt into passion : then I have assurance
Encouraging my boldness. In this paper
My will was charactered ; which you, with pardon,
Shall now know from mine own mouth.

Cal.— Talk on, prithee ;
It is a pretty earnest.

Pen.— I have left me
But three poor jewels to bequeath. The first is
My youth ; for though I am much old in griefs,
In years I am a child.

Cal.— To whom that ?

Pen.—To virgin wives ; such as abuse not wedlock
By freedom of desires, but covet chiefly
The pledges of chaste beds, for ties of love
Rather than ranging of their blood ; and next
To married maids ; such as prefer the number
Of honorable issue in their virtues,
Before the flattery of delights by marriage ;
May those be ever young.

Cal.— A second jewel
You mean to part ?

Pen.— 'Tis my fame ; I trust
By scandal yet untouched ; this I bequeath
To Memory and Time's old daughter, Truth.

Cal.—How handsomely thou play'st with harmless sport
Of mere imagination ! Speak the last.
I strangely like thy will.

Pen.— This jewel, madam,
Is dearly precious to me ; you must use
The best of your discretion, to employ
This gift as I intend it.

Cal.— Do not doubt me.

Pen.—'Tis long ago, since first I lost my heart ;
Long I have lived without it : but instead
Of it, to great Calantha, Sparta's heir,
By service bound, and by affection vowed,
I do bequeath in holiest rites of love
Mine only brother Ithocles.

Cal.— What saidst thou ?

Pen.—Impute not, heaven-blest lady, to ambition,
A faith as humbly perfect as the prayers
Of a devoted suppliant can endow it :
Look on him, princess, with an eye of pity ;
How like the ghost of what he late appeared
He moves before you !

Cal.— Shall I answer here,
Or lend my ear too grossly ?

Pen.— First his heart
Shall fall in cinders, scorched by your disdain,
Ere he will care, poor man, to ope an eye
On these divine looks, but with low-bent thoughts
Accusing such presumption : as for words,
He dares not utter any but of service ;
Yet this lost creature loves you.

Cal.— What new change
Appears in my behavior that thou darest
Tempt my displeasure ?

Pen.— I must leave the world,
To revel in Elysium ; and 'tis just
To wish my brother some advantage here.
Yet by my best hopes, Ithocles is ignorant
Of this pursuit. But if you please to kill him,
Lend him one angry look, or one harsh word,
And you shall soon conclude how strong a power
Your absolute authority holds over
His life and end.

Cal.— You have forgot, Penthea,
How still I have a father.

Pen.— But remember
I am sister : though to me this brother
Hath been, you know, unkind, O most unkind.

Cal.—Christalla, Philema, where are ye?—Lady,
Your check lies in my silence. —*The Broken Heart.*



FORD, RICHARD, an English traveller and descriptive writer, born in London, 1796; died at Heavitree, near Exeter, in September, 1858. He was educated at Winchester and at Trinity College, Cambridge, studied law at Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the bar, but never entered into practice. In 1839 he went to Spain, where he resided several years. From 1836 to 1857 he was a frequent contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, his papers relating mainly to the life, literature, and art of Spain. He prepared Murray's *Hand-Book for Spain* (1845; rewritten and enlarged in 1855). He also wrote *Gatherings in Spain* (1848), and *Tauromachia, the Bull Fights of Spain* (1852). His descriptions of the country, people, and customs of Spain are the best extant works on the subject. He was well spoken of by his contemporaries.

SPAIN AND THE SPANIARDS IN 1840.

Since Spain appears on the map to be a square and most compact kingdom, politicians and geographers have treated it and its inhabitants as one and the same; practically, however, this is almost exclusively a geographical expression, as the earth, air, and morals of the different portions of this conventional whole are altogether heterogeneous. Peninsular man has followed the nature by which he is surrounded; mountains and rivers have walled and moated the dislocated land; mists and gleams have diversified the heavens; and differing like soil and sky, the *people*, in each of the once indepen-

dent provinces, now bound loosely together by one golden hoop, the crown, has its own particular character. To hate his neighbor is a second nature to the Spaniard ; no spick and span Constitution, be it printed on parchment or calico, can at once efface traditions and antipathies of a thousand years ; the accidents of localities and provincial nationalities, out of which they have sprung, remain too deeply dyed to be forthwith discharged by theorists.

The climate and productions vary no less than do language, costume, and manners ; and so division and localism have, from time immemorial, formed a marked national feature. Spaniards may talk and boast of their *Patria*, as is done by the similarly circumstanced Italians, but like them and the Germans, they have the fallacy, but no real Fatherland ; it is an aggregation rather than an amalgamation—every single individual in his heart really only loving his native province, and only considering as his fellow-countryman, *su paisano*—a most binding and endearing word—one born in the same locality as himself : hence it is not easy to predicate much in regard to “the Spains” and Spaniards in general which will hold quite good as to each particular portion ruled by the sovereign of *Las Espanas*, the plural title given to the chief of the federal union of this really little united kingdom. *Espanolismo* may, however, be said to consist in a love for a common faith and king, and in a coincidence of resistance to all foreign dictation. The deep sentiments of religion, loyalty and independence, noble characteristics indeed, have been sapped in our times by the influence of Trans-Pyrenean revolutions. Two general observations may be premised :

First, The people of Spain, the so-called lower orders, are superior to those who arrogate to themselves the title of being their betters, and in most respects are more interesting. The masses, the least spoilt and the most national, stand like pillars amid ruins, and on them the edifice of Spain's greatness is, if ever, to be reconstructed. This may have arisen, in this land of anomalies, from the peculiar policy of government in church and state, where the possessors of religious and civil

monopolies, who dreaded knowledge as power, pressed heavily on the noble and rich, dwarfing down their bodies by intermarriages, and all but extinguishing their minds by inquisitions; while the people, overlooked in the obscurity of poverty, were allowed to grow out to their full growth like wild weeds of a rich soil. They, in fact, have long enjoyed, under despotisms of church and state, a practical and personal independence, the good results of which are evident in their stalwart frames and manly bearing.

Secondly, A distinction must ever be made between the Spaniard in his *individual* and *collective* capacity, and still more in an *official* one. Taken by himself, he is true and valiant; the nicety of his *Pundonor*, or point of personal honor, is proverbial; to him, as an individual, you may safely trust your life, fair fame, and purse. Yet history, treating of these individuals in the collective, *juatados*, presents the foulest examples of misbehavior in the field, of Punic bad faith in the cabinet, of bankruptcy and repudiation on the exchange. This may be also much ascribed to the deteriorating influence of bad government, by which the individual Spaniard, like the monk in a convent, becomes fused into the corporate. The atmosphere is too infectious to avoid some corruption, and while the Spaniard feels that his character is only in safe keeping when in his own hands, and no man of any nation knows better than how to uphold it, when linked with others, his self-pride, impatient of any superior, lends itself readily to feelings of mistrust, until self-interest and preservation become uppermost. From suspecting that he will be sold and sacrificed by others, he ends by floating down the turbid stream like the rest: yet even official employment does not quite destroy all private good qualities, and the *empleado* may be appealed to as an individual.





FORSTER, JOHN, an English biographer, journalist, and historian, born at Newcastle, April 2, 1812; died February 2, 1876. In 1828 he came to London and attended law classes, but devoted himself mainly to journalism and literary work, although he was formally called to the bar. He was successively editor of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, of the *Daily News*, succeeding Dickens, and of the *Examiner*, succeeding Fonblanque, holding this last position from 1847 to 1856. In 1861 he was appointed a Commissioner in Lunacy. In 1855 he married the wealthy widow of Henry Colburn, the publisher. For many years he was a frequent contributor to the *Edinburgh, Quarterly*, and *Foreign Quarterly* Reviews. His biographical and historical works are numerous and valuable. The principal are *The Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England* (1840); *Life of Goldsmith* (1848, greatly enlarged in 1854); *The Arrest of the Five Members by Charles I. and Debates on the Great Remonstrance* (1860); *Sir John Eliot* (1864); *Life of Walter Savage Landor* (1868); *Life of Charles Dickens* (1871-74), and *Early Life of Jonathan Swift* (1875). This last work is the first volume of a complete biography of Swift, upon which he had been engaged for several years; but he died, leaving this work unfinished.

SWIFT AND HIS BIOGRAPHERS.

Swift's later time, when he was governing Ireland as well as his Deanery, and the world was filled with the fame of *Gulliver*, is broadly and intelligibly written. But as to all the rest, his life is a work unfinished; to which no one has brought the minute examination indispensably required, where the whole of a career has to be considered to get at the proper comprehension of certain parts of it. The writers accepted as authorities for the obscurer portion of it are found to be practically worthless, and the defect is not supplied by the later and greater biographers. Johnson did him no kind of justice, because of too little liking for him; and Scott, with much hearty liking, as well as a generous admiration, had too much other work to do. Thus, notwithstanding noble passages in both memoirs, and Scott's pervading tone of healthy, manly wisdom, it is left to an inferior hand to attempt to complete the tribute begun by these illustrious men.—*Preface to Life of Swift.*

THE LITERARY PROFESSION AND THE LAW OF COPYRIGHT.

"It were well," said Goldsmith, on one occasion, with bitter truth, "if none but the dunces of society were combined to render the profession of an author ridiculous or unhappy." The profession themselves have yet to learn the secret of co-operation; they have to put away internal jealousies; they have to claim for themselves, as poor Goldsmith, after his fashion, very loudly did, that defined position from which greater respect, and more frequent consideration in public life, could not long be withheld; in fine, they have frankly to feel that their vocation, properly regarded, ranks with the worthiest, and that, on all occasions, to do justice to it, and to each other, is the way to obtain justice from the world. If writers had been thus true to themselves, the subject of copyright might have been equitably settled when attention was first drawn to it; but while Defoe was urging the author's claim, Swift was calling Defoe a fellow that had been pilloried, and we have still to discuss as *in forma pauperis* the rights of the English author.

Confiscation is a hard word, but after the decision of the highest English court, it is the word which alone describes fairly the statute of Anne for encouragement of literature. That is now superseded by another statute, having the same gorgeous name and the same inglorious meaning ; for even this last enactment, sorely resisted as it was, leaves England behind any other country in the world in the amount of their own property secured to her authors. In some, to this day, perpetual copyright exists ; and though it may be reasonable, as Dr. Johnson argued, that it was to surrender a part for greater efficiency or protection to the rest, yet the commonest dictates of natural justice might at least require that an author's family should not be beggared of their inheritance as soon as his own capacity to provide for them may have ceased. In every Continental country this is cared for, the lowest term secured by the most niggardly arrangement being twenty-five years ; whereas in England it is the munificent number of seven. Yet the most laborious works, and often the most delightful, are for the most part of a kind which the hereafter only can repay. The poet, the historian, the scientific investigator, do indeed find readers to-day ; but if they have labored with success, they have produced books whose substantial reward is not the large and temporary, but the limited and constant nature of their sale. No consideration of moral right exists, no principle of economical science can be stated, which would justify the seizure of such books by the public before they had the chance of remunerating the genius and the labor of their producers.

But though Parliament can easily commit this wrong, it is not in such case the quarter to look to for redress. There is no hope of a better state of things till the author shall enlist upon his side the power of which Parliament is but the inferior expression. The true remedy for literary wrongs must flow from a higher sense than has at any period yet prevailed in England of the duties and responsibilities assumed by the public writer, and of the social consideration and respect that their effectual discharge should have undisputed right to claim.—
Life of Goldsmith.



FORSYTH, JOSEPH, a Scottish traveller and teacher, born at Elgin in 1763; died in 1815. He conducted for many years a classical seminary near London. In 1802 he set out upon a tour in Italy; in the next year he was arrested at Turin in pursuance of an order issued by Napoleon for the detention of all British subjects travelling in his dominions. He was not set at liberty until the downfall of Napoleon in 1814. In the meantime he wrote out the notes which he had prepared of his visit to Italy. This was published in 1812, under the title, *Remarks on Antiquities, Arts, and Letters during an Excursion in Italy in the years 1802 and 1803*. The immediate object of the publication was to enlist the sympathies of Napoleon and of the leading members of the National Institute in his behalf. The effort was unsuccessful, and the author regretted that it had been made. The work has been several times reprinted; a fourth edition was issued in 1835, being brought down to that date by another hand.

THE ITALIAN VINTAGE.

The vintage was in full glow, men, women, children, asses, all were variously engaged in the work. I remarked in the scene a prodigality and negligence which I never saw in France. The grapes dropped unheeded from the panniers, and hundreds were left unclipped on the vines. The vintagers poured on us as we passed the

richest ribaldry of the Italian language, and seemed to claim from Homer's old *vindemiator* a prescriptive right to abuse the traveller.

THE COLOSSEUM IN 1803.

A colossal taste gave rise to the Colosseum. Here, indeed, gigantic dimensions were necessary ; for though hundreds could enter at once, and fifty thousand find seats, the space was still insufficient for room, and the crowd for the morning games began at midnight. Vespasian and Titus, as if presaging their own deaths, hurried the building, and left several marks of their precipitancy behind. In the upper walls they have inserted stones which had evidently been dressed for a different purpose. Some of the arcades are grossly unequal ; no moulding preserves the same level and form round the whole ellipse, and every order is full of license. The Doric has no *triglyphs* and *metopes*, and its arch is too low for its columns ; the Ionic repeats the entablature of the Doric ; the third order is but a rough cast of the Corinthian, and its foliage the thickest water-plants ; the fourth seems a mere repetition of the third in pilasters ; and the whole is crowned by a heavy Attic. Happily for the Colosseum, the shape necessary to an amphitheatre has given it a stability of construction sufficient to resist fires, and earthquakes, and lightnings, and sieges. Its elliptical form was the hoop which bound and held it entire till barbarians rent that consolidating ring ; popes widened the breach ; and time, not unassisted, continues the work of dilapidation. At this moment the hermitage is threatened with a dreadful crash, and a generation not very remote must be content, I apprehend, with the picture of this stupendous monument. Of the interior elevation, two slopes, by some called *meniana*, are already demolished ; the *arena*, the *podium*, are interred. No member runs entire round the whole ellipse ; but every member made such a circuit, and reappears so often that plans, sections, and elevations of the original work are drawn with the precision of a modern fabric. When the whole amphitheatre was entire, a child might comprehend its

design in a moment, and go direct to his place without straying in the porticos, for each arcade bears its number engraved, and opposite to every fourth arcade was a staircase. This multiplicity of wide, straight, and separate passages proves the attention which the ancients paid to the safe discharge of a crowd; it finely illustrates the precept of Vitruvius, and exposes the perplexity of some modern theatres.

Every nation has undergone its revolution of vices; and as cruelty is not the present vice of ours, we can all humanely execrate the purpose of amphitheatres, now that they lie in ruins. Moralists may tell us that the truly brave are never cruel; but this monument says "No." Here sat the conquerors of the world, coolly to enjoy the tortures and death of men who had never offended them. Two aqueducts were scarcely sufficient to wash the blood which a few hours' sport shed in the imperial shambles. Twice in one day came the senators and matrons of Rome to the butchery; a virgin always gave the signal for slaughter; and when glutted with bloodshed, these ladies sat down in the wet and steaming *arenæ* to a luxurious supper! Such reflections check our regret for its ruin. As it now stands the Colosseum is a striking image of Rome itself—decayed, vacant, serious, yet grand—half-gray, and half-green—erect on one side, and falling on the other; with consecrated ground in its bosom—inhabited by a beadsman; visited by every caste; for moralists, antiquaries, painters, architects, devotees, all meeting here to meditate, to examine, to draw, to measure, and to pray. "In contemplating antiquities," says Livy, "the mind itself becomes antique." It contracts from such objects a venerable rust, which I prefer to the polish and the point of those wits who have lately profaned this august ruin with ridicule.





FORTESCUE, SIR JOHN, an eminent English lawyer, born in all probability at Norris, near South Brent, Somersetshire, about 1395; died about 1485; but the exact dates are uncertain. He was born shortly after the accession of Henry IV., lived through his reign, and those of Henry V., Henry VI., Edward IV., Richard III., and into that of Henry VII. In 1426 he was made one of the Governors of Lincoln's Inn, and in 1442 (during the reign of Henry VI.) Chief-Justice of the King's Bench. During the War of the Roses he was a zealous Lancastrian, and when the Yorkists gained the preponderance in Parliament, a bill of attainder was passed against him, and he fled to Scotland and in 1464 to France. Returning to England, after some years, he was made prisoner by Edward IV. at the battle of Tewksbury (1471). Having been pardoned by the victor, he withdrew to his estate in Gloucester, and passed the remainder of his life in retirement. Fortescue wrote several notable books in Latin and in English. The most important of his English works is *The Governiance of England; or, The Difference between an Absolute and a Limited Monarchy*, first printed in 1714. In Fuller's *Worthies* it is stated that "his learned commentaries on English law make him famous to all posterity."

THE COMMONS AND THE KINGDOM.

Some men have said that it were good for the king that the commons of England were made poor, as be the commons of France. For then they would not rebel, as now they done oftentimes, for they would have no weapon, nor armour, nor good to buy it at withal. To these manner of men may be said, *Ad parva respicientes, de facili enunciant*; that is to say, they that seen few things woll soon say their advice. Forsooth those folks consideren little the good of the realm, whereof the might most stondesth upon archers, which be no rich men. And if they were made poorer than they be, they should not have herewith to buy them bows, arrows, jacks, or any other armour of defence, whereby they might be able to resist our enemies when they list to come upon us, which they may do on every side, considering that we be an island; and, as it is said before, we may not have soon succours of any other realm. Wherefore we should be a prey to all other enemies, but if we be mighty of ourself, which might stondesth most upon our poor archers; and therefore they needen not only to have such habiliments as now is spoken of, but also they needen to be much exercised in shooting, which may not be done without right great expenses. Wherefore the making poor of the commons, which is the making poor of our archers, should be the destruction of the greatest might of our realm. Item, when any rising hath been made in this land, before these days by commons, the poorest men thereof hath been the greatest causers and doers therein. And thrifty men have been loth thereto, for dread of losing of their goods, yet oftentimes they have gone with them through menaces, or else the same poor men would have taken their goods; wherein it seemeth that poverty have been the whole and chief cause of all such rising. The poor man hath been stirred thereto by occasion of his poverty for to get good; and the rich men have gone with them because they wold not be poor by losing of their goods. What then would fall, if all the commons were poor?—*The Governance of England.*



FORTUNE, ROBERT, a British naturalist and traveller, born in Berwick, Scotland, September 16, 1813; died April 16, 1880. He was trained as a horticulturist; was employed in the botanical gardens of Edinburgh, where he attended the lectures in the University. He was afterward employed in the botanical gardens at Chiswick, near London, and in 1843 was appointed by the London Horticultural Society to collect plants in China, the ports of which had just been thrown open to Europeans. Upon his return he published *Three Years' Wanderings in the Northern Provinces of China*. In 1848 he was sent to China by the East India Company to investigate the mode of cultivation of the tea plant, collect seeds, and introduce its culture into Northern India. Upon his return to Great Britain he published *Two Visits to the Tea Countries of China* (1852). Subsequently he made a third visit to China, of which he gave an account in his *Residence among the Chinese, Inland, on the Coast, and at Sea* (1857). In 1857 he was deputed by the United States Patent Office to visit China to collect seeds of the tea-shrub and other plants. He was absent two years, and collected and shipped to the United States the seeds of a large number of plants. In 1863 he published, in London, *Yeddo and Peking*.

CHINESE THIEVES.

About two in the morning I was awakened by a loud yell from one of my servants, and I suspected at once that we had had a visit from thieves, for I had frequently heard the same sound before. Like the cry one hears at sea when a man has fallen overboard, this alarm can never be mistaken when once it has been heard. Before I had time to inquire what was wrong, one of my servants and two of the boatmen plunged into the canal and pursued the thieves. Thinking that we had only lost some cooking utensils, or things of little value that might have been lying outside the boat, I gave myself no uneasiness about the matter, and felt much inclined to go to sleep again. But my servant, who returned almost immediately, awoke me most effectually. "I fear," said he, opening my door, "the thieves have been inside the boat, and have taken away some of your property." "Impossible," said I; "they cannot have been here." "But look," he replied; "a portion of the side of your boat under the window has been lifted out."

Turning to the place indicated by my servant I could see, although it was quite dark, that there was a large hole in the side of the boat not more than three feet from where my head had been lying. At my right hand, and just under the window, the trunk used to stand in which I was in the habit of keeping my papers, money, and other valuables. On the first suspicion that I was the victim, I stretched out my hand in the dark to feel if this was safe. Instead of my hand resting on the top of the trunk, as it had been accustomed to do, it went down to the floor of the boat, and I then knew for the first time that the trunk was gone. At the same moment, my servant, Tung-a, came in with a candle, and confirmed what I had just made out in the dark. The thieves had done their work well—the boat was empty. My money, amounting to more than one hundred Shanghai dollars, my accounts, and other papers—all, all were gone. The rascals had not even left me the clothes I had thrown off when I went to bed.

But there was no time to lose ; and in order to make every effort to catch the thieves, or at least get back a portion of my property, I jumped into the canal, and made for the bank. The tide had now risen, and instead of finding only about two feet of water—the depth when we went to bed—I now sank up to the neck, and found the stream very rapid. A few strokes with my arms soon brought me into shallow water and to the shore. Here I found the boatmen rushing about in a frantic manner, examining with a lantern the bushes and indigo vats on the banks of the canal, but all they had found was a few Manila cheroots which the thieves had dropped, apparently, in their hurry. A watchman with his lantern and two or three stragglers, hearing the noise we made, came up and inquired what was wrong ; but when asked whether they had seen anything of the thieves, shook their heads, and professed the most profound ignorance. I returned in no comfortable frame of mind to my boat.

It was a serious business for me to lose so much money, but that part of the matter gave me the least uneasiness. The loss of my accounts, journals, drawings, and numerous memoranda I had been making during three years of travel, which it was impossible for any one to replace, was of far greater importance. I tried to reason philosophically upon the matter ; to persuade myself that as the thing could not be helped now, it was no use being vexed with it ; that in a few years it would not signify much either to myself or any one else whether I had been robbed or not ; but all this fine reasoning would not do.—*Residence among the Chinese.*





FOSCOLO, NICCOLO UGO, an Italian poet and general writer, born on the island of Zante, January 26, 1778; died at Turnham Green, near London, October 10, 1827. Upon the death of his father, a physician at Spoleto, the family removed to Venice. Foscolo went to the University of Padua, where he made himself master of ancient Greek — modern Greek being his vernacular tongue. At the age of nineteen he produced his tragedy of *Tieste*, which was received with some favor at Venice. He had already begun to take part in the stormy political disputes growing out of the overthrow of the Venetian State. He addressed an adulatory Ode to Bonaparte, from whom he hoped not merely the overthrow of the Venetian oligarchy, but the establishment of a free Republic. Notwithstanding that in the autumn of 1797 Venice was by treaty made over to Austria, he adhered to the French side, and when the hostilities again broke out between France and Austria he joined the French army, and was among those who were made prisoners at the taking of Genoa in 1800. After his release he took up his residence at Milan, where in 1807 he wrote the *Carme mi Sepolcri*, the best of his poems, which reads like an effort to seek refuge in the past from the misery of the present and the darkness of the future. In 1809 he received the appointment of

Professor of Italian Eloquence at the University of Pavia; but this professorship was before long abolished by Napoleon. After many vicissitudes, in 1816 he went to England, which was thereafter his home. He entered upon a strictly literary life, contributed to reviews upon Italian subjects, and in 1821 wrote in English his essays upon Petrarch and Dante, which brought him fame and money; but his irregular way of life involved him in constant pecuniary straits. In 1871, forty-four years after his death, his remains were removed to Florence, and deposited in the magnificent church of Santa Croce, Italy's Westminster Abbey. Italians place the name of Foscolo high upon the list of their great writers. Next to Alfieri he has perhaps contributed more than any other Italian writer to free the literature of his language of the pedantries and affectations of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

THE SEPULCHRES.

Beneath the cypress shade, or sculptured urn
By fond tears watered, is the sleep of death
Less heavy? When for me the sun no more
Shall shine on earth, and bless with genial beams
This beauteous race of beings animate—
When bright with flattering hues, the future hours
No longer dance before me, and I hear
No more the magic of thy dulcet verse,
Nor the sad, gentle harmony it breathes—
When mute within my breast the inspiring voice
Of youthful Poesy and Love, sole light
To this my wandering life—what guerdon then
For vanished years will be the marble, reared
To mark my dust amid the countless throng
Wherewith Death widely strews the land and sea?

And thus it is ! Hope, the last friend of man,
 Flies from the tomb, and dim Forgetfulness
 Wraps in its rayless night all mortal things.
 Change after change, unfelt, unheeded, takes
 Its tribute—and o'er man, his sepulchres,
 His being's lingering traces, and the relics
 Of earth and heaven, Time in mockery treads.

Yet why hath man, from immemorial years,
 Yearned for the illusive power which may retain
 The parted spirit on life's threshold still ?
 Doth not the buried live, e'en though to him
 The day's enchanted melody is mute,
 If yet fond thoughts and tender memories
 He wake in friendly breasts ? O, 'tis from heaven,
 This sweet communion of abiding love !
 A boon celestial ! By its charm we hold
 Full oft a solemn converse with the dead,
 If yet the pious earth, which nourished once
 Their ripening youth, in her maternal breast
 Yielding a last asylum, shall protect
 Their sacred relics from insulting storms,
 Or step profane—if some secluded stone
 Preserve their names, and flowery verdure wave
 Its fragrant shade above their honored dust.
 But he who leaves no heritage of love
 Is heedless of an urn—and if he look
 Beyond the grave, his spirit wanders lost
 Among the wailings of infernal shores ;
 Or hides its guilt beneath the sheltering wings
 Of God's forgiving mercy ; while his bones
 Moulder unrecked of on the desert sand,
 Where never loving woman pours her prayer,
 Nor solitary pilgrim hears the sigh
 Which mourning Nature sends us from the tomb. . . .

From the days

When first the nuptial feast and judgment-seat
 And altar softened our untutored race,
 And taught to man his own and others' good,
 The living treasured from the bleaching storm
 And savage brute those sad and poor remains,
 By Nature destined for a lofty fate.
Then tombs became the witnesses of pride,

And altars for the young :—thence gods invoked
 Uttered their solemn answers ; and the oath
 Sworn on the father's dust was thrice revered.
 Hence the devotion, which, with various rites,
 The warmth of patriot virtue, kindred love,
 Transmits through the countless lapse of years.

Not in those times did stones sepulchred pave
 The temple floors—nor fumes of shrouded corpses,
 Mixed with the altar's incense, smite with fear
 The suppliant worshiper—nor cities frown,
 Ghastly with sculptured skeletons—while leaped
 Young mothers from their sleep in wild affright,
 Shielding their helpless babes with feeble arm,
 And listening for the groans of wandering ghosts,
 Imploring vainly from their impious heirs
 Their gold-bought masses. But in living green,
 Cypress and stately cedar spread their shade
 O'er unforgotten graves, scattering in air
 Their grateful odors ;—vases which received
 The mourners' votive tears. Their pious friends
 Enticed the day's pure gleam to gild the gloom
 Of monuments ; for man his dying eye
 Turns ever to the sun, and every breast
 Heaves its last sigh towards the departing light,
 There fountains flung aloft their silver spray,
 Watering sweet amaranths and violets
 Upon the funeral sod ; and he who came
 To commune with the dead breathed fragrance round,
 Like bland airs wafted from Elysian fields. . . .

Happy, my friend, who in thine early years
 Hast crossed the wide dominion of the winds !
 If e'er the pilot steered thy wandering bark
 Beyond the Ægean Isles, thou heardst the shores
 Of Hellespont resound with ancient deeds ;
 And the proud surge exult, that bore of old
 Achilles's armor to Rhæteum's shore,
 Where Ajax sleeps. To souls of generous mould
 Death righteously awards the meed of fame ;
 Not subtle wit, nor kingly favor gave
 The perilous spoils to Ithaca, where waves,
 Stirred to wild fury by infernal gods,
Rescued the treasures from the shipwrecked bark.

For me, whom years and love of high renown
 Impel through far and various lands to roam,
 The Muses, greatly waking in my breast
 Sad thoughts, bid me invoke the heroic dead.
 They sit and guard the sepulchres ; and when
 Time with cold wing sweeps tombs and fanes to ruin,
 The gladdened desert echoes with their song,
 And its loud harmony subdues the silence
 Of noteless ages.

Yet on Ilium's plain,
 Where now the harvest waves, to pilgrim eyes
 Devout gleams star-like an eternal shrine—
 Eternal for the Nymph espoused by Jove,
 Who gave her royal lord the son whence sprung
 Troy's ancient city, and Assaracus,
 The fifty sons of Priam's regal line,
 And the wide empire of the Latin race.
 She, listening to the Fates' resistless call,
 That summoned her from vital airs of earth
 To choirs Elysian, of heaven's sire besought
 One boon in dying :—"O, if e'er to thee,"
 She cried, "this fading form, these locks were dear,
 And the soft cares of Love—since Destiny
 Denies me happier lot, guard thou at least
 That thine Electra's fame in death survive !"

She prayed, and died. Then shook the Thunderer's
 throne,

And, bending in assent, the immortal head
 Showered down ambrosia from celestial locks,
 To sanctify her tomb.—Erichthon there
 Reposes—there the dust of Ilus lies.
 There Trojan matrons, with dishevelled hair,
 Sought vainly to avert impending fate
 From their doomed lords. There, too, Cassandra stood,
 Inspired with deity, and told the ruin
 That hung o'er Troy—and poured her wailing song
 To solemn shades—and led the children forth,
 And taught to youthful lips the fond lament ;
 Sighing, she said—

"If e'er the Gods permit

Your safe return from Greece, where, exiled slaves,
 Your hands shall feed your haughty conqueror's steeds,

Your country ye will seek in vain ! Yon walls,
By mighty Phœbus reared, shall cumber earth,
In smouldering ruins. Yet the Gods of Troy
Shall hold their dwelling in these tombs ;—

Heaven grants

One proud, last gift—in grief a deathless name.
Ye cypresses and palms, by princely hands
Of Priam's daughters planted ! ye shall grow,
Watered, alas ! by widows' tears. Guard ye
My slumbering fathers ! He who shall withhold
The impious axe from your devoted trunks
Shall feel less bitterly *his* stroke of grief,
And touch the shrine with not unworthy hand.
Guard ye my fathers ! One day shall ye mark
A sightless wanderer 'mid your ancient shades :
Groping among your mounds, he shall embrace
The hallowed urns, and question of their trust.
Then shall the deep and caverned cells reply
In hollow murmur, and give up the tale
Of Troy twice razed to earth and twice rebuilt,
Shining in grandeur on the desert plain,
To make more lofty the last monument
Raised for the sons of Peleus. There the bard,
Soothing their restless ghosts with magic song,
A glorious immortality shall give
Those Grecian princes, in all lands renowned,
Which ancient Ocean wraps in his embrace.
And thou, too, Hector, shalt the meed receive
Of pitying tears, where'er the patriot's blood
Is prized or mourned, so long as yonder sun
Shall roll in heaven, and shine on human woe."

—*Translation in American Quarterly Review*





FOSTER, JOHN, an English dissenting clergyman and essayist, born near Halifax, Yorkshire, September 17, 1770; died at Stapleton, October 15, 1843. In early life he was a weaver, but, having united with the Baptist Church at the age of seventeen, he studied for the ministry at the Baptist college at Bristol, and commenced his labors as a preacher in 1797. He preached lastly at Frome, where he went in 1804. Here he wrote his four notable essays, *On a Man's Writing Memoirs of Himself*, *On Decision of Character*, *On the Application of the Epithet Romantic*, and *On Some of the Causes by Which Evangelical Religion Has Been Rendered Less Acceptable to Persons of Cultivated Taste*. He became one of the principal contributors to the *Eclectic Review*, for which he wrote nearly two hundred articles during the ensuing thirteen years. In 1820 he wrote the last of his great essays, *On the Evils of Popular Ignorance*. For the last twenty-three years of his life, his labor was mainly that of preparing books for the press. Besides the writings already mentioned, Foster put forth two volumes of his *Contributions to the Eclectic Review*. After his death appeared two series of *Lectures Delivered at Bristol* (1844 and 1847), and an *Introductory Essay to Doddridge's Rise and Progress* (1847).

CHANGES IN LIFE AND OPINIONS.

Though in memoirs intended for publication a large share of incident and action would generally be necessary, yet there are some men whose mental history alone might be very interesting to reflective readers ; as, for instance, that of a thinking man remarkable for a number of complete changes of his speculative system. From observing the usual tenacity of views once deliberately adopted in mature life, we regard as a curious phenomenon the man whose mind has been a kind of caravansary of opinions, entertained a while, and then sent on pilgrimage ; a man who has admired and then dismissed systems with the same facility with which John Bunce found, adored, married, and interred his succession of wives, each one being, for the time, not only better than all that went before, but the best in the creation. You admire the versatile aptitude of a mind sliding into successive forms of belief in this intellectual metempsychosis, by which it animates so many new bodies of doctrines in their turn. And as none of those dying pangs which hurt you in a tale of India attend the desertion of each of these speculative forms which the soul has a while inhabited, you are extremely amused by the number of transitions, and eagerly ask what is to be the next, for you never deem the present state of such a man's views to be for permanence, unless perhaps when he has terminated his course of believing everything in ultimately believing nothing. Even then—unless he is very old, or feels more pride in being a skeptic, the conqueror of all systems, than he ever felt in being the champion of one—even then it is very possible he may spring up again, like a vapor of fire from a bog, and glimmer through new mazes, or retrace his course through half of those which he trod before. You will observe that no respect attaches to this Proteus of opinion after his changes have been multiplied, as no party expect him to remain with them, or deem him much of an acquisition if he should. One, or perhaps two, considerable changes will be regarded as signs of a liberal inquirer, and therefore

the party to which his first or second intellectual conversion may assign him will receive him gladly. But he will be deemed to have abdicated the dignity of reason when it is found that he can adopt no principles but to betray them ; and it will be perhaps justly suspected that there is something extremely infirm in the structure of that mind, whatever vigor may mark some of its operations, to which a series of very different, and sometimes contrasted theories, can appear in succession demonstratively true and which intimates sincerely the perverseness which Petruchio only affected, declaring that which was yesterday to a certainty the sun to be to-day as certainly the moon.

It would be curious to observe in a man who should make such an exhibition of the course of his mind the sly deceit of self-love. While he despises the system which he has rejected, he does not deem it to imply so great a want of sense in him once to have embraced it as in the rest who were then or are now its disciples and advocates. No ; in him it was no debility of reason ; it was at the utmost but a merge of it ; and probably he is prepared to explain to you that such peculiar circumstances as might warp even a very strong and liberal mind attended his consideration of the subject, and misled him to admit the belief of what others prove themselves fools by believing.

Another thing apparent in a record of changed opinions would be, what I have noticed before, that there is scarcely any such thing in the world as simple conviction. It would be amusing to observe how reason had, in one instance, been overruled into acquiescence by the admiration of a celebrated name, or in another into opposition by the envy of it ; how most opportunely reason discovered the truth just at the time that interest could be essentially served by avowing it ; how easily the impartial examiner could be induced to adopt some part of another man's opinions after that other had zealously approved some favorite, especially if unpopular, part of his, as the Pharisees almost became partial even to Christ at the moment that he defended one of their doctrines against the Sadducees. It would be curious to see how a professed respect for a man's character and

talents, and concern for his interests, might be changed, in consequence of some personal inattention experienced from him, into illiberal invective against him or his intellectual performances; and yet the railer, though actuated solely by petty revenge, account himself the model of equity and candor all the while. It might be seen how the patronage of power could elevate miserable prejudices into revered wisdom, while poor old Experience was mocked with thanks for her instruction; and how the vicinity or society of the rich and, as they are termed, great, could perhaps melt a soul that seemed to be of the stern consistence of early Rome into the gentlest wax on which Corruption could wish to imprint the venerable creed—"The right divine of Kings to govern wrong," with the pious inference that justice was outraged when virtuous Tarquin was expelled. I am supposing the observer to perceive all these accommodating dexterities of reason; for it were probably absurd to expect that any mind should in itself be able in its review to detect all its own obliquities, after having been so long beguiled, like the mariners in a story which I remember to have read, who followed the direction of their compass, infallibly right as they thought, till they arrived at an enemy's port, where they were seized and doomed to slavery. It happened that the wicked captain, in order to betray the ship, had concealed a large loadstone at a little distance on one side of the needle.

On the notions and expectations of one stage of life I suppose all reflecting men look back with a kind of contempt, though it may be often with the mingling wish that some of its enthusiasm of feeling could be recovered—I mean the period between proper childhood and maturity. They will allow that their reason was then feeble, and they are prompted to exclaim: "What fools we have been!" while they recollect how sincerely they entertained and advanced the most ridiculous speculations on the interests of life and the questions of truth; how regretfully astonished they were to find the mature sense of some of those around them so completely wrong; yet in numerous other instances what veneration they felt for authorities for which they have since lost all their respect; what a fantastic importance

they attached to some most trivial things ; what complaints against their fate were uttered on account of disappointments which they have since recollected with gaiety or self-congratulation ; what happiness of Elysium they expected from sources which would soon have failed to impart even common satisfaction ; and how certain they were that the feelings and opinions then predominant would continue through life.

If a reflective aged man were to find at the bottom of an old chest—where it had lain forgotten fifty years—a record which he had written of himself when he was young, simply and vividly describing his whole heart and pursuits, and reciting verbatim many passages of the language which he sincerely uttered, would he not read it with more wonder than almost every other writing could at his age inspire ? He would half lose the assurance of his identity under the impression of this immense dissimilarity. It would seem as if it must be the tale of the juvenile days of some ancestor, with whom he had no connection but that of name.—*On a Man's Writing Memoirs of Himself.*





FOSTER, STEPHEN COLLINS, American composer and song-writer, born at Alleghany, Penn., July 4, 1826; died in New York, January 13, 1864. His father was a merchant and served as Mayor of Alleghany City, and Member of the Pennsylvania State Legislature. His mother was a relative of President Buchanan. The boy was of a quiet and studious disposition, and early displayed a fondness for music, and played upon several instruments. He received a fair education and at seventeen went to work in his brother's business house at Cincinnati. At thirteen he wrote *Sadly to My Heart Appealing*, and three years later, *Open Thy Lattice, Love*, which were much admired at the time. His next songs were *Old Uncle Ned* and *O Susannah*, for the latter of which he received \$100. He then decided to adopt song-writing as a vocation, and produced a large number of simple melodies, the original words and harmonious music of which form a distinct type of ballad; and, while they do not entitle their author to high literary rank, they mark an epoch in popular music of a class that certainly possesses beauty and wholesome sentiment. About one-third of his one hundred and twenty-five songs are written in negro dialect, and his chief successes were songs written for negro minstrel shows. Foster's songs had a wide sale, *Old Folks at Home* alone bringing

its author some \$15,000. His later songs were characterized by a higher order of musical composition, and after his mother's death were tinged with melancholy. His most popular pieces were entitled *My Old Kentucky Home*; *Nellie Was a Lady*; *Old Folks at Home*; *Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground*; *Willie, We Have Missed You*; *Jennie With the Light Brown Hair*; *Gentle Annie*; *Old Dog Tray*; *Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming*, the latter one of the most pleasing quartets ever written.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

'Way down upon de Swannee Ribber,
 Far, far away—
 Dar's whar my heart is turning ebber—
 Dar's whar de old folks stay.
 All up and down de whole creation,
 Sadly I roam ;
 Still longing for de old plantation,
 And for de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wandered,
 When I was young ;
 Den many happy days I squandered,
 Many de songs I sung.
 When I was playing wid my brother,
 Happy was I ;
 Oh, take me to my kind old mudder !
 Dare let me live and die !

One little hut among the bushes—
 One dat I love—
 Still sadly to my memory rushes,
 No matter where I rove.
 When will I see de bees a-humming,
 All round de comb ?
 When will I hear de banjo tumming
 Down in my good old home ?



FOUQUÉ, FRIEDRICH HEINRICH KARL BARON DE LA MOTTE, a German novelist, dramatist, and poet, born at Brandenburg, on the Havel, February 12, 1777; died in Berlin, January 23, 1843. Sprung from a noble family, he served in the wars of the French Republic and against Napoleon. Having been disabled for military service, he left the army in 1813, and devoted himself to literary pursuits. But before this he had been a voluminous author, writing mainly under the pseudonym of "Pellegrin." Toward the close of his life he lectured at Halle upon poetry and literature in general, and went to Berlin for the purpose of lecturing there, but died suddenly before commencing his lectures. His works in prose and verse, and dramas, are very numerous, the earliest appearing in 1804, and the latest being published in 1844—the year after his death. Two years before his death he prepared a collection of his *Select Works* in twelve volumes. Of his tales, *The Magic Ring*, *Sintram*, and *Aslauga's Knight* have been translated into English, the last by Carlyle, in his *German Romance*. The most popular of Fouqué's works is *Undine*, first published in 1811, of which upward of twenty-five German editions have been published; and it has been translated into nearly every European language. Fouqué was thrice married. His second wife,

CAROLINE VON ROCHOW (1773-1831), was an author of considerable repute. His third wife, ALBERTINE TODE, wrote a romance, *Reinhold*, published in 1865.

HOW UNDINE CAME TO THE FISHERMAN.

It is now—the fisherman said—about fifteen years ago that I was one day crossing the wild forest with my goods, on my way to the city. My wife had stayed at home, as her wont is; and at this particular time for a very good reason, for God had given us in our tolerably advanced age a wonderfully beautiful child. It was a little girl; and a question always arose between us whether for the sake of the new-comer we would not leave our lovely home that we might better bring up this dear gift of Heaven in some more habitable place. Well, the matter was tolerably clear in my head as I went along. This slip of land was so dear to me, and I shuddered when amid the noise and brawls of the city I thought to myself, “In such scenes as these, or in one not much more quiet, thou wilt soon make thy abode!” But at the same time I did not murmur against the good God; on the contrary, I thanked Him in secret for the new-born babe. I should be telling a lie, too, were I to say that on my journey through the wood, going or returning, anything befell me out of the common way; and at that time I had never seen any of its fearful wonders. The Lord was ever with me in those mysterious shades.

On this side of the forest, alas! a sorrow awaited me. My wife came to meet me with tearful eyes and clad in mourning. “Oh! good God,” I groaned, “where is our dear child? Speak!” “With Him on Whom you have called, dear husband,” she replied; and we entered the cottage together, weeping silently. I looked around for the little corpse, and it was then only that I learned how it had all happened.

My wife had been sitting with the child on the edge of the lake, and she was playing with it, free of all fear and full of happiness: the little one suddenly bent for-

ward, as if attracted by something very beautiful on the water. My wife saw her laugh, dear angel, and stretch out her little hands; but in a moment she had sprung out of her mother's arms and sunk beneath the watery mirror. I sought long for our little lost one; but it was all in vain; there was no trace of her to be found.

The same evening we, childless parents, were sitting silently together in the cottage; neither of us had any desire to talk, even had our tears allowed us. We sat gazing into the fire on the hearth. Presently we heard something rustling outside the door; it flew open, and a beautiful little girl, three or four years old, richly dressed, stood on the threshold smiling at us. We were quite dumb with astonishment, and I knew not at first whether it were a vision or a reality. But I saw the water dripping from her golden hair and rich garments, and I perceived that the pretty child had been lying in the water, and needed help. "Wife," said I, "no one has been able to save our dear child; yet let us at any rate do for others what would have made us so blessed." We undressed the little one, put her to bed, and gave her something warm. At all this she spoke not a word, and only fixed her eyes, that reflected the blue of the lake and of the sky, smilingly upon us.

Next morning we quickly perceived that she had taken no harm from her wetting, and I now inquired about her parents, and how she had come here. But she gave a confused and strange account. She must have been born far from here, not only because for the fifteen years I have not been able to find out anything of her parentage, but because she then spoke, and at times still speaks, of such singular things that such as we are cannot tell but that she may have dropped upon us from the moon. She talks of golden castles, of crystal domes, and heaven knows what besides. The story that she told with most distinctness was, that she was out in a boat with her mother on the great lake, and fell into the water; and that she only recovered her senses here under the trees, where she felt herself quite happy on the merry shore.

We had still a great misgiving and perplexity weighing on our hearts. We had indeed soon decided to

keep the child we had found, and to bring her up in the place of our lost darling ; but who could tell us whether she had been baptized or not ? She herself could give us no information on the matter. She generally answered our questions by saying that she well knew she was created for God's praise and glory, and that she was ready to let us do with her whatever would tend to His honor and glory.

My wife and I thought that if she were not baptized there was no time for delay, and that if she were a good thing could not be repeated too often. And in pursuance of this idea we reflected upon a good name for the child, for we were often at a loss to know what to call her. We agreed at last that "Dorothea" would be the most suitable for her, for I had once heard that it meant a "gift of God," and she had been sent to us by God as a gift and comfort in our misery. She, on the other hand, would not hear of this, and told us that she thought she had been called Undine by her parents, and that Undine she wished still to be called. Now this appeared to me a heathenish name, not to be found in any calendar, and I took counsel therefore of a priest in the city. He also would not hear of the name Undine ; but at my earnest request he came with me through the mysterious forest in order to perform the rite of baptism here in my cottage. The little one stood before us so prettily arrayed, and looked so charming, that the priest's heart was at once moved within him, and she flattered him so prettily, and braved him so merrily, that at last he could no longer remember the objections he had ready against the name of Undine. She was therefore baptized "Undine," and during the sacred ceremony she behaved with great propriety and sweetness, wild and restless as she invariably was at other times, for my wife was quite right when she said that it has been hard to put up with her.—*Undine.*

The Knight Huldbrand, to whom the old fisherman told this story, was married to Undine, the Water-sprite. After a while he becomes wearied

with the strange ways of his always loving wife; and is betrothed to the proud and selfish Bertalda—who turns out to be the long-lost daughter of the old fisherman, having been saved by the water-spirits, and adopted by a nobleman and his wife. Undine mysteriously disappears, only to reappear at the close of the story.

THE MARRIAGE AND DEATH OF HULDBRAND.

If I were to tell you how the marriage-feast passed at the castle, it would seem to you as if you saw a heap of bright and pleasant things, but a gloomy veil of mourning spread over them all, the dark hue of which would make the splendor of the whole look less like happiness than a mockery of the emptiness of all earthly things. It was not that any spectral apparitions disturbed the festive company; for, as we have told, the castle had been secured from the mischief by the closing up by Undine of the fountain in the castle courtyard. But the knight and the fisherman and all the guests felt as if the chief personage were still lacking at the feast; and that this chief personage could be none other than the loved and gentle Undine. Whenever a door opened the eyes of all were involuntarily turned in that direction, and if it was nothing but the butler with new dishes, or the cup-bearer with a flask of still richer wine, they would look down again sadly, and the flashes of wit and merriment which had passed to and fro would be extinguished by sad remembrances. The bride was the most thoughtless of all, and therefore the most happy; but even to her it sometimes seemed strange that she should be sitting at the head of the table, wearing a green wreath and gold-embroidered attire, while Undine was lying at the bottom of the Danube, a cold and stiff corpse, or floating away with the current into the mighty ocean. For ever since her father had spoken of something of the sort, his words were ever ringing in her ear; and this day especially they were not inclined to give place to other thoughts.

The company dispersed early in the evening, not broken up by the bridegroom himself, but sadly and gloomily by the joyless mood of the guests and their forebodings of evil. Bertalda retired with her maidens, and the knight with his attendants. But at this mournful festival there was no laughing train of attendants and bridesmen.

Bertalda wished to arouse more cheerful thoughts; she ordered a splendid ornament of jewels which Huldbrand had given her, together with rich apparel and veils, to be spread out before her, that from these latter she might select the brightest and the best for her morning attire. But looking in the glass she espied some slight freckles on her neck, and remembering that the water of the closed-up fountain had rare cosmetic virtues, she gave orders that the stone with which Undine had closed it should be removed, and watched the progress of the work in the moon-lit court of the castle.

The men raised the enormous stone with an effort; now and then, indeed, one of the number would sigh as he remembered that they were destroying the work of their former beloved mistress. But the labor was far lighter than they had imagined. It seemed as if a power within the spring itself were aiding them in raising the stone. "It is," said the workmen to each other in astonishment, "just as if the water within had become a springing fountain."

And the stone rose higher and higher, and almost without the assistance of the workmen it rolled slowly down upon the pavement with a hollow sound. But from the opening of the fountain there rose solemnly a white column of water. At first they imagined that it had really become a springing fountain, till they perceived that the rising form was a pale female figure veiled in white. She was weeping bitterly, raising her hands wailingly above her head, and wringing them as she walked with a slow and serious step to the castle building. The servants fled from the spring; the bride, pale and stiff with horror, stood at the window with her attendants. When the figure had now come close beneath her room it looked moaningly up to her, and Bertalda thought she could recognize beneath the

veil the pale features of Undine. But the sorrowing form passed on, sad, reluctant, and faltering, as if passing to execution.

Bertalda screamed out that the knight was to be called; but none of the maids ventured from the spot, and even the bride herself became mute, as if trembling at her own voice. While they were still standing fearfully at the window, motionless as statues, the strange wanderer had reached the castle, had passed up the well-known stairs and through the well-known halls, ever in silent tears. Alas! how differently had she once wandered through them.

The knight, partly undressed, had already dismissed his attendants, and in a mood of deep dejection he was standing before a large mirror, a taper was burning dimly beside him. There was a gentle tap at his door. Undine used to tap thus when she wanted playfully to tease him. "It is all fancy," said he to himself; "I must seek my nuptial bed." "So you must, but it must be a cold one," he heard a tearful voice say from without; and then he saw in the mirror his door opening slowly—slowly—and the white figure entered, carefully closing it behind her. "They have opened the spring," said she softly, "and now you must die."

He felt, in his paralyzed heart, that it could not be otherwise; but, covering his eyes with his hands, he said, "Do not make me mad with terror in my hour of death. If you wear a hideous face behind that veil, do not raise it, but take my life, and let me see you not." "Alas!" replied the figure, "will you not look upon me once more? I am as fair as when you wooed me on the promontory." "Oh, that it were so!" sighed Huldbrand, "and that I might die in your fond embrace!" "Most gladly, my loved one," said she; and throwing her veil back, her lovely face smiled forth, divinely beautiful.

Trembling with love and with the approach of death, she kissed him with a holy kiss; but, not relaxing her hold, she pressed him fervently to her, and wept as if she would weep away her soul. Tears rushed into the knight's eyes, and seemed to surge through his heaving breast, till at length his breathing ceased, and he fell

softly back from the beautiful arms of Undine, upon the pillows of his couch—a corpse. “I have wept him to death,” said she to some servants who met her in the antechamber; and, passing through the affrighted group, she went slowly out toward the fountain.—*Undine.*

THE BURIAL OF HULDBRAND.

The knight was to be interred in a village church-yard which was filled with the graves of his ancestors; and this church had been endowed with rich privileges and gifts both by his ancestors and himself. His shield and helmet lay already on the coffin to be lowered with it into the grave; for Sir Huldrand of Ringstetten had died the last of his race. The mourners began their sorrowful march, singing requiems under the bright calm canopy of heaven. Father Heilmann walked in advance, bearing a high crucifix, and the inconsolable Bertalda followed, supported by her aged father.

Suddenly in the midst of the black-robed attendants in the widow's train, a snow-white figure was seen, closely veiled, and wringing her hands with fervent sorrow. Those near whom she moved felt a secret dread, and retreated either backward or to the side, increasing by their movements the alarm of the others near to whom the white stranger was now advancing; and thus a confusion in the funeral train was well-nigh beginning. Some of the military escort were so daring as to address the figure, and to attempt to move it from the procession; but she seemed to vanish from under their hands, and yet was immediately seen advancing with slow and solemn step. At length, in consequence of the continued shrinking of the attendants to the right and the left, she came close behind Bertalda. The figure now moved so slowly that the widow did not perceive it, and it walked meekly and humbly behind her undisturbed.

This lasted until they came to the church-yard, where the procession formed a circle around the open grave. Then Bertalda saw her unbidden companion, and start-

ing up, half in anger and half in terror, she commanded her to leave the knight's last resting-place. The veiled figure, however, gently shook her head in refusal, and raised her hands as if in humble supplication to Bertalda, deeply agitating her by the action. Father Heilman motioned with his hand, and commanded silence, as they were to pray in mute devotion over the body which they were now covering with the earth.

Bertalda knelt silently by, and all knelt, even the grave-diggers among the rest. But when they arose again, the white stranger had vanished. On the spot where she had knelt there gushed out of the turf a little silver spring, which rippled and murmured away till it had almost entirely encircled the knight's grave; then it ran farther, and emptied itself into a lake which lay by the side of the burial-place. Even to this day the inhabitants of the village show the spring, and cherish the belief that it is the poor rejected Undine, who in this manner still embraces her husband in her loving arms.—*Undine.*





FOURIER, FRANÇOIS CHARLES MARIE, a French Socialist, born at Besançon, Franche Comté, April 7, 1772; died in Paris, October 10, 1837. He was the son of a linen-draper, was educated in his native town, and when eighteen years old became a clerk in a mercantile house in Lyons. Later he obtained a position as travelling clerk in France, Germany, and Holland. In 1793 he commenced business in Lyons with the capital left him by his father; but when Lyons was pillaged by the army of the Convention he lost his property, and escaped death only by enlisting as a private soldier. At the end of two years he was discharged on account of ill health.

He had always disliked mercantile life, but there was no other way open to him, and he again became a clerk in a house, which employed him to superintend the destruction of a large quantity of rice that had been spoiled by being kept too long, in order to force prices up during a time of scarcity. This added to his disgust with commercial methods, and led him to devote himself to the study of social, commercial, and political questions, with a view to the prevention of abuses and the furtherance of human organization and progress. In 1799, believing that he had found a clew in "the universal laws of attraction," he applied himself to construct his theory of Universal Unity,

on which he based his plans of practical association. His first work, a general prospectus of his theory, was published in 1808 under the title of *Théorie des Quatre Mouvements et des Destinées Générales*. This theory, known as Fourierism, contemplates the organization of society into phalanxes or co-operative groups, each large enough for all social and industrial requirements, arranged according to occupations, capacities, and attractions, and living in common dwellings. It attracted little attention, and was soon withdrawn by its author from circulation. In 1822 he published two volumes of his work on Universal Unity, entitled *L'Association Domestique Agricole*, which appeared later as *La Théorie de l'Unité Universelle*. Besides containing a variety of speculations on philosophical and metaphysical questions, the work sets forth the author's theory and plans of association, involving many topics. The remaining seven volumes of the work were not then published. In 1829 Fourier issued an abridgment in one volume, entitled *Le Nouveau Monde Industrielle-et Sociétaire*, which attracted attention, and led to a negotiation with Baron Capel, Minister of Public Works, for an experiment of the plan of association. The revolution of 1830 destroyed Fourier's hopes in this direction, but his theories had gained numerous converts, and in 1832 *Le Phalanstère, ou La Reforme Industrielle*, a weekly journal, was established as an organ of the socialistic doctrines. A joint-stock company was formed, and an estate was purchased, with a view to a practical experiment of association,

The community that had begun the experiment was soon dispersed for lack of money to carry it on. In 1835 Fourier published the first volume of a work entitled *False Industry, Fragmentary, Repulsive, and Lying, and the Antidote, a Natural, Combined, Attractive, and Truthful Industry, giving Quadruple Products*. A second volume of this work was in press at the time of his death in 1837.

AFFINITIES IN FRIENDSHIP.

Affinities in friendship are then, it appears, of two kinds; there is affinity of character, and affinity of industry or action. Let us choose the word *action*, which is better suited to our prejudices, because our readers cannot conceive what is meant by an affinity in industry, nor how the pleasure of making clogs can give birth amongst a collection of men to a fiery friendship and a devotion without bounds. They will be able to form an idea of affinity of action, if we apply it to the case of a meal; this action makes men cheerful; but industrial action is much more jovial in harmony than a cheerful meal is with us. Numerous intrigues prevail in the most trifling labor of the harmonians; hence it comes that the affinity of action is to them as strong a friendly tie as the affinity of character. You will see the proof of this in the mechanism of the passional series, and you must admit provisionally this motive of the affinity of action, since we perceive even in the present day accidental proofs of it in certain kinds of work, where enthusiasm presides without any interested motive.

It seems, then, that Friendship, so extolled by our philosophers, is a passion very little known to them. They consider in Friendship only one of two springs—the spiritual, or the affinity of characters; and they regard even this only in its simple working, in the form of identity or accord of tastes. They forget that affinity of character is founded just as much upon contrast—a tie as strong as that of identity. An individual frequently delights us by his complete contrast to our own

character. If he is dull and silent, he makes a diversion to the boisterous pastimes of a jovial man ; if he is gay and witty, he derides the misanthrope. Whence it follows, that Friendship, even if we only consider one of its springs, is still of compound essence ; for the single spring of the affinity of character presents two diametrically opposite ties, which are :—

Affinity { Spiritual, by identity.
 { Spiritual, by contrast.

Characters that present the greatest contrasts become sympathetic when they reach a certain degree of opposition. . . . Contrast is as different from antipathy as diversity is from discord. Diversity is often a germ of esteem and friendship between two writers ; it establishes between them a homogeneous diversity or emulative competition, which is in fact very opposite to what is called discord, quarrelling, antipathy, heterogeneity. Two barristers, who have pleaded cleverly against each other in a striking cause, will mutually esteem each other after the struggle. The celebrated friendship of Theseus and Pirithous arose from a furious combat, in which they long fought together and appreciated each other's bravery.

The existing friendship has not, therefore, philosophical insipidities as its only source. If we may believe our distillers of fine sentiments, it appears that two men cannot be friends except they agree in sobbing out tenderness for the good of trade and the constitution. We see, on the contrary, that friendships are formed between the most contrasted as well as between identical characters. Let us remark on this head that contrast is not contrariety, just as diversity is not discord. Thus in Love, as in Friendship, contrast and diversity are germs of sympathy to us, whereas contrariety and discord are germs of antipathy.

The affinity of characters is, then, a compound and not a simple spring in Friendship, since it operates through the two extremes, through contrast or counteraccord as well as through identity or accord. This spring is therefore made up of two elements, which are identity and contrast.

If it can be proved (and I pledge myself to do it) that the other spring of Friendship, or affinity of industrial tastes, is in like manner composed of two elements which form ties through contrast and identity, it will result from it that Friendship, strictly analyzed, is composed of four elements, two of which are furnished by the spiritual spring in identity and contrast, and two furnished by the material spring in identity and contrast. Friendship is not, therefore, a passion of a compound essence, but of an essence bi-compounded of four elements.—*The Passions of the Human Soul.*

THE UNIVERSAL SIDEREAL LANGUAGE.

This is the place to usher on the stage the muse and the poetical invocations to the learned of all sizes. Come forth all ye cohorts, with all your -ologies and -isms—theologists of all degrees, geologists, archæologists, chronologists, psychologists and ideologists; you also natural philosophers, geometers, doctors, chemists, and naturalists; you, especially, grammarians, who have to lead the march, figure in the advance guard, and sustain the first fire; for it will be necessary to employ exclusively your ministry during one year at least, in order to collect and explain the signs, the rudiments, and the syntax of the natural language that will be transmitted to us by the stars. Once initiated into this universal language of harmony, the human mind will no longer know any limits; it will learn more in one year of sidereal transmissions than it would have learnt in ten thousand years of incoherent studies. The gouty, the rheumatic, the hydrophobic, will come to the telegraph to ask for the remedy for their sufferings; one hour later, they will know it by transmission from those stars, at present the object of our jokes, and which will become shortly the objects of our idolatry. Each of the classes of *savans* will come in turn to gain the explanation of the mysteries which for three thousand years have clogged science, and all the problems will be solved in an instant.

The geometer who cannot pass beyond the problems of the fourth degree will learn the theory that gives the

solutions of the twentieth and hundredth degrees. The astronomer will be informed of all that is going on in the stars of the vault, and of the milky way, and in the universes, whereof ours is only an individual. A hopeless problem, like that of the longitudes, will be to him but the object of one hour's telegraphic communication; the natural philosopher will cause to be explained to him in a few moments his insoluble problems, such as the composition of light, the variations of the compass, etc.; he will be able to penetrate suddenly all the most hidden mysteries in organization and the properties of beings. The chemist, emancipated from his gropings, will know at the first onset all the sources and properties of gases and acids; the naturalist will learn what is the true system of nature, the unitary classification of the kingdoms in hieroglyphical relation with the passions. The geologist, the archæologist, will know the mysteries of the formation of the globe, of their anatomy and interior structure, of their origin and end. The grammarians will know the universal language, spoken in all the harmonized worlds, as well of the sidereal vault as of the planetary vortex which is its focus. The chronologist and the cosmogonist will know to a minute almost at what epoch the physical modifications took place. One morning of telegraphic sitting will unravel all the errors of Scaliger, of Buffon, and the rest. The poet, the orator, will have communicated to them the masterpieces that have been for thousands of years the admiration of those worlds refined in the culture of letters and of arts. Every one will see the forms and will learn the properties of the new animals, vegetables, and minerals that will be yielded to us in the course of the fourth and the following creations. Finally, the torrents of light will be so sudden, so immense, that the savans will succumb beneath the weight, as the blind man operated on for cataract lies for some days the rays of the star of which he was so long deprived.—*Passions of the Human Soul, Translation of MORELL.*



FOWLER, CHARLES HENRY, Methodist Episcopal bishop, was born in Burford, Canada, August 11, 1837. When he was four years of age his father removed to Illinois and settled on a farm, where the son's early life was spent. For a time he attended the Rock River Seminary at Mount Morris, Ill., and then entered Genesee College at Lima, N. Y., from which he graduated in 1859. He soon after began the study of law in Chicago, but before he had completed his law studies he was converted, and at once abandoned the study of law for the ministry. He graduated at the Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston, Ill., in 1861, and the same year was admitted to the Rock River conference of the Methodist Church. In 1872, after having been pastor of several Methodist churches in Chicago, he was elected president of the Northwestern University at Evanston, Ill. He continued at the head of this university until 1876, when the General Conference elected him editor of the New York *Christian Advocate*. He entered upon the duties of editor immediately, and retained his editorial connection with the paper until 1880, when he was appointed corresponding secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church. In 1884 he was elected bishop, and soon after ordained. He then took up his residence in San Francisco, though in his

official capacity he has travelled in many parts of the United States, and has visited South America.

Bishop Fowler has published *Colenso's Fallacies: Another Review of the Bishop of Natal* (1864); *Impeachment and Conviction of King Alcohol* (1872), *Wines of the Bible* (1878), and, with Dr. W. H. De Puy, *Home and Health and Home Economics* (1886). He received the degree of D.D. from the Northwestern University, and that of LL.D. from the Syracuse, N. Y., University.

THE QUESTION OF INSPIRATION.

Missionaries say that one of the most difficult things to overcome in translating from a nobler into a meaner language is to find words which will express the ideas of the first in the second. If there is that difficulty between the English and the Fiji, what must it be between the Divine and the human? As a consequence, many truths are only *partially* revealed—many are only so much revealed that they need the light of other truths, and the expositions of ages, to bring them out into shape. A castle on the side of a mountain, seen in the dim twilight, appears only as a shapeless shadow, deepening the darkness behind it. But as the day advances it comes out clearer and more distinct, till at last the risen sun, reflected from polished shaft, and turret, and dome, reveals a masterpiece of architecture, with carved work and fretted cornice. To deny its beauty, and declare that it never came from the hand of an architect, when the broad daylight is demonstrating the beauty of the conception and the skill of the execution, because the darkness obscured its proportions and perfection in the early twilight, would be to exhibit the folly and unfairness of the critic.

So, now, in the meridian splendor of a perfected revelation, to condemn as false the entire system of inspiration because when the race was in the twilight of

its knowledge God's revelation was not entire—that it did not bring out *every* part of all its truths—is an error no more excusable.

God might have so inspired His prophets and teachers that they could have declared the most subtle truths of science, and the most abstract deductions concerning His mysterious nature, but such a revelation would have been self-defeating. The men to whom it was declared would have known no more about it after the utterances than they did before. Colenso might have stood up in the streets of Pietermaritzburg, the capital of Natal, and declared, in the most approved English, that "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," and the Zulus might have thought the sounds flowed off pleasantly, but they would not have received the truth. Before they could understand the truth, Colenso must translate it into their language. So God might have declared His wonderful truths in full, might have pronounced all their hidden relations as they stood out in His own thought, but that would not have made Adam, or Moses, or Bacon, or Colenso any wiser. The truth must be translated, and then these worthies could understand some of it. This is just what God has been doing. He has revealed His will as rapidly as the race could receive it, till, "in the fullness of time," He completed the revelation in the person of Jesus of Nazareth.—*Colenso's Fallacies.*





(After Sir J. Reynolds.)

CHARLES JAMES FOX.



FOX, CHARLES JAMES, an English statesman and orator, born in London, January 24, 1749; died at Chiswick, September 13, 1806. He was a son of Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland, who amassed a large fortune as Paymaster of the Forces, and showed himself the most indulgent of fathers. When the son was barely fourteen, his father took him to Bath, and was in the habit of giving him five guineas every night to play with. At this early age Fox contracted the habit of gambling, at which he made and lost several fortunes. After studying at Eton, he went to Oxford, but left College without taking a degree. He went to the Continent, in 1766. He returned to England in 1768, having been returned to Parliament for the "pocket borough" of Midhurst, and took his seat before he had attained his majority. Almost from the outset he assumed a prominent place in political affairs; and soon became acknowledged to be the most effective debater in Parliament, of which he was a member for one constituency or another during the remainder of his life. To write the life of Fox would be to write the political history of Great Britain for almost forty years. We touch only upon some of its salient points. He opposed the action of the Government toward the revolted American colonies; he supported proposals for Parliamentary reform; he strove against

the misgovernment of India, and was prominently associated with Burke in conducting the impeachment of Warren Hastings; he opposed the hostile attitude of Great Britain toward the French Revolution; he was for a score of years among the most earnest and persistent advocates of the abolition of the slave-trade.

Fox's fame rests mainly upon his unrivalled power as a Parliamentary orator and debater. A collection of his speeches in the House of Commons, in six volumes, was made in 1815. These, however, give no idea of his power as an orator. He never wrote his speeches, and rarely, if ever, even revised the reports made of them. The speeches, as published, are the abstracts made by the Parliamentary reporters without the aid of stenography. A great part of them profess to be only minutes of the leading points. Some of them—especially the later ones—seem to be tolerably full. The earliest of these parliamentary speeches was delivered January 9, 1770; the last June 10, 1806; the whole number is not less than five hundred. The last of these speeches, which is apparently reported nearly verbatim, is upon the Abolition of the Slave trade, which concludes thus:

ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

I do not suppose that there can be above one, or perhaps two, members of this House who can object to a condemnation of the nature of the trade; and shall now proceed to recall the attention of the House to what has been its uniform, consistent, and unchangeable opinion for the last eighteen years, during which we should blush to have it stated that not one step has yet been

taken toward the abolition of the trade. If, then, we have never ceased to express our reprobation, surely the House must think itself bound by its character, and the consistency of its proceedings, to condemn it now.

The first time this measure was proposed on the motion of my honorable friend [Mr. Wilberforce], which was in the year 1791, it was, after a long and warm discussion, rejected. In the following year, 1792, after the question had been during the interval better considered, there appeared to be a very strong disposition, generally, to adopt it to the full; but in the committee the question for its gradual abolition was carried. On that occasion, when the most strenuous efforts were made to specify the time when the total abolition should take place, there were several divisions in the House about the number of years, and Lord Melville, who was the leader and proposer of the gradual abolition, could not venture to push the period longer than eight years—or the year 1800—when it was to be totally abolished. Yet we are now in the year 1806, and, while surrounding nations are reproaching us with neglect, not a single step has been taken toward this just, humane, and politic measure. When the question for a gradual abolition was carried, there was no one could suppose that the trade would last so long; and in the meantime we have suffered other nations to take the lead of us. Denmark, much to its honor, has abolished the trade; or, if it could not abolish it altogether, has at least done all it could, for it has prohibited its being carried on in Danish ships or by Danish sailors. I own that when I began to consider the subject, early in the present session, my opinion was that the total abolition might be carried this year; but subsequent business intervened, occasioned by the discussion of the military plan; besides which there was an abolition going forward in the foreign trade from our colonies, and it was thought right to carry that measure through before we proceeded to the other. That bill has passed into a law, and so far we have already succeeded; but it is too late to carry the abolition through the other House. In this House, from a regard to the consistency of its own proceedings, we can indeed expect no great resistance; but the im-

pediments that may be opened in another would not leave sufficient time to accomplish it.

No alternative is therefore now left but to let it pass over for the present session; and it is to afford no ground for a suspicion that we have abandoned it altogether that we have recourse to the measure which I am about to propose. The motion will not mention any limitation, either as to the time or manner of abolishing the trade. There have been some hints, indeed, thrown out in some quarters that it would be a better measure to adopt something that must inevitably lead to an abolition; but after eighteen years of close attention which I have paid to the subject, I cannot think anything so effectual as a direct law for that purpose. The next point is as to the time when the abolition shall take place; for the same reasons or objections which led to the gradual measure of 1792 may occur again. That also I leave open; but I have no hesitation to state that with respect to that my opinion is the same as it is with regard to the manner, and that I think it ought to be abolished immediately. As the motion, therefore, which I have to make will leave to the House the time and manner of abolition, I cannot but confidently express my hope and confident expectation that it will be unanimously carried.

Mr. Fox, at the close of his speech, presented the following resolution. An extended debate ensued. Among those who spoke in favor of the motion were Sir Samuel Romilly, Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Canning, and Mr. Windham. Among those who spoke against it were Lord Castlereagh, Sir William Young, and General Tarleton. The motion was carried, the vote being 114 yeas and 15 nays.

MR. FOX'S MOTION FOR THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

Resolved, That this House, conceiving the African slave-trade to be contrary to the laws of justice, hu-

manity, and sound policy, will, with all practicable expedition, proceed to take effectual measures for abolishing the said trade, in such manner, and at such period, as may be deemed expedient.

This was the last public act performed by Charles James Fox. Within a week he became so seriously ill that he was forced to discontinue his attendance in Parliament. In his speech he had said: "So fully am I impressed with the vast importance and necessity of attaining what will be the object of my motion this night that if, during the almost forty years that I have had the honor of a seat in Parliament, I had been so fortunate as to accomplish that, and that only, I should think I had done enough, and could retire from public life with comfort and the satisfaction that I had done my duty." The bill for the abolition of the slave-trade was passed in Parliament the next year (1807), but, months before, Fox was dead. Dropsical symptoms had manifested themselves; these increased rapidly. The usual surgical operation was twice performed, on August 7th and 31st, and after each operation he fell into a state of exhaustion from which he only partially rallied. On September 7th his physicians gave up all hope; he died on the evening of the 13th, in the fifty-eighth year of his age; and his remains were interred by the side of those of Pitt in Westminster Abbey.

Perhaps the best idea of Fox as an orator may be gained from his letter to the electors of Westminster, which, though not delivered orally, is in all respects a labored speech, prepared under cir-

cumstances which must have called forth his best powers. His course in 1792 in regard to the relations between the British Government and the French Republic occasioned bitter censures from almost every quarter. To explain his course, and to defend it, Fox addressed a long letter to his constituents, the electors of Westminster.

LETTER TO THE ELECTORS OF WESTMINSTER.

To vote in small minorities is a misfortune to which I have been so much accustomed that I cannot be expected to feel it very acutely. To be the object of calumny and misrepresentation gives me uneasiness, it is true, but an uneasiness not wholly unmixed with pride and satisfaction, since the experience of all ages and countries teaches us that calumny and misrepresentation are frequently the most unequivocal testimonies of the zeal, and possibly the effect, with which he against whom they are directed has served the public. But I am informed that I now labor under a misfortune of a far different nature from these, and which can excite no other sensations than those of concern and humiliation. I am told that *you* in general disapprove of my late conduct; and that, even among those whose partiality to me was most conspicuous, there are many who, when I am attacked upon the present occasion, profess themselves neither able nor willing to defend me.

That your unfavorable opinion of me (if in fact you entertain such) is owing to misrepresentation, I can have no doubt. To do away with the effects of this misrepresentation is the object of this letter; and I know of no mode by which I can accomplish this object at once so fairly, and (as I hope) so effectually, as by stating to you the different motions which I made in the House of Commons in the first days of this session, together with the motives which induced me. [Here follow the statement and the justification.]

I have now stated to you fully, and I trust fairly, the arguments which persuaded me to the course of con-

duct which I have pursued. In these consists my defense, upon which you are to pronounce ; and I hope I shall not be thought presumptuous when I say that I expect with confidence a favorable verdict. If the reasonings which I have adduced fail of convincing you, I confess that I shall be disappointed, because to my understanding they appear to have more of irrefragable demonstration than can often be hoped for in political discussions. But even in this case, if you see in them probability strong enough to believe that, though not strong enough to convince you, they—and not any sinister or oblique motives—did in fact actuate me, I still have gained my cause ; for in this supposition, though the propriety of my conduct may be doubted, the rectitude of my intentions must be admitted.

Knowing therefore the justice and candor of the tribunal to which I have appealed, I await your decision without fear. Your approbation I anxiously desire, but your acquittal I confidently expect. Pited for my supposed misconduct by some of my friends, openly renounced by others, attacked and misrepresented by my enemies, to you I have recourse for refuge and protection. And conscious that if I had shrunk from my duty I should have merited your censure, I feel myself equally certain that by acting in conformity to the motives which I have explained to you, I can in no degree have forfeited the esteem of the City of Westminster, which it has so long been the first pride of my life to enjoy, and which it shall be my constant endeavor to preserve.

As an author, in the strict sense of the word, Fox is to be judged solely by his fragment of a *History of James II.* This was written in 1797. He had evidently purposed to write a history of the entire reign of that monarch ; but he brought it only through the first six months of that reign, ending with the execution (July 15, 1685) of the Duke of Monmouth, an illegitimate son of Charles II., and nephew of James. This fragment, con-

taining about half as much matter as a volume of this Cyclopædia, must be regarded merely as an evidence of what Fox could have done as a historian.

EXECUTION OF THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH.

At ten o'clock on the 15th of July, 1685, Monmouth proceeded in a carriage of the Lieutenant of the Tower to Tower-hill, the place destined for his execution. The two bishops [Turner and Kenn] were in the carriage with him, and one of them took the opportunity of informing him that their controversial altercations were not at an end; and that upon the scaffold he would again be pressed for explicit and satisfactory declarations of repentance. When arrived at the bar which had been put up for the purpose of keeping out the multitude Monmouth descended from the carriage, and mounted the scaffold with a firm step, attended by his spiritual assistants. The sheriffs and executioners were already there. The concourse of spectators was innumerable; and, if we are to credit traditional accounts, never was the general compassion more affectingly expressed. The tears, sighs, and groans which the first sight of this heart-rending spectacle produced were soon succeeded by an universal and awful silence; a respectful attention and affectionate anxiety to hear every syllable that should pass the lips of the sufferer.

The Duke began by saying he should speak little; he came to die, and he should die a Protestant of the Church of England. Here he was interrupted by the assistants, and told that if he was of the Church of England he must acknowledge the doctrine of non-resistance to be true. In vain did he reply that if he acknowledged the doctrine of the Church in general, it included all. They insisted he should own *that* doctrine particularly with respect to his case; and urged much more concerning their favorite point, upon which, however, they obtained nothing but a repetition in substance of former answers. He was then proceeding to speak of Lady Harriet Wentworth—of his high esteem for her, and of his confirmed opinion that

their connection was innocent in the sight of God—when Goslin, the sheriff, asked him, with all the unfeeling bluntness of a vulgar mind, whether he was ever married to her. The Duke refusing to answer, the same magistrate, in the like strain, though changing his subject, said he hoped to have heard of his repentance for the treason and bloodshed which had been committed; to which the prisoner replied, with great mildness, that he died very penitent. Here the churchmen again interposed, renewing their demand of *particular* penitence and *public* acknowledgment upon public affairs. Monmouth referred them to the following paper, which he signed that morning: "I declare that the title of king was forced upon me, and that it was very much contrary to my opinion when I was proclaimed. For the satisfaction of the world, I do declare that the late King told me he was never married to my mother. Having declared this, I hope the King who is now will not let my children suffer on this account. And to this I put my hand this fifteenth day of July, 1685.—Monmouth."

There was nothing, they said, in that paper about resistance; nor—though Monmouth, quite worn out with their importunities, said to one of them, in the most affecting manner, "I am to die, pray, my lord, I refer to my paper"—would those men think it consistent with their duty to desist. There were only a few words they desired on one point. The substance of these applications on one hand, and answers on the other, was repeated over and over again, in a manner that could not be believed if the facts were not attested by the signatures of the persons principally concerned. If the Duke, in declaring his sorrow for what had passed, used the word *invasion*, "Give it the true name," said they, "and call it *rebellion*." "What name you please," replied the mild-tempered Monmouth. He was sure he was going to everlasting happiness, and considered the serenity of his mind in his present circumstances as a certain earnest of the favor of his Creator. His repentance, he said, must be true, for he had no fear of dying; he should die like a lamb. "Much may come from natural courage," was the unfeeling and brutal reply of one of the assistants. Monmouth, with that

modesty inseparable from true bravery, denied that he was in general less fearful than other men, maintaining that his present courage was owing to his consciousness that God had forgiven him his past transgressions, of all which generally he repented with all his soul.

At last the reverend assistants consented to join with him in prayer; but no sooner were they risen from their kneeling posture than they returned to their charge. Not satisfied with what had passed, they exhorted him to a *true* and *thorough* repentance: would he not pray for the King? and send a dutiful message to his Majesty to recommend the Duchess and his children? "As you please," was the reply; "I pray for him and for all men." He now spoke to the executioner, desiring that he might have no cap over his eyes, and began undressing. One would have thought that in this last sad ceremony the poor prisoner might have been unmolested, and that the divines might have been satisfied that prayer was the only part of their function for which their duty now called upon them.

They judged differently, and one of them had the fortitude to request the Duke, even in this stage of the business, that he would address himself to the soldiers then present, to tell them he stood a sad example of rebellion, and entreat the people to be loyal and obedient to the King. "I have said I will make no speeches," repeated Monmouth, in a tone more peremptory than he had before been provoked to: "I will make no speeches; I come to die." "My Lord, ten words will be enough," said the persevering divine; to which the Duke made no answer, but turning to the executioner, expressed a hope that he would do his work better now than in the case of Lord Russell. He then felt the axe, which he apprehended was not sharp enough; but being assured that it was of proper sharpness and weight, he laid down his head. In the meantime many fervent ejaculations were used by the reverend assistants, who, it must be observed, even in these moments of horror, showed themselves not unmindful of the points upon which they had been disputing,—praying God to accept his *imperfect* and *general* repentance.

The executioner now struck the blow, but so feebly

or unskilfully, that Monmouth, being but slightly wounded, lifted up his head and looked him in the face, as if to upbraid him, but said nothing. The two following strokes were as ineffectual as the first, and the headsman, in a fit of horror, declared that he could not finish his work. The sheriffs threatened him; he was forced again to make a further trial, and in two more strokes separated the head from the body. Thus fell, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, James, Duke of Monmouth, a man against whom all that has been said by the most inveterate enemies both to him and his party, amounts to little more than this—that he had not a mind equal to the situation in which his ambition, at different times, engaged him to place himself.—*History of James the Second.*

Besides the history as it thus concludes, there are a few short paragraphs evidently intended for a succeeding chapter. Of these the following is the longest:

PLANS OF JAMES II.

James was sufficiently conscious of the increased strength of his situation, and it is probable that the security he now felt in his power inspired him with the design of taking more decided steps in favor of the Popish religion and its professors than his connection with the Church of England party had before allowed him to entertain. That he from this time attached less importance to the support and affection of the Tories is evident from Lord Rochester's [Lawrence Hyde] observations, communicated afterwards to Burnet. This nobleman's abilities and experience in business, his hereditary merit, as son of Lord Chancellor Clarendon, and his uniform opposition to the Exclusion Bill, had raised him high in the esteem of the Church party. This circumstance, perhaps, as much or more than the King's personal kindness to a brother-in-law, had contributed to his advancement to the first office in the state. As long, therefore, as James stood in need of the support of the party, as long as he meant to make

them the instruments of his power and the channels of his favor, Rochester was in every respect the fittest person in whom to confide; and accordingly, as that nobleman related to Burnet, His Majesty honored him with daily confidential communications upon all his most secret schemes and projects. But upon the defeat of the rebellion an immediate change took place, and from the day of Monmouth's execution the King confined his conversation with the Treasurer to the mere business of his office.

In writing the *History of James II.*, Fox laid it down as a principle that he "would admit into the work no word for which he had not the authority of Dryden." Among the numerous works relating to Fox, the most notable is the *Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox*, edited by Lord John Russell (3 vols., 1854).





FOX, GEORGE, the founder of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, born at Drayton-in-the-Clay (now Fenny Drayton), in Leicestershire, England, in July, 1624; died in London, January 13, 1691. His father was a pious weaver, but too poor to give his son any education beyond reading and writing. He was apprenticed to a shoemaker, but at the age of nineteen he abandoned this occupation, and for some years led a solitary and wandering life, preparing himself for the mission to which he believed himself divinely called. In his *Journal* he thus describes some of the visions which marked his spiritual career :

FOX'S VISIONS.

One morning, as I was sitting by the fire, a great cloud came over me, and a temptation beset me, and I sate still. And it was said, "All things come by nature;" and the Elements and Stars came over me, so that I was in a moment quite clouded with it; but, inasmuch as I sat still and said nothing, the people of the house perceived nothing. And as I sate still under it and let it alone, a living hope rose in me, and a true voice arose in me which cried: "There is a living God who made all things." And immediately the cloud and temptation vanished away, and the life rose over it, and all my heart was glad, and I praised the living God. . . . Afterwards the Lord's power broke forth, and I had great openings and prophecies, and spoke unto the people of the things of God, which they heard with attention and silence, and went away and spread the fame thereof.

Fox made his first public appearance as a preacher at Manchester in 1648, and was put in prison as a disturber of the peace. He was subsequently for nearly forty years beaten and imprisoned times almost without number. He thus describes one of the earliest of these experiences :

MALTREATMENT AT ULVERSTONE.

The people were in a rage, and fell upon me in the steeple-house before his [Justice Sawrey's] face, knocked me down, kicked me, and trampled upon me. So great was the uproar that some tumbled over their seats for fear. At last he came and took me from the people, led me out of the steeple-house, and put me into the hands of the constables and other officers, bidding them whip me, and put me out of the town. Many friendly people being come to the market, and some to the steeple-house to hear me, divers of these they knocked down also, and broke their heads, so that the blood ran down several ; and Judge Fell's son running after to see what they would do with me, they threw him into a ditch of water, some of them crying : " Knock the teeth out of his head." When they had hauled me to the common moss-side, a multitude following, the constables and other officers gave me some blows over my back with willow-rods, and thrust me among the rude multitude, who, having furnished themselves with staves, hedge-stakes, holm or holly bushes, fell upon me, and beat me upon the head, arms, and shoulders, till they had deprived me of sense ; so that I fell down upon the wet common. When I recovered again, and saw myself lying in a watery common, and the people standing about me, I lay still a little while, and the power of the Lord sprang through me, and the eternal refreshings revived me, so that I stood up again in the strengthening power of the eternal God, and, stretching out my arms amongst them, I said with a loud voice : " Strike again ! here are my arms, my head, and cheeks ! " Then they began to fall out among themselves.—*Journal.*

In 1655 Fox was sent up as a prisoner to London, where he had an interview with the Lord Protector, Oliver Cromwell, which he thus describes :

INTERVIEW WITH OLIVER CROMWELL.

After Captain Drury had lodged me at the Mermaid, over against the Mews at Charing Cross, he went to give the Protector an account of me. When he came to me again, he told me the Protector required that I should promise not to take up a carnal sword or weapon against him or the government, as it then was ; and that I should write it in what words I saw good, and set my hand to it. I said little in reply to Captain Drury, but the next morning I was moved of the Lord to write a paper to the Protector, by the name of Oliver Cromwell, wherein I did, in the presence of the Lord God, declare that I did deny the wearing or drawing of a "carnal sword, or any other outward weapon, against him or any man ; and that I was sent of God to stand a witness against all violence, and against the works of darkness, and to turn people from darkness to light ; to bring them from the occasion of war and fighting to the peaceable Gospel, and from being evil-doers, which the magistrates' sword should be a terror to." When I had written what the Lord had given me to write, I set my name to it, and gave it to Captain Drury to hand to Oliver Cromwell, which he did.

After some time, Captain Drury brought me before the Protector himself at Whitehall. It was in a morning, before he was dressed ; and one Harvey, who had come a little among Friends, but was disobedient, waited upon him. When I came in, I was moved to say : "Peace be in this house ;" and I exhorted him to keep in the fear of God, that he might receive wisdom from Him ; that by it he might be ordered, and with it might order all things under his hand unto God's glory. I spoke much to him of truth ; and a great deal of discourse I had with him about religion, wherein he carried himself very moderately. But he said we quarrelled with the priests, whom he called ministers. I told him "I did not quarrel with them, they quarrelled with me

and my friends. But, said I, if we own the prophets, Christ, and the Apostles, we cannot hold up such teachers, prophets, and shepherds as the prophets, Christ, and the Apostles declared against ; but we must declare against them by the same power and spirit." Then I showed him that the prophets, Christ and the Apostles declared freely, and declared against them that did not declare freely ; such as preached for filthy lucre, divined for money, and preached for hire, and were covetous and greedy, like the dumb dogs that could never have enough ; and that they who have the same spirit that Christ, and the prophets, and the Apostles had, could not but declare against all such now, as they did then. As I spoke, he several times said it was very good, and it was the truth. I told him : " That all Christendom, so called, had the Scriptures, but they wanted the power and spirit that those had who gave forth the Scriptures, and that was the reason they were not in fellowship with the Son, nor with the Father, nor with the Scriptures, nor one with another."

Many more words I had with him, but people coming in, I drew a little back. As I was turning, he caught me by the hand, and with tears in his eyes said : " Come again to my house, for if thou and I were but an hour of a day together, we should be nearer one to the other ; adding that he wished me no more ill than he did to his own soul." I told him, if he did, he wronged his own soul, and admonished him to hearken to God's voice, that he might stand in his counsel, and obey it ; and if he did so, that would keep him from hardness of heart ; but if he did not hear God's voice, his heart would be hardened. He said it was true.

Then I went out ; and when Captain Drury came out after me he told me the Lord Protector said I was at liberty, and might go whither I would. Then I was brought into a great hall, where the Protector's gentlemen were to dine. I asked them what they brought me thither for. They said it was by the Protector's order, that I might dine with them. I bid them let the Protector know I would not eat of his bread, nor drink of his drink. When he heard this he said : " Now I see there is a people risen that I cannot win, either with

gifts, honors, offices, or places ; but all other sects and people I can." It was told him again "That we had forsook our own, and were not like to look for such things from him."—*Journal*.

Three years later Fox had one more brief meeting with Oliver, not many days before his death :

A WAFT OF DEATH.

The same day, taking boat, I went down to Kingston, and from thence to Hampton Court, to speak with the Protector about the sufferings of Friends. I met him riding into Hampton Court Park ; and before I came to him, as he rode at the head of his life-guard, I saw and felt a waft of death go forth against him : and when I came to him he looked like a dead man. After I had laid the sufferings of Friends before him, and had warned him according as I was moved to speak to him, he bade me come to his house. So I returned to Kingston, and the next day went up to Hampton Court to speak further with him. But when I came, Harvey, who was one that waited on him, told me the doctors were not willing that I should speak with him. So I passed away, and never saw him more.—*Journal*.

After the restoration of Charles II., Fox was subjected to repeated imprisonments. In 1669 he married Margaret Fell, the widow of a Welsh judge, who had been among his earliest converts. Soon afterward he set out upon a missionary tour to the West Indies and North America. In his later years he seems to have encountered little annoyance from the Government.



FOXÉ, or FOX, JOHN, an English martyrologist, born at Boston, Lincolnshire, in 1517; died April 18, 1587. He was educated at Oxford, and in 1543 was elected a Fellow of Magdalen College, but having embraced the principles of the Reformation, he was two years afterward deprived of his Fellowship; his stepfather also succeeded in depriving him of his patrimony. Subsequently we find him acting as tutor to the children of Sir James Lucy (Shakespeare's "Justice Shallow"). In 1550 he was ordained as deacon by Bishop Ridley, and settled at Reigate. After the accession of Queen Mary Tudor he was obliged to seek refuge on the Continent, taking up his residence at Basel, Switzerland, where he maintained himself as a corrector of the press for the printer Oporinus. At the suggestion of Lady Jane Grey he had already begun the composition of his *Acta et Monumenta Ecclesia*, commonly known as *Foxe's Book of Martyrs*, in which he received considerable assistance from Grindal, afterward Archbishop of Canterbury, and from Aylmer, afterward Bishop of London, who became one of the most zealous opponents of the Puritans. He returned to England soon after the accession of Elizabeth, and rose into favor with the new Government, to which he had rendered notable service by his pen. Cecil, Lord Burleigh, made him a prebend in Salisbury Cathedral, and for a

short time he held the living of Cripplegate, London; but, true to his Puritan principles, he refused to subscribe to the Articles, and declined to accept further preferments.

The first outline of the *Acta* appeared at Basel in 1554, and the first complete edition five years later. The first English edition was printed in 1563. The book became highly popular with a people who had just gone through the horrors of the Marian persecution; and Government directed that a copy should be placed in every parish church. The title of the work will best set forth its scope and design.

ORIGINAL TITLE OF THE "BOOK OF MARTYRS."

Acts and Monuments of these latter and perilous Dayes, touching matters of the Church, wherein are comprehended and described the great Persecutions and horrible Troubles that have been wrought and practised by the Romishe Prelates, especialle in this Realme of England and Scotland, from the yeare of our Lorde a thousand to the time now present. Gathered and collected according to the true Copies and Wrytinges certificatorie as well of the Parties themselves that Suffered, as also out of the Bishops' Registers, which were the doers thereof, by John Foxe.

One of the most notable of the martyrdoms recorded by Foxe is prefaced by the following heading: "A Notable History of William Hunter, a Young Man of nineteen years, pursued to death by Justice Brown, for the Gospel's Sake, Worthy of all Young Men and Parents to be read:"

THE MARTYRDOM OF WILLIAM HUNTER.

In the meantime, William's father and mother came to him, and desired heartily of God that he might continue

to the end in that good way which he had begun ; and his mother said to him that she was glad that ever she was so happy to bear such a child, which could find in his heart to lose his life for Christ's name sake.

Then William said to his mother : " For my little pain which I shall suffer, which is but a short braid, Christ hath promised me, mother," said he, " a crown of joy : may you not be glad of that, mother ? " With that, his mother kneeled down on her knees, saying : " I pray God strengthen thee, my son, to the end : yea, I think thee as well bestowed as any child that ever I bare."

At the which words, Master Higbed took her in his arms, saying : " I rejoyce " (and so said the others) " to see you in this mind, and you have a good cause to re-joyce." And his father and mother both said that they were never of other mind, but prayed for him, that as he had begun to confess Christ before men, he likewise might so continue to the end. William's father said : " I was afraid of nothing, but that my son should have been killed in the prison for hunger and cold, the bishop was so hard to him." But William confessed after a month that his father was charged with his board, that he lacked nothing, but had meat and clothing enough, yea, even out of the court, both money, meat, clothes, wood, and coals, and all things necessary.

Thus they continued in their inn, being the Swan in Bruntwood, in a parlour, whither resorted many people of the country, to see those good men which were there; and many of William's acquaintance came to him, and reasoned with him, and he with them, exhorting them to come away from the abomination of popish superstition and idolatry.

Thus passing away Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, on Monday, at night, it happened that William had a dream about two of the clock in the morning, which was this : how that he was at the place where the stake was pight, where he should be burned, which (as he thought in his dream) was at the town's end where the butts stood, which was so indeed ; and also he dreamed that he met with his father, as he went to the stake, and also that there was a priest at the stake, which went about to have him recant. To whom he said (as he thought in his

dream), how that he bade him away—false prophet—and how that he exhorted the people to beware of him and such as he was; which things came to pass indeed. It happened that William made a noise to himself in his dream, which caused M. Higbed and the others to wake him out of his sleep, to know what he lacked. When he awaked, he told them his dream in order as is said.

Now, when it was day, the sheriff, M. Brocket, called on to set forward to the burning of William Hunter. Then came the sheriff's son to William Hunter, and embraced him in his right arm, saying: "William, be not afraid of these men, which are here present with bows, bills, and weapons ready prepared to bring you to the place where you shall be burned." To whom William answered: "I thank God I am not afraid; for I have cast my count what it will cost me, already." Then the sheriff's son could speak no more to him for weeping.

Then William Hunter plucked up his gown, and stepped over the parlor grounse, and went forward cheerfully, the sheriff's servant taking him by one arm, and his brother by another; and thus going in the way, he met with his father, according to his dream, and he spake to his son, weeping, and saying: "God be with thee, son William;" and William said: "God be with you, good father, and be of good comfort, for I hope we shall meet again, when we shall be merry." His father said: "I hope so, William," and so departed. So William went to the place where the stake stood, even according to his dream, whereas all things were very unready. Then William took a wet broom fagot, and kneeled down thereon, and read the 51st psalm, till he came to these words: "The sacrifice of God is a contrite spirit; a contrite and a broken heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

Then said Master Tyrell of the Bratches, called William Tyrell: "Thou liest," said he; "thou readest false, for the words are, 'an humble spirit.'" But William said: "The translation saith 'a contrite heart.'" "Yes," quoth Mr. Tyrell, "the translation is false; ye translate books as ye list yourselves, like heretics." "Well," quoth William, "there is no great difference in those words." Then said the sheriff: "Here is a letter from

the queen ; if thou wilt recant, thou shalt live ; if not, thou shalt be burned." "No," quoth William, "I will not recant, God willing." Then William rose, and went to the stake, and stood upright to it. Then came one Richard Pond, a bailiff, and made fast the chain about William.

Then said Master Brown : "Here is not wood enough to burn a leg of him." Then said William : "Good people, pray for me ; and make speed, and despatch quickly ; and pray for me while ye see me alive, good people, and I will pray for you likewise." "How !" quoth Master Brown, "pray for thee ? I will pray no more for thee than I will pray for a dog." To whom William answered : "Master Brown, now you have that which you sought for, and I pray God it be not laid to your charge in the last day ; howbeit, I forgive you." Then said Master Brown : "I ask no forgiveness of thee." "Well," said William, "if God forgive you not, I shall require my blood at your hands."

Then said William : "Son of God, shine upon me !" and immediately the sun in the element shone out of a dark cloud so full in his face that he was constrained to look another way ; whereat the people mused, because it was so dark a little time afore. Then William took up a fagot of broom, and embraced it in his arms.

Then this priest which William dreamed of came to his brother Robert with a popish book to carry to William, that he might recant ; which book his brother would not meddle withal. Then William, seeing the priest, and perceiving how he would have shewed him the book, said : "Away, thou false prophet ! Beware of them, good people, and come away from their abominations, lest that you be partakers of their plagues." Then quoth the priest : "Look how thou burnest here ; so shalt thou burn in hell." William answered : "Thou liest, thou false prophet ! Away, thou false prophet ! away !"

Then there was a gentleman which said : "I pray God have mercy upon his soul." The people said : "Amen, Amen."

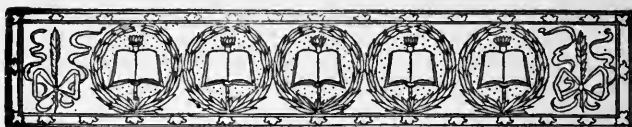
Immediately fire was made. Then William cast his psalter right into his brother's hand, who said : "Will-

iam, think on the holy passion of Christ, and be not afraid of death." And William answered: "I am not afraid." Then lift he up his hands to heaven, and said: "Lord, Lord, Lord, receive my spirit!" And casting down his head again into the smothering smoke, he yielded up his life for the truth, sealing it with his blood to the praise of God.—*Book of Martyrs*.

THE BOOK OF ANNE BOLEYN.

And this was the end of that godly lady and queen. Godly I call her, for sundry respects, whatever the cause was, or quarrel objected against her. First, her last words, spoken at her death, declared no less her sincere faith and trust in Christ than did her quiet modesty utter forth the goodness of the cause and matter, whatsoever it was. Besides that, to such as can wisely judge upon cases occurrent, this also may seem to give a great clearing unto her, that the king, the third day after, was married unto another. Certain this was that for the rare and singular gifts of her mind, so well instructed, and given toward God with such a fervent desire unto the truth, and setting forth of sincere religion, joined with like gentleness, modesty and pity toward all men, there have not many such queens before her borne the Crown of England. Principally this one commendation she left behind her, that during her life the religion of Christ most happily flourished, and had a right prosperous course.—*Book of Martyrs*.





FRANCE, JACQUES ANATOLE THIBAULT, a French novelist, poet, and critic, was born at Paris, April 16, 1844. He was educated at the College of St. Stanislaus. The son of a bookseller, he was brought up among books and amid literary surroundings; and in 1876 he became an attaché of the library of the Senate. He was for years known as a brilliant correspondent of several journals, notably *La Vie Littéraire*, *Le Globe*, *Les Débats*, *Le Journal Officiel*, and *Le Temps*; and was called to replace on the latter periodical Jules Claretie when that gentleman became administrator of the Comédie Française. In this connection he gave to the world a very remarkable series of weekly chronicles under the general title of *La Vie Littéraire*. On the 31st of December, 1884, he received the decoration of the Legion of Honor; and on the 23d of January, 1896, he was elected a member of the French Academy.

Anatole France made his début in literature by a biographical study of *Alfred de Vigny* (1868), which was followed by two volumes of poetry, *Poèmes Dorés* (1873) and *Noces Corinthiennes* (1876). *Jocaste*, a romance, appeared in 1879, together with the novel entitled *Le Chat Maigre*. About this time he issued a number of literary studies: *Racine*, *Molière*, *Manon Lescaut*, *Le Diable Boiteux*, *Paul et Virginie*, and others, including a re-

markable essay on the life and writings of *Lucille de Chateaubriand* (1879). His later writings include *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard* (1881), which was crowned by the Academy; *Les Désirs de Jean Servien* (1882); *Abielle* (1883), a story; *Le Livre de Mon Ami* (1885); *Nos Enfants* (1886), being a series of city and country "scenes;" *Balthazar* (1889); *Thaïs* (1890); two collections of articles from *Les Temps*, under the title *La Vie Littéraire* (1888-90); *L'Orme du Mail* (1897), of which the London *Athenæum* says that it has "neither beginning nor end, plot, story, construction, nor any of the ordinary characteristics of a novel;" but that it "contains a very interesting study of ecclesiastical society in the France of the present day."

Madame Blaze de Bury, who called Brunetière the Napoleon of our criticism, and Lemaitre its Mazarin for penetration and subtlety, thus wrote of Anatole France: "One may say, neglecting the examples of statesmanship in the comparison, that he is the Voltaire of his epoch." The same estimable writer says of his books: "Those who read *Sylvestre Bonnard* and *Le Livre de Mon Ami*, and compare them with *Thaïs*, will readily admit that in Anatole France there are two natures. *Le Livre de Mon Ami* might as well be called an autobiography, for one feels it is the childhood and youth of the author as related by himself. This book is the reader's friend. It is a living book made out of the human impulses of the heart, just at the moment when the heart is the most worthy of interest because policy and compromise have

not yet enslaved it to villanous artifices. Anatole France, the critic, is perceptible beneath the ironist of *Thaïs* and *Rotisserie*. His smile glances, indeed, from time to time athwart the web of *Le Livre de Mon Ami*, also, but veiled and softened. It is in *La Vie Littéraire* that this smile asserts itself, and that our author, with a something that distinguishes him from the indifferentism of Montaigne and with a touch that recalls Beaumarchais, allows the titillation of his pen to pass backward and forward beneath the nostrils of his victims in a manner unrivalled for its dexterity and *maëstria*."

THE PRECOCIOUS VISITOR.

As soon as I arrived, I fell into ecstasy in presence of two Chinese idols placed on either side of the clock on the chimney-piece. They wagged their heads and put out their tongues in a most marvellous manner, and when I learned that they came from China I resolved to go there. I was sure that it was somewhere behind the *Arc de Triomphe*, and determined to make my *bonne* take me there ; but my project failed. One day I saw there a gentleman sitting on my small couch, which displeased and irritated me, so that in my vexation, being determined to draw attention to myself, I asked for some sugar and water, and grew ferociously angry on hearing the gentleman remark, "He must be an only child ; he seems so much spoiled." That day I left without kissing the white lady, as a punishment for her. Another time, the white lady desiring to be left alone with the same gentleman, I was sent into the dining-room, where I had for amusement nothing but a picture clock, which struck only the hours. It was a long one hour. The cook came and gave me some jam, which for a moment relieved the grief of my heart. But when the jam was all gone, my grief returned. I flattened my nose against the window, I pulled the horsehair out of the chairs I made the holes in the wall-paper larger,

I plucked out the fringe of the curtain ; and, at last, when I was bored to death, I raised myself to the knob of the door. I knew I was doing an indiscreet, a bad action, but I opened the door, and there I found the white lady standing against the chimney-piece, while the gentleman, on his knees at her feet, was opening his arms wide to embrace her. He was redder than a cockscomb, and his eyes seemed starting out of their sockets. The lady said : " Let there be an end of this, sir." He rose when he saw me, and I think he wanted to throw me out of the window. When the lady in black came in, the white lady said : " Monsieur Arnoux called, but only stayed a second." The lady's good genius inspired me to hold my tongue, for I was going to cry out that it was a falsehood, and that the gentleman had stayed a very long time. I was astonished when a child at the absurdity of grown-up people. My mother said to me that she had cried as she listened to *Les Enfants d'Edouard*. I replied that he must be very wicked to make her cry. She answered that it was all a matter of *feeling* and *talent*. I failed to understand what she meant : at four years of age it is difficult to comprehend the sweetness of tears.—*From Le Livre de Mon Ami.*

THE OLD BIBLE.

At evening, at the family table, under the lamp which burned with infinite mildness, I turned over my old Bible with the ancient prints, which my mother had given me, and which I devoured with my eyes before ever I was able to read. It was an excellent old Bible, dating from the commencement of the seventeenth century ; the engravings were by a Dutch artist, who had represented the terrestrial paradise in the guise of a landscape in the neighborhood of Amsterdam. The hills were covered with oaks grown awry in the wind from the sea. The meadows, admirably drained, were intercepted by rows of mouldy willows. An apple-tree with mossy boughs represented the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. The animals in view were domesticated, and presented the idea of a farm with a well-regulated poultry yard. There were the oxen, the

sheep, the rabbits, and a fine horse of Brabant, clipped and groomed, waiting to be harnessed to the carriage of the burgomaster. All this enraptured me. I do not speak of Eve, who was portrayed as a Flemish beauty; but here were the lost treasures. I was still more interested in Noah's ark. I can yet see the spacious and circular hull surmounted by a cabin made of planks. O, marvel of tradition! Among my toys was a Noah's ark of an exact similitude, painted red, with all the animals in pairs, and Noah and his children standing round them. It was a great proof to me of the truth of the Scriptures. "*Teste David cum Sibylla.*" At the period of the tower of Babel the personages in my Bible were sumptuously clothed according to their condition: the warriors in the pattern of the Romans of Trajan's Column; princes with turbans; the women looking like those of Rubens; the shepherds in the fashion of brigands; and the angels modelled after the Jesuits. The tents of the soldiers resembled the rich pavilions seen in tapestries; the palaces were an imitation of the Renaissance. There were the nymphs of Jean Goujon in the fountain in which Bathsheba bathed. That is the reason these pictures gave me the impression of a profound antiquity. I doubted whether even my grandfather, severely as he had been wounded at Waterloo—in remembrance of which he always wore a bouquet of violets in his button-hole—could have known the tower of Babel and the baths of Bathsheba.

O, my old Bible with its engravings! What delight I felt in turning over its pages in the evening, when the pupils of my eyes already half swam with the rapturous undulations of infantine slumber. How I saw God there in a white beard! How sincerely I believed in Him!—although, between ourselves, I considered Him inclined to be whimsical, violent, and wrathful; but I did not ask Him to render an account of His actions—I was accustomed to see great personages behaving in an uncomprehensible manner. And then I had at that time a philosophy! I believed in the universal infallibility of men and matter. I was persuaded that there was a rational reason for everything, and that such a vast affair as this world was governed with seriousness,

—a wisdom which I forsook with my ancient Bible! What regrets have I not since had! Only consider. To be one's self quite little, and to be able to attain to the end of the world after an honest walk. To believe that one has the secret of the universe in an old book, under the lamp, when the room is warm! To be in no trouble, and yet to dream! For in those days I dreamed, and all the personages in my old Bible came as soon as I had lain down, and passed the footboard of my bed in procession. Yes, kings bearing sceptres and crowns, and prophets with their long beards draped under an eternal gust of wind, passed before me with dignified good nature while I slept. After the procession they went to arrange themselves in a box of Nuremberg toys. But I did not understand why God had prohibited that good Flemish Eve from touching the fruits of the tree which gave pleasant knowledge. I know it now, and I am very near believing that the God of my old Bible was right. That wise old man, a lover of gardens, said to Himself no doubt: "Science does not make happiness, and when men come to know much of history and of geography they will grow sad." And He was not mistaken. If, peradventure, He still lives, He must felicitate Himself on His foresight. We have eaten the fruit of the tree of science, and it has left the taste of ashes in our mouths.—*From The Chief Influences on my Career.*

(Reprinted from *Forum* of November, 1895, by special arrangement with the publishers.)





FRANCILLON, ROBERT EDWARD, an English novelist and miscellaneous writer, born at Gloucester in 1841. He was educated at Cheltenham College and at Oxford, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1864. In 1867 he edited the *Law Magazine*. The next year his first work of fiction, *Grace Owen's Engagement*, was published in *Blackwood's Magazine*. He has contributed many novelettes and short stories and articles to magazines; written songs for music, and served on the editorial staff of the *Globe* newspaper. Among his novels are *Earle's Dene* (1870); *Pearl and Emerald* (1872); *Zelda's Fortune* (1873); *Olympia* (1874); *A Dog and His Shadow* (1876); *Rare Good Luck* and *In the Dark* (1877); *Strange Waters* and *Left-Handed Elsa* (1879); *Queen Cophetua*; *Under Slieve Ban*; *Quits at Last*; *By Day and Night*; *A Real Queen*; *Jack Doyle's Daughter*; *Face to Face*; *Ropes of Sand*; *Golden Bells*; *Christmas Rose*; *King or Knave*; *Romances of the Law*, and *Gods and Heroes*.

A PERSISTENT LOVER.

Things happened slowly at Dunmoyle. Even the harvest was later there than elsewhere. But still the harvest did come—sometimes; and things did happen now and then. Everything had gone wrong since Phil Ryan was drowned. And now Kate's grandmother, who had been nothing but a burden to all who knew her for years, fell ill, and became what most people would

have called a burden upon Kate also. But as for Kate, she bore it bravely; and not even her poet lover had the heart to call her dull any more. He did not help her much, but he sat a great deal on the three-legged stool, and discoursed to the old woman so comfortably and philosophically when Kate happened to be absent, that the familiar ecclesiastical sound of his profane Latin often deceived her into crossing herself devoutly at the names of Bacchus and Apollo. Grotesque enough was the scene at times when, in the smoky twilight, the schoolmaster sat and spouted heathen poetry to the bedridden old peasant woman, looking for all the world like a goblin who had been sent expressly to torment the deathbed of a sinner. And no impression could have been more untrue. For a too intimate knowledge of how potheen may be made and sold without enriching the King is scarcely a sin, and had it not been for the goblin, Kate would never have been able to go outside the door.

Father Kane, too, came often, and discoursed a more orthodox kind of learning. But Michael Fay came nearly every day; and whenever he and Kate were in the room together, the goblin would creep out and leave them by themselves. Michael was indeed of unspeakable help to her in those days. The shyness that Denis Rooney had planted left her, and she was not afraid to tell herself that she looked up to Michael as to a brother—and in that at least there was no treason to Phil. But at last all was over, and Kate was alone in the world—not less the great world, cold and wide, though it was only Dunmoyle.

“Kate,” said Michael, at the end of about a week after the funeral. It is not much of a speech to write, but her name was always a great thing for him to say. They were in the cabin where her grandmother had died, and it had become a more desolate place than ever. She had gone back to her spinning. But he did not occupy the three-legged stool—not, by any means, because he was afraid of losing dignity, but simply because his weight would most inevitably have changed its three legs into two.

He was leaning against the wall behind her, so that

he could see little of her through the darkness—there was no smoke to-day because there was no fire—except her cloaked shoulders and coil of black hair, and she saw nothing of him at all. She did not hear, even in his “Kate,” more than a simple mention of her name. “Kate” certainly did not seem to call for an answer. But it was some time before he said anything more. To his own heart he had already said a great deal.

“Kate,” he said again at last, “there’s something I’ve had in my heart to tell ye for a long while. . . . ’Tis this, ye see. . . . Ye’re all alone by yourself now, and so am I. Not one of us has got a living soul but our own to care for : all of my kin are dead and gone, and there’s none left of yours. . . . Why wouldn’t we—why wouldn’t we be alone together, Kate, instead of being alone by ourselves? I don’t ask for more than ye’ve got to give me. ’Tis giving, I want to be, not taking, God knows. I’ve always loved ye—from the days when ye weren’t higher than that stool ; and I’ve never seen a face to come between me and yours, and I never will. But I’ve never loved ye like now. And I wouldn’t spake while ye weren’t alone ; but now I want to give ye my hands and my soul and my life, to keep ye from all harm. It’s not for *your* love I’m askin’ ; it’s to let *me* love *you*.”

The passion in his voice had deepened and quickened as he went on. But he did not move. He was still leaning against the wall, when she turned round and faced him—a little pale, but unconfused.

“And are ye forgettin’ !” she said, quietly and sadly, “that I’m the widow of Phil Ryan that’s drowned?”

“And if—if ye were his real widow—if ye wore his ring—would ye live and die by yourself, and break the heart of a livin’ man for the sake of one that’s gone?”

“Not gone to me,” said she. “Oh, Michael, why do ye say such things? Aren’t we own brother and sister, as if we’d been in the same cradle, and had both lost the same kin? Would ye ask me to be false to the boy I swore to marry, and none but him? Why will ye say things that’ll make me go away over the hills and never see ye again?”

It was not in human nature, however patient, to hear her set up the ghost of this dead sailor lad, drowned years ago, as an insuperable barrier between her and her living lover, without some touch of jealous anger. Have I not, felt Michael, served my time for her, and won her well? Could that idle vagabond have given her half the love in all her life that I'm asking her to take this day? But he said nothing of his feeling. He thought; and he could find no fault with what was loyal true.

"I'm the last to blame ye for not forgettin', Kate," said he. "It's what I couldn't do myself. But I'm not askin' ye to forget—I'm askin' ye to help a livin' man live, and that doesn't want ye to give him your life, but only to give you his own. Ye can feel to me like a sister, Kate, if ye plase, till the time comes for better things, as maybe it will, and as it will if I can bring it anyhow. If ye were my own sister, wouldn't ye come to me? And why wouldn't ye come now, when ye say your own self ye're just the same as if ye were? It's for your own sake I'm askin' ye—but it's for my own, too. Live without ye? Indeed, I won't know how."

His last words were to the purpose; for it is for his own sake that a woman, as well in Dunmoyle as elsewhere, would have a man love her, and not for hers. But she only said, as she bent over her wheel:

"It can't be, Michael. Don't ask me again."

So finely and yet so tenderly she said it that he felt as if he had no more to say. He could only leave her then; though he no more meant to give up Kate than he meant to give up Rathcool.—*Under Slieve Ban.*





FRANCIS D'ASSISI, SAINT (Giovanni Francesco Bernardone), celebrated Italian monk and ecclesiastic, born at Assisi in 1182; died there, October 4, 1226. He was the founder of the Order of Franciscans or mendicant friars. His father was a merchant, who bought goods in the south of France and sold them in Italy. It was while on one of his journeys that the son was born, and called by his father Francesco and by his mother Giovanni. In boyhood he was merry, light-hearted, and careless, with a decided fondness for amusements and fine clothes, and little given to study. When about twenty years old he was taken with a severe illness, and on his sick-bed indulged in deep reflection. When he recovered he was a changed man. "Thenceforward," says one of his biographers, "he held that in contempt which he had hitherto held in admiration and love." He began to speak of poverty as his bride, and the poor, the sick, and the leprous became objects of his especial attention. He made a pilgrimage to Rome and in his zeal for the Church threw all his worldly goods upon the altar of St. Peter's, joined a troop of beggars, and gave himself up to a life of charity and alms-giving.

Such conduct could not fail to meet with severe reproof at the hands of his industrious father. The rupture between them is usually said to have

taken place as follows: The young visionary was wont to resort to the ruined church of St. Damian, near Assisi, for the purpose of meditation and prayer. One day the mysterious voice that has cried out to so many enthusiasts, and inflamed the zeal of so many devoted reformers, spoke from the crumbling walls, saying: "Francis, seest thou not that my house is in ruins; go and restore it for me." To hear was to obey. The young man went home, saddled his horse, took a bale of his father's goods and rode to Foligno, sold both horse and goods, and hastened with the money thus obtained to the priest of St. Damian, and offered to repair the church. For this conduct the indignant father inflicted blows and curses and the young man was imprisoned. On his release he renounced all dependence on his father, and gave himself up to poverty and a life of devotion to his Father in Heaven. He organized a small band of fanatics, who took for their incentive to wandering about living on charity the literal interpretation of the words of Jesus: "Provide neither gold nor silver nor brass in your purses, nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes nor yet staves, for the workman is worthy of his meat." The band grew in numbers and influence, and received the sanction of Pope Innocent III. about 1210. They were forbidden to own property, and were bound to preach and labor without fixed salaries, living only on charity. In 1223 Pope Honorius III. published a bull confirming the verbal sanction of Pope Innocent. Francis also founded an

order of poor sisters, known by the name of Poor Claras or Clarisses. Francis was unceasing in his labors. He made long journeys to Spain, Illyria, and even to the East to preach to the Mahometans. He is said to have gained access to the Sultan and endeavored to convert him to the doctrine of poverty. It is impossible at this late day to separate the real events of Francis's life from the legends and stories of miracles that have been related by his followers. He was a troubadour as well as preacher—a sort of spiritual minstrel. Much of his preaching was chanted in a sort of rugged rhyme, which could scarcely be called poetry from a technical point of view, but which was full of that intense fervor of the devotee, and the tenderness of feeling born of a true love for every living thing. The birds, the beasts, the flowers and trees, were alike objects of his gentle compassion. His most characteristic song has been translated by Mrs. Olyphant under the title of Song of the Creation (*Cantico delle Creature*). Ozanam says in his *Les Poetes Franciscains*: "In him the troubadour inspiration, dying out in its original seat, was transmuted into a spiritual minstrelsy, hardly poetry, so imperfect in its form, but a lyrical cry, the first broken utterance of a new voice which was soon to fill the world." Francis was canonized by Gregory IX. in 1228, and is commemorated on October 4th.

HYMN OF THE CREATION.

Blessed be God, the father
Of everything that lives,
Most blessed for our Lord the Sun
Who warmth and daylight gives.

The sun is bright and radiant,
He sheds his beams abroad,
But all his glory witnesseth
To what thou art, my God.

Then, for our sister Moon, O Lord,
Our hearts bless thee again ;
And for the brilliant, beauteous stars
That glitter in her train.
We thank thee also for the Winds,
Our brothers, too, are they ;
For air, and clouds, and pleasant days,
When all the earth seems gay.

But no less would we praise thy name
For any kind of weather,
Knowing that rain, and frost, and snow
All work for good together.
Thanks for our sister Water, too,
Pure Water, cool and chaste,
Precious to everything that lives,
With powers of cleansing graced.

And for thine other mighty gift,
Our brother Fire, whose flame
By thy command is sent to light,
With beams unquenchable and bright,
The solemn darkness of the night,
We bless thy holy name.

And lastly for our Mother Earth,
That goodness we adore,
She feeds us ; she brings precious fruits
Out of her bounteous store ;
And lovely flowers through the grass
She scatters full and free.
For all these things we bless thee, Lord,
For all proceed from thee.

—*Translated by* MRS. E. W. LATIMER.

TO THE ELEVEN AT RIVO TORTO.

Take courage, and shelter yourselves in God. Be
not depressed to think how few we are. Be not alarmed

either at your own weakness, or at mine. God has revealed to me that he will diffuse through the earth this our little family, of which He is Himself the father. I would have concealed what I have seen, but love constrains me to impart it to you. I have seen a great multitude coming to us, to wear our dress, to live as we do. I have seen all the roads crowded with men travelling in eager haste towards us. The French are coming. The Spaniards are hastening. The English and the Germans are running. All nations are mingling together. I hear the tread of the numbers who go and come to execute the commands of holy obedience. We seem contemptible and insane. But fear not. Believe that our Saviour, who has overcome the world, will speak effectually to us. If gold should lie in our way, let us value it as the dust beneath our feet. We will not, however, condemn or despise the rich who live softly, and are arrayed sumptuously. God, who is our master, is theirs also. But go and preach repentance for the remission of sins. Faithful men, gentle, and full of charity, will receive you and your words with joy. Proud and impious men will condemn and oppose you. Settle it in your hearts to endure all things with meekness and patience. The wise and the noble will soon join themselves to you, and, with you, will preach to kings, to princes, and to nations. Be patient in tribulation, fervent in prayer, fearless in labor, and the kingdom of God, which endures forever, will be your reward.—*From His Life, by BONAVENTURA.*

TO THE BIRDS.

My little brothers, you should love and praise the Author of your being, who has clothed you with plumage, and given you wings with which to fly where you will. You were the first created of all animals. He preserved your race in the ark. He has given the pure atmosphere for your dwelling-place. You sow not, neither do you reap. Without any care of your own, He gives you lofty trees to build your nests in, and watches over your young. Therefore give praise to your bountiful Creator.—*From BONAVENTURA'S Account.*



FRANCIS, JOHN WAKEFIELD, an American physician and medical and biographical writer, born in New York, November 17, 1789; died there, February 8, 1861. After learning the printer's trade he entered an advanced class in Columbia College, where he graduated in 1809. He studied medicine partly under Dr. Hosack, with whom he entered into partnership. In 1816 he went to Europe, where he continued his medical studies under Abernethy; and upon his return the following year was made Professor of the Institutes of Medicine, and subsequently of Medical Jurisprudence and Obstetrics, in the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Besides his numerous professional writings he was a frequent contributor to medical and literary journals, and wrote biographical sketches of many distinguished men. His principal work is *Old New York, or Reminiscences of the Past Sixty Years* (1857; republished in 1865, with a *Memoir* by H. T. Tuckerman).

RECOLLECTIONS OF PHILIP FRENEAU.

I had, when very young, read the poetry of Freneau, and as we instinctively become attached to the writers who first captivate our imaginations, it was with much zest that I formed a personal acquaintance with the Revolutionary bard. He was at that time [1828] about seventy-six years old when he first introduced himself to me in my library. I gave him an earnest welcome. He was somewhat below the ordinary height; in person thin yet muscular, with a firm step. though a

little inclined to stoop. His countenance wore traces of care, yet lightened with intelligence as he spoke. He was mild in enunciation, neither rapid nor slow, but clear, distinct, and emphatic. His forehead was rather beyond the medium elevation; his eyes a dark gray, occupying a socket deeper than common; his hair must once have been beautiful; it was now thinned and of an iron gray. He was free of all ambitious displays; his habitual expression was pensive. His dress might have passed for that of a farmer. New York, the city of his birth, was his most interesting theme; his collegiate career with Madison, next. His story of many of his occasional poems was quite romantic. As he had at command types and a printing-press, when an incident of moment in the Revolution occurred, he would retire for composition, or find shelter under the shade of some tree, indite his lyrics, repair to the press, set up his types, and issue his productions. There was no difficulty in versification with him. . . . There is no portrait of the patriot Freneau; he always firmly declined the painter's art, and would brook no "counterfeit presentment."—*Old New York.*

DEATH SCENE OF GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.

When he was about dying, he said to a friend at Morrisania: "Sixty years ago it pleased the Almighty to call me into existence, here, in this very room; and how shall I complain that He is pleased to call me hence?" On the morning of his death, he inquired of a near relative what kind of a day it was. "A beautiful day," answered his nephew; "the air is soft, the sky cloudless, the water like crystal; you hear every ripple, and even the plash of the steamboat wheels on the river: it is a beautiful day." The dying man seemed to take in this description with that zest for nature which accorded with the poetic interest of his character. Like Webster, his mind reverted to Gray's *Elegy*; he looked at the kind relative, and repeated his last words: "A beautiful day; yes, but

"Who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?"

—*Old New York.*



FRANCIS, SIR PHILIP, a British politician and pamphleteer, born in Dublin, October 22, 1740; died in London, December, 23, 1818. He was a son of the Rev. Philip Francis, one of the best of the English translators of Horace, who left Ireland for England in 1750. The elder Francis was a protégé of Henry Fox, then Secretary of State, by whom the son was brought into office. In 1773 he was sent to India as one of the Council of State, with a salary of £10,000 a year. He remained in India six years, when he became involved in a quarrel with Warren Hastings, which resulted in a duel in which Francis was severely wounded. Returning to England he entered into politics; became a member of Parliament, but gained no commanding position in public life, from which he retired in 1807, having been knighted the preceding year.

Francis was the acknowledged author of some thirty political pamphlets; but his only claim to remembrance rests upon his supposed authorship of the "Letters of Junius," a series of brilliant newspaper articles which appeared at intervals in the *Public Advertiser* between January, 1769, and January, 1772. In the first authorized collection of these letters there were forty-four bearing the signature of "Junius," and fifteen signed "Philo-Junius." Besides these appeared from time to time more than one hundred others, under various

signatures, which, with more or less probability, were attributed to "Junius." These letters assailed the Government with such audacity that every effort was made to discover who was the writer. But the secret was never certainly discovered, and there is no probability that it will ever be divulged. The authorship has been claimed by or for not less than forty persons, among whom are Edmund Burke, Lord Chatham, Edward Gibbon, John Horne Tooke, and John Wilkes. Macaulay was clearly convinced that Francis was the author. He says: "The case against Francis—or, if you please, in favor of Francis—rests on coincidences sufficient to convict a murderer." One significant fact is that these letters ceased not long before the appointment of Francis to the lucrative position in India; and it has been imagined that this appointment was the price paid by Government for the future silence of the author; and there is nothing in the character of Francis to render it improbable that he could be thus bought off. If this were the case, he would never directly avow the authorship; but it is certain that he was nowise averse to having it whispered that he was the writer. One of the most spirited and audacious of these letters was a long one addressed to the King, George III., December 19, 1769:

JUNIUS TO GEORGE THE THIRD.

Sir—When the complaints of a brave and powerful people are observed to increase in proportion to the wrongs they have suffered; when, instead of sinking into submission, they are roused to resistance, the time

will soon arrive at which every inferior consideration must yield to the security of the sovereign and to the general safety of the State. There is a moment of difficulty and danger at which flattery and falsehood can no longer deceive, and simplicity itself can no longer be misled. Let us suppose it arrived. Let us suppose a gracious, well-intentioned prince made sensible at last of the great duty he owes to his people and of his own disgraceful situation ; that he looks round him for assistance, and asks for no advice but how to gratify the wishes and secure the happiness of his subjects. In these circumstances, it may be matter of curious speculation to consider, if an honest man were permitted to approach a king, in what terms he would address himself to his sovereign. Let it be imagined, no matter how improbable, that the first prejudice against his character is removed ; that the ceremonious difficulties of an audience are surmounted ; that he feels himself animated by the purest and most honorable affection to his king and country ; and that the great person whom he addresses has spirit enough to bid him speak freely, and understanding enough to listen to him with attention. Unacquainted with the vain impertinence of forms, he would deliver his sentiments with dignity and firmness, but not without respect :

Sir—It is the misfortune of your life, and originally the cause of every reproach and distress which has attended your government, that you should never have been acquainted with the language of truth till you heard it in the complaints of your people. It is not, however, too late to correct the error of your education. We are still inclined to make an indulgent allowance for the pernicious lessons you received in your youth, and to form the most sanguine hopes from the natural benevolence of your disposition. We are far from thinking you capable of a direct, deliberate purpose to invade those original rights of your subjects on which all their civil and political liberties depend. Had it been possible for us to entertain a suspicion so dishonorable to your character, we should long since have adopted a style of remonstrance very distant from the humility of complaint. The doctrine inculcated by our laws, “that

the king can do no wrong," is admitted without reluctance. We separate the amiable, good-natured prince from the folly and treachery of his servants, and the private virtues of the man from the vices of his government. Were it not for this just distinction, I know not whether your majesty's condition, or that of the English nation, would deserve most to be lamented. I would prepare your mind for a favorable reception of truth, by removing every painful, offensive idea of personal reproach. Your subjects, sir, wish for nothing but that, as *they* are reasonable and affectionate enough to separate your person from your government, so *you*, in your turn, would distinguish between the conduct which becomes the permanent dignity of a king and that which serves only to promote the temporary interest and miserable ambition of a minister.

You ascended the throne with a declared—and, I doubt not, a sincere—resolution of giving universal satisfaction to your subjects. You found them pleased with the novelty of a young prince, whose countenance promised even more than his words, and loyal to you not only from principle but passion. It was not a cold profession of allegiance to the first magistrate, but a partial, animated attachment to a favorite prince, the native of their country. They did not wait to examine your conduct, nor to be determined by experience, but gave you a generous credit for the future blessings of your reign, and paid you in advance the dearest tribute of their affections. Such, sir, was once the disposition of a people who now surround your throne with reproaches and complaints. Do justice to yourself. Banish from your mind these unworthy opinions with which some interested persons have labored to possess you. Distrust the men who tell you that the English are naturally light and inconsistent; that they complain without a cause. Withdraw your confidence equally from all parties; from ministers, favorites, and relations; and let there be one moment in your life in which you have consulted your own understanding. . . .

While the natives of Scotland are not in actual rebellion, they are undoubtedly entitled to protection; nor do I mean to condemn the policy of giving some en-

couragement to the novelty of their affection for the house of Hanover. I am ready to hope for everything from their new-born zeal, and from the future steadiness of their allegiance. But hitherto they have no claim to your favor. To honor them with a determined predilection and confidence, in exclusion of your English subjects—who placed your family, and, in spite of treachery and rebellion, have supported it, upon the throne—is a mistake too gross for even the unsuspecting generosity of youth. In this error we see a capital violation of the most obvious rules of policy and prudence. We trace it, however, to an original bias in your education, and are ready to allow for your inexperience.

To the same early influence we attribute it that you have descended to take a share, not only in the narrow views and interests of particular persons, but in the fatal malignity of their passions. At your accession to the throne the whole system of government was altered; not from wisdom or deliberation, but because it had been adopted by your predecessor. A little personal motive of pique and resentment was sufficient to remove the ablest servants of the crown; but it is not in this country, sir, that such men can be dishonored by the frowns of a king. They were dismissed, but could not be disgraced. . . .

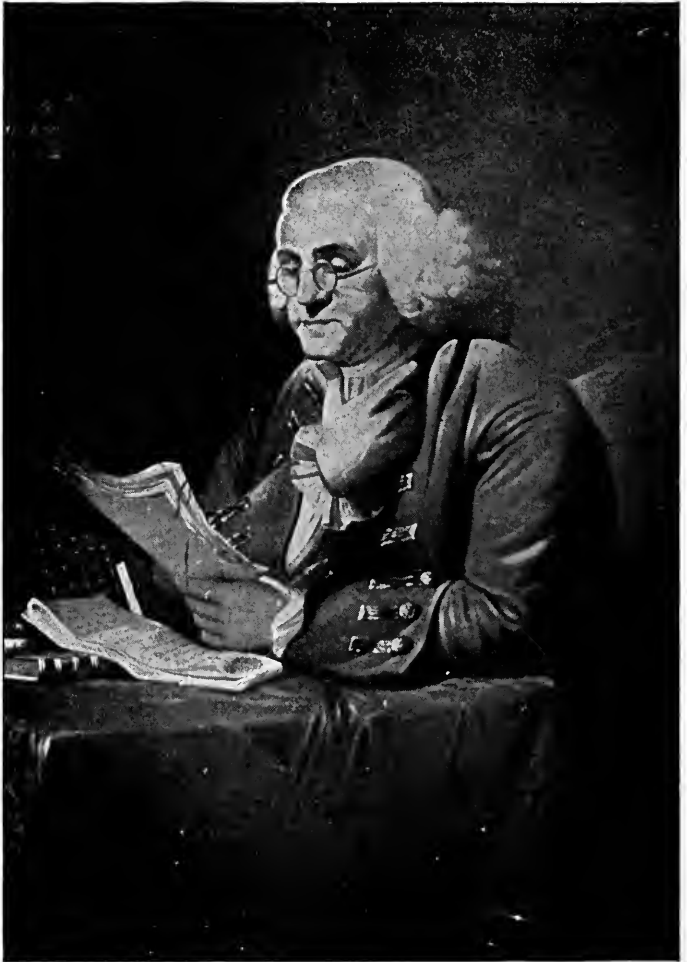
Without consulting your ministers, call together your whole council. Let it appear to the public that you can determine and act for yourself. Come forward to your people; lay aside the wretched formalities of a king, and speak to your subjects with the spirit of a man, and in the language of a gentleman. Tell them you have been fatally deceived: the acknowledgment will be no disgrace, but rather an honor, to your understanding. Tell them you are determined to remove every cause of complaint against your government; that you will give your confidence to no man that does not possess the confidence of your subjects; and leave it to themselves to determine, by their conduct at a future election, whether or not it be in reality the general sense of the nation, that their rights have been arbitrarily invaded by the present House of Commons, and the constitution

betrayed. They will then do justice to their representatives and to themselves.

These sentiments, sir, and the style they are conveyed in, may be offensive, perhaps, because they are new to you. Accustomed to the language of courtiers, you measure their affections by the vehemence of their expressions: and when they only praise you indirectly, you admire their sincerity. But this is not a time to trifle with your fortune. They deceive you, sir, who tell you that you have many friends whose affections are founded upon a principle of personal attachment. The first foundation of friendship is not the power of conferring benefits, but the equality with which they are received and may be returned. The fortune which made you a king forbade you to have a friend; it is a law of nature, which cannot be violated with impunity. The mistaken prince who looks for friendship will find a favorite, and in that favorite the ruin of his affairs.

The people of England are loyal to the House of Hanover, not from a vain preference of one family to another, but from a conviction that the establishment of that family was necessary to the support of their civil and religious liberties. This, sir, is a principle of allegiance equally solid and rational; fit for Englishmen to adopt, and well worthy of your majesty's encouragement. We cannot long be deluded by nominal distinctions. The name of Stuart of itself is only contemptible: armed with the sovereign authority, their principles are formidable. The prince who imitates their conduct should be warned by their example, and, while he plumes himself upon the security of his title to the crown, should remember that, as it was acquired by one revolution, it may be lost by another.





BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.



FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN, an American statesman and philosopher, born in Boston, January 17, 1706; died in Philadelphia, April 17, 1790. His father was originally a dyer, and subsequently a tallow-chandler. At the age of twelve the son was apprenticed to his elder brother, a printer and publisher of a newspaper, the *New England Courant*, for which Benjamin wrote much. In consequence of a quarrel between the brothers, Benjamin went, at the age of seventeen, to Philadelphia, where he obtained employment at his trade. The Governor of the Province discovered his abilities, promised to set him up in business, and induced him to go to England to purchase the necessary printing material. The Governor, however, failed to supply the necessary funds, and Franklin went to work as a printer in London. After eighteen months he returned to Philadelphia. Before long he established himself as a printer, and set up a newspaper, called the *Philadelphia Gazette*. In 1732, under the assumed name of "Richard Saunders," he commenced the issue of *Poor Richard's Almanac*, which he continued for twenty-five years.

By the time he had reached his fortieth year he had acquired a competence sufficient to enable him to withdraw from active business, and devote himself to philosophical research, for which he had

already manifested marked capacity. Just before this several European philosophers had noticed some points of resemblance between electricity and lightning. Franklin was the first (about 1750) to demonstrate the identity of the two phenomena, and to propound the idea of the lightning-rod as a safeguard from lightning.

Of the public career of Franklin it is necessary here to give merely a bare outline. He was elected a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly in 1750; was made Deputy Postmaster-General in 1753; and the next year, the French and Indian War impending, he was sent as delegate to a general Congress convened at Albany, where he drew up the plan of a union between the separate colonies. This was unanimously adopted by the Congress, but was rejected by the Board of Trade in England. Disputes having arisen in 1757 between the Pennsylvania "Proprietors" and the inhabitants, Franklin was sent to England as agent to represent the cause of the people of the colony of Pennsylvania; the people of Massachusetts, Maryland, and Georgia also constituted him their agent in Great Britain. He returned to Pennsylvania in 1762; but was sent back to London two years after to remonstrate against the proposed measure for taxing the American colonies. When the war of the Revolution was on the point of breaking out, Franklin left Great Britain, reaching his home sixteen days after the battle of Lexington. As a member of the first American Congress he was one of the committee appointed to draft the Declaration of Independ-

ence. Shortly after this he was sent to France as one of the Commissioners Plenipotentiary from the American States. In 1782 he signed the treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain, and subsequently concluded treaties with Sweden and Prussia. He returned to America in 1785, after more than fifty years spent in the public service. He was immediately elected President of Pennsylvania, his adopted State. Three years afterward, at the age of eighty-two, he was appointed a delegate to the Convention for framing the Federal Constitution, in which he took an active part, and lived long enough to see it adopted by the several States, and so become the supreme law of the land. A few months before his death he wrote to Washington: "For my personal ease I should have died two years ago; but though those years have been spent in excruciating pain, I am glad to have lived them, since I can look upon our present situation."

A partial collection of the works of Franklin was published (1816-19) by his grandson, William Temple Franklin. A tolerably complete edition, in ten volumes, edited, with a *Memoir*, by Jared Sparks, appeared in 1836-40. In 1887 some additional writings were discovered, which were edited by Edward Everett Hale, under the title *Franklin in Paris*. Franklin's *Autobiography*, bringing his life down to his fifty-seventh year, ranks among the foremost works of its class. The history of the book is curious. It was first published in a French translation in 1791; two

years afterward this French version was retranslated into English, and in 1798 this English translation was rendered back into French. The earliest appearance of the work as written by the author was in 1817 in the edition prepared by his son. In 1868 Mr. John Bigelow, lately United States Minister to France, came upon an original autograph of the *Autobiography*, which he published with notes. The *Life of Franklin* has been written by many persons, notably by James Parton (2 vols., 1864).

EARLY PRACTICE IN COMPOSITION.

About this time [at about fifteen] I met with an odd volume of *The Spectator*. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished if possible to imitate it. With that view I took some of the papers, and making short hints of the sentiments in each sentence, laid them by for a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should occur to me. Then I compared my *Spectator* with the original, discovered some of my faults and corrected them. . . . Sometimes I had the pleasure to fancy that in certain particulars of small consequence I had been fortunate enough to improve the method or the language; and this encouraged me to think that I might in time come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious. The time I allotted to writing exercises and for reading was at night, or before work began in the morning, or on Sundays, when I contrived to be in the printing-house, avoiding as much as I could the constant attendance at public worship which my father used to exact of me when I was under his care
—*Autobiography, Chap. I.*

FIRST ENTRY INTO PHILADELPHIA.

I was [then aged seventeen] in my working dress, my best clothes coming round by sea. I was dirty from my being so long in the boat. My pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no one, nor where to look for lodging. I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted in a single dollar, and about a shilling in copper coin which I gave to the boatmen for my passage. At first they refused it, on account of my having rowed, but I insisted on their taking it. I walked toward the top of the street, gazing about till near Market Street, where I met a boy with bread. I had often made a meal of dry bread, and, inquiring where he had bought it, I went immediately to the baker he directed me to. I asked for biscuits, meaning such as we had at Boston. That sort, it seems, was not made in Philadelphia. I then asked for a three-penny loaf, and was told they had none. Not knowing the different prices, nor the names of the different sorts of bread, I told him to give me three-penny worth of any sort. He gave me accordingly three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other.

Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made—as I certainly did—a most ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way, and, coming round, found myself again at Market Street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

Thus refreshed I walked up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers, near the

market. I sat down among them, and, after looking round awhile, and hearing nothing said, and being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continued so till the meeting broke up, when some one was kind enough to rouse me. This, therefore, was the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.—*Autobiography, Chap. II.*

TEETOTALISM IN LONDON.

At my first admission [aged nineteen] into the printing-house I took to working at press, imagining I felt a want of the bodily exercise I had been used to in America, where press-work is mixed with the composing. I drank only water; the other workmen—near fifty in number—were great drinkers of beer. On one occasion I carried up and down stairs a large form of type in each hand, when the others carried only one in both hands. They wondered to see, from this and several instances, that the “Water American,” as they called me, was stronger than themselves, who drank strong beer. We had an ale-house-boy who attended always in the house to supply the workmen. My companion at the press drank every day a pint before breakfast, a pint at breakfast with his bread and cheese, a pint between breakfast and dinner, a pint at dinner, a pint in the afternoon about six o’clock, and another when he had done his day’s work. I thought it a detestable custom; but it was necessary, he supposed, to drink *strong* beer that he might be *strong* to labor. I endeavored to convince him that the bodily strength afforded by beer could be only in proportion to the grain or flour of the barley dissolved in the water of which it was made; that there was more flour in a pennyworth of bread; and therefore if he could eat that with a pint of water, it would give him more strength than a quart of beer. He drank on, however, and had four or five shillings to pay out of his wages every Saturday night for that vile liquor; an expense I was free from. And thus these poor devils keep themselves always under.—*Autobiography, Chap. III.*

RELIGIOUS VIEWS AT ONE-AND-TWENTY.

My parents had early given me religious impressions, and brought me through my childhood in the Dissenting way. But I was scarce fifteen when, after doubting by turns several points, as I found them disputed in the different books I read, I began to doubt of the Revelation itself. Some books against Deism fell into my hands; they were said to be the substance of the sermons which had been preached at Boyle's Lectures. It happened that they wrought an effect on me quite contrary to what was intended by them. For the arguments of the Deists, which were quoted to be refuted, appeared to me much stronger than theirs; in short, I soon became a thorough Deist. My arguments perverted some others, particularly Collins and Ralph; but each of these having wronged me greatly without the least compunction, and recollecting my own conduct, which at times gave me great trouble, I began to suspect that this doctrine, though it might be true, was not very useful. . . . My own pamphlet [printed two years before], in which I argued from the attributes of God, his infinite wisdom, goodness, and power, that nothing could possibly be wrong in the world—and that vice and virtue were empty distinctions—no such things existing—appeared now not so clever a performance as I once thought it; and I doubted whether some error had not insinuated itself unperceived into my argument, so as to infect all that followed, as is common in metaphysical reasonings.

I became convinced that *truth, sincerity, and integrity* in dealings between man and man were of the utmost importance to the felicity of life; and I formed written resolutions to practise them ever while I lived.

Revelation had indeed no weight with me as such; but I entertained an opinion that, though certain actions might not be bad *because* they were forbidden by it, or good *because* it commanded them; yet probably those actions might be forbidden *because* they were bad for us, or commanded *because* they were beneficial to us, in their own natures, all the circumstances of things

considered. And this persuasion—with the kind hand of Providence, or some guardian angel, or accidental favorable circumstances and situations, or all together—preserved me through this dangerous time of youth, and the hazardous situations I was sometimes in among strangers, remote from the eye and advice of my father, free from any *wilful* gross immorality or injustice, that might have been expected from my want of religion. I say *wilful*, because the instances I have mentioned had something of *necessity* in them, from my youth, inexperience, and the knavery of others. I had therefore a tolerable character to begin the world with; I valued it properly, and determined to preserve it.—*Autobiography, Chap. IV.*

When this *Autobiography* was written Franklin was verging upon threescore and ten, and was recalling his young days. It is certain that the feeling of an overruling and protecting Deity was predominant at least during his mature years. At the Constitutional Convention of 1787 he moved that the daily proceedings should be opened by prayers.

SPEECH IN FAVOR OF DAILY PUBLIC PRAYERS.

In the beginning of the contest with Britain, when we were sensible of danger, we had daily prayers in this room for the Divine protection. Our prayers, Sir, were heard, and they were graciously answered. All of us who were engaged in the struggle must have observed frequent instances of a superintending Providence in our favor. To that kind Providence we owe this happy opportunity of consulting in peace on the means of establishing our future national felicity. And have we now forgotten this powerful friend? or do we imagine we no longer need His assistance? I have lived, Sir, a long time [eighty-one years], and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth: that God governs in the affairs of man. And if a sparrow cannot fall to

the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid? We have been assured, Sir, in the Sacred Writings that "except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." I firmly believe this. I also believe that without His concurring aid we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel; we shall be divided by our little partial, local interests; our projects will be confounded; and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a byword down to future ages. And what is worse, mankind may hereafter, from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing human government by human wisdom, and leave it to chance, war, or conquest. I therefore beg leave to move that henceforth prayers, imploring the assistance of Heaven and its blessing on our deliberations, be held in this assembly every morning before we proceed to business; and that one or more of the clergy of this city be requested to officiate in that service.

Many years before his death Franklin wrote the following epitaph for his own tombstone:

FRANKLIN'S EPITAPH FOR HIMSELF.

The Body of Benjamin Franklin, Printer, (like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out, and stript of its lettering and gilding,) lies here food for worms. Yet the Work itself shall not be lost; for it will (as he believed) appear once more in a new and more beautiful Edition, corrected and amended by the Author.

Franklin, when near the close of his life, wrote to Thomas Paine, who was proposing the publication of the *Age of Reason*, the manuscript of which appears to have been submitted to his perusal: "I would advise you not to attempt unchaining the tiger, but to burn this piece before it is seen by any other person. If men are so wicked *with* religion, what would they be without it?"

Six weeks before his death he wrote to the Rev. Dr. Stiles :

HIS DYING OPINION OF CHRISTIANITY.

As to Jesus of Nazareth, my opinion of whom you particularly desire, I think the system of morals, and His religion, as He left them to us, the best the world ever saw, or is likely to see ; but I apprehend it has received various corrupting changes ; and I have, with most of the present Dissenters in England, some doubts as to His Divinity.

Poor Richard's Almanac in its day was a power in the land. Franklin himself thus speaks of the work :

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC.

In 1732 [at the age of twenty-seven] I first published my *Almanac*, under the name of "Richard Saunders." It was continued by me about twenty-five years, and commonly called *Poor Richard's Almanac*. I endeavored to make it both entertaining and useful ; and it accordingly came to be in such demand that I reaped considerable profit from it, vending annually near ten thousand. And observing that it was generally read—scarce any neighborhood in the Province being without it—I considered it a proper vehicle for conveying instruction among the common people, who bought scarcely any other books. I therefore filled all the little spaces that occurred between the remarkable days in the Calendar with proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality as the means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue ; it being more difficult for a man in want to act always honestly, as, to use here one of those proverbs, "It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright."

These proverbs, which contained the wisdom of many ages and nations, I assembled and formed into a connected discourse prefixed to the *Almanac* of 1757, as the harangue of a wise old man to the people attending an auction. The bringing of all these scattered counsels

thus into a focus enabled them to make greater impression. The piece being universally approved was copied in all the newspapers of the American continent, reprinted in Britain on a large sheet of paper to be stuck up in houses. Two translations were made of it in France; and great numbers of it were bought by the clergy and gentry, to distribute gratis among their poor parishioners and tenants. In Pennsylvania, as it discouraged useless expense in foreign superfluities, some thought it had its share of influence in producing that growing plenty of money which was observable several years after its publication.—*Autobiography, Chap. VII.*

This Collection of Poor Richard's Sayings was put forth under the title of "The Way to Wealth." The brochure thus begins:

THE CHIEF TAX-GATHERERS.

I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchant's goods. The hour of sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man, with white locks: "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to do?" Father Abraham stood up and replied, "If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; for *A word to the wise is enough*, as Poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and, gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:

"Friends," said he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the Government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the Commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an

abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us ; *God helps them that help themselves*, as Poor Richard says."—*The Way to Wealth*.

SLOTH AND INDUSTRY.

" *If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be*, as Poor Richard says, *the greatest prodigality* ; since, as he elsewhere tells us, *Lost time is never found again* ; and *what we call time enough always proves little enough*. Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose ; so by diligence shall we do with less perplexity. *Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy*, and *he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night* ; while *Laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him*. *Drive thy business, let not that drive thee* ; and *Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise*, as Poor Richard says."—*The Way to Wealth*.

FRUGALITY.

" So much for industry and attention to one's business ; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last. *A fat kitchen makes a lean will* ; and *Many estates are spent in the getting*, *Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting*, *And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting*. *If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as of getting*. *The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her income*. Away then with your expensive follies, and you will not have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families ; for *Women and wine, game and deceit*, *Make the wealth small and the want great*. And further, *What maintains one vice would bring up two children*. You may think, perhaps, that a little tea or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and

then, can be no great matter ; but remember, *Many a mickle makes a muckle*. Beware of little expenses ; *A small leak will sink a great ship*, as Poor Richard says ; and again, *Who dainties love, shall beggars prove* ; and moreover, *Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.*—*The Way to Wealth*.

BUYING SUPERFLUITIES.

“ Here you are all got together at this sale of fineries and knick-knacks. You call them ‘ goods ’ ; but if you do not take care, they will prove ‘ evils ’ to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may for less than they cost ; but if you have no occasion for them they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says : *Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries*. And again, *At a great pennyworth pause a little*. He means that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real ; or, the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, *Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths*. Again, *It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance* ; and yet this folly is practised every day at auctions for want of minding the Almanac. Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, has gone with a hungry belly, and half-starved their families. *Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire*, as Poor Richard says. *A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees*, as Poor Richard says. *Always taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom*, as poor Richard says ; and then, *When the well is dry they know the worth of water*. But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice. And again Poor Dick says, *Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy*. When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece ; but Poor Dick says, *It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it*. And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.”—*The Way to Wealth*.

CHARACTER OF WHITEFIELD.

He had a loud and clear voice, and articulated his words so perfectly that he might be heard and understood at a great distance ; especially as his auditors observed the most perfect silence. . . . [On one particular occasion when he heard Whitefield preach in the open air] I computed that he might well be heard by more than thirty thousand. This reconciled me to the newspaper accounts of his having preached to twenty-five thousand. By hearing him often, I came to distinguish easily between sermons newly composed and those which he had often preached in the course of his travels. His delivery of the latter was so improved by frequent repetition that every accent, every emphasis, every modulation of voice, was so perfectly well turned and well placed that, without being interested in the subject, one could not help being pleased with the discourse.—*Autobiography, Chap. VIII.*

PAYING TOO DEAR FOR THE WHISTLE.

In my opinion, we might all draw more good from the world than we do, and suffer less evil, if we would take care not to give too much for *whistles*. You ask what I mean? You love stories, and will excuse my telling one of myself :

When I was a child of seven years old, my friends on a holiday filled my pocket with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children ; and, being charmed with the sound of a *whistle* that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my *whistle*, but disturbing all the family. My brothers and sisters and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth ; put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of my money ; and laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation ; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the *whistle* gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, *Don't give too much for the whistle*; and I saved my money. As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who *gave too much for their whistles*:

When I saw one too ambitious of Court favor, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself, *This man gives too much for his whistle*.

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, *He pays, indeed*, said I, *too much for his whistle*.

If I knew a miser who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth, *Poor man*, said I, *you pay too much for your whistle*.

When I met with a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or his fortune, to mere corporeal sensations, and ruining his health in their pursuit, *Mistaken man*, said I, *you are providing much pain for yourself, instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle*.

If I see one fond of appearance, or fine clothes, fine houses, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in a prison, *Alas!* say I, *he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle*.

When I see a beautiful, sweet-tempered girl married to an ill-natured brute of a husband, *What a pity*, say I, *that she should pay so much for a whistle*.

In short, I conceive that a great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimates they have made of the value of things, and by *their giving too much for their whistles*.—*Letter to Madame Brillon, 1779*.

PAPER : A POEM.

[*This poem is attributed to Franklin ; but it is not altogether certain that it was written by him. No other authorship, however, has been assigned to it.*]

Some wit of old—such wits of old there were—
Whose hints showed meaning, whose allusions care,
By one brave stroke to mark all human kind,
Called clear blank paper every infant mind ;
Where still, as opening sense her dictates wrote,
Fair Virtue put a *seal*, or Vice a blot.
The thought was happy, pertinent, and true ;
Methinks a genius might the plan pursue.
I, (can you pardon my presumption ?) I—
No wit, no genius—yet for once will try :—

Various the papers various wants produce,
The wants of fashion, elegance, and use.
Men are as various ; and if right I scan,
Each sort of Paper represents some Man.
Pray note the Fop—half powder and half lace—
Nice as a bandbox were his dwelling-place.
He's the *Gilt Paper*, which apart you store,
And lock from vulgar hands in the 'scrutoire.

Mechanics, Servants, Farmers, and so forth,
Are *Copy-Paper* of inferior worth ;
Less prized, more useful, for your desk decreed,
Free to all pens, and prompt at every need.

The wretch whom Avarice bids to pinch and spare,
Starve, cheat, and pilfer, to enrich an heir,
Is coarse *Brown Paper* ; such as pedlers choose
To wrap up wares which better men will use.

Take next the miser's contrast : who destroys
Health, fame, and fortune, in a round of joys ;
Will any Paper match him ? Yes, throughout,
He's a true *Sinking Paper*, past all doubt.

The retail Politician's anxious thought
Deems *this* side always right, and *that* stark naught ;
He foams with censure ; with applause he raves—
A dupe to rumors, and a tool to knaves :
He'll want no type his weakness to proclaim,
While such a thing as *Foolscape* has a name.

The Hasty Gentleman, whose blood runs high,

Who picks a quarrel, if you step awry,
 Who can't a jest or hint or look endure—
 What's he? What? *Touch-Paper*, to be sure.

What are our Poets, take them as they fall—
 Good, bad, rich, poor, much read, not read at all?
 Them and their works in the same class you'll find;
 They are the mere *Waste-Paper* of mankind.

Observe the Maiden, innocently sweet;
 She's fair *White Paper*—an unsullied sheet,
 On which the happy man, whom fate ordains,
 May write his name, and take her for his pains.

One instance more, and only one, I'll bring:
 'Tis the Great Man who scorns a little thing,
 Whose thoughts, whose deeds, whose maxims are his
 own—

Formed on the feelings of his heart alone:
 True, genuine *Royal Paper* is his breast;
 Of all the kinds most precious, purest, best.

Probably the last thing written by Franklin was a parody on a speech delivered in Congress in defence of the slave-trade. It purports to be a reproduction of a speech made by Sidi Mehemet Ibrahim, a member of the Divan of Algiers, in opposition to granting the petition of the sect called *Eriki*, who asked for the abolition of Algerine piracy. This paper is dated March 23, 1790, twenty-four days before the death of Franklin.

SIDI MEHEMET ON ALGERINE PIRACY.

Have these *Erika* considered the consequences of granting their petition? If we cease our cruises against the Christians, how shall we be furnished with the commodities their countries produce, and which are so necessary for us? If we forbear to make slaves of their people, who in this hot climate are to cultivate our lands? Who are to perform the common labors of our city and in our families? We have now above fifty thousand slaves in and near Algiers. This number, if

not kept up by fresh supplies, will soon diminish, and be gradually annihilated. If we then cease taking and plundering the infidel ships, and making slaves of the seamen and passengers, our lands will become of no value for want of cultivation; the rents of houses in the city will sink one half; and the revenue of government arising from its share of prizes be totally destroyed! And for what? To gratify the whims of a whimsical sect who would have us not only forbear making more slaves, but even manumit those we have.

But who is to indemnify their masters for the loss? Will the State do it? Is our treasury sufficient? Will the *Erika* do it? Can they do it? And if we set our slaves free, what is to be done with them? Few of them will return to their countries; they know too well the greater hardships they must there be subject to. They will not embrace our holy religion; they will not adopt our manners; our people will not pollute themselves by intermarrying with them. Must we maintain them as beggars in our streets, or suffer our properties to be the prey of their pillage? For men accustomed to slavery will not work for a livelihood when not compelled.

And what is there so pitiable in their present condition? Were they not slaves in their own countries? Are not Spain, Portugal, France, and the Italian States governed by despots who hold their subjects in slavery without exception? Even England treats its sailors as slaves; for they are, whenever the government pleases, seized, and confined in ships of war; condemned not only to work, but to fight, for small wages or a mere subsistence, not better than our slaves are allowed by us. Is their condition then made worse by falling into our hands? No; they have only exchanged one slavery for another, and, I may say, a better; for here they are brought into a land where the sun of Islamism gives forth its light, and shines in full splendor; and thus have an opportunity of making themselves acquainted with the true doctrine, and thereby saving their immortal souls. Sending the slaves home, then, would be sending them out of light into darkness.

I repeat the question, what is to be done with them?

I have heard it suggested that they may be planted in the wilderness, where there is plenty of land for them to subsist on, and where they may flourish as a Free State. But they are, I doubt, too little disposed to labor without compulsion, as well as too ignorant to establish a good government; and the wild Arabs would soon molest and destroy or again enslave them. While serving us, we take care to provide them with everything, and they are treated with humanity. The laborers in their own country are, as I am well informed, worse fed, lodged, and clothed. The condition of most of them is therefore already mended, and requires no further improvement. Here their lives are in safety. They are not liable to be impressed for soldiers, and forced to cut one another's Christian throats, as in the wars of their own countries. If some of the religion-mad bigots, who now tease us with their silly petitions, have in a fit of blind zeal freed their slaves, it was not generosity, it was not humanity, that moved them to the action. It was from the conscious burthen of a load of sins, and a hope, from the supposed merits of so good a work, to be excused from damnation.

How grossly are they mistaken to suppose slavery to be disallowed by the *Alcoran*! Are not the two precepts—to quote no more—"Masters, treat your slaves with kindness;" "Slaves, serve your masters with cheerfulness and fidelity," clear proofs to the contrary? Nor can the plundering of Infidels be in that sacred book forbidden; since it is well known from it that God has given the world, and all that it contains, to his faithful Mussulmans, who are to enjoy it of right as fast as they conquer it. Let us then hear no more of this detestable proposition—the manumission of Christian slaves—the adoption of which would, by depreciating our lands and houses, and thereby depriving so many good citizens of their properties, create universal discontent, and provoke insurrections, to the endangering of government, and producing general confusion. I have, therefore, no doubt but this wise Council will prefer the comfort and happiness of a whole nation of True Believers to the whim of a few *Erika*, and dismiss their petition.



FRASER, JAMES BAILLIE, a Scottish traveller and novelist, born at Reelick, Inverness-shire, June 11, 1783; died there in January, 1856. He was the eldest of four brothers, all of whom found their way to the Orient and earned distinction in one way or another. He was in 1836 sent on a diplomatic mission to Persia, making a remarkable horseback journey through Asia Minor to Teheran. His health having been impaired by his exposures, he retired to his estate in Scotland, where the remainder of his life was passed. He is said to have displayed great skill in water-colors. He also made some valuable astronomical observations during his journeyings in Asia. Among his numerous books of travels are *Journal of a Tour Through Part of the Snowy Range of the Himalaya Mountains* (1820); *Narrative of a Journey Into Khorassan* (1825); *A Winter Journey from Constantinople to Teheran* (1838); *Travels in Koordistan and Mesopotamia* (1840). He also wrote for "The Edinburgh Cabinet Library" *The History of Mesopotamia and Assyria*, and a *History of Persia* (1847).

The London *Athenæum* says his account of a winter journey from Constantinople to Teheran "can hardly be surpassed in lively delineations and rapid but graphic sketches."

A PERSIAN TOWN.

Viewed from a commanding situation, the appearance of a Persian town is most uninteresting; the houses, all of mud, differ in no respect from the earth in color, and, from the irregularity of their construction, resemble inequalities on its surface rather than human dwellings. The houses, even of the great, seldom exceed one story; and the lofty walls which shroud them from view, without a window to enliven them, have a most monotonous effect. There are few domes or minarets, and still fewer of those that exist are either splendid or elegant. There are no public buildings but the mosques and medresses; and these are often as mean as the rest, or perfectly excluded from view by ruins. The general *coup d'œil* presents a succession of flat roofs and long walls of mud, thickly interspersed with ruins; and the only relief to its monotony is found in the gardens adorned with chinar, poplars, and cypresses, with which the towns and villages are often surrounded and intermingled.

Mr. Fraser wrote *The Kuzzilbash, a Tale of Khorassan* (1828). The word *Kuzzilbash* means simply "Red-head," and is used to designate a soldier; in 1830 he put forth a continuation of this novel under the title *The Persian Adventurer*.

MEETING OF WARRIORS IN THE DESERT.

By the time I reached the banks of this stream the sun had set, and it was necessary to seek some retreat where I might pass the night and refresh myself and my horse without fear of discovery. Ascending the riverbed, therefore, with this intention, I soon found a recess where I could repose myself, surrounded by green pasture in which my horse might feed. Permitting him to pasture at will until dark, after a moderate meal, I commended myself to Allah and lay down to rest.

The loud neighing of my horse awoke me with a start, as the first light of dawn broke in the east. Quickly

springing on my feet, and grasping my spear and scimitar, which lay under my head, I looked around for the cause of alarm. Nor did it long remain doubtful; for at the distance of scarce two hundred yards, I saw a single horseman advancing. Fitting an arrow to my bow, I placed myself upon guard, and examined him narrowly as he approached. He was a man of goodly stature and powerful frame; his countenance, hard, strongly marked, and furnished with a thick, black beard, bore testimony of exposure to many a blast, but it still preserved a prepossessing expression of good humor and benevolence. His turban, which was formed of a cashmere shawl, sorely gashed and torn, and twisted here and there with small steel chains, according to the fashion of the time, was wound round a red cloth cap that rose in four peaks high above the head. His *oemah* or riding coat, of crimson cloth, much stained and faded, opening at the bosom showed the links of a coat-of-mail which he wore below; a yellow shawl formed his girdle; his huge shulwars, or riding trousers, of thick fawn-colored Kerman woollen stuff, fell in folds over the large, red leather boots in which his legs were cased; by his side hung a crooked scimitar in a black leather scabbard, and from the holsters of his saddle peeped out the butt-ends of a pair of pistols—weapons of which I then knew not the use, any more than the matchlock which was slung at his back. He was mounted on a powerful but jaded horse, and appeared to have already travelled far.

When the striking figure had approached within thirty yards, I called out in the Turkish language, commonly used in the country: "Whosoever thou art, come no nearer on thy peril, or I shall salute thee with this arrow from my bow!" "Why, boy," returned the stranger in a deep manly voice, and speaking in the same tongue, "thou art a bold lad, truly! but set thy heart at rest, I mean thee no harm." "Nay," rejoined I, "I am on foot and alone. I know thee not, nor thy intentions. Either retire at once, or show thy sincerity by setting thyself on equal terms with me; dismount from thy steed, and then I fear thee not, whatever be thy designs. Beware!" And so saying I drew my arrow to the

head, and pointed it towards him. "By the head of my father!" cried the stranger, "thou art an absolute youth! but I like thee well; thy heart is stout, and thy demand is just; the sheep trusts not the wolf when it meets him in the plain, nor do we acknowledge every stranger in the desert for a friend. See," continued he, dismounting actively, yet with a weight that made the turf ring again—"see, I yield my advantage; as for thy arrows, boy, I fear them not."

With that he slung a small shield, which he bore at his back, before him, as if to cover his face, in case of treachery on my part, and leaving his horse where it stood, he advanced to me. Taught from youth to suspect and guard against treachery, I still kept a wary eye on the motions of the stranger. But there was something in his open though rugged countenance and manly bearing that claimed and won my confidence. Slowly I lowered my hand, and relaxed the still drawn string of my bow, as he strode up to me with a firm, composed step.

"Youth," said he, "had my intentions been hostile, it is not thy arrows or thy bow, no, nor thy sword and spear, that could have stood thee much in stead. I am too old a soldier, and too well defended against such weapons, to fear them from so young an arm. But I am neither enemy nor traitor to attack thee unawares. I have travelled far during the past night, and mean to refresh myself awhile in this spot before I proceed on my journey; thou meanest not," added he, with a smile, "to deny me the boon which Allah extends to all his creatures? What, still suspicious? Come, then, I will increase thy advantage, and try to win thy confidence." With that he unbuckled his sword and threw it, with his matchlock, upon the turf a little way from him. "See me now unarmed; wilt thou yet trust me?" Who could have doubted longer? I threw down my bow and arrows: "Pardon," cried I, "my tardy confidence; but he that has escaped with difficulty from many perils fears even their shadow."—*The Kuzzilbash.*



FRÉCHETTE, LOUIS HONORÉ, a Canadian-French poet, journalist, and statesman, was born at Point Levi, opposite Quebec, November 16, 1839. He is descended by his father from one of the earliest settlers of New France. He studied at Nicolet and at Laval University, and was called to the bar in 1864. He was already engaged in literature, having edited for a time *Le Journal de Quebec*, and having published, in 1862, a volume of poems entitled *Mes Loisirs*. In 1864 he founded, in his native town, *Le Journal de Levis*, a partisan paper through which he drew upon himself such a storm of persecution that in 1866 he thought it best to leave the country. Issuing a severe satire, entitled *La Voix d'un Exilé*, he removed to Chicago, where he resided until 1871, being engaged as foreign correspondent in the land department of the Illinois Central Railroad. Here he founded *L'Observateur*, and in 1868 became editor of *L'Amérique*, which quickly acquired a great influence among the numerous Canadian-French in Illinois. Returning to Canada, he published, in 1872, a satirical novel entitled *Les Lettres à Basile*, and from 1874 to 1879 he represented his native county in the Dominion Parliament. He now began to give himself more exclusively to literature; and in 1877 he issued a volume of poems entitled *Pêle Mêle*. The following year he settled at

Montreal, and within two years had given to the public two works which had the honor of being crowned successively by the French Academy: *Les Oiseaux de Neige* (1879), a volume of sonnets; and *Les Fleurs Boréales* (1880). He edited *La Patrie* for a time; but in 1885 he left Montreal and went to live at Nicolet, where he wrote *Poésies Canadiennes: la Légende d'un Peuple* (1887). The last three of these books made their author famous among the French of France, and he received the Montyon prize not only in 1880, when the former two were "crowned," but again in 1888, upon the appearance of the latter. Other works, besides innumerable periodical contributions, are *Papineau*, a drama replete with patriotic sentiment; *Félix Poutré*, a historical drama; *The Thunderbolt*; *Un Dimanche Matin à l'Hotel du Canada*; *Petite Histoire des Rois de France*; a poem on *Jean Baptiste de la Salle*; and another volume of poems entitled *Les Feuilles Volantes*. Among his translations from English into French the principal are Howells's *Chance Acquaintance* and Cable's *Old Creole Days*. The degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by several universities, and in 1890 he was made clerk of the legislative council of the Province of Quebec.

A writer in the *Catholic World* says: "The English-speaking world has lately come to know more about Louis Fréchetle than it ever knew before, although he is by no means a Marsyas, young and inexperienced, in the art of poetry. The Forty Immortals who dwell in Paris, and who occasionally permit a gleam from Olympus

to fall on some favored man of the French nation, have cast their eyes toward New France and have made a new departure. They have set the seal of their approbation on the work of a foreigner, and, in spite of M. Camille Doucet's apology to the effect that Canada had been French and was still French at heart, the fact is undeniable that the Academy has crowned the work of an American who is a British subject; the Academy which, in spite of the inroads of the Romantic school into its severe and chaste halls, seldom crowns anything that is not what Louis Veillot calls in derision 'ciselé.' Fréchette's lyrics and short poems are 'ciselé' after the best French models. If anything, he is too dainty in his treatment of themes. In his workmanship he is more like Cellini than Michael Angelo, though he has been compared to Hugo, more probably because it is the regular thing to do than because there is any resemblance.

"The prose writings of Fréchette are numerous. They have been compared to the letters of Junius and to the writings of Louis Veillot. They are generally fiery arraignment of somebody that differs from him in politics, and some of his letters are vigorous in style, but utterly without interest to the reader who does not care to follow the intricacies, past, present, and future, of Canadian politics. Louis Fréchette is still a man of the future. He has spent much time in writing dramas and letters which have doubtless had their use. The world at large has reason to be most interested in his poetry; and the French

Academy has earned the gratitude of all lovers of poetry by bringing to light a poet who deserved recognition from that catholic family long ago."

"His poems," says Paul Lafleur, writing for the *Atlantic Monthly*, "fall naturally into two classes: one treating of national, that is French Canadian subjects; and the other consisting of verses which might have been written in any country, with due regard to local color. The former are found most entirely in *Légende d'un Peuple*, to the contents of which must be added two or three from *Les Fleurs Boréales*. They perpetuate the remembrance of the nobler days of our country, when patriotism had not degenerated into mere provincial sentiment and race hatred, when the antagonism between English and French was as legitimate a feeling in Canada as on the battle-fields of Blenheim and Ramillies."

SURSUM CORDA.

Warm was the sun, and, the mild breeze caressing,
 Low hung the branches with leaves and with flowers;
 Clear sang the linnet in outburst of blessing,
 While slept her wee birds in their soft, mossy bowers.

To care then we never will open our doors;
 The winter soon past, then the May-time we greet;
 And oft with illusions from memory's shores,
 The heart builds a nest for itself far more sweet.

—MISS SHEPPERSON'S *translation for* THE
 UNIVERSITY OF LITERATURE.

THE LAMENT OF THE EXILE.

Adieu, flowery meadows, and dear, shady vale;
 Adieu, purple mountains, and great prairies pale;

O, musical stream ; sky where sweetest scents dwell :—
 In cities so great, in the woods, on the strand,
 'Thine image shall with me e'en float in dreamland,
 O, my Canada, loved so well !

In forest's deep haunts I shall linger no more,
 Nor hear the waves break on thy green, weedy shore ;
 Thy voices !—my heart wildly beats at their name !—
 But, afar, I shall not hear the mirth, boist'rous, loud,
 As up village streets march the soldiers so proud,
 As they barter away our fame.

And when on a soil far from home I shall sleep,
 Alas ! I know well, not a soul will e'er keep
 Love's vigil by dusk or kneel o'er me in prayer :—
 But I shall not see, to make greater my pain,
 A false, coward race snatch all innocent gain,
 Leaving ruined, each spot, once fair.

—*Translated by* DOROTHEA SHEPPERSON *for*
 THE UNIVERSITY OF LITERATURE.





FREDERIC, HAROLD, an American novelist and journalist, was born at Utica, N. Y., August 19, 1856; died at Kenley, Surrey, England, October 19, 1898. He began his literary career as a contributor to the *Utica Herald*; of which he became, in 1881, the editor-in-chief. He was afterward editor of the *Albany Evening Journal*; which position he resigned to become the London correspondent of the *New York Times*. His first novel, *Seth's Brother's Wife*, was selected out of many as the serial with which *Scribner's Magazine* was started in January, 1887. *In the Valley*, a story of Colonial life in the Mohawk country, was begun in the same monthly in the latter part of 1889. *Scribner* was also the medium of publication, in 1893, of *The Copperhead*. Other popular novels include *The Lawton Girl*, *The Return of the O'Mahoney*, besides, as he expresses it, "a batch of shorter stories." *The Damnation of Theron Ware* (1896) was republished in England under the title *Illuminations*, and was followed in the same year by *Mrs. Albert Grundy*, which the author describes as "observations in Philistia." *March Hares*, which was characterized as a "sentimental farce" appeared in 1897. This was followed by *Gloria Mundi* (1898), which was the last story Mr. Frederic published. A few days before his last illness he completed the manuscript for his latest work, *The Market Place*.

"Perhaps what is most surprising in his works,"

says the *Nation*, "is their variety. No one of his books in the least resembles another, except in neatness of execution and marked absence of the subjective note." The *Critic*, in a review of *The Damnation of Theron Ware*, calls it the story of a little earthenware pot that goes to swim gayly among stronger vessels, and is broken by the way. The brave, honest, outspoken woman who has the saving of the pieces, puts the whole story and the forecast of the future in a few plain words: "When pressure was put upon him, it found out his weak spot like a shot, and pushed on it, and—well, it came near smashing him, that's all. He isn't going to be an angel of light, or a saint, or anything of that sort, and it's no good expecting it. But he'll be just an average kind of man—a little sore about some things, a little wiser than he was about some others." Certain theological features of this work have led to much comment; and several reviewers have thought it necessary to explain that the purpose of the tale has nothing to do with a comparison of the Catholic and Protestant aspects of Christianity, and that Theron "is not converted from the latter to the former, though for a few chapters that may seem a not improbable outcome, and though his strict Methodist friends might not have considered *damnation* too strong a word to apply to such an apostasy."

CELIA'S DESCRIPTION OF THE YOUNG PREACHER.

You impressed us as an innocent, simple, genuine young character, full of mother's milk. It was like the smell of early spring in the country to come in contact

with you. Your honesty of nature, your sincerity in that absurd religion of yours, your general *naiveté* of mental and spiritual get-up, all pleased a great deal. We thought you were going to be a real acquisition. Instead, we find you inflating yourself with all sorts of egotisms and vanities. Your whole mind became an unpleasant thing to contemplate. You thought it would amuse and impress us to hear you ridiculing and reviling the people of your church, whose money supports you, and making a mock of the things they believe in, and which for your life you wouldn't dare let them know you didn't believe in. What were you thinking of not to comprehend that that would disgust us? You showed me once—do you remember?—a life of George Sand that you had just bought—bought because you had just discovered that she had an unclean side to her life. You chuckled as you spoke to me about it, and you were for all the world like a little, nasty boy, giggling over something dirty that older people had learned not to notice. What you took to be improvement was degeneration. When you thought that you were impressing us most by your smart sayings and doings, you were reminding us most of the fable about the donkey trying to play lap-dog. And it wasn't even an honest, straightforward donkey at that.—*From The Damnation of Theron Ware.*

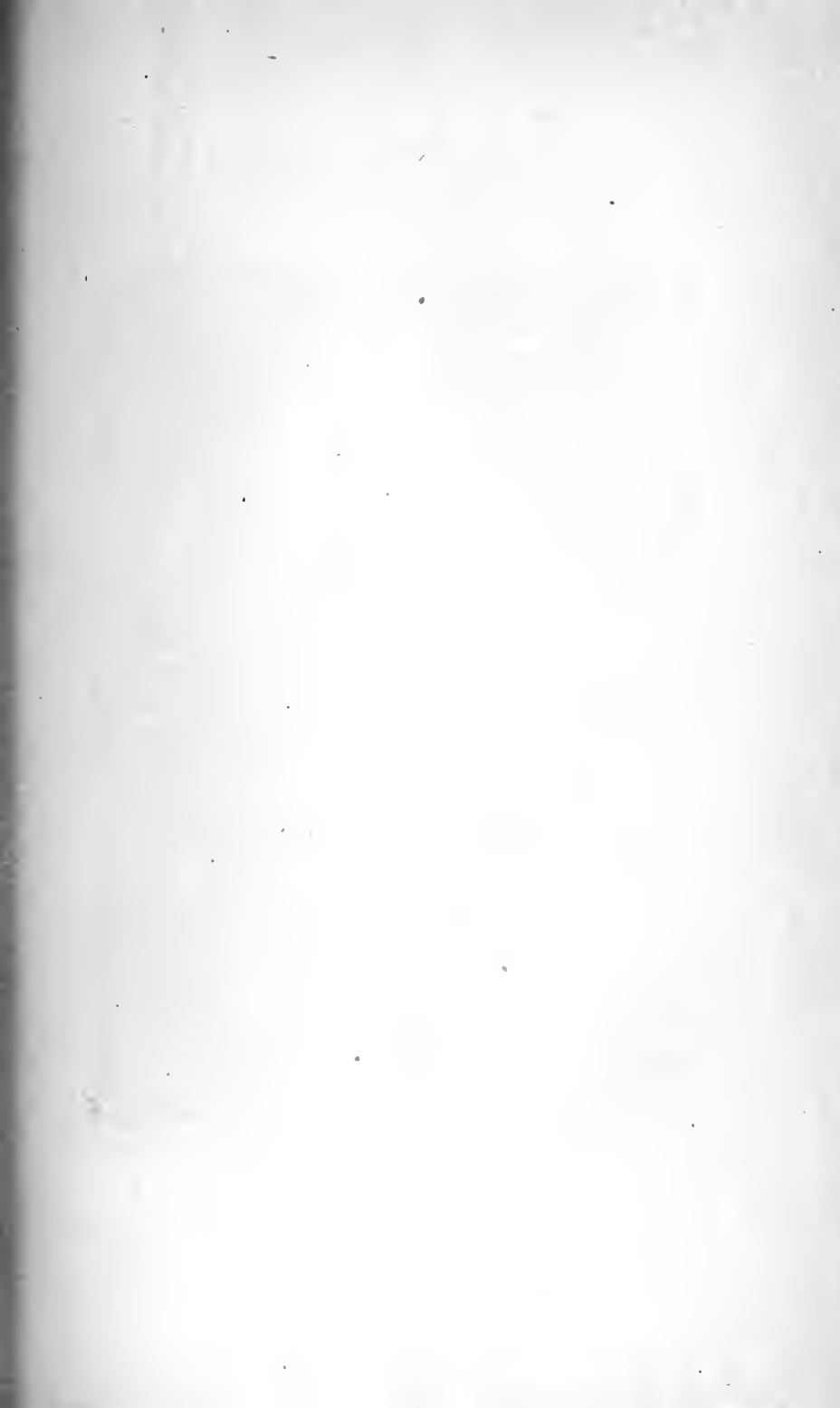
AT THE DEATH-BED.

The door opened, and Theron saw the priest standing in the doorway with an uplifted hand. He wore now a surplice with a purple band over his shoulders, and on his pale face there shone a tranquil and tender light. One of the workmen fetched from the stove a brand, lighted the two candles, and bore the table with its contents into the bedroom. The young woman plucked Theron's sleeve, and he dumbly followed her into the chamber of death, making one of the group of a dozen, headed by Mrs. MacEnvoy and her children, which filled the little room, and overflowed now outward to the street-door. He found himself bowing to receive the sprinkled holy water from the priest's white fingers; kneeling with the others for the prayers; fol-

lowing in impressed silence with the others the strange ceremonial by which the priest traced crosses of holy oil with his thumb upon the eyes, ears, nostrils, lips, hands, and feet of the dying man, wiping off the oil with a piece of cotton batting each time after he had repeated the invocation to forgiveness for that particular sense. But most of all he was moved by the rich, novel sound of the Latin as the priest rolled it forth in the *Asperges me, Domine*, and *Misereatur vestri omnipotens Deus*, with its soft Continental vowels and liquid *r*'s. It seemed to him that he had never really heard Latin before. Then the astonishing young woman with the red hair declaimed the *Confiteor* vigorously, and with a resonant distinctness of enunciation. It was a different Latin, harsher and more sonorous, and while it still dominated the murmured undertone of the other's prayers the last moment came.

Theron had stood face to face with death at many other bedsides; no other final scene had stirred him like this. It must have been the girl's Latin chant, with its clanging reiteration of the great names, *beatum Michaellem Archangelum, beatum Joannem Baptistam, sanctos apostolos Petrum et Paulum*, invoked with such proud confidence in this squalid little shanty, which so strangely affected him.—*From The Damnation of Theron Ware.*







PROF. EDWARD AUGUSTUS FREEMAN.



FREEMAN, EDWARD AUGUSTUS, an English historical writer, born at Harborne, Staffordshire, in 1823; died at Alicante, Spain, March 16, 1892. He was educated at Trinity College, Oxford, of which he was elected Scholar in 1841, Fellow in 1845, and Honorary Fellow in 1880. He filled the office of Examiner in the School of Law and Modern History in 1857-58 and in 1863-64, and in the School of Modern History in 1873. He received the honorary degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford in 1870, and that of LL.D. from the University of Cambridge in 1874, was an honorary member of numerous learned societies in Europe and America, and received honorary decorations from several European powers. His writings, mainly upon historical and architectural subjects, are very numerous. Among them are *History of Architecture* (1849); *Essays on Window Tracery* (1850); *The History and Conquests of the Saracens* (1856); *History of the Federal Government* (Vol. I., 1863); *History of the Norman Conquest* (5 vols., 1867-76); *Old English History* (1869); *Growth of the English Constitution* (1872); *General Sketch of European History* (1872); *Historical Essays* (3 vols., 1872-79); *Historical and Architectural Sketches, chiefly Italian* (1876); *The Ottoman Power in Europe* (1877); *The Historical Geography of Europe* (1881); *The Reign of William Rufus and*
(369)

Henry I. (1882); *Introduction to American Institutional History* (1882); *Lectures to American Audiences* (1882); *English Towns and Districts and Some Impressions of the United States* (1883); *The Methods of Historical Study* (1886); *The Chief Periods of European History*, and, in the series of *Historic Towns*, edited by himself, *Exeter* (1887); *Fifty Years of European History* and *William the Conqueror*, in the *Twelve English Statesmen* series (1888), and the third volume of the *History of Sicily from the Earliest Times* (1891). He also contributed largely to periodicals upon kindred subjects.

His work is characterized by a strict adherence to truth and an undisguised contempt for those of his contemporaries who were inclined to subordinate cold facts to picturesque expression. He exerted a strong Teutonic influence on English history.

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

The Norman Conquest is the great turning-point in the history of the English nation. Since the first settlement of the English in Britain, the introduction of Christianity is the only event which can compare with it in importance. And there is this wide difference between the two: The introduction of Christianity was an event which could hardly fail to happen sooner or later; in accepting the Gospel the English only followed the same law, which, sooner or later, affected all the Teutonic nations. But the Norman Conquest is something which stands without a parallel in any other Teutonic land. If that Conquest be looked on in its true light, it is impossible to exaggerate its importance. And there is no event whose true nature has been more commonly and more utterly misunderstood. No event is less fitted to be taken, as it so often has been, for the beginning of the national history. For its whole im-

portance is not the importance which belongs to a beginning, but the importance which belongs to a turning-point. The Norman Conquest brought with it a most extensive foreign infusion, which affected our blood, our language, our laws, our arts; still, it was only an infusion; the older and stronger elements still survived, and in the long run they again made good their supremacy. So far from being the beginning of our national history, the Norman Conquest was the temporary overthrow of our national being. But it was only a temporary overthrow. To a superficial observer the English people might seem for a while to be wiped out of the roll-call of the nations, or to exist only as the bondmen of foreign rulers in their own land. But in a few generations we led captive our conquerors; England was England once again, and the descendants of the Norman invaders were found to be among the truest of Englishmen. England may be as justly proud of rearing such step-children as Simon of Montfort and Edward the First as of being the natural mother of Alfred and of Harold.

In no part of history can any event be truly understood without reference to the events which went before it and which prepared the way for it. But in no case is such reference more needful than in dealing with an event like that with which we are now concerned. The whole importance of the Norman Conquest consists in the effect which it had on an existing nation, humbled indeed, but neither wiped out nor utterly enslaved; in the changes which it wrought in an existing constitution, which was by degrees greatly modified, but which was never either wholly abolished or wholly trampled under foot. William, King of the English, claimed to reign as the lawful successor of the kings of the English who had reigned before him. He claimed to inherit their rights, and he professed to govern according to their laws. This position, therefore, and the whole nature of the great revolution which he wrought, are utterly unintelligible without a full understanding of the state of things which he found existing. Even when one nation actually displaces another, some knowledge of the condition of the displaced nation is neces-

sary to understand the position of the displacing nation. The English Conquest of Britain cannot be thoroughly understood without some knowledge of the earlier history of the Celt and the Roman. But when there is no displacement of a nation, when there is not even the utter overthrow of a constitution, when there are only changes, however many and important, wrought in an existing system, a knowledge of the earlier state of things is an absolutely essential part of any knowledge of the latter. The Norman Conquest of England is simply an insoluble puzzle without a clear notion of the condition of England and the English people at the time when the Conqueror and his followers set foot on our shores.—*The Norman Conquest, Introduction.*

COMPARATIVE MAGNITUDE OF THE CONQUEST.

The Norman Conquest, again, is an event which stands by itself in the history of Europe. It took place at a transitional period in the world's development. Those elements, Roman and Teutonic, Imperial and Ecclesiastical, which stood, as it were, side by side in the system of the early middle age, were then being fused together into the later system of feudal, Papal, crusading Europe. The Conquest was one of the most important steps in the change. A kingdom which had hitherto been purely Teutonic was brought within the sphere of the laws, the manners, the speech of the Romanic nations. At the very moment when Pope and Cæsar held each other in the death-grasp, a Church which had hitherto maintained a sort of insular and barbaric independence was brought into a far more intimate connection with the Roman See. And as a conquest, compared with earlier and with later conquests, the Norman Conquest of England holds a middle position between the two classes, and shares somewhat of the nature of both. It was something less than such conquests as form the main subject of history during the great Wandering of the Nations. It was something more than those political conquests which fill up too large a space in the history of modern times. It was much less than a natural migration; it was much more than a mere change of

frontier or dynasty. It was not such a change as when the first English conquerors slew, expelled, or enslaved the whole nation of the vanquished Britons. It was not even such a change as when the Goths or Burgundians sat down as a ruling people, preserving their own language and their own law, and leaving the language and law of Rome to the vanquished Romans. But it was a far greater change than commonly follows on the transfer of a province from one sovereign to another, or even the forcible acquisition of a crown by an alien dynasty.

The Conquest of England by William wrought less immediate change than the Conquest of Africa by Genserich; it wrought a greater immediate change than the Conquest of Sicily by Charles of Aragon. It brought with it not only a new dynasty, but a new nobility; it did not expel or transplant the English nation, or any part of it, but it gradually deprived the leading men and families of England of their lands and offices and thrust them down into a secondary position under alien intruders. It did not at once sweep away the old laws and liberties of the land; but it at once changed the manner and spirit of their administration, and it opened the way for endless later changes in the laws themselves. It did not abolish the English language; but it brought in a new language by its side, which for a while supplanted it as the language of polite intercourse, and which did not yield to the surviving elder speech till it had affected it by the largest infusion that the vocabulary of one European tongue ever received from another. The most important of the formal changes in legislation, in language, in the system of government, were no immediate consequences of the Conquest, no mere innovations of the reign of William. They were the gradual developments of later times, when the Norman as well as the Englishman found himself under the yoke of a foreign master. But the reign of William paved the way for all the later changes which were to come, and the immediate changes which he himself wrought were, after all, great and weighty. They were none the less great and weighty because they affected the practical condition of the people far more than they affected its written laws and institutions. When a nation is driven to receive a for-

eigner as its King, when that foreign King divides the highest offices and the greatest estates of the land among his foreign followers, though such a change must be carefully distinguished from changes in the written law, still the change is, for the time, practically the greatest which a nation and its leaders can undergo.—*The Norman Conquest, Introduction.*

DEATH OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

The death-bed of William was a death-bed of all formal devotion, a death-bed of penitence which we may trust was more than formal. The English Chronicler, William of Malmesbury, after weighing the good and evil in him, sends him out of the world with a charitable prayer for his soul's rest; and his repentance, late and fearful as it was, at once marks the distinction between the Conqueror on his bed of death and his successor cut off without a thought of penitence in the midst of his crimes. He made his will. The mammon of unrighteousness which he had gathered together amid the groans and tears of England he now strove so to dispose of as to pave his way to an everlasting habitation. All his treasures were distributed among the poor and the churches of his dominions. A special sum was set apart for the rebuilding of the churches which had been burned at Mantes, and gifts in money and books and ornaments of every kind were to be distributed among all the churches of England according to their rank. He then spoke of his own life and of the arrangements which he wished to make for his dominions after his death. The Normans, he said, were a brave and unconquered race; but they needed the curb of a strong and a righteous master to keep them in the path of order. Yet the rule over them must by all law pass to Robert. Robert was his eldest born; he had promised him the Norman succession before he won the crown of England, and he had received the homage of the barons of the Duchy. Normandy and Maine must therefore pass to Robert, and for them he must be the man of the French king. Yet he well knew how sad would be the fate of the land which had to be ruled by

one so proud and foolish, and for whom a career of shame and sorrow was surely doomed.

But what was to be done with England? Now at last the heart of William smote him. To England he dared not appoint a successor; he could only leave the disposal of the island realm to the Almighty Ruler of the world. The evil deeds of his past life crowded upon his soul. Now at last his heart confessed that he had won England by no right, by no claim of birth; that he had won the English crown by wrong, and that what he had won by wrong he had no right to give to another. He had won his realm by warfare and bloodshed; he had treated the sons of the English soil with needless harshness; he had cruelly wronged nobles and commons; he had spoiled many men wrongfully of their inheritance; he had slain countless multitudes by hunger or by the sword. The harrying of Northumberland now rose up before his eyes in all its blackness. The dying man now told how cruelly he had burned and plundered the land, what thousands of every age and sex among the noble nation which he had conquered had been done to death at his bidding. The sceptre of the realm which he had won by so many crimes he dared not hand over to any but to God alone. Yet he would not hide his wish that his son William, who had ever been dutiful to him, might reign in England after him. He would send him beyond the sea, and he would pray Lanfranc to place the crown upon his head, if the Primate in his wisdom deemed that such an act could be rightly done.

Of the two sons of whom he spoke, Robert was far away, a banished rebel; William was by his bedside. By his bedside also stood his youngest son, the English Ætheling, Henry the Clerk. "And what dost thou give to me, my father?" said the youth. "Five thousand pounds of silver from my hoard," was the Conqueror's answer. "But of what use is a hoard to me if I have no place to dwell in?" "Be patient, my son, and trust in the Lord, and let thine elders go before thee." It is perhaps by the light of later events that our chronicler goes on to make William tell his youngest son that the day would come when he would succeed both his brothers in their dominions, and would be richer and

mightier than either of them. The king then dictated a letter to Lanfranc, setting forth his wishes with regard to the kingdom. He sealed it and gave it to his son William, and bade him, with his last blessing and his last kiss, to cross at once into England. William Rufus straightway set forth for Witsand, and there heard of his father's death. Meanwhile Henry, too, left his father's bedside to take for himself the money that was left to him, to see that nothing was lacking in its weight, to call together his comrades on whom he could trust, and to take measures for stowing the treasure in a place of safety. And now those who stood around the dying king began to implore his mercy for the captives whom he held in prison. He granted the prayer. . . .

The last earthly acts of the Conqueror were now done. He had striven to make his peace with God and man, and to make such provision as he could for the children and the subjects whom he had left behind him. And now his last hour was come. On a Thursday morning in September, when the sun had already risen upon the earth, the sound of the great bell of the metropolitan minster struck on the ears of the dying king. He asked why it sounded. He was told that it rang for prime in the Church of our Lady. William lifted his eyes to heaven, he stretched forth his hands, and spake his last words: "To my Lady Mary, the Holy Mother of God, I commend myself, that, by her holy prayers, she may reconcile me to her dear Son, our Lord Jesus Christ." He prayed, and his soul passed away. William, king of the English and duke of the Normans, the man whose fame has filled the world in his own and in every following age, had gone the way of all flesh. No kingdom was left him now but his seven feet of ground, and even to that his claim was not to be undisputed.

The death of a king in those days came near to a break-up of all civil society. Till a new king was chosen and crowned, there was no longer a power in the land to protect or to chastise. All bonds were loosed: all public authority was in abeyance; each man had to look to his own as he best might. No sooner was the breath out of William's body than the great

company which had patiently watched around him during the night was scattered hither and thither. The great men mounted their horses and rode with all speed to their homes, to guard their houses and goods against the outburst of lawlessness which was sure to break forth now that the land had no longer a ruler. Their servants and followers, seeing their lords gone, and deeming that there was no longer any fear of punishment, began to make spoil of the royal chamber. Weapons, clothes, vessels, the royal bed and its furniture, were carried off, and for a whole day the body of the Conqueror lay well-nigh bare on the floor of the room in which he had died.—*The Norman Conquest.*

THE STUDY OF GREEK AND LATIN.

The weak side of the old study of Greek and Latin lay in this, that they were studied apart from other languages. They were supposed to have some mysterious character about them, some supreme virtue peculiar to themselves, which made it needful to look at them all by themselves, and made it in a manner disrespectful to class any other languages with them. This belief, or rather feeling, grew naturally out of the circumstances of what is called the revival of learning in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The learning then revived was an exclusively Greek and Latin learning, and it could hardly have been otherwise. And besides this, the error, like other errors, contains a certain measure of truth: it is a half-truth thrust out of its proper place. For purposes purely educational the Greek and Latin tongues have something which is peculiar to themselves, something which does set them apart from all others. That is, they are better suited than any other languages to be the groundwork of study.—*Essay on Language and Literature.*



FREILIGRATH, FERDINAND, a German poet and democratic politician, born at Detmold, June 17, 1810; died at Cannstatt, Würtemberg, March 18, 1876. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to a grocer at Soest, and was subsequently employed in mercantile clerkships at various places. While serving his apprenticeship he mastered the English, French, and Italian languages, and began to write verses for newspapers. His first book, a series of translations from the Odes and Songs of Victor Hugo, appeared in 1836. This was followed two years later by his first original volume of *Gedichte*. In 1842 he endeavored to establish a periodical to be called *Britannica: für Englisches Leben und Englische Literatur*, and received promises of contribution from Bulwer and Dickens; and in that year he received a pension of 300 thalers from King William IV. of Prussia. Up to this time he had taken no part in political agitations; but about 1844 he threw up his pension, identified himself with the Liberal party in Germany, published *Mein Glaubensbekenntniss* (My Creed), and on account of the sentiments therein expressed was forced to leave the country. In 1848 he was on the point of emigrating to America. The amnesty of 1849 permitted him to return to Germany, taking up his residence at Düsseldorf; but he was soon after prosecuted on account of a

poem entitled *Die Todten an die Lebenden*; he was acquitted by the jury; but new prosecutions drove him to London in 1851, where he became a clerk in a banking establishment, at the same time making admirable translations into German from British poets. A volume of these translations appeared in 1854 under the title of *The Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock*. Among his numerous translations from the English into German are Shakespeare's *Cymbeline* and *The Winter's Tale*, Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, and nearly all of the poems of Burns. He resided in England until 1866, when the suspension of the banking institution by which he was employed threw him into pecuniary straits. But a national subscription, amounting to 60,000 thalers, was raised in Germany, with which an ample annuity was purchased for him. A general amnesty for all political offenders was proclaimed in Germany in 1868, and Freiligrath returned to his native country, settling at Stuttgart, and in 1875 at Cannstatt, where he died the next year. An edition of his collected works in six volumes appeared in New York in 1859. After this, during the Franco-German War, he wrote the popular songs *Hurrah Germania!* the *Trompete von Gravelotte*, and some others. The year after his death a new and much enlarged edition of his works appeared in Germany. A volume of selections from his *Poems*, not very well translated into English by his daughter, appeared in 1870, in Tauchnitz's *Collection of German Authors*. Freiligrath's political poems are perhaps more highly esteemed in Germany than his earlier works. He is there

styled "the poet-martyr," "the bard of freedom," and "the inspired singer of the revolution." But for readers of the English language translations of his earlier non-political poems will give a better idea of his peculiar genius.

MY THEMES.

"Most weary man! why wreathest thou
Again and yet again," methinks I hear you ask,

"The turban on thy sunburnt brow?

Wilt never vary

Thy tristful task;

But sing, still sing, of sand and seas, as now
Housed in thy willow zumbul on the dromedary?

"Thy tent has now o'er many times
Been pitched in treeless places on old Ammon's plains;
We long to greet in blander climes

The love and laughter

Thy soul disdains.

Why wanderest ever thus, in prolix rhymes,
Through snows and stony wastes, while we come toil-
ing after?

"Awake! thou art as one who dreams!
Thy quiver overflows with melancholy sand!

Thou faintest in the noontide beams!

Thy crystal beaker

Of juice is banned!

Filled with juice of poppies from dull streams
In sleepy Indian dells, it can but make thee weaker!

"O, cast away the deadly draught,
And glance around thee, then, with an awakened eye!

The waters healthier bards have quaffed

At Europe's fountains

Still bubble by,

Bright now as when the Grecian Summer laughed
And Poesy's first flowers bloomed on Apollo's moun-
tains!

“So many a voice thine era hath,
 And thou art deaf to all! O, study mankind! probe
 The heart! lay bare its love and wrath,
 Its joys and sorrows!
 Not round the globe,
 O'er flood and field and dreary desert-path,
 But, into thine own bosom look, and thence thy marvels
 borrow!

“Weep! Let us hear thy tears resound
 From the dark iron concave of life's cup of woe!
 Weep for the souls of mankind bound
 In chains of error!
 Our tears will flow
 In sympathy with thine when thou hast wound
 Our feelings up to the proper pitch of grief or terror.

“Unlock the life-gates of the flood
 That rushes through thy veins! Like vultures we de-
 light
 To glut our appetites with blood!
 Remorse, Fear, Torment,
 The blackening blight
 Love smites young hearts withal—these be the food
 For us! without such stimulants our dull souls lie dor-
 mant!

“But no long voyages—O, no more
 Of the weary East or South—no more of the Simoom—
 No apples from the Dead Sea shore—
 No fierce volcanoes,
 All fire and gloom!
 Or else, at most, sing *basso*, we implore,
 Of Orient sands, whilst Europe's flowers
 Monopolize thy *sopranos*!”

Thanks, friends, for this, your kind advice!
 Would I could follow it—could bide in balmier land!
 But those far Arctic tracts of ice,
 Those wildernesses
 Of wavy sand,
 Are the only home I have. They must suffice
 For one whose lonely hearth no smiling Peri blesses.

Yet count me not the more forlorn
 For my barbarian tastes. Pity me not. O, no !
 The heart laid waste by grief or scorn,
 Which only knoweth
 Its own deep woe,
 Is the only desert. *There* no spring is born
 Amid the sands—in that no shady palin-tree groweth.
 —*Translation in Dublin University Magazine.*

SAND-SONGS.

I.

Sing of sand !—not such as gloweth
 Hot upon the path of the tiger and the snake :
 Rather such sand as, when the loud winds wake,
 Each ocean wave knoweth.

Like a Wraith with pinions burning,
 Travels the red sand of the desert abroad ;
 While the soft sea-sand glisteneth smooth and untrod
 As eve is returning.

Here no caravan or camel ;
 Here the weary mariner alone finds a grave,
 Lightly mourned by the moon, that now on yon grave
 Sheds a silver enamel.

II.

Weapon like, this ever-wounding wind
 Striketh sharp upon the sandful shore ;
 So fierce Thought assaults a troubled mind,
 Ever, ever, evermore.

Darkly unto past and coming years,
 Man's deep heart is linked by mystic bands ;
 Marvel not, then, if his dreams and fears
 Be a myriad like the sands.

III.

'Twere worth much love to understand
 Thy nature well, thou ghastly sand.
 Who wreckest all that seek the sea,
 Yet savest them that cling to thee.

The wild-gull banquets on thy charms,
 The fish dies in thy barren arms ;
 Bare, yellow, flowerless, there thou art,
 With vaults of treasure in thy heart !

I met a wanderer, too, this morn,
 Who eyed thee with such sullen scorn :
 Yet I, when with thee, feel my soul
 Flow over, like a too-full bowl.

IV.

Gulls are flying, one, two, three,
 Silently and heavily.
 Heavily as winged lead,
 Through the sultry air over my languid head.

Whence they come, or whither they flee,
 They, nor I, can tell ; I see
 On the bright brown sand I tread
 Only the black shadows of their wings outspread.
 Ha ! a feather flutteringly
 Falls down at my feet for me !
 It shall serve my turn, instead
 Of an eagle's quill, till all my songs be read.

— *Translation in Dublin University Magazine.*

THE LION'S RIDE.

The lion is the desert's king ; through his dominion so
 wide
 Right swiftly and right royally this night he means to
 ride.
 By the steady brink, where the wild herds drink, close
 crouches the grim chief :
 The trembling sycamore above whispers with every
 leaf.

At evening on the Table Mount, when ye can see no
 more
 The changeful play of signals gay ; when the gloom is
 speckled o'er

With kraal-fires, when the Kaffir wends home through
 the lone karroo,
 When the boshbok in the thicket sleeps, and by the
 stream the gnu.

Then bend your gaze across the waste :—what see ye?
 The giraffe
 Majestic stalks towards the lagoon, the turbid lymph
 to quaff ;
 With outstretched neck and tongue adust, he kneels
 him down to cool
 His hot thirst with a welcome draught from the foul and
 brackish pool.

A rustling sound—a roar—a bound—the lion sits as-
 tride
 Upon his giant courser's back. Did ever king so ride?
 Had ever king a steed so rare, caparisons of state,
 To match that dappled skin whereon that rider sits
 elate?

In the muscles of the neck his teeth are plunged with
 ravenous greed ;
 His tawny mane is tossing round the withers of the
 steed.
 Upleaping with a hollow yell of anguish and sur-
 prise,
 Away, away, in wild dismay, the camelopard flies.

His feet have wings ; see how he springs across the
 moonlit plain !
 As from the sockets they would burst, his glaring eye-
 balls strain ;
 In thick, black streams of purling blood full fast his
 life is fleeting,
 The stillness of the desert hears his heart's tumultuous
 beating.

Like the cloud that through the wilderness the path of
 Israel traced—
 Like an airy phantom, dull and wan, a spirit of the
 waste—

From the sandy sea uprising as the water-spout from
ocean ;
A whirling cloud of dust keeps pace with the courser's
fiery motion.

Croaking companions of their flight, the vulture whirs
on high.
Below, the terror of the fold, the panther fierce and
sly,
And the hyenas, foul, round graves that prowl, join in
the horrid race ;
By the footprints red with gore and sweat, their mon-
arch's course they trace.

They see him on his living throne, and quake with fear,
the while
With claws of steel he tears piecemeal his cushion's
painted pile.
On, on ! no pause nor rest, giraffe, while life and
strength remain !
The steed by such a rider backed may madly plunge
in vain.

Reeling upon the desert's verge, he falls and breathes
his last ;
The courser, stained with dust and foam, is the rider's
dread repast.
O'er Madagascar, eastward far, a faint flush is de-
scried :—
Thus nightly o'er his broad domain the king of beasts
doth ride.

—*Translation—Anonymous*

THE SHEIK OF MOUNT SINAI.

[*A Narrative of 1830.*]

“How sayest thou ? Came to-day the caravan
From Africa ? And is it here ? 'Tis well ;
Bear me beyond the tent, me and mine ottoman ;
I would myself behold it. I feel eager
To learn the youngest news. As the gazelle
Rushes to drink will I to hear, and gather thence fresh
vigor.”

So spake the Sheik. They bore him forth, and thus
began the Moor :—

“Old man ! upon Algeria’s towers the tri-color is flying,
Bright silks of Lyons rustle at each balcony and door ;
In the streets the loud réveil resounds at break of day ;
Steeds prance to the Marseillaise o’er heaps of dead and
dying :

The Franks came from Toulon, men say.

“Southward their legions marched through burning
lands ;

The Barbary sun flashed on their arms ; about
Their chargers’ manes were blown clouds of Tunisian
sands.

Knowest thou where the giant Atlas rises dim
In the hot sky ? Thither in disastrous rout,
The wild Kabyles fled with their herds and women.

“The Franks pursued. Hu ! Allah !—each defile
Grew a very hell-gulf then, with smoke, and fire, and
bomb !

The lion left the deer’s half-crunched remains the
while ;

He snuffed upon the winds a daintier prey !

Hark the shout, ‘*En Avant !*’ To the topmost peak
upclomb

The conquerors in that bloody fray !

“Circles of glittering bayonets crowned the mountain’s
height.

The hundred cities of the plain, from Atlas to the sea
afar,

From Tunis forth to Fez shone in the noonday light.

The spearmen rested by their steeds, or slaked their
thirst at rivulets ;

And round them through dark myrtles burned, each like
a star,

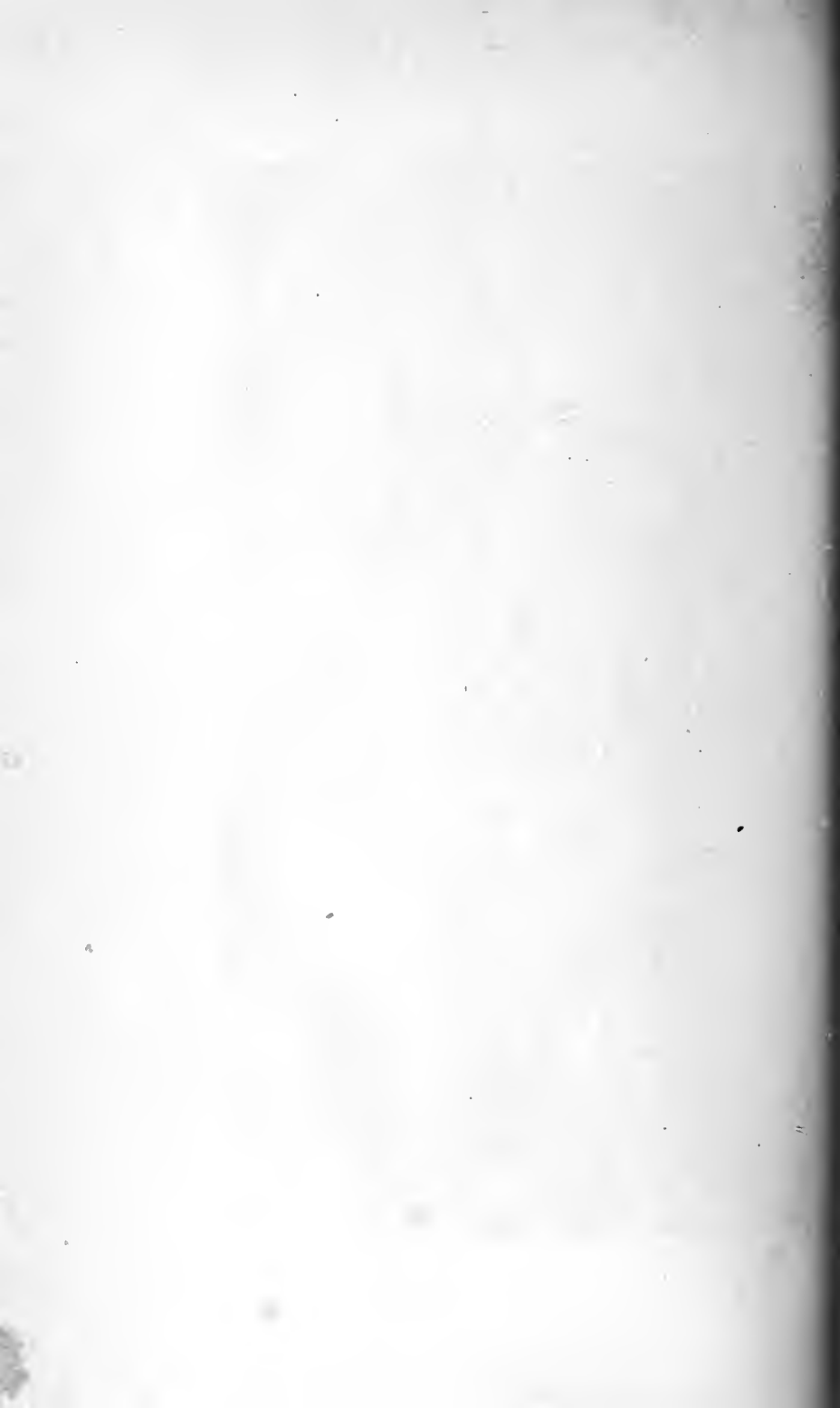
The slender golden minarets.

“But in the valley blooms the odorous almond-tree,
And the aloe blossoms on the rock, defying storms and
suns.



“TITHER IN DISASTROUS ROUT THE WILD KABYLES FLED WITH THEIR HERDS AND WOMEN.”

W. PHILIPP.



Here was their conquest sealed. Look !—yonder heaves
 the sea,
 And far to the left lies Franquistân. The banners
 flouted the blue skies ;
 The artillery-men came up. Mashallah ! how the guns
 Did roar to sanctify their prize !”

“Tis they,” the Sheik exclaimed, “I fought among
 them, I,
 At the battle of the Pyramids ! Red, all along the day,
 ran—
 Red as thy turban folds—the Nile’s high billows by !
 But their Sultan ? Speak !—he was once my guest.
 His lineaments—gait—garb ?—Sawest thou the man ?”
 The Moor’s hand slowly felt its way into his breast.

“No,” he replied, “he bode in his warm palace halls.
 A Pasha led his warriors through the fire of hostile
 ranks ;
 An Aga thundered for him before Atlas’s iron walls.
 His lineaments, thou sayest ? On gold, at least, they
 lack
 The kingly stamp. See here ! A Spahi of the Franks
 Gave me this coin, in chaffering, some days back.”

The Kasheef took the gold ; he gazed upon the head
 and face.
 Was this the great Sultan he had known long years
 ago ?
 It seemed not ; for he sighed, as all in vain to trace
 The still remembered features. “Ah, no !—this,” he
 said, “is
 Not *his* broad brow and piercing eye. Who *this* man is
 I do not know :
 How very like a pear his head is.”

—*Translation in the Dublin University Magazine.*

THE EMIGRANTS.

I cannot take my eyes away
 From you, ye busy bustling band !
 Your little all to see you lay,
 Each in the waiting seaman’s hand !

Ye men, who from your necks set down
 The heavy basket on the earth,
 Of bread from German corn, baked brown,
 By German wives, on German hearth.

And you with braid queues so neat,
 Black-Forest maidens, slim and brown,
 How careful on the sloop's green seat
 You set your pails and pitchers down !

Ah ! oft have home's cool, shady tanks
 These pails and pitchers filled for you :
 On far Missouri's silent banks
 Shall these the scenes of home renew :—

The stone-rimmed fount on village street,
 That, as ye stopped, betrayed your smiles ;
 The hearth, and its familiar seat ;
 The mantel and the pictured tiles.

Soon, in the far and wooded West,
 Shall log-house walls therewith be graced,
 Soon, many a tired, tawny guest
 Shall sweet refreshment from them taste.

From them shall drink the Cherokee,
 Faint from the hot and dusty chase ;
 No more from German vintage ye
 Shall bear them home in leaf-crowned **grace**.

O, say, why seek ye other lands ?
 The Neckar's vale hath wine and corn,
 Full of dark firs the Schwarzwald stands,
 In Stressart rings the Alp-herd's horn.

Ah ! in strange forests how ye'll yearn
 For the green mountains of your home,
 To Deutschland's yellow wheat-fields turn,
 In spirit o'er her vine-hills roam.

The boatman calls ! go hence in peace !
 God bless ye, man and wife and sire ?
 Bless all your fields with rich increase,
 And crown each true heart's pure desire !

—*Translation of* CHARLES T. BROOKS.



FRÉMONT, JESSIE (BENTON), daughter of Thomas H. Benton, born in Virginia in 1824. In 1841 she married John C. Frémont, whom she aided most effectually in all his labors. She has written *The Story of the Guard* (1863); *A Year of American Travel* (1878); *Souvenirs of My Time* (1887); *Far-West Sketches* (1890), and *The Will and The Way Stories* (1891). To her husband's *Memoirs* (1877) she prefixed a biographical sketch of her father.

"In all these public positions," says Miss Frances Willard, in speaking of General Frémont's career, "Mrs. Frémont won renown in her own right. As a writer, she is brilliant, concise, and at all times interesting. Her extensive acquaintance with the brightest intellects of the world enabled her to enter the field of literature fully equipped."

HOW FRÉMONT'S SECOND EXPEDITION WAS SAVED.

Coming home from school in an Easter holiday, I found Mr. Frémont part of my father's "Oregon work." It was the Spring of 1841; in October we were married; and in 1842 the first expedition was sent out under Mr. Frémont. This first encouragement to the emigration westward fitted into so large a need that it met instant favor, and a second was ordered to connect with it further survey to the sea-coast of Oregon. At last my father could feel his idea "moved." Of his intense interest and pride and joy in these expeditions I knew

best ; and when it came in my way to be of use to them, and protect his life-work, there was no shadow of hesitation.

In May, 1843, Mr. Frémont was at the frontier getting his camp into complete travelling condition for his second expedition, when there came an order recalling him to Washington, where he was to explain why he had armed his party with a howitzer ; that the howitzer had been charged to him ; that it was a scientific and not a military expedition, and should not have been so armed ; and that he must return at once to Washington and "explain." Fortunately I was alone in St. Louis, my father being out of town. It was before telegraphs ; and nearly a week was required to get letters either to the frontier or to Washington. I was but eighteen—an age at which consequences do not weigh against the present. The important thing was to save the expedition, and gain time for a good start which should put it beyond interference. I hurried off a messenger to Mr. Frémont, writing that he must start at once, and never mind the grass and animals ; they could rest and fatten at Bent's Ford : only go, and leave the rest to my father ; that he could not have the reason for haste—but there was reason enough.

To the Colonel of the Topographical Bureau, who had given the order of recall, I answered more at leisure. I wrote to him exactly what I had done, and to him I gave the reason ; that I had not sent forward the order, nor let Mr. Frémont know of it, because it was given on insufficient knowledge, and to obey it would ruin the expedition ; that it would require a fortnight to settle the party, leave it, and get to Washington, and indefinite delay there ; another fortnight for the return—and by that time the early grass would be past its best, and the underfed animals would be thrown into the mountains for the winter ; that the country of the Blackfeet and other fierce tribes had to be crossed, and they knew nothing of the rights of science.

When my father came, he approved of my wrongdoing, and wrote to Washington that he would be responsible for my act ; and that he would call for a court-martial on the point charged against Mr. Fré-

mont. But there was never further question of the wisdom of arming his party sufficiently. The precious time had been secured, and "they'd have fleet feet who follow," when such purpose leads the advance. I had grown up to and into my father's large purpose; and now that my husband could be of such aid to him in its accomplishment, I had no hesitation in risking for him all the consequences. We three understood each other and acted together—then and later—without question or delay.

That expedition led directly to our acquiring California, which was accomplished during the third, and last, of the expeditions made under the Government. My father was a man grown when our western boundary was on the Mississippi; in 1821 he commenced in the Senate his championship of a quarter of a century for our new territory on the Pacific; now, with California added, he could say in the Senate: "We own the country from sea to sea—from the Atlantic to the Pacific—and upon a breadth equal to the length of the Mississippi, and embracing the whole Temperate Zone." The long contest—the indifference, the ignorance, the sneering doubts—was in the past. From his own hearth had gone forth the one who had carried his hopes to their fullest execution; and who now, after many perils and anxieties, was back in safety, even to a seat in the Senate beside him; who had enabled him to make true his prophetic words carved on the pedestal of his statue in St. Louis, whose bronze hand points *West*: "There is the East; there is the road to India."—*Sketch of Benton.*

AN INN IN THE TYROL.

We stopped over night at such an inn in the village of Werfen; just a street of detached, low, stone houses, but with a village square and fountain where the women gathered before sundown with their pitchers and gossiped. Costumes, fountain, gossips, all was a scene from *Faust*. High mountains shut in the narrow line of village. On a height above it was an old fortified castle, now used as a military prison. The others walked up there—a ladder-like climb I was not up to.

So I looked out at the *Faust* scene and the sunset lights on the mountains, and the landlady and myself had a talk in pantomime all to ourselves. Their German had become a dialect here, and my German was scant anyway ; but when two women want to talk they can manage with eyes and hands and Oh's and Ah's, and so we progressed, I assenting to all she proposed for dinner, checking off on her fingers unknown dishes, to which I nodded approval until *she* cried "enough." Then she led me to the oak presses which were in my room and, unlocking them with pride, displayed her treasures to me. She had reason for housewifely pride in them. Piled up in quantity was fine linen for bed and table. Napkins tied in dozens with their original ribbons—her marriage portion. "Meine mütter" had given her this and that. She led me to a window looking down upon the crowded gravestones of the church adjoining her inn—"Meine mütter" was there ; touching her black head-dress and woollen mourning gown ; her husband, too ; it was bright with growing flowers, dahlias chiefly then, and wreaths on the crosses.

But she smiled again when she displayed her many eider-down puffy quilts of bright-colored silks and satins, and taking her favorite she spread it over my bed, first smiling and putting its clear blue near my white hair to show it would be becoming. Then, inquiringly, Would I choose for the others ? It was charming to feel the friendly one-ness of hospitality which was quite apart from the relation of traveller and hostess, and which belonged in with the courtesy of the people everywhere in Austria. Her best silver, each spoon and fork wrapped separately in silver paper, she also took out from this range of oak presses which made one wall of a large room.

When the others came back, they found the wood-fire bright in the open part of the huge white porcelain stove, the table with wax lights in twisted-branched silver candlesticks, flowers (dahlias from the graveyard, and geraniums—I saw the daughter cutting these funeral-grown flowers for the feast), and in their rooms more silver candlesticks on lace-trimmed toilet tables, lighting up the pretty satin quilts.—*Souvenirs of My Time.*



FRÉMONT, JOHN CHARLES, an American soldier and explorer, the "Pathfinder" of the Rocky Mountains, born at Savannah, Ga., January 21, 1813; died in New York, July 13, 1890. At fifteen he entered the junior class at Charleston College; but remained only a short time, after which he became a private tutor. In 1833 he was appointed teacher of mathematics on the United States sloop-of-war Natchez, which was about to sail upon a two years' cruise to the coast of South America. Upon his return he became a railroad surveyor and engineer. In 1838 he received a commission as Second Lieutenant in the United States Corps of Topographical Engineers. In 1841 he was married to a daughter of Thomas H. Benton, United States Senator from Missouri. In the following year he projected a geographical survey of the entire territory of the United States from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean; and was instructed to explore the Rocky Mountain region. This exploration occupied four months. He then planned a second and more extensive expedition, to explore the then unknown region lying between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean. The expedition, consisting of thirty-nine men, set out in May, 1843, and early in September came in sight of the Great Salt Lake, of which nothing reliable was as yet known.

From the Great Salt Lake he proceeded to the upper tributaries of the Columbia River, down which he went nearly to the Pacific; and in November set out to return to the States by a different route, much of it through an almost unknown region crossed by high and rugged mountain chains. Early in March he reached Sutter's Fort on the Sacramento River, in California, having suffered severe hardships, and lost half of the horses and mules with which he had set out. He finally returned to the States in July, 1844, after an absence of fourteen months.

In the Spring of 1845 Frémont, who had been brevetted as captain, set out upon a third expedition to explore the Great Basin and the maritime region of Oregon and California. In May, 1846, when making his way homeward, he received despatches from the Government directing him to look after the interests of the United States in California, there being reason to apprehend that this province would be transferred by the Mexicans to Great Britain. He retraced his steps to California. Early in 1847 he concluded a treaty with the California population which terminated the war in California, leaving that country in the possession of the United States. In the meanwhile a question had arisen between Commodore Stockton and General Kearny, as to which should hold the command in California. The upshot was that Kearny preferred charges against Frémont, who demanded a speedy trial by court-martial. The court found him guilty of the charges, and sentenced him to be dismissed from the service.

President Polk confirmed a part of the verdict, but remitted the penalty. Frémont at once resigned his commission as Lieutenant-colonel.

In October, 1848, he organized a fourth expedition, at his own expense, the object being to find a practicable route to California, where he had acquired large landed interests. He subsequently took up his residence in California, and when the Territory was admitted into the Union as a State, he was elected one of the United States Senators. In drawing lots for the long or short term, he received the latter, so that his senatorship lasted only three weeks. In 1852 he went to Europe; but in the following year Congress made an appropriation for the survey of three routes from the Mississippi Valley to the Pacific. He organized on his own account a party to complete the explorations which he had begun in 1848.

In 1856 Frémont was made the Presidential candidate of the newly formed Republican party. He received the 114 electoral votes of eleven States; Mr. Buchanan, the Democratic candidate, having the 174 electoral votes of nineteen States. The popular vote stood 1,838,000 for Buchanan; 1,341,000 for Frémont; and 874,000 for Fillmore, who received no electoral vote.

Soon after the breaking out of the Civil War Frémont was made a Major-general in the United States Army, and was assigned to the command of the Western District. On August 30, 1861, he issued an order emancipating the slaves of those persons in his district who were in arms against

the United States. This order was annulled by President Lincoln, and Frémont was relieved from his command ; but at the beginning of 1862 he was placed in command of the "Mountain District," comprising parts of Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee. In June General Pope was placed in command of the forces in North Virginia. Frémont claimed that he outranked Pope, refused to serve under him, and resigned his commission.

After the conclusion of the war Frémont busied himself in promoting the construction of a southern railroad across the continent. In connection with this enterprise he was in 1873 charged with fraudulent transactions in France ; was tried during his absence from that country, and sentenced to fine and imprisonment. From 1878 to 1881 he was Governor of the Territory of Arizona. He then began the composition of his autobiography, the first volume of which appeared in 1887, the title being *Memoirs of My Life, by John Charles Frémont*. This volume brings the narrative down to the close of his third expedition, 1846. He thus sets forth the scope of the entire work :

SCOPE OF THE "MEMOIRS."

The narrative contained in these volumes is personal. It is intended to draw together the more important and interesting parts in the journals of various expeditions made by me in the course of Western exploration, and to give my knowledge of political and military events in which I have myself had part. The principal subjects of which the book will consist, and which with me make its *raison d'être*, are three : The Geographical Explorations made in the interest of Western expansion ; the Presidential Campaign of 1856, made in the interest of an

undivided country ; and the Civil War made in the same interest. Connecting these, and naturally growing out of them, will be given enough of the threads of ordinary life to justify the claim of the work to its title of *Mémoires* : purporting to be the history of one life, but being in reality that of three, because in substance the course of my own life was chiefly determined by its contact with the other two—the events recorded having in this way been created, or directly inspired and influenced by three different minds, each having the same objects for a principal aim. . . .

Concerning the Presidential Campaign of 1856, in which I was engaged, statements have been made which I wish to correct ; and in that of 1864 there were governing facts which have not been made public. These I propose to set out. Some events of the Civil War in which I was directly concerned have been incorrectly stated, and I am not willing to leave the resulting erroneous impressions to crystallize and harden into the semblance of facts.

The general record is being made up. This being done from different points of view, and as this view is sometimes distorted by imperfect or prejudiced knowledge, I naturally wish to use the fitting occasion which offers to make my own record. It is not the written, but the published fact, that stands ; and it stands to hold its ground as fact when it can meet every challenge by the testimony of documentary and recorded evidence.

Toward the close of the volume Frémont thus characterizes three of his comrades who figure largely throughout the entire narrative of his explorations :

CARSON, OWENS, AND CODEY.

From Fort Benton I sent [August, 1845,] an express to Carson at a *rancho*, or stock-farm, which with his friend Richard Owens he had established on the Cimarron, a tributary to the Arkansas River ; but he had promised that in the event I should need him he would join

me, and I knew that he would not fail to come. My messenger found him busy starting the congenial work of making up a stock-ranch. There was no time to be lost, and he did not hesitate. He sold everything at a sacrifice—farm and cattle—and not only came myself, but brought his friend Owens to join the party. This was like Carson—prompt, self-sacrificing, and true. That Owens was a good man, it is enough to say that he and Carson were friends. Cool, brave, and of good judgment; a good hunter and good shot, experienced in mountain life, he was an acquisition, and proved valuable through the campaign.

Godey had proved himself during the preceding journey, which had brought out his distinguishing qualities of resolute and aggressive courage. Quick in deciding and prompt in acting, he had also the French *élan* and their gayety of courage: "*Gai, gai, avançons nous.*" I mention him here because the three men come fitly together, and because of the peculiar qualities which gave them in the highest degree efficiency for the service in which they were engaged. The three, under Napoleon, might have become Marshals—chosen as he chose men. Carson, of great courage, quick and complete perception, taking in at a glance the advantages, as well as the chances, for defeat. Godey, insensible to danger, of perfect coolness and stubborn resolution. Owens, equal in courage to the others, and in coolness equal to Godey, had the *coup d'œil* of a chess-player, covering with a glance that sees the best move. His dark hazel eye was the marked feature of his face—large and flat and far-sighted.

Godey was a Creole Frenchman of St. Louis, of medium height, with black eyes, and silky, curling black hair. In all situations he had that care of his person which good looks encourage. Once when we were in Washington, he was at a concert; immediately behind him sat the wife of the French Minister, Madame Pageot, who, with the lady by her, was admiring his hair; which was really beautiful. But, she said, "*c'est une perruque.*" They were speaking unguardedly in French. Godey had no idea of having his hair disparaged; and with the prompt coolness with which he would have repelled any

other indignity, turned instantly to say, "*Pardon, Madame, c'est bien à moi.*" The ladies were silenced as suddenly as the touch of a tree-trunk silences a katydid.—*Memoirs, Chap. XII.*

FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

On the morning of July 9 we caught the first faint glimpse of the Rocky Mountains, about sixty miles distant. Though a tolerably bright day, there was a slight mist, and we were just able to discern the snowy summit of "Long's Peak" (*Les Deux Oreilles* of the Canadians), showing itself like a cloud near the horizon. I found it easily distinguishable, there being a perceptible difference in its appearance from the white clouds that were floating about the sky. I was pleased to find that among the traders the name of "Long's Peak" had been adopted, and become familiar in the country.—*Memoirs, Chap. IV.*

ON THE SUMMIT OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

August 15.—We were of opinion that a long defile which lay to the left of yesterday's route would lead us to the foot of the main peak; and we determined to ride up the defile as far as possible, in order to husband our strength for the main ascent. Though this was a fine passage, still it was a defile of the most rugged mountains known. The sun rarely shone here; snow lay along the border of the main stream which flowed through it and occasional icy passages made the footing of the mules very insecure, and the rocks and ground were moist with the trickling waters in this spring of mighty rivers. We soon had the satisfaction to find ourselves riding along the huge wall which forms the central summits of the chain. There at last it rose by our side, a nearly perpendicular mass of granite terminating 2,000 to 3,000 feet above our heads in a serrated line of broken, jagged cones. We rode on until we came almost immediately below the main peak, which I denominated the Snow Peak, as it exhibited more snow to the eye than any of the neighboring summits. Here were three small lakes, perhaps of 1,000 feet diameter.

Having divested ourselves of every unnecessary encumbrance, we commenced the ascent. We did not press ourselves, but climbed leisurely, sitting down so soon as we found breath beginning to fail. At intervals we reached places where a number of springs gushed from the rocks, and about 1,800 feet above the lakes came to the snow-line. From this point our progress was uninterrupted climbing. I availed myself of a sort of comb of the mountains, which stood against the wall like a buttress, and which the wind and the solar radiation, joined to the steepness of the smooth rock, had kept almost entirely free from snow. Up this I made my way rapidly.

In a few minutes we reached a point where the buttress was overhanging, and there was no other way of surmounting the difficulty than by passing around one side of it, which was the face of a vertical precipice of several hundred feet. Putting hands and feet in the crevices between the rocks, I succeeded in getting over it; and when I reached the top, found my companions in a small valley below. Descending to them, we continued climbing, and in a short time reached the crest. I sprang upon the summit, and another step would have precipitated me into an immense snow-field five hundred feet below. To the edge of this field was a sheer icy precipice; and then, with a gradual fall, the field sloped off for about a mile, until it struck the foot of another lower ridge. I stood on a narrow crest, about three feet in width, with an inclination of about 20° N., 51° E.

As soon as I had gratified my first feelings of curiosity, I descended, and each man ascended in his turn; for I would allow only one at a time to mount the unstable and precarious slab, which it seemed a breath would hurl into the abyss below. We mounted the barometer in the snow of the summit, and fixing a ramrod in a crevice, unfurled the national flag to wave in the breeze where never flag waved before.

During our morning's ascent we had met no sign of animal life except a small, sparrow-like bird. A stillness the most profound, and a terrible solitude, forced themselves constantly on the mind as the great features of the place. Here on the summit where the silence was

absolute, unbroken by any sound, and solitude complete, we thought ourselves beyond the region of animated life; but while we were sitting on the rock, a solitary bee (*Bromus*, "the humble-bee") came winging his flight from the eastern valley, and lit on the knee of one of the men. It was a strange place—the icy rock and the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains—for a lover of warm sunshine and flowers; and we pleased ourselves with the idea that he was the first of his species to cross the mountain barrier—a solitary pioneer to foretell the advance of civilization. I believed that a moment's thought would have made us let him continue his way unharmed. But we carried out the law of this country, where all animated nature seems at war; and seizing him immediately, put him in at least a fit place—in the leaves of a large book, among the flowers we had collected on our way. The barometer stood at 18.293, the attached thermometer at 44°; giving for the elevation of this summit 13,570 feet above the Gulf of Mexico, which may be called the highest flight of the bee. It is certainly the highest known flight of that insect.—*Memoirs, Chap. V.*

The foregoing extracts relate to Frémont's first expedition, made in 1842. Those which ensue belong to the second expedition, 1843-44.

THE GREAT SALT LAKE VALLEY IN 1843.

August 21.—An hour's travel this morning brought us into the fertile and picturesque valley of Bear River, the principal tributary to the Great Salt Lake. The stream is here two hundred feet wide, fringed with willows and occasional groups of hawthorn. We were now entering a region which for us possessed a strange and extraordinary interest. We were upon the waters of the famous lake which forms a salient point among the remarkable geographical features of the country, and around which the vague and superstitious accounts of the trappers had thrown a delightful obscurity which we anticipated pleasure in dispelling; but which in the mean time left a crowded field for the exercise of the imagination. In

our occasional conversations with the few old hunters who had visited the region, it had been a subject of frequent speculation; and the wonders which they related were not the less agreeable because they were highly exaggerated and impossible.

Hitherto this lake had been seen only by trappers who were wandering through the country in search of new beaver-streams, caring very little for geography. Its islands had never been visited, and none was found who had entirely made the circuit of its shores; and no instrumental observations or geographical survey of any description had ever been made anywhere in the neighboring region. It was generally supposed that it had no visible outlet; but among the trappers—including those in my own camp—were many who believed that somewhere on its surface was a terrible whirlpool through which its waters found their way to the ocean by some subterranean communication. All these things had made a frequent subject of discussion in our desultory conversations around the fires at night; and my own mind had become tolerably well filled with their indefinite pictures, and insensibly colored with their romantic descriptions, which, in the pleasure of excitement, I was well disposed to believe, and half expected to realize.

Where we descended into this beautiful valley it is three to four miles in breadth, perfectly level, and bounded by mountainous ridges, one above another, rising suddenly from the plain. We continued our road down the river, and at night encamped with a family of emigrants—two men, women, and several children, who appeared to be bringing up the rear of the great caravan. It was strange to see one small family travelling along through such a country, so remote from civilization. Some nine years since such a security might have been a fatal one; but, since their disastrous defeats in the country a little north, the Blackfeet have ceased to visit these waters. Indians, however, are very uncertain in their localities; and the friendly feelings also of those now inhabiting it may be changed.

According to barometrical observation at noon, the elevation of the valley was 6,400 feet above the sea;

and our encampment at night in latitude $42^{\circ} 03' 47''$, and longitude $111^{\circ} 10' 53''$ by observation. This encampment was therefore within the territorial limit of the United States; our travelling from the time we entered the valley of the Green River on the 15th of August having been south of 42° north latitude, and consequently on Mexican territory; and this is the route all the emigrants now travel to Oregon.

The next morning, in about three miles from our encampment, we reached Smith's Fork, a stream of clear water, about 50 feet in breadth. It is timbered with cotton-wood, willow, and aspen, and makes a beautiful debouchement through a pass about 600 yards wide, between remarkable mountain hills, rising abruptly on either side, and forming gigantic columns to the gate by which it enters Bear River Valley. The bottoms, which below Smith's Fork had been two miles wide, narrowed as we advanced to a gap 500 yards wide; and during the greater part of the day we had a winding route; the river making very sharp and sudden bends; the mountains steep and rocky; and the valley occasionally so narrow as only to leave space for a passage through.

Crossing, in the afternoon, the point of a natural spur, we descended into a beautiful bottom, formed by a lateral valley, which presented a picture of home beauty that went directly to our hearts. The edge of the wood for several miles along the river was dotted with the white covers of the emigrant-wagons, collected in groups at different camps, where the smoke was rising lazily from the fires, around which the women were occupied preparing the evening meal, and the children playing in the grass; and herds of cattle, grazing about in the bottom, had an air of quiet security and civilized comfort that made a rare sight for the traveller in such a remote wilderness. In common with all the emigration, they had been reposing for several days in this delightful valley, in order to recruit their animals on its luxuriant pasturage after their long journey, and prepare them for the weary journey they were about to begin along the comparatively sterile banks of the Upper Columbia.—*Memoirs, Chap. VI.*

AN EXPLOIT OF CARSON AND GODEY.

In the afternoon [of April 27, 1844,] a war-whoop was heard, such as Indians make when returning from a victorious enterprise ; and soon Carson and Godey appeared, driving before them a band of horses, recognized by Fuentes to be part of those he had lost. Two bloody scalps dangling from the end of Godey's gun announced that they had overtaken the Indians as well as the horses.

They informed us that after Fuentes left them, from the failure of his horse, they continued the pursuit alone, and towards nightfall entered the mountains into which the trail led. After sunset the moon gave light, and they followed the trail by moonshine until late in the night, when it entered a narrow defile, and was difficult to follow. Afraid of losing it in the darkness of the defile, they tied up their horses, struck no fire, and lay down to sleep in silence and in darkness. Here they lay from midnight until morning. At daylight they resumed the pursuit, and about sunrise discovered the horses ; and immediately dismounting and tying up their own, they crept cautiously to a rising ground which intervened, from the crest of which they perceived the encampment of four lodges close by. They proceeded quietly, and had got within thirty or forty yards of their object, when a movement among the horses discovered them to the Indians. Giving the war-shout, they instantly charged into the camp, regardless of the numbers which the four lodges would imply.

The Indians received them with a flight of arrows shot from their long bows, one of which passed through Godey's shirt-collar, barely missing the neck. Our men fired their rifles upon a steady aim, and rushed in. Two Indians were stretched upon the ground, fatally pierced with bullets ; the rest fled, except a little lad that was captured. The scalps of the fallen were instantly stripped off ; but in the process one of them, who had two balls through his body, sprang to his feet, the blood streaming from his head, and uttering a hideous howl. An old squaw, possibly his mother, stopped and looked back from the mountain-side she was climbing, threaten-

ing and lamenting. The frightful spectacle appalled the stout hearts of our men; but they did what humanity required, and quickly terminated the agonies of the gory savage.

They were now masters of the camp, which was a pretty little recess in the mountain, with a fine spring, and apparently safe from invasion. Great preparations had been made to feast a large party, for it was a very proper place to rendezvous, and for the celebration of such orgies as robbers of the desert would delight in. Several of the best horses had been killed, skinned, and cut up; for the Indians, living in the mountains, and only coming into the plains to rob, and murder, make no other uses of horses than to eat them. Large earthen vessels were on the fire, boiling and stewing the horse-beef; and several baskets, containing fifty or sixty pairs of moccasins, indicated the presence, or expectation, of a considerable party. They released the boy, who had given strong evidence of the stoicism, or something else, of the savage character, in commencing his breakfast upon a horse's head, as soon as he found that he was not to be killed, but only tied as a prisoner. Their object accomplished, our men gathered up all the surviving horses, fifteen in number, returned upon their trail, and rejoined us at our camp in the afternoon of the same day. They had ridden about one hundred miles, in the pursuit and return, and all in thirty hours.

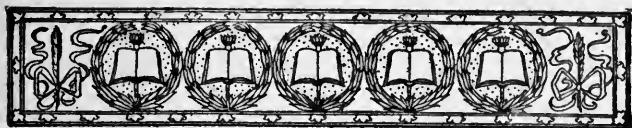
The time, place, object, and numbers considered, this expedition of Carson and Godey may be considered among the boldest and most disinterested which the annals of Western adventure, so full of daring deeds, can present. Two men, in a savage desert, pursue day and night an unknown body of Indians into a defile of an unknown mountain; attack them on sight, without counting numbers, and defeat them in an instant—and for what? To punish the robbers of the desert, and to avenge the wrongs of Mexicans whom they did not know. I repeat: It was Carson and Godey who did this: the former an American, born in Boonslick County, Missouri, the latter a Frenchman, born in St. Louis, and both trained to Western enterprise from early life.—*Memoirs, Chap. X.*

This second exploring expedition started from "the little town of Kansas, near the junction of the Kansas River with the Missouri," in May, 1843. In September, 1844, Frémont returned to Washington, and set himself to the work of preparing his official Report of that expedition, most of which is embodied in the *Memoirs*.

Mr. Frémont also published a detailed narrative of his third expedition, 1845-46, which involved more adventure than either of the previous ones, and resulted in the taking possession of California by the United States. The concluding act of this series of transactions is thus described:

THE TREATY OF COUENGA.

We entered the Pass of San Bernardo on the morning of the 12th of January, 1847, expecting to find the enemy there in force; but the Californians had fallen back before our advance, and the Pass was undisputed. In the afternoon we encamped at the Mission of San Fernando, the residence of Don Andres Pico, who was at present in chief command of the Californian troops. Their encampment was within two miles of the Mission, and in the evening Don Jesus Pico, a cousin of Don Andres, with a message from me, made a visit to Don Andres. The next morning, accompanied only by Don Jesus, I rode over to the camp of the Californians; and, in a conference with Don Andres, the important features of a treaty of capitulation were agreed upon. A truce was ordered; commissioners on each side appointed, and the same day a capitulation agreed upon. This was approved by myself, as Military Commandant representing the United States, and Don Andres Pico, Commander-in-Chief of the Californians. With this treaty of Couenga hostilities ended, and California was left peaceably in our possession, to be finally secured to us by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, in 1848.—*Memoirs Chap. XV.*



FRENEAU, PHILIP, an American sea-captain, journalist, and poet, born in New York in 1752; died near Freehold, N. J., in 1832. He studied at Princeton College, N. J., where James Madison was his room-mate, and where he wrote his *Poetical History of the Prophet Jonah*. During the war of the Revolution he wrote numerous burlesques in prose and verse, which were very popular at the time. These were published in book-form several times during the author's lifetime, and were in 1865 brought together and edited, with a Memoir and Notes, by Evert A. Duyckinck. Freneau had intended to study law, but instead of this he "followed the sea." In 1780, while on a voyage to the West Indies, he was captured by a British vessel, and confined in the prison-ship at New York, an event which he commemorated in his poem *The British Prison Ship*. In 1789 Mr. Jefferson became Secretary of State, and to Freneau was given the place of French translator in his department, and at the same time he was editor of the *National Gazette*, a newspaper hostile to the administration of Washington. This journal was discontinued in 1793, and two years later he started a newspaper in New Jersey, and still later in New York, *The Time Piece*, a tri-weekly, in which appeared his cleverest prose essays. His newspaper undertakings were **unsuc-**

cessful, and he again entered upon seafaring occupations. During the second war with Great Britain he wrote several spirited poems, glorifying the successes of the American arms. His mercantile undertakings were not prosperous, and he at length retired to a little farm which he owned in New Jersey. At the age of eighty he lost his way at night in a violent snow-storm, and was found next morning dead in a swamp near his residence.

Freneau may fairly be styled the earliest American poet; and, apart from this, not a few of his poems deserve a permanent place in our literature. Some of his prose essays are clever and witty. Of these we present portions of two:

ADVICE TO AUTHORS.

If you are so poor that you are compelled to live in some miserable garret or cottage, do not repine, but give thanks to Heaven that you are not forced to pass your life in a tub, as was the fate of Diogenes of old. Few authors in any country are rich, because a man must first be reduced to a state of penury before he will commence author. Being poor, therefore, in externals, take care, gentlemen, that you say or do nothing that may argue a poverty of spirit. Riches, we have often heard, are by no means the standard of the value of a man. This maxim the world allows to be true, and yet contradicts it every hour and minute of the year. Fortune most commonly bestows wealth and abundance upon fools and idiots; and men of the dullest natural parts are, notwithstanding, generally best calculated to acquire large estates, and hoard up immense sums from small beginnings.

Never borrow money of any man, for if you should once be mean enough to fall into such a habit you will find yourselves unwelcome guests everywhere. If upon actual trial you are at length convinced you possess no

abilities that will command the esteem, veneration, or gratitude of mankind, apply yourselves without loss of time to some of the lower arts, since it is far more honorable to be a good bricklayer or a skilful weaver than an indifferent poet. If you cannot at all exist without now and then gratifying your itch for scribbling, follow my example, who can both weave stockings and write poems. But if you really possess that sprightliness of fancy and elevation of soul which alone constitutes an author, do not on that account be troublesome to your friends. A little reflection will point out other means to extract money from the hands and pockets of your fellow-citizens than by poorly borrowing what perhaps you will never be able to repay. . . .

If you are in low circumstances, do not forget that there is such a thing in the world as a decent pride. They are only cowards and miscreants that poverty can render servile in their behavior. Your haughtiness should always rise in proportion to the wretchedness and desperation of your circumstances. If you have only a single guinea in the world, be complaisant and obliging to every one. If you are absolutely destitute of a shilling, immediately assume the air of a despot; pull off your hat to no one; let your discourse in every company turn upon the vanity of riches, the insignificance of the great men of the earth, the revolution of empires, and the final consummation of all things. By such means you will at least conceal a secret of some importance to yourself—that you have not a shilling in the world to pay for your last night's lodgings. . . .

If fortune seems absolutely determined to starve you, and you can by no means whatever make your works sell, to keep up as much as in you lies the dignity of authorship do not take to drinking, gambling, or bridge-building, as some have done, thereby bringing the trade of authorship into disrepute; but retire to some uninhabited island or desert, and there, at your leisure, end your life with decency.

DIRECTIONS FOR COURTSHIP.

When you discover a serious liking to a young woman, never disclose your passion to her by way of

letter. It will either give the lady an idea that you are a bashful booby, or that you have not any address in conversation: both which defects are sufficient to ruin you in the estimation of only tolerable good sense.

During the time of courtship be careful never to discourse with the lady upon serious subjects, or matters that are not immediately pertinent to the purpose you are upon. If she asks you what news, you must not tell her a long story out of the Dutch or English gazettes about the decline of trade, the fall of stocks, or the death of Mynheer Van der Possum. She looks for no such answers. You must relate a melancholy tale of two or three young gentlemen of fortune and handsome expectations, that have lately drowned themselves in the Schuylkill, or thrown themselves headlong from their third-story windows, and been dashed to pieces on the pavement, for the sake of a certain inexorable fair one, whose name you cannot recollect; but the beauty and shafts of whose eyes these poor young gentlemen could not possibly withstand. Such intelligence as this will instantly put her into good humor. . . .

Have a care that you do not pester her with descriptions of the Alps, the Apennines, and the river Po. A lady is not supposed to know anything of such matters; besides, you must be a very cold lover if those far-fetched things can command your attention a moment in the company of a fine woman. Whatever she thinks proper to assert, it is your business to defend, and prove to be true. If she says black is white, it is not for men in your probationary situation to contradict her. On the contrary, you must swear and protest that she is right; and in demonstrating it, be very cautious of using pedantic arguments, making nice logical distinctions, or affecting hard and unintelligible terms.

THE EARLY NEW ENGLANDERS.

These exiles were formed in a whimsical mould,
 And were awed by their priests, like the Hebrews of old,
 Disclaimed all pretences to jesting and laughter,
 And sighed their lives through to be happy hereafter.
 On a crown immaterial their hearts were intent,
 They looked toward Zion, wherever they went,

Did all things in hopes of a future reward,
 And worried mankind—for the sake of the Lord. . . .
 A stove in their churches, or pews lined with green,
 Were horrid to think of, much less to be seen ;
 Their bodies were warmed with the linings of love,
 And the fire was sufficient that flashed from above. . . .
 On Sundays their faces were dark as a cloud ;
 The road to the meeting was only allowed ;
 And those they caught rambling, on business or pleasure,
 Were sent to the stocks, to repent at their leisure.
 This day was the mournfullest day of the week ;
 Except on religion none ventured to speak ;
 This day was the day to examine their lives,
 To clear off old scores, and to preach to their wives. . . .
 This beautiful system of Nature below
 They neither considered, nor wanted to know,
 And called it a dog-house wherein they were pent,
 Unworthy themselves, and their mighty descent.
 They never perceived that in Nature's wide plan
 There must be that whimsical creature called Man—
 Far short of the rank he affects to attain,
 Yet a link, in its place, in creation's vast chain. . . .
 Thus feuds and vexations distracted their reign—
 And perhaps a few vestiges still may remain ;—
 But time has presented an offspring as bold,
 Less free to believe, and more wise than the old. . . .
 Proud, rough, independent, undaunted and free,
 And patient of hardships, their task is the sea ;
 Their country too barren their wish to attain,
 They make up the loss by exploring the main.
 Wherever bright Phœbus awakens the gales,
 I see the bold Yankees expanding their sails,
 Throughout the wide ocean pursuing their schemes,
 And chasing the whales on its uttermost streams.
 No climate for them is too cold or too warm ;
 They reef the broad canvas, and fight with the storm,
 In war with the foremost their standards display,
 Or glut the loud cannon with death, for the fray.
 No valor in fable their valor exceeds ;
 Their spirits are fitted for desperate deeds ;
 No rivals have they in our annals of fame,
 Or, if they are rivalled, 'tis York has the claim.

THE DUTCH AND THE ENGLISH IN NEW YORK.

The first that attempted to enter this Strait
 (In *anno* one thousand six hundred and eight)
 Was Hudson (the same that we mentioned before),
 Who was lost in the gulf that he went to explore.
 For a sum that they paid him (we know not how much)
 This captain transferred all his rights to the Dutch ;
 For the time has been here (to the world be it known),
 When all a man sailed by, or saw, was his own.
 The Dutch on their purchase sat quietly down,
 And fixed on an island to lay out a town ;
 They modelled their streets from the horns of a ram ;
 And the name that best pleased them was New Amster-
 dam.

They purchased large tracts from the Indians for beads,
 And sadly tormented some runaway Swedes,
 Who (none knows for what) from their country had
 flown,

To live here in peace, undisturbed and alone.
 New Belgia the Dutch called their province, be sure ;
 But names never yet made possession secure,
 For Charley (the Second that honored the name)
 Sent over a squadron asserting his claim.
 Had his sword and his title been equally slender,
 In vain had they summoned Mynheer to surrender.
 The soil they demanded, and threatened the worst,
 Insisting that Cabot had looked at it first.
 The want of a squadron to fall on their rear
 Made the argument perfectly plain to Mynheer.
 Force ended the contest ; the right was a sham,
 And the Dutch were sent packing to hot Surinam.
 'Twas hard to be thus of their labors deprived,
 But the Age of Republics had not yet arrived.
 Fate saw (though no wizzard could tell them as much)
 That the Crown, in due time, was to fare like the Dutch.

THE BATTLE OF STONINGTON, CONN., AUGUST, 1814.

Four gallant ships from England came
 Freightèd deep with fire and flame,
 And other things we need not name,
 To have a dash at Stonington.

Now safely moored, their work begun ;
They thought to make the Yankees run,
And have a mighty deal of fun
 In stealing sheep at Stonington.

A deacon then popped up his head,
And Parson Jones his sermon read,
In which the reverend Doctor said
 That they must fight for Stonington.

A townsman bade them, next, attend
To sundry resolutions penned,
By which they promised to defend
 With sword and gun old Stonington.

The ships advancing different ways,
The Britons soon began to blaze,
And put old women in amaze,
 Who feared the loss of Stonington.

The Yankees to their fort repaired,
And made as though they little cared
For all that came—though very hard
 The cannon played on Stonington.

The "Ramillies" began the attack,
"Despatch" came forward, bold and black,
And none can tell what kept them back
 From setting fire to Stonington.

The bombardiers, with bomb and ball,
Soon made a farmer's barrack fall,
And did a cow-house sadly maul,
 That stood a mile from Stonington.

They killed a goose, they killed a hen,
Three hogs they wounded in a pen ;
They dashed away, and pray what then ?—
 This was not taking Stonington.

The shells were thrown, the rockets flew,
But not a shell of all they threw—
Though every house was full in view—
 Could burn a house at Stonington.

To have their turn they thought but fair ;
 The Yankees brought two guns to bear ;
 And, Sir, it would have made you stare
 This smoke of smokes at Stonington.

They bored the "Pactolus" through and through,
 And killed and wounded of her crew
 So many, that she bade adieu
 To the gallant boys of Stonington.

The brig "Despatch" was hulled and torn—
 So crippled, riddled, so forlorn,
 No more she cast an eye of scorn
 On the little fort at Stonington.

The "Ramillies" gave up the affray,
 And with her comrades sneaked away :
 Such was the valor, on that day,
 Of British tars near Stonington.

But some assert, on certain grounds—
 Besides the damage and the wounds—
 It cost the king ten thousand pounds
 To have a dash at Stonington.

THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE.

Fair flower, that dost so comely grow,
 Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
 Untouched thy honeyed blossoms blow,
 Unseen thy little branches greet.
 No roving foot shall find thee here,
 No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white arrayed,
 She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
 And planted here the guardian shade
 And sent soft water murmuring by.
 Thus quietly thy Summer goes,
 Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with these charms that must decay.
 I grieve to see thy future doom ;

They died—nor were those flowers less gay
 (The flowers that did in Eden bloom).
 Unpitying Frost, and Autumn's power,
 Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From Morning suns and Evening dews
 At first thy little being came :
If nothing once you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same ;
 The space between is but an hour,
The mere idea of a flower.

MAY TO APRIL.

Without your showers
 I breed no flowers ;
Each field a barren waste appears ;
 If you don't weep
 My blossoms sleep,
They take such pleasure in your tears.

As your decay
 Made room for May,
So must I part with all that's mine ;
 My balmy breeze,
 My blooming trees,
To torrid suns their sweets resign.





FRERE, JOHN HOOKHAM, an English diplomatist, scholar, and poet, born in London, May 21, 1769; died at Malta, January 7, 1846. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge. At Eton he was one of the brilliant lads who carried on that clever journal called *The Microcosm*, and afterward he was associated with Canning and others in the conduct of the *Anti-Jacobin*. Several of the cleverest pieces in this journal were the joint production of Frere and Canning. Frere entered public service in the Foreign Office during the administration of Lord Grenville, and from 1796 to 1802 sat in Parliament for the "pocket borough" of Love. In 1799 he succeeded Canning as Under Secretary of State; in 1800 he was sent as Envoy Extraordinary to Portugal, and in 1802 he was transferred to Spain, whither he was again sent in 1808. But he incurred no little censure at home on account of his having urged Sir John Moore to undertake his disastrous retreat to Corunna; and he was in 1809 recalled, being succeeded by the Marquis of Wellesley. With this recall the official career of Frere came to an early close, although the embassy to Russia was proffered to him, and he twice refused the office of a peerage. In 1820 he took up his residence at Malta, on account of the feeble health of his wife; and that island was thenceforth his home, although he made several

extended visits to London. During his abode at Malta he devoted his leisure to literary pursuits: studied some of his favorite Greek authors, and made admirable translations of several of the comedies of Aristophanes, and from Theognis. In 1871 his entire works were edited by his nephews, W. E. and Sir Bartle Frere, with a *Memoir* by the latter (born in 1815), who has also done good service as a diplomatist.

Among the minor productions of Frere is a translation from one of the Spanish Romances of the Cid, which was greatly admired by Sir Walter Scott.

AN EXPLOIT OF THE CID.

The gates were then thrown open, and forth at once
they rushed,
The outposts of the Moorish hosts back to the camp
were pushed ;
The camp was all in tumult, and there was such a
thunder
Of cymbals and of drums, as if the earth would cleave
in sunder.
There you might see the Moors arming themselves in
haste,
And the two main battles, how they were forming
fast ;
Horsemen and footmen mixt, a countless troop and
vast.
The Moors are moving forward, the battle soon must
join !
“ My men, stand here in order, ranged upon a line !
Let not a man move from his rank before I give the
sign ! ”
Pero Bermuez heard the word, but he could not re-
frain !
He held the banner in his hand, he gave the horse the
rein ;

"You see yon foremost squadron there, the thickest of the foes ;
Noble Cid, God be your aid, for there your banner goes !
Let him that serves and honors it, show the duty that he owes !"
Earnestly the Cid called out, "For Heaven's sake, be still !"
Bermuez cried, "I cannot hold !" so eager was his will.
He spurred his horse, and drove him on amid the Moorish rout ;
They strove to win the banner, and compassed him about.
Had not his armor been so true, he had lost either life or limb ;
The Cid called out again, "For Heaven's sake succor him !"
Their shields before their breasts, forth at once they go,
Their lances in the rest, levelled fair and low,
Their banners and their crests waving in a row,
Their heads all stooping down toward the saddle-bow.
The Cid was in the midst, his shout was heard afar :
"I am Rui Diaz, the champion of Bivar !
Strike among them, gentlemen, for sweet mercy's sake !"
There where Bermuez fought amidst the foe they brake ;
Three hundred bannered knights—it was a gallant show ;
Three hundred Moors they killed—a man at every blow ;
When they wheeled and turned, as many more lay slain ;
You might see them raise their lances, and level them again,
There you might see the breastplates, how they were cleft in twain,
And many a Moorish shield lie scattered on the plain,
The pennons that were white marked with a crimson stain ;
The horses running wild whose riders had been slain.

In 1817 appeared anonymously the most notable of Frere's original poems. It was a small volume of mock-heroic verse entitled "Prospectus and Specimen, of an intended National Work by William and Robert Whistlecraft, of Stowmarket, in Suffolk, Harness and Collar Makers, intended to comprise the most interesting particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table." The poem is in four Cantos, with an explanatory Prologue:

KING ARTHUR AND HIS ROUND TABLE.

I.

I've often wished that I could write a book,
 Such as all English people might peruse ;
 I never should regret the pains it took,
 That's just the sort of fame that I should choose.
 To sail about the world like Captain Cook,
 I'd sling a cot up for my favorite Muse,
 And we'd take verses out to Demarara,
 To New South Wales, and up to Niagara.

VII.

I think that Poets (whether Whig or Tory),
 (Whether they go to meeting or to church),
 Should study to promote their country's glory
 With patriotic, diligent research ;
 That children yet unborn may learn the story,
 With grammars, dictionaries, canes, and birch :
 It stands to reason.—'This was Homer's plan,
 And we must do—like him—the best we can.

IX.

King Arthur, and the Knights of his Round Table,
 Were reckoned the best King and bravest Lords,
 Of all that flourished since the Tower of Babel,
 At least of all that history records ;

Therefore I shall endeavor, if I'm able,
 To paint their famous actions by my words :
 Heroes exert themselves in hopes of Fame,
 And having such a strong decisive claim,

X.

It grieves me much, that names that were respected
 In former ages, persons of such mark,
 And countrymen of ours, should be neglected,
 Just like old portraits lumbering in the dark.
 An error such as this should be corrected,
 And if my muse can strike a single spark,
 Why then (as poets say) I'll string my lyre ;
 And then I'll light a great poetic fire.

—*The Prologue.*

KING ARTHUR'S FEAST AT CARLISLE.

I.

Beginning (as my Bookseller desires)
 Like an old minstrel with his gown and beard,
 Fair Ladies, gallant Knights, and gentle Squires,
 Now the last service from the board is cleared,
 And if this noble Company requires,
 And if amidst your mirth I may be heard,
 Of sundry strange adventures I could tell
 That oft were told before, but never told so well.

II.

The great King Arthur made a sumptuous Feast,
 And held his Royal Christmas at Carlisle,
 And thither came the Vassals, most at least,
 From every corner of the British Isle :
 And all were entertained, both man and beast,
 According to their rank, in proper style ;
 The steeds were fed and littered in the stable,
 The ladies and the knights sat down to table.

III.

The bill of fare (as you may well suppose)
 Was suited to those plentiful old times,

Before our modern luxuries arose,
 With truffles and ragoûts, and various crimes ;
 And therefore, from the original in prose
 I shall arrange the catalogue in rhymes :
 They served up salmon, venison, and wild boars,
 By hundreds, and by dozens, and by scores.

IV.

Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
 Muttons and fatted beeves, and bacon swines ;
 Herons and bitterns, peacock, swan, and bustard,
 Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons, and, in fine,
 Plum-puddings, pancakes, apple-pies and custard :
 And therewithal they drank good Gascon wine,
 With mead, and ale, and cider of our own,
 For porter, punch, and negus were not known.

VII.

All sorts of people there were seen together,
 All sorts of characters, all sorts of dresses ;
 The fool with fox's tail and peacock's feather,
 Pilgrims, and penitents, and grave burgesses ;
 The country people with their coats of leather,
 Vintners and victuallers with cans and messes,
 Grooms, archers, varlets, falconers, and yeomen,
 Damsels and waiting-maids, and waiting-women.

X.

And certainly they say, for fine behaving
 King Arthur's Court has never had its match ;
 True point of honor, without pride or braving,
 Strict etiquette forever on the watch :
 Their manners were refined and perfect—saving
 Some modern graces which they could not catch,
 As spitting through the teeth, and driving stages,
 Accomplishments reserved for distant ages.

XII.

The ladies looked of an heroic race—
 At first a general likeness struck your eye,

Tall figures, open features, oval face,
 Large eyes, with ample eyebrows arched and high ;
 Their manners had an odd, peculiar grace,
 Neither repulsive, affable nor shy,
 Majestical, reserved and somewhat sullen ;
 Their dresses partly silk, and partly woollen.

—*Canto I.*

SIR LAUNCELOT, SIR TRISTRAM, AND SIR GAWAIN.

XIII.

In form and figure far above the rest,
 Sir Launcelot was chief of all the train,
 In Arthur's Court an ever welcome guest ;
 Britain will never see his like again.
 Of all the Knights she ever had the best,
 Except, perhaps, Lord Wellington in Spain :
 I never saw his picture nor his print,
 From Morgan's Chronicle I take my hint.

XV.

Yet oftentimes his courteous cheer forsook
 His countenance, and then returned again,
 As if some secret recollection shook
 His inward heart with unacknowledged pain ;
 And something haggard in his eyes and look
 (More than his years or hardships could explain)
 Made him appear, in person and in mind,
 Less perfect than what nature had designed.

XVI.

Of noble presence, but of different mien,
 Alert and lively, voluble and gay,
 Sir Tristram at Carlisle was rarely seen,
 But ever was regretted while away ;
 With easy mirth, an enemy to spleen,
 His ready converse charmed the wintry day ;
 No tales he told of sieges or of fights,
 Of foreign marvels, like the foolish Knights.

XVII.

Songs, music, languages, and many a lay
 Asturian or Armoriac, Irish, Basque,
 His ready memory seized and bore away ;
 And ever when the ladies chose to ask,
 Sir Tristram was prepared to sing and play,
 Not like a minstrel earnest at his task,
 But with a sportive, careless, easy style,
 As if he seemed to mock himself the while.

XXIII.

Sir Gawain may be painted in a word—
 He was a perfect loyal Cavalier.
 His courteous manners stand upon record,
 A stranger to the very thought of fear.
 The proverb says, " As brave as his own sword ;"
 And like his weapon was that worthy Peer,
 Of admirable temper, clear and bright,
 Polished yet keen, though pliant yet upright.

XXIV.

On every point, in earnest or in jest,
 His judgment, and his prudence, and his wit,
 Were deemed the very touchstone and the test
 Of what was proper, graceful, just, and fit ;
 A word from him set everything at rest,
 His short decision never failed to hit ;
 His silence, his reserve, his inattention,
 Were felt as the severest reprehension.

XXVIII.

In battle he was fearless to a fault,
 The foremost in the thickest of the field ;
 His eager valor knew no pause nor halt,
 And the red rampant Lion in his shield
 Scaled towns and towers, the foremost in assault,
 With ready succor where the battle reeled :
 At random like a thunderbolt he ran,
 And bore down shields and pikes, and horse and man
 —Canto I.

THE MARAUDING GIANTS.

IV.

Before the Feast was ended, a report
 Filled every soul with horror and dismay ;
 Some Ladies on their journey to the Court,
 Had been surprised, and were conveyed away
 By the Aboriginal Giants to their fort—
 An unknown fort—for Government, they say,
 Had ascertained its actual existence,
 But knew not its direction nor its distance.

V.

A waiting-damsel, crooked and mis-shaped,
 Herself a witness of a woful scene,
 From which, by miracle, she had escaped,
 Appeared before the Ladies and the Queen.
 Her figure was funereal, veiled and craped,
 Her voice convulsed with sobs and sighs between,
 That with the sad recital, and the sight,
 Revenge and rage inflamed each worthy Knight.

VI.

Sir Gawain rose without delay or dallying ;
 “ Excuse us, Madame, we’ve no time to waste : ”
 And at the palace-gate you saw him sallying,
 With other Knights equipped and armed in haste ;
 And there was Tristram making jests, and rallying
 The poor mis-shapen damsel, whom he placed
 Behind him on a pillion, pad, or pannel ;
 He took, besides, his falcon and his spaniel.

VII.

But what with horror, and fatigue and fright,
 Poor soul, she could not recollect the way.
 They reached the mountains on the second night,
 And wandered up and down till break of day,
 When they discovered by the dawning light,
 A lonely glen, where heaps of embers lay.
 They found unleavened fragments scorched and toasted,
 And the remains of mules and horses roasted.

VIII.

Sir Tristram understood the Giants' courses ;
 He felt the embers but the heat was out ;
 He stood contemplating the roasted horses ;
 And all at once, without suspense or doubt,
 His own decided judgment thus enforces :
 "The Giants must be somewhere hereabout."
 Demonstrating the carcasses, he shows
 That they remained untouched by kites or crows.

IX.

"You see no traces of their sleeping here,
 No heap of leaves or heath, no Giant's nest ;
 Their usual habitation must be near :
 They feed at sunset, and retire to rest ;
 A moment's search will set the matter clear."—
 The fact turned out precisely as he guessed :
 And shortly after, scrambling through a gully,
 He verified his own conjecture fully.

X.

He found a valley, closed on every side,
 Resembling that which Rasselas describes ;
 Six miles in length, and half as many wide,
 Where the descendants of the Giant tribes
 Lived in their ancient fortress undescried.
 (Invaders tread upon each other's kibes)
 First came the Briton, afterward the Roman :
 Our patrimonial lands belong to no man.

XII.

Huge mountains of immeasurable height,
 Encompassed all the level valley round,
 With mighty slabs of rock that sloped upright,
 An insurmountable, enormous mound ;
 The very river vanished out of sight,
 Absorbed in secret channels underground.
 That vale was so sequestered and secluded,
 All search for ages past it had eluded.

XIII.

High overhead was many a cave and den,
 That, with its strange construction, seemed to mock
 All thought of how they were contrived, or when
 Hewn inward in the huge suspended rock
 The tombs and monuments of mighty men :
 Such were the patriarchs of this ancient stock.
 Alas ! what pity that the present race
 Should be so barbarous, and depraved, and base.

XIV.

For they subsisted (as I said) by pillage,
 And the wild beasts which they pursued and chased ;
 Nor house, nor herdsman's hut, nor farm, nor village,
 Within the lonely valley could be traced,
 Nor roads, nor bounded fields, nor rural tillage ;
 But all was lonely, desolate, and waste.
 The Castle which commanded the domain
 Was suited to so rude and wild a reign.

XVII.

Sir Gawain tried a parley, but in vain :
 A true-born Giant never trusts a Knight.—
 He sent a herald, who returned again
 All torn to rags and perishing with fright.
 A trumpeter was sent, but he was slain :—
 To trumpeters they bear a mortal spite.
 When all conciliatory measures failed,
 The castle and the fortress were assailed.

XVIII.

But when the Giants saw them fairly under,
 They shovelled down a cataract of stones,
 A hideous volley like a peal of thunder,
 Bouncing and bounding down and breaking bones,
 Rending the earth, and riving rocks asunder.
 Sir Gawain inwardly laments and groans,
 Retiring last, and standing most exposed ;—
 Success seemed hopeless, and the combat closed.

XIX.

A council then was called, and all agreed
 To call in succor from the country round;
 By regular approaches to proceed,
 Intrenching, fortifying, breaking ground.
 That morning Tristram happened to secede:
 It seems his falcon was not to be found.
 He went in search of her; but some suspected
 He went lest his advice should be neglected.

XX.

At Gawain's summons all the country came;
 At Gawain's summons all the people aided;
 They called upon each other in his name,
 And bid their neighbors work as hard as they did.
 So well beloved was he, for very shame
 They dug, they delved, they palisaded,
 Till all the fort was thoroughly blockaded
 And every ford where Giants might have waded.

XXIV.

Good humor was Sir Tristram's leading quality,
 And in the present case he proved it such;
 If he forbore, it was that in reality
 His conscience smote him with a secret touch,
 For having shocked his worthy friend's formality—
 He thought Sir Gawain had not said too much;
 He walks apart with him; and he discourses
 About their preparation and their forces:

XXV.

Approving everything that had been done;—
 "It serves to put the Giants off their guard;
 Less hazard and less danger will be run;
 I doubt not we shall find them unprepared.
 The castle will more easily be won,
 And many valuable lives be spared;
 The Ladies else, while we blockade and threaten,
 Will most infallibly be killed and eaten."

XXVI.

Sir Tristram talked incomparably well ;
 His reasons were irrefragably strong.
 As Tristram spoke Sir Gawain's spirits fell,
 For he discovered clearly before long
 (What Tristram never would presume to tell),
 That his whole system was entirely wrong.
 In fact, his confidence had much diminished
 Since all the preparations had been finished.

XXVII.

"Indeed," Sir Tristram said, "for aught we know—
 For aught that we can tell—this very night
 The valley's entrance may be closed with snow,
 And we may starve and perish here outright.
 'Tis better risking a decisive blow.—
 I own this weather puts me in a fright."
 In fine, this tedious conference to shorten,
 Sir Gawain trusted to Sir Tristram's fortune.

XLIX.

Behold Sir Gawain with his valiant band :
 He enters on the work with warmth and haste,
 And slays a brace of Giants out of hand,
 Sliced downwards from the shoulder to the waist.
 But our ichnography must now be planned,
 The Keep or Inner Castle must be traced.
 I wish myself at the concluding distich,
 Although I think the thing characteristic.

L.

Facing your entrance, just three yards behind,
 There was a mass of stone of moderate height ;
 It stood before you like a screen or blind ;
 And there—on either hand to left and right—
 Were sloping parapets or planes inclined,
 On which two massy stones were placed upright,
 Secured by staples and by leather ropes
 Which hindered them from sliding down the slopes.

LI.

“Cousin, these dogs have some device or gin!
 I'll run the gauntlet and I'll stand a knock!”—
 He dashed into the gate through thick and thin;
 He hewed away the bands which held the block;
 It rushed along the slope with rumbling din,
 And closed the entrance with a thundering shock
 (Just like those famous old Symplegades
 Discovered by the classics in their seas.)

LII.

This saw Sir Tristram : As you may suppose,
 He found some Giants wounded, others dead;
 He shortly equalizes these with those.
 But one poor devil there was sick in bed,
 In whose behalf the Ladies interpose.
 Sir Tristram spared his life, because they said
 That he was more humane, and mild, and clever,
 And all the time had had an ague-fever.

LIII.

The Ladies?—They were tolerably well;
 At least as well as could have been expected.
 Many details I must forbear to tell;
 Their toilet had been very much neglected;
 But by supreme good luck it so befell
 That when the Castle's capture was effected,
 When those vile cannibals were overpowered,
 Only two fat duennas were devoured.

LIV.

Sir Tristram having thus secured the fort,
 And seen all safe, was climbing to the wall,
 (Meaning to leap into the outer court;)
 But when he came, he saved himself the fall.
 Sir Gawain had been spoiling all the sport:
 The Giants were demolished one and all.
 He pulled them up the wall. They climb and enter:
 Such was the winding up of this adventure.

—*Canto II.*

A PAUSE IN THE STORY.

And now the thread of our romance unravels,
 Presenting new performances on the stage :
 A Giant's education and his travels
 Will occupy the next succeeding page.—
 But I begin to tremble at the cavils
 Of this fastidious, supercilious age.
 Reviews and paragraphs in morning papers ;
 The prospect of them gives my Muse the vapors.
 —*Close of Canto II.*

THE MONKS AND THE GIANTS.

IV.

Some ten miles off, an ancient abbey stood,
 Amidst the mountains, near a noble stream ;
 A level eminence, enshrined with wood,
 Sloped to the river's bank and southern beam ;
 Within were fifty friars fat and good,
 Of goodly presence and of good esteem,
 That passed an easy, exemplary life,
 Remote from want and care, and worldly strife.

V.

Between the Monks and Giants there subsisted,
 In the first Abbot's lifetime, much respect ;
 The Giants let them settle where they listed :
 The Giants were a tolerating sect.
 A poor lame Giant once the Monks assisted,
 Old and abandoned, dying with neglect ;
 The Prior found him, cured his broken bone,
 And very kindly cut him for the stone.

VI.

This seemed a glorious, golden opportunity
 To civilize the whole gigantic race ;
 To draw them to pay tithes, and dwell in unity.
 The Giants' valley was a fertile place,
 And might have much enriched the whole community,
 Had the old Giant lived a longer space.

But he relapsed, and though all means were tried,
They could but just baptize him—when he died.

VIII.

They never found another case to cure,
But their demeanor calm and reverential,
Their gesture and their vesture grave and pure,
Their conduct sober, cautious and prudential,
Engaged respect, sufficient to secure
Their properties and interests most essential :
They kept a distant courteous intercourse,
Salutes and gestures were their sole discourse.

XV.

In castles and in courts Ambition dwells,
But not in castles or in courts alone ;
She breathes a wish throughout those sacred cells,
For bells of larger size and louder tone.
Giants abominate the sound of bells,
And soon the fierce antipathy was shown,
The tinkling and the jingling and the clangor,
Roused their irrational, gigantic anger.

XVI.

Unhappy mortals ! ever blind to fate !
Unhappy Monks ! you see no danger nigh ;
Exulting in their sound and size and weight,
From morn till noon the merry peal you ply ;
The belfry rocks, your bosoms are elate,
Your spirits with the ropes and pulleys fly ;
Tired but transported, panting, pulling, hauling,
Ramping and stamping, overjoyed and bawling.

XVII.

Meanwhile the solemn mountains that surrounded
The silent valley where the convent lay,
With tintinnabular uproar were astounded,
When the first peal broke forth at break of day :
Feeling their granite ears severely wounded,
They scarce knew what to think or what to say.
And (though large mountains commonly conceal
Their sentiments, dissembling what they feel),

XIX.

These giant mountains inwardly were moved,
 But never made an outward change of place.
 Not so the Mountain-Giants (as behoved
 A more alert and locomotive race),
 Hearing a clatter which they disapproved
 They ran straight-forward to besiege the place
 With a discordant, universant yell,
 Like house-dogs howling at a dinner-bell.

XX.

Historians are extremely to be pitied,
 Obligated to persevere in the narration
 Of wrongs and horrid outrages committed,
 Oppression, sacrilege, assassination ;
 The following scenes I wished to have omitted,
 But truth is an imperious obligation.
 So "my heart sickens and I drop my pen,"
 And am obliged to pick it up again.—*Canto III.*

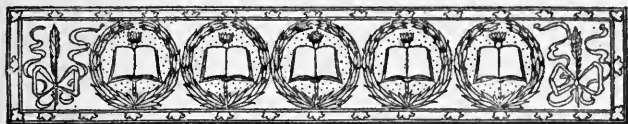
THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.

XLVIII.

The Giant-troops invariably withdrew
 (Like mobs in Naples, Portugal, and Spain),
 To dine at twelve o'clock and sleep till two,
 And afterwards (except in case of rain)
 Returned to clamor, hoot, and pelt anew.
 The scene was every day the same again.
 Thus the blockade grew tedious. I intended
 A week ago, myself to raise and end it.

LVI.

Our Giants' memoirs still remain on hand,
 For all my notions being genuine gold,
 Beat out beneath the hammer and expand
 And multiply themselves a thousandfold
 Beyond the first idea that I planned.
 Besides—this present copy must be sold ;
 Besides—I promised Murray t'other day,
 To let him have it by the tenth of May.—*Canto IV*



FREYTAG, GUSTAV, a German novelist, dramatist, and journalist, born at Kreuzburg, in Silesia, July 13, 1816; died at Wiesbaden, April 30, 1895. He was educated at Oels, Breslau, and Berlin, and received his degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1838. In 1845 he published a volume of poems entitled *In Breslau*, and an historical comedy, *The Espousal of Kuntz von Rosen*. He went in 1847 to Leipsic and, in conjunction with Julian Schmidt, became editor of *Grenzboten* (The Messenger of the Frontier). In this and the following year he published the dramas *Valentine* and *Count Waldemar*; in 1854, a comedy, *Die Journalisten*, and in 1859 a classical drama *Die Fabier*. Others of his dramatic works are *Der Gelehrte*, a tragedy, and *Eine arme Schneiderseele*, a comedy. His novel, *Soll und Haben* (1855), at once gave him a high place among German writers of fiction. It was translated into English under the title of "*Debit and Credit*." *Bilder aus der Deutschen Vergangenheit* was followed in 1862 by *Neue Bilder aus dem Leben des Deutschen Volkes*. Another novel, *Die Verlorne Handschrift*, appeared in 1864, and a series of tales collected under the title of *Die Ahnen* (Ancestors) in 1876. In 1870 Freytag resigned from the *Grenzboten*, and took charge of *Im neuen Reich*, a weekly journal at Leipsic.

THE BURDEN OF A CRIME.

The murderer stood for a few moments motionless in the darkness, leaning against the staircase railings. Then he slowly went up the steps. While doing so he felt his trousers to see how high they were wet. He thought to himself that he must dry them at the stove this very night, and saw in fancy the fire in the stove, and himself sitting before it in his dressing-gown, as he was accustomed to do when thinking over his business. If he had ever in his life known comfortable repose, it had been when, weary of the cares of the day, he sat before his stove-fire and watched it till his heavy eyelids drooped. He realized how tired he was now, and what good it would do him to go to sleep before a warm fire. Lost in the thought, he stood for a moment like one overcome with drowsiness, when suddenly he felt a strange pressure within him—something that made it difficult to breathe, and bound his breast as with iron bars. Then he thought of the bundle that he had just thrown into the river; he saw it cleave the flood: he heard the rush of water, and remembered that the hat which he had forced over the man's face had been the last thing visible on the surface—a round, strange-looking thing. He saw the hat quite plainly before him—battered, the rim half off, and two grease-spots on the crown. It had been a very shabby hat. Thinking of it, it occurred to him that he could smile now if he chose. But he did not smile.

Meanwhile he had got up the steps. As he opened the staircase door, he glanced along the dark gallery through which two had passed a few minutes before, and only one returned. He looked down at the gray surface of the stream, and again he was sensible of that singular pressure. He rapidly crept through the large room and down the steps, and on the ground floor ran up against one of the lodgers in the caravansary. Both hastened away in different directions without exchanging a word.

This meeting turned his thoughts in another direction. Was he safe? The fog still lay thick on the street. No

one had seen him go in with Hippas, no one had recognized him as he went out. The investigation would only begin when they found the old man in the river. Would he be safe then? These thoughts passed through the murderer's mind as calmly as though he was reading them in a book. Mingled with them came doubts as to whether he had his cigar-case with him, and as to why he did not smoke a cigar. He cogitated long about it, and at length found himself returned to his dwelling. He opened the door. The last time he had opened the door a loud noise had been heard in the inner room; he listened for it now; he would give anything to hear it. A few minutes ago it had been to be heard. Oh, if those few minutes had never been! Again he felt that hollow pressure, but more strongly, even more strongly than before.

He entered the room. The lamp still burned, the fragments of the rum-bottle lay about the sofa, the bits of broken mirror shone like silver dollars on the floor. Veitel sat down exhausted. Then it occurred to him that his mother had often told him a childish story in which silver dollars fell upon a poor man's floor. He could see the old Jewess sitting at the hearth, and he, a small boy, standing near her. He could see himself looking anxiously down on the dark earthen floor, wondering whether the white dollars would fall down for him. Now he knew—his room looked just as if there had been a rain of white dollars. He felt something of the restless delight which that tale of his mother had always awaked, when again came suddenly that same hollow pressure. Heavily he rose, stooped, and collected the broken glass. He put all the pieces into the corner of the cupboard, detached the frame from the wall, and put it wrong-side out in a corner. Then he took the lamp, and the glass which he used to fill with water for the night; but as he touched it a shudder came over him, and he put it down. He who was no more had drunk out of that glass. He took the lamp to his bedside, and undressed. He hid his trousers in the cupboard, and brought out another pair, which he rubbed against his boots till they were dirty at the bottom. Then he put out the lamp, and as it flickered be-

fore it went quite out, the thought struck him that human life and a flame had something in common. He had extinguished a flame. And again that pain in the breast, but less clearly felt, for his strength was exhausted, his nervous energy spent. The murderer slept.

But when he wakes! Then the cunning will be over and gone with which his distracted mind has tried, as if in delirium, to snatch at all manner of trivial things and thoughts in order to avoid the one feeling which ever weighs him down. When he wakes! Henceforth, while still half asleep, he will feel the gradual entrance of terror and misery into his soul. Even in his dreams he will have a sense of the sweetness of unconsciousness and the horrors of thought, and will strive against waking; while, in spite of his strivings, his anguish grows stronger and stronger, till, in despair, his eyelids start open, and he gazes into the hideous present, the hideous future.

And again his mind will seek to cover over the fact with a web of sophistry; he will reflect how old the dead man was, how wicked, how wretched; he will try to convince himself that it was only an accident that occasioned his death—a push given by him in sudden anger—how unlucky that the old man's foot should have slipped as it did! Then will recur the doubt as to his safety; a hot flush will suffuse his pale face, the step of his servant will fill him with dread, the sound of an ironshod stick on the pavement will be taken for the tramp of the armed band whom justice sends to apprehend him. Again he will retrace every step taken yesterday, every gesture, every word, and will seek to convince himself that discovery is impossible. No one had seen him, no one had heard; the wretched old man, half crazy as he was, had drawn his own hat over his eyes and drowned himself.

And yet, through all this sophistry, he is conscious of that fearful weight, till, exhausted by the inner conflict, he flies from his house to his business, amid the crowd anxiously desiring to find something that shall force him to forget. If any one on the street looks at him, he trembles; if he meet a policeman, he must rush home to hide his terror from those discerning eyes. Wherever

he finds familiar faces, he will press into the thick of the assembly, he will take an interest in anything, will laugh and talk more than heretofore ; but his eyes will roam recklessly around, and he will be in constant dread of hearing something said of the murdered man, something said about his sudden end.

And when, late of an evening, he at length returns home, tired to death and worn out by his fearful struggle, he feels lighter hearted, for he has succeeded in obscuring the truth, he is conscious of a melancholy pleasure in his weariness, and awaits sleep as the only good thing earth has still to offer him. And again he will fall asleep, and when he awakes the next morning he will have to begin his fearful task anew. So will it be this day, next day, always, so long as he lives. His life is no longer like that of another man ; his life is henceforth a horrible battle with a corpse, a battle unseen by all, yet constantly going on. All his intercourse with living men, whether in business or in society, is but a mockery, a lie. Whether he laughs and shakes hands with one, or lends money and takes fifty per cent. from another, it is all mere illusion on their part. He knows that he is severed from human companionship, and that all he does is but empty seeming ; there is only one who occupies him, against whom he struggles, because of whom he drinks and talks, and mingles with the crowd, and that one is the corpse of the old man in the water.
—*Debit and Credit.*





FRÖBEL, FRIEDRICH WILHELM AUGUST, a German educational reformer, born at Oberweissbach, near Blankenburg, in the Thuringian Forest, April 21, 1782; died at Marienthal, June 21, 1852. He was a son of the village parson of his native town. His own education was very imperfect, though in 1799 he studied for a time at Jena, and in later years (1811, 1812) he visited the universities of Berlin and Göttingen. For some years he devoted himself to farming, but in 1805 he visited Pestalozzi at Yverdun, on the Lake of Neuchâtel, and under his encouragement and advice gave up the rest of his life to the study and practice of education, excepting only a short period during which he served in the War of Independence. Having acted for some time as private tutor, and spent another two years with Pestalozzi, he endeavored to carry his new methods into practice successively at Griesheim, Keilnau, where he published his work on education (1825), and Willisau, till, in 1837, he settled at Blankenburg, his native country. Here he established his children's school, conducted on principles of natural development, instructive play, and healthy movement. In 1840 he gave it the name of "Kindergarten." During the following years he undertook several journeys to the principal towns of Germany, in order to extend the knowl-

edge of his system ; for the most part, however, he was met with ridicule. In 1849 he removed to Marienthal, near Liebenstein, where he established a Kindergarten in the castle, and there he died. Since his death, in spite of the opposition of the Prussian Government, which objected because of its supposed "socialistic tendencies," the Kindergarten system has been widely adopted in Germany, and even more in America and England, which have the advantage of energetic Fröbel societies, or Kindergarten societies to direct the movement.

The writings of Fröbel include *Menschenerziehung*, his first work, published in 1825, in which he gives his idea of the process of development of the child-mind, and in which the seeds of the Kindergarten may be already discerned ; *Pädagogik des Kindergartens* ; *Kleinere Schriften*, and *Mütterlieder und Koselieder*. From 1837 until 1840 he published also a weekly paper, entitled *Sonntagsblatt*, in which he described the Kindergarten system.

STORIES AND LEGENDS, FABLES AND FAIRY TALES.

The highest and most important experiences of a boy are the sensations and feelings of his own life in his own breast, his own thinking and willing, though they manifest themselves ever so vaguely and almost as a mere instinct.

But knowledge of a thing can never be attained by comparing it with itself. Therefore, too, the boy cannot attain any knowledge of the nature, cause, and effect of the meaning of his own life, by comparing his own transient individual life with itself. He needs for clearness concerning this, comparison with something else and with some one else ; and surely everybody knows

that comparisons with somewhat remote objects are more effective than those with very near objects.

Only the study of the life of others can furnish such points of comparisons with the life he himself has experienced. In these the boy, endowed with an active life of his own, can view the latter as in a mirror, and learn to appreciate its value.

It is the innermost desire and need of a vigorous, genuine boy to understand his own life, to get a knowledge of its nature, its origin, and outcome. If he fails in this, the sensation of his own life either crushes him or carries him on headlong without purpose and irresistibly.

This is the chief reason why boys are so fond of stories, legends, and tales; the more so when these are told as having actually occurred at some time, or as lying within the reach of probability—for which, however, there are scarcely any limits for a boy.

The power that has scarcely germinated in the boy's mind is seen by him in the legend or tale, a perfect plant filled with the most delicious blossoms and fruits. The very remoteness of the comparison filled with his own vague hopes expands heart and soul, strengthens the mind, unfolds life in freedom and power.

As in color, it is not variegated hues that charm the boy, but their deeper, invisible, spiritual meaning; so he is attracted to the legend and fairy tale, not by the varied and gay shapes that move about in them, but by their spiritual life, which furnishes him with a measure for his own life and spirit, by the fact that they furnish him direct intuitions of free life, of a force spontaneously active in accordance with its own law.

The story concerns other men, other circumstances, other times and places, nay, wholly different forms; yet the hearer seeks his own image, he beholds it, and no one knows that he sees it.

Are there not many persons who have seen and heard how children at an early period asked their mother again and again to tell them the simplest story, which they had heard half a dozen times—*e. g.*, the story of a singing and fluttering bird, building its nest and feeding its young?

Even boys do the same. "Tell us a story," is the request of a crowd of eager listeners to some companion who has proved his art. "I do not know any more; I have told you all I know." "Well, then, tell us this or that story." "I have told it two or three times." "That makes no difference; tell it again." He obeys: see how eagerly his hearers note every word, as if they had never before heard it.

It is not the desire for mental indolence that leads the vigorous boy to the telling of stories and makes him a placid listener. You can see how eager he is, how a genuine story-teller stirs the inner life of his hearer, to try its strength, as it were. This proves that a higher spiritual life lies in the story, that it is not its gay and changing shapes that attract the boy, that through them mind speaks directly to mind.

Therefore ear and heart open to the genuine story-teller, as the blossoms open to the sun of spring and to the vernal rain. Mind breathes mind, power feels power and absorbs it, as it were. The telling of stories refreshes the mind as a bath refreshes the body; it gives exercise to the intellect and its powers; it tests the judgment and the feelings.

Hence, too, genuine effective story-telling is not easy: for the story-teller must wholly take into himself the life of which he speaks, must let it live and operate in himself freely. He must reproduce it whole and undiminished, and yet stand superior to life as it actually is.

It is this that makes the genuine story-teller. Therefore, only early youth and old age furnish good story-tellers. The mother knows how to tell stories—she who lives only in and with the child, and has no care beyond that of fostering his life.

The husband and father, fettered by life, compelled to face the cares and wants of daily life, will rarely be a good story-teller, pleasing to the children, influencing, strengthening, and lifting their lives.

The brother or sister, the grandfather, with his wide experience, or the old, tried servant, whose heart is full of contentment—these are the favorites with an audience of boys.—*Die Menschenerziehung; translation of*
W. N. HAILMANN.



FROISSART, JEAN, a French ecclesiastic and chronicler, born at Valenciennes in 1337; died at Chimay about 1410. He was educated for the Church, and at the age of eighteen he had not only mastered the usual course of study but had gained some repute as a versifier. At twenty, upon the request of Robert of Namur, he undertook to compile from the Chronicle of Jean le Bel a rhymed account of the wars of his time. In 1360 he went to England, provided with letters of recommendation from his uncle to Philippa of Hainault, the Queen of Edward III., who made him her secretary and clerk of her chapel. King John of France, who had been captured at the battle of Poitiers, was now a prisoner in England, and Froissart became one of his household. By this twofold connection Froissart was brought into close intercourse with many men who had acted an important part on both sides during the war between the English and the French. Queen Philippa urged him to continue his rhymed chronicle; and to gather information he made journeys into Scotland and Wales. Then he went to the Continent, staying for a while at the English Court in Bordeaux, and was there at the time of the birth of Richard (afterward the unfortunate Richard II.), the son of the English "Black Prince." In 1369 he went to his native

district, where the living of Lestines was conferred upon him. But the duties of his clerical office were nowise to his liking; and from time to time he attached himself to the Duke of Brabant, the Count of Blois, and the Count of Foix; the latter of whom made him Canon and Treasurer of the church at Chimay and urged him to write in prose a continuous chronicle of the events of his own time.

Froissart, now nearly forty, fell in with this suggestion, and travelled far and wide in order to glean the information which he wanted. The *Chronicles* were the work of more than a quarter of a century, and appeared at intervals in detached portions, as they were written. They begin with the reign of Edward III. of England (1327-77), and properly end with the death of Richard II. (1400), but there are a few paragraphs relating to events which took place as late as 1404. It is uncertain how long Froissart lived after this, but it is probable that he was alive in 1410. Some accounts say that he died in great poverty not earlier than 1420.

The *Chronicles* of Froissart, which were widely circulated in manuscript, were first printed at Paris in 1498, in four folio volumes, under the title *Chroniques de France, d'Angleterre, d'Écosse, de Bretagne, de Gascogne, Flanders et lieux d'alentour*. They were translated into English during the reign of Henry VIII. by Lord Berners (*q.v.*). His version is spirited, though not always quite accurate. A better translation, upon the whole, is that of Thomas Johnes (12 vols., 1805, and sub-

sequently reprinted in many forms). The first of the following citations is from the translation of Lord Berners; the original spelling being retained. The other citations are from the translation of Johnes.

KING EDWARD III. AND THE COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

As sone as the lady knewe of the Kynges comyng, she set opyn the gates and came out so richly besene that euery man marueyled of her beauty, and coude nat cease to regard her nobleness, with her great beauty, and the gracyous wordes and countenance that she made. When she came to the Kyng she knelyd downe to the yerth, thanking hym of his sucours, and so ledde hym into the castell to make hym chere and honour as she that coude ryht well do it. Euery man regarded her maruelusly; the Kyng hymselfe could not witholde his regarding of her, for he thought that he neuer saw before so noble nor so fayre a lady: he was stryken therwith to the hert with a spercle of fine loue that endured long after; he thought no lady in the worlde so worthy to be beloued as she. Thus they entered into the castell hande in hande; the lady ledde hym first into the hall, and after into the chambre nobly aparelled. The Kyng regarded so the lady that she was abasshed; at last he went to a wyndo to rest hym, and so fell into a great study. The lady went about to make chere to the lordes and knyghtes that were ther, and comaunded to dresse the hall for dyner. When she had al deuysed and comaunded them she came to the Kyng with a mery chere (who was in a great study) and she said,

“Dere sir, why do you study so, for your grace nat dyspleased, it aparteyneth nat to you so to do: rather ye shulde make good chere and be joyfull seying ye haue chased away your enmies who durst nat abyde you; let other men study for the remynant.”

Then the Kyng sayd, “A, dere lady, know for treuthe that syth I entred into the castell ther is a study come to my mynde so that I can nat chuse but to muse, nor

can I nat tell what shall fall thereof ; put it out of my herte I can nat."

"A, sir," quoth the lady, "ye ought alwayes to make good chere to comfort therewith your peple. God hath ayded you so in your besynes and hath showne you so great graces that ye be the moste douted and honoured prince in all the erthe, and if the Kyng of Scotts haue done you any despyte or damage ye may well amende it whan it shall please you, as ye haue done dyuers tymes or this. Sir, leaue your musing and come into the hall if it please you ; your dyner is all redy."

"A, fayre lady," quoth the Kyng, "other thynges lyeth at my hert that ye know not of, but surely your swete behauyng, the perfect wysedom, the good grace, noblenes and excellent beauty that I see in you, hath so sore surprised my hert that I can not but loue you, and without your loue I am but deed."

Then the lady sayde : "A, ryght noble prince for Goddes sake mocke nor tempt me nat ; I can nat beleue that it is true that ye say, nor that so noble a prince as ye be wolde thynke to dyshonour me and my lorde my husbunde, who is so valyant a knyght and hath done your grace so gode service and as yet lyeth in prison for your quarel.— Certely sir ye shulde in this case haue but a small prayse and nothing the better thereby. I had neuer as yet such a thoght in my hert, nor I trust in God, neuer shall haue for no man lyueng : if I had any such intencyon your grace ought nat all onely to blame me, but also to punyssh my body, ye and by true iustice to be dismembred."

Therwith the lady departed fro the Kyng and went into the hall to hast the dyner ; then she returned agayne and broght some of his knyghtes with her, and sayd, "Sir, yf it please you to come into the hall your knyghtes abideth for you to wasshe ; ye have ben to long fastyng."

Then the King went in the hall and wassht, and sat down among his lordes and the lady also. The Kyng ate but lytell ; he sat styll musing, and as he durst he cast his eyen upon the lady. Of his sadnesse his knyghtes had maruel, for he was not accustomed so to be ; some thought it was because the Scotts were escaped fro

hym. All that day the Kyng taryd ther and wyst nat what to do. Sometime he ymagined that honour and trouth defended hym to set his hert in such a case to dyshonour such a lady and so true a knight as her husband was who had always well and truly serued hym. On thother part loue so constrayned hym that the power thereof surmounted honour and trouth. Thus the Kyng debated in himself all that day and all that night. In the mornyng he arose and dyslogged all his hoost and drewe after the Scottes to chase them out of his realm. Then he toke leaue of the lady, saying, "My dere lady to God I comende you tyll I returne agayne, requiryng you to aduise you otherwyse than ye haue sayd to me."

"Noble prince," quoth the lady, "God the father glorious be your conduct, and put you out of all vylayne thoughts. Sir, I am and ever shel be redy to do your grace servyce to your honour and to myne." Therwith the Kyng departed all abashe.—*Translation of LORD BERNERS.*

JOHN OF BLOIS DELIVERED FROM HIS LONG IMPRISONMENT.

In such a grand and noble history as this, of which I, Sir John Froissart, am the author and continuator until this present moment, through the grace of God, and that perseverance He has endowed me with, as well as in length of years, which have enabled me to witness abundance of the things that have passed, it is not right that I forget anything. During the war of Brittany, the two sons of the Lord Charles de Blois (who, for a long time, styled himself Duke of Brittany, in right of his lady, Jane of Brittany, who was descended in a direct line from the dukes of Brittany, as has been mentioned in this history), were sent to England as hostages for their father, where they still remain in prison; for I have not as yet delivered them from it, nor from the power of the King of England, wherein the Lord Charles had put them.

You have before seen how King Edward of England, to strengthen himself in his war with France, had



THE TOURNEY.

“The champions in the lists.”



formed an alliance with the Earl of Montfort, whom he had assisted, with advice and forces, to the utmost of his ability, insomuch that the Earl had succeeded to his wishes, and was Duke of Brittany. Had he not been thus supported, the Lord Charles de Blois would have possessed seven parts of Brittany, and the Earl only five. You have read how, in the year 1347, there was a grand battle before la Roche-derrien, between the forces of the Countess of Montfort, and of Sir Thomas Hartwell and the Lord Charles de Blois, in which the Lord Charles was defeated, and carried prisoner to England. He was handsomely entertained there; for that noble Queen of England, the good Philippa (who, in my youth, was my lady and mistress), was, in a direct line, his cousin-german. She did everything in her power to obtain his freedom, which the council were not willing to grant. Duke Henry, of Lancaster, and the other barons of England, declared that he ought not to have his liberty; for he had too mighty connections, and that Philip, who called himself King of France, was his uncle: that as long as they detained him prisoner, their war in Brittany would be the better for it. Notwithstanding these remonstrances, King Edward, through the persuasion of that noble and good lady, his Queen, agreed to his ransom for two hundred thousand nobles; and his two sons were to be given as hostages for the payment of this sum, which was very considerable to the Lord Charles, but would not now be so to a Duke of Brittany. The lords of those days were differently situated from what they are at present, when greater resources are found, and they can tax their people at their pleasure. It was not so then, for they were forced to content themselves with the amount of their landed estates; but now, the duchy of Brittany would easily pay for the aid of its lord two hundred thousand nobles within the year, or within two years at the farthest.

Thus were the two young sons of the Lord Charles de Blois given up as hostages for the payment of his ransom. He had, afterward, in the prosecution of his war in Brittany, so much to pay his soldiers, and support his **rank and state**, that he could never, during his lifetime,

redeem them. He was slain in battle at Auray, defending his right, by the English allies of the Earl of Montfort, and by none others. His death, however, did not put an end to the war ; but King Charles of France, ever fearing the effects of chance, when he saw the Earl of Montfort was conquering all Brittany, suspected, should he wholly succeed, that he would hold the duchy independent of paying him homage for it ; for he had already held it from the King of England, who had so strenuously assisted him in the war. He therefore negotiated with the Earl, which, having been already mentioned, I shall pass over here ; but the Earl remained Duke of Brittany, on condition that his homage should be paid to his own right lord, the King of France. The Duke was also bound, by the articles of the treaty, to assist in the deliverance of his two cousins, sons of the Lord Charles de Blois, who were prisoners to the King of England. In this, however, he never stirred ; for he doubted, if they should return, whether they would not give him some trouble, and whether Brittany, which was more inclined toward them than to him, would not acknowledge them as its lord.

For this reason he neglected them, and they remained so long prisoners in England, under the guard, at one time of Sir Roger Beauchamp, a gallant and valiant knight, and his Lady Sybilla ; at another under Sir Thomas d'Ambreticourt, that the youngest brother, Guy of Brittany, died. John of Brittany was now alone prisoner, and frequently bewailed his situation with wonder ; for he was sprung from the noblest blood in the world, the advantages of which he had been long deprived of ; for he had been thirty-five years in the power of his enemies, and, as he perceived no appearance of help coming to him from any quarter, he would rather have died than thus have existed. His relations and friends kept at a distance, and the sum he was pledged for was so great that he could never have procured it without a miracle, for the Duke of Anjou, in all his prosperity, though the person who had married his sister-german, by whom he had two fine sons, Lewis and Charles, never once thought of him.

I will now relate how John of Brittany obtained his

liberty. You have before read of the Earl of Buckingham's expedition through France to Brittany, whither the duke had sent for him, because the country would not acknowledge him for its lord. The Earl and his army remained the ensuing winter, in great distress, before Nantes and Vannes, until the month of May, when he returned to England. During the time the Earl of Buckingham was at Vannes, you may remember, there were some tilts between knights and squires of France and those of England, and that the Constable of France was present. There was much conversation kept up by him and the English knights; for he was acquainted with them all from his childhood, having been educated in England. He behaved very politely to many of them, as men-at-arms usually do, and the French and English in particular, to each other; but, at this moment, he was more attentive as he had an object in view which occupied all his thoughts, and which he had only disclosed to a single person, who was squire of honor in his household and had served the Lord Charles de Blois in the same capacity. If the Constable had made it more public, he would not have succeeded as he did, through the mercy of God, and his own perseverance.

The Constable and Duke of Brittany had for a long time hated each other, whatever outward appearances they might put on. The Constable was much hurt at the length of the imprisonment of John of Brittany, and at a time when he was on rather better terms with the duke, said to him, "My lord, why do not you exert yourself to deliver your cousin from his imprisonment in England? You are bound to do so by treaty; for when the nobles of Brittany, the prelates, and the principal towns, with the Archbishop of Rheims, Sir John de Craon, and Sir Boucicaut, at that time Marshal of France, negotiated with you for peace before Quimper Coërentin, you swore you would do your utmost to liberate your cousins John and Guy, and as yet you have never done anything; know, therefore, that the country does not love you the more for it." The duke dissembled, and said: "Hold your tongue, Sir Oliver: where shall I find the three or four hundred thousand francs which are demanded for their liberty?" "My lord,"

replied the Constable, "if Brittany saw you were really in earnest to procure their freedom, they would not murmur at any tax or hearth-money that should be raised to deliver these prisoners, who will die in prison unless God assist them." "Sir Oliver," said the duke, "my country of Brittany shall never be oppressed by such taxes. My cousins have great princes for their relations; and the King of France or Duke of Anjou ought to aid them, for they have always supported them against me. When I swore, indeed, to aid them in their deliverance, it was always my intention that the King of France and their other relations should find the money, and that I would join my entreaties." The Constable could never obtain more from the Duke.

The Constable, therefore, when at these tournaments at Vannes, saw clearly that the Earl of Buckingham and the English barons and squires were greatly dissatisfied with the Duke of Brittany for not having opened his towns to them, as he had promised, when they left England. The English near Hennebon and Vannes were in such distress that they frequently had not wherewithal to feed themselves, and their horses were dying through famine: they were forced to gather thistles, bruise them in a mortar, and make a paste which they cooked. While they were thus suffering, they said: "This Duke of Brittany does not acquit himself loyally of his promises to us, who have put him in possession of his duchy; and, if we may be believed, we can as easily take it from him as we have given it to him, by setting at liberty his enemy, John of Brittany, whom the country love in preference. We cannot any way revenge ourselves better, nor sooner make him lose his country." The Constable was well informed of all these murmurs and discontents, which were no way displeasing to him; on the contrary, for one murmur he wished there had been twelve; but he took no notice of it, and only spoke of what he had heard to his squire, whose name, I think, was John Rolland.

It happened that Sir John Charlton, governor of Cherbourg, came to Château Josselin, where the Constable resided, who entertained him and his company most splendidly; and to obtain their friendship, out of

his special favor, escorted them himself until they were in safety. During the time of dinner, the before-mentioned squire addressed Sir John Charlton, saying, "Sir John, you can, if you please, do me a very great favor, which will cost you nothing." "From friendship to the Constable," replied Sir John, "I wish it may cost me something: what is it you wish me to do?" "Sir," replied he, "that I may have your passport to go to England, to my master, John of Brittany, whom I am more anxious to see than anything in the world." "By my faith," said Sir John, "it shall not be my fault if you do not. On my return to Cherbourg, I shall cross over to England: come with me, therefore, and you shall accompany me, and I will have you conducted to him, for your request cannot be refused." "A thousand thanks; my lord, I shall ever remember your goodness." The squire returned with Sir John Charlton to Cherbourg; when, having arranged his affairs, he embarked, and made straight for London, attended by John Rolland, whom he had conducted to the castle where John of Brittany was confined. John of Brittany did not, at first, recollect him; but he soon made himself known, and they had a long conversation, in which he told him that if he would exert himself to procure his freedom, the Constable would make the greatest efforts to second him. John of Brittany, desiring nothing more eagerly, asked, "By what means?" "I will tell you, my lord: the Constable has a handsome daughter whom he wishes to marry, and if you will promise and swear that on your return to Brittany you will marry her, he will obtain your liberty, as he has discovered the means of doing it." John of Brittany replied, "he would truly do so;" adding, when you return to the Constable, assure him from me that there is nothing I am not ready to do for my liberty, and that I accept of his daughter and will cheerfully marry her." They had several other conversations together before the squire left England and embarked for Brittany, where he related to the Constable all that had passed.—*Froissart's Chronicles.*



FROTHINGHAM, NATHANIEL LANGDON, an American clergyman and poet, born in Boston, July 23, 1793; died there, April 4, 1870. He graduated at Harvard in 1811, and in the following year became instructor there in rhetoric and oratory. In 1815 he was ordained pastor of the First Congregational Church in Boston, retaining that position until 1850, when impaired health compelled him to resign. He published a volume of *Sermons* in 1852, and in 1855 a collection of *Metrical Pieces, Translated and Original*. Toward the close of his life he became blind, a calamity indicated in the following poem:

THE SIGHT OF THE BLIND.

“I always see in dreams,” she said,
“Nor then believe that I am blind.”
That simple thought a shadowy pleasure shed
 Within my mind.

In a like doom, the nights afford
A like display of mercy done:
How oft I’ve dreamed of sight as full restored!
 Not once as gone.

Restored as with a flash! I gaze
On open books with letters plain,
And scenes and faces of the dearer days
 Are bright again.

O Sleep! in pity thou art made
A double boon to such as we :
Beneath closed lids and folds of deepest shade
We think we see.

O Providence ! when all is dark
Around our steps, and o'er Thy will,
The mercy-seat that hides the covenant-ark
Has angels still.

Thou who art light ! illumine the page
Within ; renew these respites sweet,
And show, beyond the films and wear of age,
Both walk and seat.

THE M'LEAN ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE.

A rich, gay mansion once wert thou ;
And he who built it, chose its site
On that hill's proud but gentle brow,
For an abode of splendor and delight.

Years, pains, and cost have reared it high,
The stately pile we now survey,
Grander than ever to the eye ;
But all its fireside pleasures—where are they ?

A stranger might suppose the spot
Some seat of learning, shrine of thought ;
Ah ! here alone Mind ripens not,
And nothing reasons ; nothing can be taught.

Or he might deem thee a retreat
For the poor body's need and ail,
When sudden injuries stab and beat,
Or in slow waste its inward forces fail.

Ah, heavier hurts and wastes are here !
The ruling brain distempered lies ;
When Mind flies reeling from its sphere,
Life, health, aye, mirth itself, are mockeries.

O House of Sorrows ! Sorer shocks
Than can our frame or lot befall
Are hid behind thy jealous locks ;
Man's Thought an infant, and his Will a thrall.

O House of Mercy ! Refuge kind
For Nature's most unnatural state !
Place for the absent, wandering mind ;
Its healing helper and its sheltering gate.

Yes, Love has planned thee, Love endowed ;—
And blessings on each pitying heart,
That from the first its gifts bestowed,
Or bears in thee each day its healthful part.

Was e'er the Christ diviner seen
Than when the wretch no force could bind—
The roving, raving Gadarene—
Sat at His blessed feet, and in his perfect mind !





FROTHINGHAM, OCTAVIUS BROOKS, an American clergyman, son of N. L. Frothingham, born in Boston, November 26, 1822; died in 1895. He graduated at Harvard in 1843, studied at the Cambridge Divinity School, and in 1847 became pastor of the North Church (Unitarian), Salem, Mass. In 1855 he removed to Jersey City, and in 1860 became minister of a newly formed society in New York, which took the name of the "Third Unitarian Congregational Church." He retained this position until 1879, when the society was dissolved, and Mr. Frothingham spent the subsequent two years in Europe. After his return he devoted himself entirely to literary work. Besides numerous published sermons, and frequent contributions to periodicals, he put forth *The Parables* (1864); *Religion of Humanity* (1873); *Life of Theodore Parker* (1874); *Transcendentalism in New England* (1876); *Spirit of the New Faith* (1877); *Biography of Gerrit Smith* (1878); with Felix Adler, *The Radical Pulpit* (1883); *Memoir of William Ellery Channing* (1887); *Boston Unitarianism* (1890), and *Recollections and Impressions* (1891).

THE BELIEFS OF UNBELIEVERS.

In every age of Christendom there have been men whom the Church named "infidels," and thrust down into the abyss of moral reprobation. The oldest of these are forgotten with the generations that gave them

birth. The only ones now actively anathematized lived within the last hundred years, and owe the blackness of their reputation to the assaults they made on superstitions that are still powerful, and dogmas that are still supreme. The names of Chubb, Toland, and Tindal, of Herbert of Cherbury, Shaftesbury, and Bolingbroke, though seldom spoken now, are mentioned, when they are mentioned, with bitterness. The names of Voltaire and Rousseau recall at once venomous verdicts that our own ears have heard. The memory of Thomas Paine is still a stench in modern nostrils, though he has been dead sixty years, so deep a damnation has been fixed on his name. . . .

Sceptics these men and others were : I claim for them that honor. It is their title to immortality. Doubtless they were, in many things, deniers—"infidels," if you will. They made short work of creed and catechism, of sacrament and priest, of tradition and formula. Miraculous revelations, inspired Bibles, authoritative dogmas, dying Gods, and atoning Saviours, infallible Apostles, and Churches founded by the Holy Ghost, ecclesiastical heavens and hells, with other fictions of the sort, their minds could not harbor. They criticised mercilessly the drama of the Redemption, and spoke more roughly than prudently of the great mysteries of the Godhead. But, after their fashion, they were great believers. In the interest of faith they doubted ; in the interest of faith they denied. Their "Nay" was an uncouth method of pronouncing "Yea." They were after the truth, and supposed themselves to be removing a rubbish pile to reach it. Toland, whose *Christianity Not Mysteriorious* was presented by the Grand Jury of Dublin, and condemned to the flames by the Irish Parliament, while the author fled from Government prosecution to England, professed himself sincerely attached to the pure religion of Jesus, and anxious to exhibit it free from the corruption of after-times. Thomas Paine wrote his *Age of Reason* as a check to the progress of French atheism, fearing "lest in the general wreck of superstition, of false systems of government, and false theology, we lose sight of morality, of humanity, and of the theology that is true." . . .

These devout unbeliefs were born of the spirit of the age. It was an age—rather, let me call it a series of ages—in which great events occurred. There had been a terrible shaking of thrones and altars. The axe had fallen on the neck of a king, and the halberd had smitten the image of many saints. Scarcely an authority stood fast. None was unchallenged. The brain of Bacon had discharged its force into the intellectual world. Newton's torch was flinging its beams to the confines of creation. The national genius sparkled in constellations of brilliant men; Continental literature was pouring into England the speculative mind of Holland, the dramatic writing and criticism of France. There was new thought and fresh purpose; a determination to know and do something; a sense of intellectual and moral power, that portended great changes in Church and State. The infidels were the men who felt this spirit first. They were its children; they gave it voice; it gave them strength. They trusted in it. Fidelity to its call was their faith. They believed in the sovereignty of Reason, the rights of the individual Conscience: and they cherished a generous confidence in the impulses of an emancipated and ennobled humanity. They had that faith in human nature which, indeed, is, and ever has been the faith of faiths. It is a faith hard to hold. These infidels must have found it so in their times. When shall we honor, at its due, the heroism of Protest, the valor of Disbelief? When shall we give to the martyrdom of Denial its glorious crown?—*Belief of the Unbelievers.*

THEODORE PARKER.

With him the religious element was supreme. It had roots in his being wholly distinct from its mental or sensible forms of expression—completely distinguished from theology, which claimed to give an account of it in words, and from ceremonies, which claimed to embody it in rites and symbols. Never evaporating in mystical dreams, nor entangled in the meshes of cunning speculation, it preserved the freshness and bloom and fragrance in every passage of his life. His sense of divine things

was as strong as was ever felt by a man of such clear intelligence. His feeling for divine things never lost its glow ; never was damped by misgiving, dimmed by doubt, or clouded by sorrow. The intensity of his faith in Providence, and of his assurance of personal immortality, seems almost fanatical to modern men who sympathize in general with his philosophy. . . . All the materialists in and out of Christendom had no power to shake his conviction of the infinite God and the immortal existence : nor would have had, had he lived until he was a century old ; for, in his view the convictions were planted deep in human nature, and were demanded by the exigencies of human life. The services they rendered to mankind would have been their sufficient justification, had he found no other ; and in this aspect they interested him chiefly. . . .

It has been said that Parker accomplished nothing final as a religious reformer ; that if he thought of himself as the inaugurator of a second Reformation—a reformation of Protestantism—the leader of a new “departure,” as significant and momentous as that of the sixteenth century, he deceived himself. Luther, it is said, found a stopping-place, a terminus, and erected a “station,” where nearly half of Christendom have been content to stay for three hundred years, and will linger, perhaps, three hundred years longer. Parker stretched a tent near what proved to be a “branch-road,” where a considerable number of travellers will pause on their journey, and refresh themselves, while waiting for the “through-train.” That Parker thought otherwise, that he believed himself sent to proclaim and define the faith of the next thousand years, merely gives another illustration of the delusions to which even great minds are subject. Already thought has swept beyond him ; already faith has struck into other paths, and taken up new positions. The scientific method has supplemented the theological and the sentimental, and has carried many over to the new regions of belief. Parker is a great name, was a great power, and will be a great memory ; but it is doubtful if he did the work of a Voltaire or a Rousseau ; that he did not do the work of a Luther is not doubtful at all. Certainly, Parker was

not a discoverer. He originated no doctrine ; he struck out no path. His religious philosophy existed before his day, and owed to him no fresh development. But he was the first great popular expounder of it ; the first who undertook to make it the basis of a faith for the common people ; the first who planted it as the corner-stone of the working-religion of mankind, and published it as the ground of a new spiritual structure, distinct from both Romanism and Protestantism. . . .

The ethics of Theodore Parker grew from the same root as his religion, and were part of the same system. These, too, rested on the spiritual philosophy—the philosophy of intuition. He believed that to the human Conscience was made direct revelation of the eternal law ; that the moral nature looked righteousness in the face. He was acquainted with the objections to this doctrine. The opposite philosophy of Utilitarianism—whether taught by Bentham or by Mill—was well known to him, but was wholly unsatisfactory. Sensationalism in morals was as absurd, in his judgment, as sensationalism in faith. The Quaker doctrine of the “inner light” was nearer the truth, as he saw it, than the “experience” doctrine of Herbert Spencer. Experience might assist conscience, but create it never. Conscience might consult even expediency for its methods ; but for its parentage it must look elsewhere. Conscience, for him, was the authority, divine, ultimate. He obeyed, even if it commanded the cutting off of the right hand or the plucking out of the right eye. He would not compromise a principle, wrong a neighbor, take what was not fairly his, tell a falsehood, betray a trust, break a pledge, turn a deaf ear to the cry of human misery, for all the world could give him. At the heart of every matter there was a right and a wrong, both easily discernible by the simplest mind. The right was eternally right ; the wrong was eternally wrong ; and eternal consequences were involved in either. Philosophers might find fault with his psychology—they did find fault with it. He answered them, if he could ; if he could not, he left them answerless : but for himself, he never doubted, but leaned against his pillar.—*Biography of Theodore Parker.*



FROUDE, JAMES ANTHONY, an English historian and biographer, born at Dartington, Devonshire, April 23, 1818; died October 20, 1894. He was educated at Westminster School, and at Oriel College, Oxford, and in 1842 became a Fellow of Exeter College. In 1844 he was ordained a deacon in the Established Church, and for some time was reckoned as one of the High Church party of whom J. H. Newman was a leader. At this time he wrote many biographies in the series entitled *Lives of the English Saints*. In 1847 he published anonymously a volume of fiction entitled *Shadows of the Clouds*. In 1848 appeared his *Nemesis of Faith*, which evinced that he had come to differ widely from the doctrines of the Anglican Church. His two works were severely censured by the authorities of the University. He then resigned his Fellowship, and was obliged to give up an appointment which he had received of a teachership in Tasmania. After this, for some years, he wrote largely for the *Westminster Review* and for *Fraser's Magazine*, becoming ultimately for a short time the editor of the latter periodical. He had in the meantime begun his *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada*. This History extends to twelve volumes, of which the first two appeared in 1856, and the last two in 1870. In 1867 he put forth a volume of *Short*

Studies on Great Subjects, consisting of Essays which had already been printed in various periodicals. In 1872 he formally laid down his function of deacon in the Anglican Church, and in the same year made a tour in the United States, where he delivered a series of lectures on the relations existing between England and Ireland. Near the close of 1874 Mr. Froude was commissioned by the Secretary of State for the Colonies to visit the Cape of Good Hope in order to investigate the causes which led to the Kaffir insurrection. He has also written *The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century* (1871-74); *Cæsar, a Sketch* (1879); *Biography of Thomas Carlyle* (1882-84), and *Oceana*, an account of a tour through the British Colonial possessions (1886). Besides writing the "Biography of Carlyle," he edited his "Reminiscences."

His last works include *The English in the West Indies* (1888); *Two Chiefs of Dunboy*, an Irish romance (1889); *Life of Lord Beaconsfield* (1890); *The Divorce of Catherine of Aragon* (1891); *Story of the Armada* (1892); *Life and Letters of Erasmus* (1894). He became Regius Professor of History in the University of Oxford in 1892.

EXECUTION OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Briefly, solemnly, and sternly, the Commissioners delivered their awful message. They informed her that they had received a commission under the great seal to see her executed, and she was told that she must prepare to suffer on the following morning. She was dreadfully agitated. For a moment she refused to believe them. Then, as the truth forced itself upon her,

tossing her head in disdain, and struggling to control herself, she called her physician, and began to speak to him of money that was owed to her in France. At last it seems that she broke down altogether, and they left her with a fear either that she would destroy herself in the night, or that she would refuse to come to the scaffold, and that it might be necessary to drag her there by violence.

The end had come. She had long professed to expect it, but the clearest expectation is not certainty. The scene for which she had affected to prepare she was to encounter in its dread reality, and all her busy schemes, her dreams of vengeance, her visions of a revolution, with herself ascending out of the convulsion and seating herself on her rival's throne—all were gone. She had played deep, and the dice had gone against her.

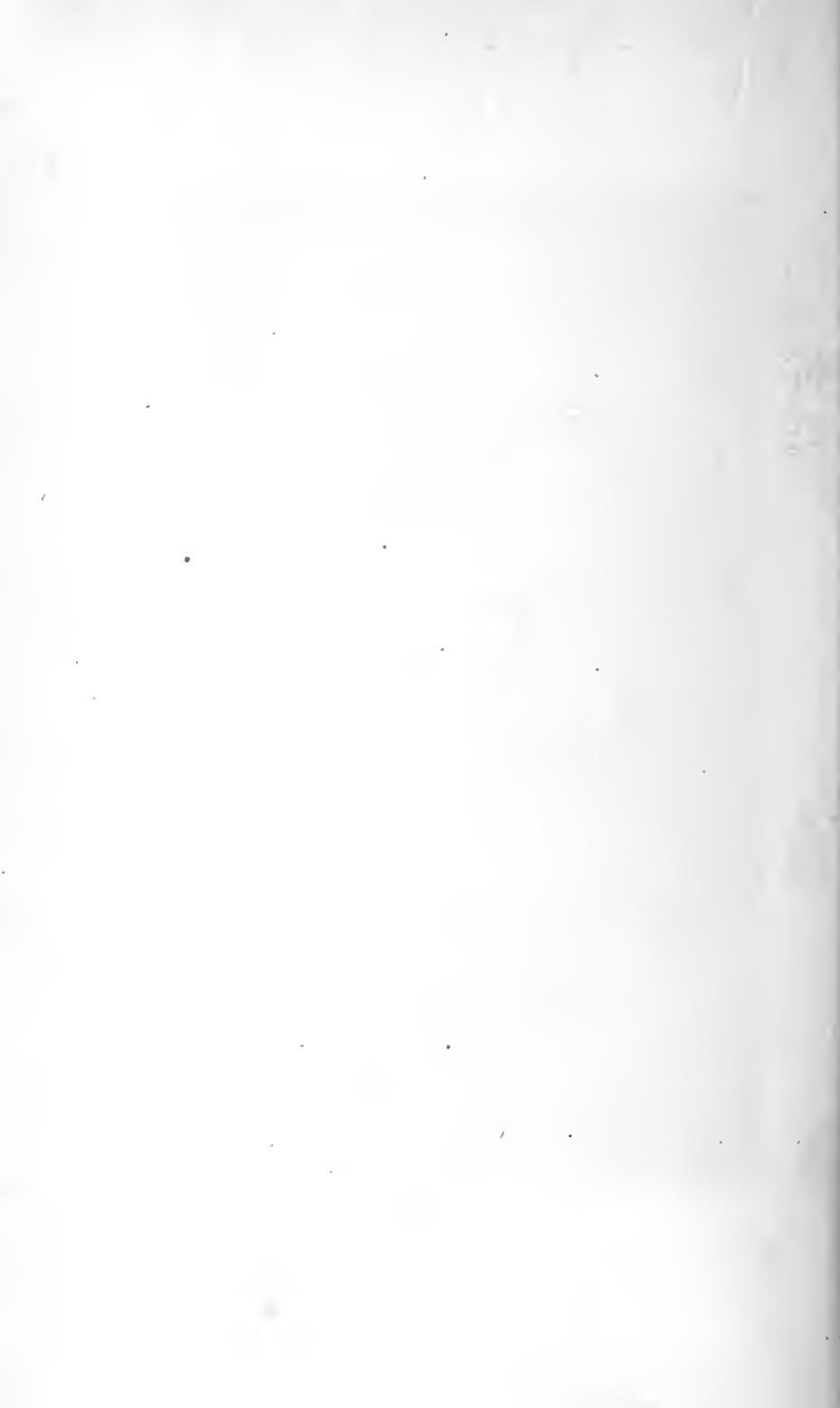
Yet in death, if she encountered it bravely, victory was still possible. Could she but sustain to the last the character of a calumniated suppliant accepting heroically for God's sake and her creed's the concluding stroke of a long series of wrongs, she might stir a tempest of indignation which, if it could not save herself, might at least overwhelm her enemy. Persisting, as she persisted to the last, in denying all knowledge of Babington, it would be affectation to credit her with a genuine feeling of religion; but the imperfection of her motive exalts the greatness of her fortitude. To an impassioned believer death is comparatively easy. . . .

At eight in the morning the provost-marshal knocked at the outer door which communicated with her suite of apartments. It was locked, and no one answered, and he went back in some trepidation lest the fears might prove true which had been entertained the preceding evening. On his return with the sheriff, however, a few minutes later, the door was open, and they were confronted with the tall, majestic figure of Mary Stuart standing before them in splendor. The plain gray dress had been exchanged for a robe of black satin; her jacket was of black satin also, looped and slashed and trimmed with velvet. Her false hair was arranged studiously with a coif, and over her head and falling down over her back was a white veil of delicate lawn.



MARY STUART LISTENS TO THE READING OF THE DEATH WARRANT.

Painting by C. v. Piloty.



A crucifix of gold hung from her neck. In her hand she held a crucifix of ivory, and a number of jewelled paternosters were attached to her girdle. Led by two of Paulet's gentlemen, the sheriff walking before her, she passed to the chamber of presence in which she had been tried, where Shrewsbury, Kent, Paulet, Drury, and others were waiting to receive her. Andrew Melville, Sir Robert's brother, who had been master of her household, was kneeling in tears. "Melville," she said, "you should rather rejoice than weep that the end of my troubles is come. Tell my friends I die a true Catholic. Commend me to my son. Tell him I have done nothing to prejudice his kingdom of Scotland, and so, good Melville, farewell." She kissed him, and turning, asked for her chaplain Du Preau. He was not present. There had been a fear of some religious melodrama which it was thought well to avoid. Her ladies, who had attempted to follow her, had been kept back also. She could not afford to leave the account of her death to be reported by enemies and Puritans, and she required assistance for the scene which she meditated. Missing them, she asked the reason of their absence, and said she wished them to see her die. Kent said he feared they might scream or faint, or attempt perhaps to dip their handkerchiefs in her blood. She undertook that they should be quiet and obedient. "The Queen," she said, "would never deny her so slight a request;" and when Kent still hesitated, she added, with tears, "You know I am cousin to your Queen, of the blood of Henry the Seventh, a married Queen of France, and anointed Queen of Scotland."

It was impossible to refuse. She was allowed to take six of her own people with her, and select them herself. She chose her physician Burgoyne, Andrew Melville, the apothecary Gorion, and her surgeon, with two ladies, Elizabeth Kennedy and Curle's young wife Barbara Mowbray, whose child she had baptized. "*Allons donc*," she then said, "let us go;" and passing out attended by the earls, and leaning on the arm of an officer of the guard, she descended the great staircase to the hall. The news had spread far through the country. Thousands of people were collected outside

the walls. About three hundred knights and gentlemen of the country had been admitted to witness the execution. The tables and forms had been removed, and a great wood fire was blazing in the chimney. At the upper end of the hall, above the fireplace, but near it, stood the scaffold, twelve feet square, and two feet and a half high. It was covered with black cloth; a low rail ran round it covered with black cloth also, and the sheriff's guard of halberdiers were ranged on the floor below on the four sides, to keep off the crowd. On the scaffold was the block, black like the rest; a square black cushion was placed behind it, and behind the cushion a black chair; on the right were two other chairs for the earls. The axe leant against the rail, and two masked figures stood like mutes on either side at the back. The Queen of Scots, as she swept in, seemed as if coming to take a part in some solemn pageant. Not a muscle of her face could be seen to quiver; she ascended the scaffold with absolute composure, looked round her smiling, and sat down. Shrewsbury and Kent followed, and took their places, the sheriff stood at her left hand, and Beale then mounted a platform, and read the warrant aloud.

She laid her crucifix on her chair. The chief executioner took it as a perquisite, but was ordered instantly to lay it down. The lawn veil was lifted carefully off, not to disturb the hair, and was hung upon the rail. The black robe was next removed. Below it was a petticoat of crimson velvet. The black jacket followed, and under the jacket was a body of crimson satin. One of her ladies handed her a pair of crimson sleeves, with which she hastily covered her arms: and thus she stood on the black scaffold with the black figures all around her, blood-red from head to foot. Her reasons for adopting so extraordinary a costume must be left to conjecture. It is only certain that it must have been carefully studied, and that the pictorial effect must have been appalling.

The women, whose firmness had hitherto borne the trial, began now to give way; spasmodic sobs bursting from them which they could not check. "*Ne criez vous,*" she said, "*j'ai promis pour vous.*" Struggling

bravely, they crossed their breasts again and again, she crossing them in turn, and bidding them pray for her. Then she knelt on the cushion. Barbara Mowbray bound her eyes with her handkerchief. "Adieu," she said, smiling for the last time, and waving her hand to them; "*adieu, au revoir.*" They stepped back from off the scaffold, and left her alone. On her knees she repeated the psalm, "*In te, Domine, confido,*" "In thee, O Lord, have I put my trust." Her shoulders being exposed, two scars became visible, one on either side, and the ears being now a little behind her, Kent pointed to them with his white wand, and looked inquiringly at his companion. Shrewsbury whispered that they were the remains of two abscesses from which she had suffered while living with him at Sheffield.

When the psalm was finished she felt for the block, and, laying down her head, muttered: "*In manus, Domine, tuas, commendo animam meam.*" The hard wood seemed to hurt her, for she placed her hands under her neck. The executioners gently removed them, lest they should deaden the blow, and then one of them holding her slightly, the other raised the axe and struck. The scene had been too trying even for the practised headsman of the Tower. The blow fell on the knot of the handkerchief, and scarcely broke the skin. She neither spoke nor moved. He struck again, this time effectively. The head hung by a shred of skin, which he divided without withdrawing the axe; and at once a metamorphosis was witnessed, strange as was ever wrought by wand of fabled enchanter. The coif fell off and the false plaits. The labored illusion vanished. The lady who had knelt before the block was in the maturity of grace and loveliness. The executioner, when he raised the head, as usual, to show to the crowd, exposed the withered features of a grizzled, wrinkled old woman.

"So perish all enemies of the Queen," said the Dean of Peterborough. A loud amen rose over the hall.

"Such end," said the Earl of Kent, rising and standing over the body, "to the Queen's and the Gospel's enemies."—*History of England.*

THE WHITE TERRACE, LAKE TARAWARA, NEW ZEALAND.

In the morning we had to start early, for we had a long day's work cut out for us. We were on foot at seven. The weather was fine, with a faint, cool breeze, a few clouds, but no sign of rain. Five Maori boatmen were in attendance to carry coats and luncheon-basket. Kate* presented herself with a subdued demeanor, as agreeable as it was unexpected. She looked picturesque, with a gray, tight-fitting woollen bodice, a scarlet skirt, a light scarf about her neck, and a gray billicock hat with a pink ribbon. She had a headache, she said, but was mild and gentle. I disbelieved entirely in the story of the eight husbands.

We descended to the lake head. The boat was a long, light gig, unfit for storms, but Lake Tarawara lay unruffled in the sunshine, tree and mountain peacefully mirrored on the surface. The color was again green, as of a shallow sea. Heavy bushes fringed the shore; high, wooded mountains rose on all sides of us, as we left the creek and came out upon the open water. The men rowed well, laughing and talking among themselves, and carried us in a little more than an hour to a point eight miles distant. We were now in an arm of the lake which reached three miles further. At the head of this we landed by the mouth of a small, rapid river, and looked about us. It was a pretty spot, overhung by precipitous cliffs, with ivy fern climbing over them. A hot-spring was bubbling violently through a hole in the

* Kate had already been described, "a big, half-caste, bony woman of forty, stone-deaf, with a form like an Amazon's, features like a prize-fighter's, and an arm that would fell an ox. She had a blue petticoat on, a brown jacket, and a red handkerchief about her hair. I inquired if this virago (for such she appeared) had a husband. I was told that she had had eight husbands, and on my asking what had become of them, I got for answer that they had died away somehow. Poor Kate! I don't know that she had ever had so much as one. There were lying tongues at Wairoa as well as in other places. She was a little elated, I believe, when we first saw her; but was quiet and womanly enough next day. Her strength she had done good service with, and she herself was probably better, and not worse, than many of her neighbors."

rock. The ground was littered with the shells of unnumbered crayfish which had been boiled in this caldron of Nature's providing.

Here we were joined by a native girl, Marileha by name, a bright-looking lass of eighteen, with merry eyes, and a thick, well-combed mass of raven hair (shot with orange in the sunlight) which she tossed about over her shoulders. On her back, thrown jauntily on, she had a shawl of feathers, which Elphinstone wanted to buy, but found the young lady coy. She was a friend of Kate's, it appeared, was qualifying for a guide, and was to be our companion, we were told, through the day. I heard the news with some anxiety, for there was said to be a delicious basin of lukewarm water on one of the terraces, in which custom required us to bathe. Our two lady-guides would provide towels, and officiate, in fact, as bathing-women. The fair Polycasta had bathed Telemachus, and the queenly Helen with her own royal hands had bathed Ulysses when he came disguised to Troy. So Kate was to bathe us, and Miss Marileha was to assist in the process.

We took off our boots and stockings, and put on canvas shoes which a wetting would not spoil, and followed our two guides through the bush, waiting for what fate had in store for us, Miss Mari laughing, shouting, and singing, to amuse Kate, whose head still ached. After a winding walk of half a mile, we came again on the river, which was rushing deep and swift through reeds and ti-trees. A rickety canoe was waiting there, in which we crossed, climbed up a bank, and stretched before us we saw the White Terrace in all its strangeness; a crystal staircase, glittering and stainless as if it were ice, spreading out like an open fan from a point above us on the hillside, and projecting at the bottom into a lake, where it was perhaps two hundred yards wide. The summit was concealed behind the volumes of steam rising out of the boiling fountain, from which the silicious stream proceeded. The stairs were twenty in number, the height of each being six or seven feet. The floors dividing them were horizontal, as if laid out with a spirit-level. They were of uneven breadth; twenty, thirty, fifty feet, or even more; each step down being

always perpendicular, and all forming arcs of a circle of which the crater was the centre. On reaching the lake the silica flowed away into the water, where it lay in a sheet half-submerged, like ice at the beginning of a thaw. There is nothing in the fall of the ground to account for the regularity of shape.

A crater has been opened through the rock one hundred and twenty feet above the lake. The water, which comes up boiling from below, is charged as heavily as it will bear with silicic acid. The silica crystallizes as it is exposed to the air. The water continues to flow over the hardened surface, continually adding a fresh coating to the deposits already laid down; and, for reasons which men of science can no doubt supply, the crystals take the form which I have described. The process is a rapid one. A piece of newspaper left behind by a recent visitor was already stiff as the starched collar of a shirt. Tourists ambitious of immortality have pencilled their names and the date of their visit on the white surface over which the stream was running. Some of the inscriptions were six and seven years old, yet the strokes were as fresh as on the day they were made, being protected by the film of glass which was instantly drawn over them.

The thickness of the crust is, I believe, unascertained, the Maoris objecting to scientific examination of their treasure. It struck me, however, that this singular cascade must have been of recent—indeed measurably recent—origin. In the middle of the terrace were the remains of a ti-tree bush, which was standing where a small patch of soil was still uncovered. Part of this, where the silica had not reached the roots, was in leaf and alive. The rest had been similarly alive within a year or two, for it had not yet rotted, but had died as the crust rose round it. It appeared to me that this particular staircase was not perhaps a hundred years old, but that terraces like it had successively been formed all along the hillside, as the crater opened now at one spot, and now at another. Wherever the rock showed elsewhere through the soil, it was of the same material as that which I saw growing. If the supply of silicic acid were stopped, the surface would dry and

crack. Ti-trees would then spring up over it. The crystal steps would crumble into less regular outlines, and in a century or two the fairy-like wonder which we were gazing at would be indistinguishable from the adjoining slopes. We walked, or rather waded, upward to the boiling pool. It was not in this that we were to be bathed. It was about sixty feet across, and was of unknown depth. The heat was too intense to allow us to approach the edge, and we could see little from the dense clouds of steam which lay upon it. We were more fortunate afterward at the crater of the second terrace. The crystallization is ice-like, and the phenomena, except for the alternate horizontal and vertical arrangement of the deposited silica, are like what would be seen in any Northern region when a severe frost suddenly seizes hold of a waterfall before snow has fallen and buried it.—*Oceana, Chap. XVI.*

THE DEVIL'S HOLE.

A fixed number of minutes is allotted for each of the "sights." Kate was peremptory with Elphinstone and myself. Miss Marileha had charge of my son. "Come along, boy!" I heard her say to him. We were dragged off the White Terrace in spite of ourselves, but soon forgot it in the many and various wonders which were waiting for us. Columns of steam were rising all round us. We had already heard, near at hand, a noise like the blast-pipe of some enormous steam-engine. Climbing up a rocky path through the bush, we came on a black, gaping chasm, the craggy sides of which we could just distinguish through the vapor. Water was boiling furiously at the bottom, and it was as if a legion of imprisoned devils were warring to be let out. "Devil's Hole" they called the place, and the name suited well with it. Behind a rock a few yards distant we found a large, open pool, boiling also so violently that great columns of water heaved and rolled and spouted as if in a gigantic saucepan standing over a furnace. It was full of sulphur. Heat, noise, and smoke were alike intolerable. To look at the thing and then escape from it, was all that we could do; and we were glad to be led away out of sight and hearing.

Again a climb, and we were on an open, level plateau, two acres or so in extent, smoking rocks all round it, and scattered over its surface a number of pale brown mud-hills, exactly like African ant-hills. Each of these was the cone of some sulphurous Geyser. Some were quiet, some were active. Suspicious bubbles of steam spurted out under our feet as we trod, and we were warned to be careful where we went. Here we found a photographer, who had bought permission from the Maoris, at work with his instruments, and Marileha was made to stand for her likeness on the top of one of the mud-piles. We did not envy him his occupation, for the whole place smelt of brimstone and of the near neighborhood of the Nether Pit. Our own attention was directed especially to a hole filled with mud of a peculiar kind, much relished by the natives, and eaten by them as porridge. To us, who had been curious about their food, this dirty mess was interesting. It did not, however, solve the problem. Mud could hardly be as nutritious as they professed to find it, though it may have had medicinal virtues to assist the digestion of the crawfish.—*Oceana, Chap. XVI.*

LUNCH-TIME.

The lake into which the Terrace descended lay close below us. It was green and hot (the temperature near 100°), patched over with beds of rank reed and rush, which were forced into unnatural luxuriance. After leaving the mud-heaps we went down to the water-side, where we found our luncheon laid out in an open-air saloon, with a smooth floor of silica. Steam-fountains were playing in half-a-dozen places. The floor was hot—a mere skin between us and Cocytus. The slabs were hot just to the point of being agreeable to sit upon. This spot was a favorite winter resort of the Maoris—their palavering hall, where they had their Constitutional Debates, their store-room, their kitchen, and their dining-room. Here they had their innocent meals on dried fish and fruit; here also their less innocent, on dried slices of their enemies. At present it seemed to be made over to visitors.—*Oceana, Chap. XVI.*

THE PINK TERRACE, LAKE TARAWARA.

We were now to be ferried across the lake. The canoe had been brought up—a scooped-out tree-trunk as long as a racing eight-oar, and about as narrow. It was leaky, and so low in the water that the lightest ripple washed over the gunwale. The bottom, however, was littered with fresh-gathered fern, which for the present was dry, and we were directed to lie down upon it. Marileha stood in the bow, wielding her paddle, with her elf-locks rolling wildly down her back. The hot waves lapped in, and splashed us. The lake was weird and evil looking. Here Kate had earned her medal from the Humane Society. Some gentleman, unused to boats, had lost his balance, or his courage, and had fallen overboard. Kate had dived after him as he sank, and fished him up again.

The Pink Terrace, the object of our voyage, opened out before us on the opposite shore. It was formed on the same lines as the other, save that it was narrower, and was flushed with a pale rose-color. Oxide of iron is said to be the cause, but there is probably something besides. The water has not, I believe, been completely analyzed. Miss Mari used her paddle like a mistress. She carried us over with no worse misfortune than a slight splashing, and landed us at the Terrace-foot. It was here, if anywhere, that ablutions were to take place. To my great relief I found that a native youth was waiting with the towels, and that we were to be spared the ladies' assistance. They—Kate and Mari—withdrew to wallow, rhinoceros-like, in a mud-pool of their own.

The youth took charge of us, and led us up the shining stairs. The crystals were even more beautiful than those which we had seen, falling like clusters of rosy icicles, or hanging in festoons like creepers trailing from a rail. At the foot of each cascade the water lay in pools of ultramarine, their exquisite color being due in part, I suppose, to the light of the sky, refracted upward from the bottom. In the deepest of these we were to bathe. The temperature was 94° or 95°. The

water lay inviting in its crystal basin. The water was deep enough to swim in comfortably, though not over our heads. We lay on our backs and floated for ten minutes in exquisite enjoyment, and the alkali or the flint, or the perfect purity of the element, seemed to saturate our systems. I, for one, when I was dressed again, could have fancied myself back in the old days when I did not know that I had a body, and could run up hill as lightly as down.

The bath over, we pursued our way. The marvel of the Terrace was still before us, reserved to the last, like the finish in a pheasant battue. The crater at the White Terrace had been boiling; the steam rushing out of it had filled the air with a cloud; and the scorching heat had kept us at a distance. Here the temperature was twenty degrees lower; there was still vapor hovering over the surface, but it was lighter and more transparent, and a soft breeze now and then blew it completely aside. We could stand on the brim and gaze, as through an opening in the earth, into an azure infinity beyond.

Down and down, and fainter and softer as they receded, the bright white crystals projected from the rocky walls over the abyss, till they seemed to dissolve, not into darkness but into light. The hue of the water was something which I had never seen, and shall never again see on this side of eternity. Not the violet, not the harebell, nearest in its tint to heaven of all nature's flowers; not turquoise, not sapphire, not the unfathomable æther itself, could convey to one who had not looked on it, a sense of that supernatural loveliness. The only color I ever saw in sky or on earth in the least resembling the aspect of this extraordinary pool was the flame of burning sulphur. Here was a bath, if mortal flesh could have borne to dive into it! Had it been in Norway, we should have seen far down the floating Lorelei inviting us to plunge, and leave life and all belonging to it for such a home and such companionship. It was a bath for the gods and not for men. Artemis and her nymphs should have been swimming there, and we Actæons daring our fate to gaze on them.
—*Occana, Chap. XVI.*

The visit to the Pink and White Terraces of Lake Tarawara took place in March, 1885—that is, in early Autumn in the Southern Hemisphere. A year or so afterward these wonderful Terraces were wellnigh destroyed by the great cataclysm of 1887.

ENGLAND AND HER COLONIES.

The Colonists *are* a part of us. They have as little thought of leaving us as an affectionate wife thinks of leaving her husband. The married pair may have their little disagreements, but their partnership is for “as long as they both shall live.” Our differences with the Colonists have been aggravated by the class of persons with whom they have been brought officially into contact. The administration of the Colonial Office has been generally in the hands of men of rank, or of men who aspire to rank; and although these high persons are fair representatives of the interests which they have been educated to understand, they are not the fittest to conduct our relations with communities of Englishmen with whom they have imperfect sympathy, in the absence of a well-informed public opinion to guide them. The Colonists are socially their inferiors, out of their sphere, and without personal point of contact. Secretaries of State lie yet under the shadow of the old impression that Colonies exist only for the benefit of the Mother Country. When they found that they could no longer tax the Colonies, or lay their trade under restraint, for England’s supposed advantage, they utilized them as penal stations. They distributed the Colonial patronage, the lucrative places of public employment, to provide for friends or for political supporters. When this, too, ceased to be possible, they acquiesced easily in the theory that the Colonies were no longer of any use to us at all. The alteration of the suffrage may make a difference in the *personnel* of our Departments, but it will not probably do so to any great extent. A seat in the House of Commons is an expensive privilege, and the choice is practically limited. Not every one, however

public-spirited he may be, can afford a large sum for the mere honor of serving his country ; and those whose fortune and station in society are already secured, and who have no private interests to serve, are, on the whole, the most to be depended upon. But the People are now sovereign, and officials of all ranks will obey their masters. It is with the People that the Colonists feel a real relationship. Let the People give the officials to understand that the bond which holds the Empire together is not to be weakened any more, but is to be maintained and strengthened, and they will work as readily for purposes of union as they worked in the other direction, when "the other direction" was the prevailing one.

After all is said, it is on ourselves that the future depends. We are passing through a crisis in our national existence, and the wisest cannot say what lies before us. If the English character comes out of the trial true to its old traditions—bold in heart and clear in eye, seeking nothing which is not its own, but resolved to maintain its own with its hand upon its sword—the far-off English dependencies will cling to their old home, and will look up to her and be still proud to belong to her, and will seek their own greatness in promoting hers. If, on the contrary (for among the possibilities there is a contrary), the erratic policy is to be continued which for the last few years has been the world's wonder ; if we show that we have no longer any settled principles of action, that we let ourselves drift into idle wars and unprovoked bloodshed ; if we are incapable of keeping order even in our own Ireland, and let it fall away from us or sink into anarchy ; if, in short, we let it be seen that we have changed our nature, and are not the same men with those who once made our name feared and honored, then, in ceasing to deserve respect, we shall cease to be respected. The Colonies will not purposely desert us, but they will look each to itself, knowing that from us, and from their connection with us, there is nothing more to be hoped for. The cord will wear into a thread, and one accident will break it.—*Oceana, Chap. XXI.*

ERASMUS IN ENGLAND.

Erasmus was a restless creature, and did not like to be caged or tethered. He declined the offer of a large pension which King Henry made him if he would remain in England, and Mountjoy settled a pension on him instead. He had now a handsome income, and he understood the art of enjoying it. He moved about as he pleased—now to Cambridge, now to Oxford, and, as the humor took him, back again to Paris; now staying with Sir Thomas More at Chelsea, now going a pilgrimage with Dean Colet to Becket's tomb at Canterbury—but always studying, always gathering knowledge, and throwing it out again, steeped in his own mother-wit, in shining Essays or Dialogues which were the delight and the despair of his contemporaries. Everywhere, in his love of pleasure, in his habits of thought, in his sarcastic scepticism, you see the healthy, clever, well-disposed, tolerant, epicurean, intellectual man of the world.—*Historical Essays.*





FULLER, ANDREW, a noted Baptist minister and theologian, born at Wicken, Cambridgeshire, England, February 6, 1754; died at Kettering, May 7, 1815. In 1775 he was called to a church at Soham, and in 1782 to one at Kettering, in Northamptonshire, the place of his residence during the remainder of his life. His first published work was a treatise entitled *The Gospel Worthy of All Acceptation* (1784). In 1799-1806 he put forth a series of *Dialogues and Letters*. In 1794 he published *The Calvinistic and Socinian System Compared*. To this Dr. Toulmin replied in a work defending the Unitarian doctrine, and Mr. Fuller rejoined in a treatise entitled *Socinianism Indefensible on the Ground of Its Moral Tendency*. He published many sermons and other theological treatises, and took an active part in the establishment and management of the Baptist Missionary Society, of which he was the first secretary. His *Complete Works* were published in eight octavo volumes in 1824; and in 1852 in one large volume, with a memoir by his son. This memoir embodies much autobiography, some of the salient points of which are here presented :

MR. FULLER AND MR. DIVER.

The summer of 1769 was a time of great religious pleasure. I loved my pastor, and all my brethren in the church ; and they expressed great affection toward

me in return. I esteemed the righteous as the most excellent of the earth, in whom was all my delight. Those who knew not Christ seemed to me almost another species, toward whom I was incapable of attachment. About this time I formed an intimacy with a Mr. Joseph Diver, a wise and good man, who had been baptized with me. He was about forty years of age, and had lived many years in a very recluse way, giving himself much to reading and reflection. He had a great delight in searching after truth, which rendered his conversation peculiarly interesting to me; nor was he less devoted to universal practical godliness. I count this connection one of the greatest blessings of my life. Notwithstanding the disparity as to years, we loved each other like David and Jonathan.

CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

In November, 1771, as I was riding out on business, on a Saturday morning, to a neighboring village, my mind fell into a train of interesting and affecting thoughts, from that passage of Scripture, "Weeping may endure for a night; but joy cometh in the morning." I never had felt such freedom of mind in thinking upon a divine subject before; nor do I recollect ever having had a thought of the ministry; but I then felt as if I could preach from it, and indeed I did preach, in a manner, as I rode along. I thought no more of it, however, but returned home, when I had done my business. In the afternoon I went to see my mother. As we rode a few miles together, she told me she had been thinking much about me, while in town, and added, "My dear, you have often expressed your wish for a trade. I have talked with your uncle at Kensington, and he has procured a good place for you, where, instead of paying a premium, you may, if you give satisfaction, in a little time receive wages and learn the business." . . . That which my mother suggested was very true. I had always been inclined to trade; but, how it was I cannot tell, my heart revolted at the proposal at this time. It was not from any desire or thought of the ministry, nor anything else

in particular, unless it were a feeling toward the little scattered Society of which I was a member. I said but little to my mother, but seemed to wish for time to consider it. This was on Saturday evening.

The next morning, as I was walking by myself to meeting, expecting to hear the brethren pray, and my friend Joseph Diver expound the Scriptures, I was met by one of the members whom he had requested me to see, who said, "Brother Diver has by accident sprained his ankle, and cannot be at meeting to-day, and he wishes me to say to you that he hopes the Lord will be with *you*." "The Lord be with *me*!" thought I. "What does Brother Diver mean? He cannot suppose that I can take his place, seeing that I have never attempted anything of the kind, nor been asked to do so." It then occurred, however, that I had had an interesting train of thought the day before, and had imagined at the time I could speak it, if I were called to do it. But though I had repeatedly engaged in prayer publicly, yet I had never been requested to attempt anything further, and therefore I thought no more of it. . . .

Early in 1773, Brother Diver was absent again through an affliction, and I was invited once more to take his place. Being induced to renew the attempt, I spoke from those words of Our Lord, "The Son of Man came to seek and save that which is lost." On this occasion I not only felt greater freedom than I had ever found before, but the attention of the people was fixed, and several young persons in the congregation were impressed with the subject, and afterward joined the church. From this time the brethren seemed to entertain the idea of my engaging in the ministry, nor was I without serious thoughts of it myself. Sometimes I felt a desire after it; at other times I was much discouraged, especially through a consciousness of my want of spirituality of mind, which I considered as a qualification of the first importance. . . .

DOCTRINAL VIEWS.

Being now devoted to the ministry, I took a review of the doctrine I should preach, and spent pretty much

of my time in reading, and in making up my mind as to various things relative to the Gospel. . . . With respect to the system of doctrine which I had been accustomed to hear from my youth, it was in the high Calvinistic—or rather hyper-Calvinistic strain—admitting nothing spiritually good to be the duty of the unregenerated, and nothing to be addressed to them in a way of exhortation, excepting what related to external obedience. Outward services might be required; such as attendance on the means of grace; and abstinence from gross evils might be enforced; but nothing was said to them from the pulpit, in the way of warning them to flee from the wrath to come, or inviting them to apply to Christ for salvation.

Though our late disputes had furnished me with some few principles inconsistent with these notions, yet I did not perceive their bearings at first; and durst not for some years address an invitation to the unconverted to come to Jesus. I began, however, to doubt whether I had got the truth respecting this subject. This view of things did not seem to comport with the idea which I had imbibed, concerning the power of man to do the will of God. I perceived that the will of God was not confined to mere outward actions; but extended to the inmost thoughts and intents of the heart. The distinction of duties, therefore, into internal and external, and making the latter only concern the unregenerate, wore a suspicious appearance. But as I perceived that this reasoning would affect the whole tenor of my preaching, I moved on with slow and trembling steps; and, having to feel my way out of a labyrinth, it was a long time ere I felt satisfied.

Here must be briefly noted, as told by his son, some incidents relating to the early years of the ministry of Andrew Fuller. “His whole yearly income from the people never exceeded £13, and his attempts to derive support, first from a small shop and then from a school, both proved unsuccessful; so that, notwithstanding all his ex-

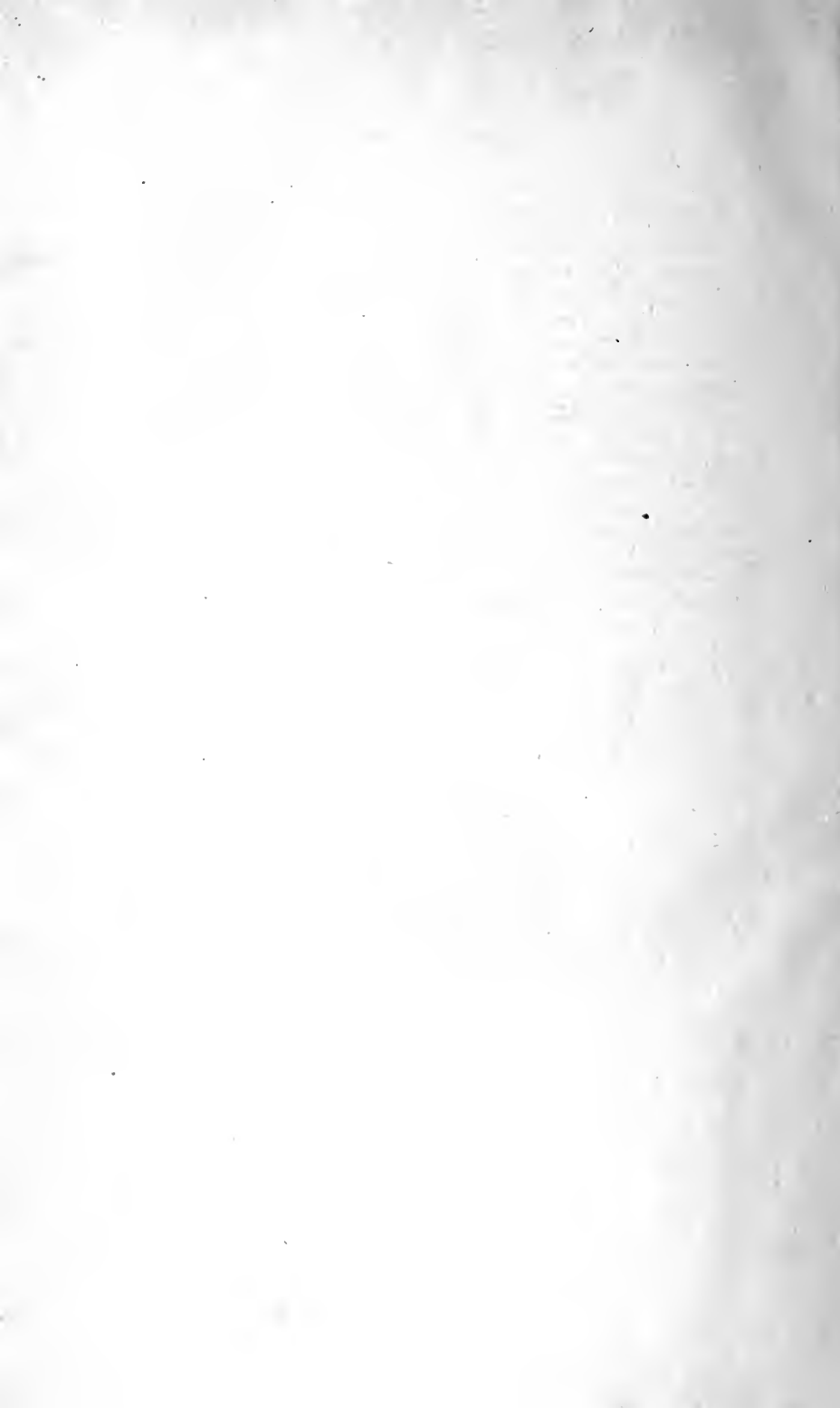
ertions, he could not prevent an annual inroad upon his little property, most distressing to himself, and ruinous to the prospects of a rising family. Under such complicated trials his health suffered a shock from which he with difficulty recovered." Indeed, there seems to have been a mighty amount of praying and psalm-singing, and all that; but somehow the brethren at Soham, where Andrew Fuller began his ministry, kept a close grip upon their pocket-books; as witness the following memorandum made by a good Deacon Wallis, who was empowered to lay certain questions in controversy before a Mr. Robinson, of Cambridge, who should pronounce judgment as to what should be done. Mr. Robinson's decision was, "That Mr. Fuller ought to continue pastor of the said church for one whole year, from this day, and after that time if it should appear that he can live on his income; and that the people ought to abide by their proposal to raise Mr. Fuller's income to £25 a year, as they had proposed, clear of all deductions."

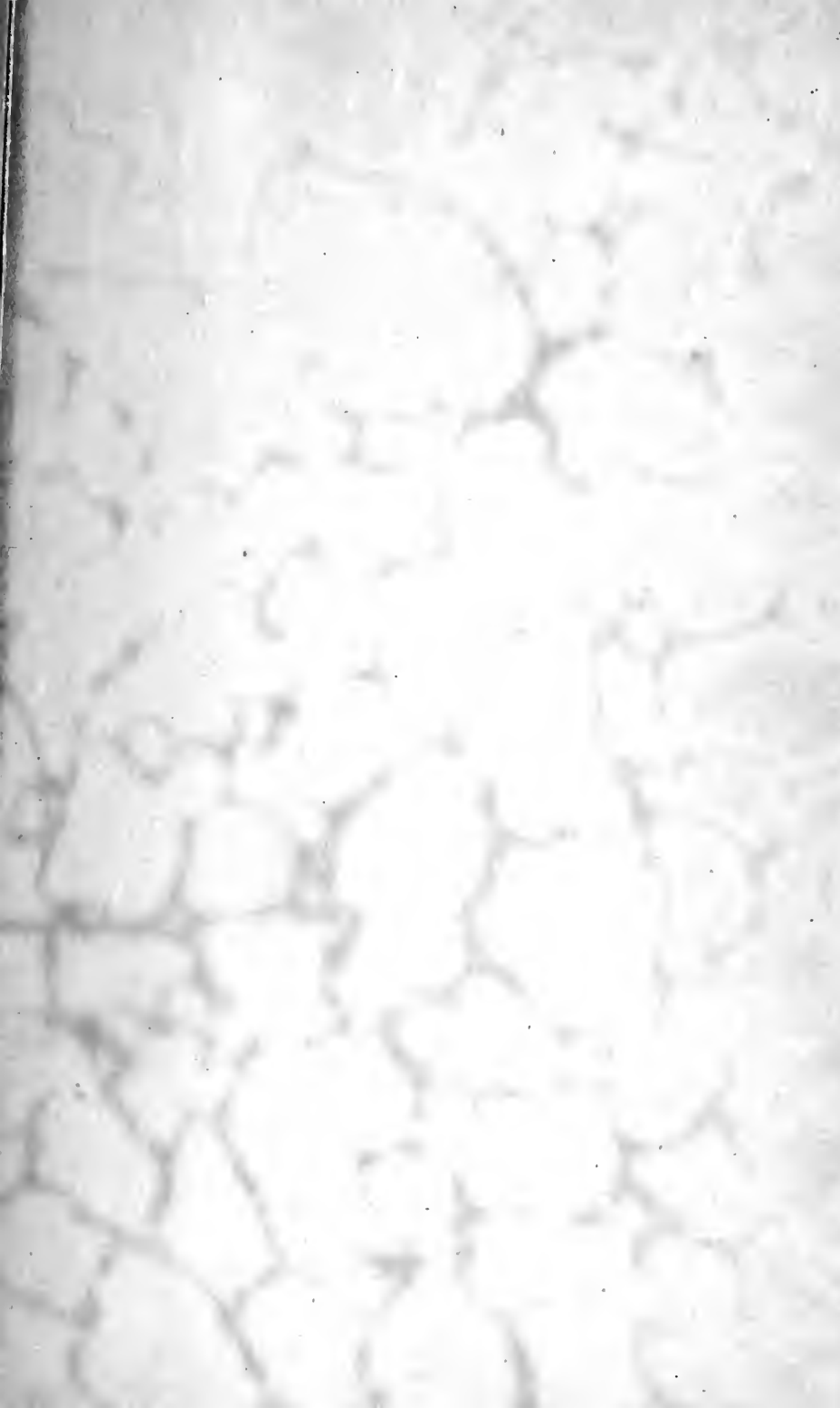
As a preacher Andrew Fuller never ministered except to a small congregation belonging to a small and, in his day and country, a thoroughly despised sect. In fact, a century ago, it would have been thought less contemptuous to call a man an "Infidel" than to call him a "Baptist." His written works are his best monument. The tablet placed near by the pulpit at Kettering bears an inscription which may take the place of any extended biography:

INSCRIPTION UPON ANDREW FULLER'S MONUMENT.

In memory of their revered Pastor, the Reverend Andrew Fuller, the Church and Congregation have erected this Tablet.—His ardent Piety, the strength and soundness of his Judgment, his intimate knowledge of the Human Heart, and his profound acquaintance with the Scriptures, eminently qualified him for the Ministerial Office, which he sustained amongst them thirty-two years. The force and originality of his Genius, aided by undaunted Firmness, raised him from obscurity to high distinction in the Religious World. By the wisdom of his plans, and by his unwearied diligence in executing them, he rendered the most important services to the Baptist Missionary Society, of which he was the Secretary from its commencement, and to the prosperity of which he devoted his life. In addition to his other labors, his writings are numerous and celebrated.









PN Ridpath, John Clark (ed.)
6013 The Ridpath library of
R5 universal literature. [Classic
1899 édition de luxe]
v.10

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

