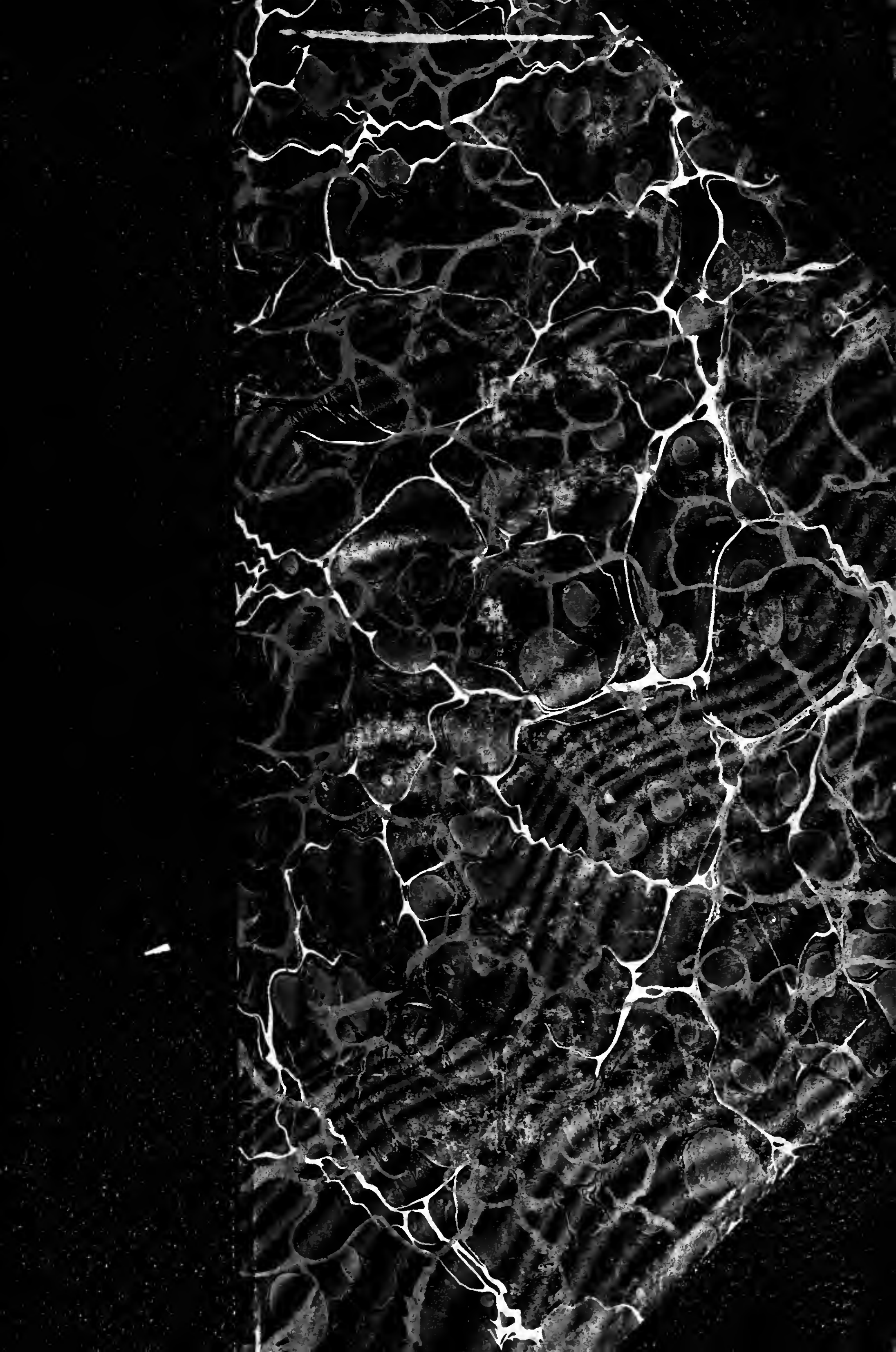

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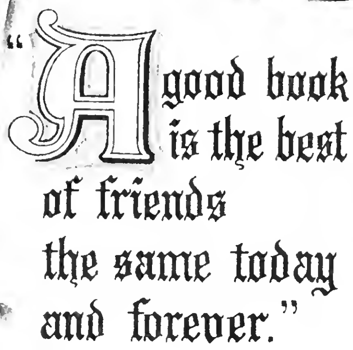
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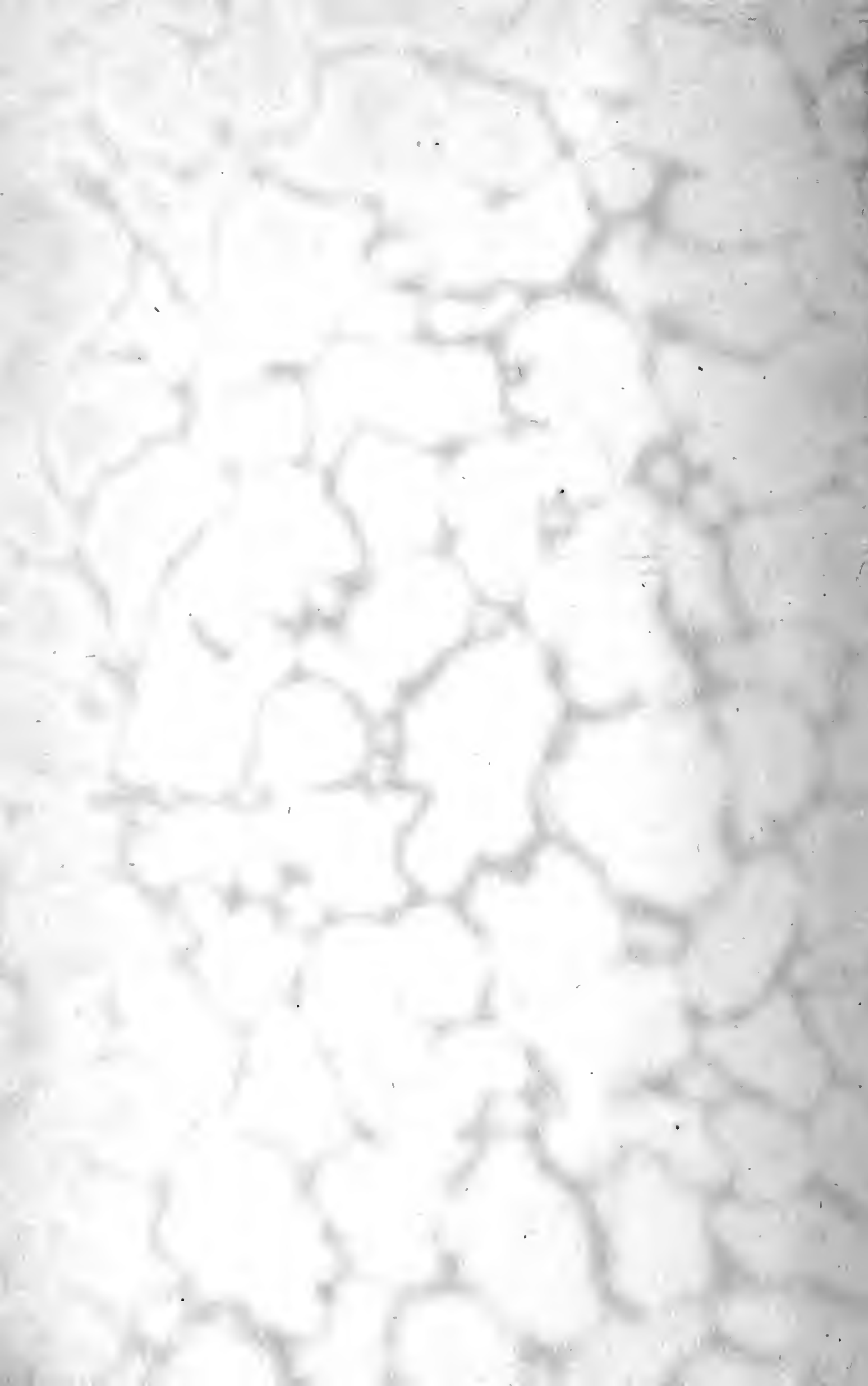

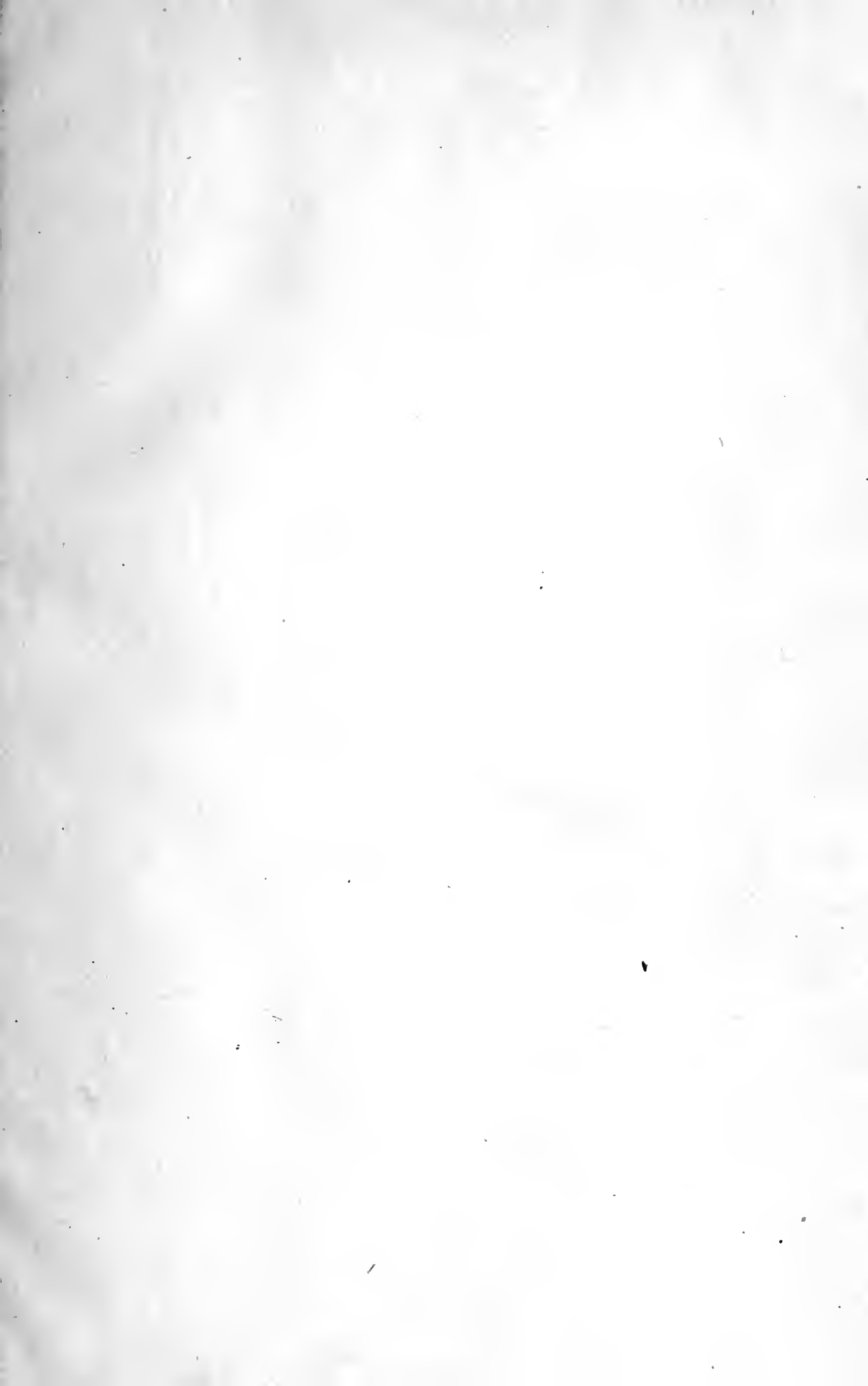

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John Clark Ridpath, A.M., LL.D.

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

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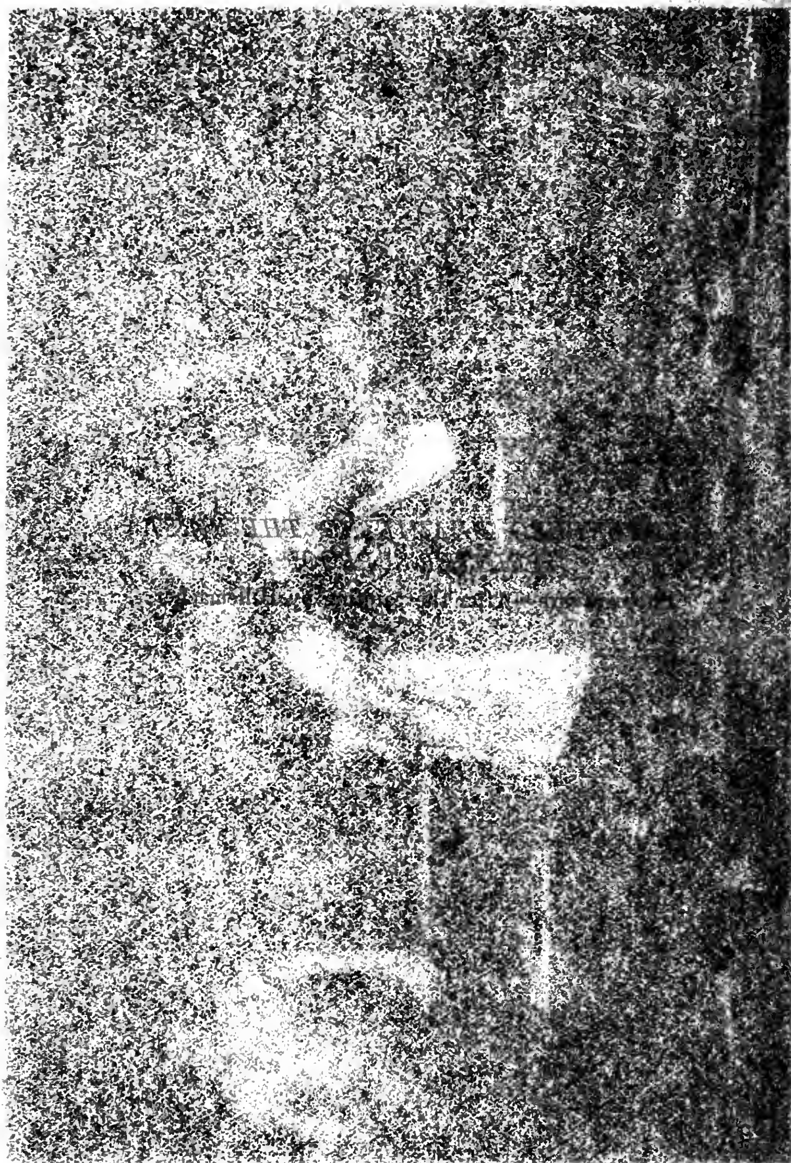

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KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.

a as in fat, man, pang.
ā as in fate, mane, dale.
ä as in far, father, guard.
â as in fall, talk.
ȧ as in ask, fast, ant.
ã as in fare.
e as in met, pen, bless.
ē as in mete, meet.
ė as in her, fern.
i as in pin, it.
ī as in pine, fight, file.
o as in not, on, frog.
ō as in note, poke, floor.
ö as in move, spoon.
ô as in nor, song, off.
u as in tub.
ū as in mute, acute.
u̇ 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:

ạ as in prelate, courage.
ẹ as in ablegate, episcopal.
ọ as in abrogate, eulogy, democrat.
ụ as in singular, education.

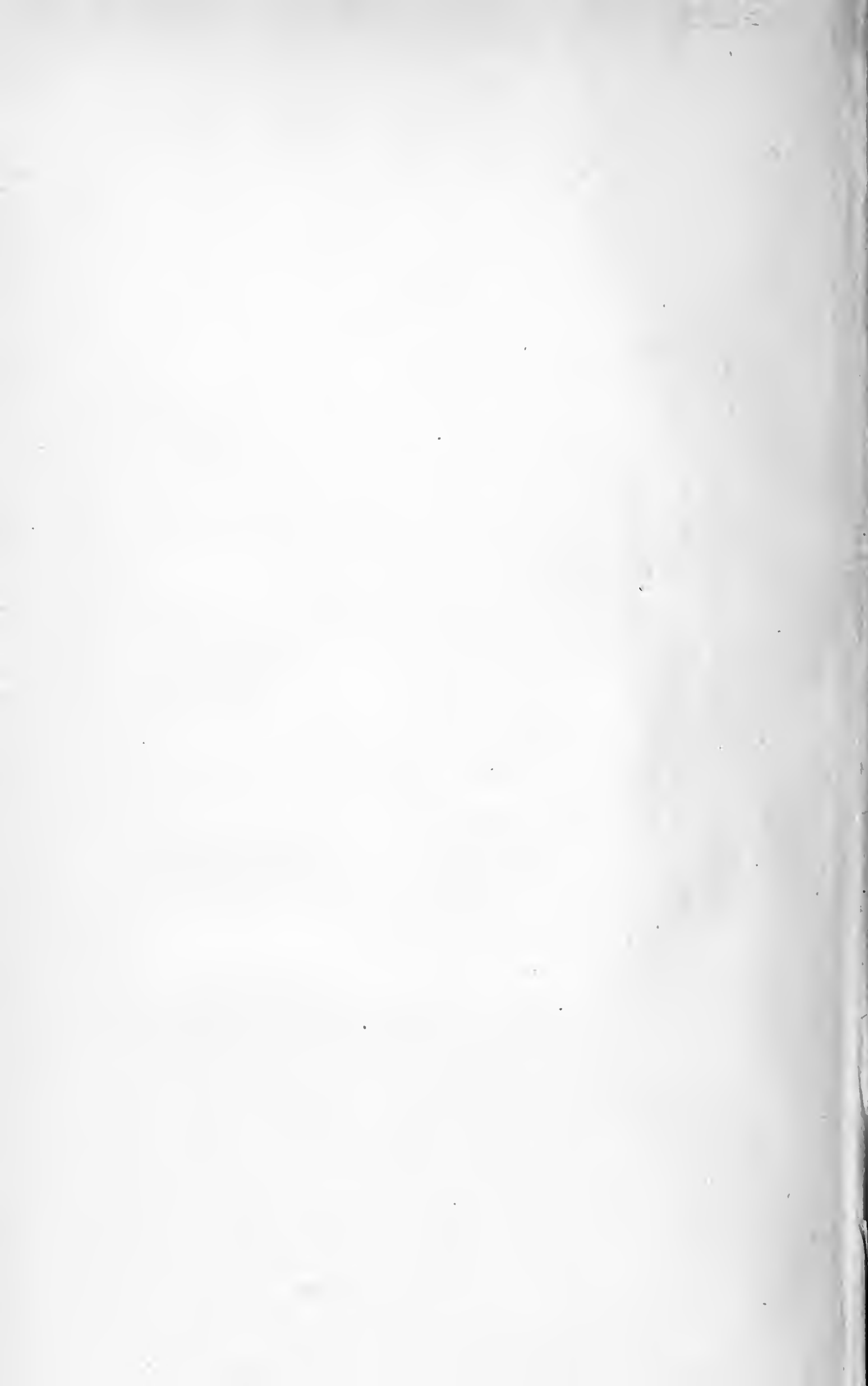
A double dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates that, even in the mouths of the best speakers, its sound is variable to, and in ordinary utterance actually becomes, the short *u*-sound (of but, pun, etc.). Thus:

a̤ as in errant, republican.
e̤ as in prudent, difference.
i̤ as in charity, density.
o̤ as in valor, actor, idiot.
ä̤ as in Persia, peninsula.
ē̤ as in *the* book.
ṳ̄ 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:

t̮ as in nature, adventure.
d̮ as in arduous, education.
s̮ as in pressure.
z̮ as in seizure.
y as in yet.
B Spanish b (medial).
ċh 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).
ṅ French nasalizing n, as in ton, en.
s final s in Portuguese (soft).
th as in thin.
TH as in then.
D = TH.

′ 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.)



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Hawkins (hâ'kinz), Anthony Hope.
Hawks (hâks), Francis Lister.
Hawthorne (hâ'thôrn), Julian.

GREEN, JOHN RICHARD, an English historian, born at Oxford, December 12 (?), 1837; died at Mentone, France, March 9, 1883. His delicate constitution prevented him from pursuing the usual educational course, and he studied mainly under private tutors until the age of eighteen, when he obtained a scholarship at Jesus College, Oxford. He did not compete for University honors, but devoted himself chiefly to historical study. While an undergraduate, he contributed to the *Oxford Chronicle* a series of papers upon "Oxford in the Eighteenth Century," which attracted the special notice of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, then Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford. Mr. Green took Holy Orders in 1860, and through the influence of Stanley was appointed curate of St. Barnabas's, a populous but poor parish in London. In 1862 he was presented to the vicarage of Stepney, a position which he held until 1869, when he resigned on account of feeble health, and was appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury Librarian at Lambeth, where he had ample opportunity for prosecuting historical labors. His first work was a *Short History of the English People* (1875), which was expanded into the *History of the English People* (1878–80.) This work, completed before the author had passed his forty-second year, is in many respects the best

complete history which has been produced of England, from the earliest times to the battle of Waterloo. He then began the composition of historical works involving more minute details. These are *The Making of England*, being the history of the period of the Saxon Heptarchy (1882), and *The Conquest of England* by the Normans (1884), the last pages of which were written while he was in daily expectation of death, which occurred before the work was published.

In 1877 Mr. Green married the daughter of Archdeacon Stopford, in conjunction with whom he wrote a *Short Geography of the British Isles*, and who has prepared a touching *Memorial* of her husband. Besides the important historical works already enumerated, Mr. Green put forth *Readings from English History* (1876); *Stray Studies from England and Italy* (1876), and edited a series of *History and Literature Primers*, written by several eminent English scholars.

THE ENGLISH FATHERLAND.

For the fatherland of the English race we must look far away from England itself. In the fifth century after the birth of Christ the one country which we know to have borne the name of *Angeln*, or "England," lay within the district which is now called Sleswick, a district in the heart of the peninsula that parts the Baltic from the Northern seas. Its pleasant pastures, its black-timbered homesteads, its prim little townships looking down on inlets of purple waters, were then but a wild waste of heather and sand, girt along the coast by a sunless woodland, broken here and there by meadows that crept down to the marshes and the sea. The dwellers in this district, however, seem to have been merely an outlying fragment of what was then

called the *Engle*, or " English " folk, the bulk of whom lay probably in what is now Lower Hanover and Oldenburg. On one side of them the Saxons of Westphalia held the land from the Weser to the Rhine ; on the other, the Eastphalian Saxons stretched away to the Elbe. North again of the fragment of the English folk in Sleswick lay another kindred tribe, the Jutes, whose name is still preserved in their district of Jutland. Engle, Saxon, and Jute all belonged to the same Low German branch of the Teutonic family ; and at the moment when history discovers them they were being drawn together by the ties of a common blood, common speech, common social and political institutions. There is little ground indeed for believing that the three tribes looked on themselves as one people, or that we can as yet apply to them, save by anticipation, the common name of "Englishmen." But each of them was destined to share in the conquest of the land in which we live ; and it is from the union of all of them when its conquest was complete that the English people has sprung.—*History of the English People*, § *10*.

THE ENGLISH EORL, CEORL, LÆT AND SLAVE.

Of the temper and life of the folk in this Older England we know little. But from the glimpses that we catch of it when conquest had brought them to the shores of Britain, the political and social organization must have been that of the German race to which they belonged. In their villages lay ready formed the political and social life which is round us in the England of to-day. A belt of forest or waste parted each from its fellow-villages, and within this boundary, or "mark" the *township*, as the village was then called, from the *tun*, or rough fence, that served as its simple fortification, formed a complete and independent body, though linked by ties which were strengthened every day to the townships about it and the tribe of which it formed a part. Its social centre was the homestead, where the Ætheling or *Eorl*, a descendant of the first English settlers in the waste, still handed down the blood and the traditions of his fathers. Around this homestead or

æthel, each in its little croft, stood the lowlier dwellings of *Freelings* or *Ceorls*, men sprung, it may be, from descendants of the earliest settlers who had in various ways forfeited their claim to a share in the original homestead, or more probably, from incomers into the village, who had since settled round it, and been admitted to a share in the land and freedom of the community.

The Eorl was distinguished from his fellow-villagers by his wealth and his noble blood; he was held by them in a hereditary reverence; and it was from him and his fellow-Æthelings that "host-leaders," whether of the village or the tribe, were chosen in times of war. But this claim to precedence rested simply on the free recognition of his fellow-villagers. Within the township every Freeman or Ceorl was equal. It was the Freeman who was the base of village society. He was the "free-necked man," whose long hair floated over a neck which had never bowed to a lord. He was the "weaponed man," who alone bore spear and sword, and who alone preserved that right of self-redress, or private war, which in such a state of society formed the main check upon lawless outrage.

Land, with the German race, seems at a very early time to have become everywhere the accompaniment of full freedom. The Freeman was strictly the free-holder, and the exercise of his full rights as a free member of the community to which he belonged became inseparable from the possession of his "holding" in it. But property had not as yet reached that stage of absolutely personal possession which the social philosophy of a later time falsely regarded as its earliest state. The wood-land and pasture-land of an English village were still undivided, and every free villager had the right of turning into it his cattle or swine. The meadow-land lay in like manner open and undivided from hay-harvest to spring. It was only when grass began to grow afresh that the common meadow was fenced off into grass-fields, one for each household in the village; and when the hay-harvest was over, fence and division were at an end again. The plough-land alone was permanently allotted in equal shares both of corn-land and fallow-

land to the families of the Freeman, though even the plough-land was subject to fresh division as the number of claimants grew greater or less.

It was this sharing the common land which marked off the *Ceorl* or free-man from the *Læt*, the tiller of land which another owned. As the Ceorl was the descendant of settlers who, whether from their earlier arrival or from kinship with the original settlers of the village, had been admitted to a share in its land and its corporate life, so the Læt was a descendant of later comers to whom such a share was denied, or in some cases, perhaps, of earlier dwellers from whom the land had been wrested by force of arms. In the modern sense of freedom the Læt was free enough. He had house and home of his own ; his life and limb were secure as the Ceorl's, save as against his lord. It is probable, from what we see in later laws, that as time went on he was recognized among the three tribes as a member of the nation, summoned to the folk-moot, allowed equal right at law, and called like the full free-man to the husting. But he was unfree as regards law and land. He had neither part nor lot in the common land of the village. The ground which he had tilled he held of some free-man of the tribe to whom he paid rent in labor or in kind ; and this man was his lord. Whatever rights the unfree villager might gain in the general social life of his fellow-villagers, he had no rights as against his lord. He could leave neither land nor lord at his will. He was bound to render due service to his lord in tillage or in fight. So long, however, as these services were done, the land was his own. His lord could not take it from him ; and he was bound to give him aid and protection in exchange for his services.

Far different from the position of the Læt was that of the Slave, though there is no ground for believing that the slave class was other than a small one. It was a class which sprang mainly from debt or crime. Famine drove men to "bend their heads in the evil days for meat ;" the debtor, unable to discharge his debt, flung on the ground his freeman's sword and spear, took up the laborer's mattock, and placed his head as a slave within a master's hands. The criminal whose kinfolk

would not make up his fine became a crime-serf of the plaintiff or the king. Sometimes a father pressed by need sold children or wife into bondage. In any case the slave became part of the live-stock of the master's estate, to be willed away at death with the horse or ox, whose pedigree was kept as carefully as his own. His children were bondsmen like himself; even a freeman's children by a slave mother inherited the mother's taint. "Mine is the calf that is born of my cow," ran an English proverb. Slave cabins clustered around the homestead of every rich landowner; ploughman, shepherd, goatherd, swineherd, oxherd, and cowherd, dairymaid, barnman, sower, hayward, and woodward, were often slaves. It was not indeed slavery such as we have known in modern times, for stripes and bonds were rare; if a slave was slain, it was by an angry blow, not by the lash. But his master could slay him if he would; it was but a chattel the less. The slave had no place in the justice-court, no kinsman to claim vengeance or guilt-fine for his wrong. If a stranger slew him his lord claimed the damages; if guilty of wrong-doing, "his skin paid for him" under his master's lash. If he fled he might be chased like a strayed beast, and when caught he might be flogged to death. If the wrong-doer were a woman-slave she might be burned.—*History of the English People*, §§ *11–15*.

THE ROMAN DEACON AND THE ENGLISH SLAVES.

The strife between the conquering tribes which at once followed on their conquest of Britain was to bring about changes even more momentous in the development of the English people. While Jute and Saxon and Engle were making themselves masters of central and Southern Britain, the English who had landed on its northernmost shores had been slowly winning for themselves the coast district between the Forth and Tyne which bore the name of Bernicia. Their progress seems to have been small till they were gathered into a kingdom in 547 by Ida the "Flame-bearer," who found a site for his king's town on the impregnable rock of Bamborough; nor was it until the reign of his fourth

son, Æthelric, that they gained full mastery over the Britons along their western border. But once masters of the Britains, the Bernician Englishmen turned to conquer their English neighbors to the south, the men of Deira, whose first king, Ælla, was now sinking to the grave.

The struggle filled the foreign markets with English slaves, and one of the most memorable stories in our history shows us a group of such captives as they stood in the market-place at Rome, it may be in the great Forum of Trajan, which still in its decay recalled the glories of the Imperial City. Their white bodies, their fair faces, their golden hair, was noted by a deacon who passed by. "From what country do these slaves come?" Gregory asked the trader who brought them. The slave-dealer answered, "they are English," or as the word ran in the Latin form it would bear at Rome, "They are *Angles*." The deacon's pity veiled itself in poetic humor. "Not Angles, but angels," he said; "with faces so angel-like! From what country come they?" "They come," said the merchant, "from Deira." "*De ira!*" was the untranslatable word-play of the vivacious Roman; "aye, plucked from God's ire and called to Christ's mercy! And what is the name of their king?" They told him "Ælla," and Gregory seized on the word as of good omen. "Alleluia shall be sung in Ælla's land," he said, and passed on, musing how the angel-faces should be brought to sing it.—*History of the English People*, § *40*.

THE KINGDOM OF NORTHUMBRIA BECOMES CHRISTIAN.

Kent had bound itself to Eadwine, King of Northumbria, by giving him its king's daughter as a wife—a step which probably marked political subordination; and with the Kentish queen had come Paulinus, one of Augustine's followers, whose tall, stooping form, slender aquiline nose, and black hair falling round a thin, worn face, were long remembered in the North. Moved by his queen's prayers, Eadwine promised to become Christian if he returned successful from Wessex; and the wise men of Northumbria gathered to deliberate on

the new faith to which he bowed. To finer minds the charm lay then as now in the light it threw on the darkness which encompassed men's lives—the darkness of the future as of the past. "So seems the life of man, O King," burst forth an aged Ealdorman, "as a sparrow's flight through the hall when a man is sitting at meat at wintertide, with the warm fire lighted on the hearth, but the chill rain-storm without. The sparrow flies in at one door, and tarries for a moment in the light and heat of the hearth-fire, and then flying forth from the other, vanishes into the wintry darkness whence it came. So tarries for a moment the life of man in our sight; but what is before it, what after it, we know not. If this new teaching tell us aught certainly of these let us follow it." Coarser argument told on the crowd: "None of your people, Eadwine, have worshipped the gods more busily than I," said Coifi, the priest; "yet there are many more favored and more fortunate. Were these gods good for anything they would help their worshippers." Then leaping on horseback, he hurled his spear into the sacred temple at Godmanham, and with the rest of the Witan embraced the religion of the king.—*History of the English People*, § *47*.

ÆLFRED THE GREAT.

Ælfred was the noblest as he was the most complete embodiment of all that is great, all that is lovable in the English temper. He combined, as no other man has ever combined, its practical energy, its patient and enduring force, its profound sense of duty, the reserve and self-control that steadies in it a wide outlook and a restless daring; its frank geniality, its sensitiveness to affection, its poetic tenderness, its deep and passionate religion. Religion indeed was the groundwork of Ælfred's character. His temper was instinct with piety. Everywhere throughout his writings that remain to us the name of God, the thought of God, stir him to outbursts of ecstatic adoration. But he was no mere saint. He felt none of that scorn of the world about him which drove the nobler souls of his day to monas-

tery or hermitage. Vexed as he was by sickness and constant pain, his temper took no touch of asceticism. His rare geniality, a peculiar elasticity and nobility of nature, gave color and charm to his life. A sunny frankness and openness of spirit breathes in the pleasant chat of his books, and what he was in his books he showed himself in his daily converse.

Ælfred was in truth an artist, and both the lights and shadows of his life were those of the artistic temperament. His love of books, his love of strangers, his questionings of travellers and scholars, betray an imaginative restlessness that longs to break out of the narrow world of experience which hemmed him in. At one time he jots down news of a voyage to the unknown seas of the north. At another he listens to tidings which his envoys bring back from the churches of Malabar. And side by side with this restless outlook of the artistic nature, he showed its tenderness and susceptibility, its vivid apprehension of unseen danger, its craving for affection, its sensitiveness to wrong. It was with himself rather than with his reader that he communed, as thoughts of the foe without, of ingratitude and opposition within, broke the calm pages of Gregory or Boethius. "Oh, what a happy man was he," he cries once, "that man had a naked sword hanging over his head from a single thread; so as to me it always did!" "Desirest thou power?" he asks at another time; "but thou shalt never obtain it without sorrows—sorrows from strange folk, and yet keener sorrows from thine own kindred." "Hardship and sorrow!" he breaks out again; "not a king would wish to be without these if he could: but I know that he cannot." The loneliness which breathes in words like these has often begotten in great rulers a cynical contempt of men and the judgments of men. But cynicism found no echo in the large and sympathetic soul of Ælfred. He not only longed for the love of his subjects but for the remembrance of generations to come.

Nor did his inner gloom or anxiety check for an instant his vivid and versatile activity. To the scholars he gathered round him he seemed the very type of a scholar, snatching every instant he could find to read or

listen to books read to him. The singers of his court found in him a brother singer, gathering the old songs of his people to teach them to his children, breaking his renderings from the Latin with simple verse, solacing himself in hours of depression with the music of the Psalms. He passed from court and study to plan buildings and instruct craftsmen in gold-work, to teach even falconers and dog-keepers their business. But all this versatility and ingenuity was controlled by a cool good sense. Ælfred was a thorough man of business. He was careful of detail, laborious, methodical. He carried in his bosom a little hand-book in which he noted things as they struck him: now a bit of family genealogy, now a prayer, now such a story as that of Ealdhelm playing minstrel on the bridge. Each hour of the day had its appointed task; there was the same order in the division of his revenue and in the arrangement of his court.

Scholar and soldier, artist and man of business, poet and saint, his character kept that perfect balance which charms us in no other Englishman save Shakespeare. But full and harmonious as his temper was, it was the temper of a king. Every power was bent to the work of rule. His practical energy found scope for itself in the material and administrative restoration of the wasted land. His intellectual activity breathed fresh life into education and literature. His capacity for inspiring trust and affection drew the hearts of Englishmen to a common centre, and began the upbuilding of a new England. And all was guided, controlled, and ennobled by a single aim. "So long as I have lived," said the king, as life closed about him, "I have striven to live worthily." Little by little men came to know what such a life of worthiness meant. Little by little they came to recognize in Ælfred a ruler of higher and nobler stamp than the world had seen. Never had it seen a king who lived solely for the good of his people. Never had it seen a ruler who set aside every personal aim to devote himself solely to the welfare of those whom he ruled. It was this grand self-mastery which gave him his power over the men about him. Warrior and conqueror as he was, they saw him set aside at thirty the warrior's dream

of conquest; and the self-renouncement of Wedmore struck the keynote of his reign.

But still more is it this height and singleness of purpose, this absolute consecration of the noblest faculties to the noblest aim, that lifts Ælfred out of the narrow bounds of Wessex. If the sphere of his action seems too small to justify the comparison of him with the few whom the world owns as its greatest men, he rises to their level in the moral grandeur of his life. And it is this which has hallowed his memory among his own English people. "I desire," said the king, in some of his latest words, "I desire to leave to the men that come after me a remembrance of me in good works." His aim has been more than fulfilled. His memory has come down to us with a living distinctness through the mist of exaggeration and legend which time gathered around it. The instinct of the people has clung to him with a singular affection. The love which he won a thousand years ago has lingered around his name from that day to this. While every other name of those earlier times has all but faded from the recollection of Englishmen, that of Ælfred remains familiar to every English child. —*History of the English People*, §§ *68*, *69*.

THE NORMAN VICTORY AT SENLAC, OR HASTINGS.

On the 14th of October, 1066, William led his men at dawn along the higher ground that leads from Hastings to the battle-field which Harold had chosen. From the mound of Telham the Normans saw the host of the English gathered thickly behind a rough trench and a stockade on the height of Senlac. Marshy ground covered their right; on the left—the most exposed part of their position—the *huscarles*, or body-guard, of Harold—men in full armor and wielding huge axes—were grouped round the golden dragon of Wessex and the standard of the King. The rest of the ground was covered by thick masses of half-armed rustics who had flocked at Harold's summons to fight with the stranger. It was against the centre of this formidable position that William arrayed his Norman knighthood, while the mercenary forces he

had gathered in France and Brittany were ordered to attack its flanks.

A general charge of the Norman foot opened the battle. In front rode the minstrel Taillefer, tossing his sword in the air and catching it again while he chanted the song of Roland. He was the first of the host who struck a blow, and he was the first to fall. The charge broke vainly on the stout stockade behind which the English warriers plied axe and javelin, with the fierce cries of "Out! out!" and the repulse of the Norman footmen was followed by a repulse of the Norman horse. Again and again the Duke rallied and led them to the fatal stockade. All the fury of fight that glowed in his Norseman's blood, all the headlong valor that spurred him over the slopes of Val-es-dunes, mingled that day with the coolness of head, the dogged perseverance, the inexhaustible fertility of resource which shone at Mortemer and Varaville. His Breton troops, entangled in the marshy ground on his left, broke in disorder; and as panic spread through the army a cry arose that the Duke was slain. William tore off his helmet: "I live," he shouted, "and by God's help I will conquer yet." Maddened by a fresh repulse, the Duke spurred right at the standard; unhorsed, his terrible mare struck down Gyrth, the King's brother; again dismounted, a blow from his hand hurled to the ground an unmannerly rider who would not lend him his steed. Amid the roar and tumult of the battle he turned the flight he had arrested into the means of victory. Broken as the stockade was by his desperate onset, the shield-wall of the warriors behind it still held the Normans at bay, till William by feint of flight drew a part of the English force from their post of vantage. Turning on his disorderly pursuers, the Duke cut them to pieces, broke through the abandoned line, and made himself master of the central ground. Meanwhile the French and Bretons made good their ascent on either flank. At three the hill seemed won, and at six the fight still raged around the standard where Harold's hus-carles stood stubbornly at bay on a spot marked afterward by the high altar of Battle Abbey. An order from the Duke at last brought his archers to the front.

Their arrow-flight told heavily on the dense masses around the King, and as the sun went down, a shaft pierced Harold's right eye. He fell between the royal ensigns, and the battle closed with a desperate mélée over his corpse.—*History of the English People*, § *98*.

OXFORD IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

At the opening of the thirteenth century Oxford stood without a rival in its own country, while in European celebrity it took rank with the greatest schools in the western world. But to realize this Oxford of the past we must dismiss from our minds all recollections of the Oxford of the present. In the outer look of the new University there was nothing of the pomp that overawes the freshman as he first paces the "High" or looks down from the gallery of St. Mary's. In the stead of long fronts of venerable colleges, of stately walks beneath immemorial elms, history plunges us into the mean and filthy lanes of the mediæval town. Thousands of boys, huddled in bare lodging-houses, clustering round teachers as poor as themselves, in church-porch and house-porch, drinking, quarrelling, dicing, begging at the corners of the streets, take the place of the brightly colored train of Doctors and Heads. Mayor and Chancellor struggled in vain to enforce order or peace in this seething mass of turbulent life. The retainers who followed their young lords to the University fought out the feuds of their houses in the streets. Scholars from Kent and scholars from Scotland waged the bitter struggle of north and south. At nightfall roysterer and reveller roamed with torches through the narrow lanes, defying bailiffs, and cutting down burghers at their doors. Now a mob of clerks plunged into the Jewry and wiped off the memory of bills and bonds by sacking a Hebrew house or two. Now a tavern-squabble between scholar and townsman widened into a general broil, and the academical bell of St. Mary's vied with the town bell of St. Martin's in clanging to arms. Every phase of ecclesiastical controversy or political strife was precluded by some fierce outbreak in this fierce and turbulent mob. When Eng-

land growled at the exactions of the papacy in the years that were to follow, the students besieged a legate in the abbot's house at Osney. A murderous town-and-gown row preceded the opening of the Baron's War. "When Oxford draws knife," ran an old rhyme, "England's soon at strife."

But the turbulence and stir was a stir and turbulence of life. A keen thirst for knowledge, a passionate poetry of devotion, gathered thousands round the poorest scholar, and welcomed the barefoot friar. Edmund Rich—Archbishop of Canterbury and Saint in later days—came, about the time we have reached, to Oxford, a boy of twelve years old, from a little lane at Abingdon that still bears his name. He founded his school in an Inn that belonged to the Abbey of Eynsham, where his father had taken refuge from the world. His mother was a pious woman of the day, too poor to give her boy much outfit besides the hair-shirt that he promised to wear every Wednesday; but Edward was no poorer than his neighbors. He plunged at once into the nobler life of the place: its ardor for knowledge, its mystical piety. Secretly—perhaps at eventide, when the shadows were gathering in the Church of St. Mary, and the crowds of teachers and students had left its aisles—the boy stood before an image of the Virgin, and, placing a ring of gold upon its finger, took Mary for his bride. Years of study, broken by a fever that raged among the crowded noisome streets, brought the time for completing his education at Paris, and Edmund, hand in hand with a brother Robert of his, begged his way, as poor scholars were wont, to the great school of Western Christendom. Here a damsel, heedless of his tonsure, wooed him so pertinaciously that Edmund consented to an assignation; but when he appeared it was in company of grave academical officials who—as the maiden declared in the hour of penitence which followed—"straightway whipped the offending Eve out of her."

Still true to his Virgin bridal, Edmund, on his return from Paris, became the most popular of Oxford teachers. It is to him that Oxford owes her first introduction to the logic of Aristotle. We see him in the little room which he hired, with the Virgin's chapel hard by,

his gray gown reaching to his feet, ascetic in his devotion, falling asleep in lecture-time after a sleepless night of prayer, but gifted with a grace and cheerfulness of manner which told of his French training, and a chivalrous love of knowledge that let his pupils pay what they would. "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," the young tutor would say—a touch of scholarly pride perhaps mingling with his contempt of worldly things—as he threw down the fee on the dusty window-ledge, whence a thievish student would sometimes run off with it.

But even knowledge brought its troubles: the Old Testament, which, with a copy of the Decretals, long formed his sole library, frowned down upon a love of secular learning from which Edmund found it hard to wean himself. At last, in some hour of dream, the form of his dead mother floated into the room where the teacher stood among his mathematical diagrams. "What are these?" she seemed to say; and seizing Edmund's right hand, she drew on the palm three circles interlaced, each of which bore the name of a person of the Christian Trinity. "Be these," she cried as the figure faded away, "thy diagrams henceforth, my son."
—*History of the English People*, §§ *163*, *164*.

THE REPUBLICANISM OF THE UNIVERSITIES.

The story of Oxford admirably illustrates the real character of the new training, and the latent opposition between the spirit of the Universities and the spirit of the Church. The feudal and ecclesiastical order of the old mediæval world were both alike threatened by this power that had so strangely sprung up in the midst of them. Feudalism rested on local isolation, on the severance of kingdom from kingdom and barony from barony; on the distinction of blood and race; on the supremacy of material or brute force; on an allegiance determined by accidents of place and social position. The University, on the other hand, was a protest against this isolation of man from man. The smallest school was European and not local. Not merely every province of France, but every people of Christendom, had its place among the "nations" of Paris or Padua. A common language—the Latin tongue—superseded, with-

in academical bounds, the warring tongues of Europe. A common intellectual kinship and rivalry took the place of the petty strifes which parted province from province, or realm from realm. What Church and Empire had both aimed at, and both failed in—the knitting of Christian nations together into a vast Commonwealth—the Universities for a time did. Dante felt himself as little a stranger in the "Latin Quarter" round Mont St. Geneviève as under the arches of Bologna; wandering Oxford scholars carried the writings of Wycliffe to the libraries of Prague.

In England the work of provincial fusion was less difficult or important than elsewhere; but even in England work had to be done. The feuds of Northerner and Southerner which so long disturbed the discipline of Oxford, witnessed, at any rate, to the fact that Northerner and Southerner had at last been brought face to face in its streets. And here, as elsewhere, the spirit of national isolation was held in check by the larger comprehensiveness of the University.

And within this strangely mingled mass, society and government rested on a purely democratic basis. Among Oxford scholars the son of the noble stood on precisely the same footing with the poorest mendicant. Wealth, physical strength, skill in arms, pride of ancestry and blood—the very grounds on which feudal society rested—went for nothing in the lecture-rooms. The University was a state absolutely self-governed, and whose citizens were admitted by a purely intellectual franchise. Knowledge made the "Master." To know more than one's fellows was a man's sole claim to be a "Regent," or ruler in the schools. And within this intellectual aristocracy all were equal. When the Free Commonwealth of the "Masters" gathered in the halls of St. Mary's, all had an equal right to counsel; all had an equal vote in the final decision. Treasury and library were at their complete disposal. It was their voice that named every officer that proposed and sanctioned every statute. Even the Chancellor, their head, who had at first been an officer of the bishop, became an elected officer of their own.—*History of the English People*, § *165*.

THE DEPOSITION OF EDWARD II.

Deserted by all, and repulsed by the citizens of London, whose aid he implored, the King fled hastily to the west, and embarked with the Despensers for Lundy Island, which Despenser had fortified as a possible refuge. But contrary winds flung him again on the Welsh coast, where he fell into the hands of Earl Henry of Lancaster, the brother of the Earl whom they had slain. The younger Despenser, who accompanied Richard, was at once hung on a gibbet fifty feet high, and the King was placed in ward at Kenilworth till his fate could be decided by a Parliament summoned for that purpose at Westminster in January, 1327.

The peers who assembled fearlessly revived the constitutional usage of the earlier English freedom, and asserted their right to depose a King who had proved himself unworthy to rule. Not a voice was raised in Edward's behalf, and only four prelates protested when the young Prince was proclaimed King by acclamation, and presented as their sovereign to the multitude without. The revolution took legal form in a Bill which charged the captive monarch with indolence, incapacity, the loss of Scotland, the violation of his coronation oath, and oppression of the Church and Baronage ; and on the approval of this it was resolved that the reign of Edward of Caernarvon had ceased, and that the crown had passed to his son, Edward of Windsor. A deputation of the Parliament proceeded to Kenilworth to procure the assent of the discrowned King to his own deposition ; and Edward, "clad in a plain black gown," bowed quietly to his fate. Sir William Trussel at once addressed him in words which, better than any other, mark the nature of the step which the Parliament had taken : "I, William Trussel, Proctor of the Earls, Barons, and others, having for this full and sufficient power, do render and give back to you, Edward, once King of England, the homage and fealty of the persons named in my Procuracy ; and acquit and discharge them thereof in the best manner that the law and custom will give. And I now make protestation in their name that they will no

longer be in your fealty and allegiance, nor claim to hold anything of you as King, but will account you hereafter as a private person, without any manner of royal dignity." A significant act followed these emphatic words. Sir Thomas Blount, the Steward of the Household, broke his staff of office—a ceremony used only at a King's death—and declared that all persons engaged in the royal service were discharged. The act of Blount was only an omen of the fate which awaited the miserable King. In the following September he was murdered in Berkeley Castle.—*History of the English People, §§ 308, 309.*

ACCESSION OF THE HOUSE OF HANOVER.

The Parliament of 1701—a Parliament mainly of Tories, and in which the leader of the moderate Tories, Robert Harley, came for the first time to the front—met amidst the general panic and suspension of trade which followed the seizure of the seven Barrier Fortresses, including Luxemburg, Mons, and Charleroi, which were garrisoned by Dutch instead of Spanish troops. Peace Parliament as it was, and bitterly as it condemned the Partition Treaties, it at once supported William III. in his demand for a withdrawal of the French troops, and authorized him to conclude a defensive alliance with Holland, which would give that state courage to join in the demand. The disclosure of a new Jacobite plot strengthened William's position. The hopes of the Jacobites had been raised in the preceding year by the death of the young Duke of Gloucester, the only living child of the Princess Anne, and who, as William was childless, ranked after his mother as heir-presumptive of the throne. William was dying; the health of Anne was known to be precarious; and to the partisans of James II. it seemed as if the succession of his son, the boy who was known in later life as "the Old Pretender," was all but secure. But Tory as the Parliament was, it had no mind to undo the work of the Revolution.

When a new Act of Succession was laid before the Houses in 1701, not a voice was raised for James or his

son. By the ordinary rules of heritage, the descendants of the daughter of Charles I., Henrietta of Orleans, whose only child had married the Duke of Savoy, would come as next claimants; but the House of Savoy was Catholic, and its pretensions were passed over in the same silence. No other descendants of Charles I. remained, and the Parliament fell back on his father's line. Elizabeth, the daughter of James I., had married the Elector Palatine; but of her twelve children all had died childless save one. This was Sophia, the wife of the late and mother of the present Elector of Hanover. It was in Sophia and the heirs of her body—being Protestants—that the Act of Settlement vested the crown. But the jealousy of a foreign ruler accompanied this settlement with remarkable provisions. It was enacted that every English sovereign must be in communion with the Church of England as by law established. The future Kings were forbidden to leave England without consent of Parliament, and foreigners were excluded from all public posts, military or civil.

The independence of justice, which had been inadequately secured by the Bill of Rights, was now established by a clause that no judge should be removed from office save on an address from Parliament to the Crown. The two principles that the King acts only through his Ministers, and that these Ministers are responsible to Parliament, were asserted by a requirement that all public business should be formally done in the Privy Council, and all its decisions signed by the members. These two last provisions went far to complete the Parliamentary Constitution which had been drawn by the Bill of Rights. . . .

On the 30th of July, 1714, Queen Anne was suddenly struck with apoplexy. The Privy Council at once assembled, and at the news the Whig Dukes of Argyle and Somerset entered the Council Chamber without summons, and took their places at the Board. The step had been taken in secret concert with the Duke of Shrewsbury, who was President of the Council in the Tory Ministry, but a rival of Bolingbroke, and an adherent of the Hanoverian Succession. The act was a decisive one. The right of the House of Hanover was at once

acknowledged. Shrewsbury was nominated as Lord Treasurer by the Council, and the nomination was accepted by the dying Queen. Bolingbroke, though he remained Secretary of State, suddenly found himself powerless and neglected, while the Council took steps to provide for the emergency.

Four regiments were summoned to the capital in the expectation of a civil war. But the Jacobites were hopeless and unprepared ; and on the death of Anne, on the evening of the 10th of August, the Elector George of Hanover, who had become heir to the throne by the death of his mother a few weeks before, was proclaimed as King of England without a show of opposition.—*History of the English People*, §§ *1350–1377*.

THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES.

Whatever might be the importance of American Independence in the history of England, it was of unequalled moment in the history of the world. If it crippled for awhile the supremacy of the English Nation, it founded the supremacy of the English Race. From the hour of American Independence the life of the English people has flowed not in one current, but in two ; and while the older has shown little sign of lessening, the younger has risen to a greatness which has changed the face of the world.

In 1783 America was a nation of 3,000,000 inhabitants, scattered thinly along the coast of the Atlantic. It is now [1880] a nation of 50,000,000, stretching over the whole continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In wealth and material energy, as in numbers, it far surpasses the mother country from which it sprang. It is already the main branch of the English people ; and in the days that are at hand the main current of that people's history must run along the channel, not of the Thames nor the Mersey, but of the Hudson and the Mississippi. But distinct as these currents are, every year proves more clearly that in spirit the English people is one. The distance that parted England from America lessens every day. The ties that unite them grow every day stronger. The social and political differences that

NAPOLEON'S FLIGHT FROM WATERLOO.

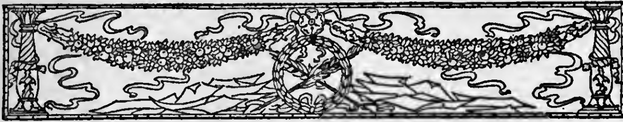
Painting by A. C. Gow.

threatened a hundred years ago to form an impassable barrier between them grow every day less. Against this silent and inevitable drift of things the spirit of narrow isolation on either side of the Atlantic struggles in vain. It is possible that the two branches of the English people will remain forever separate political existences. It is like enough that the older of them may again break in twain, and that the English people in the Pacific may assert as distinct a national life as the two English peoples on either side of the Atlantic. But the spirit, the influence, of all these branches will remain one. And in thus remaining one, before half a century is over, it will change the face of the world. As 2,000,000 of Englishmen fill the Valley of the Mississippi, as 50,000,000 of Englishmen assert their lordship over Australasia, this vast power will tell through Britain on the old world of Europe, whose nations will have sunk into insignificance before it. What the issues of such a world-wide change may be, not even the wildest dreamer would dare to dream. But one issue is inevitable. In the centuries that lie before us, the primacy of the world will lie with the English people. English institutions, English speech, English thought, will become the main features of the political, the social, and the intellectual life of mankind.—*History of the English People*, § *1520*.

THE FINALE OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

Meanwhile every hour was telling against Napoleon. To win the battle he must crush the English army before Blücher joined it; and the English army was still uncrushed. Terrible as was his loss—and many of his regiments were reduced to a mere handful of men—Wellington stubbornly held his ground while the Prussians, advancing from Wavre, through deep and miry forest roads, were slowly gathering to his support, disregarding the attack on his rear by which Grouchy strove to hold them back from the field. At half-past four their advance guard deployed at last from the woods, but the main body was far behind, and Napoleon was still able to hold his ground against them till their increasing masses forced him to stake all upon a desperate effort

against the English front. The Imperial Guard—his only reserve, and which had as yet taken no part in the battle—was drawn up at seven in two huge columns of attack. The first, with Ney himself at its head, swept all before it as it mounted the rise beside La Haye Sainte, on which the thin English line still held its ground, and all but touched the English front, when its mass, torn by the terrible fire of musketry with which it was received, gave way before a charge. The second, 3,000 strong, advanced with the same courage over the slope near Hougomont, only to be repulsed and shattered in its turn. At the moment when these masses fell slowly and doggedly back down the fatal rise, the Prussians pushed forward on Napoleon's right; their guns swept the road to Charleroi, and Wellington seized the moment for a general advance. From that hour all was lost. Only the Guard stood firm in the wreck of the French army; and though darkness and exhaustion checked the English in their pursuit of the broken troops as they hurried from the field, the Prussian horse continued the chase through the night. Only some 40,000 Frenchmen, with some 30 guns, recrossed the Sambre, while Napoleon himself fled hurriedly to Paris. His second abdication was followed by a triumphant entry of the English and Prussian armies into the French capital; and the long war ended with his exile to St. Helena, and the return of Louis XVIII. to the throne of the Bourbons.—*History of the English People*, § *1619*.



GREEN, MARY ANNE EVERETT (WOOD), an English biographer, born at Sheffield, in 1818. In 1841 she removed to London with her parents, and undertook the compilation of *Lives of the Princesses of England from the Norman Conquest* (1849–55). She edited the *Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies of Great Britain* in 1846, *The Diary of John Rous* in 1856, and *The Letters of Queen Henrietta Maria* in 1857. The Master of the Rolls having commissioned her to calendar the State papers in the Record office, she engaged in the work. The papers of the reign of James I. were published in 1857–59; those of Charles II. in 1860–68. She then completed the calendar of the State Papers of Queen Elizabeth, begun by Mr. Lemon, with additional papers from Edward VI. to James I. *The Life of W. Whittingham, Dean of Durham*, was printed by the Camden Society in 1871. Mrs. Green, in 1875, undertook the calendar of papers of the Interregnum, the general historical portion of which, complete in thirteen volumes, appeared in 1886.

LAST INTERVIEW OF CHARLES I. WITH HIS CHILDREN.

The king's behavior during his trial was composed and cheerful; his heart failed him only when he thought of those who loved him. He inquired of one who had been with his children, how his "young princess did," the reply was, that she was very melancholy; "and

well she may be so," he replied, "when she hears what death her old father is coming unto. . . ."

The time appointed for the farewell to his children was January 29th, the day previous to his execution. The anguish which rent Elizabeth's bosom was so intense that she was reported to be dead, but on learning that her father wished to see her once again, she mustered all her fortitude to go through the interview which she ardently desired and yet dreaded. When they arrived at St. James's Palace, and were introduced into the apartment of the King, they were struck to find him so much changed in appearance since they had parted fifteen months before. His hair had become almost gray; he had neglected to dress either it or his beard from the time that his servants had been taken from him, and his dress, instead of wearing its usual aspect of dignified simplicity, was neglected and forlorn. In spite of all Elizabeth's attempts at self-control, the moment she beheld her father, she burst into a wild and almost convulsive passion of tears: he took her in his arms, seated her on his knee, soothed her by his caresses, and desired her to calm herself and listen to his instructions, as he had things to confide to her ear that he could tell to no one else, and it was important that she should hear and remember them. The conversation that ensued was recorded by herself, as follows:—

"What the king said to me, January 29, 1648–49, being the last time I had the happiness to see him. He told me he was glad I was come, and although he had not time to say much, yet somewhat he had to say to me, which he could not to another, or leave in writing, because he feared their cruelty was such, as that they would not have permitted him to write to me. He wished me not to grieve and torment myself for him, for that would be a glorious death that he should die—it being for the laws and liberties of this land, and for maintaining the true Protestant religion. He bid me read Bishop Andrews's *Sermons*, Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, and Bishop Laud's book against Fisher, which would ground me against Popery. He told me he had forgiven all his enemies, and hoped God would forgive them also; and commanded us, and all the rest of my

brothers and sisters to forgive them. He bid me tell my mother that his thoughts never strayed from her, and that his love should be the same to the last. Withal, he commanded me and my brother to be obedient to her, and bid me send his blessing to the rest of my brothers and sisters, with commendation to all his friends. So, after he had given me his blessing, I took my leave. Farther, he commanded us all to forgive those people, but never to trust them ; for they had been most false to him and to those that gave them power, and he feared also to their own souls ; and he desired me not to grieve for him, for he should die a martyr, and that he doubted not but the Lord would settle his throne upon his son, and that we should be all happier than we could have expected to have been if he had lived ; with many other things which at present I cannot remember."

When he had concluded his exhortations, Charles said to his daughter, "Sweetheart, you'll forget this." "No," replied the weeping girl, "I shall never forget this whilst I live," and she promised to write down the particulars at once. To the exactness of her recollection we are indebted for many particulars not recorded by Herbert, who was a witness of the interview.

The little Harry, now just nine years of age, was the next to receive his father's notice. "Then the king, taking the Duke of Gloucester upon his knee, said, 'Sweetheart, now they will cut off thy father's head,' upon which words, the child looked very steadfastly on him. 'Mark, child, what I say, they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a king ; but mark what I say, you must not be a king so long as your brothers Charles and James do live ; for they will cut off your brothers' heads (when they can catch them), and cut off thy head too at last ; and, therefore, I charge you do not be made a king by them.' At which the child sighing, said, 'I will be torn in pieces first ;' which falling so unexpectedly from one so young, it made the king rejoice exceedingly."

Parting embraces were exchanged, and anxious to shorten a scene which he had purposely made as brief as possible, Charles was leaving the room to retire to his bedchamber, when the bitter wail of anguish which

burst from his daughter brought him back once more to her side, to fold her again in his arms, to clasp her to his bosom, to press kisses, how tender! on her wet cheeks and quivering lips, and then—what could he more ?—to leave her, feeling that for himself the bitterness of death was past. Elizabeth's agony of sorrow was so heart-rending that it brought a strange softness over the stern natures of some of the by-standers, who were little wont to be touched with royal sorrows, and had long witnessed unmoved the calmer grief of the father.

The prince and princess were taken back to Lyon House. No pen has recorded how, in her beautiful seclusion, Elizabeth passed the fearful hours of the 30th of January; the bursting heart with which she poured out her soul in prayers for her father, till the fatal hour arrived, the pang of orphan desolation which thrilled to the very core of her sensitive spirit, when the lapse of time made it all but certain that she had no longer a father; the tenacious clinging to the hopeless chance, that after all such a thing could not be—that at the eleventh hour some rescue must have appeared; the agonizing suspense of waiting the arrival of the first messenger from London, who brought a full and final confirmation of her fears, and all the intensity of hopeless misery that followed. Elizabeth never recovered from the effects of that day, and the short remainder of her career was but a lingering death.—*Lives of the Princesses of England.*

GREEN, THOMAS HILL, an English philosopher, born at Birkin, Yorkshire, April 7, 1836; died at Oxford, March 15, 1882. He was educated at Rugby, and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he became a teacher in 1866, master of the college in 1870, and Professor of Moral Philosophy in 1878. As a leading figure in the Neo-Hegelian movement, he exerted a marked influence upon the trend of thought at Oxford. Mrs. Humphry Ward took him for the original of "Dr. Grey" in her novel, *Robert Elsmere*. He contributed many philosophical articles to the *North British Review* and other periodicals; was joint editor of the philosophical works of Hume, and joint translator of the *Metaphysics* of Lotze. Besides the *Introduction to Hume* (1874), he published in 1881 a lecture entitled *Liberal Legislation and Freedom of Contract*. After his death appeared *The Witness of God and Faith* (1883); *Prolegomena to Ethics* (1883); *Collected Writings* (1885–7–8), edited by Nettleship.

"To Professor Green," says Principal Caird in his *Essays on Philosophical Criticism*, "philosophy was not a study of the works of men that are gone, but a life transmitted from them to him—a life expressing itself with that power and authority which belongs to one who speaks from his own experience, and never to 'the scribes,' who speak from tradition."

THE EDUCATION OF A GENTLEMAN.

I confess to hoping for a time when the phrase will have lost its meaning, because the sort of education which alone makes the gentleman in any true sense will be within the reach of all. As it was the aspiration of Moses that all the Lord's people should be prophets, so with all seriousness and reverence we may hope and pray for a condition of English society in which all honest citizens will recognize themselves and be recognized by each other as gentlemen.—*From Lecture Before the Wesleyan Literary Society, 1881.*

CROMWELL AND VANE.

If it seems but a poor change from the fanatic sacerdotalism of Laud to the genteel and interested sacerdotalism of modern English churchmanship, yet the fifteen years of vigorous growth which Cromwell's sword secured for the church of the sectaries, gave it a permanent force which no reaction could suppress, and which has since been the great spring of political life in England. The higher enthusiasm, however, which breathed in Cromwell and Vane, was not puritanic or English merely. It belonged to the universal spiritual force which, if it conquers them for a moment, yet again sinks under them, that it may transmute them more thoroughly to its service. "Death," said Vane on the scaffold, "is a little word, but it is a great work to die." So his own enthusiasm died that it might rise again. It was sown in the weakness of feeling, that it might be raised in the intellectual comprehension which is power. "The people of England," he said again, "have long been asleep. I doubt they will be hungry when they awake." They have slept, we may say, another two hundred years. If they should yet wake and be hungry, they will find their food in the ideas which, with much blindness and weakness, he vainly offered them, cleared and ripened by a philosophy of which he did not dream.—*From Lecture on the Revolution: Works, page 145.*

GREENE, Albert Gorton, an American lawyer and poet, born at Providence, R. I., February 10, 1802; died at Cleveland, O., January 4, 1868. He was educated at Brown College, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1823. In 1832 he was elected Clerk of the Municipal Council of Providence, which office he filled for twenty-five years, and from 1858 to 1867 was Judge of the City Court. He was engaged in several literary undertakings; began a voluminous collection of *American Poetry*, now known as the Harris Collection in Brown University, and published several short poems, mostly of a humorous character. He is best known as the author of *Old Grimes* and *The Baron's Last Banquet*. Duyckinck characterizes Judge Greene as "a poet of cultivation; an ardent prosecutor of the literature of Rhode Island; a curious collector of American poetry, of which he had a large library."

OLD GRIMES.

Old Grimes is dead; that good old man
 We never shall see more :—
He used to wear a long black coat,
 All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
 His feelings all were true :—
His hair was some inclined to gray,
 He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
  His breast with pity burned :—
The large round head upon his cane
  From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all ;
  He knew no base design :—
His eyes were dark and rather small,
  His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind ;
  In friendship he was true :—
His coat had pocket-holes behind ;
  His pantaloons were blue.

Unharmed, the sin which earth pollutes,
  He passed securely o'er :—
And never wore a pair of boots
  For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
  But fears misfortune's frown :—
He wore a double-breasted vest ;
  The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
  And pay it its desert :—
He had no malice in his mind,
  No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse,
  Was sociable and gay :—
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
  And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
  He did not bring to view :—
Nor make a noise town-meeting days,
  As many people do.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares,
  His peaceful moments ran :—
And everybody said he was
  A fine old gentleman.

GREENE, George Washington, an American biographer, grandson of General Nathanael Greene, of Revolutionary fame, born at East Greenwich, R. I., April 8, 1811; died there, February 2, 1883. He studied at Brown University, but left without graduating, on account of ill-health. He resided in Europe from 1825 till 1847, having been in 1837 appointed United States Consul at Rome. Returning to the United States, he was in 1848 appointed Professor of Modern Languages in Brown University. In 1852 he took up his residence in New York, where he was occupied in teaching and in literary work. In 1865 he returned to Rhode Island, and not long afterward was elected to the State Legislature. In 1872 he was chosen Professor of American History at Cornell University. His works include, besides several text-books in various departments, a brief *Life of General Nathanael Greene*, in Sparks's *American Biography* (1846); *Historical and Biographical Studies* (1850, 1860); *History and Geography of the Middle Ages* (1851); *An Examination of the Ninth Volume of Bancroft's History*, in which he maintains that injustice is done to Nathanael Greene (1866); *The German Element in the War of American Independence* (1876); *A Short History of Rhode Island* (1877). He also edited an edition of the *Works of Addison*. His most important work is a full *Life of Nathanael Greene* (3 vols., 1867–1871).

LIFE AT VALLEY FORGE.

But even Valley Forge had its recreations. "Several general officers are sending for their wives," writes Lafayette to his own wife, "and I envy them, not their wives, but the happiness of being where they can see them." Mr. Greene had joined her husband early in January, bringing with her her summer's acquisition, a stock of French, that quickly made her little parlor the favorite resort of the foreign officers. There was often to be seen Lafayette, not yet turned of twenty-one, though a husband, a father, and a major-general; graver somewhat in his manners than strictly belonged either to his years or his country; and loved and trusted by all—by Washington and Greene especially. Steuben too was often there, wearing his republican uniform as, fifteen years before, he had worn the uniform of the despotic Frederick; as deeply skilled in the ceremonial of a court as in the manœuvring of an army; with a glittering star on his left breast, that bore witness to the faithful service he had rendered in his native Germany; and revolving in his accurate mind designs which were to transform this mass of physical strength which Americans had dignified with the name of army, into a real army which Frederick himself might have accepted. He had but little English at his command as yet; but at his side was a mercurial young Frenchman, Peter Duponceau, who knew how to interpret both his graver thoughts and the lighter gallantries with which the genial old soldier loved to season his intercourse with the wives and daughters of his fellow-citizens. As the years passed away, Duponceau himself became a celebrated man, and loved to tell the story of those checkered days. . . .

Washington, too, and his wife were often seen in this evening circle—not the grave, cold Washington of some books, but a human being, who knew how to laugh heartily and smile genially. And the courtly Morris and the brilliant Reed were there, and Charles Carroll, who was to outlive them nearly all; and Knox, whom Greene loved as a brother; and Hamilton and

Laurens, as often as their duty would permit ; and Wayne and Varnum and Sullivan, and many others of whom history tells, with some of whom she has kept no record—all equally glad to escape for awhile from stern duties and grave cares to a cheerful fireside and genial company.

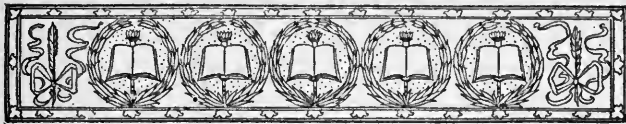
There was no room for dancing in these narrow quarters : but next winter at Morristown we shall find a good deal of it, and see Washington dancing for hours with Mrs. Greene without once sitting down. There were no cards either. All games of chance had been prohibited early in the war ; and American officers, even if they had had the means and inclination, had no opportunity to ruin themselves, as the officers of Howe's army were ruining themselves at Philadelphia this very winter.

But there was tea or coffee, and pleasant conversation always, and music often—no one who had a good voice being allowed to refuse a song. Few could give more interest to a story or life to an anecdote than Mrs. Greene ; and no one in those evening circles could excel her in adapting her subject and manner to the taste and manner of the immediate listener. And thus again somewhat of the gentleness of domestic life was shed over those stern scenes of war, and somewhat of its cheerfulness brought into these narrow dwellings—of themselves "no gayer," writes Lafayette, "than a dungeon."

Out of doors all was more like a dungeon still ; for the bleak hills shut them in on one side, the frozen river on the other. Out of the cold white snow rose the leafless forest, dark and spectral ; and the wind swept in fierce gusts down the valley, or sighed and moaned around the thatched roofs of the huts. From the huts themselves came few signs of life, but the smoke that swayed to and fro over the chimneys at the will of the blast ; and the shivering sentinels at the officers' doors ; and now and then, as you passed along, a half-naked soldier peering from a door, and muttering in an ominous undertone, "No bread, no soldier." If you ventured within, hungry nakedness met you on the threshold, or a foul and diseased air repelled you from

it. In the streets you would meet parties of soldiers yoked together to little carriages of their own contriving, and dragging their wood and provisions from the storehouses to their huts. There were regular parades, too at guard-mounting; and sometimes grand parades, in which you could see men half-naked holding their rusty fire-locks with hands stiffened with cold, and officers shielding themselves from the cold in a kind of dressing-gown made out of an old blanket or faded bedquilt.

There were many things to talk about in this dreary camp. There were rumors again of a French war. Burgoyne's defeat, perhaps, might turn the trembling scale of European diplomacy; and then how easy it would be to put an end to the war with England. There was that never-failing subject of discussion, the currency also—long since rapidly depreciating, and now hanging apparently upon the verge of bankruptcy. The Congress have at least agreed upon Articles of Confederation; will the States adopt them, and submit to a uniform system of taxation as the only sure basis of national credit? The Congress committee was in camp; seeing with their own eyes what the soldiers suffered; would they have the courage to follow up the evil to its source and heal it? Congress was discussing the question of half-pay; did they—did the country even—see it in its true light? This year, too, there was a new army to raise.—*Life of Nathanael Greene.*



GREENE, Robert, an English dramatist, poet, and prose-writer, born at Norwich in 1560; died in London, September 3, 1592. His life was in every way a disreputable one, ending at the age of thirty-two in extreme poverty and distress. He was educated at Clare Hall, Cambridge, where he took his Master's degree in 1583. Five dramas indisputably his are extant, besides many poems, tales, and pamphlets. An edition of his works, in two volumes, edited by the Rev. A. Dyce, was published in 1831. Of his prose-writings the most interesting are those in which he acknowledges his transgressions and shortcomings, and professes his deep repentance. Among his plays are *Orlando Furioso*, *The Honourable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, and *Alphonsus, King of Aragon.*

GREENE'S CONFESSIONS.

Being at the University of Cambridge, I light among wags as lewd as myself, with whom I consumed the flower of my youth, who drew me to travel into Italy and Spain, in which places I saw and practised such villany as is abominable to declare. Thus by their counsel I sought to furnish myself with coin, which I procured by cunning sleights from my father and my friends, and my mother pampered me so long, and secretly helped me to the oil of angels; so that being then conversant with notable braggarts, boon companions, and ordinary spendthrifts, that practised sundry superficial studies, I became as a scion grafted into the

same stock, whereby I did absolutely participate of their nature and qualities. At my return into England, I ruffled out in my silks, in the habit of Malcontent, and seemed so discontent that no place would please me to abide in, nor no vocation cause me to stay myself in; but after I had by degrees proceeded master of arts (1583), I left the university, and away to London where —after I had continued some short time, and driven myself out of credit with sundry of my friends—I became an author of plays and a penner of love-pamphlets, so that I soon grew famous in that quality, that who, for that trade, known so ordinary about London as Robin Greene? Young yet in years, though old in wickedness, I began to resolve that there was nothing bad that was profitable; whereupon I grew so rooted in all mischief, that I had as great a delight in wickedness as sundry have in godliness, and as much felicity I took in villany as others had in honesty.—*Robert Greene's Repentance.*

GREENE'S FAREWELL TO HIS ASSOCIATES.

But now return I again to you three, knowing my misery is to you no news; and let me heartily entreat you to be warned by my harms. Delight not, as I have done, in irreligious oaths; despise drunkenness, fly lust, abhor those epicures whose loose life hath made religion loathsome to your ears; and when they soothe you with terms of mastership, remember Robert Greene, whom they have often flattered—perishes for want of comfort. Remember, gentlemen, your lives are like so many light-tapers that are with care delivered to all of you to maintain; these, with wind-puffed wrath may be extinguished, with drunkenness put out, with negligence let fall. The fire of my light is now at the last snuff. My hand is tired, and I forced to leave where I would begin; desirous that you should live though himself be dying.

The last extract is taken from Greene's *Groat's Worth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance,* which includes also some of his best poetry, written in the same regretful strain. This work also

contains more or less wholesome advice to some of his fellow-playwrights and roysterers. To Marlowe he says: "Thou famous grace of tragedians, why should thy excellent wit, His gift, be so blinded that thou shouldst give no glory to the giver?" Lodge is thus admonished: "Young Juvenal, that biting satirist that lastly with me together writ a comedy; sweet boy, might I advise thee, be advised, and get not many enemies by bitter words; inveigh against vain men—no man better, no man so well." Peele, a dramatist "no less deserving than the other two, who had been driven to extreme shifts," is counselled not to depend on so mean a stay as the stage. Somehow Greene had no friendly feeling toward Shakespeare, who is thus characterized: "There is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that, with his *tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide*, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse with the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes Fac-totum, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country." The italicized phrase is taken from Shakespeare's *Henry VI.*, only the word "player's" is substituted for "woman's."

A DEATH-BED LAMENT.

Deceiving world, that with alluring toys
  Hast made my life the subject of thy scorn,
And scornest now to lend thy fading joys,
  To out-length my life, whom friends have left forlorn;—
  How well are they that die ere they be born,
And never see thy slights which few men shun,
Till unawares they helpless are undone!

Oh, that a year were granted me to live,
And for that year my former wits restored!
What rules of life, what council I would give,
How should my sin with sorrow be deplored!
But I must die of every man abhorred:
Time loosely spent will not again be won;
My time is loosely spent, and I undone.
—*A Groat's Worth of Wit.*

Several of Greene's best works are short tales in prose, with poetry interspersed. Among these is *Pandosto, the Triumph of Time, or the History of Dorastus and Faunia*, from which Shakespeare appears to have borrowed the plot of his *Winter's Tale.* In *Pandosto* occurs the following graceful sonnet:

THE FAIR ONE.

Ah, were she as pitiful as she is fair,
Or but as mild as she is seeming so,
Then were my hopes greater than my despair;
Then all the world were heaven, nothing woe.
Ah, were her heart relenting as her hand
That seems to melt e'en with the mildest touch,
Then knew I where to seat me in a land
Under the wide heavens, but not such.
So as she shews, she seems the budding rose
Yet sweeter far than is in earthly bower:
Sovereign of beauty, like the spray she grows,
Compassed she is with thorns and cankered flower,
Yet were she willing to be plucked and worn,
She would be gathered though she grew on thorn.

THE SHEPHERD'S HAPPY LOT.

Ah! what is love! It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king,
And sweeter too:
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown;
And cares can make the sweetest cares to frown:
Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

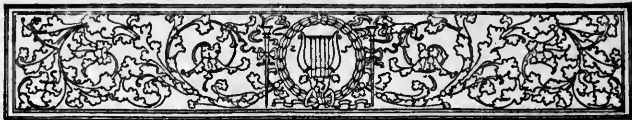
His flocks are folded; he comes home at night
As merry as a king in his delight,
And merrier too:
For kings bethink them what the state require,
Where shepherds, careless, carol by the fire:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound
As doth the king upon his beds of down,
And sounder too:
For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill,
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Thus with his wife he spends the year as blithe
As doth the king at every tide or syth,
And blither too:
For kings have wars and broils to take in hand;
When shepherds laugh, and love upon the land:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

A MIND CONTENT.

Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content;
The quiet mind is richer than a crown.
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent;
The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown.
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss,
The homely house that harbors quiet rest,
The cottage that affords no pride nor care,
The mean, that 'grees with country music best,
The sweet consort of mirth's and music's fare,
Obscurèd life sets down a type of bliss:
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.



GREENWELL, Dora, an English poet, born at Greenwell Ford, Durham, December 6, 1821; died March 29, 1882. She was the daughter of the owner of a comfortable estate in Durham, who lost his property when his daughter was about twenty-five years of age. She then went to live with a brother in Northumberland, and while with him published her first volume of *Poems.* After her father's death she removed with her mother to St. Cuthbert, and afterward to Durham. While at St. Cuthbert she published another volume of *Poems*, and three prose works, *A Present Heaven*, *The Two Friends*, and *The Patience of Hope.* She also published in 1868 a *Life of Lacordaire.* Several smaller volumes of poems appeared from time to time: *Carmina Crucis, Camera Obscura*, and *The Soul's Legend.* She contributed essays to various periodicals, and published a volume of *Stories that Might be True.* Her last years were spent at Westminster.

VESPERS.

When I have said my quiet say,
  When I have sung my little song,
How sweetly, sweetly dies the day
  The valley and the hill along;
How sweet the summons, "Come away,"
That calls me from the busy throng!

I thought beside the water's flow
  Awhile to be beneath the leaves,
I thought in autumn's harvest glow
  To rest my head upon the sheaves;
But, lo! methinks the day was brief
And cloudy; flower, nor fruit, nor leaf
I bring, and yet accepted, free,
And blest, my Lord, I come to thee.

What matters now for promise lost,
  Through blast of spring or summer rains!
What matter now for purpose crost,
  For broken hopes and wasted pains;
What if the olive little yields,
  What if the grape be blighted? Thine
The corn upon a thousand fields,
  Upon a thousand hills the vine.

Thou lovest still the poor; O, blest
  In poverty beloved to be!
Less lowly in my choice confessed,
  I love the rich in loving thee!
My spirit bare before thee stands,
  I bring no gift, I ask no sign,
I come to thee with empty hands,
  The surer to be filled from thine!

THE RECONCILER.

Our dreams are reconciled,
Since Thou didst come to turn them all to Truth;
The World, the Heart, are dreamers in their youth
  Of visions beautiful, and strange and wild;
And Thou, our Life's Interpreter, dost still
At once make clear these visions and fulfil;
  Each dim sweet Orphic rhyme,
  Each mythic tale sublime
Of strength to save, of sweetness to subdue,
  Each morning dream the few,
Wisdom's first lovers told, if read in Thee comes true.

. . . . . .

O Bearer of the key
That shuts and opens with a sound so sweet

Its turning in the wards is melody,
All things we move among are incomplete
And vain until we fashion them in Thee!
We labor in the fire—
Thick smoke is round about us, through the din
Of words that darken counsel; clamors dire
Ring from thought's beaten anvil, where within
Two Giants toil, that even from their birth
With travail pangs have torn their mother Earth,
And wearied out her children with their keen
Upbraidings of the other, till between
Thou camest, saying, "Wherefore do ye wrong
Each other?—ye are Brethren." Then these twain
Will own their kindred, and in Thee retain
Their claims in peace, because Thy land is wide
As it is goodly! here they pasture free,
This lion and this leopard, side by side,
A little child doth lead them with a song;
Now, Ephraim's envy ceaseth, and no more
Doth Judah anger Ephraim chiding sore,
For one did ask a Brother, one a King,
Lo dost Thou gather them in one, and bring—
Thou, King forevermore, forever Priest,
Thou, Brother of our own from bonds released—
A Law of Liberty,
A Service making free,
A Commonweal where each has all in Thee.

GREG, SAMUEL, an English philanthropist and miscellaneous religious writer, was born at Manchester, September 6, 1804; died at Bollington, near Macclesfield, May 14, 1876. He was educated at Unitarian schools in Nottingham and Bristol; and after spending two years at home learning mill-work, he attended a course of University lectures at Edinburgh. In 1832 he established a mill at Bollington; and in 1838 he married Mary Needham, afterward known as the authoress of *Little Walter, a Mother's First Lessons in Religion for the Younger Classes.* The workpeople of his mill were the all-absorbing objects of his interest. Certain experiments in machinery, however, unhappily resulted in the alienation of his employees; and he retired from business and turned his attention to religious literature. He published *Scenes from the Life of Jesus* (1854) and *Letters on Religious Belief* (1856). Louis Kossuth was his guest in 1857; and in the same year he commenced his Sunday evening lectures to the working classes, which he continued for the remainder of his life. After his death appeared his *Layman's Legacy in Prose and Verse* (1877). Dean Stanley says of him: "The glimpses which he gave to me of the combination of a sincere trust in Divine goodness, with a sincere attachment to truth and freedom and progress, furnished a proof such as we can in these

latter days ill afford to lose, that such a combination is not so impossible as the narrow notions of contending parties would fain represent."

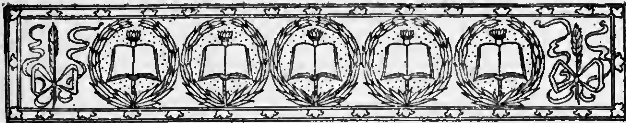
BEATEN ! BEATEN !

Tell me now, my saddened soul !
  Tell me where we lost the day—
Failed to win the shining goal,
  Slacked the pace or missed the way.
We are beaten :—face the truth !
  'Twas not thus we thought to die,
When the prophet-dreams of youth
  Sang of joy and victory.

Yes, we own life's battle lost :
  Bleeding, torn, we quit the field ;
Bright success—ambition's boast—
  Here to happier men we yield.
And if some strong hero's sword
  Had struck down my weaker blade,
Not one coward, moaning word
  Had the weeping wound betrayed.

But I see the battle won
  By less daring hearts than mine ;
Feebler feet the race have won,
  Humbler brows the laurels twine.
See there ! at the glittering goal,
  See that smiling winner stand !
Measure him from head to soul—
  'Tis no giant in the land.

Yet, perchance, that star-like prize
  Is not lost—but not yet won ;
Lift aloft thine earth-bound eyes ;
  Seek the goal still further on ;
Far beyond that sinking sun
  Swells a brighter, happier shore ;
There a nobler race is run :
  Hark ! He bids thee try once more.



GREG, William Rathbone, an English essayist, born at Manchester in 1809; died at Wimbledon, November 15, 1881. In 1864 he succeeded J. R. McCulloch as Comptroller of the Royal Stationery Office. He was a frequent contributor, upon social topics, to periodicals. His principal books are: *Investments for Working Classes* (1852); *Political Problems for Our Age and Country* (1870); *The Enigmas of Life* (1872); *Essays on Political and Social Science, Creed of Christendom* (1873); *Rocks Ahead, or the Warnings of Cassandra* (1874); and *Mistaken Aims and Attainable Ideals of the Working Classes* (1876).

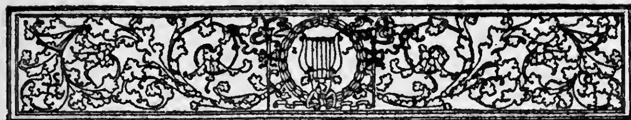
The *Saturday Review* spoke of the *Essays* which appeared after his death as "the last words of a man of independent and vigorous judgment, who formed his opinions for no other man's pleasure, and was indifferent whether what he said found favor with the great body of his hearers, or with any party among them." And Leslie Stephen's *National Biography* says: "It was Greg's special function to discourage unreasonable expectations from political or even social reforms, and in general to caution democracy against the abuse of its power. His apprehensions may sometimes appear visionary, and sometimes exaggerated, but are in general the previsions of a far-seeing man, acute in observing the tendencies of the age."

HUMAN DEVELOPMENT.

Two glorious futures lie before us: the progress of the race here, the progress of the man hereafter. He appears to have reached his perfection centuries ago. Men lived then whom we have never yet been able to surpass, rarely even to equal. Our knowledge has, of course, gone on increasing, for that is a material capable of indefinite accumulation. But for power, for the highest reach and range of mental and spiritual capacity in every line, the lapse of two or three thousand years has shown no sign of increase or improvement. What sculptor has surpassed Phidias? What poet has transcended Æschylus, Homer, or the author of the Book of Job? What devout aspirant has soared higher than David or Isaiah? What statesman have modern times produced mightier or grander than Pericles? What patriot martyr truer or nobler than Socrates? Wherein, save in mere acquirements, was Bacon superior to Plato? or Newton to Thales or Pythagoras? Early in history God gave to the human race the types and patterns to imitate and approach, but never to transcend. Here, we see clearly intimated to us our appointed work—namely, to raise the masses to the true standard of harmonious human virtue and capacity; not to strive ourselves to overleap that standard. The philanthropists, in the measure of their wisdom and their purity of zeal, are the real fellow-workmen of the Most High. This principle may give us the clue to many dispensations which at first seem dark and grievous, to the grand scale and the distracting slowness of nature's operations; to her merciless inconsideration for the individual when the interests of the race are in question:

> "So careful of the types she seems,
> So careless of the single life."

Noble souls are sacrificed to ignoble masses; the good champion often falls, the wrong competitor often wins: but the great car of humanity moves forward by those very steps which revolt our sympathies and crush our hopes.—*Enigmas of Life.*



GREVILLE, FULKE (LORD BROOKE), an English statesman and poet, born at Beauchamp Court, Warwickshire, in 1554; died September 30, 1628, having been fatally stabbed by a servant with whom he had some dispute. He studied at Cambridge and Oxford, was knighted, and served for several years in Parliament. In 1615 he was made Under Treasurer and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in 1620 was created Baron Brooke. He wrote two tragedies, and several other works in prose and verse, among which are: *The Life of the Renowned Sir Philip Sidney; A Treatise of Religion*, in verse; *A Treatise of Human Learning*, in fifteen stanzas; and *A Treatise of Warres*, in sixty-eight stanzas. A work, *The Five Years of King James*, which bears his name, is probably spurious.

REALITY OF A TRUE RELIGION.

For sure in all kinds of hypocrisy
  No bodies yet are found of constant being;
No uniform, no stable mystery,
  No inward nature, but an outward seeming;
No solid truth, no virtue, holiness,
But types of these, which time makes more or less.

But as there lives a true God in heaven,
  So is there true Religion here on earth:
By nature? No, by grace; not got, but given;
  Inspired, not taught; from God a second birth;
God dwelleth near about us, even within,
Working the goodness, censuring the sin.

Such as we are to Him, to us is He;
Without God was no man ever good;
Divine the author and the matter be
Where goodness must be wrought in flesh and blood:
Religion stands, not in corrupted things,
But virtues that descend have heavenly wings.

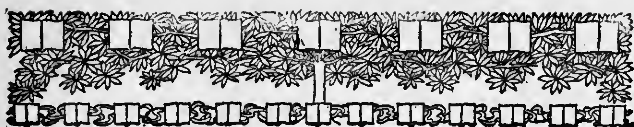
ON THE DEATH OF PHILIP SIDNEY.

Silence augmenteth grief, writing increaseth rage,
Stalled are my thoughts, which loved and lost the wonder of our age;
Yet quickened now with fire, though dead with frost ere now,
Enraged I write I know not what: dead, quick, I know not how.

Hard-hearted minds relent, and Rigŏr's tears abound,
And Envy strangely rues his end in whom no fault she found;
Knowledge his light hath lost, Valor hath slain her knight:—
Sidney is dead, dead is my friend, dead is the world's delight. . . .

Farewell, to you, my hopes, my wonted waking dreams!
Farewell, sometimes enjoyed joy, eclipsèd are thy beams!
Farewell, self-pleasing thoughts which quietness brings forth!
And farewell, friendship's sacred league, uniting minds of worth!

And farewell, merry heart, the gift of guileless minds,
And all sports which, for life's restore, variety assigns!
Let all that sweet is, void! In me no mirth may dwell!
Philip, the cause of all this woe, my life's content, farewell!



GRIFFIN, GERALD, an Irish novelist and poet, born at Limerick, December 12, 1803; died at Cork, June 12, 1840. While he was a youth his family emigrated to America, leaving him at Adare, near Limerick, situated in a beautiful valley which he has celebrated in verse. At the age of twenty he went to London with two tragedies, *Aguire* and *Gisippus*, which he vainly tried to dispose of, although the latter was successfully brought out upon the stage after his death. He became a writer for periodicals, and in three or four years acquired a brilliant reputation. His first novel, *Holland-tide*, was published in 1827; this was followed by several others, of which *The Collegians* (1828), dramatized as the *Colleen Bawn*, presents an unusually vivid picture of Irish life. In 1830 one of his sisters took the veil; and this incident directed his thoughts more and more to a "religious" life. In 1838 he united with a religious association at Cork, known as the "Christian Brotherhood," whose mission was to give instruction to the poor of that city. Two years after entering upon his novitiate, he died from an attack of typhus fever. A complete collection of his works, with a *Memoir* by his brother, was issued in New York, in eight volumes, 1842–46. Among his other works are *The Invasion* and *The Rivals*.

ADARE.

Oh, sweet Adare! oh, lovely vale!
  Oh, soft retreat of sylvan splendor!
Nor summer sun, nor morning gale,
  E'er hailed a scene more softly tender.
How shall I tell the thousand charms
  Within thy verdant bosom dwelling,
Where lulled in Nature's fostering arms
  Soft peace abides and joy excelling?

The morning airs, how sweet at dawn,
  The slumbering boughs your song awaken,
While lingering o'er the silent lawn,
  With odor of the harebell taken!
Thou rising sun, how richly gleams
  Thy smile from far Knockfierna's mountain,
O'er waving woods and bounding streams,
  And many a grove and glancing fountain!

In sweet Adare the jocund Spring
  His notes of odorous joy is breathing;
The wild birds in the woodland sing,
  The wild flowers in the vale are wreathing.
There winds the Mague, as silver clear,
  Among the elms so sweetly flowing;
There fragrant in the early year,
  Wild roses on the banks are blowing.

The wild duck seeks the sedgy bank,
  Or dives beneath the glistening billow,
Where graceful droop and cluster dank
  The osier bright and rustling willow.
The hawthorn scents the leafy dale;
  In thicket lone the stag is belling,
And sweet along the echoing vale
  The sound of vernal joy is swelling.

TO MY SISTER, CHRISTMAS, 1830.

Seven dreary winters, gone and spent,
  Seven blooming summers vanished too,

Since, on an eager mission bent,
  I left my Irish home and you.

How passed those years, I will not say;
  They cannot be by words renewed:
God washed their sinful parts away;
  And blest be He for all their good!

With even mind and tranquil breast,
  I left my youthful sister then;
And now in sweet religious rest
  I see my sister there again.

Returning from that stormy world,
  How pleasing is a sight like this!
To see that bark with canvas furled
  Still riding in that port of peace.

Oh, darling of a heart that still,
  By earthly joys so deeply trod,
At moments bids its owner feel
  The warmth of nature and of God!

Still be his care in future years
  To learn of thee truth's simple way,
And free from foundless hopes or fears,
  Serenely live, securely pray.

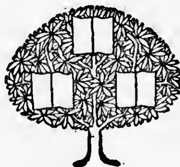
And when our Christmas days are past,
  And life's vain shadows faint and dim,
Oh, be my sister heard at last,
  When her pure hands are raised for him!

A SONG OF FAREWELL.

A place in thy memory, dearest,
  Is all that I claim,
To pause and look back when thou hearest
  The sound of my name.
Another may woo thee nearer,
  Another may win and wear;
I care not, though he be dearer,
  If I am remembered there.

Could I be thy true lover, dearest,
  Couldst thou smile on me,
I would be the fondest and nearest
  That ever loved thee.
But a cloud o'er my pathway is looming
  Which never must break upon thine;
And Heaven, which made thee all blooming,
  Ne'er made thee to wither on mine.

Remember me not as a lover
  Whose fond hopes are crossed,
Whose bosom can never recover
  The light it has lost :—
As the young bride remembers the mother
  She loves, yet never may see,
As a sister remembers a brother,
  Oh, dearest, remember me.



GRIFFIS, William Elliot, an American clergyman and traveller, born in Philadelphia, September 17, 1843. He served in the Union army in 1863. After the war he entered Rutgers College, and graduated in 1869. The next year he was appointed to organize schools in Japan on the American plan. For a year he was Superintendent of Education at Echizen, and from 1872 to 1874 he was Professor of Physics in the Imperial University of Tokio. On his return to America he studied theology at New Brunswick, N. J., and at the Union Theological Seminary, New York. He then held successive pastorates in Schenectady, N. Y., Boston, Mass., and Ithaca, N. Y. While in Japan he prepared the *New Japan Series of Reading Books* (1872); and a *Guide to Tokio and Yokohama* (1874). After his return he published *The Mikado's Empire* (1876); *The Japanese Fairy World* (1880); *Asiatic History* (1881); *Corea, the Hermit Nation* (1882); *Corea Without and Within* (1885), and the *Life of Matthew Galbraith Perry* (1887). Mr. Griffis is a prolific writer and his subjects cover a wide field. Among his later works are: *The Lily Among Thorns* (1889); *Honda the Samurai* (1890); *Sir William Johnson* (1891); *Japan in History, Folk-Lore and Art* (1892); *Brave Little Holland* (1894); *The Religions of Japan* (1895); *Townsend Harris* (1895).

A RIDE ON THE TOKAIDO.

A frosty morning. Air keen, bracing, razor-like. Sky stainlessly clear. The Bay of Yedo glinting with unnumbered sunbeams. Blue sky, blue water, blue mountains, white Fuji. Our driver whips up the horses for sheer warmth, and we dash over the "iron bridge." A trifling bit of iron to our foreign eyes, but a triumph of engineering to the natives, who build of wood. We pass it, and then we are on the causeway that connects Yokohama with the great main road of the empire, the Tokaido. The causeway passed, and with foreign sights behind, real Japan appears. I am in a New World, not the Old. Everything is novel. I should like to be Argus: not less than a hundred eyes can take in all the sights. I should like to be a poet to express, and an artist to paint all I see. I wish I knew the language, to ask questions.

What a wonderful picture-book! A line of villages are strung along the road, like a great illuminated scroll full of gay, brilliant, merry, sad, disgusting, horrible, curious, funny, delightful pictures. What pretty children! Chubby, rosy, sparkling-eyed. The cold only made their feet pink and their cheeks red. How curiously dressed, with coats like long wrappers, and long, wide, square sleeves, which I know serve for pockets, for I just saw a boy buy some rice cracknels, hot from the toasting-coals, and put them in his sleeves. A girdle three inches wide binds the coat tight to the waist. The children's heads are shaved in all curious fashions. The way the babies are carried is an improvement upon the Indian fashion. The Japanese *ko* is the papoose reversed. He rides eyes front, and sees the world over his mother's shoulder. Japanese babies are lugged pickaback. Baby Gohachi is laid on mamma's back and strapped on, or else he is inclosed in her garment, and only his little shaven noddle protrudes behind his mother's neck. His own neck never gets wrenched off, and often neither head nor tiny toes are covered, though water is freezing. Here are adults and children running around barefoot. Nobody wears any hat. As for bonnets, a Japanese woman might study a life-time,

and go crazy in trying to find out their use. Every one wears cotton clothes, and these of only one or two thicknesses.

None of the front doors are shut. All the shops are open. We can see some of the people eating their breakfast—beefsteak, hot coffee, and hot rolls for warmth? No: cold rice, pickled radishes, and vegetable messes of all unknown sorts. These we see. They make their rice hot by pouring tea almost boiling over it. A few can afford only hot water. Some eat millet instead of rice. Do they not understand dietetics or hygiene better? Or is it poverty? Strange people, these Japanese! Here are large round ovens full of sweet potatoes being steamed or roasted. A group of urchins are waiting around one shop, grown men around another, for the luxury. Twenty *cash* (one-fifth of a cent) in iron or copper coin, is the price of a good one. Many of the children, just more than able to walk themselves, are saddled with babies. They look like two-headed children. The fathers of these youngsters are *coolies*, or burden bearers, who wear a cotton coat of a special pattern, and knot their handkerchiefs over their foreheads. These heads of families receive wages of ten cents a day when work is steady. Here stands one with his shoulder-stick (*tembimbo*) with pendant baskets of plaited rope, like a scale-beam and pans. His shoulder is to be the fulcrum. On his daily string of copper *cash* he supports a family. The poor man's blessings and the rich man's grief are the same in every clime. In Japan the quiver of poverty is full, while the man of wealth mourns for an heir. The mother bears the bairns, but the children carry them. Each preceding child, as it grows older, must lug the succeeding baby on its back till able to stand. The rearing of a Japanese poor family is a perpetual game of leap-frog.

The houses are small, mostly one story, all of them of wood, except the fire-proof, mud-walled store-houses of the merchants. Most are clean inside. The floors are raised a foot above the ground, covered with mats. The wood-work is clean, as if often scrubbed. Yet the Japanese have no word for soap, and have never until

these late days used it. Nevertheless they lead all the Asiatics in cleanliness of person and dwellings. Does not an ancient stanza of theirs declare that "when the houses of a people are kept clean, be certain that the government is respected and will endure?" Hot water is the detergent, and the normal Japanese gets under it at least once a day. For scrubbing the floor or clothes, alkali, obtained by leaching ashes, is put in the water.

The sho· keeper sits on his hams and heels, and hugs his *hiōachi* (fire-bowl). What shivering memories I have of it! Every Japanese house has one or more. It is a box of brass, wood, or delf. In a bed of ashes are a handful of coals. Ordinarily it holds the ghost of a fire, and radiates heat for a distance of six inches. A thermo-multiplier might detect its influence further on a cold day. With this the Japanese warm their houses, toast their fingers for incredibly long spaces of time, and even have the hardihood to ask you to sit down by it and warm yourself! Nevertheless, when the coals are piled up regardless of expense, a genial warmth may be obtained. The shop-keepers seem to pay much more attention to their braziers than to their customers. What strikes one with the greatest surprise is the baby-house style and dimensions of everything. The rice-bowls are tea-cups, the tea-cups are thimbles, the tea-pot is a joke. The family sit in a circle at meals. The daughter or house-maid presides at the rice-bucket, and paddles out cupfuls of rice.

We pass through Kanagawa, a flourishing town, and the real treaty-port, from which Yokohama has usurped foreign fame and future history. We pass many shops, and learn in a half-hour the staple articles of sale, which we afterward find repeated with little variation in the shops all over the country. They are not groceries, or boots, or jewellery, nor lacquer, bronze, or silk. They are straw sandals, paper umbrellas, rush hats, bamboo-work of all kinds, matting for coats; flint, steel, and tinder, sulphur splints for matches, oiled-paper coats, and grass cloaks, paper for all purposes, wooden clogs for shoes; fish and radish knives, grass-hooks, hoes, scissors with two blades but only one handle, and axes, all of a strange pattern, compose the stock of cutlery.

Vegetable and fish shops are plentiful, but there is neither butcher nor baker. Copper and brass articles are numerous in the braziers' shops. In the cooper shops, the dazzling array of wood-work, so neat, fresh, clean, and fragrant, carries temptation into housekeepers' pockets. I know an American lady who never can pass one without buying some useful utensil. There are two coopers pounding lustily away at a great rain-tank, or saké-vat, or soy-tub. They are more intent on their bamboo hoops, beetles, and wedges than on their clothing, which they have half thrown off. One has his kerchief over his shoulder.

In Japan the carpenter is the shoemaker, for the foot-gear is of wood. The basket-maker weaves the head-dress Hats and boots are not. The head-covering is called a "roof" or "shed." I remember how in America I read of gaudily advertised "Japanese boot-blacking," and "Japanese corn-files." I now see that the Japanese wear no boots or shoes, hence blacking is not in demand; and as such plagues as corns are next to unknown, there is no need for files for such a purpose. The total value of the stock in many of the shops appears to be about five dollars. Many look as if one "clean Mexican" would buy their stock, good-will, and fixtures. I thought, in my ignorance, that I should find more splendid stores elsewhere. I kept on for a year or more thinking so, but was finally satisfied of the truth that, if the Japanese are wealthy, they do not show it in their shops. The prosaic truth is that the people are very poor.

Tugging up the steep hill and past Kanagawa, we dash over the splendid road beneath an arch of pines, some grandly venerable, some augustly tall, some like a tottering empire, glorious in decay, but many more scraggy and crooked. We pass all kinds of dress and character on the road. The priest in his robes, brocade collar, and shaven head; the merchant in his tight breeches; the laborer with his bare legs; the *samurai*, with his two swords and loose trousers; the pilgrim, in his white dress, are all easily recognized. As for the beggars, we cannot understand their "*Chabu chabu komarimasu tempo dauna san dozo*," "Please, master, a penny;

we are in great trouble for our grub;" but we comprehend the object of their importunity. They are loathsome, dirty, ragged, sore. Now, I wish I were a physician, to heal such vileness and suffering. Who would care to do an artist's or a poet's work when the noblest art of healing needs to be practised? The children run after us. The old beggars live in straw kennels by the roadside. Some are naked, except dirty mats bound round them. The law of Japan does not recognize them as human: they are beasts. The man who kills them will be neither prosecuted nor punished. There lies one dead in the road. No! Can it be? Yes, there is a dead beggar, and he will be unburied, perhaps for days.

The driver reins up, and the horses come to a halt. We have stopped before a tea-house of whose fame we have heard, and man and beast are refreshed. The driver takes brandy, the *betto* tea, and the horses water. The first drinks from a tumbler, the second from a cup; the four-footed drinkers must wait. Pretty girls come out to wish us good-morning. One, with a pair of eyes not to be forgotten, brings a tray of tiny cups full of green tea, and a plate of red sweetmeats, begging us to partake. I want neither, though a bit of paper money is placed on the tray for beauty's sake. The maid is about seventeen, graceful in figure, and her neat dress is bound round with a wide girdle tied into a huge bow behind. Her neck is powdered. Her laugh displays a row of superb white teeth, and her jet-black hair is rolled in a maidenly style. The fairest sights in Japan are Japan's fair daughters.

The *betto* is watering the horses. He gives them drink out of a dipper! A cupful of water at a time to a thirsty horse! The animal himself would surely laugh if he were not a Japanese horse and used to it. "*Sayonara*—Farewell!" cry the pretty girls, as they bow profoundly and gracefully, and the stage rolls on. We pass through the villages of thatched houses, on which, along the ridge, grow beds of the iris. Far and wide are the fallow fields covered with shallow water, and studded with rice-stubble. All that flat land is one universal rice-ditch.—*The Mikado's Empire.*

GRILLPARZER, Franz, distinguished Austrian dramatist, born at Vienna, January 15, 1791; died there, January 21, 1872. His father destined him for his own profession of advocate, and he studied jurisprudence. In 1813 he entered the civil service, from which he retired to private life in 1856. He was made a member of the Academy of Sciences in 1847. From boyhood he displayed a strong liking for the drama. His especial fondness for Spanish plays is reflected in all his earlier works. His first play, *Die Ahnfrau* (The Ancestress, 1816), was after the style of the so-called fate-tragedies then dominating the German stage. It tells the story of a woman who has been slain by her husband for infidelity. Her spirit is doomed to visit him in the "glimpses of the moon" until her house is extinguished, and that is accomplished amid scenes of horror and bloodshed. *Das Goldene Vlies* (The Golden Fleece, 1822) is considered by many his best work.

Grillparzer was a lyric as well as a dramatic poet. His poems were written, as he himself says, to give vent to feelings which oppressed him, which is no doubt an attempt to force a share of his melancholy upon his readers. It was Schreyvogel's influence that determined the artistic development of Grillparzer. Though a disciple of German classicists, he would never have consented

to produce a play with so little action as Goethe's *Iphigénie*. His language seldom reaches a high level of perfection, though it is always in keeping with the dramatic situation. He was a perfect master of dramatic technique. He was of a quiet, contemplative nature, and never married. To a stranger he appeared cold and distant, but in conversation with anyone he liked he revealed his real disposition by an animated manner, a bright eye, and a sarcastic but not ill-natured smile. He was fond of travel, and visited all parts of Europe. His works include *Sappho* (1818); *King Ottokar's Fortune and End* (1825); *A True Servant of His Master* (1828); *The Waves of Love and of the Sea* (1831); *The Dream, a Life* (1834). His only comedy, *Woe to Him Who Lies*, having failed in 1840, he almost passed out of remembrance. Some ten years later his friend Laube settled in Vienna as director of the Court Theatre, and produced some of Grillparzer's almost forgotten tragedies. Their success was immediate, and the author found himself, much to his surprise, the popular idol of the hour in Vienna. He was ranked with Goethe and Schiller, and on his eightieth birthday he received a grand ovation from all classes, from royalty down to the private citizen, who united to honor him as the national poet of Austria. His complete works were published in ten volumes at Stuttgart in 1872.

The Golden Fleece is a trilogy, of which the first part, a sort of prologue or introduction to the other two, is entitled *The Guest*, and describes, in one act, the arrival of the fleece in Colchis, with

the foul murder of the bearer, the Greek Phryxus; the second, *The Argonauts*, in four acts, contains so much of their celebrated expedition for revenge and the recovery of the fleece as had its scene in Colchis; and the third, in five acts, is in name and subject, the usual tragedy of *Medea*. "The work is written," said an early writer in the *North American Review*, "in irregular verse with great freedom of spirit; full of action, though the leading incidents which form its material are so few; and full of the deepest interest, though these incidents are so familiar to us. The story is of the wildest and most revolting kind; yet it is so managed as never to disgust us, and scarcely to seem improbable. The characters are so true to nature that everything else seems natural. The *Medea* particularly is conceived and sketched in the happiest manner."

THE PARTING OF JASON AND MEDEA.

[*A wild, solitary country, enclosed with trees and rocks. A cottage in view.*]

Peasant, entering.—How fair the morning rises! Gracious gods!
After the tempests of this dismal night
Your sun lifts up himself with a new beauty.
[*Goes into the cottage.*]

Jason, coming feebly in, leaning on his sword.—I can no farther. Woe!—my head's on fire,
My blood boils through its veins, my parched tongue stiffens.
Is no one there? Must I die thus alone?
Here is the hut, which used to give me shelter,
When once, a wealthy man, a wealthy father
I hither came, full of new wakened hopes. [*Knocks.*]
Only one draught! only a place to die in!

Peasant, coming out.—Who knocks? Poor man, who art thou? Faint to death!

Jason.—Only one cup of water! I am Jason,
The hero of the fleece! a chief, a king,
The Argonautic leader, Jason I!

Peasant.—And art thou Jason? Then away with thee!
Pollute my house not with thy hateful tread.
Hast thou not slain the daughter of my king?
Then ask not help before his subjects' doors.
[*Returns into the hut.*]

Jason.—He goes, and leaves me in the open way,
In the dust, for travellers to tread upon.
Death, I invoke thee, bear me to my children.
[*Sinks down.*]

[*Medea advances from behind a rock, and stands before him, with the fleece thrown over her shoulders like a mantle.*]

Medea.—Jason!

Jason, half raising himself.—Who calls? Ha! see I right? Thou there!
Monster! Must I still have thee in my sight?
My sword! my sword!—O wo is me! my limbs
Refuse their office now, spent, spent, and useless.

Medea.—Forbear, thou harm'st me not! I am an offering
To bleed before another hand than thine.

Jason.—Where hast thou laid my children?

Medea.— They are mine!

Jason.—Where hast thou laid them?

Medea.— They are in a place
Where it is better with them, than with us.

Jason.—Dead are they, dead!

Medea.—Thou think'st the worst thing death.
I know one that is worse far,—to be wretched,
Hadst thou not valued life at greater price
Than it deserves, it were not thus with us.
Ours is the suffering, which our boys are saved from.

Jason.—Thou speak'st thus, standing calmly?

Medea.— Calmly! Calmly!
Were not my bosom still shut up to thee,
As it has always been, thou would'st see anguish,

Which rolling boundless, like a fiery sea,
Engulphs the single fragments of my sorrow,
That welter, lost in the horrible infinite.
I mourn not that the children are no more,
I mourn that they were ever—that we are.

Jason.—O wo! wo!

Medea.—Nay, bear what is laid upon thee,
For well thou know'st thyself hast brought it down.
As now thou liest on the bare earth before me,
So once lay I before thee, when in Colchis,
And prayed thee to forbear, and thou forbor'st not!
Blindly and madly thou would'st grasp the hazard,
Though I still cried to thee, thou graspest death.
Then take what thou so proudly didst demand—
Death.—As for me, I now am parting from thee
Forever and forever. 'Tis the last time—
Through all eternity it is the last—
That I shall ever speak to thee, my husband.
Farewell!—After all the joys of earlier days,
In all the sorrows which now darken round us,
In front of all the grief that's yet to come,
I bid thee now farewell, my husband.
A life all full of trouble breaks upon thee,
But whatsoe'er betide, hold out,
And be in suffering greater than in action.
Would'st thou give way to anguish, think on me,
And comfort take from my far heavier sorrow,
Who've wrought the work you only left unfinished.
I go away, the unsupportable smart
Bearing forth with me through the lone, wide world.
A poniard's stroke were mercy—but not so!
Medea shall not by Medea perish.
My early years of life have made me worthy
A better judge, than lost Medea is.
I go to Delphos. At the fatal altar,
Whence Phryxus bore the golden fleece away,
Will I restore to the dark god his own,
Spared sacred even by the bloody flame,
That folded round the form of Corinth's princess.
There will I show me to the priests, and ask them
Whether my head shall fall in sacrifice,
Or they will drive me to the furthest deserts,

In longer life to find but longer torture.
Know'st thou the sign, for which thou hast so struggled,
Which was thy glory, and which seemed thy good?
What is the good of earth? A shadow!
What is the fame of earth? A dream!
Thou poor man! who hast fondly dreamt of shadows!
The dream is broken, but the night endures.
Now I depart—Farewell, my husband!
We who for misery found each other
In misery separate. Farewell!
Jason.—Alone! deserted! O my children!
Medea.—Bear it!
Jason.—All lost!
Medea.—Be patient!
Jason.—O for death!
Medea.— Repent!
I go—and ne'er again your eye beholds me!

[*As she turns to depart the curtain falls.*]

—*From the Golden Fleece*, FROTHINGHAM'S *translation*.

GRIMM, JAKOB LUDWIG, and WILHELM KARL, German philologists and juvenile writers, born at Hanau, the former January 4, 1785, the latter February 24, 1786; both died in Berlin, Jakob on September 20, 1863, and Wilhelm, December 16, 1859. Jakob, the elder brother, studied law at the University of Marburg, and in 1814–15 was Secretary of Legation at the Congress of Vienna. From 1816 to 1830 he was Librarian at Cassel. In 1830 he became Professor at Göttingen, where he lectured upon the antiquities of the German language, literature, and law; but in 1837 he was removed from his professorship on account of his political opinions. In 1841 he was called to Berlin as member of the Academy of Sciences and as Professor. He took an important part in the political movements of 1848 and 1849, acting with the Moderate Liberal party. He wrote several works, the most important being, *Ueber den Altdeutschen Meistersänger* (1811); *Deutsche Grammatik* (4 vols., 1819–37); *Deutsche Rechtsalterthümer* (1828); *Deutsch Mythologie* (1835); *Geschichte der Deutschen Sprache* (1848), and *Weisthümer*, a collection of German proverbs (4 vols., 1840–53).

Wilhelm, the younger brother, was first associated with Jakob at Cassel and at Göttingen, where he was made a Professor; and was also removed in 1837. He accompanied his brother to Berlin,

where he devoted himself especially to early German poetry, editing, with valuable introductions and disquisitions, many of the old poets. Among his separate works are: *Uber die Deutschen Runen* (1821); *Athis und Prophilias* (1846); *Exhortatio ad Plebem Christianam* (1848), and *Altdeutsche Gesprache* (1851).

The two most important works put forth by the brothers in conjunction are the *Kinder und Hausmärchen* (1812, often republished, and translated into other languages), and the *Deutsches Wörterbuch* a dictionary of the German language upon a most elaborate and extensive scale. The publication of the *Wörterbuch* was begun in 1852, but both the brothers died before the eighth letter of the alphabet had been reached. The work was taken up and carried on by others. *Kinder und Hausmärchen* of the Brothers Grimm, stands at the head of all works of its class in any language. Our citations are from the translation of Lucy Crane.

LUCKY HANS.

Hans had served his master seven years, and at the end of the seventh year he said—

"Master, my time is up. I want to go home and see my mother; so give me my wages."

"You have served me truly and faithfully," said the master; "as the service is, so must the wages be," and he gave him a lump of gold as big as his head.

Hans pulled his handkerchief out of his pocket, and tied up the lump of gold in it; hoisted it on his shoulder, and set off on his way home. As he was trudging along, there came in sight a man riding on a spirited horse, and looking very gay and lively. "Oh!" cries Hans aloud, "how splendid riding must be! sitting as

much at one's ease as in an armchair, stumbling over no stones, saving one's shoes, and getting on one hardly knows how!"

The horseman heard Hans say this, and called out to him—

"Well, Hans, what are you doing on foot?"

"I can't help myself," said Hans; "I have this great lump to carry; to be sure, it is gold, but then I can't hold my head straight for it, and it hurts my shoulder."

"I'll tell you what," said the horseman, "we will change; I will give you my horse, and you give me your lump of gold."

"With all my heart," said Hans; "but I warn you, you will find it heavy."

And the horseman got down, took the gold, and, helping Hans up, he gave the reins into his hand. "When you want to go fast," said he, "you must click your tongue and cry 'Gee-up!'"

And Hans, as he sat upon his horse, was glad at heart, and rode off with a merry cheer. After awhile he thought he should like to go quicker; so he began to click with his tongue, and to cry "Gee-up!" And the horse began to trot, and Hans was thrown before he knew what was going to happen; and there he lay in the ditch by the side of the road. The horse would have got away but that he was caught by a peasant, who was passing that way and driving a cow before him. And Hans pulled himself together and got upon his feet, feeling very vexed.

"Poor work, riding," said he, "especially on a jade like this, who starts off and throws you before you know where you are, going near to break your neck; never shall I try that game again! Now your cow is something worth having; one can jog on comfortably after her, and have her milk, butter, and cheese every day into the bargain. What would I not give to have such a cow!"

"Well, now," said the peasant, "since it will be doing you such a favor, I don't mind exchanging my cow for your horse."

Hans agreed most joyfully; and the peasant, swing-

ing himself into the saddle, was soon out of sight. Hans went along, driving his cow quietly before him, and thinking all the while of the fine bargain he had made.

"With only a piece of bread," he said to himself, "I shall have everything I can possibly want; for I shall always be able to have butter and cheese to it, and if I am thirsty I have nothing to do but to milk my cow; and what more is there for heart to wish?"

And when he came to an inn he made a halt, and in the joy of his heart ate up all the food he had brought with him—dinner and supper and all—and bought half a glass of beer with his last two farthings. Then he went on again, driving his cow, until he should come to the village where his mother lived. It was now near the middle of the day, and the sun grew hotter and hotter, and Hans found himself on a heath which it would be an hour's journey to cross. And he began to feel very hot, and so thirsty that his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

"Never mind," said Hans, "I can find a remedy. I will milk my cow at once."

And tying her to a dry tree, and taking off his leather cap to serve for a pail, he began to milk, but not a drop came. And as he set to work rather awkwardly, the impatient beast gave him such a kick on the head with her hind foot that he fell to the ground, and for some time could not think where he was; when luckily there came by a butcher who was wheeling along a young pig in a wheelbarrow.

"Here's a fine piece of work!" cried he, helping poor Hans on his legs again. Then Hans related to him all that had happened; and the butcher handed him his pocket-flask, saying—

"Here, take a drink and be a man again. Of course the cow could give no milk; she is old, and only fit to draw burdens or to be slaughtered."

"Well, to be sure," said Hans, scratching his head, "who would have thought it? Of course it is a very handy way of getting meat when a man has a beast of his own to kill; but for my part I do not care so much for cow-beef, it is rather tasteless. Now if I had but a

young pig, that is much better meat; and then the sausages!"

"Look here, Hans," said the butcher, "just for love of you I will exchange and will give you my pig instead of your cow."

"Heaven reward such kindness!" cried Hans; and handing over the cow, he received in exchange the pig, who was turned out of the wheelbarrow, and was to be led by a string.

So on went Hans thinking how everything turned out according to his wishes; and how, if trouble overtook him, all was sure to be set right directly. After awhile he fell in with a peasant who was carrying a fine white goose under his arm. They bid each other good-day, and Hans began to tell all about his luck, and how he had made so many good exchanges; and the peasant told how he was taking the goose to a christening feast.

"Just feel how heavy it is," said he, taking it up by the wings; "it has been fattening for the last eight weeks, and when it is roasted won't the fat run down!"

"Yes, indeed," said Hans, weighing it in his hand, "very fine, to be sure; but my pig is not to be despised." Upon which the peasant glanced cautiously on all sides, and shook his head.

"I am afraid," said he, "that there is something not quite right about your pig. In the village I have just left, one had actually been stolen from the bailiff's yard. I fear, I fear, you have it in your hand. They have sent after the thief, and it would be a bad look-out for you if it was found upon you; the least that could happen would be to be thrown into a dark hole."

Poor Hans grew pale with fright. "For heaven's sake," said he, "help me out of this scrape. I am a stranger in these parts: take my pig, and give me your goose."

"It will be running some risk," answered the man; "but I will do it sooner than that you should come to grief."

And so, taking the cord in his hand, he drove the pig quickly along by a by-path; and Lucky Hans went on his way home, with the goose under his arm.

"The more I think of it," said he to himself, "the

better the bargain seems. First, I get the roast-goose; then the fat—that will last a whole year for bread and dripping; and lastly the beautiful white feathers which I can stuff my pillow with. How comfortable I shall sleep upon it, and how pleased my mother will be."

When he reached the last village, he saw a knife-grinder with his barrow; and his wheel went whirring round, and he sang—

> "My scissors I grind, and my wheel I turn;
> And all good fellows my trade should learn,
> For all that I meet with just serves my turn."

Hans stood and looked at him; and at last he spoke to him and said, "You seem very well-off, and merry with your grinding."

"Yes," answered the knife-grinder; "my handiwork pays very well. I call a man a good grinder who every time he puts his hand in his pocket finds money there. But where did you buy that fine goose?"

"I did not buy it, but I swapped it for my pig," said Hans.

"And the pig?"

"That I swapped for a cow."

"And the cow?"

"That I swapped for a horse."

"And the horse?"

"For the horse I gave a lump of gold as big as my head."

"And the gold?"

"Oh, that was my wages for seven years' service."

"You seem to have fended for yourself very well," said the knife-grinder. "Now if you could but manage to have money in your pocket every time you put your hand in, you would be made."

"How shall I manage that?" asked Hans.

"You must be a knife-grinder like me," said the man. "All you want is a grindstone; the rest comes of itself. I have one here: to be sure it is a little damaged, and I don't mind letting you have it in exchange for your goose. What say you?"

"How can you ask?" answered Hans. "I shall be the luckiest fellow in the world; for if I find money

whenever I put my hand in my pocket, there is nothing more left to want."

And so he handed over the goose to the other, and received the grindstone in exchange.

"Now," said the knife-grinder, taking up a heavy common stone that lay near by, "here is another proper kind of stone that will stand a good deal of wear, and that you can hammer out your old nails upon. Take it with you, and carry it carefully."

Hans lifted up the stone, and carried it off with a contented mind. "I must have been born under a lucky star!" cried he, while his eyes sparkled for joy. "I have only to wish for a thing, and it is mine!"

After awhile he began to feel rather tired as he had been on his legs since daybreak. He also began to feel rather hungry, as in the fulness of his joy at getting the cow he had eaten up all he had. At last he could scarcely go on at all, and had to make a halt every moment; for the stones weighed him down unmercifully, and he could not help wishing that he did not feel obliged to drag them along. And on he went at a snail's pace until he came to a well; there he thought he would rest, and take a drink of the fresh water. He placed the stones carefully by his side at the edge of the well; then he sat down, and as he stooped to drink, he happened to give the stones a little push, and they both fell into the water with a splash. And then Hans, having watched them disappear, jumped for joy, and thanked his stars that he had, without any effort of his own, been so lucky as to get rid of the stones that had weighed upon him so long.

"I really think," cried he, "that I am the luckiest man under the sun."

So he went on, void of care until he reached his mother's house.

THE CAT AND MOUSE IN PARTNERSHIP.

A Cat having made acquaintance with a Mouse, professed such great love and friendship for her, that the Mouse at last agreed that they should live and keep house together.

"We must make provision for the winter," said the

Cat, "or we shall suffer hunger, and you, little Mouse, must not stir out, or you will be caught in a trap."

So they took counsel together, and bought a pot of fat. And then they could not tell where to put it for safety ; but after long consideration the Cat said there could not be a better place than the church, for nobody would steal it there ; and they would put it under the altar, and not touch it until they were really in want. So this was done, and the little pot placed in safety. But before long the Cat was seized with a great wish to taste it.

"Listen to me, little Mouse," said he ; "I have been asked by my cousin to stand godfather to a little son she has brought into the world. He is white with brown spots ; and they want to have the christening to-day. So let me go to it, and you stay at home and keep house."

"Oh, yes, certainly," answered the Mouse ; "pray go by all means. And when you are feasting on all the good things, think of me ; I should so like a drop of the sweet red wine !"

But there was not a word of truth in all this. The Cat had no cousin, and had not been asked to stand godfather. He went to the church, straight up to the little pot, and licked the fat off the top ; then he took a walk over the roofs of the town, saw his acquaintances, stretched himself in the sun, and licked his whiskers as often as he thought of the fat ; and then, when it was evening, he went home.

"Here you are at last," said the Mouse ; "I expect you had a merry time !"

"Oh, pretty well," answered the Cat.

"And what name did you give the child ?" asked the Mouse.

"'Top-off,'" answered the Cat, dryly.

"'Top-off !'" cried the Mouse ; that is a singular and wonderful name ! Is it common in your family ?"

"What does it matter ?" said the Cat. "It's not any worse than 'Crumb-picker,' like your godchild."

After this the Cat was again seized with a longing.

"Again I must ask you," said he, one day, "to do me a favor, and keep house alone for a day. I have been asked a second time to stand godfather ; and as

the little one has a white ring round its neck, I cannot well refuse."

So the kind little Mouse consented; and the Cat crept along by the town wall until he reached the church, and going straight to the little pot of fat, devoured half of it.

"Nothing tastes so well as what one keeps to himself," said he, feeling quite content with his day's work.

When he reached home the Mouse asked what name had been given to the child.

"'Half-gone,'" answered the Cat.

"'Half-gone!'" cried the Mouse. "I never heard such a name in my life; I'll bet it is not to be found in the calendar."

Soon after that the Cat's mouth began to water again for the fat.

"Good things always come in threes," said he to the Mouse; "again I have been asked to stand godfather. The little one is quite black, with white feet, and not any white hair on its body. Such a thing does not happen every day; so you will let me go, won't you?"

"'Top-off,' 'Half-gone,'" murmured the Mouse; "they are such curious names, I cannot but wonder at them!"

"That's because you are always sitting at home," said the Cat, "in your little gray frock, and hairy tail, never seeing the world, and fancying all sorts of things."

So the little Mouse cleaned up the house and set it all in order. Meanwhile the greedy Cat went and made an end of the little pot of fat.

"Now all is finished, one's mind will be easy," said he, and came home in the evening, quite sleek and comfortable.

The Mouse asked at once what name had been given to the third child.

"It won't please you any better than the others," answered the Cat. "It is called 'All-gone.'"

"'All-gone!'" cried the Mouse. "What an unheard-of name! I never met with anything like it. What can it mean?" And, shaking her head, she curled herself round and went to sleep.

After that the Cat was not again asked to stand godfather. When the winter had come, and there was nothing more to be had out of doors, the Mouse began to think of their store.

"Come, Cat," said she, "we will fetch our pot of fat. How good it will taste, to be sure!"

"Of course it will," said the Cat; "just as good as if you stuck your tongue out of the window."

So they set out, and when they reached the place they found the pot, but it was standing empty.

"Oh, now I know what it all meant!" cried the Mouse; "now I see what sort of a partner you have been! Instead of standing godfather, you have devoured it all up; first 'Top-off,' then 'Half-gone,' then——"

"Will you hold your tongue?" screamed the Cat. "Another word and I'll devour you too!"

And the poor little Mouse having "All-gone" on her tongue, out it came; and the Cat leaped on her, and made an end of her.

And that is the way of the world.

WHY BEANS HAVE A BLACK SEAM.

There lived in a certain village a poor old woman who had collected a mess of beans, and was going to cook them. So she made a fire on her hearth, and in order to make it burn better she put in a handful of straw. When the beans began to bubble in the pot, one of them fell out and lay, never noticed, near a Straw which was already there; soon a red-hot Coal jumped out of the fire and joined the pair.

The Straw began first, and said—

"Dear friends, how do you come here?"

The Coal answered, "I jumped out of the fire, by great good luck, or I should certainly have met my death; I should have been burned to ashes."

The Bean said, "I too have come out with a whole skin; but, if the old woman had kept me in the pot, I should have been cooked into a soft mess, like my comrades."

"Nor should I have met with a better fate," said the Straw. "The old woman has turned my brothers into

fire and smoke ; sixty of them she took up at once and deprived of life. Very luckily I managed to slip through her fingers."

"What had we better do now ?" said the Coal.

"I think," answered the Bean, "that as we have been so lucky as to escape with our lives, we will join in good-fellowship together ; and lest any more bad fortune should happen to us here, we will go abroad into foreign lands."

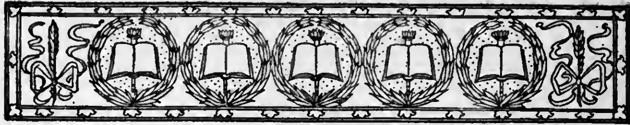
The proposal pleased the two others, and forthwith they started on their travels. Soon they came to a little brook, and as there was no stepping-stone, and no bridge, they could not tell how they were to get across. The Straw was struck with a good idea, and said—

"I will lay myself across, so that you can go over me as if I were a bridge."

So the Straw stretched himself from one bank to the other, and the Coal, who was of an ardent nature, quickly trotted up to go over the new-made bridge. When, however, she reached the middle, and heard the water rushing past beneath her, she was struck with terror and stopped, and could get no further. So the Straw began to get burned, broke into two pieces, and fell into the brook ; and the Coal slipped down, hissing as she touched the water, and gave up the ghost.

The Bean, who had prudently remained behind on the bank, could not help laughing at the sight ; and not being able to contain herself, went on laughing so excessively that she burst. And now she would certainly have been undone forever, if a tailor on his travels had not by good luck stopped to rest himself by the brook. As he had a compassionate heart, he took out needle and thread, and stitched her together again.

The Bean thanked him in the most elegant manner ; but as he had sewn her up with black thread, all beans since then have a black seam down their bellies.

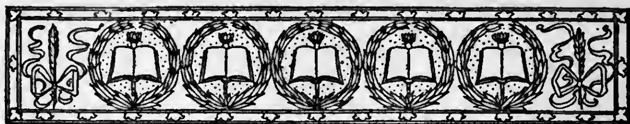


GRIMM, HERMAN, a German critic and biographer, was born at Cassel, January 6, 1826. He is a son of the celebrated philologist Wilhelm Grimm. He was educated at Berlin and at Bonn; and from 1850 to 1853 he lived at Rome. In 1872 he became professor of the history of art at the University of Berlin. He is the founder of the review *Ueber Kunstleben und Kunstwerke;* and has written, besides a vast number of minor essays, *Goethe in Italien* (1850); *Essays* (1850–1875); *Armin* (1851); *Demetrius* (1854); *Unüberwindliche Mächte* (The Unconquerable Powers, 1859); *Das Leben Michelangelo* (1870)· *Das Leben Rafaels* (1872); *Funfzehn Essays* (1874); *Vorlesungen über Goethe* (1877); and a collection of stories entitled *Novellen.* His most important work is generally considered to be his *Life of Michelangelo,* of which there is a fine translation by Miss Bunnètt.

MICHELANGELO AS AN APPRENTICE.

One day, when the masters had gone away, he drew the scaffolding with all that belonged to it, and with those working on it, so perfectly correctly, that Domenico, when he saw the paper, exclaimed, full of astonishment: "He understands more than I do myself!" His progress soon appeared so great, that admiration was turned into envy. Grillandajo became anxious. That jealousy seized him which has appeared on too many similar occasions to excite surprise in this instance.

Michelangelo painted his first picture. From the constant intercourse of the Florentines with Germany, it was natural that German pictures and engravings should have reached Italy. A plate of Martin Schöngauer's, representing the temptation of St. Antony, was copied and painted by Michelangelo on an enlarged scale. This picture is said to be still extant in the gallery of the Bianconi family at Bologna. According to the report of others, it is in possession of the sculptor, M. de Triqueti, at Paris, without its being said how it came into his hands. Schöngauer's plate is well-known. Considered as a composition, it is at all events his most important work, and is designed with an imagination which matches the wildest Netherland works of a similar kind. A band of distorted monsters have carried St. Antony into the air. We see nothing of the earth but a bit of rocky stone below, in the corner of the picture. Eight devils have taken the poor anchorite, and torment him. One pulls his hair ; a second pulls his garment in front ; a third seizes the book hanging from a pocket buttoned to his girdle ; a fourth snatches the stick from his hand ; a fifth helps the fourth ; the others pinch and teaze wherever there is space to seize him : and at the same time the strange rabble roll and turn him over, against him, and under him, in the most impossible writhings. The entire animal kingdom is ransacked to compose the figures. Claws, scales, horns, tails, talons—whatever belongs to animals—is exhibited in these eight devils. The fishy nature, however, predominates ; and, that he might not err here, Michelangelo eagerly studied the goods exposed to view in the fish-market. He thus accomplished an excellent picture. Grillandajo called it, however, one produced in *his* atelier ; or even named himself as the designer of it as he was authorized to do according to the custom of the time. On the other hand, however, Michelangelo now most plainly showed that he understood more than his master.—*From Life of Michelangelo. Translated by* FANNY E. BUNNÈTT.



GRISWOLD, Rufus Wilmot, an American editor and critic, born at Benson, Rutland County, Vt., February 15, 1815; died in New York City, August 27, 1857. He learned the printing trade, at which he worked for some years; afterward he became a Baptist clergyman, and subsequently engaged in literary pursuits. At various times he edited periodicals in New York and Philadelphia. In 1841 he published a volume of *Sermons*, and an anonymous volume of *Poems*. He wrote the *Curiosities of American Literature;* prepared, in conjunction with W. G. Simms and others, *Washington, and the Generals of the Revolution ;* and, in conjunction with H. B. Wallace, *Napoleon and the Marshals of the Empire.* He undertook the editing of a *Dictionary of Biography*, but the publishers threw up the work after about one thousand large pages had been stereotyped; these were destroyed, and no part of the work was ever published. His latest work was *The Republican Court : or, American Society in the Days of Washington* (1854). He is best known by his various Collections, with Biographical Sketches, all of which have been several times reprinted. These are : *Poets and Poetry of America* (1842); *Prose Writers of America* (1846); *Female Poets of America* (1849); *Sacred Poets of England and America* (1849); *Poets and Poetry of England in the Nineteenth Century* (1850).

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

I need not dwell upon the necessity of Literature and Art to a people's glory and happiness. History, with all her voices, joins in one judgment upon this subject. Our legislators, indeed, choose to consider them of no consequence, and while the States are convulsed by claims from the loom and the furnace for protection, the demands of the parents of freedom, the preservers of arts, the dispensers of civility, are treated with silence. But authors and artists have existed, and do exist here in spite of such outlawry. And notwithstanding the obstacles in our condition, and the discouragements of neglect, the Anglo-Saxon race in the United States have done as much in the fields of investigation, reflection, imagination, and taste, in the present century, as any other twelve millions of people—about our average number for this period—in the world.

Doubtless there are obstacles—great obstacles to the successful cultivation of letters here; but they are not so many nor so important as is generally supposed. The chief difficulty is a want of patriotism. . . . We have had no confidence in ourselves, and men who lack self-reliance are rarely successful. We have not looked into our own hearts. We have not inquired into our own necessities. When we have written, instead of giving a free voice to the spirit within us, we have endeavored to write after some foreign model. We have been so fearful of nothing else as of an Americanism in thought or expression. He has been deemed greatest who has copied some transatlantic author with most successful servility. And if one of our countrymen wins some reputation among his fellows, it is generally because he has been first praised abroad.

The commonly urged barriers to literary advancement supposed to exist in our form of government, the nature of our institutions, the restless and turbulent movements of our democracy, and the want of a wealthy and privileged class among us, deserve little consideration. Tumult and strife, the clashing of great

interests and high excitements, are to be regarded rather as aids than as obstacles to intellectual progress. From Athens came the choicest literature and the finest art: her philosophers, so calm and profound, her poets, the dulcet strains of whose lyres still charm the ears of succeeding ages, wrote amid continual upturnings and overthrows. The best authors of Rome also were senators and soldiers. Milton—the greatest of the prose-writers as well as the greatest of the poets of England—lived in the Commonwealth, and participated in all its political and religious controversies. And what repose had blind Mæonides, or Camoens, or Dante, or Tasso? In the literature of Germany and France, too, the noblest works have been produced amid the shocks of contending elements. Nor is the absence of a wealthy class, with leisure for such tranquil pursuits, to be much lamented. The privileged classes of all ages have been drones.

To say truth, most of the circumstances usually set down as barriers to æsthetical cultivation here, are directly or indirectly advantageous. The real obstacles are generally of a transient kind. Many of them are silently disappearing; and the rest would soon be unknown if we had a more enlightened love of country, and the making of our laws were not so commonly confided to men whose intellects are too mean, or whose principles are too wicked, to admit of their seeing or doing what is just and needful in the premises. . . . Nevertheless, much has been accomplished; great advancement has been made against the wind and tide; and at this time [1842] the aspects and prospects of our affairs are auspicious of scarcely anything more than of the successful cultivation of National Literature and National Art.—*Curiosities of American Literature.*

PHILLIS WHEATLEY PETERS.

This "daughter of the Murky Senegal," as she is styled by an admiring contemporary critic, we suppose may be considered as an American, since she was but six years of age when brought to Boston and sold in the slave-market of that city, in 1761. If not so great

a poet as the Abbé Grégoire contended, she was certainly a remarkable phenomenon, and her name is entitled to a place in the history of her race, of her sex, and of our literature. She was purchased by the wife of Mr. John Wheatley, a respectable merchant of Boston, who was anxious to superintend the education of a domestic to attend upon her person in the approaching period of old age. The amiable woman on visiting the market was attracted by the modest demeanor of a little child, in a sort of "fillibeg," who had just arrived, and taking her home, confided her instruction in part to a daughter, who, pleased with her good behavior and good abilities, determined to teach her to read and write.

The readiness with which she acquired knowledge surprised as much as it pleased her mistress, and it is probable that but few of the white children of Boston were brought up under circumstances better calculated for the full development of their natural abilities. Her ambition was stimulated; she became acquainted with grammar, history, ancient and modern geography, and astronomy. She studied Latin so as to read Horace with such ease and enjoyment that her French biographer supposes the great Roman had considerable influence upon her literary tastes and the choice of her subjects of composition. A general interest was felt in the sooty prodigy; the best libraries were open to her; and she had opportunities for conversation with the most accomplished and distinguished persons in the city.

She appears to have had but an indifferent physical constitution; and when a son of Mr. Wheatley visited England in 1772, it was decided, by the advice of the family physician, that Phillis should accompany him for the benefit of the sea-voyage. In London she was treated with great consideration; was introduced to many of the nobility and gentry, and would have been received at Court but for the absence of the royal family from the metropolis. Her poems were published under the patronage of the Countess of Huntingdon, with a letter from her master, and an attestation of their genuineness, signed by the Governor, Lieutenant

governor, and many of the most distinguished citizens of Boston.

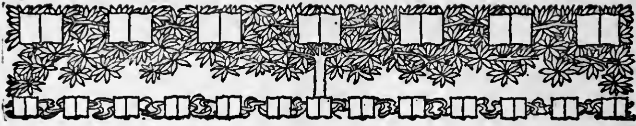
In 1774—the year after the return of Phillis to Boston—her mistress died; she soon lost her master and her younger mistress, his daughter; and the son having married and settled in England, she was left without a protector or a home. The events which immediately preceded the Revolution now engrossed the attention of those acquaintances who in more peaceful and more prosperous times would have been her friends; and though she took an apartment, and attempted in some way to support herself, she saw with fears the approach of poverty, and at last, in despair, resorted to marriage as the only alternative of destitution.

Grégoire, who derived his information from M. Giraud, the French consul at Boston, states that her husband, in the superiority of his understanding to that of other negroes, was also a kind of phenomenon; that he "became a lawyer, under the name of Doctor Peters, and plead before the tribunals the cause of the blacks;" and that "the reputation he enjoyed procured him a fortune." But a later biographer of Phillis declares that Peters "kept a grocery in Court Street, and was a man of handsome person and manners, wearing a wig, carrying a cane, and quite acting the gentleman;" that he proved utterly unworthy of the distinguished woman who honored him with her alliance; that he was unsuccessful in business, failing soon after their marriage, and "was too proud and too indolent to apply himself to any occupation below his fancied dignity."

Whether Peters practised physic and law or not, it appears pretty certain that he did not make a fortune, and that the match was a very unhappy one, though we think the author last quoted—who is one of the family—shows an undue partiality for his maternal ancestor. Peters, in his adversity, was not very unreasonable in demanding that his wife should attend to domestic affairs—that she should cook his breakfast and darn his stockings; but she too had certain notions of "dignity," and regarded as beneath her such unpoetical occupations. During the war they lived at Wilmington, in the interior of Massachusetts, and in this period

Phillis became the mother of three children. After the peace they returned to Boston and continued to live there, most of the time in wretched poverty, till the death of Phillis on December 5, 1794.

The intellectual character of Phillis Wheatley Peters has been much discussed, but chiefly by partisans. On the one hand, Mr. Jefferson declares that "the pieces published under her name are below the dignity of criticism," and that "the heroes of the *Dunciad* are to her as Hercules to the author of that poem;" and on the other hand, the Abbé Grégoire, Mr. Clarkson, and many more, see in her works the signs of a genuine poetical inspiration. They seem to me to be quite equal to much of the contemporary verse that is admitted to be poetry by Phillis's severest judges. Though her odes, elegies, and other compositions are but harmonious commonplaces, it would be difficult to find in the productions of American women, for the hundred and fifty years that had elapsed since the death of Mrs. Bradstreet, anything superior in sentiment, fancy, or diction.—*Female Poets of America.*



GROSSI, Tommaso, an Italian novelist and poet, born at Bellano, on the Lake of Como, January 20, 1791; died at Milan, December 10, 1853. After studying law at the University of Pavia, he took up his residence at Milan, where he early began to write stories in verse which became very popular. His "great poem," as the Italians style it, *The Lombards in the First Crusade*, in fifteen cantos, was pronounced to be the finest poem which Italy had produced since Tasso. His historical novel, *Marco Visconti*, published in 1835, established his literary reputation. After writing this he married, and devoted himself successfully to the practice of law. Scattered through *Marco Visconti* are several exquisite lyrics. Other works which met with success are *Ildegonda* (1820) and *G. Maria Visconti*, a tragedy. A writer in the *Nouvelle Biographie Générale* says of Grossi: "He is full of grace and elegance, and these qualities do not exclude force, passion, and elevation."

THE FAIR PRISONER TO THE SWALLOWS.

Pilgrim swallow! pilgrim swallow!
  On my grated window sill,
Singing, as the mornings follow,
  Quaint and pensive ditties still,
What wouldst thou tell me in thy lay?
Prithee, pilgrim swallow, say!

All forgotten, com'st thou hither
Of thy tender spouse forlorn,
That we two may grieve together,
Little widow, sorrow-worn?
Grieve then, weep then, in thy lay!
Pilgrim swallow, grieve away!

Yet a lighter woe thou weepest:
Thou at least art free of wing,
And while land and sea thou sweepest,
May'st make heaven with sorrow ring,
Calling his dear name alway,
Pilgrim swallow, in thy lay.

Could I too, that am forbidden
By this low and narrow cell,
Whence the sun's fair light is hidden,
Whence thou scarce can'st hear me tell
Sorrows that I pipe alway,
While thou pip'st thy plaintive lay.

Ah! September quickly coming
Thou shalt take farewell of me,
And, to other Summers roaming,
Other hills and waters see—
Greeting them with songs more gay,
Pilgrim swallow, far away.

Still with every hopeless morrow
While I ope my eyes in tears,
Sweetly through my brooding sorrow
Thy dear song shall reach mine ears—
Pitying me, though far away,
Pilgrim swallow, in thy lay.

Thou, when thou and Spring together
Here return, a cross shalt see—
In the pleasant evening weather,
Wheel and pipe, here over me!
Peace and peace! the coming May
Sing me in thy roundelay!

Translation of W. D. HOWELLS.

GROTE, George, an English historian, born at Clay Hill, near Beckenham, Kent, November 17, 1794; died in London, June 18, 1871. He was educated at the Charterhouse School, London, and at the age of fifteen entered the banking-house of which his father was the senior partner. He however devoted much of his time to literature and politics. In 1832 he was returned to Parliament for the City of London. The leading feature of his Parliamentary career was his persistent effort to introduce the ballot system into English elections. In 1841 he resigned his seat in Parliament in order to devote himself to his *History of Greece*, for which he had begun to gather materials as early as 1823. This history comprises twelve volumes, of which Vols. I. and II. appeared in 1846; III. and IV. in 1847; V. and VI. in 1849; VII. and VIII. in 1850; IX. and X. in 1852; XI. in 1853; XII. in 1855. He proposed to supplement the *History* by an exhaustive work upon *Greek Philosophy*, of which *Plato and the other Companions of Socrates* appeared in 1865; this was to be followed by *Aristotle*, which, however, was never completed. In 1868 he succeeded Lord Brougham as President of the Council of the University of London. A sketch of the *Life* of Mr. Grote was published in 1873 by his widow

EARLY LEGENDARY HISTORY OF GREECE.

To set forth the history of a people by whom the first spark was set to the dormant intellectual capacities of our nature—Hellenic phenomena as illustrative of Hellenic mind and character—is the task which I propose to myself in the present work, not without a painful consciousness how much the deed falls short of the will, and a yet more painful conviction that full success is rendered impossible by an obstacle which no human ability can now remedy: the insufficiency of original evidence. For in spite of the valuable expositions of so many able commentators, our stock of information respecting the ancient world still remains lamentably inadequate to the demands of an enlightened curiosity. We possess only what has drifted ashore from the wreck of a stranded vessel; and though this includes some of the most precious articles among its once abundant cargo, yet if any man will cast his eyes over the citations in Diogenes Laertius, Athenæus, or Plutarch, or the list of names in Vossius's, *de Historicis Græcis*, he will see with grief and surprise how much larger is the proportion which—through the enslavement of the Greeks themselves, the decline of the Roman empire, the change of religion, and the irruption of the barbarian conquerors—has been irrecoverably submerged. We are thus reduced to judge of the whole Hellenic world, eminently multiform as it was, from a few compositions; excellent, indeed, in themselves, but bearing too exclusively the stamp of Athens. Of Thucydides and Aristotle, indeed, both as inquirers into matter of fact and as free from local feeling, it is impossible to speak too highly; but unfortunately that work of the latter which would have given us the most copious information regarding Grecian political life—his collection and comparison of one hundred and fifty distinct town-constitutions—has not been preserved; while the brevity of Thucydides often gives us but a single word where a sentence would not have been too much, and sentences which we should be glad to see expanded into paragraphs.

Such insufficiency of original and trustworthy ma-

terials, as compared with those resources which are thought hardly sufficient for the historian of any modern kingdom, is neither to be concealed nor extenuated, however much we may lament it. I advert to the point here on more grounds than one. For it not only limits the amount of information which an historian of Greece can give to his readers—compelling him to leave much of his picture an absolute blank—but it also greatly spoils the execution of the remainder. The question of credibility is perpetually obtruding itself, and requiring a decision, which, whether favorable or unfavorable, always introduces more or less of controversy; and gives to those outlines, which the interest of the picture requires to be straight and vigorous, a faint and faltering character. Expressions of qualified and hesitating affirmation are repeated until the reader is sickened; while the writer himself, to whom this restraint is more painful still, is frequently tempted to break loose from the unseen spell by which a conscientious criticism binds him down; to screw up the possible and probable into certainty, to suppress counter-balancing considerations, and to substitute a pleasing romance in place of half-known and perplexing realities. Desiring in the present work to set forth all which can be ascertained, together with such conjectures and inferences as can be reasonably deduced from it, but nothing more—I notice at the outset that faulty state of the original evidence which renders discussion of credibility, and hesitation in the language of the judge, unavoidable. Such discussions—though the reader may be assured that they will become less frequent as we advance into times better known—are tiresome enough even with the comparatively late period which I adopt as the historical beginning; much more intolerable would they have proved had I thought it my duty to start from the primitive terminus of Deukalion or Inachus, or from the unburied Pelasgi and Leleges, and to subject the heroic ages to a similar scrutiny. I really know nothing so disheartening or unrequited as the elaborate balancing of what is called evidence—the comparison of infinitesimal probabilities and conjectures, all uncertified—in regard to these shadowy times and personages.

The law respecting sufficiency of evidence ought to be the same for ancient times as for modern ; and the reader will find in this history an application to the former of certain criteria analogous to those which have long been recognized in the latter. Approaching, though with a certain measure of indulgence, to this standard, I begin the real history of Greece with the first recorded Olympiad, 776 B.C. To such as are accustomed to the habits once universal, and still not uncommon, in investigating the ancient world, I may appear to be striking off one thousand years from the scroll of history ; but to those whose canon of evidence is derived from Mr. Hallam, M. Sismondi, or any other eminent historian of modern events, I am well assured that I shall appear lax and credulous rather than exigent or sceptical. For the truth is, that historical records, properly so called, do not begin until long after this date ; nor will any man, who candidly considers the extreme paucity of attested facts for two centuries after 776 B.C., be astonished to learn that the State of Greece in 900, 1000, 1100, 1200, 1300, 1400 B.C., etc.—or any earlier century which it may please chronologists to include in their computed genealogies—cannot be described to him upon anything like decent evidence. I shall hope, when I come to the lives of Socrates and Plato, to illustrate one of the most valuable of their principles—that conscious and confessed ignorance is a better state of mind than the fancy, without the reality, of knowledge. Meanwhile, I begin by making that confession, in reference to the real world of Greece anterior to the Olympiads : meaning the disclaimer to apply to anything like a general history—not to exclude rigorously every individual event.

The times which I thus set apart from the region of history are discernible only through a different atmosphere—that of epic poetry and legend. To confound together these disparate matters is, in my judgment, essentially unphilosophical. I describe the earlier times by themselves, as conceived by the faith and feeling of the first Greeks, and known only through their legends—without presuming to measure how much or how little of historical matter these legends may contain. If

the reader blame me for not assisting him to determine this—if he ask me why I do not withdraw the curtain and disclose the picture—I reply, in the words of the painter Xeuxis, when the same question was addressed to him on exhibiting his masterpiece of imitative art: "The curtain is the picture." What we now read as poetry and legend was once accredited history, and the only genuine history which the first Greeks could conceive or relish of their past time. The curtain conceals nothing behind, and cannot by any ingenuity be withdrawn. I undertake only to show it as it stands—not to efface, still less to repaint it.—*History of Greece, Preface to Part I.*

HOMER AND THE HOMERIC POEMS.

Who or what was Homer? What date is to be assigned to him? What were his compositions?

A person putting these questions to Greeks of different towns and ages would have obtained answers widely discrepant and contradictory. Since the invaluable labors of Aristarchus and the other Alexandrine critics on the text of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* it has indeed been customary to regard these two (putting aside the *Hymns* and a few other minor poems) as being the only genuine Homeric compositions; and the literary men called *Chorizontes*, or the "Separators," at the head of whom were Xenon and Hellanikos—endeavored still further to reduce the number by disconnecting the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, and pointing out that both could not be the work of the same author. Throughout the whole course of Grecian antiquity the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* and the *Hymns* have been received as Homeric. But if we go back to the time of Herodotus, or still earlier, we find that several other epics also were ascribed to Homer, and there were not wanting critics earlier than the Alexandrine age who regarded the whole epic cycle, together with the satirical poem called *Margites*, the *Batrachomachia*, and other smaller pieces, as Homeric works. The cyclic *Thebais* and the *Epigoni* (whether they be two separate poems or the latter a second part of the former) were in early days currently ascribed to Homer. The same was the case with the *Cyprian Verses.*

Some even ascribed to him several other poems—the *Capture of Œchalia*, the *Lesser Iliad*, the *Phokais*, and the *Amazonia*. The title of the poem called *Thebais* to be styled Homeric depends upon evidence more ancient than any which can be produced to authenticate the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, for Kallius, the ancient elegiac poet (B.C. 640), mentioned Homer as the author of it; and his opinion was shared by many competent judges. From the remarkable description given by Herodotus of the expulsion of the Rhapsodes from Sikyon, by the despot Kleisthenes, in the time of Solon (about B.C. 580), we may form a probable judgment that the *Thebais* and the *Epigoni* were then rhapsodized at Sikyon as Homeric productions. And it is clear from the language of Herodotus that in his time the general opinion ascribed to Homer both the *Cyprian Verses* and the *Epigoni*, though he himself dissents. In spite of such dissent, however, that historian must have conceived the names of Homer and Hesiod to be nearly coextensive with the whole of the ancient epic, otherwise he would hardly have delivered his memorable judgment that they two were the framers of Grecian theogony.

That many different cities laid claim to the birth of Homer (seven is rather below the truth, and Smyrna and Chios are the most prominent among them) is well known; and most of them had legends to tell respecting his romantic parentage, his alleged blindness, and his life of an itinerant bard, acquainted with poverty and sorrow. The discrepancies of statement respecting the date of his reputed existence are no less worthy of remark; for out of the eight different epochs assigned to him, the oldest differs from the most recent by a period of 460 years.

Thus conflicting would have been the answers returned in different portions of the Grecian world to any questions respecting the person of Homer. But there was a poetical *gens* (fraternity or guild) in the Ionic isle of Chios, who, if the question had been put to them, would have answered in another manner. To them Homer was not a mere antecedent man, of kindred nature with themselves, but a divine or semi-divine eponymus and progenitor, whom they worshipped in their gen-

tle sacrifices, and in whose ascendant name and glory the individuality of every member of the gens was merged. The composition of each separate Homerid, or the combined efforts of many of them in conjunction, were the works of Homer. The name of the individual bard perishes, and his authorship is forgotten ; but the common gentile father lives and grows in renown, from generation to generation, by the genius of his self-renewing sons.

Such was the conception entertained of Homer by the poetical gens called Homeridæ or Homerids ; and in the general obscurity of the whole case I lean toward it as the most plausible conception. Homer is not only the reputed author of the various compositions emanating from the gentile members, but also the recipient of the many different legends and of the divine genealogy which it pleases their imagination to confer upon him. Such manufacture of fictitious personality, and such perfect incorporation of the entities of religion and fancy with the real world, is a process familiar and even habitual in the retrospective vision of the Greeks.

It is to be remarked that the poetical gens here brought to view—the Homerids—are of indisputable authenticity. Their existence and their consideration were maintained down to the historical times in the island of Chios. If the Homerids were still conspicuous even in the days of Akusilaus, Pindar, Hellanikos, and Plato, when their positive production had ceased, and when they had become only guardians and distributers, in common with others, of the treasures bequeathed by their predecessors—far more exalted must their position have been three centuries before, while they were still inspired creators of epic novelty, and when the absence of writing assured to them the undisputed monopoly of their own compositions.

Homer, then, is no individual man, but the divine or heroic father (the idea of worship coalescing, as they constantly did in the Grecian mind) of the gentile Homerids ; and he is the author of the *Thebais*, the *Epigoni*, the *Cyprian Verses*, the *Proœms* or *Hymns*, and other poems, in the same sense in which he is the author of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*—assuming that these various com-

positions emanated, as perhaps they may, from different individuals numbered among the Homerids. But this disallowance of the historical personality of Homer is quite distinct from the question, with which it has been often confounded, whether the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are originally entire poems, and whether by one author or otherwise. To us the name of Homer means these two poems, and little else. We desire to know as much as can be learned respecting their date, their original composition, their preservation, and their mode of communication to the public. All these questions are more or less complicated one with the other.

Concerning the date of the poems, we have no other information except the various affirmations respecting the age of Homer, which differ among themselves (as I have before observed) by an interval of 460 years, and which for the most part determine the date of Homer by reference to some other event, itself fabulous and unauthenticated—such as the Trojan war, the return of the Herakleids, or the Ionic migration. . . . But the oldest dictum preserved to us respecting the date of Homer—meaning thereby the date of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*—appears to me at the same time the most credible, and the most consistent with the general history of the ancient epic. Herodotus places Homer 400 years before himself; taking his departure not from any fabulous event, but from a point of real and authentic time. Four centuries anterior to Herodotus would be a period commencing with 800 B.C.; so that the composition of the Homeric poems would thus fall in a space between 850 and 800 B.C. We may gather from the language of Herodotus that this was his own judgment opposed to a current opinion which assigned the poet to an earlier epoch.

To place the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* at some period between 850 B.C. and 777 B.C. appears to me more probable than any other date anterior or posterior: more probable than the latter, because we are justified in believing these two poems to be older than Arktinus, who comes shortly after the first Olympiad; more probable than the former, because the farther we push the poems back, the more do we enhance the wonder of their

preservation—already sufficiently great—down from such an age and society to the historical times.

The mode in which these poems—and indeed all poems, epic as well as lyric—down to the age (probably) of Pisistratus, were circulated and brought to bear upon the public, deserves particular attention. They were not read by individuals alone and apart, but sung or recited at festivals or to assembled companies. This seems to be one of the few undisputed facts with regard to the great poet; for even those who maintain that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were preserved by means of writing, seldom contend that they were read. . . .

Those who maintain the Homeric poems to have been *written* from the beginning, rest their case not upon positive proofs, nor yet upon the existing habits of society with regard to poetry, for they admit generally that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were not read but recited and heard—but upon the supposed necessity that there must have been manuscripts to insure the preservation of the poems—the unassisted memory of reciters being neither sufficient nor trustworthy. But here we escape a smaller difficulty by running into a greater; for the existence of trained bards, gifted with extraordinary memory, is far less astonishing than that of long manuscripts in an age essentially non-reading and non-writing, and when even suitable instruments and materials for the process are not obvious. Moreover, there is a strong positive reason for believing that the bard was under no necessity of refreshing his memory by consulting a manuscript. For if such had been the fact, blindness would have been a disqualification for the profession, which we know that it was not; as well from the example of Demodokus in the *Odyssey*, as from that of the blind bard of Chios, in the *Hymn to the Delian Apollo*, whom Thucydides, as well as the general tenor of Grecian legend, identifies with Homer himself. The author of that hymn, be he who he may, could never have described a blind man as attaining the utmost perfection in his art, if he had been conscious that the memory of the bard was only maintained by constant reference to the manuscript in his chest. . . .

But what guarantee have we for the exact trans-

mission of the text for a space of two centuries by simply oral means? It may be replied that oral transmission would hand down the text as exactly as, in point of act, it was handed down. The great lines of each poem—the order of the parts, the vein of Homeric feeling, and the general style of locution, and, for the most part, the true words—would be maintained; for the professional training of the rhapsode, over and above the precision of his actual memory, would tend to Homerize his mind (if the expression may be permitted), and to restrain him within the magic circle. On the other hand, in respect to the details of the text, we should expect that there would be wide differences and numerous inaccuracies; and so there really were, as the records contained in the Scholia, together with the passages cited in ancient authors, but not found in our Homeric text, abundantly show.—*History of Greece, Part I., Chap. 21.*

The First Part of the *History of Greece*, which treats of "Legendary Greece," occupies about one-eighth of the work. The Second Part, which is devoted to "Historical Greece," begins with the year 776 B.C., and extends to the end of the generation of Alexander of Macedon, about 277 B.C., a period of five centuries. At this period, says Mr. Grote, "an historian accustomed to the Grecian world as described by Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon, feels that the life has departed from his subject, and with sadness and humiliation brings his narrative to a close.

THE CHARACTER OF SOLON.

The archonship of the Eupatrid Solon dates in 594 B.C., thirty years after that of Drako. The lives of Solon by Plutarch and Diogenes (especially the former) are our principal sources of information respecting this remarkable man; and while we thank them for what

they have told us, it is impossible to avoid expressing disappointment that they have not told us more. For Plutarch had certainly before him both the original poems and the original laws of Solon, and the few transcripts which he gives from one or the other form the principal charm of his biography. But such valuable materials ought to have been made available to a more instructive result than that which he has brought out. There is hardly anything more to be deplored, amidst the lost treasures of the Grecian mind, than the poems of Solon; for we see by the remaining fragments that they contained notices of the public and social phenomena before him, which he was compelled attentively to study, blended with the touching expression of his own personal feelings, in the post alike honorable and difficult to which the confidence of his countrymen had exalted him.

Solon, the son of Exekestides, was a Eupatrid of middling fortune, but of the purest heroic blood, belonging to the gens, or family, of the Kodrids and Neleids, and tracing his origin to the god Poseidon. His father is said to have diminished his substance by prodigality, which compelled Solon in his early years to have recourse to trade; and in this pursuit he visited many parts of Greece and Asia. He was thus enabled to enlarge the sphere of his observation, and to provide material for thought as well as for composition. His poetical talents displayed themselves at a very early age, first on light, afterward on serious subjects. It will be recollected that there was at that time no Greek prose writing, and that the acquisitions as well as the effusions of an intellectual man, even in their simplest form, adjusted themselves not to the limitations of the period and the semicolon, but to those of the hexameter and the pentameter. Nor, in point of fact, do the verses of Solon aspire to any higher effect than we are accustomed to associate with an earnest, touching, and admonitory prose composition. The advice and appeals which he frequently addressed to his countrymen were delivered in the easy metre, doubtless far less difficult than the elaborate prose of subsequent writers or speakers, such as Thucydides, Isocrates, or Demos-

thenes. His poetry and his reputation became known throughout many parts of Greece, so that he was classed along with Thales of Miletus, Bias of Priene, Pittakus of Mitylene, Periander of Corinth, Kleobulus of Lindus, Chelion of Lacedæmon—all together forming the constellation afterward renowned as the Seven Wise Men.

Of all grievances, the most urgent was the condition of the poorer class of debtors. To their relief Solon's first measure—the memorable *Seisachtheia* or "Shaking off of burthens"—was directed. The relief which it afforded was complete and immediate. It cancelled at once all those contracts in which the debtor had borrowed on the security either of his person or of his land; it forbade all future loans or contracts in which the person of the debtor was pledged as security; it deprived the creditor in future of all power to imprison, or enslave, or extort work from his debtor, and confined him to an effective judgment at law authorizing the seizure of the property of the latter. It swept all the numerous mortgage-pillars from the landed properties in Attica, leaving the land free from all past claims. It liberated and restored to their full rights all debtors actually in slavery under previous legal adjudication; and it even provided the means (we do not know how) of repurchasing in foreign lands, and bringing back to a renewed life of liberty in Attica, many insolvents who had been sold for exportation. And while Solon forbade every Athenian to pledge or sell his own person into slavery, he took a step farther in the same direction by forbidding him to sell his son, his daughter, or an unmarried sister under his tutelage—excepting only the case in which either of the latter might be detected in unchastity. Whether this last ordinance was contemporaneous with the Seisachtheia, or followed as one of his subsequent reforms, seems doubtful. . . .

Lastly, Solon decreed that all those who had been condemned by the archons to *Atimy* (civil disfranchisement) should be restored to their full privilege of citizens—excepting, however, from this indulgence those who had been condemned by the Ephetæ, or by the Areopagus, or by the Phylo-Basileis (the four Kings of the Tribes), after trial in the Prytaneium, on charges

either of murder or treason. So wholesale a measure of amnesty affords strong grounds for believing that the previous judgments of the archons had been intolerably harsh ; and it is to be recollected that like Drakonian ordinances were then in force.—*History of Greece, Part II., Chap. 2.*

CAREER AND CHARACTER OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

Alexander was at the time of his death a little more than thirty-two years old—the age at which a citizen of Athens was growing into important commands ; ten years less than the age for a consul at Rome ; two years younger than the age at which Timour first acquired the crown, and began his foreign conquests. His extraordinary bodily powers were unabated ; he had acquired a large stock of military experience ; and, what was still more important, his appetite for further conquest was voracious, and his readiness to purchase it at the largest cost of toil or danger as complete as it had been when he first crossed the Hellespont. Great as his past career had been, his future achievements, with such increased means and experience, were likely to be yet greater. His ambition would have been satisfied with nothing less than the conquest of the whole habitable world as then known ; and if his life had been prolonged, he would probably have accomplished it. . . . The patriotic feelings of Livy disposed him to maintain that Alexander, had he invaded Italy, would have failed, and perished like his relative, Alexander of Epirus. But this conclusion cannot be accepted. If we grant the courage and discipline of the Roman infantry to have been equal to the best infantry of Alexander's army, the same cannot be said of Roman cavalry as compared with the Macedonian Companions. Still less is it likely that a Roman consul, annually changed, would have been found a match for Alexander in military genius and combinations ; nor even, if personally equal, would he have possessed the same variety of troops and arms, each effective in its separate way, and all conspiring to one common purpose ; nor the same unbounded influence over their minds in stimulating them to full effort. I

do not think that even the Romans could have successfully resisted Alexander the Great; though it is certain that he never throughout all his long marches encountered such enemies as they, nor even such as Samnites and Lucanians—combining courage, patriotism, discipline, with effective arms both for defence and for close combat. . . .

Apart from the transcendent merits of Alexander as a soldier and a general, some authors give him credit for grand and beneficent views on the subject of imperial government, and for intentions highly favorable to the improvement of mankind. I see no ground for adopting this opinion. As far as we can venture to anticipate what would have been Alexander's future, we see nothing in prospect except years of ever-repeated aggression and conquest, not to be concluded until he had traversed and subjugated all the inhabited globe. The acquisition of universal dominion—conceived not metaphorically, but literally, and conceived with greater facility in consequence of the imperfect geographical knowledge of the time—was the master-passion of his soul. At the moment of his death he was commencing fresh aggressions in the south against the Arabians, to an indefinite extent; while his vast projects against the western tribes in Africa and Europe as far as the Pillars of Herakles, were consigned in the orders and memoranda confidentially communicated to Kraterus. Italy, Gaul, and Spain would have been successively attacked and conquered; the enterprise proposed to him when in Baktria by the Chorasmian prince, Pharasmanes, but postponed then until a more convenient season, would have been next taken up, and he would have marched from the Danube northward around the Euxine and Palus Mæotis against the Scythians and the tribes of the Caucasus. There remained moreover the Asiatic regions east of the Hyphasis, which his soldiers had refused to enter upon, but which he certainly would have invaded at a future opportunity, were it only to efface the poignant humiliation of having been compelled to relinquish his proclaimed purpose. . . .

Alexander's acts indicate that he desired nothing better than to take up the traditions of the Persian Em-

pire: a tribute-levying and army-levying system, under Macedonians, in large proportions, as his instruments; yet partly also under the very same Persians who had administered before, provided they submitted to him. It has indeed been extolled among his merits that he was thus willing to reappoint Persian grandees (putting their armed force, however, under the command of a Macedonian officer), and to continue native princes in their dominions, if they did willing homage to him, as tributory subordinates. But all this had been done before him by the Persian kings, whose system it was to leave the conquered princes undisturbed, subject only to the payment of tribute, and to the obligation of furnishing a military contingent when required. In like manner Alexander's Asiatic empire would thus have been composed of an aggregate of satrapies and dependent principalities, furnishing money and soldiers; in other respects left to the discretion of local rule, with occasional extreme inflictions of punishment, but no systematic examination or control. . . .

The Persian empire was a miscellaneous aggregate, with no strong feeling of nationality. The Macedonian conqueror who seized its throne was still more indifferent to national sentiment. He was neither Macedonian nor Greek. Though the absence of this prejudice has sometimes been counted to him as a virtue, it only made room, in my opinion, for prejudices still worse. The substitute for it was an exorbitant personality and self-estimation, manifested even in his earliest years, and inflamed by extraordinary success into the belief in divine parentage; which, while setting him above the idea of communion with any special nationality, made him conceive all mankind to be subjects under one common sceptre, to be wielded by himself. To this universal empire the Persian King made the nearest approach according to the opinions then prevalent. Accordingly Alexander, when victorious, accepted the position and pretensions of the overthrown Persian court as approaching most nearly to his full due. He became more Persian than either Macedonian or Greek. While himself adopting, as far as he could safely venture, the personal habits of the Persian court, he took studied pains to

transform his Macedonian officers into Persian grandees, and encouraging and even forcing intermarriages with Persians, according to Persian rites.

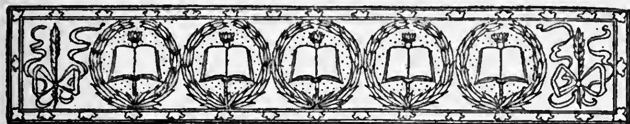
At the time of Alexander's death there was comprised in his written orders given to Kraterus a plan for the wholesale transportation of inhabitants both out of Europe into Asia and out of Asia into Europe, in order to fuse these populations into one by multiplying intermarriages and intercourse. Such reciprocal translations of peoples would have been felt as eminently odious and could not have been accomplished without coercive authority. It is rash to speculate on unexecuted purposes ; but as far as we can judge, such compulsory mingling of the different races promises nothing favorable to the happiness of either of them, though it might serve as an imposing novelty and memento of imperial omnipotence.

In respect of intelligence and combining genius, Alexander was Hellenic to the full ; in respect of disposition and purpose, no one could be less Hellenic. To describe him as a son of Hellas, imbued with the political maxims of Aristotle, and bent on the systematic diffusion of Hellenic culture for the improvement of mankind, is, in my judgment, an estimate of his character contrary to the evidence. Alexander is indeed said to have invited suggestions from Aristotle as to the best mode of colonizing ; but his temper altered so much, after a few years of Asiatic conquest, that he came not only to lose all deference for Aristotle's advice, but even to hate him bitterly. . . .

Aristotle's idea substantially coincided with that pointed out by Burke in his speeches at the beginning of the American war, between the principles of government, proper to be followed by England in the American colonies and in British India. No Greek thinker believed the Asiatics to be capable of that free civil policy upon which the march of every Grecian community was based. Aristotle did not wish to degrade the Asiatics below the level to which they had been accustomed, but rather to preserve the Greeks from being degraded to the same level.

Now Alexander recognized no such distinction as that

drawn by his preceptor. He treated Greeks and Asiatics alike: not by elevating the latter, but by degrading the former. Though he employed all indiscriminately as instruments, yet he presently found the free speech of Greeks, and even of Macedonians, so distasteful and offensive, that his preferences turned more and more in favor of the servile Asiatic sentiments and customs. Instead of Hellenizing Asia he was tending to Asiaticize Macedonia and Hellas. His temper and character, as modified by a few years of conquest, rendered him quite unfit to follow the course recommended by Aristotle toward the Greeks—quite as unfit as any of the Persian kings, or as the French emperor Napoleon, to endure that partial frustration, compromise, and smart from free criticism which is inseparable from the position of a limited chief. Among a multitude of subjects, more diverse-colored than even the army of Xerxes, it is quite possible that he might have turned his power toward the improvements of the rudest portions. We are told —though the fact is difficult to credit, from his want of time—that he abolished various barbarisms of the Hyrkanians, Arachosians, and Sogdians. But Macedonians as well as Greeks, would have been losers by being absorbed into an immense Asiatic aggregate.—*History of Greece, Part II., Chap. 94.*



GROTIUS, HUGO (DE GROOT), a Dutch statesman, born at Delft, Netherlands, April 10, 1583; died at Rostock, Germany, August 28, 1645. He was the son of Jan De Groot, a burgomaster of Delft, and Curator of the University of Leyden. When twelve years old he entered that university, took his degree in his fifteenth year, and in the same year published an edition of Marcianus's *Cappello* which evinces a wide and critical acquaintance with the works of many Greek and Latin authors. The next year he accompanied the embassy of Van Olden Barneveldt to France. On his return, he edited the *Phænomena* of Aratus, and began practice as a lawyer at the Hague. In 1603 he was appointed Historiographer of the United Provinces, and in 1607, Advocate-General for the Treasury of Holland and Zealand. A Portuguese galleon having been captured in the Strait of Malacca by a vessel of the Dutch East India Company, the right to make captures was contested in Holland. The Company retained Grotius as their advocate, and in 1608 he published his treatise *Mare Liberum*, maintaining that the ocean is free to all. His dissertation on the *Antiquity of the Batavian Republic*, defending the right of revolt against the Spanish Government, appeared two years afterward. In 1613 he was elected Pensionary of Rotterdam, and soon after-

ward set out on an unsuccessful mission to England for the adjustment of a dispute in regard to fishery in the Northern Ocean. On his return he became involved in the disputes between the Remonstrants and the Anti-Remonstrants. Olden Barneveldt belonged to the former, or Arminian party, which Grotius also supported by his writings. An edict recommending mutual toleration and forbidding ministers to preach on the disputed dogmas, was drawn up by Grotius and published by the States. Through the intrigue of the Orange party Barneveldt and his adherents were accused of secret friendship with Spain, and in 1618 he was illegally arrested, together with Grotius and Hoogarbetz. Barneveldt was beheaded in 1619, and the others were condemned to life-long imprisonment. Grotius was confined in the castle of Löwenstein. His wife obtained permission to share his captivity. While in prison he wrote his *Annotations of the Gospels* and part of his treatise on the *Truths of the Christian Religion.* It was written first in Dutch, but was published in Latin, and before the end of the century was translated into several European languages, including the Greek, and also into Arabic and Persian. After nearly two years of imprisonment, his wife, perceiving that the soldiers who brought and carried away the books he used had ceased to examine the chest containing them, persuaded him to conceal himself therein. This ruse proved successful and Grotius made his way to Antwerp, and thence to Paris. His wife, whose courage and devotion aroused the admiration of even her

enemies, joined him in a few months. On the publication of his *Apology*, attacking the legality of the measures toward him, he was outlawed by the States-General. He was then naturalized as a French citizen and was granted a pension, which was so seldom paid that he could scarcely command the necessaries of life. He resided at Senlis, and there completed his great work on *The Rights of War and Peace*, which has been translated into most of the European languages, and is regarded as an authority. The rulers of Spain, Portugal, Denmark, and Sweden invited him to their dominions, and attracted by Queen Christina's love of letters, he went to Sweden in 1634, and was sent as ambassador to France in the following year. On his return to Sweden in 1645, he was received with great honor. He wished, however, to return to his own country, and sent in his resignation to the Queen. On his departure he was presented by the Queen with costly plate and a large sum of money. The vessel in which he set sail was driven into a port on the coast of Pomerania. Eager to advance, he set out in an open carriage for Lübeck, but was taken ill on the way, and died at Rostock. Besides the *Mare Liberum*, and his work on international law, *De Jure Belli et Pacis*, Grotius wrote numerous works. He was the author of three tragedies: *Adamus Exul* (1601), *Christus Patiens* (1608), and *Sophompaneas*, the story of Joseph and his brethren (1617). His *De Veritate Religionis Christianæ* (1627), previously mentioned, is one of the best works of its kind. Among his other writings are, *Via ad Pacem*

Ecclesiasticam (1642), *Annotationis in Vetus Testamentum*, *Annotationis in Novum Testamentum* (1644), and *Annales et Historiæ de Rebus Belgicis* (1657).

JUSTIFIABLE CAUSES OF WAR.

Now as many sources as there are of judicial actions, so many causes there may be of war. For where just determinations cease, war begins. Now in law there are actions for injuries not yet done, or for those already committed. For the first, when securities are demanded to prohibit any future injuries, or acts of violence; for the second, that the injuries already done us may be punished, or recompense given to the injured person; both which are excellently distinguished by Plato, but as for reparation, it belongs to what is or was properly our own, from whence real and personal actions do arise, or to what is our due, either by contract, by default, or by law.

Most men assign three just causes of war—defence, the recovery of what's our own, and punishment, which three you have in Camillus's Denunciation against the Gauls, *Omnia quæ defendi repetequi et ulcisci fas est; whatever may be defended, recovered, or revenged;* in which account, if the word *recovered* be not taken in a greater latitude, it will not include the exacting of that which is our due; which exaction was not omitted by Plato when he said, that *war was not only necessary, if any man should be either violently oppressed, or plundered; but also if imposed upon, or treated in any fraudulent manner.* To which agrees that of Seneca: *It is a very equitable saying, and founded on the law of nations, Pay what you owe.* And it was a part in the form used by the Roman herald, that they neither gave, paid, nor did, what they ought to have given, paid, and done: and as Sallust has it in his history: *I demand my own by the law of nations.*

St. Austin, when he said, that *those wars which are to avenge our injuries are generally termed just;* he took the word *revenge* in the larger sense for making restitution, which appears in the Sequel, where there is not so much an enumeration of the parts, as an illustration by examples. So, says he, *That nation or city may be invaded*

that shall neglect to punish what is wrongfully done by their own subjects, or to restore what is unjustly taken from another.

Comformable to this did the Indian King (as Diodorus informs us) accuse Semiramis, that she had commenced war against him, without having received any manner of injury. Thus the Romans argued with the Senones that they ought not to make war on a people that had given them no reasonable provocation. Aristotle observes that, *Men usually make war on those who are the first aggressors:* so Curtius, speaking of the Abian Scythians, *They were reputed the most innocent of the Barbarians; they never took up arms but when highly provoked;* the first cause, therefore, of a just war, is an injury which, though not done, yet threatens our persons or our estates.

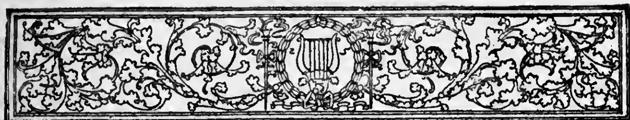
We have before observed, that if a man is assaulted in such a manner, that his life shall appear in inevitable danger, he may not only make war upon, but very justly destroy the aggressor; and from this instance, which every one must allow us, it appears that such a private war may be just and lawful; for it is to be observed, that this right or property of self-defence is what nature has implanted in every creature, without any regard to the intention of the aggressors; for if the person be no ways to blame, as for instance, a soldier upon duty, or a man that should mistake me for another, or one distracted, or a person in a dream (which may possibly happen), I do not therefore lose that right that I have of self-defence; for it is sufficient that I am not obliged to suffer the wrong that he intends me, no more than if it was a man's beast that came to set upon me.

It is a matter of dispute whether we may kill or trample on innocent persons, who shall hinder that defence, or escape, that is absolutely necessary for the preservation of our lives. There are some even among divines who think it lawful. And certainly, if we have regard to Nature only, the respect that we owe in general is of less moment than the preservation of ourselves; but the law of charity, especially the evangelical, which has put our neighbor upon a level with ourselves, does plainly not permit it.

It was well observed of Aquinas, if apprehended rightly, that in our own defence we do not purposely kill another; not but that it may be sometimes lawful, if all other means prove ineffectual, to do that purposely by which the aggressor may die; not that this death was so much our choice, or primary design (as in capital punishments), but the only means we had then left to preserve ourselves; nay, and even then, one would wish, if possible, rather to fright or disable him, than to be obliged, even by mere necessity, to kill him.

But here it is necessary that the danger be *present*, and as it were immediate; for I grant, if a man takes arms, and his intentions are visibly to destroy another, the other may very lawfully prevent his intentions; for as well in morality, as the laws of nature, there is no rule but what admits of some latitude. For they are highly mistaken, and deceive others, who presume that a man's fearful apprehensions may be a just reason that he should kill another. 'Tis very justly observed by Cicero, that there are many inconveniences proceeding from fear, when a person shall intend some injury to another, merely out of fear that if he should omit that opportunity, he may possibly endanger his own safety. So Clearchus, in Xenophon: *I have known many people moved either by some false report, or by suspicion, who for fear of others, and to be beforehand with them, have done irreparable injuries to those who never would have offered, nor ever designed to offer them any hurt in the world.* So Cato, in his oration for the Rhodians: *Shall we ourselves be first guilty of that, for which we so freely accuse others.*

If then I am not threatened with any present danger, if I only discover that somebody has laid a plot and ambuscade against me, that he designs to poison me, or by suborning witnesses to procure an unjust sentence against me, why in this case I must not kill him; if either such a danger can be possibly avoided any other way, or at least, that it does not then sufficiently appear that it may not be avoided. For time gives us frequent opportunities of remedy, and there are many things happen, as the proverb has it, betwixt the cup and the lip.—*The Rights of War and Peace.*



GUARINI, GIOVANNI BATTISTA, an Italian poet, born at Ferrara, December 10, 1537; died at Venice, October 4, 1612. His grandfather and his great-grandfather occupied the chair of Greek and Latin in the University of Ferrara, and published several works in Latin. Guarini studied at Ferrara, Pisa, and Padua, visited Rome, and on his return to Ferrara was appointed Professor of Belles-Lettres in the University. When about thirty years old he entered the service of Duke Alfonso II., and was employed by him in several diplomatic missions. In 1582 he withdrew from court to his country house, where he found leisure for the cultivation of poetry, which his public life had constrained him to neglect. He edited the *Gerusalemme* and the *Rime* of Tasso, and then composed his dramatic poem *Il Pastor Fido*, first printed in 1590. Alfonso, fearing to lose the poet, summoned him again to court, and made him Counsellor of State. He passed twelve years at the courts of Mantua, Ferrara, Florence, and Urbino. Guarini published several other works, among them *L'Idròpica*, a comedy; *Il Segretario*, a dialogue; *Rime*, a collection of sonnets and madrigals; and *Letters*. *Il Pastor Fido* passed through forty editions during its author's lifetime.

In the following scene from *Pastor Fido* Mirtillo is introduced by Corisca into the presence of

Amarillis, who, blindfolded, expects to play a game with her female companions. He declares his love; she rejects him because she is the destined wife of Silvio. Corisca, wishing to injure Amarillis, listens to what they say.

SCENE FROM PASTOR FIDO.

[*Amarillis*, *Corisca*, *Mirtillo.*]

Amarillis.—Indeed, Aglaura, I have caught thee now;
Thou fain would'st fly, but I will hold thee fast.
Corisca (*aside*).—Surely unless I had by violence
Thrust him upon her, I had toil'd in vain
To rouse his courage.
Am.—Thou wilt not speak, ah! art thou she or no?
Cor.—Here I'll lay down his spear, and to the bush
To observe what will ensue. (*She retires.*)
Am.—I know thee now,
I know thee by thy tallness and short hair,
Thou art Corisca; and the very one
I wish'd to catch, that I might cuff thee well
Just as I please; here then, take this
And this; this also; this again; not yet?
Not yet a word? But since 'twas thou that bound'st me,
Unbind me quickly now, my dearest heart,
And thou shalt have the sweetest kiss that e'er
Thou had'st before. But wherefore this delay?
Thy hand is trembling; art thou then so weary?
Join to thy hands th' assistance of thy teeth;
O silly thing, I shall unbind myself;
What knots on knots are here!
Why didst thou tie so hard?
Now 'tis thy turn, thou next must be the buff.
So: now 'tis loos'd. (*Seeing Mirtillo.*) Ah me! whom see I here!
Leave me, thou traitor! Oh! I shall expire!
Mirtillo.—My life, compose thyself.
Am.—Leave me, I say,
Unhand me; what! make use of force to nymphs!

Aglaura! here Eliza! Ah! perfidious!
Where are you fled? Unhand me, traitor!
Mir.—I obey.
Am.—Corisca laid this plot, now go to her,
And tell what thou hast gained. (*Going.*)
Mir.—Where fly'st thou, cruel?
Behold at least my death; for lo! I pierce
My bosom with this steel!
Am.—Ah me! I'm well nigh dead.
Mir.—And if this action to thy hand be due,
Behold the weapon and the breast.
Am.—In truth.
Thou hast deserv'd it. What could move thy heart
To such presumption?
Mir.—Love.
Am.—Love should not cause
An act of rudeness.
Mir. Then believe my love,
Because I was not rude; if in thy arms
Thou first did catch me, then I cannot well
Be charged with rudeness, since with such a fair
Occasion to be bold, and use with thee
The laws of love, I yet preserved respect,
And almost had forgot I was a lover.
Am.—Upbraid me not with what I did when blind.
Mir.—And I in love was blinder far than thou!
Am.—Prayers and fair words respectful lovers use,
Not cheats and thefts.
Mir.—As a wild beast when pressed
By hunger, rushes furiously from the wood
Upon the traveller, so if I, who live
Upon the food of thy fair eyes alone,
Since by thy cruelty or my hard fate,
That pleasant food I've been so long denied
If I, a ravenous lover, rushing forth
At last to-day upon thee from my wood,
Where I had long been famished, did attempt
In hopes to save my life, one stratagem
Which the necessity of love did prompt,
Then, cruel, blame not me, but blame thyself.
For if, as thou hast said, prayers and fair words
Respectful lovers use, which never thou

Wouldst deign to hear from me ; thou by thy flight
And cruelty hast robbed me of the power
To be discreet.
Am.—If thou hadst quitted her
That fled from thee, then hadst thou been discreet.
But know thou persecutest me in vain.
What wouldst thou have of me?
Mir.—That only once
Thou wouldst vouchsafe to hear me ere I die.
Am.—See thy good fortune ; for as soon as asked
Thou hast received the gift. Now then begone.
Mir.—Ah, nymph ! all I have uttered yet,
Is scarce a single drop
Out of the boundless ocean of my woes.
If not for pity's sake, ah, cruel maid !
Yet for the pleasure it will give thee, hear
The last sad accents of a dying swain.
Am.—To shun more trouble, and to show how false
The hopes thou cherishest, I now consent
To hear thee, but with this condition first :
Say little, quickly part, and come no more.
Mir.—Within too narrow bounds, most cruel nymph,
Thy harsh command would limit such desires,
So boundless an extent of fervent love,
As scarce the thoughts of man can comprehend !
That I have loved, and love thee more than life,
If thou shouldst doubt, oh ! cruel, ask these woods
And all their savage race, for they can tell.
Each field, each lonely bush, each aged tree,
The rugged rocks of these steep mountains, too,
Which have been wont to soften at the sound
Of my complaints, can all declare my love.
But wherefore need I seek such numerous proofs
To show my love, when beauty such as thine
Affords, itself, the surest proof of all?
Assemble every beauty of the sky
Clad in its purest azure, let the earth
Show all its excellence, and bring the whole
Within one space ; they centre all in thee.
Such is the cause of this my ardent flame,
Necessity and nature give it birth,
For, as by nature water downward flows.

As fire ascends, air wanders, earth is fixed,
As roll the spheres, so naturally my thoughts
Still tend to thee as to their chiefest bliss;
And ever to thy charms by night, by day,
With all its fond affections flies my soul.
And he who should imagine he had power
My constant heart to sever from thy love,
Might hope with as much ease to work a change
In nature's laws; turn from their ancient course
The heavens, or earth, or water, air, or fire,
And from its firm foundation shake the world.
Yet since 'tis thy command my words be few,
I shall obey, and only say—I die—
And shall do less in dying, since I see
How much thou wishest for my death; but still
I'll do, alas! all that can now remain
For me to do, of every hope bereft.
But, cruel maid, when I am in the dust,
O wilt thou then feel pity for my woes! . . .

Am.—If I had promised I would answer thee
As well as hear thee, then thou wouldst have cause
Thus to lament my silence as thou dost.
Thou call'st me cruel, hoping that to shun
Such charge, I might perchance reclaim my thoughts,
And show thee kindness; nor dost thou perceive,
Those flattering praises lavished by thy tongue,
So little merited, are less approved.
They please me not; the charge of cruelty
Delights me more. To be to *others* cruel
I grant is well termed vice, but to a lover
'Tis virtue; and what thou hast given the name
Of harshness, is in woman honesty,
Candor, and truth; but say that cruelty
To lovers is a fault, declare the time
When Amarillis showed thee cruelty. . . .

If thou be
Indeed my lover, Oh respect my fame,
My soul's best jewel, and dearer far than life.
Thou seek'st impossibilities; thou seek'st
What heaven forbids to grant, what men oppose,
And what, if done, must be atoned by death.
But most of all and with the strongest shield,

Virtue defends it ; for a noble soul
Scorns a more faithful guardian than itself.
Cease then, Mirtillo, longer to complain,
Or importune me more, but fly and live,
If thou be wise ; for to abandon life
Through mad excess of grief, is not the mark
Of an heroic, but a timorous soul.
And 'tis the truest virtue to abstain
From what we love, if what we love be wrong,
And virtue's sacred laws forbid the flame.

Mir.—He that has lost his heart, has not the power
To save himself from death.

Am.—But he that takes
The shield of virtue conquers every passion.

Mir.—Where love already triumphs, virtue yields.

Am.—But he that cannot what he will, at least
Should do what's in his power.

Mir.—Necessity of loving has no law.

Am.—Distance and time will cure love's deepest wounds.

Mir.—We fly in vain what in the heart is lodged.

Am.—A new affection will expel the old.

Mir.—Yes ; if my heart and soul could be but changed !

Am.—The great destroyer, Time,
Will kill love too at last.

Mir.—But cruel Love
Will kill the life or ere that day arrive.

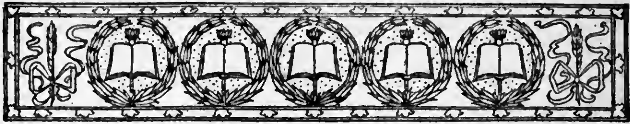
Am.—Is there no cure then for thy malady ?

Mir.—No cure at all save death !

Am.—Death !—hear me therefore now, and be my words
A law to thee. Although I'm well aware
When lovers speak of dying, it indicates
A custom rather of an amorous tongue,
Than a deliberate and fixed resolve ;
Yet if so strange a frenzy e'er should seize thee,
Know that thou wouldst not alone destroy
Thy life ; but my good name would also die.
Live then, if thou dost love me, and farewell.
Henceforth I'll reckon it a token sure
Of wisdom in thee, if thou tak'st good heed
That we may ne'er hereafter meet again.

Mir.—O cruel sentence ! how can I survive
Without my life, or end my bitter woes,
Unless by death !

Am.—Mirtillo, now 'tis time
Thou should'st depart ; I've heard thee much too long ;
Go, and console thyself with this at least ;
Of hopeless lovers there's a numerous crowd ;
There is no love but carries with it pain,
Many, as well as thou, of love complain. (*Exit Mirtillo.*)
Mirtillo, O my life, my soul !
If here within thou couldst perceive
The secret feelings of the heart
Of Amarillis whom thou call'st so cruel,
Well do I know that she would find
From thee that pity thou implor'st from her !
O hapless souls bound by the ties of love ;
Mirtillo has my heart, yet what avails
My love to him or his dear love to me !
Ah ! wherefore, cruel destiny,
Dost thou divide whom Love has bound ?
And wherefore bind'st thou those,
Perfidious Love, whom destiny divides ? . . .
Most sacred virtue ! awful name !
Thou most inviolable deity
Of truly noble souls !—this fond desire
Which by thy holy rigor I've subdued,
I now present a spotless sacrifice
Before thy shrine. And thou, my love, Mirtillo,
O pardon her that's only cruel
Where she is forced from thee to hide
All show of mercy ! O forgive
Her thy fierce foe in looks and words alone,
But thy most tender lover in her heart !
Or if revenge be thy desire,
What greater vengeance can'st thou take on me,
Than thy own grief ; for if thou be my heart,
As sure thou art in spite of heaven and earth,
Whene'er thou sigh'st or sheddest tears,
Thy sighs my vital spirits are,
Thy tears my blood, and all those pangs,
And all those mournful sighs of thine,
Are not thy pangs, are not thy sighs, but mine !



GUÉRIN, GEORGES-MAURICE and EUGÉNIE DE, whose *Journals* and *Letters* have endeared their names to the masters of criticism, were born of an ancient and noble, but poor, French family at the ancestral château of Le Cayla, in Languedoc —Eugénie in 1805, and her brother on August 5, 1810. Maurice died there July 19, 1839, and was followed to the grave by his sister in 1848. After going to school at Toulouse and studying in Paris, Maurice attached himself to the monastic society that was gathered round the Abbé Lamennais at La Chênaie, in Brittany, in 1832. Having remained there for a year, he returned to Paris, taking little further interest in the monastery after the Abbé's own departure. In Paris he tried to support himself by teaching, and writing for the papers and magazines, employments for which he was singularly unsuited. In 1838 he married a rich Creole, but the seeds of a fatal consumption were already developing, and the next year he went to his home in Languedoc to die. Excepting a short "prose poem," called the *Centaur*, he left little behind him that seemed even intended to endure; but in his journal and letters we find a rare sympathy and intimacy with nature, combined with an almost unequal power in her interpretation.

Eugénie's place in literature has been deter-

mined by the spiritual interest and perfect style of her journal, which remains a permanent record of her love for her brother and the high purity of her Catholicism. The *Reliquiæ* of Georges-Maurice de Guérin, containing a few poems, his journals, and a number of his letters, edited by his friend M. Trébutien, with a notice of the author by Sainte-Beuve, appeared in 1861; and the *Journal et Lettres* of Eugénie was published the following year, and was crowned by the Académie Française.

The *Edinburgh Review* speaks of Eugénie as "an Antigone of France sublimed and ennobled by the Christian faith;" and of her journal as "the outpouring of one of the purest and most saintly minds that ever existed upon earth."

THE CENTAUR'S YOUTH.

Wandering at my own will like the rivers, feeling wherever I went the presence of Cybele, whether in the beds of the valleys or on the height of the mountains, I bounded whither I would, like a blind and chainless life. But when Night, filled with the charm of the gods, overtook me on the slope of the mountain, she guided me to the mouth of the caverns, and there tranquillized me as she tranquillizes the billows of the sea. Stretched across the threshold of my retreat, my flanks hidden within the cave and my head under the open sky, I watched the spectacle of the dark. The sea-gods, it is said, quit during the hours of darkness their palaces under the deep; they seat themselves on the promontories, and their eyes wander over the expanse of the waves. Even so I kept watch, having at my feet an expanse of life like the hushed sea. My regards had free range, and travelled in the most distant points. Like sea-beaches which never lose their wetness, the line of mountains to the west retained the imprint of gleams

not perfectly wiped out by the shadows. In that quarter still survived, in pale clearness, mountain summits naked and pure. There I beheld at one time the god Pan descend, ever solitary; at another, the choir of the mystic divinities; or I saw pass some mountain-nymph charm-struck by the night. Sometimes the eagles of Mount Olympus traversed the upper sky, and were lost to view among the far off constellations, or in the shade of the dreaming forests.

Thou pursuest after wisdom, O Melampus, which is the science of the will of the gods; and thou roamest from people to people like a mortal driven by the destinies. In the times when I kept my night watches before the caverns, I have sometimes believed that I was about to surprise the thought of the sleeping Cybele, and that the mother of the gods, betrayed by her dreams, would let fall some of her secrets; but I have never made out more than sounds, which faded away in the murmur of night, or words inarticulate as the bubbling of the rivers.—*From the Centaur; translated by* MATTHEW ARNOLD.

WINTER EVENING ON THE COAST OF BRITTANY.

All the sky is covered over with gray clouds just silvered at the edges. The sun, who departed a few moments ago, has left behind him enough light to temper for awhile the black shadows, and to soften down, as it were, the approach of night. The winds are hushed, and the tranquil Ocean sends up to me, when I go out on the doorstep to listen, only a melodious murmur, which dies away in the soul like a beautiful wave on the beach. The birds, the first to obey the nocturnal influence, make their way toward the woods, and you can hear the rustle of their wings in the clouds. The copses which cover the whole hillside of Le Val, which all the day-time are alive with the chirp of the wren, the laughing whistle of the woodpecker, and the different notes of a multitude of birds, have no longer any sound in their paths and thickets, unless it be the prolonged high calls of the blackbirds at play with one another and chasing one another, after all the other birds have their heads safe under their wings. The noise of man, always the

last to be silent, dies gradually out over the face of the fields. The general murmur fades away, and one hears hardly a sound except what comes from the villages and hamlets, in which, up till far into the night, there are cries of children and barking of dogs. Silence wraps me round; everything seeks repose except this pen of mine, which perhaps disturbs the rest of some living atom asleep in a crease of my note-book, for it makes its light scratching as it puts down these idle thoughts. Let it stop, then! for all I write, have written, or shall write, will never be worth setting against the sleep of an atom.—*From Maurice's Journal; translated for Fraser's Magazine.*

THE BROTHER'S DEATH.

No, my beloved one, death shall not separate us, it shall not remove you from my thoughts. Death separates only the body; the soul, in place of being there, is in Heaven, and this change of dwelling takes away nothing from its affections. O, my friend, Maurice, Maurice, are you far from me? Do you hear me? What are those regions where you now are? What is God, so beautiful, so good, who makes you happy by His ineffable presence, unveiling for you eternity? You see what I wait for, you possess what I hope for, you know what I believe. Mysteries of the other world, how profound you are, how terrible you are, but how sweet you sometimes are! yes, very sweet, when I think that Heaven is the place of happiness. All my life will be a life of mourning, with a widowed heart, without intimate union. I love Marie, and my surviving brother much, but it is not with *our* sympathy.—*From Eugénie's Journal; translated for the Edinburgh Review.*

GUERNSEY, Alfred Hudson, an American historian and biographer, was born at Brandon, Vermont, in 1828, and died January 17th, 1902. After receiving a common-school education, he became clerk in a village store, where he had access to a good library of English books. He then studied at the Oneida Institute, a manual-labor school near Utica, N. Y., connected with which was a printing-office, where he learned type-setting. Four years afterward he entered the Union Theological Seminary, New York, supporting himself by occasionally working at his trade. After graduating, he entered the employment of Harper & Brothers as a corrector of the press, and became one of their literary advisers. When *Harper's Magazine* was started he went upon its editorial staff, where he remained nearly twenty years, contributing numerous articles, and writing the "Monthly" Record of Current Events. In 1873 he became an associate editor of Appleton's *American Cyclopædia*, to which he contributed many articles in History and Biography, including nearly all of those relating to the Civil War in the United States. The publishers of The University of Literature have, by special arrangement, availed themselves of much valuable matter formerly published in *Alden's Cyclopædia of Universal Literature*, which was edited mainly by Mr. Guernsey, and which is now out of print. Besides editorial work,

and frequent contributions to periodicals, he has written *History of the Great Rebellion*, in conjunction with Henry M. Alden (1863–67); *The Spanish Armada* (1878); *Thomas Carlyle: His Theories and Opinions* (1880); *Ralph Waldo Emerson, Philosopher and Poet* (1881), and *The World's Opportunities and how to Use Them* (1884).

THE OPENING OF THE CIVIL WAR.

We have now traced the origin and described the development of the great conspiracy against the Union, fortifying our statements by a copious array of documentary evidence. We have shown how, after forty years, it culminated in the Great Rebellion. We have depicted the great uprising of the North to oppose that Rebellion. Henceforth * it remains to tell the story of the War for the Union. We are to show how a peaceful people, whose armies had for generations numbered only a few thousand men, found itself suddenly transformed into two great military nations, equipping and bringing into the field the greatest armies of modern times. We shall have to tell of great victories and of great defeats—of disasters overcome and of opportunities thrown away. We shall unduly praise no man because he strove for the Right; we shall malign no man because he fought for the Wrong. We shall endeavor to anticipate the sure verdict of after-ages upon events in which we have a deep personal interest. Whether in the end, we shall have to speak of a Nation made strong by the sharp trial through which it will have passed, or of that Nation broken and shattered, the future must unfold. . . .

We may consider this war to have fairly begun on the 8th of February, 1861, when the Southern Confederacy—consisting of the seven States which had formally seceded from the Union—was formally inaugurated. All that had before been done was the isolated action of disaffected individuals and local com-

* This, and the succeeding extract, were written early in 1863.

munities. From that moment these individuals and communities became formidable by the league into which they had entered, and by the further accessions upon which they might reasonably count. The die was cast when the Confederacy was formed. All previous steps might have been retraced; now, nothing was left but to submit the question to the arbitrament of strength, and to abide the consequences.—*History of the Great Rebellion.*

THE CONFEDERACY AND THE UNION.

The eleven States of which the Confederacy finally consisted had a white population of five and a half million, leaving twenty-one and a half millions in the Union. But it was confidently believed at the South—and for a time feared at the North—that Kentucky, Maryland, and Missouri would join the other slaveholding States. This would bring the white population of the Confederacy up to eight millions, leaving nineteen millions to the Union. These anticipations and apprehensions have not been realized, although the Confederates have received much support from individuals in these States, and Kentucky and Missouri have been formally admitted as members of the Confederacy, and are represented in its Congress.

But besides their free population, the Confederate States contained three and a half millions of slaves; and there was room for a wide difference of opinion as to the influence of this class upon the military resources of the Confederacy.

The North believed that the slaves, instead of adding strength to the Confederacy, were an element of positive weakness. Not only, said they, is society so constituted that from more than three-eighths of the able-bodied population, not a soldier can be raised for the army or a dollar for the treasury, but they are, from their very condition, so hostile to their masters, that a large portion of the whites must remain at home to keep the blacks in subjection. The march of a Union army into the South will be the signal for a general servile uprising.

The South denied all this. They affirmed that their domestic institution gave them power, as a military nation, altogether beyond their mere population. In every State, they said, there must be men who rule, and, if need be, fight; and others who hold the place of servants and laborers. Everywhere else in the civilized world these two classes merge into each other so gradually that no one can draw the line between them. With us the line is clear and palpable. Every black man knows that he is a laborer, and can never be anything else; he is to work, not to vote or hold office. Every white man feels that he is a ruler to-day, and may be a soldier to-morrow. Under our institutions so completely is the ordinary labor of life performed by the slaves, that every able-bodied white man could take the field at a week's notice, and everything would go on as before. Try this at the North: take three-fifths of your men of military age from their farms and their workshops, and everything would come to a stand-still in a month. There is no danger of an uprising of the slaves. If they were disposed to rise, they have no means of arming themselves, or of acting in concert. Besides, they have no disposition to rise. They have been for generations so trained to obedience, that the women, the old men and boys, who cannot take the field, will be amply able to keep them in subjection.

There was something of truth in both these representations. For a short war, to be waged abroad, or even upon the frontiers of the country, slavery, as the event proved, undoubtedly gave great facilities for raising and equipping an army. There is probably no other nation of eight millions who could raise from nothing the armies which the Confederacy has brought into and maintained in the field. The habits of the people furnished the basis for a military organization. The population was almost entirely rural. New Orleans was indeed a great city, with a population of 170,000; there were three or four other cities with a population of from 20,000 to 50,000; beyond these there was hardly a town with more than 5,000 inhabitants. Of the rural population, every man had a gun, most of them a horse; and there were few who were not to a good degree expert

in their use and management. Men living far apart, with abundant leisure, naturally seek occasions of coming together. These, in the South, were afforded by the regular sessions of the courts and by the militia musters. The court-houses are placed as nearly as possible in the centre of the county; and the militia musters were usually held there. From all the region men thronged to court and muster. The parade of the militia was not the least attraction at these gatherings; and every man was enrolled in the same company, and had learned something of military discipline. Rude as this militia organization was, it formed a basis for something better, and did good service when the people were summoned to actual warfare. In a few months the South was enabled to transform itself into a great military camp, with no serious interruption in the routine of its regular life.

At the North—and especially at the East—the case was widely different. There every man was engaged in some regular occupation. Besides New York and Philadelphia, each with a population of more than 600,000, there were six cities with more than 100,000 inhabitants —averaging 150,000,—nearly a score with from 40,000 to 80,000, fully fifty more with 10,000 each; and towns almost without number with more than 5,000, many of them being so closely connected with the great cities that they might be regarded as suburbs. Nearly one-half of the inhabitants of the North were urban; fully nine-tenths of the South were rural. One consequence of this is obvious: The man in the country may need to protect himself and his household, and so provides himself with arms; the man in a town is protected by the police, and rarely requires arms. The rule was, therefore, that the Southern man was acquainted with the use of arms; the Northern man was not, and it required time to transform him into a soldier.

The Confederacy was strong also in the entire unanimity of its people. Several of the States hesitated to secede from the Union; but that step once taken, there was no overt opposition except in Western Virginia and Eastern Tennessee. The doctrine of State Supremacy had come to be an undisputed article of political faith with all parties. The Federal Government was merely

an agent created by the States, to be used or discarded at the pleasure of any one of them. Every man was bound to abide by the action of his State, to which alone he owed allegiance.

The North at first showed no such unanimity. The ties between the great Democratic party at the North and the South had been so close, that many believed that the Northern Democrats would yield everything to their old Southern associates rather than take part in the War for the Union; and the utterances of many of the leaders of the party furnished grounds for that belief. It was months before it came to be apparent that the attachment of the great body of the Northern Democrats to the Union was not less earnest than that of the Republicans. Mr. Lincoln, whose election to the Presidency was the signal for secession, recovered only a little more than two-fifths of the popular vote cast at the Presidential election of 1860. He was not even the first choice of a majority of his own party. He was untried in public affairs, and when nominated was hardly known beyond the limits of his own State. Taking all things into consideration, the Confederates had at the outset fair reasons for their confident anticipations of success.—*History of the Great Rebellion.*

THE DOCTRINE OF IMMORTALITY.

The natural argument for the personal immortality of the individual man, as set forth by Mr. Emerson, may be thus briefly presented: "God has implanted in the nature of man a longing for immortality, and, by so implanting it he has promised that this longing shall be realized: He is always true to his promises; and therefore man must be immortal." To us this argument is altogether inconclusive. If we rightly understand Emerson, it is inconclusive to him also, in so far at least as anything like personal immortality is concerned. "I confess," he says, "that everything connected with our personality fails. Nature spares the individual. No prosperity is promised to that. We have our indemnity only in the success of that to which we belong. *That* is immortal, and *we* only through that. . . . Is im-

mortality only an intellectual quality; or, shall I say it, only an energy, there being no passive? He has it, and he alone, who gives life to all names, persons, things, where he comes. No religion, not the wildest mythology, dies for him. He vivifies what he touches. Future state is an illusion for the ever-present state. It is not length of life, but depth of life. It is not duration, but a taking of the soul out of time, as all high action of the mind does. . . . Higher than the question of our duration is the question of our deserving. Immortality will come to such as are fit for it; and he who would be a great soul in the future, must be a great soul now."

We fail to see that the assumed universal longing for immortality is any sure proof that it will be gratified. How many of our most earnest longings are forever unrealized! All men long and pray for comfort, health, and length of days; but to how many are apportioned want, disease, and early death: their longings unsatisfied, their prayers unanswered. And again, this longing for immortality—in any sense in which we can understand the word—is far enough from being universal among mankind. To the five hundred millions of Buddhists *Nirvana* is the supreme object of longing and endeavor. As we understand it, the Buddhist idea of *Nirvana* is by no means fitly represented by our word "annihilation." We understand it to be a state of future being devoid of everything which enters into the conception of personality: individual thought, will, and consciousness being absorbed into the infinite of the Supreme Being, as a snow-flake, without being annihilated, is swallowed up and absorbed in the ocean into which it falls—"a moment white, then lost forever:" a state of existence when, in the strictest and most absolute sense, "God shall be all and in all," as he was from the beginning.

Emerson scouts the idea that the immortality of the human soul was revealed by Jesus. He says: "It is strange that Jesus is esteemed by mankind the bringer of the doctrine of immortality. He is never once weak or sentimental; he is very abstemious of explanation; he never preaches the personal immortality; whilst

Plato and Cicero had both allowed themselves to overstep the stern limits of the spirit and gratify the people with that picture." We think that Mr. Emerson is here in error. We hold that Jesus did "preach the personal immortality," as emphatically as man could preach it. But quite apart from what we believe to be the teaching of Jesus, we believe most undoubtedly in the personal immortality of every human being. We believe it intuitively, and without any proof drawn from Nature—using the word as Emerson defines it, as "all that is separate from us, all which philosophy designates as the *Not Me:* all other men, and my own body." We should doubtless have believed it, had Plato or Cicero never taught it, and had no direct revelation of it been vouchsafed to us. What we accept as Divine Revelation only confirms and strengthens our belief in our own immortality, just as it confirms and strengthens our belief in the existence of the one Supreme Being, eternal, immortal, and invisible, all-powerful, all-wise, and all good. We call in question not the truth of the doctrine of immortality, but only the validity of Emerson's argument in its favor; and most especially the vague and unsatisfactory conclusion to which it leads him.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson, Philosopher and Poet.*

GUICCIARDINI, FRANCESCO, an Italian statesman and historian, born at Florence, March 6, 1483; died near there in May, 1540. He was educated in the Universities of Ferrara and Padua; and before he was twenty-three years old he was appointed a professor of law, by the Signoria of Florence, and in 1512 was sent on an embassy to Ferdinand of Aragon, the success of which assured his reputation for diplomatic ability. Soon afterward he was sent to Cortona, to meet Leo X., who immediately made him Governor of Reggio and Modena, and later of Parma. Clement VII. added to his honors the vice-regency of Romagna, the rank of Lieutenant-General in the Papal Army, and the governorship of Bologna. On the accession of Paul III., in 1534, he resigned his dignities, and returned to Florence. In 1537 he espoused the cause of Cosimo de' Medici, but received so slight a recognition of his services that he withdrew to his villa at Arcetri, where he occupied his last years in the composition of his *Istoria d' Italia*, describing the course of events in Italy from 1494 to 1532. The impartial accuracy of the author, and the patience with which he traces the labyrinth of Italian politics, render his work highly valuable. He died before its completion. The first sixteen books were published in 1561, and four additional books three years

THE DEATH OF SAVONAROLA.

From the fresco in the cell where he was imprisoned.

later. His reputation rested upon his history until 1857–58, when the *Opere Inedite di Francesco Guicciardini* were published. Among them are the *Ricordo Politici*, consisting of aphorisms on political and social topics, *Storia Fiorentina*, the *Dialogo del Reggimento di Firenze*, and *Discorsi Politici*. The publication of these writings raised his reputation as a political philosopher to the first rank. Parts of his correspondence have been published under the titles *Considerazioni civili sopra l'istoria di Francesco Guicciardini* (1582) and *Legazione di Spagna* (1825).

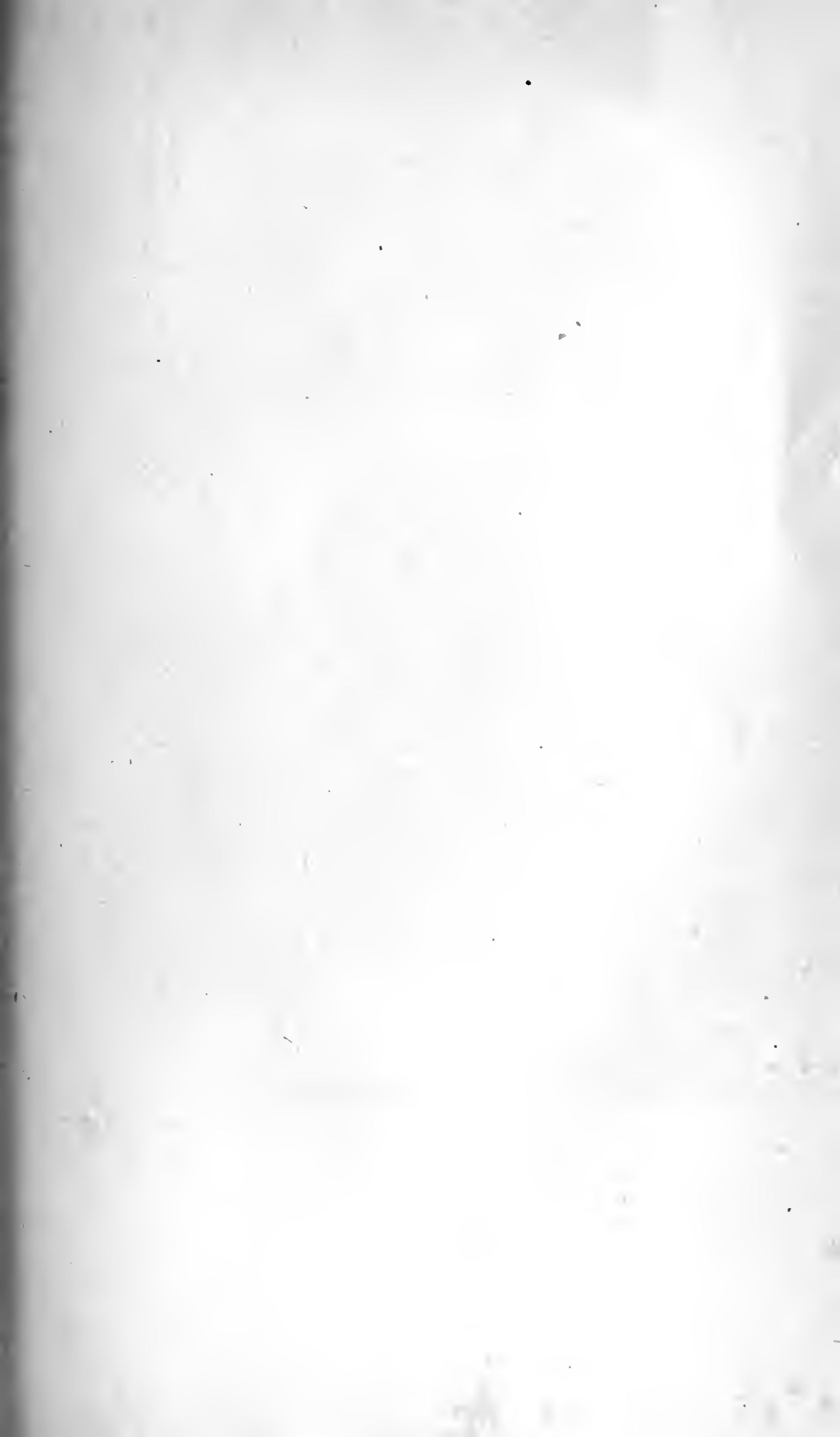
TRIAL AND DEATH OF SAVONAROLA.

The day after the death of King Charles (a day observed in many places by a celebration and solemnity of palms) ended the authority, the life, and doctrine of Savonarola; who having been long time before accused by the Pope that he preached slanderously against the manners of the Clergy and Court of Rome, that he nourished sects and discords in Florence, and that his doctrine was not fully Catholic, and for those reasons called to Rome by many writs, refused to appear there, alleging many excuses: and therefore, after much ado, he was at last (the year before) separated by the Pope, with censures, from the fellowship of the Church: of which sentence (having abstained from preaching for certain months) he had easily obtained absolution, if he had long continued; for that the Pope, who held slender reckoning of Savonarola, had proceeded against him more by the incensing and persuasion of his adversaries than any other occasion. But he, judging that it was for his silence, that his reputation came so to be diminished, or at least that it brake the purpose for the which he stirred (for he was principally advanced for his vehemence in preaching) he fell eftsoones to despise the Pope's commandments, and returned publicly to his old office; wherein affirming that the censures published

against him were unjust and of no force, he opened his mouth eftsoones to blaspheme the Pope and the whole Court of Rome with great vehemency : of this arose no small emotion, for that his adversaries (whose authority increased daily with the people) detected such inobedience, rebuking the action, for that by his innovation and rashness, the Pope's mind was drawn in uncertainties and alteration, in a time specially, wherein the restitution of Pisa being negotiated by him and the other Confederates, it was necessary to do all things to confirm him in that resolution. On the other side, his disciples and partakers defended and justified him, alleging that men ought not for the regard of human things to trouble the operations divine, nor consent that under such colors the Popes of Rome should begin to intrude into the affairs of their common weal. But after there were certain days spent in this contention, and the Pope wonderfully inflamed, sending out new thunderbolts with threats of censures against the whole city : he was at last commanded by the magistrates of the city to forbear to preach, to whom though he obey, yet divers of his brethren supplied his office, in sundry churches. And the disunion being no less among the spiritualty than the laity, the friars and brethren of other Orders cease not to preach fervently against him : arising at last into such high and malicious inflammation that one of the disciples of Savonarola, and one of the Friar Minors, agreed to enter into the fire in the presence of the whole people, to the end that the disciple of Savonarola either being burned or preserved, the people might be left satisfied, and certain whether Savonarola were a prophet or an abuser : seeing that at times afore he had affirmed in his sermons, that for the justification of the truth of his prophecies, he could in all necessities obtain of God the grace to pass without hurt, through the middest of a flaming fire. And yet notwithstanding grieving not a little with the resolution made without his privity touching a present experience, he labored to break it with all his devices and diligence. But the matter being so far proceeded of itself, and earnestly solicited by certain citizens desiring to have the town delivered of so great troubles, it was

necessary at last to pass further: insomuch as the two religious brethren, accompanied with all their brotherhood, came at the day appointed to the place afore the public palace, where was not only a general concourse of the people of Florence, but universal assemblies of the cities adjoining. There the Friar Minors were advertised that Savonarola had ordained that his disciple and brother, entering the fire, should bear in his hand the Sacrament: which device they impugned greatly, alleging that there was sought by that means to put in danger the authority of Christian faith, which in the minds of the ignorant would not a little decline if that holy Host should be burned, which contention, Savonarola being there present, and preserving in his resolution, there arose such factions and disagreements that the action of experience proceeded no further, the same diminishing so much of his credit, that the day following, in a tumult then happening, his adversaries took arms, whereunto being joined the authority of the sovereign Magistrate, they entered the monastery of Saint Mark where he was, and drawing him out of the place, they led him with two other of his brethren to the common prisons. In this tumult, the parents of those that had been executed the year before, killed Francisque Vatori, a citizen of great authority, and the most apparent favorer and follower of Savonarola: the chief motion inducing this quarrel, was, that above all others, his authority had deprived them of the faculty to have recourse to the judgment of the Counsel Popular. Savonarola was afterward examined with torments, but not very grievous, and upon the examination, a process published, which (taking away all imputations that were laid upon him for covetousness, corruptions of manners, or to have had secret intelligence or practice with princes) contained, that the matters by him prophesied were not pronounced by revelation divine, but by his proper opinion grounded upon the doctrine and observation of holy Scripture. Wherein he had not been moved by any wicked intention or purpose, and much less by that means to aspire to any office or greatness in the Church: only he had a holy desire, that by his means might be called a General Council, wherein

might be reformed the corrupt customs of the clergy, and the estate of the Church of God (so far wandered and gone astray) to be reduced, as near as might be, to the resemblance of the times drawing nearest the Apostles ; a glory, which, to give perfection to so great and holy an operation, he esteemed far above the obtaining of the popedom ; for that the one could not succeed by means of an excellent doctrine and virtue, and a singular reverence of all men : where the popedom most often was obtained, either by sinister means, or else by the benefit of fortune : upon which process confirmed by him in the hearing and presence of many religious persons even of his own order, but (if that be true which his own faction bruited afterward) with words dark, and such as might receive divers interpretations : there were taken from him and his two other companions with ceremonies instituted by the Church of Rome, the holy orders, and that by sentence of the General of the Jacobins and of Bishop Romolin, Commissioners delegate by the Pope : and so being passed over to the power of the secular court, they were (by their judgments) hanged and burned, being at the spectacle of the degradation and execution, no less multitudes of people, than at the day of the experience of entering the fire, when was an infinite concourse to behold the issue of the miracle promised by Savonarola. This death constantly endured (but without expressing word whereby might be discerned either their innocence or fault) quenched not the diversity of judgments and passions of men : for that many supposed he was but an abuser : and others (of the contrary) believed, that the confession that was published was falsely forged, or perhaps, in his aged and weak complexion, the torments had more force than the truth : wherein they excused that manner of frailty with the example of Saint Peter, who neither imprisoned, nor constrained with torments, or by any other extraordinary force, but at the simple words of the handmaidens and servants, denied that he was the disciple of his Master, in whom he had seen so many holy miracles.—*History of Italy ; translation of* GEFFRAY FENTON.



GUIZOT.

GUIZOT, François Pierre Guillaume, a French statesman, orator, and historian, born at Nîmes, October 4, 1787; died at Val-Richer, in Normandy, October 12, 1874. He belonged to an honorable Huguenot family of Nîmes. His father, a distinguished lawyer, perished by the guillotine in 1794. Madame Guizot then went with her sons to Geneva, where they were educated in the gymnasium. After completing the academic course with distinction, Guizot went to Paris in 1805, studied Kant and German literature, and reviewed the classics. He soon began to write for *Le Publiciste*, and entered upon an active literary life. A work on French synonyms (1809), an essay on the fine arts in France (1811), and a translation, with notes, of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* (1812), led to his appointment in the latter year to the chair of Modern History in the University of France. On the fall of Napoleon, in 1814, he became Secretary-General of the Ministry of the Interior, but resigned his office upon the return of Napoleon from Elba; and, convinced that the restoration of the Bourbons to power would be the means of establishing a constitutional monarchy in France, he sought an interview with Louis XVIII. at Ghent, to impress upon the King that the stability of the Bourbons upon the throne depended upon their upholding the liberties of France, and religiously

observing the charter. On the second restoration he became Secretary-General of the Ministry of Justice; in 1816, Master of Requests; in 1817, a Councillor of State, and in 1819, Director of Communal and Departmental Administration. He was regarded as the mouthpiece of the "doctrinaires," a party who advocated the preservation of the constitution by sustaining equally the rights of the people and of the throne. The moderation of the doctrinaires rendered them unpopular. In 1821, Guizot was deprived of all his offices, and in 1825 was forbidden even to lecture. Between 1820 and 1822 he had published *Du Gouvernement de la France depuis la Restauration et du Ministère Actuel* and *L'Histoire des Origines du Gouvernement Representatif*, containing his lectures at the University. He now applied himself to literature. He was one of the collaborators in the publication of the *Mémoires Relatifs à l'Histoire de France depuis la Fondation de la Monarchie jusqu'au XIIIme Siècle*, and of the *Mémoires Relatifs à l'Histoire de la Revolution d'Angleterre.* He edited a translation of *Shakespeare*, the *Encyclopédie Progressive*, and the *Revue Française*, and published a *History of the English Revolution* (1826). In 1827 he resumed his lectures in history, and during the next three years published, under the collective title of *Course of Modern History*, a *General History of Civilization in Europe*, and a *History of Civilization in France from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the French Revolution.*

In 1830 he became a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and Minister of the Department of

the Interior. In 1832 he was appointed Minister of Public Instruction, and did much for the improvement of schools in France. He established boards of education and a system of inspection, revived the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, founded the French Historical Society, and forwarded the publication by the State of many valuable mediæval chronicles and diplomatic papers. In 1840 he was ambassador to England, but in the autumn of the same year was recalled to assume the office of Minister of Foreign Affairs, and later of Prime Minister. Notwithstanding his services, he was always unpopular. In 1848 he resigned his office and went to England. He returned to France the next year, but after the *coup d'état* of 1851 again crossed the Channel.

He did not re-enter public life. His last years were spent near Lisieux in Normandy, where he lived with his daughters, and devoted himself to authorship. Among his later works are: *Monk: Chute de la République et Rétablissement de la Monarchie en Angleterre en 1660* (1850); *Corneille et son Temps* (1852); *Histoire de la République d'Angleterre et du Protectorat de Cromwell* (1854); *Histoire du Protectorat de Richard Cromwell et du Rétablissement des Stuarts* (1856); *Sir Robert Peel: Étude d'Histoire Contemporaine* (1856); *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de mon Temps* (1858–68); *L'Église et la Société Chrétienne en 1861* (1861); *Histoire Parlementaire de France*, a collection of speeches (1863), and *Méditations sur l'Essence de la Religion Chrétienne* (1864); *Mélanges Biographiques et Lit-*

téraires (1868), and *Histoire de France depuis les Temps les plus recules jusqu'au 1789, racontée a mes Petits Enfants.* This valuable history of France, left unfinished by Guizot, was completed from his notes, by his daughter, Madame De Witt.

ELIZABETH CHARLOTTE PAULINE GUIZOT (DE MEULAN), the first wife of Guizot, born in 1773, died in 1827; entered upon literature in order to assist in the support of her family, left poor on the death of her father. In 1800 she published a novel, *Les Contradictions*, and in 1801 became literary and artistic editor of *Le Publiciste.* Compelled by ill-health to suspend her work in 1807, she accepted the assistance of an anonymous writer, the young and unknown Guizot. Acquaintance was followed by marriage in 1812. Madame Guizot wrote several educational and moral works for the young, among them *Les Enfants* (1813); *Le Journal d'une Mère* (1813); *L'Écolier, ou Raoul ct Victor* (1821), and *Lettres de Famille sur l'Éducation* (1826). *L'Écolier* gained a prize at the Academy.

GUIZOT, MARGUERITE ANDRÉE ELIZA (DILLON), the second wife of the historian, born in 1804, died in 1833; contributed several articles to the *Revue Française* which were collected and published in one volume in 1834. *Caroline, ou l'Effet d'un Malheur*, another of her works, was published in 1837.

GUIZOT, MAURICE GUILLAUME, the son of Guizot, born in 1833, received a prize for *Ménandre, Étude Historique et Littéraire sur la Comédée et la Société Grecques* (1855). In 1866 he was ap-

pointed Professor of the French Language and Literature in the College of France. He has since published *Alfred le Grand, ou L'Angleterre sous les Anglo-Saxons.*

EFFECTS OF THE CRUSADES.

The principal effect of the crusades was a great step toward the emancipation of the mind, a great progress toward enlarged and liberal ideas. Though begun under the name and influence of religious belief, the crusades deprived religious ideas, I shall not say of their legitimate share of influence, but of their exclusive and despotic possession of the human mind. The result, though undoubtedly unforeseen, arose from various causes. The first was evidently the novelty, extent, and variety of the scene which displayed itself to the crusaders; what generally happened to travellers happened to them. It is mere commonplace to say that travelling gives freedom to the mind; that the habit of observing different nations, different manners, and different opinions enlarges the ideas and disengages the judgment from old prejudices. The same thing happened to those nations of travellers who have been called the crusaders; their minds were opened and raised by having seen a multitude of different things, by having become acquainted with other manners than their own. They found themselves also placed in connection with two states of civilization, not only different from their own, but more advanced—the Greek state of society on the one hand, and the Mussulman on the other. There is no doubt that the society of the Greeks, though enervated, perverted, and decaying, gave the crusaders the impression of something more advanced, polished, and enlightened than their own.

The society of the Mussulmans presented them a scene of the same kind. It is curious to observe in the chronicles the impression made by the crusaders on the Mussulmans, who regarded them at first as the most brutal, ferocious, and stupid barbarians they had ever seen. The crusaders, on their part, were struck with

the riches and elegance of manners which they observed among the Mussulmans. These first impressions were succeeded by frequent relations between the Mussulmans and Christians. These became more extensive and important than is commonly believed. Not only had the Christians of the East habitual relations with the Mussulmans, but the people of the East and the West became acquainted with, visited, and mingled with each other. Mongol ambassadors were sent to the kings of the Franks, and to St. Louis among others, in order to persuade them to enter into alliance, and to resume the crusades for the common interests of the Mongols and the Christians against the Turks. And not only were diplomatic and official relations thus established between the sovereigns, but there was much and varied intercourse between the nations of the East and West.

There is another circumstance which is worthy of notice. Down to the time of the crusades the court of Rome, the centre of the Church, had been very little in communication with the laity unless through the medium of ecclesiastics, either legates sent by the Court of Rome, or the whole body of the bishops and clergy. There were always some laymen in direct relation with Rome; but upon the whole, it was by means of churchmen that Rome had any communication with the people of different countries. During the crusades, on the contrary, Rome became a halting place for a great portion of the crusaders, either in going or returning. A multitude of laymen were spectators of its policy and its manners, and were able to discover the share which personal interest had in religious disputes. There is no doubt that this newly acquired knowledge inspired many minds with a boldness hitherto unknown.

When we consider the state of the general mind at the termination of the crusades, especially in regard to ecclesiastical matters, we cannot fail to be struck with a singular fact: religious notions underwent no change, and were not replaced by contrary or even different opinions. Thought, notwithstanding, had become free; religious creeds were not the only subjects on which the human mind exercised its faculties; without abandoning

them it began occasionally to wander from them, and to take other directions. Thus, at the end of the thirteenth century, the moral causes which had led to the crusades, or which, at least, had been their most energetic principle, had disappeared: the moral state of Europe had undergone an essential modification.

The social state of society had undergone an analogous change. Many inquiries have been made as to the influence of the crusades in this respect; it has been shown in what manner they had reduced the great number of feudal proprietors to the necessity of selling their fiefs to the kings, or to sell their privileges to the communities, in order to raise money for the crusades.

Even in those cases where small proprietors preserved their fiefs, they did not live upon them in such an insulated state as formerly. The possessors of great fiefs became so many centres around which the smaller ones were gathered, and near which they came to live. During the crusades small proprietors found it necessary to place themselves in the train of some rich and powerful chief, from whom they received assistance and support. They lived with him, shared his fortune, and passed through the same adventures that he did. When the crusaders returned home, this social spirit, this habit of living in intercourse with superiors, continued to subsist, and had its influence on the manners of the age. As we see that the great fiefs were increased after the crusades, so we see, also, that the proprietors of those fiefs held, within their castles, a much more considerable court than before, and were surrounded by a greater number of gentlemen, who preserved their little domains, but no longer kept within them.

As to the inhabitants of the towns, a result of the same nature may easily be perceived. The crusades created great civic communities. Petty commerce and petty industry were not sufficient to give rise to communities such as the great cities of Italy and Flanders. It was commerce on a great scale—maritime commerce, and especially the commerce of the East and West, which gave them birth; now it was the crusades which gave to maritime commerce the greatest impulse it had yet received. On the whole, when we survey the state of so-

ciety at the end of the crusades, we will find that the movement tending to dissolution and dispersion, the movement of universal localization (if I may be allowed such an expression), had ceased, and had been succeeded by a movement in the contrary direction, a movement of centralization. All things tended to mutual approximation; small things were absorbed in great ones, or gathered round them. . . .

Such, in my opinion, are the real effects of the crusades; on the one hand the extension of ideas and the emancipation of thought; on the other, a general enlargement of the social sphere, and the opening of a wider field for every sort of activity; they produced, at the same time, more individual freedom, and more political unity. They tended to the independence of man and the centralization of society. Many inquiries have been made respecting the means of civilization which were directly imported from the East. It has been said that the largest part of the great discoveries which, in the course of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, contributed to the progress of European civilization—such as the compass, printing, and gunpowder—were known in the East, and that the crusades brought them into Europe. This is true to a certain extent, though some of these assertions may be disputed. But what cannot be disputed is this influence, this general effect of the crusades upon the human mind on the one hand, and the state of society on the other. They drew society out of a very narrow road, to throw it into new and infinitely broader paths; they began that transformation of the various elements of European society into governments and nations, which is the characteristic of modern civilization.—*History of Civilization in Europe.*

PRE-HISTORIC GAUL.

If one were suddenly carried twenty or thirty centuries backward, into the midst of what was then called Gaul, he would not recognize France. The same mountains reared their heads; the same plains stretched far and wide; the same rivers rolled on their course. There is no alteration in the physical formation of the country,

but the aspect was very different. Instead of fields all trim with cultivation, and all covered with various produce, one would see inaccessible morasses, and vast forests, as yet uncleared, given up to the chances of primitive vegetation, and peopled with bears, and even the *urus* or wild ox, and with elks too—a kind of animal that one finds no longer nowadays save in the colder regions of northeastern Europe, such as Lithuania and Courland. Then wandered over the champagne great herds of swine, as fierce almost as wolves, tamed only so far as to know the sound of their keeper's horn. The better sorts of fruit and vegetables were quite unknown; they were imported into Gaul—the greatest part from Asia, a portion from Africa and the islands of the Mediterranean. Cold and rough was the prevailing temperature. Nearly every winter the rivers froze sufficiently hard for the passage of cars. And three or four centuries before the Christian era, on that vast territory comprised between the ocean and the Pyrenees, the Mediterranean, the Alps, and the Rhine, six or seven millions of men lived a bestial life, enclosed in dwellings dark and low, the best of them built of wood and clay, covered with branches or straw, made in a single round piece, open to daylight only by a door, and confusedly huddled together behind a rampart, not inartistically composed of timber, earth, and stone, which surrounded and protected what they were pleased to call a town.

Of even such towns there were scarcely any as yet, save in the most populous and least uncultivated portions of Gaul; that is to say, in the southern and eastern regions, at the foot of the mountains of Auvergne and the Cevennes, and along the coasts of the Mediterranean. In the north and the west were paltry hamlets, as transferable almost as the people themselves; and on some islet amidst the morasses, or in some hidden recess of the forest, were huge entrenchments formed of felled trees, where the population ran to shelter themselves, at the first sound of the war-cry, with their flocks and all their movables; and the war-cry was often heard. Men living grossly and idly are very prone to quarrel and fight.

Gaul, moreover, was not occupied by one and the same nation, with the same traditions and the same chiefs. Tribes very different in origin, habits, and date of settlement, were continually disputing the territory. In the south were Iberians or Aquitanians, Phœnicians, and Greeks; in the north and in the northwest were Kymrians or Belgians; everywhere else Gauls or Celts—the most numerous settlers, who had the honor of giving their name to the country. Who were the first to come there, and what was the date of their settlement, nobody knows. Of the Greeks alone does history mark with any precision the arrival in southern Gaul. The Phœnicians preceded them by several centuries; but it is impossible to fix any exact time. Information is equally vague as to the period when the Kymrians invaded the north of Gaul. As for the Gauls and the Iberians, there is not a word about their first entrance into the country; for they are discovered there already at the first appearance of the country itself in the domain of history. The Iberians, whom the Romans call Aquitanians, dwelt at the foot of the Pyrenees, in the territory comprised between the mountains, the Garonne, and the ocean. They belonged to the race which, under the same appellation, had peopled Spain; but by what route they came into Gaul is a problem which we cannot solve. It is much the same in tracing the origin of every nation, for in those barbarous times men lived and died without leaving any enduring memorials of their deeds and their destinies; no monuments, no writings; just a few oral traditions, perhaps, which are speedily lost or altered.—*History of France; translation of* ROBERT BLACK.

CÆSAR IN GAUL.

The greatest minds are far from foreseeing all the consequences of their deeds, and all the perils proceeding from their successes. Cæsar was by nature neither violent or cruel; but he did not trouble himself about justice or humanity, and the success of his enterprise, no matter by what means or at what price, was his sole law of conduct. He could show, on occasions, moderation and mercy; but when he had to put down an ob-

stinate resistance, or when a long and arduous effort had irritated him, he had no hesitation in employing atrocious severity and perfidious promises. During his first campaign in Belgica (A.U.C. 697, or 57 B.C.), two peoplets, the Nervians and the Aduaticans, had gallantly struggled, with brief moments of success, against the Roman legions. The Nervians were conquered and almost annihilated. Their last remnants, huddled for refuge in the midst of their morasses, sent a deputation to Cæsar to make submission, saying, "Of six hundred senators three only are left, and of sixty thousand men that bore arms scarce five hundred have escaped." Cæsar received them kindly, returned to them their lands, and warned their neighbors to do them no harm. The Aduaticans, on the contrary, defended themselves to the last extremity. Cæsar, having slain four thousand, had all that remained sold by auction; and fifty-six thousand human beings, according to his own statement, passed as slaves into the hands of their purchasers. Some years later, another Belgian peoplet, the Eburons, settled between the Meuse and the Rhine, rose and inflicted great losses upon the Roman legions. Cæsar put them beyond the pale of military and human law, and had all the neighboring peoplets and all the roving bands invited to come and "pillage and destroy that accursed race," promising to whoever would join in the work the friendship of the Roman people. A little later still, some insurgents in the centre of Gaul had concentrated in a place to the southwest, called Uxellodunum (now, it is said, Puy d'Issola, in the department of the Lot, between Vayrac and Martel). After a long resistance they were obliged to surrender, and Cæsar had all the combatants' hands cut off, and sent them, thus mutilated, to live and rove throughout Gaul, as a spectacle to all the country that was or was to be brought to submission.

Nor were the rigors of administration less than those of warfare. Cæsar wanted a great deal of money, not only to maintain satisfactorily his troops in Gaul, but to defray the enormous expenses he was at in Italy for the purpose of enriching his partisans, or securing the favor of the Roman people. It was with the produce of

plunder and imposts in Gaul that he undertook the reconstruction at Rome of the Basilica of the Forum, the site whereof, extending to the Temple of Liberty, was valued, it is said, at more than twenty million five hundred thousand francs. Cicero who took the direction of the work, wrote to his friend Atticus: "We shall make it the most glorious thing in the world." Cato was less satisfied; three years previously despatches from Cæsar had announced to the Senate his victories over the Belgian and German insurgents. The Senators had voted a general thanksgiving, but, "Thanksgiving!" cried Cato, "rather expiation! Pray the Gods not to visit upon our armies the sin of a guilty general. Give up Cæsar to the Germans, and let the foreigner know that Rome does not enjoin perjury, and rejects with horror the fruit thereof!"—*History of France; translation of* ROBERT BLACK.

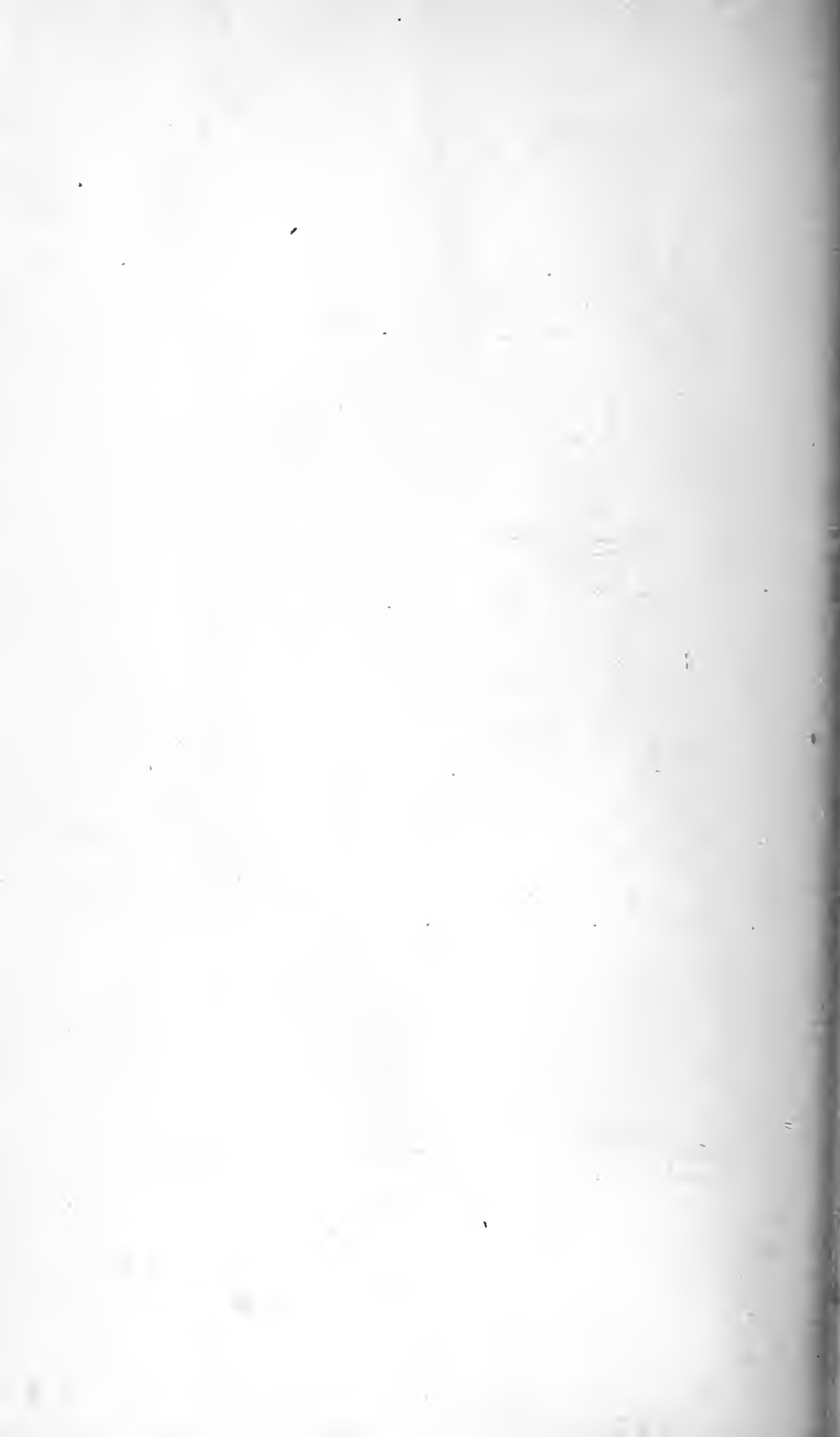
THE ST. BARTHOLOMEW MASSACRE.

We might multiply indefinitely the anecdotal scenes of the massacre—most of them brutally ferocious, others painfully pathetic; some generous and calculated to preserve the credit of humanity amidst one of its most direful aberrations. History must show no pity for the vices and crimes of men, whether princes or people; and it is her duty as well as her right to depict them so truthfully that men's souls and imaginations may be sufficiently impressed by them to conceive disgust and horror at them. But it is not by dwelling upon them, and by describing them minutely, as if she had to exhibit a gallery of monsters and madmen, that history can lead men's minds to sound judgments and salutary impressions. We take no pleasure, and we see no use, in setting forth in detail the works of evil. We would be inclined to fear that, by familiarity with such a spectacle men would lose the perception of good, and cease to put hope in its legitimate and ultimate superiority.

Nor will we pause either to discuss the secondary questions which meet us at the period of which we are telling the story. For example, the question whether

CHARLES IXTH AND CATHERINE DE MEDICI THE NIGHT AFTER THE MASSACRE OF ST BARTHOLOMEW.

Drawing by A de Neuville.



Charles IX. fired with his own hand on his Protestant subjects whom he had delivered over to the evil passions of the aristocracy and of the populace; or whether the balcony from which he is said to have indulged in this ferocious pastime existed at that time in the sixteenth century, at the palace of the Louvre, and overlooking the Seine. These questions are not without historical interest, and it is well for learned men to study them; but we consider them incapable of being resolved with certainty. And even were they resolved, they would not give the key to the character of Charles IX., and to the portion which appertains to him in the deed of cruelty with which his name remains connected. The great historical fact of the St. Bartholomew is that to which we confine ourselves; and we have attempted to depict it accurately as regards Charles IX.; his hesitations and foolish resolutions; his mingling of open-heartedness and double-dealing in the treatment of Coligny; toward whom he felt himself attracted, without fully understanding him, and his childish weakness in the presence of his mother, whom he rather feared than trusted.

When he had plunged into the madness of the massacre; when, after exclaiming "Kill them all!" he had witnessed the killing of Coligny and La Rochefoucauld, the companions of his royal amusements, Charles IX. gave himself up to a paroxysm of mad fury. He was asked whether the two young Huguenot princes, Henry of Navarre and Henry de Condé, were also to be slain. Marshal de Retz was in favor of this, Marshal de Tavannes was opposed to it, and it was decided to spare them. On the very night of St. Bartholomew the King sent for the two Henry's. "I mean for the future," he said, "to have but one religion in my kingdom—the Mass or Death; make your choice." Henry of Navarre reminded the King of his promises, and asked for time to consider. Henry de Condé answered that he would remain firm in the true religion, though he should have to give up his life for it. "Seditious madman, rebel, and the son of a rebel," said Charles, "if within three days you do not change your language, I will have you strangled!"

At this first juncture the King saved from massacre

none but Ambrose Paré, his surgeon, and his nurse, both Huguenots. On the night after the murder of Coligny he sent for Ambrose Paré into his chamber, and made him go into his wardrobe, "ordering him," says Brantome, "not to stir, and saying that it was not reasonable that one who could be of service to a whole world should be thus put to death." A few days afterward the King said to Paré, "Now you really must become a Catholic." Paré replied: "By God's light, I think, Sire, you must surely remember that you promised me, in order that I should never disobey you, that you, on the other hand, would not bid me do four things: find my way back into my mother's womb; catch myself fighting in a battle; leave your service; or go to Mass." After a moment's silence, Charles rejoined: "Ambrose, I do not know what has come over me during the last two or three days; but I feel my mind and my body greatly excited, just in fact, as if I had a fever. Meseems every moment, whether waking or sleeping, that those slaughtered corpses keep appearing to me, with their faces all hideous and covered with blood. I wish that the helpless and the innocent had not been included." And, adds Sully, in his *Œconomics royales*, "He next day issued his orders, prohibiting, on pain of death, any slaying or plundering; the which, were, nevertheless, very ill observed, the animosities and fury of the populace being too much inflamed to defer to them."

Historians, Catholic or Protestant, contemporary or investigating, differ widely as to the number of victims in this massacre. According to DeThou there were about 2,000 killed in Paris the first day; D'Aubigné says 3,000; Brantome speaks of 4,000 bodies that Charles IX. might have seen floating down the Seine; La Popenlière reduces them to 1,000. There is to be found in the account-books of the City of Paris a payment to the grave-diggers of the Cemetery of the Innocents for having interred 1,100 dead bodies stranded at the turns of the Seine near Chaillot, Auteuil, and St. Cloud. It is probable that many bodies were carried still further, and that the corpses were not all thrown into the river.

The uncertainty is still greater when we come to speak of the number of victims in the whole of France. DeThou estimates it at 30,000; Sully at 70,000; Péréfixes, Archbishop of Paris in the nineteenth century, raises it to 100,000; Papirus Masson and Davila reduce it to 10,000, without clearly distinguishing between the massacre at Paris and those of the provinces. Other historians fix upon 40,000.

Great uncertainty also prevails as to the execution of the orders issued from Paris to the Governors of the provinces. The names of the Viscount D'Orte, Governor at Bayonne, and of John Le Hennuyer, Bishop of Lisieux, have become famous from their having refused to take part in the massacre. But the authenticity of the letter from the Viscount D'Orte to Charles IX. is disputed, though the fact of his resistance appears certain; and as for the Bishop John Le Hennuyer, M. de Forméville seems to us to have demonstrated in his *Histoire de l'ancien Evêche-comtê de Lisieux* that "there was no occasion to save the Protestants of Lisieux in 1572, because they did not find themselves in any danger of being massacred, and that the merit of it cannot be attributed to anybody—to the Bishop Le Hennuyer, any more than to Captain Fumichon, Governor of the town. It was only the general course of events and the discretion of the municipal officers of Lisieux that did it all."

One thing which is quite true, and, which it is good to call to mind in the midst of so great a general criminality, is that it met with a refusal to be associated in it. President Jeanin at Dijon, the Count de Tende in Provence, Philibert de la Guiche at Mâcon, Tanneguy Le Veneur de Carrouge at Rouen, the Count de Geordes in Dauphiny, and many other chiefs, military or civil, openly repudiated the example set by the murderers of Paris; and the municipal body of Nantes—a very Catholic town—took upon this subject a resolution which does honor to its patriotic firmness, as well as to its Christian loyalty. . . .

A great good man—a great functionary and a great scholar in disgrace for six years past—the Chancellor Michael de L'Hospital—received about this time in his

retreat at Vignay, a visit from a great philosopher, Michael de Montaigne, "anxious," said his visitor, "to come and testify to you the honor and reverence with which I regard your competence, and the special qualities which are in you—for as to the extraneous and the fortuitous, it is not to my taste to put them down in the account." Montaigne chose a happy moment for disregarding all but the personal and special qualities of the Chancellor. Shortly after his departure L'Hospital was warned that some sinister-looking horsemen were coming, and that he would do well to take care of himself. "No matter, no matter," he answered, "it will be as God pleases, when my hour has come." Next day he was told that those men were approaching his house, and he was asked whether he would not have the gates shut against them, and have them fired upon in case they attempted to force an entrance. "No," said he, "if the small gate will not do for them to enter by, let the big one be opened." A few hours afterward L'Hospital was informed that the King and the Queen-mother were sending other horsemen to protect him. "I did not know," said the old man, "that I had deserved either death or pardon." A rumor of his death flew abroad amongst his enemies, who rejoiced at it. "We are told," wrote Cardinal Granvelle to his agent at Brussels, "that the King has had Chancellor de L'Hospital and his wife dispatched, which would be a great blessing. The agent, more enlightened than his chief, denied the fact, adding, "They are a fine bit of rubbish left—L'Hospital and his wife." Charles IX. wrote to his old adviser, to reassure him, "loving you as I do." Sometime after, however, he demanded of him his resignation of the title of Chancellor, wishing to confer it upon La Birague, to reward him for his co-operation in the St. Bartholomew. L'Hospital gave in his resignation on the 1st of February, 1573, and died six weeks afterward. "I am just at the end of my long journey," he wrote to the King, and the Queen-mother; "and shall have no more business but with God. I implore him to give you His grace, and to lead you with His hand in all your affairs, and in the government of this great and beautiful kingdom which He hath committed to your keeping, with all

gentleness and clemency toward your good subjects, in imitation of Himself, who is good and patient in bearing our burthens, and prompt to forgive you and pardon you everything."

From the 24th to the 31st of August, 1572, the conduct of Charles IX. and the Queen-mother produced nothing but a confused mass of orders and counter-orders, affirmations and denials, words and actions incoherent and contradictory, all caused by the habit of lying, and the desire of escaping from the peril or embarrassment of the moment. On the very first day of the massacre, about mid-day, the provost of tradesmen and the sheriffs, who had not taken part in the "Paris matins," came complaining to the King "of the pillage, sack, and murder which were being committed by many belonging to the suite of his Majesty, as well as to those of the princes, princesses, and lords of the Court by noblemen, archers, and soldiers of the guard, as well as by all sorts of gentry and people mixed with them and under their wing." Charles ordered them "to get on horseback, take with them all the forces in the city, and keep their eyes open day and night to put a stop to the sad murder, pillage, and sedition arising because of the rivalry between the houses of Guise and Chatillon, and because they of Guise had been threatened by the Admiral's friends, who suspected them of being at the bottom of the hurt inflicted upon him." The same day he addressed to the governors of the provinces a letter in which he invested the disturbance with the same character, and gave the same explanation of it. The Guises complained violently of being thus disavowed by the King, who had the face to throw upon them alone the odium of the massacre which he had ordered.

Next day, August 25th, the King wrote to all his agents, at home and abroad, another letter affirming that "what had happened at Paris had been done solely to prevent the execution of an accursed conspiracy that the admiral and his allies had concocted against him, his mother and his brothers;" and on the 25th of August he went with his own brothers to hold in state a "bed of justice," and make to the Parliament the same declaration against Coligny and his party. "He could

not," he said, "have parried so fearful a blow but by another very violent one; and he wished all the world to know that what had happened at Paris had been done not only with his consent, but by his express command." Whereupon, says DeThou, it was enjoined upon the court "to cause investigation to be made as to the conspiracy of Coligny, and to decree what it should consider proper, conformably with the law and with justice." The next day but one—August 28th—appeared a royal manifesto running: "The king willeth and intendeth that all noblemen and others whatsoever of the religion styled Reformed be empowered to live and abide in all security and liberty, with their wives, children, and families, in their houses, as they have heretofore done, and were empowered to do by the edicts of pacification. And nevertheless, for to obviate the troubles, scandals, suspicion, and distrust which might arise by reason of the services and assemblies that might take place both in the houses of the said noblemen and elsewhere as is permitted by the said edicts of pacification, his Majesty doth lay very express inhibitions and prohibitions upon all the said noblemen and others of the said religion against holding assemblies, on any account whatsoever, until that by the said lord and king, after having provided for the tranquillity of his kingdom, it be otherwise ordained. And that on pain of confiscation of body and goods, in case of disobedience."

These tardy and lying accusations officially brought against Coligny and his friends—these promises of liberty and security for the Protestants, renewed in the terms of the edicts, and in point of fact annulled at the very moment at which they were being renewed—the massacre continuing here and there in France, at one time with the secret connivance, and at another notwithstanding the publicly given word of the King and the Queen-mother—all this policy, at one and the same time violent and timorous, incoherent and stubborn, produced amongst the Protestants two contrary effects: some grew frightened, others angry. At court, under the direct influence of the King and his surroundings, "submission to the powers that be" prevailed. Many

fled; others, without abjuring their religion, abjured their party. The two Reformed princes, Henry of Navarre and Henry de Condé, attended Mass on the 29th of September, and on the 3d of October wrote to the Pope, deploring their errors and giving hopes of their conversion. Far away from Paris, in the mountains of the Pyrenees and Languedoc, in the towns where the Reformed were numerous and confident—at Sancerre, at Montauban, at Nîmes, at La Rochelle—the spirit of resistance carried the day. An assembly, meeting at Milhau, drew up a provisional ordinance for the government of the Reformed Church, "until it please God, who has the hearts of kings in his keeping, to change that of King Charles IX., and restore the State of France to good order, or to raise up such neighboring prince as is manifestly marked out, by his virtue and by distinguishing signs, for to be the liberator of this poor and afflicted people." In November, 1572, the fourth religious war broke out. The siege of La Rochelle was its only important event. Charles IX. and his counsellors exerted themselves in vain to avoid it. There was everything to disgust them in this enterprise: so sudden a revival of the religious war after the grand blow they had just struck, the passionate energy manifested by the Protestants in asylum at La Rochelle, and the help they had been led to hope for from Queen Elizabeth, whom England would never have forgiven for indifference in this cause. . . .

In the spring of 1574, at the age of twenty-three years and eleven months, and after a reign of eleven years and six months, Charles IX. was attacked by an inflammatory malady which brought on violent hemorrhage; he was revisited in his troubled sleep by the same bloody vision about which, after the St. Bartholomew, he had spoken to Ambrose Paré. He no longer retained in his room anybody but two of his servants and his nurse, "of whom he was very fond, although she was a Huguenot," says the contemporary chronicler, Peter de l'Estoile. "When she had lain down upon a chest and was just beginning to doze, hearing the King moaning, weeping, and sighing, she went full gently up to his bed. 'Ah! nurse, nurse,' said the King, 'what

bloodshed and what murder! Ah! what evil counsel have I followed! Oh! my God, forgive me for them, and have mercy upon me, if it may please Thee! I know not what hath come to me, so bewildered and agitated do they make me. What will be the end of it all? What shall I do? I am lost; I see it well!' Then said the nurse to him, 'Sire, the murders be on the heads of those who made you do them! Of yourself, Sire, you never could; and since you were not consenting thereto, and are sorry therefor, believe that God will not put them down to your account, and will hide them with the cloak of justice of His Son, to whom alone you must have recourse. But, for God's sake, let your Majesty cease weeping!' And thereupon, having been to fetch him a pocket-handkerchief, because his own was soaked with tears, after that the King had taken it from her hand he signed her to go away and leave him to rest."

On Whitsunday, May 30, 1574, about three in the afternoon, Charles IX. expired, after having signed an ordinance conferring the regency upon his mother, Catherine, "who accepted it"—such was the expression in the letters-patent—"at the request of the Duke of Alençon, the King of Navarre, and other princes and peers of France." According to D'Aubigné, Charles used often to say of his brother Henry, that "when he had a kingdom on his hands, the administration would find him out, and that he would disappoint those who had hope of him." The last words he said were, "that he was glad not to have left any young child to succeed him, very well knowing that France needs a man, and that, with a child the king and the reign are unhappy."
—*History of France; translation of* ROBERT BLACK.

GUNSAULUS, Frank Wakeley, an American poet, divine, and educator, was born at Chesterville, O., January 1, 1856. He is a lineal descendant of one of the martyrs of the Spanish inquisition. He was educated at the Ohio Wesleyan University, and became a Methodist preacher in 1875, and in 1879 he took charge of a Congregational church in Columbus. In 1885 he became pastor of the Brown Memorial Church in Baltimore, and two years later he was called to Plymouth Church, Chicago, with which latter pastorate he united the labors of president of the Armour Institute. His published works include *November at Eastwood* (1881); *Metamorphoses of a Creed* (1884); *Monk and Knight* (1891); *Phidias and Other Poems* (1891); *Loose Leaves of Song* (1893), and lectures on *Savonarola*, *John Hampden*, *Oliver Cromwell*, and *The Higher Ministries of Contemporary English Poetry*.

His style is characterized as "brilliant and warm," and his analysis of historical cause and effect as "singularly acute." Of his poetry an English critic says that "the author has clearly dwelt upon his subject until it has become real to him, and he writes not only with conviction, but with a delicacy of phrasing and dignified reserve that prove him, beyond question, a poet."

UNPLEASANT VISITORS.

More came into the vaulted room just as the abbot and Erasmus had partaken of the excellent beer which was brewed by the monks of Glastonbury. After sipping a little more, and remarking upon its good quality, they started, with the proud head of the institution, to look at the interesting and sacred relics. Old Fra Giovanni, breathing whispers to Vian, who came close to Abbot Richard, came and went with surprising freedom, as they proceeded from spot to spot. This beautiful youth amidst these ancient buildings, this fresh boyhood in this atmosphere of antiquity—the contrasts and the suggestions made the scholar and the statesman silent. Abbot Richard, however, talked incessantly.

"For fifteen centuries and more, the cross has stood on this spot; and yet some fear that base men will some day be wicked enough to raze these buildings to the earth. The saints forefend us!"

He listened for a reply, but Erasmus said only this: "There will be no change but for the better, I am sure."

"Ah, if I could be sure!" urged the abbot. "Heretics are everywhere, and kings are silent. Would that the sword were drawn but once! they would disappear."

"Nay," said More; "ideas alone may conquer ideas. Saint Peter once drew his sword; and his Master bade him sheath it again."

"Yes, good friend!" added Erasmus; "ideas cannot be swept back by institutions—for institutions are only the forms of old ideas."

He was just going to say that new ideas often supplanted them with new institutions, when the abbot, somewhat nettled, said, "And what if these old ideas be true ideas?"

"Then," cautiously replied Erasmus—"then they need no swords; they and their institutions will stand forever."

"Ah!" said the abbot, "the Holy Church is an institution of God, not the embodiment of any human ideas."

Thomas More remembered the story of the young

Christ as the "Son of Man" standing in the temple and saying, while Sabbath and temple were being transformed, "A greater than the temple here."

Erasmus said meditatively, in Vian's hearing, "Even the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath"—and he wanted to say that man was God's child, and dearer to Him than all else; but they were nearing Glastonbury Thorn.

The abbot was eloquent; and Vian wondered at what was sure to be plain to him at a later day—what could Master Erasmus have meant by that quotation about the Sabbath which the boy had already seen in the Vulgate?

"This is but an ordinary bush to profane eyes," said Abbot Richard, as if he would prevent any outburst of rationalism and irreverence on the part of Erasmus, whose words, especially when spoken in Vian's presence, he dreaded; "but it is something else to the eye of history and to the heart of faith."

"Sometimes, your Reverence, the over-zealous heart of faith makes the eye of history very near-sighted," remarked the unimpressible scholar.

It was a thrust which the abbot was glad Vian did not notice; but it nearly staggered the credulous and loquacious Churchman.—*Monk and Knight.*

CARE AND CARELESSNESS.

I care not that the storm sways all the trees
  And floods the plain and blinds my trusting sight;
I only care that o'er the land and seas
  Comes sometimes Love's perpetual peace and light.

I care not if the thunder-cloud be black,
  Till that last instant when my work is done;
I only care that o'er the gloomy rack
  Flames forth the promise of a constant sun.

I care not that sharp thorns grow thick below
  And wound my hands and scar my anxious feet;
I only care to know God's roses grow,
  And I may somewhere find their odor sweet.

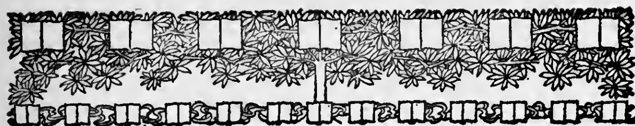
I care not if they be not white, but red—
Red as the blood-drops from a wounded heart ;
I only care to ease my aching head
With faith that somewhere God hath done His part.

I care not that the furnace-fire of pain
Laps round and round my life and burns alway;
I only care to know that not in vain
The fierce heats touch me throughout night and day.

I care not that the mass of molten ore
Trembles and bubbles at the chilly mold ;
I only care that daily, more and more,
There comes to be a precious thing of gold.

I care not if, in years of such despair,
I reach in vain and seize no purpose vast;
I only care that I sometime, somewhere,
May find a meaning shining at the last.

—*Songs of Night and Day.*



GUNTER, Archibald Clavering, an Anglo-American novelist and playwriter, was born in Liverpool in 1847. His parents removed to California in 1853. He was educated in England and in the United States, graduating at University College, San Francisco. He followed his profession of mining and civil engineering in the West until 1874, when he became a stockbroker in San Francisco. In 1877 he removed to New York, and has since devoted himself to literature. His first play, entitled *Cuba*, was written while he was pursuing his collegiate studies. Later plays are *Two Nights in Rome*, produced in New York in 1889; *Fresh, the American* (1890), and more recently, in quick succession, *Courage*, *After the Opera*, *The Wall Street Bandit*, *Prince Karl*, and *The Deacon's Daughter*. He has also dramatized several of his own novels; of which the first, *Mr. Barnes of New York* (1887), has been published in several languages and by some half-dozen English publishing houses. Other novels are *Mr. Potter of Texas* (1888); *That Frenchman* (1889); *Miss Nobody of Nowhere* (1890); *Small Boys in Big Boots* (1890); *Miss Dividends* (1892); *Baron Montez of Panama and Paris* (1893); *A Florida Enchantment* (1893); *A Princess of Paris* (1894), and its sequel, *The King's Stockbroker* (1894), and *The First of the English* (1895).

THE PARIS SALON.

In one of the larger rooms of the *Salon*, a mass of people are striving to see one of the pictures of the season. French, English, Italians, Americans, Austrians, Germans, every nationality of the world are grouped together in the crowd, while from its depths pours out a confused variety of tongues, accents, dialects and languages that, massed together, make a lunacy of idea and babel of sound.

"*Magnifique!*"

"Disappointing!"

"*Splendida!*"

"It will get a medal!"

"*Ich halte nicht viel davon!*"

"*Mon Dieu! Quelle foule!*"

"I prefer Gérôme!"

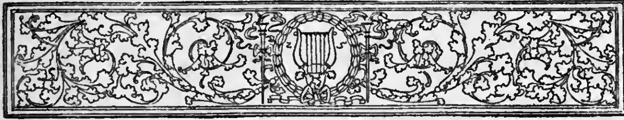
"This 'orrid jam is worse than Piccadilly!"

"It reminds me of 'la Cigale!'"

"Je-rue-sa-*lem!* It looks like Sally Spotts in swimming!" This last comes from a cattle King from Kansas, who makes the remark on the edge of the crowd, but now excitedly forces his way toward the picture; and as he has the form of a Goliath and strength of a Samson, Mr. Barnes, who has been most of the past year in the United States, but has run over to Europe to avoid the American summer, concludes he is a good man to do the pushing and squeezing for him, and quietly drops into his wake.

"Cracky! It *is* Sally Spotts!" repeats the Westerner.

And he is right; the belle of an Ohio village has wandered to Paris, and is now as celebrated for her beauty, though not, alas, for her virtue, in this capital of nations, as she once was as Sally Spotts in her rural American home. Her old father and mother mourn her as dead, and are happier than if they knew that the little innocent child that knelt and prayed with them each night before sleeping, lived as "La Belle Blackwood," that celebrity of the *demi-monde*, whose beauty makes so much of the attraction of this famous picture, for which she posed as the model.—*Mr Barnes of New York.*



GUSTAFSON, ZADEL BARNES (wife of Axel Gustafson), an American poet and miscellaneous writer, born at Middletown, Conn., in 1841. At the age of fifteen she was a contributor to various periodicals. In 1871 she published a novel entitled *Can the Old Love?* and in 1878 a volume of poems entitled *Meg, a Pastoral and other Poems.* She has contributed numerous critical and biographical papers to leading magazines, and has edited Mrs. Brooks's (Maria del Occidente) poem *Zophiël,* accompanying it with a sketch of the author's life. She became much interested in the temperance question, and in conjunction with her husband wrote *The Foundation of Death, a Study of the Drink Question.*

"Her poems brought her the warm recognition and personal friendship of the older American poets, and have placed her without question"—we quote from Frances Hays's *Women of the Day*—"in the foremost ranks of the younger." Whittier said of her tribute to Bryant, that he could only compare it to Milton's *Lycidas;* that it was "worthy of any living poet at least."

THE BLIND MAN'S SIGHT.

The blind man sees a world more fair
  Than unsealed eyes behold:
A bluer sky, a softer air,
  Its visioned scenes infold.

Its calm delight his bosom fills;
He is a dweller there ;
He builds upon its misty hills
His castle in the air.

He slumbers in its fragrant vale,
Lulled by its winding stream,
While Memory's phantoms, sweet and pale,
Glide through his tender dream ;

Or, waking, wanders 'neath the shade
Where blooms of bending trees
Shake perfumes through the odorous glade
To wind-harp melodies.

Through tinted aisles of air his gaze
Is fixed, where mountains rise
Beneath his castle, fringed with rays
Of purpled evening skies.

And oft, its mystic threshold crost,
There greet him voices rare :
'Tis peopled with the loved and lost—
His castle in the air.

ZLOBANE.

As swayeth in the summer wind the close and stalwart grain,
So moved the serried Zulu shields that day on wild Zlobane :
The white shield of the husband, who hath twice need of life ;
The black shield of the young chief, who hath not yet a wife.
Unrecking harm, the British lay, secure as if they slept,
While close in front and either flank the live black crescent crept ;
Then burst their wild and fearful cry upon the British ears,
With whir of bullets, glare of shields, and flash of Zulu spears.

They gathered as a cloud, swift rolled, 'twixt sun and summer scene;
They thickened down as the locusts that leave no living green.
Uprose the British; in the shock reeled but an instant; then,
Shoulder to shoulder, faced the foe, and met their doom like men.

But one was there whose heart was torn in a more awful strife;
He had the soldier's steady nerve, and calm disdain of life;
Yet now, half turning from the fray—knee smiting against knee—
He scanned the hills, if yet were left an open way to flee.
Not for himself. His little son, scarce thirteen summers born,
With hair that shone upon his brows like tassels on the corn,
And lips that smiled in that sweet pout shaped by the mother's breast,
Stood by his side, and silently to his brave father pressed.

The horse stood nigh; the father kissed and tossed the boy astride:
"Farewell!" he cried, "and for thy life, that way, my darling, ride!"
Scarce touched the saddle ere the boy leaped lightly to the ground,
And smote the horse upon its flank, that, with a quivering bound,
It sprang and galloped for the hills, with one sonorous neigh;
The fire flashed where its spurning feet clanged o'er the stony way;
So, shod with fear, fled like the wind, from where in ancient lay,
Rome grappled Tusculam—the slain Mamilius's charger gray.

"Father, I'll die with you!" The sire, as this he saw
and heard,
Turned, and stood breathless in the joy and pang that
knows no word.
Once each—as do long-knitted friends—upon the other
smiled;
And then—he had but time to give a weapon to the
child,
Ere, leaping o'er the British dead, the supple Zulus
drew
The cruel assegais, and first the younger hero slew.
Still grew the father's heart, his eye bright with unflick-
ering flame:
Five Zulus bit the dust in death by his unblenching
aim.
Then, covered with uncounted wounds, he sank beside
his child;
And they who found them say, in death each on the
other smiled.

GUTHRIE, Thomas, a Scottish clergyman, orator, and philanthropist, born at Brechin, July 12, 1803; died at St. Leonard's, near Hastings, England, February 24, 1873. He was the son of a banker; studied at Edinburgh, and was licensed to preach in 1825. Afterward he studied medicine at Paris, and was subsequently for some time employed in his father's bank. In 1830 he was presented to the small parish of Arbirlot, from which in 1837 he was transferred to the Old Grayfriars' parish in Edinburgh, where he achieved a distinguished reputation as a preacher and philanthropist. He left the Established Church of Scotland at the disruption in 1843, and became one of the ministers of the Free Church. In 1854 he was obliged to give up public speaking, and became editor of the *Sunday Magazine*. He was one of the founders of the "Ragged," or Industrial, School of Edinburgh. Mr. Guthrie's works are contained in some twenty volumes, and consist mainly of sermons and republications from *Good Words* and the *Sunday Magazine*. Among these are *The Gospel in Ezekiel*, *The Way to Life*, *On the Parables*, *Out of Harness*, *Studies of Character*, *Man and the Gospel*, *Our Father's Business*, and the *City and Ragged Schools*. An edition of his *Works*, with an *Autobiography*, and a *Memoir* by his sons, was issued in 1874.

SUBSIDENCE OF LAND AND HOME

There is a remarkable phenomenon to be seen on certain parts of our coast. Strange to say, it proves, notwithstanding such expressions as "the stable and solid land," that it is not the land but the sea which is the stable element. On some summer day, when there is not a wave to rock her, nor breath of wind to fill her sail or fan a cheek, you launch your boat upon the waters, and, pulling out beyond lowest tide-mark, you idly lie upon her bows to catch the silvery glance of a passing fish, or watch the movements of the many curious creatures that travel the sea's sandy bed, or creeping out of their rocky homes, wander amid its tangled mazes. If the traveller is surprised to find a deep-sea shell imbedded in the marbles of a mountain peak, how great is your surprise to see beneath you a vegetation foreign to the deep! Below your boat, submerged many feet beneath the surface of the lowest tide, away down in these green crystal depths, you see no rusting anchor, no mouldering remains of some shipwrecked one, but in the standing stumps of trees, the mouldering vestiges of a forest, where once the wild cat prowled, and the birds of heaven, singing their loves, had nestled and nursed their young. In counterpart to those portions of our coast where sea-hollowed caves, with sides which the waves have polished, and floors still strewed with shells and sand, now stand high above the level of strongest stream-tides, there stand these dead, decaying trees—entombed in the deep. A strange phenomenon, which admits of no other explanation than this, that there the coast-line has sunk beneath its ancient level.

Many of our cities present a phenomenon as melancholy to the eye of a philanthropist, as the other is interesting to a philosopher or geologist. In their economical, educational, moral, and religious aspects, certain parts of this city bear palpable evidence of a corresponding subsidence. Not a single house, nor a block of houses, but whole streets, once from end to end the homes of decency, and industry, and wealth, and rank, and piety, have been engulfed. A flood of

ignorance, and misery, and sin now breaks and roars above the top of their highest tenements. Nor do the old stumps of a forest still standing up erect beneath the sea-wave, indicate a greater change, a deeper subsidence, than the relics of ancient grandeur, and the touching memorials of piety which yet linger about these wretched dwellings, like evening twilight on the hills—like some traces of beauty on a corpse. The unfurnished floor, the begrimed and naked walls, the stifling, sickening atmosphere, the patched and dusty window—through which a sunbeam, like hope, is faintly stealing—the ragged, hunger-bitten, and sad-faced children, the ruffian man, the heap of straw where some wretched mother, in muttering dreams, sleeps off last night's debauch, or lies unshrouded and uncoffined in the ghastliness of a hopeless death, are sad scenes. We have often looked on them. And they appear all the sadder for the restless play of fancy. Excited by some vestiges of a fresco-painting that still looks out from the foul and broken plaster, the massive marble rising over the cold and cracked hearthstone, an elaborately carved cornice too high for shivering cold to pull it down for fuel, some stucco flowers or fruit yet pendant on the crumbling ceiling, fancy, kindled by these, calls up the gay scenes and actors of other days, when beauty, elegance, and fashion graced these lonely halls and plenty smoked on groaning tables, and where these few cinders, gathered from the city dust-heap, are feebly smouldering, hospitable fires roared up the chimney.

But there is that in and about these houses which bears witness to a deeper subsidence, a yet sadder change. Bent on some mission of mercy, you stand at the foot of a dark and filthy stair. It conducts you to the crowded rooms of a tenement, where—with the exception of some old decent widow who has seen better days, and when her family are all dead, and her friends all gone, still clings to God and her faith in the dark hour of adversity and amid the wreck of fortune—from the cellar-dens below to the cold garrets beneath the roof-tree, you shall find none either reading their Bible, or even with a Bible to read. Alas ! of prayer, of morning or evening psalms, of earthly or heavenly peace, it

may be said the place that once knew them knows them no more. But before you enter the doorway, raise your eyes to the lintel-stone. Dumb, it yet speaks of other and better times. Carved in Greek or Latin, or our own mother-tongue, you decipher such texts as these: "Peace be to this house;" "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it;" "We have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" "Fear God;" or this, "Love your neighbor." Like the mouldering remnants of a forest that once resounded with the melody of birds, but hears nought now save the angry dash or melancholy moan of breaking waves these vestiges of piety furnish a gauge which enables us to measure how low in these dark localities the whole stratum of society has sunk.

GÜTZLAFF, KARL FRIEDRICH AUGUST, a German missionary and historian, born at Pyritz, Pomerania, Prussia, July 8, 1803; died at Hong-Kong, August 9, 1851. While yet a child he wished to become a missionary, but he was apprenticed to a saddler, and it was not until 1821 that he was enabled, through the favor of the King of Prussia, to enter the Pädagogium at Halle, and afterward the mission institute of Jänike, in Berlin. He then spent two years in Batavia, studying with the Chinese residing there. In 1828 he severed his connection with the missionary society under whose auspices he had gone to Batavia, and went first to Singapore, and thence to Bangkok, where he translated the Bible into Siamese, and assisted by his wife, prepared a Cochin-China dictionary. After her death he went to Hong-Kong, worked on a translation of the Bible into Chinese, published a Chinese monthly magazine and several books in Chinese. He made voyages along the coast, and published a *Journal of Three Voyages along the Coast of China* (1834). In 1835 he became Chinese Secretary of the English Commission. In 1844 he founded a school for training native missionaries. Besides his Voyages, he published *A Sketch of Chinese History, Ancient and Modern* (1834); *China Opened* (1838), and a life of *Taow Kwang* (1851).

BURIAL CUSTOMS OF CHINA

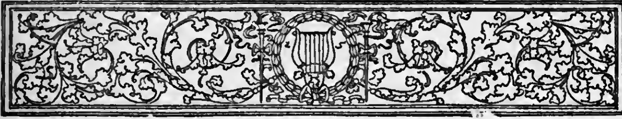
The Chinese provide themselves with thick and substantial coffins, such as will withstand corruption for a considerable time. This is an article of expense, and rich people often squander 1000 taels, and even more, upon it. Many buy it during their lifetime, and keep it in their room, or before their doors, for fear of being huddled into a paltry one at their death. The corpse is dressed in the warmest and most expensive clothes the party can afford. Children are often obliged to sell or pawn themselves in order to procure these articles and bury their parents decently. The thick coffin is then calked like the bottom of a vessel, and quicklime and cotton thrown into it in order to absorb the effluvia. Thus hermetically sealed, it is often kept for months and for years in the house, transported to distant provinces, and handled as a mummy. The desire of retaining the remains of those who were once near and dear, is the principal cause of their being kept so long above ground.

Great care is taken in finding out a lucky spot for the grave ; and there are necromancers, whose sole business consists in making researches after a fortunate burial place. How much reverence soever the Chinese entertain for a corpse, they are nevertheless exceedingly sparing and economical in the space they allot to their cemeteries. These are generally on a sloping hill, or some barren ground which no culture can redeem ; or even along the roadside, where the coffins are exposed without being covered with earth. The tablet upon which the name of the deceased is inscribed is carried with the coffin. A mournful train accompanies the corpse to its last home, whilst, with strange inconsistency, a band of noisy musicians plays a joyful air. The coffin is then lowered into the grave, and a space in the form of a horseshoe, well paved, laid before it. Or a regular and often very tasteful mausoleum is erected over it. Victuals are immediately sacrificed to the spirit, lest he should die of hunger. Poor people adorn it with a tumulus of earth without inscription, or any other

ornament. Whoever can afford it, repairs the tomb annually, even if it be only to put fresh sods upon it. The grave-stones, standing horizontally, contain the name and surname of the deceased with the dynasty under which the person died. The time of mourning for a parent is three years, and for other relations in proportion. The mourner, according to his degree of relationship, wears white unravelled sackcloth, and dishevelled hair, with a cord around his waist. Distant relations and friends bring pieces of silk and cotton, which they strew over the corpse. A dutiful son sleeps, as long as the coffin is in the house, upon a coarse mat near to it. He lives upon gruel, abstains from all the gratifications of his senses and utters continually his wailing. Supported by his friends, the chief mourner hastens with a bowl in his hand to a well, into which he throws some *cash*, and brings back a bowl of water with which the corpse is washed. When finally the grave closes on the dead, he crawls around, and mixing rice with cash, mingles both with the earth; having built a shed close to it, he there passes days in mournful silence, only mindful of his great loss. At each anniversary, his grief awakens anew; he melts in sorrow and contrition, and exclaims, "My sins have occasioned the death of my parent!" During the whole time the coffin stands above ground, the house is splendidly illuminated, the tables are richly set out with fruits and victuals, and all has the air of gayety. A mat is spread out before the corpse, where the relations perform their periodical prostrations, whilst incense ascends from an altar close to it.

There is nowhere so much ceremony and formality, as on these occasions of condolence, in which even the inferior classes are very strict. The wailing might be set to a tune, and the tears counted, so exactly is everything regulated. Nor is the assistance of the priests slighted. They read masses, burn paper and incense, and occasionally accompany the corpse to the grave. Seven days before and after the burial, the whole family prostrates itself before the manes; but if the whole ceremony were merely once performed, it would be quite unreasonable to doubt the sincerity of the grief

displayed, yet the time of mourning recurs every year, and necessarily dwindles into a mere ceremony. Every good Chinaman regularly, every day, burns incense before the tablet to his father's memory. There is in every respectable house the hall of ancestors, where the pedigree of the family with the grandsire at the head, is inscribed, and here their descendants repair in spring to perform their devotions, then go to the graves and present rich offerings of all kind of victuals, candles, flowers, and incense, of which, however, they afterward scruple not to make use themselves. This festival is one of the national institutions, observed even by beggars. Toward the autumn a similar custom takes place, which is, however, by no means so punctiliously observed. The sums, thus expended in rendering the dead comfortable, are enormous, but every one considers it his sacred duty, and no one murmurs. At stated times, when the body has mouldered into dust, they go and wash the bones, and place them in an urn, which is generally preserved above ground.—*China Opened.*



GUYON, JEANNE MARIE (BOUVIER DE LA MOTHE), a French religious writer, born at Montargis, Loiret, April 13, 1648; died at Blois, June 9, 1717. She was educated at a convent, and very early showed an inclination for an ascetic life. Her parents objected to this, and recalled her home when she was twelve years old. At sixteen she was married to Jacques Guyon, a man many years her senior. Five children were born to them, of whom two died young. Her husband died in 1676. Four years later Madame Guyon set out with her surviving children for Paris. Here she met Aranthon, Bishop of Geneva, who assured her that she had a special religious vocation; whereupon she resigned the care of her children, on whom she settled almost all of her property, and entered the Ursuline convent at Thonon. Her written views on the love of God for Himself alone, on prayer, on complete sanctification by faith, and entire harmony with the will of God, found acceptance with many persons, but brought her under suspicion of heresy. During this time she composed her *Spiritual Torrents* and her *Short and Easy Method of Prayer*, and began her *Commentaries on the Scriptures*, in which work she believed herself to be directed by divine influence. In 1686 she went to Paris, where she was arrested and sent to the convent of St. Marie, where for eight months she was kept a prisoner. On her

release she was permitted, by Madame de Maintenon, to teach in the Seminary of St. Cyr. Here she met Fénelon, whose lofty spirituality was in accord with her doctrines of sanctification and disinterested love. The Bishop of Chartres, on the other hand, protested against her doctrines. A Royal Commission was appointed to examine her writings. After numerous conferences the commissioners passed censure upon several passages of her works. In 1695 she was confined in the Bastile, but was released the next year, and placed under surveillance in a convent. In 1700 her virtue was acknowledged by the clergy assembled at St. Germain, and two years afterward she was released, but banished. Her last years were passed at Blois. She died professing her devotion to the Roman Catholic Church. Among her numerous works are *Moyen Court et Très-facile pour l'Oraison* (1688–90); *L'Explication du Cantique du Cantiques, Les Torrents Spirituels* (1704); *Commentaires* (1713–15); *Discours Chrétiens et Spirituels* (1716); *Lettres Chrétiennes* (1717); an *Autobiography*, and numerous *Spiritual Poems*, some of which have been translated by William Cowper.

GOD THE FOUNTAIN OF LOVE.

I love my God, but with no love of mine,
For I have none to give;
I love Thee, Lord; but all the love is Thine,
For by Thy love I live.
I am as nothing and rejoice to be
Emptied and lost, and swallowed up in Thee.

Thou, Lord, alone, art all Thy children need,
And there is none beside;

From Thee the streams of blessedness proceed ;
In Thee the blest abide.
Fountain of life, and all abounding grace,
Our source, our centre, and our dwelling-place.
—*Translation of* COWPER.

A LITTLE BIRD I AM.

A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there ;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases Thee.

Nought have I else to do;
I sing the whole day long ;
And He, whom most I love to please,
Doth listen to my song ;
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still He bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear ;
A heart to love and bless ;
And though my notes were e'er so rude,
Thou wouldst not hear the less;
Because Thou knowest, as they fall,
That Love, sweet Love, inspires them all.

My cage confines me round :
Abroad I cannot fly;
But though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty.
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom of the soul.

Oh ! it is good to soar
The bolts and bars above,
To Him whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love ;
And in Thy mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom of the mind.
—*Translation of* COWPER.

THE SOUL THAT LOVES GOD FINDS HIM.

O Thou, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide;
My Love! how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment!

All scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impressed with sacred Love!
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee;
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

To me remains no place nor time;
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

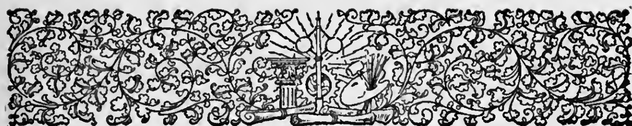
My country, Lord, art Thou alone;
No other can I claim or own;
The point where all my wishes meet;
My Law, my Love; life's only sweet!

I hold by nothing here below;
Appoint my journey, and I go;
Though pierced by scorn, oppress'd by pride,
I feel Thee good, feel nought beside.

No frowns of men can hurtful prove
To souls on fire with heavenly Love;
Though men and devils both condemn,
No gloomy days arise from them.

Ah then! to His embrace repair;
My soul, thou art no stranger there;
There Love divine shall be thy guard,
And peace and safety thy reward.

—*Translation of* COWPER.



GUYOT, ARNOLD HENRY, an American geographer and geologist, born near Neufchâtel, Switzerland, September 28, 1807; died at Princeton, N. J., February 8, 1884. He studied at the College Neufchâtel, and afterward at the Gymnasium of Stuttgart, and at Carlsruhe, where he formed a close intimacy with Agassiz. He then studied theology at Neufchâtel and Berne, but subsequently devoted himself especially to scientific investigation. He resided four years at Paris, making summer excursions through France, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, and Italy. He was the first to notice the laminated structure of the ice in glaciers, and investigated the distribution of erratic bowlders. From 1839 to 1858 he was Professor of History and Physical Geography in the Neufchâtel Academy. In 1848 he came to the United States, whither Agassiz had already preceded him. He took up his residence in Cambridge, Mass., where he delivered, in French, lectures on the relations between Physical Geography and History. These lectures were translated into English by Professor Felton, and published under the title of *Earth and Man* (1849). He also lectured in the Normal Schools of Massachusetts, and was employed by the Smithsonian Institution to organize a system of meteorological observations. In 1855 he was appointed Pro-

fessor of Geology and Physical Geography in the College of New Jersey at Princeton, which chair he held until his death, he then being the senior Professor in that institution. Between 1855 and 1873 he prepared a series of *School Geographies*, which have been extensively used in public schools. His *Treatise on Physical Geography* was prepared for Johnson's "Family Atlas of the World" (1870). In 1873 he read before the Evangelical Alliance a paper on *Cosmogony and the Bible*. He, in conjunction with President Barnard of Columbia College, edited Johnson's *Universal Cyclopædia* (1874–78). His latest work, on *Creation*, was completed just before his death.

THE NATURE AND OBJECT OF PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

The earth is the dwelling-place of man, the noble garden given to him by his Creator to cultivate and enjoy; the scene of his activity, the means of his development. Considered either in itself as a masterpiece of Divine handicraft and wisdom, or as the fit abode of man, answering all his wants, it cannot fail to be an object of the highest interest for us who live and move on its broad surface. To study the Earth in its first aspect is the Geography of Nature; in the second, the Geography of Man.

The Geography of Nature may be either simply descriptive, or scientific. A simple description of the earth's surface, of the appearance of the land and water, of the nature of the climate and productions in the various countries of the globe, is Descriptive Natural Geography, or Physiography. But the reflective mind craves more. It wishes to know why these natural phenomena are as they appear; how they are produced; what general laws govern them. It seeks to understand the relations of mutual dependence which bind them together, as causes and effects, into a vast

system, into one individual mechanism, which is the terrestrial globe itself. This is the science of Physical Geography proper, or Terrestrial Physics.

Physical Geography, therefore, is not satisfied with describing at random the situation, extent, outlines, and surface of the land masses and of the oceans; it seeks, by careful comparison, to discover the laws by which they are regulated. It shows how the relief of the continents controls their drainage, and shapes those vast river systems, so useful and so characteristic of each of them; how these very forms of the lands, together with their size and relative situation, deeply modify the climate, the productions, and therefore the capacity of each country for commerce and civilization. It not only describes the great marine currents which circulate in the bosoms of the oceans, but seeks to find out their causes, trace their connection, and the vast influence they exert upon climate, either by heating or cooling the superincumbent atmosphere.

It is not enough to find that the temperature which is the highest in the equatorial regions of our globe, gradually decreases toward the polar lands. It inquires into the causes of that fundamental law of the distribution of heat which controls all the phenomena of life, whether vegetable or animal, as well as man's development. Again: Why is it that, contrary to the general law, mountains which rise from the burning tropical plains of the Amazon and the Ganges are capped with everlasting snow? that in January snow obstructs the streets and ice ministers to the pleasure of thousands of eager skaters in New York City, while in the same latitude the orange-tree flourishes under a genial sun and in a mild atmosphere in Naples, and flowers and everlasting verdure grace the gardens in the Azores, in the midst of the stormy Atlantic? Why is it that on the coast of the American continent Labrador is but a frozen peninsula, where no tree can grow, no agriculture is possible, in the same latitude where, in Europe, on the other side of the Atlantic, the cities of Christiania, Stockholm, St. Petersburg—the noble capitals of the north—flourish in the midst of cultivated fields?

Looking at the distribution of rain-water—that other

element of climate indispensable for all that has life on earth—why is it that it is so unequal, varying from a complete or almost total absence in the deserts, to an amount which would cover the ground with a layer of fifty feet of water? Why are the sunny regions of the tropics blessed with a quantity of rain-water several times greater than that which falls in our temperate regions, while the foggy regions toward the poles receive as many times less? Why are the rains periodical in the warm regions, and more equally distributed throughout the year as we recede from them toward the poles?

To answer all such questions, which are suggested at every step to the reflecting observer of nature's phenomena, Physical Geography has to find out the laws which govern the distribution of heat and of the rains. It has to study the course of the winds, which are the carriers of warm and cold air from one place to another, and of the rains from the common reservoir of the ocean to the interior of the continents. It thus shows that upon all these elements combined, and modified by the forms, extent, and situation of the land masses and the oceans, depend the distribution of life—vegetable and animal—on the surface of the globe, and the degree of usefulness to man of each portion of his earthly domain.

Thus we learn that the great geographical constituents of our planet, the solid land, the oceans, and the atmosphere, and each of their parts, are intimately connected by a series of incessant actions and reactions, and mutually dependent, so that the earth is really a marvellous individual organization, all parts of which work together toward the final aim assigned to it by its all-wise Author.—*Treatise on Physical Geography.*

THE INTERNAL TEMPERATURE OF THE EARTH.

We are so much accustomed, at the surface which we inhabit, to look to the Sun—that is, to an outside source—for all the heat which we enjoy, that we almost forget to ask whether the earth has a temperature of its own, independent of that which it receives from the great common reservoir. But if we remember that the warm

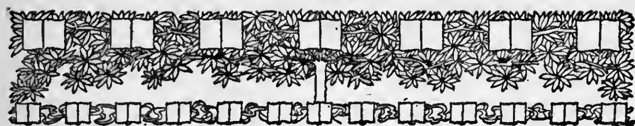
springs, around which so many gather for health or pleasure, rise from beneath the surface; when we observe the greater heat of the Artesian wells; the even and warm temperatures of the deep mines; and especially the torrents of hot steam, of molten rocks which ascend from unknown depths to the mouths of volcanoes and flow along their slopes, we must recognize that the interior mass of the globe has a higher temperature than that of its surface, the source of which is in itself. The Earth, like the Sun, is a warm body in the midst of the cold space of the heavens. But if so, can we form an idea of the amount of that proper heat? To do this, we must try to establish the law of its increase from the surface downward. . . .

The average of all known observations, made in various parts of the globe, both in Artesian wells and mines, gives an increase of heat toward the interior of about one degree of Fahrenheit for every fifty-five feet—a very rapid rate indeed, which leads to an important conclusion: If this universally increasing temperature in the interior of our Earth continues in a regular progression downward, the temperature of boiling water will be reached at 9,000 feet, or less than two miles from the surface—a distance only equivalent to a moderate-sized mountain. At thirty miles the heat would be sufficient to melt all the rocks and metals contained in the Earth's crust. But as we have some reason to believe that the progression becomes gradually slower, we may readily admit as probable that the solid, unmelted crust has a greater thickness, reaching, perhaps, if not exceeding, a hundred miles. Startling as this result may be, it is the hypothesis which best accounts for the facts just mentioned, and for the phenomena of geology.—*Treatise on Physical Geography.*

THEORY OF EARTHQUAKES.

Many explanations of the phenomena of earthquakes have been proposed; but science must confess its inability to give, at present, a satisfactory one. Earthquakes are obviously due to various causes. Those preceding or accompanying a volcanic eruption must

be, no doubt, referred to the action of the volcano, but the extensive earthquakes disturbing the areas of hundreds of thousands of miles, and those which take place outside of the volcanic districts, require a more general cause. Perhaps this may be found—which is also the opinion of Professor Dana—in the increasing tension produced in the Earth strata by the steady contraction of our cooling planet. To this cause Geology refers the rising of mountain chains on long fissures in the hard terrestrial crust, in the form of prisms with inclined planes, or of a succession of folds, with large internal cavities. The settling under their own weight of these vast structures, and the lateral tension thus engendered, coming from time to time to a paroxysm, might perhaps explain these crackings of the ground and convulsions along the mountain chains and in the broken parts of the Earth. In this view, every difference of pressure—atmospheric or astronomical, from lunar and solar attraction—may have a share of influence in the phenomena. As to the influence of the seasons, the time of the day, of electricity, magnetism, and the solar spots, they show once more—if finally proved—how intimate are the relations of all physical agencies with each other, and how close an analysis is required to understand so complex a phenomenon.—*Treatise on Physical Geography.*



HABBERTON, JOHN, an American novelist, born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1842. When a child he was taken to Illinois. In 1859 he returned to New York, and while engaged as a printer, sent sketches of picturesque features of New York to weekly papers in that city and in Boston. He served in the Union army during the Civil War. From 1873 to 1876 he was literary editor of the *Christian Union*, and later belonged to the editorial staff of the *New York Herald*. He is the author of *Helen's Babies*, and *The Barton Experiment* (1876); *Other People's Children*, *The Jericho Road*, *The Scripture Club of Valley Rest*, and *Some Folks* (1877); *The Crew of the Sam Weller*, and *Little Guzzy* (1878); *The Worst Boy in Town* (1879); *Just One Day*, and *Who Was Paul Grayson?* (1880); *The Bowsham Puzzle*, and *George Washington* (1884), and *Country Luck* (1887). His first drama, *Deacon Crankitt*, was produced in 1880. *Helen's Babies*, which has been translated into French, German, and Italian, "grew up," says the author, "out of an attempt to keep for a single day a record of the doings of a brace of boys of whom the author is half-owner." His later productions include: *Brueton's Bayou* (1887); *All He Knew* (1889); *Well Out of It* (1889); *Couldn't Say No* (1889); *Out at Twinnett's* (1891); *The Chautauquans* (1891); *A Lucky Lover* (1892); *Where Were the Boys?* (1895).

BUDGE EXPLAINS.

With the coming of the darkness and the starlight, our voices unconsciously dropped to lower tones, and *her* voice seemed purest music. And yet we said nothing which all the world might not have listened to without suspecting a secret. . . . I was affected by an odd mixture of desperate courage and despicable cowardice. I determined to tell her all, yet I shrank from the task with more terror than ever befell me in the first steps of a charge.

Suddenly a small shadow came from behind us and stood between us, and the voice of Budge remarked:

"Uncle Harry 'spects you, Miss Mayton."

"Suspects me?—of what, pray?" exclaimed the lady, patting my nephew's cheek.

"Budge!" said I—I feel that my voice rose nearly to a scream—"Budge, I must beg of you to respect the sanctity of confidential communications."

"What is it, Budge?" persisted Miss Mayton, "you know the old adage, Mr. Burton. 'Children and fools speak the truth.' Of what does he suspect me, Budge?"

"'Taint *sus*-pect at all," said Budge, "it's espect."

"Expect?" echoed Miss Mayton.

"No, not 'ex,' it's *es*-pect. I know all about it, 'cause I asked him. Espect is what folks do when they think you're nice, and like to talk to you, and——"

"Respect is what the boy is trying to say, Miss Mayton," I interrupted, to prevent what I feared might follow. "Budge has a terrifying faculty for asking questions, and the result of some of them, this morning, was my endeavor to explain to him the nature of the respect in which gentlemen hold ladies."

"Yes," continued Budge, "I know all about it. Only Uncle Harry don't say it right. What he calls espect, *I* call *love*."

There was an awkward pause—it seemed an age. Another blunder, and all on account of those dreadful children. I could think of no possible way to turn the conversation; stranger yet, Miss Mayton could not do

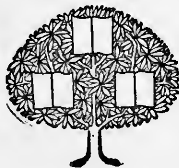
so either. Something *must* be done—I could at least be honest, come what would—I would be honest.

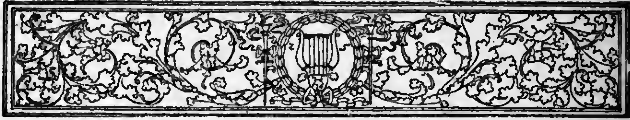
"Miss Mayton," said I, hastily, earnestly, but in a very low tone, "Budge is a marplot, but he is a truthful interpreter for all that. But whatever my fate may be, please do not suspect me of falling suddenly into love for a holiday's diversion. My malady is of some months' standing. I——"

"*I* want to talk *some*," observed Budge. "You talk all the whole time. I—I—when *I* loves anybody, I kisses them."

Miss Mayton gave a little start, and my thoughts followed each other with unimagined rapidity. *She* did not turn the conversation—it could not be possible that she *could* not. She was not angry, or she would have expressed herself. Could it be that——?

I bent over her and acted upon Budge's suggestion. As she displayed no resentment, I pressed my lips a second time to her forehead, then she raised her head slightly, and I saw, in spite of darkness and shadows, that Alice Mayton had surrendered at discretion. . . . Then I heard Budge say, "*I* wants to kiss you, too," and I saw my glorious Alice snatch the little scamp into her arms, and treat him with more affection than I ever imagined was in her nature.—*Helen's Babies.*





HABINGTON, WILLIAM, an English poet, born at Hindlip, Worcestershire, in November, 1605; died there in 1654. His father, Thomas, was implicated in the Gunpowder Plot, but was pardoned. He was a Roman Catholic, educated at St. Omers, but did not take Holy Orders. He married Lucia, the daughter of Lord Powis, whom he celebrates under the name of "Castara," in a collection of lyrics with that title. A volume of his poems, containing the *Mistress*, the *Wife*, and the *Holy Man*, was published in 1634, and *The Queen of Aragon*, a tragi-comedy, in 1635.

In classifying English poets Saintsbury places Habington in the front rank of what he is pleased to call the nondescript poets of the Caroline Schoolmen, who fall below the first or even a high rank, yet who nevertheless display the characteristics of the school and apply them in different and often amusing ways. *Castara*, his greatest work, shows in every line that its author was a true lover; that he had a strong infusion of the abundant poetical inspiration then abroad; his religion is sincere, fervent, and often finely expressed. There are, too, traces of humor in his work. He also wrote several works in prose. Habington, more than once, expresses his admiration for Spenser and Sidney.

SPENSER AND SIDNEY.

Grown older, I admired
Our poets, as from Heaven inspired;
What obelisks decreed, I fit
For Spenser's art, and Sidney's wit.
But, waxing sober, soon I found
Fame but an idle, idle sound.

DESCRIPTION OF CASTARA.

Like the violet which alone
  Prospers in some happy shade,
My Castara lives unknown
  To no loose eyes betrayed
For she's to herself untrue
Who delights i' th' public view.

Such is her beauty, as no arts
  Have enriched with borrowed grace;
Her high birth no pride imparts,
  For she blushes in her place.
Folly boasts a glorious blood;
She is noblest being good.

Cautious, she knew never yet
  What a wanton courtship meant;
Nor speaks loud to boast her wit;
  In her silence eloquent;
Of herself survey she takes.
But 'tween men no difference makes.

She obeys with speedy will
  Her grave parents' wise commands
And so innocent that ill
  She nor acts nor understands;
Women's feet still run astray,
If once to ill they know the way.

She sails by that rock, the Court,
  Where oft Honor splits her mast;

And retiredness thinks the port
Where her fame may anchor cast:
Virtue safely cannot sit,
Where vice is enthroned for wit.

She holds that day's pleasure best,
Where sin waits not on delight;
Without mask, or ball, or feast,
Sweetly spends a winter's night;
O'er that darkness, whence is thrust
Prayer and sleep, oft governs Lust,

She her throne makes reason climb,
While wild passions captive lie;
And, each article of time,
Her pure thoughts to heaven fly:
All her vows religious be,
And her love she vows to me.

DOMINE, LABIA MEA APERIES.

No monument of me remain—
My memory rust
In the same marble with my dust—
Ere I the spreading laurel gain
By writing wanton or profane!

Ye glorious wonders of the skies!
Shine still, bright stars,
The Almighty's mystic characters!
I'd not your beauteous lights surprise
To illuminate a woman's eyes.

Nor to perfume her veins will I
In each one set
The purple of the violet
The untouched flowers may grow and die,
Safe from my fancy's injury.

Open my lips, great God! and then
I'll soar above
The humble flight of carnal love:

Upward to Thee I'll force my pen,
And trace no paths of vulgar men.

For what can our unbounded souls
  Worthy to be
  Their object find, excepting Thee?
Where can I fix? since time controls
Our pride, whose motion all things rolls.

Should I myself ingratiate
  To a prince's smile
  How soon may death my hopes beguile!
And should I farm the proudest state,
I'm tenant to uncertain fate.

If I court gold, will it not rust?
  And if my love
  Toward a female beauty move,
How will that surfeit of our lust
Distaste us when resolved to dust.

But thou, eternal banquet! where
  Forever we
  May feed without satiety!
Who harmony art to the ear:—
Who *art*, while all things else *appear!*

While up to Thee I shoot my flame,
  Thou dost dispense
  A holy death, that murders sense,
And makes me scorn all pomps that aim
At other triumphs than Thy name.

It crowns me with a victory
  So heavenly—all
  That's earth from me away doth fall:
And I am from corruption free,
Grown in my vows even part of Thee!

HACKETT, HORATIO BALCH, an American Biblical scholar, born at Salisbury, Mass., December 27, 1808; died at Rochester, N. Y., November 2, 1875. He was educated at Amherst College, and studied theology at Andover, Halle, and Berlin. He was successively a tutor at Amherst, Professor of Ancient Languages in Brown University, and Professor of Biblical Literature in the Newton Theological Seminary. In 1851–52 he visited Italy, Egypt, and Palestine, and in 1858–59 went to Greece as a preparation for the interpretation of the New Testament. In 1870 he was appointed Professor of the New Testament Greek in the theological seminary at Rochester. He was the author of a *Hebrew Grammar*, and a *Hebrew Reader* (1847); a *Commentary on the Acts* (1851); *Illustrations of Scripture, suggested by a Tour through the Holy Land* (1855); a translation of the *Epistle to Philemon* (1860), and *Memorials of Christian Men in the War* (1864). He edited Plutarch's *De Sera Numinis Vindicta*, with notes (1844); translated Winer's *Chaldee Grammar* (1845); Van Oosterzee's *Commentary on Philemon* (1868), and Braune's *Commentary on Philippians*, with additions (1870). He edited the American edition of Rawlinson's *Historical Illustrations of the Old Testament*. He was one of the American revisers of the translation of the Bible.

AN EASTERN SKY AT NIGHT.

The appearance of an eastern sky at night is quite peculiar, displaying to the eye a very different aspect from our sky. Not only is the number of stars visible greater than we are accustomed to see, but they shine with a brilliancy and purity of lustre, of which our heavens very seldom furnish an idea. Homer's comparison, at the beginning of the Fifth Book of the *Iliad*,

> " ——bright and steady as the star
> Autumnal, which in ocean newly bathed
> Assumes new beauty——"

was often brought to mind, as I remarked the fresh, unsullied splendor, as it were, of the more brilliant constellations.

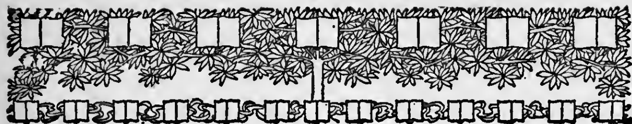
An oriental sky has another peculiarity, which adds very much to its impressive appearance. With us the stars seem to adhere to the face of the heavens; they form the most distant objects within the range of vision; they appear to be set in a ground-work of thick darkness, beyond which the eye does not penetrate. Unlike this is the canopy which night spreads over the traveller in Eastern climes. The stars there seem to hang, like burning lamps, midway between heaven and earth; the pure atmosphere enables us to see a deep expanse of blue ether lying far beyond them. The hemisphere above us glows and sparkles with innumerable fires, that appear as if kept burning in their position by an immediate act of the Omnipotent, instead of resting on a framework which subserves the illusion of seeming to give to them their support.

Never can I forget my first night in the desert, in travelling from Egypt to Palestine. I had entered the tent erected for me about dark, and, being occupied there for some time, the shadows of evening in the meanwhile insensibly gathered around us, the stars came forth one after another, and commenced their nightly watch. On going abroad, at length, a scene of surpassing beauty and grandeur burst upon me. I was in the midst of a level tract of sand, where no intervening

object rose up to intercept the view; the horizon which swept around me was as expanded as the power of human vision could make it; and all this vast circuit, as I glanced from the right hand to the left, and from the edge of the sky to the zenith, was glittering with countless stars, each of which seemed radiant with a distinct light of its own; many of which shone with something of the splendor of planets of the first magnitude. I could not resist the impulse of the moment, but taking my Hebrew Bible, read, with a new impression of its meaning, the sublime language of the Psalmist:

> "Jehovah, our Lord, how excellent thy name in all the earth.
> Who hast placed thy glory upon the heaven!
> When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers;
> The moon and stars which thou hast made;
> What is man, that thou art mindful of him,
> And the son of man that thou carest for him?"

I remembered, too, that it was probably in some such situation as this in which I was then placed, and on an evening like this, that Abraham was directed to go abroad, and "look toward heaven, and tell the stars if he could number them," and thus form an idea of the multitude of the posterity destined to be called after his name. I turned to that passage also, and saw a grandeur in the comparison, of which I had possessed hitherto but a vague conception.—*Scripture Illustrations.*



HACKLÄNDER, FRIEDRICH WILHELM VON, a German novelist, dramatist, and miscellaneous writer, born at Burtscheid, near Aix-la-Chapelle, Prussia, November 1, 1816; died near the Starnbergersee, Bavaria, July 6, 1877. He was educated for mercantile pursuits, served in the army, and after a trial of mercantile life, went to Stuttgart, where, in 1841, he published *Scenes of Military Life during Peace*, and *Guard-room Adventures*. In the same year he travelled in the East. In 1843 he was appointed secretary to the Crown Prince. He afterward joined the Austrian army. In 1855 he visited Spain, and in 1859 he became director of the royal buildings and gardens at Stuttgart. He was the author of about seventy volumes, many of which have been translated into English. Among them are *Daguerreotypes taken During a Voyage in the East* (1842–46); *Tales* (1843); *A Pilgrimage to Mecca*, and *Humorous Tales* (1847); *Military Life in Time of War* (1849); *Scenes from Life* (1850); *Nameless Histories* (1851); *Eugene Stillfried* (1852); *European Slave-Life* (1854); *A Winter in Spain* (1856); *The Moment of Happiness* (1857); *Military Life in Prussia* (1868); *The Storm-Bird* (1872), and *The Mark of Cain* (1874).

Hackländer's best stories are those relating to military life and adventure, most of which are based on personal experience.

ROLL-CALL.

The "roll-call" to a military man, especially one of the easy-going kind, is a tedious and ticklish quarter of an hour.

One can fully apply to it the well-known proverb, "No thread is so fine that it cannot be seen in the sunshine." Everything is brought to light at roll-call. It is a time when the captain and officers, having nothing particular to do, leisurely think over, reprove, and punish the faults and irregularities of the company, and find out new imperfections. If some unfortunate fellow among us had supplied the place of a lost button by a skilful *manœuvre de force*, that is, had tied together the braces and trousers with a piece of string (the expression *manœuvre de force*, which I have used here is derived from the title of an article in our *Guide to Artillery* on patching up damaged pieces of ordnance), and the makeshift was so hidden that it would never have been detected at drill, one of the prying officers was sure to discover it now and drag the culprit out before the whole battery to receive due punishment. If another had shammed sickness to escape drill and had succeeded in cheating the doctor and extorting from him a certificate that he was suffering from a severe cold or some other malady, at the roll-call, the case of the invalid was reported to the captain, who immediately sent the orderly to make sympathizing inquiries respecting him; in reality, however, to find out whether the patient was in bed, or in his room only. If it was announced that the invalid was not to be found, woe to him. If, on the contrary, he *was* in the room, he was generally obliged to appear before the company, and usually came attired in an old torn cloak and slippers, in order to intimate his condition.

One day about a dozen had absented themselves on the plea of illness, at which the captain made a great outcry and sent off the orderly in great haste to bring them one and all to the parade-ground. The corporal went, but came back very soon with the announcement that all the invalids were in bed, and declared that it

was impossible for them to expose themselves to the air in their condition. Renewed invectives followed from the captain and an order to bring the invalids *here* instantly; as he said the word "here" he pointed to the ground. The orderly, who was a very matter-of-fact man, quietly unhooked his sword, and made a cross on the ground just about where the finger of the captain had pointed, and then turned to go. A thundering "halt" from the officer brought him to a stand.

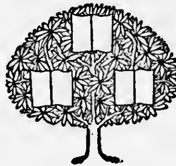
"What is the meaning of that mark, sir?"

The orderly answered naïvely, that in order to execute the orders of the captain implicitly he had marked the spot to which he was to bring the patients. The unfortunate, over-officious man! he had not dreamt in the morning that his noonday bread—*bread* in the literal sense of the word—would be eaten under arrest. Five minutes after the foregoing occurrence the orderly was led away to No. 7½, for so the military prison was called for the sake of brevity.

Similar scenes, arrests, etc., were the usual supplement to the roll-call, to which, on this account, we looked forward with anxiety, for misfortune walks fast, and our captain possessed a certain little red book, in which each man had an account, where the captain entered all offences, especially those of the volunteers. This he consulted daily, to see whose names had the greatest number of crosses and entries against them and were thus ripe for punishment. Then, with his right hand thrust into his tunic, he would look up to the sky and meditate for how many days he should consign this one or that to the place where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth, to reflect on the past and future. He would then place his right foot forward, and always make the same movements, which we only too well understood. For instance, if he stamped his heel on the ground, it was an infallible sign of a coming storm, and woe to him upon whom the storm burst. When the captain began to cut up the earth with his foot those who had bad consciences immediately stood as erect as statues, and an adept could measure the extent of their account in the captain's book by their deportment. If the captain saw on our faces a universal desire to please

him and a fear of his displeasure, and happened to be in a good humor, he would only threaten us with his finger, as much as to say, "Next time I'll not let you off so easily." And with this he would content himself for that day; but in other cases, if he wished to pick a quarrel with anyone, an unpolished or dusty spur was sufficient excuse. . . .

The real aim of the roll is, once a day to assemble the company in order to see if everything is in good order; the roll is called, and each man has to testify to his presence by a loud "Here," and the absentees are of course punished. Then the sergeant, in the name of the captain, gives the order for the next twenty-four hours, and the whole thing—unless some interruptions happen as above related, may be over in a quarter of an hour; but *we* had the pleasure nearly every day of standing a whole hour between twelve and one o'clock, whether it was in the burning sun or in the severest cold of winter.—*Military Life in Prussia in Time of Peace*



HAECKEL, Ernst Heinrich, a distinguished German naturalist and philosopher, born at Potsdam, Prussia, February 16, 1834. He studied medicine and the natural sciences at Wurzburg, Berlin, and Vienna, and spent the years of 1859–60 in zoölogical study in Naples and Messina. In 1862 he was appointed Professor of Zoölogy at Jena. Between that year and 1822 he visited Lisbon, Madeira, Teneriffe, Norway, Syria, Egypt, Corsica, Sardinia, and India for the purpose of scientific observation. He is an extreme supporter of the theory of evolution. Among his works are *General Morphology of Organisms* (1866); *Natural History of Creation* (7th ed., 1879); *On the Origin and Genealogy of the Human Race* (3d ed., 1873); *On the Division of Labor in Nature and Human Life* (1869); *Life in the Greatest Depths of the Ocean* (1870); *The Origin of Man; a History of the Development of Mankind* (3d ed., 1877); *The Aims and Methods of the Contemporary History of Development* (1875); *The Theory of Development in its Relation to General Science* (1877); *Free Science and Free Teaching*, and *Collected Popular Essays on the Theory of Development* (1878); *The Evolution of Man* (1879); *Letters and Travels through India* (1884); *Souvenirs of Algeria* (1890); *Plankton Studies* (1893); *Monoism as Connected with Religion and Science* (1894).

CHANGE OF CLIMATE, AND ITS INFLUENCE ON LIFE.

There is yet another important circumstance to be mentioned here which is likewise of great importance for a complete explanation of this varied geographical picture, and which throws light upon many very obscure facts, which, without its help, we should not be able to comprehend. I mean the gradual change of climate which has taken place during the long course of the organic history of the earth. As we saw in our last chapter, at the beginning of organic life on the earth a much higher and more equal temperature must have generally prevailed than at present. The differences of zones, which in our time are so very striking, did not exist at all in those times. It is probable that for many millions of years but one climate prevailed over the whole earth, which very closely resembled, or even surpassed, the hottest tropical climate of the present day. The highest north which man has yet reached was then covered with palms and other tropical plants, the fossil remains of which are still found there. The temperature of this climate at a later period gradually decreased; but still the poles remained so warm that the whole surface of the earth could be inhabited by organisms. It was only at a comparatively very recent period of the earth's history, namely, at the beginning of the Tertiary period, that there occurred as it seems, the first perceptible cooling of the earth's crust at the poles, and through this the first differentiation or separation of the different zones of temperature or climatic zones. But the slow and gradual decrease of temperature continued to extend more and more within the Tertiary period, until at last, at both poles of the earth, the first permanent ice-caps were formed.

I need scarcely point out in detail how very much this change of climate must have affected the geographical distribution of organisms, and the origin of numerous new species. The animal and vegetable species, which, down to the Tertiary period, had found an agreeable tropical climate all over the earth, even as far as the poles, were now forced either to adapt them-

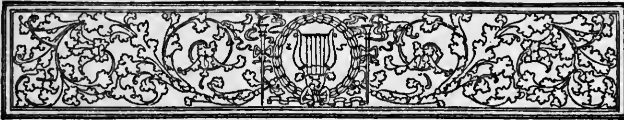
selves to the decreasing temperature or became new species simply by this very acclimatization, under the influence of natural selection. The other species, which fled from the cold, had to emigrate and seek a milder climate in lower latitudes. The tracts of distribution which had hitherto existed must by this time have been vastly changed.

However, during the last great period of the earth's history, during the Quaternary period (diluvial period), succeeding the Tertiary one, the decrease of the heat of the earth from the poles did not by any means remain stationary. The temperature fell lower and lower, nay, even far below the present degree. Northern and Central Asia, Europe, and North America, from the north pole, were covered to a great extent by a sheet of ice, which in our part of the earth seems to have reached the Alps. In a similar manner the cold also advancing from the south pole, covered a large portion of the southern hemisphere, which is now free from it, with a rigid sheet of ice. Thus, between these vast lifeless ice-continents, there remained only a narrow zone to which the life of the organic world had to withdraw.

There can be no doubt that this glaciation of the present temperate zones must have exercised an exceedingly important influence on the geographical and topographical distributions of organisms, and that it must have entirely changed it. While the cold slowly advanced from the poles toward the equator, and covered land and sea with a connected sheet of ice, it must of course have driven the whole living world before it. Animals and plants had to migrate if they wished to escape being frozen. But as at that time the temperate and tropical zones were probably no less densely peopled with animals and plants than at present, there must have arisen a fearful struggle for life between the latter and the intruders coming from the poles. During this struggle, which certainly lasted many thousands of years, many species must have perished, and many become modified and been transformed into new species. The hitherto existing tracts of distribution of species must have become completely changed, and the struggles have been continued, nay, indeed, must have broken out

even, and carried on in new forms, when the ice period had reached and gone beyond its furthest point, and when in the post-glacial period the temperature again increased, and organisms began to migrate back again toward the poles.

In any case this great change of climate, whether a greater or less importance be ascribed to it, is one of those occurrences in the history of the earth which have most powerfully influenced the distribution of organic forms. But more especially one important and chronological circumstance is explained by it in the simplest manner, namely, the specific agreement of many of our Alpine inhabitants with some of those living in polar regions. There is a great number of remarkable animal and vegetable forms which are common to these two far distant parts of the earth, and which are found nowhere in the wide plains lying between them. Their migration from the polar lands to the Alpine heights, or vice versa, would be inconceivable under the present climatic circumstances, or could be assumed at least only in a few rare instances. But such a migration could take place, nay, was obliged to take place, during the gradual advance and retreat of the ice sheet. As the glaciation encroached from Northern Europe toward our Alpine chains, the polar inhabitants retreating before it—gentian, saxifrage, polar foxes, and polar hares must have peopled Germany, in fact, all Central Europe. When the temperature again increased, only a portion of these Arctic inhabitants returned with the retreating ice to the Arctic zones. Another portion of them climbed up the mountains of the Alpine chain instead, and there found a climate suited to them.—*History of Creation.*



HAFIZ (Mohammed Shems ed-Din), a Persian philosopher and poet, born at Shiraz, about 1300; died in 1390. The name Hafiz means, in Arabic, he who knows by heart, *i.e.*, the Koran and the traditions. He early devoted himself to Mohammedan jurisprudence, of which he was a noted teacher, living in luxury, and composing numerous amatory poems. When in 1387 Tamerlane conquered Shiraz he treated Hafiz with marked consideration. In his old age Hafiz embraced an austere life, and devoted himself to celebrating the Divine Unity and the praises of the prophet of Islam. This, however, did not prevent his early verses in praise of women and wine from being brought up against him. He was branded as an Infidel, an Atheist, and even as a Christian; and the rites of sepulture were denied to him. According to accepted legend, his followers affirmed his orthodoxy, and it was agreed that the question should be decided by chance. The book of his poems was opened, and the lot fell upon one of them in which he made confession of his shortcomings, but also affirmed that he was predestined to Paradise; whereupon a magnificent tomb was erected to his memory at Shiraz, to which, we are told, his admirers still resort to drink wine and sing the verses of their master. His only work is *The Divan*, a collection of poems

made after his death, consisting of five hundred and seventy-one *gazels* or odes, and seven elegies. The entire *Divan* was translated into German by Von Hammer in 1812–15. Several of the *gazels* have been rendered into English, at second-hand, by Richardson, Nott, Hindley, and others. Sir William Jones also translated several of them directly from the original Persian. Perhaps the best of them is the following:

A PERSIAN SONG.

Sweet maid, if thou wouldst chain my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck enfold:
That rosy cheek, that lily hand
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bokhara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand!

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say:
Tell them their Eden cannot show
A stream so clean as Rocnabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

Oh! when those fair, perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret hearts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display,
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest
As Tartars seize their destined prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks where living roses blow,
Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrowed gloss of art?

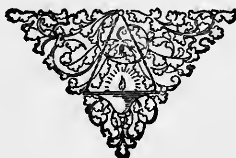
Speak not of Fate: ah! change the theme,
And talk of odors, talk of wine.
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream.
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

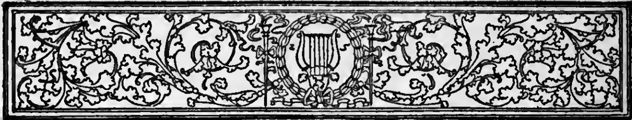
Beauty has such resistless power,
That even the chaste Egyptian dame
Sighed for the blooming Hebrew boy,
For her fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear—
Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage—
While music charms the ravished ear;
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay, and scorn the frown of age.

What cruel answer have I heard?
And yet, by Heaven, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which naught but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung:
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say;
But oh! far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung!





HAGEMAN, SAMUEL MILLER, an American clergyman, poet, and novelist, born at Princeton, N. J., in 1848. He studied theology, and became pastor of the Union Tabernacle Church in Brooklyn, N. Y. His poem, *Silence*, was published in the *Princetonian* in 1866, and was issued in a volume in 1876. He has also written *Veiled*, a novel, and *Protestant Paganism, or The Capital Errors of Christianity*, and *Vesper Voices.*

SILENCE.

Earth is but the frozen echo of the silent voice of God,
Like a dewdrop in a crystal throbbing in the senseless clod :
Silence is the heart of all things, Sound the fluttering of its pulse,
Which the fever and the spasm of the universe convulse.

Every sound which breaks the Silence only makes it more profound,
Like a crash of deafening thunder in the sweet blue stillness drowned ;
Let thy soul walk softly in thee, as a saint in heaven unshod,
For to be alone with Silence is to be alone with God.

Somewhere on this moving planet, in the midst of years to be,
In the Silence, in the Shadow, waits a loving heart for thee ;
Somewhere in the beckoning heavens, where they know as they are known,
Are the empty arms above thee that shall clasp thee for their own.

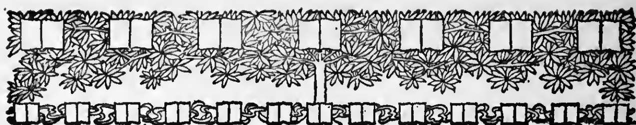
Somewhere in the far-off Silence I shall feel a vanished hand;
Somewhere I shall know a voice that now I cannot understand;
Somewhere! Where art thou, O spectre of illimitable space?
Silent scene without a shadow! silent sphere without a place.

Comes there back no sound beyond us where the trackless sunbeam calls?
Comes there back no wraith of music melting through the crystal wall?
Comes there back no bird to lisp us of the great Forevermore.
With a leaf of Life, unwithered, plucked upon the farther shore?

Go to Silence: win her secret, she shall teach thee how to speak;
Shape to which all else is shadow grows within thee clear and bleak:
Go to Silence: she shall teach thee; ripe fruit hangs within thy reach;
He alone hath clearly spoken, who hath learned this: Thought is Speech.

O thou strong and sacred Silence, self-contained in self-control;
O thou palliating Silence, Sabbath art thou of the soul!
Lie like snow upon my virtues, lie like dust upon my faults,
Silent when the world dethrones me, silent when the world exalts!

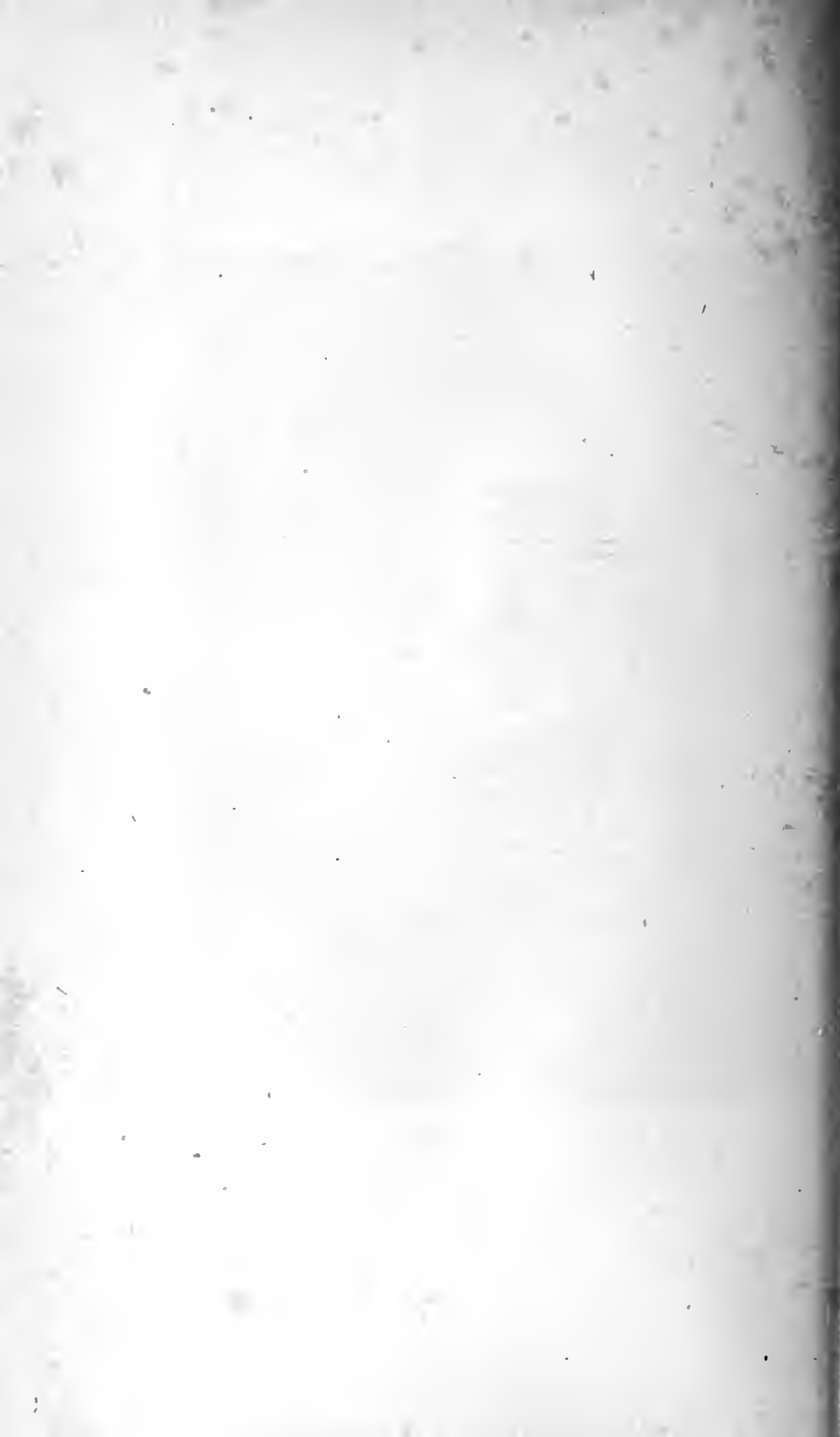
Wisdom ripens unto Silence as she grows more truly wise,
And she wears a mellow sadness in her heart and in her eyes.
Wisdom ripens unto Silence, and the lesson she doth teach,
Is that Life is more than Language, and that Thought is more than Speech.



HAGGARD, HENRY RIDER, an English novelist, was born in Norfolk, June 22, 1856. When nineteen years old he went to Natal as secretary to Sir H. Bulwer, and served on the staff of Sir Theophilus Shepstone during his mission in the Transvaal. He retired from the Colonial Service in 1879. He has published numerous works: *Cetewayo and His White Neighbors* (1882); *Dawn* (1884); *The Witch's Head* (1885); *King Solomon's Mines* (1886); *She*, *Jess*, *Allan Quatermain*, *Colonel Quaritch, V.C.; Maiwa's Revenge*, *Mr. Meeson's Will*, *Cleopatra*, *Allan's Wife*, and *Beatrice* (1890); *Nada the Lily* (1892); *The People of the Mist* (1894); *Heart of the World* (1895); *Joan Haste* (1895).

In an address delivered before the Authors Club, in London, in 1895, Haggard said, speaking of literary coincidences: "There is some faculty of the brain that exercises a mysterious foresight. Most of my humble efforts about the dark continent I have invented at large and freely. I thought that in *She* I had given to the world something fairly new, if old—but not a bit. Do you remember a writer called Homer? He had a lady living in a cave who was the prototype of She. I am astonished, almost dismayed, when I find books of travel sustaining what I have invented. In *King Solomon's Mines* and *Allan Quatermain* are

HENRY RIDER HAGGARD.



things which I evolved out of my turbid imagination, which have been verified since, why, I know not. I never had the slightest conception that they would be duplicated in fact. When I was going to write *Allan Quatermain* I took a map and hit upon a spot then unknown. I located a mission station there, had it attacked and all its occupants killed. Three years later some religious body went and fixed a mission there, and all its occupants were killed—a most unpleasant coincidence. Last year I wrote a romance for boys—*The People of the Mist;* in it I picked out a spot in Africa and made a land company take it up. At present I am a director of a land company which has taken up that actual spot. From all accounts I have received, brought down by natives, my description was essentially correct."

In the decade between 1885 and 1895 Haggard's works were very popular in both Europe and America. Walter Besant, having made inquiries at the representative public libraries of the leading cities of England as to what authors were the most popular with the masses, thus reports: "Among living authors Haggard is unquestionably first. I find two very remarkable qualities in Mr. Haggard's novels—a power of imagination in which, for audacity and strength, he is unequalled since the Elizabethan dramatists. I have been glancing through his books again to-day, and I do not think this is too strong a thing to say; secondly, there is the mesmeric influence which he exercises over his readers."

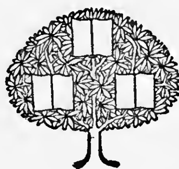
IN THE TOMBS OF KOR.

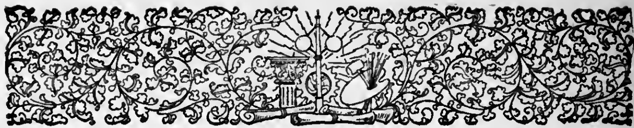
We entered into a little chamber similar to the one in which I had slept at our first stopping-place, only there were two stone benches or beds in it. On the benches lay figures covered with yellow linen, on which a fine and impalpable dust had gathered in the course of ages, but nothing like to the extent that one would have anticipated, for in these deep-hewn caves there was no material to turn to dust. About the bodies on the stone shelves and floor of the tomb were many painted vases, but I saw very few ornaments in any of the vaults.

"Lift the cloth up, O Holly," she said, but though I put out my hand to do so, I drew it back again. It seemed like sacrilege; and, to speak the truth, I was awed by the dread solemnity of the place, and of the presences before us. Then with a little laugh at my fears she drew it herself, only to discover another and yet finer cloth lying over the forms upon the stone bench. This also she withdrew, and then for the first time for thousands upon thousands of years did living eyes look upon the faces of those chilly dead. It was a woman; she might have been thirty-five years of age, or perhaps a little less, and had certainly been beautiful. Even now her calm clear-cut features, marked out with delicate black eyebrows, and long eyelashes that threw little lines of shadow from the lamp upon the ivory face, were wonderfully beautiful. There, robed in white, down which her blue-black hair was streaming, she slept her last long sleep; and on her arm, its face pressed against her breast, there lay a little babe. So sweet was the sight, although so awful, that—I confess it was without shame—I could scarcely withhold my tears. It took one back across the dim gulf of the ages to some happy home in dead Imperial Kor, where this winsome lady, girt about with her beauty, had lived and died, and dying, taken her last-born with her to the tomb. There they were, mother and babe, the white memories of a forgotten human history speaking more eloquently to the heart than could any written record of their lives. Reverently I replaced the grave-cloths, and with a sigh

that flowers so fair should, in the purpose of the Everlasting, have only bloomed to be gathered to the grave, I turned to the body on the opposite shelf, and gently unveiled it. It was that of a man in advanced life, with a long grizzled beard, and also robed in white, probably the husband of the lady, who, after surviving her many years, came at last to sleep once more for good and all beside her.

We left the place and entered others. It would be too long to describe the many things I saw in them. Each one had its occupants, for the five hundred and odd years that had elapsed between the completion of the cave and the destruction of the race had evidently sufficed to fill these catacombs, numberless as they were, and each appeared to have been undisturbed since the day that it was laid there. I could fill a book with the description of them, but to do so would only be to repeat what I have said with variations.—*She.*





HAHNEMANN, Christian Friedrich Samuel, founder of Homœopathy, was born at Meissen, Saxony, April 10, 1755; died in Paris, July 2, 1843. He was the son of a designer in and painter of porcelain at the manufactory of Meissen. Until his sixteenth year he attended the public school in his native town; he then became a pupil at the "Afraneum" at Fürstenschule of Meissen. At twenty years of age, with twenty thalers, the last money ever received from his father, he entered the University of Leipsic. While at the university he supported himself by giving instruction in German and French to a rich young Greek, and by translating English books into German. He remained at Leipsic two years, but desiring better advantages for medical study than could be obtained there, he left Leipsic and went to the medical school at Vienna. Here he had for an instructor the celebrated Von Quarin, with whom he became a favorite pupil. But his limited means permitted him to remain at Vienna only nine months. At this time, and when, as he himself says, "My last crumbs of subsistence were just about to vanish," through the influence of Von Quarin, he was invited by the Governor of Transylvania, Baron von Bruckenthal, to go with him to Hermanstadt as his family physician and librarian. He remained at Hermanstadt nearly two

years and then entered the University of Erlangen to receive his degree of Doctor of Medicine, which he did on August 10, 1779. For the next ten years he practised medicine at Hettstadt, Dessau, Dresden, and other places. But he had at this time become very much dissatisfied with the then prevailing methods of treatment of diseases, and he gave up practice and devoted himself to chemical studies and to translating foreign scientific works into German. While translating Cullen's *Materia Medica*, his attention was arrested by the contradictory statements of the medicinal properties of Peruvian bark, and he determined to find out just what action this bark had, and he began experimenting. After many experiments with it and other drugs, he became convinced of the truth of the principle that the cure for a disease is the drug that would produce the symptoms of the disease in a healthy person, or *similia similibus curantur*. Continuing his experiments he also became convinced that smaller quantities than that of the customary doses produced better results, and this led to the attenuating or to the dynamization of the medicine. From this time he devoted himself to the promulgation of those principles which he had discovered. His views were bitterly antagonized by physicians and apothecaries, though he continued teaching and practising his system until 1821, when he was driven from Leipsic, the persecution and prosecution of the apothecaries, who had won a suit against him, having made it impossible for him to dispense his own prescriptions. Frederick, the Grand Duke of Anhalt-Coethen,

now invited him to Coethen and appointed him his physician. Here, under the protection of the Duke, he continued his practice and received patients from many different countries besides his own. His first wife died in 1831, and in 1835 he married a French lady and removed to Paris, where he spent the remainder of his life.

The work in which he the most fully explains and illustrates his system is *Organon der rationellen Heilkunde* (1810), sixth edition (1865). Other valuable works are *Fragmenta de viribus Medicamentorum positivis*, 2 vols. (1805), *Reine Arzneimittelehre*, 6 vols. (1811); *Die Chronischen Krankheiten*, 4 vols. (1828–30). His *Lesser Writings* have been collected and translated by R. E. Dudgeon, M.D., with a preface and notes by E. E. Marcy, M.D.

It has been claimed that Hahnemann was not the discoverer of this system, since Hippocrates, before the Christian era, enunciated the same principle, but this does not lessen the value of Hahnemann's work, as he not only made his discoveries independently of Hippocrates, but proceeded to make a practical application of them in the interests of science and humanity.

SPIRIT OF THE HOMŒOPATHIC DOCTRINE OF MEDICINE.

It is impossible to divine the internal essential nature of diseases and the changes they effect in the hidden parts of the body, and it is absurd to frame a system of treatment on such hypothetical surmises and assumptions: it is impossible to divine the medicinal properties of remedies from any chemical theories or from their smell, color, or taste, and it is absurd to attempt, from such hypothetical surmises and assumptions, to apply

to the treatment of diseases these substances, which are so hurtful when wrongly administered. And even were such practice ever so customary and ever so generally in use, were it even the only one in vogue for thousands of years, it would nevertheless continue to be a senseless and pernicious practice to found on empty surmises an idea of the morbid condition of the interior, and to attempt to combat this with equally imaginary properties of medicines.

Appreciable, distinctly appreciable to our senses must that be, which is to be removed in each disease in order to transform it into health, and right clearly must each remedy express what it can positively cure, if medical art shall cease to be a wanton game of hazard with human life, and shall commence to be the sure deliverer from diseases.

I shall show what there is undeniably curable in diseases, and how the curative properties of medicines are to be distinctly perceived and applied to treatment.

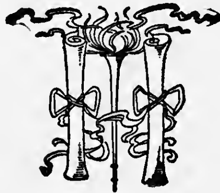
. . . .

What life is can only be known empirically from its phenomena and manifestations, but no conception of it can be formed by any metaphysical speculations *a priori ;* what life is, in its actual essential nature, can never be ascertained nor even guessed at by mortals.

To the explanation of human life, as also its twofold conditions, health and disease, the principles by which we explain other phenomena are quite inapplicable. With naught in the world can we compare it save with itself alone ; neither with a piece of clock-work, nor with an hydraulic machine, nor with chemical processes, nor with decompositions and recompositions of gases, nor yet with a galvanic battery, in short, with nothing destitute of life. Human life is *in no respect* regulated by purely physical laws, which only obtain among inorganic substances. The material substances of which the human organism is composed no longer follow, in this vital combination, the laws to which material substances in the inanimate condition are subject ; they are regulated by the laws peculiar to vitality alone, they are themselves animated just as the

whole system is animated. Here a nameless fundamental power reigns omnipotent, which suspends all the tendency of the component parts of the body to obey the laws of gravitation, of momentum, of the *vis inertiæ*, of fermentation, of putrefaction, etc., and brings them under the wonderful laws of life alone—in other words maintains them in the condition of *sensibility* and *activity* necessary to the preservation of the living whole, a condition almost spiritually dynamic.

Now as the condition of the organism and its healthy state depend solely on the state of the life which animates it, in like manner it follows that the altered state, which we term disease, consists in a condition altered originally only in its vital sensibilities and functions, irrespective of all chemical or mechanical principles; in short, it must consist in an altered dynamical condition, a changed mode of being, whereby a change in the properties of the material component parts of the body is afterward effected, which is a necessary consequence of the morbidly altered condition of the living whole in every individual case.—*Lesser Writings.*



HAHN-HAHN, IDA MARIE LOUISE GUSTAVE, COUNTESS, a German traveller, poet, and novelist, born at Tressow, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, June 22, 1805; died at Mainz, January 12, 1880. She was the daughter of Count Hahn-Hahn, who wasted life and fortune on the theatre. She married her cousin, Count Karl Friedrich Hahn-Hahn. The marriage was unhappy, and was ended by a divorce in 1829. She then travelled in England, Scandinavia, France, Spain, Italy, and the East, and after each journey published an account of it. Between 1835 and 1837 she published three volumes of verse, *Poems*, *New Poems*, and *Venetian Nights*. Among her novels are *Astralion*, a romance (1837); *The Countess Faustina* (1841); *Sigismond Forster* (1841); *Two Women* (1845); *Sibylle* (1846), and *Lewin* (1847). Among her other works are *Beyond the Mountains*, a journey in Italy in 1840; *Reisebriefe* (*Letters of a Journey in Spain, France, etc.*) (1841); *Orientalische Briefe*, translated under the title of *Letters of a German Countess from the Holy Land* (1845); *From Babylon to Jerusalem*, the story of her conversion to the Church of Rome, which she entered in 1850; *Peregrina* (1864), and *Eudoxia* (1868). In 1852 she entered the House of the Good Shepherd at Angiers. She afterward devoted herself to the reformation of outcast women in Metz.

PHILÆ.

As you glide along in the boat, between the dark granite rocks, which bound and traverse the Nile, a sudden turn of the river opens to view the island of Philæ, rising bright, clear and beautiful amid the confusion and desolation that encircles it. Philæ has shared in the general downfall, and the ground which was once destined to bear only temples is now covered with ruins. This sacred island was formerly protected by a wall against the incursions of the river. Parts are still standing; in others, the steep declivity is covered with flowering beans, a vegetable to which the people are very partial. Palms wave their pensive heads above the melancholy ruins; yet in other respects Philæ has escaped both the lodgments of men, and the encroachments of the sand, so that its temples may be said to remain in comparatively good preservation, while those on the sister islands of Bidsha and Elephantina present only desolate ruins and remains of ancient monuments.

This temple, even in its ruins, is so full of sublime majesty and thoughtful repose, the style of its architecture is so lofty and severe, that its sculptures of hawk-headed and cow-horned deities look like the fevered dreams of a superior mind. The sculptures are all of that formal unsymmetrical character, which we see in our museums and to which we give the name of Egyptian. It does not please and attract the eye, but it produces such an impression of imposing grandeur that every other style looks little, and almost insignificant in comparison with it. It retains its grandeur even amid these towering rocks—nay, it gains in magnificence; for its masses are so gigantic that they look as if they could have been reared only by the hand of nature; and yet ordered with so much harmony and beauty, as to afford one of the noblest triumphs of the human mind. The island of Philæ, borne upon the waters of the Nile, which at once encompass and secure it, is a precious relic of the best ages of the Ptolemies. —*Letters from the Holy Land.*

HAILES (DAVID DALRYMPLE), LORD, a Scottish jurist and historian, born in 1726; died in 1792. He was educated at Eton and at the Dutch University of Utrecht, and in 1748 was admitted as advocate at the Scottish bar. In 1766 he was made a Judge of the Court of Sessions, with the title of Lord Hailes, and in 1786 was made Lord Commissioner of the Judiciary. His works, extending over a period of half a century, are very numerous. The most important of them are *The Annals of Scotland*, *Remains of Christian Antiquity*, and *An Inquiry into the Secondary Causes which Mr. Gibbon has assigned for the Rapid Growth of Christianity.* He also wrote many clever essays in various periodicals.

A MEDITATION AMONG BOOKS.

Before my eyes an almost innumerable multitude of authors are ranged; different in their opinions as in their bulk and appearance. In what light shall I view this great assembly? Shall I consider it as an ancient legion, drawn out in goodly array under fit commanders? or as a modern regiment of writers, where the common men have been forced by want or seduced through wickedness into the service, and where the leaders owe their advancement rather to caprice, party favor, and the partiality of friends than to merit or service? Shall I consider you, O ye books! as a herd of courtiers, who profess to be subservient to my use, and yet seek only your own advantage? No, let me consider this room as the great charnel-house of human reason, where darkness and corruption dwell. Who

are they, whose unadorned raiment bespeaks their inward simplicity? They are Law Books, Statutes, and Commentaries on Statutes. These are Acts of Parliament, whom all men must obey, and yet few only can purchase. Like the Sphinx of antiquity, they speak in enigmas, and yet devour the unhappy wretches who comprehend them not. These are the Commentaries on Statutes: for the perusing of them the longest life would prove insufficient; for the understanding of them the utmost ingenuity of man would not avail. Cruel is the dilemma between the necessity and the impossibility of understanding: yet are we not left utterly destitute of relief. Behold, for our comfort, an Abridgment of Law and Equity! It consists not of many volumes; it extends only to twenty-two folios; yet, as a few thin cakes may contain the whole nutritive substance of a stalled ox, so may this Compendium contain the essential gravy of many a Report and Adjudged Case. The sages of the law recommend this Abridgment to our perusal. Much are we beholden to the physicians who only prescribe the bark of the *quinquina*, when they might oblige their patients to swallow the whole tree.

From these volumes I turn my eyes on a deep-embodied phalanx, numerous and formidable. They are the Controversial Divines—so has the world agreed to call them. How arbitrary is language! and how does the custom of mankind join words that Reason has put asunder! Thus we often hear of hell-fire cold, of devilish handsome, and the like: and thus Controversial and Divine have been associated. These Controversial Divines have changed the rule of life into a standard of disputation. They have employed the temple of the Most High as a fencing-school, where gymnastic exercises are daily exhibited, and where victory serves only to excite new contests. Slighting the bulwarks wherewith He who bestowed religion on mankind had secured it, they have encompassed it with various minute outworks which an army of warriors can with difficulty defend.

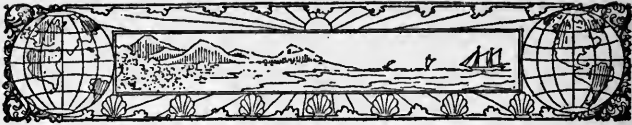
The next to these are the redoubtable antagonists of common-sense; the gentlemen who close up the common highway to heaven, and yet open no private road

for persons having occasion to pass that way. The writers of this tribe are various, but in principles and manner nothing dissimilar. Let me review them as they stand arrayed :

These are Epicurean Orators, who have endeavored to confound the ideas of right and wrong to the unspeakable comfort of highwaymen and stock-jobbers. *These* are Inquirers after Truth, who never deign to implore the aid of knowledge in their researches. *These* are Sceptics who labor earnestly to argue themselves out of their own existence; herein resembling that choice spirit who endeavored so artfully to pick his own pocket as not to be detected by himself. Last of all are the Composers of Rhapsodies, and—strange to say it—of Thoughts. Thou first—thou greatest vice of the human mind—Ambition! all these authors were originally thy votaries. They promised to themselves a fame more durable than the calf-skin which covered their works. The calf-skin—as the dealer speaks—is in excellent condition, while the books themselves remain the prey of that silent critic, the worm.

Complete Cooks and Conveyances; Bodies of School-Divinity and Tommy Thumb; little Story-Books, Systems of Philosophy, and Memoirs of Women of Pleasure; Apologies for the lives of Players and Prime-Ministers: all are consigned to one common oblivion.

One book indeed there is, which pretends to little reputation, and by a strange felicity obtains whatever it demands. To be useful for some months only is the whole of its ambition; and though every day that passes confessedly diminishes its utility, yet it is sought for and purchased by all. Such is the deserved and unenvied character of that excellent treatise of practical Astronomy, the Almanac.



HAKLUYT, Richard, English geographer, born near London about 1553; died in London, November 23, 1616. The Hakluyts were a Welsh family, not Dutch, as might be supposed. They settled in Herefordshire as early as the thirteenth century, and Hugo Hakluyt represented that borough in the Thirty-second Parliament in 1304–5. The subject of this sketch was a prebendary of Westminster. He studied at Oxford and took holy orders. While on a visit to his cousin, Richard Hakluyt, of the Middle Temple, he determined to take up the study of geography. In 1570 he entered upon his chosen course of reading and devoured all the written and printed accounts of travel and discovery available. He took the degree of A.B. in 1573–74, and of M.A. in 1577, and was twice awarded money prizes for scholarship. He delivered a series of public lectures on the old and new geography at Oxford in 1577. His first published work was *Divers Voyages Touching the Discoverie of America* (1582). On account of his great knowledge of geography and his wide acquaintance among mariners, he was selected, at the age of thirty, to accompany Sir Edward Stafford, the English Ambassador, to Paris in the capacity of chaplain. His instructions were to make diligent inquiries into the French and Spanish discoveries in America. The

fruits of his labors are embodied in *A Particular Discourse Concerning Westerne Discoveries, Written in the Year 1584, by Richarde Hackluyt of Oxforde, at the Requeste and Direction of the Righte Worshipfull Mr. Walter Raghly Before the Comynge Home of his Two Barkes.* The object of the discourse was to recommend the planting of English colonies in North America. While in Paris, Hakluyt published a history of four voyages made to Florida by French captains, which contained the journal of Laudonnière. In 1587 he published an annotated edition of Martyr's *De Orbe Novo.* In 1588 he returned to England, and the following year published *The Principall Navigations, Voiages, and Discoveries of the English Nation.* In this book the announcement is made of the intended publication of the first terrestrial globe. This great work of Hakluyt has been aptly styled the great prose epic of the modern English nation. His last publication was a translation of De Soto's discoveries in Florida, which he called *Virginia Richly Valued*, and which was intended to encourage the young colony of Virginia, of which Hakluyt was a zealous promoter. His published books contain some valuable and rare maps, and among his manuscripts are some valuable bits of information concerning the early discoveries and settlement of America. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, but the most valuable monument to his memory is the Hakluyt Society, established in London to publish his manuscripts and those of other men engaged in the same field of research.

In the explanatory catalogue prefixed to Churchill's *Collection of Voyages*, and of which Locke has been said to be the author, Hakluyt's collection is spoken of as "valuable for the good there to be picked out: but it might be wished the author had been less voluminous, delivering what was really authentic and useful, and not stuffing his work with so many stories taken upon trust, so many trading voyages that have nothing new in them, so many warlike exploits not at all pertinent to his undertaking, and such a multitude of articles, charters, privileges, letters, relations, and other things little to the purpose of travels and discoveries."

HAKLUYT STUDIES COSMOGRAPHY.

I do remember that being a youth, and one of her Majestie's scholars at Westminster, that fruitful nurserie, it was my happe to visit the chamber of M. Richard Hakluyt, my cosin, a gentleman of the Middle Temple, well knowen unto you, at a time when I found lying open upon his boord certeine bookes of cosmographie with an universall mappe; he seeing me somewhat curious in the view thereof, began to instruct my ignorance by shewing me the division of the earth into three parts after the olde account, and then according to the latter and better distribution into more. He pointed with his wand to all the known seas, gulfs, bayes, straights, capes, rivers, empires, kingdoms, dukedoms, and territories, of ech part; with declaration also of their special commodities and particular wants which by the benefit of traffike and intercourse of merchants are plentifully supplied. From the mappe he brought me to the Bible, and turning to the 107th Psalme, directed mee to the 23rd and 24th verses, where I read that they which go downe to the sea in ships and occupy by the great waters, they see the works of the

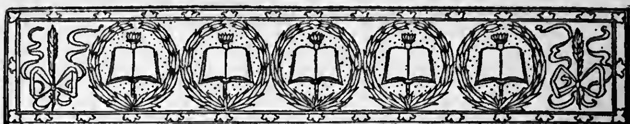
Lord and his woonders in the deepe, etc., which words of the Prophet, together with my cousins discourse (things of high and rare delight to my yong nature) tooke in me so deepe an impression, that I constantly resolved if ever I were preferred to the university, where better time and more convenient place might be ministred for these studies, would, by God's assistance, prosecute that knowledge and kinde of literature, the doores whereof were so happily opened before me.

According to which my resolution, when not long after I was removed to Christ Church in Oxford, my exercises of duety first performed, I fell to my intended course, and by degrees read over whatsoever printed or written discoveries or voyages I found extant either in the Greeke, Latine, Italian, Spanish, Portugall, French or English languages; and in my publike lectures was the first that produced and shewed both the olde and imperfectly composed, and the new lately reformed mappes, globes, spheares, and other instruments of this art for demonstration in the common schooles.—*From Voyages and Travels.*

THE DEATH OF SIR HUMPHRY GILBERT.

The frigate in which Sir Humphry Gilbert was returning to England from Newfoundland, after his voyage of discovery, in 1853, was on Monday, the 9th of September, in the afternoon, near cast away with the violence of the waves, but at that time recovered; and giving forth signs of joy, the General—who sat in the stern with a book in his hand—cried out to the men of the "Hind" whenever they came within hearing, "*We are as near to heaven by sea as by land!*" reiterating the same speech, which was well worthy of a soldier resolute in Jesus Christ, and such Sir Humphry truly was.

On that same Monday night, about twelve of the clock, or not long after, the frigate being ahead of the "Golden Hind," suddenly her lights went out; and the watch on the "Hind," with wild surprise, cried out "The General is cast away!" which was too true; for in that moment the frigate was devoured and swallowed up of the sea.—*From Hakluyt's Voyages.*



HALE, EDWARD EVERETT, an American clergyman and general writer, born in Boston, April 3, 1822. His father was Nathan Hale, the proprietor of the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, and one of the founders of the *North American Review* and the *Christian Examiner*. His mother was a sister of Edward Everett. He graduated at Harvard University in 1839; studied theology, and in 1846 became pastor of the Church of the Unity in Worcester, Mass. Ten years later he was called to the South Congregational Church of Boston. He was editor of the *Christian Examiner* and the *Sunday School Gazette;* in 1869 he founded a magazine, *Old and New*, of which he was editor, and in 1885 began the publication of *Lend a Hand*, a magazine having for its object the furtherance of benevolent work. He has contributed to numerous journals and periodicals, and is the author of many books. Among his earlier works are *Margaret Percival in America* and *Sketches of American History* (1850); *Letters on Irish Emigration* (1852), and *Kansas and Nebraska* (1854). *The Man without a Country*, contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly Magazine* in 1861, is the story of a young lieutenant whose punishment for treason was never to hear his country mentioned again. Among his later works are *If, Yes, and Perhaps: Four Impossibilities, and Six Exaggerations, with some Bits of Fact*

(1868); *Sybaris and their Homes* and *The Ingham Papers* (1869); *Ten Times One is Ten: the possible Reformation* (1870); *His Level Best* (1872); *Ups and Downs* (1873); *In His Name, Working Men's Homes,* and *A Summer Vacation* (1874); *Philip Nolan's Friends: a Story of the Change of the Western Empire* (1876); *G. T. T., or the Wonderful Adventure of a Pullman* (1877); *Mrs. Merriam's Scholars* (1878); *Crusoe in New York, and other Tales* (1880); *The Kingdom of God and other Sermons* (1880); *June to May*, sermons (1881); *Family Flights through Egypt and Syria, France, Germany, Spain, etc.* (1881 and 1882); *About Home* (1884); *Through Mexico* (1886); *Story of Spain* (1886); *Franklin in France* (1887); *East and West* (1892); *Sybil Knox* (1892); *For Fifty Years*, poems (1893); *If Jesus came to Boston* (1895).

LOST.

But as she ran, the path confused her. Could she have passed that flaming sassafras without so much as noticing it? Anyway she should recognize the great mass of bays where she had last noticed the panther's tracks. She had seen them as she ran on, and as she came up. She hurried on; but she certainly had returned much farther than she went, when she came out on a strange log flung up in some freshet, which she knew she had not seen before. And there was no clump of bays. Was this being lost? Was she lost? Why, Inez had to confess to herself that she was lost just a little bit, but nothing to be afraid of; but still lost enough to talk about afterward she certainly was.

Yet, as she said to herself again and again, she could not be a quarter of a mile, nor half a quarter of a mile, from camp. As soon as they missed her—and by this time they had missed her—they would be out to look for her. How provoking that she, of all the party, should make so much bother to the rest! They would

watch her now like so many cats all the rest of the way. What a fool she was ever to leave the knoll! So Inez stopped again, shouted again, and listened and listened, to hear nothing but a swamp-owl.

If the sky had been clear, she would have had no cause for anxiety. In that case they would have light enough to find her in. She would have had the sunset glow to steer by; and she would have had no difficulty in finding them. But with this horrid gray over everything she dared not turn round, without fearing that she might lose the direction in which the theory of the moment told her she ought to be faring. And these openings which she had called trails—which were probably broken by wild horses and wild oxen as they came down to the bayou to drink—would not go in one direction for ten paces. They bent right and left, this way and that; so that without some sure token of sun or star, it was impossible, as Inez felt, to know which way she was walking.

And at last this perplexity increased. She was conscious that the sun must have set, and that the twilight, never long, was now fairly upon her. All the time there was this fearful silence, only broken by her own voice and that hateful owl. Was she wise to keep on in her theories of this way or that way? She had never yet come back, either upon the fallen cottonwood tree, or upon the bunch of bays which was her landmark; and it was doubtless her wisest determination to stay where she was. The chances that the larger party would find her were much greater than that she alone would find them; but by this time she was sure that, if she kept on in any direction, there was an even chance that she was going farther and farther wrong.

But it was too cold for her to sit down, wrap herself never so closely in her shawl. The poor girl tried this. She must keep in motion. Back and forth she walked, fixing her march by signs which she could not mistake even in the gathering darkness. How fast that darkness gathered! The wind seemed to rise, too, as the night came on, and a fine rain, that seemed as cold as snow to her, came to give the last drop to her wretchedness. If she were tempted for a moment to abandon

her sentry-beat, and try this wild experiment or that, to the right or left, some odious fallen trunk, wet with moss and decay, lay just where she pressed into the shrubbery, as if placed there to reveal to her her absolute powerlessness. She was dead with cold, and even in all her wretchedness knew that she was hungry. How stupid to be hungry when she had so much else to trouble her! But at least she would make a system of her march. She would walk fifty times this way, to the stump, and fifty times that way; then she would stop and cry out and sound her war-whoop; then she would take up her sentry march again. And so she did. This way, at least, time would not pass without her knowing whether it was midnight or no.

"Hark! God be praised, there is a gun! and there is another! and there is another! They have come on the right track, and I am safe!" So she shouted again, and sounded her war-whoop again, and listened,—and then again, and listened again. One more gun! but then no more! Poor Inez! Certainly they were all on one side of her. If only it was not so piteously dark! If she could only walk half the distance in that direction which her fifty sentry beats made put together! But when she struggled that way through the tangle, and over one wet log and another, it was only to find her poor wet feet sinking down into mud and water! She did not dare keep on. All that was left for her was to find her tramping-ground again, and this she did.

"Good God, take care of me! My poor dear father —what would he say if he knew his child was dying close to her friends? Dear mamma, keep watch over your little girl."—*Philip Nolan's Friends.*

HALE, HORATIO, an American ethnologist, son of David Hale, a lawyer, and Sarah J. Hale, an author, was born at Newport, N. H., May 3, 1817. He was graduated at Harvard in 1837, and the next year was appointed philologist to the United States exploring expedition under Captain Charles Wilkes, which spent three years in the Antarctic and Southern Pacific seas. While on this expedition he studied the language of many of the people and tribes of the different countries and islands which he visited, and also their history, traditions, and customs. The results of these studies are given in his *Ethnography and Philology* (1846), which forms the seventh volume of the reports of the expedition. After finishing this work Mr. Hale spent a number of years in travel and study in the United States and Europe. He subsequently studied law and was admitted to the bar in Chicago in 1855. In 1856 he removed to Clinton, Canada, where he has since resided, devoting his time to the practice of his profession and to scientific studies. He has published *Indian Migrations as Evidenced by Language* (1883); *The Iroquois Book of Rites* (1883); *Report on the Blackfoot Tribes* (1885). In 1886 he was elected Vice-President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. His address, *The Origin of Languages and the Antiquity of Speaking Man*, aroused both interest and discussion.

THE NATIVES OF THE UNION GROUP OF ISLANDS.

At daylight we were in sight of a low island which is laid down in this position, with the name of the Duke of York's Island. It was so called by Admiral Byron, who discovered it in the year 1765, on his way to the Ladrones. As we approached, its appearance brought to mind another of Lord Byron's discoveries, the largest, Disappointment Island, to which it bore a strong resemblance. It was an oblong ring of small coral islets, linked together by reefs, and surrounding a lagoon. Most of the islands were well wooded, and one in particular was covered with a dense forest of cocoanut trees. From this circumstance, and from the small number of birds about the ship, we were disposed to believe that the island might prove to be inhabited, notwithstanding the contrary statement of its discoverer. We were not, therefore, surprised when a column of smoke, ascending from one of the islets, gave evidence of the presence of natives.

The vessels took their stations for surveying, and we were slowly standing along the island when three canoes put off toward the ship. The mizzen-topsail was backed to allow them to come up with us, which they did in a style that again reminded us of the Disappointment Island, for they broke out into an uproarious song or cantillation which they kept up with some intervals of shouting and clamor until they left the ship.

The canoes were all double, and of course had no outriggers. They were made of pieces of wood lashed together like those of Samoa, and were ornamented with a few shells of the white ooula commonly used for this purpose throughout the Friendly Group. The blades of their paddles were not oval, as in Tonga and Fejee, but oblong and slender like those of the Navigator islanders.

There were eight or ten men in each canoe, and as they drew near their color and features proclaimed that they belonged to the Polynesian race. There was little in either to distinguish them from the people of Samoa and Tonga. They wore the *maro*, or girdle, made of

braided matting, like that of the Paumotu islanders. Around their heads, covering the forehead, they had narrow strips of the same matting tied, and one, who appeared to be a personage of note, had stuck in it several of the long red feathers from the tail of the tropic-bird. Many of them had shades or eye-screens of thick braid tied on the forehead, very similar to those used by weak-sighted people among us. Their hair was cut an inch or two long all over the head. Some of them wore shells, and pieces of sponge suspended by a string to the neck, and one had a large blue bead worn in a similar manner, showing that they had already had intercourse with foreigners. Indeed, their manners left no doubt on this point. Before they reached the ship they held up rolls of matting, making signs of a wish to barter. In one canoe, the head man unrolled his wares and spread them out to our view with the dexterity of a practised auctioneer. All this time they were chanting their noisy song without intermission.

They came alongside very readily, but no inducements could prevail upon them to venture on board. Our interpreter was a Samoan native, whom we shipped at Oahu; but though it was soon evident that their language was allied to his own, it was still so different that he found himself frequently at a loss. Their refusal to come on board was caused by a singular apprehension that the ship would rise and bear them to the skies, from which they averred that we had descended. One of them, who had an ulcerated arm, had the courage, at last, to climb up the gangway and offer it to be cured, but he could not be prevailed upon to advance farther. —*Ethnography and Philology.*

HALE, Sir Matthew, an eminent English jurist and moral and religious writer, born at Alderley, Gloucestershire, November 1, 1609; died there, December 25, 1676. He was designed for the Church, but circumstances led him to become a lawyer. He also gave much time to the study of physical science. He began practice as a barrister in 1636. During the quarrel between Charles I. and the Commons he took the Parliamentary side; and in 1654 he was made a Judge of the Common Pleas under the Protectorate. After the death of Cromwell he favored the restoration of Charles II., and was persuaded by Clarendon to accept the position of Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer. He believed in the reality of witchcraft, and was the last English judge to sanction the condemnation of persons charged with this crime. In 1674 he was made Chief-Justice of the Court of the King's Bench, from which a severe illness compelled him to retire early in 1676. Sir Matthew Hale's writings are numerous, but only one of them was published during his lifetime. The most important of them are *The Jurisdiction of Parliaments*, *History of the Pleas of the Crown*, *History of the Common Law of England*, and several moral and religious works. These last were edited by Rev. T. Thirlwall, with a *Memoir* by Bishop Burnet.

COUNSEL TO HIS CHILDREN.

As I have some leisure time at my inn, I cannot spend it more to my own satisfaction and your benefit, than, by a letter, to give you some good counsel. The subject shall be concerning your speech ; because much of the good or evil that befalls persons arises from the well or ill managing of their conversation. When I have leisure and opportunity, I shall give you my directions on other subjects.

Never speak anything for a truth which you know or believe to be false. Lying is a great sin against God, who gave us a tongue to speak the truth, and not falsehood. It is a great offence against humanity itself ; for, where there is no regard to truth, there can be no safe society between man and man. And it is an injury to the speaker ; for, besides the disgrace which it brings upon him, it occasions so much baseness of mind, that he can scarcely tell the truth, or avoid lying, even when he has no color of necessity for it ; and, in time, he comes to such a pass, that as other people cannot believe he speaks truth, so he himself scarcely knows when he tells a falsehood. As you must be careful not to lie, so you must avoid coming near it. You must not equivocate, nor speak anything positively for which you have no authority but report, or conjecture, or opinion.

Be not too earnest, loud, or violent in your conversation. Silence your opponent with reason, not with noise. Be careful not to interrupt another when he is speaking ; hear him out and you will understand him the better, and be able to give him the better answer. Consider before you speak, especially when the business is of moment ; weigh the sense of what you mean to utter, and the expressions you intend to use, that they may be significant, pertinent, and inoffensive. Inconsiderate persons do not think till they speak ; or they speak, and then think.

Some men excel in husbandry, some in gardening, some in mathematics. In conversation, learn, as near as you can, where the skill or excellence of any person

lies; put him upon talking on that subject, observe what he says, keep it in your memory, or commit it to writing. By this means you will glean the worth and knowledge of everybody you converse with; and at an easy rate acquire what may be of use to you on many occasions.

When you are in company with light, vain, impertinent persons, let the observing of their failings make you the more cautious both in your conversation with them and in your general behavior, that you may avoid their errors.

If a man, whose integrity you do not very well know, makes you great and extraordinary professions, do not give much credit to him. Probably, you will find that he aims at something besides kindness to you, and that when he has served his turn, or been disappointed, his regard for you will grow cool.

Beware also of him who flatters you, and commends you to your face, or to one who, he thinks, will tell you of it; most probably he has either deceived and abused you, or means to do so. Remember the fable of the fox commending the singing of the crow, who had something in her mouth which the fox wanted.

Be careful that you do not commend yourselves. It is a sign that your reputation is small and sinking, if your own tongue must praise you; and it is fulsome and unpleasing to others to hear such commendations.

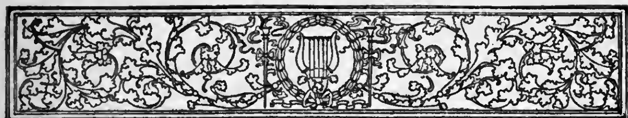
Speak well of the absent whenever you have a suitable opportunity. Never speak ill of them, or of anybody, unless you are sure they deserve it, and unless it is necessary for their amendment, or for the safety and benefit of others.

Avoid, in your ordinary communications, not only oaths, but all imprecations and earnest protestations. Forbear scoffing and jesting at the condition or natural defects of any person. Such offences leave a deep impression; and they often cost a man dear.

Never utter any profane speeches, nor make a jest of any Scripture expressions. When you pronounce the name of God or of Christ, or repeat any passages or words of Holy Scripture, do it with reverence and seriousness, and not lightly, for that is "taking the

name of God in vain." If you hear of any unseemly expressions used in religious exercises, do not publish them; endeavor to forget them; or, if you mention them at all, let it be with pity and sorrow, not with derision or reproach.

Begin and end the day with private prayer; read the Scriptures often and seriously; be attentive to the public worship of God. Keep yourselves in some useful employment; for idleness is the nursery of vain and sinful thoughts, which corrupt the mind, and disorder the life. Be kind and loving to one another. Honor your minister. Be not bitter nor harsh to my servants. Be respectful to all. Bear my absence patiently and cheerfully. Behave as if I were present among you and saw you. Remember, you have a greater Father than I am, who always, and in all places, beholds you, and knows your hearts and thoughts. Study to requite my love and care for you with dutifulness, observance, and obedience; and account it an honor that you have an opportunity, by your attention, faithfulness, and industry, to pay some part of that debt which, by the laws of nature and of gratitude, you owe to me. Be frugal in my family, but let there be no want; and provide conveniently for the poor.



HALE, SARAH JOSEPHA (BUELL), an American poet and novelist, born at Newport, N. H., October 24, 1790; died in Philadelphia, April 30, 1879. She was educated at home under the care of her mother and an elder brother, and after her marriage in 1814 to David Hale, continued her studies with her husband. In 1823 she published *The Genius of Oblivion, and other Poems*, and in 1828 *Northwood*, a novel. The following year she became the editor of the *Ladies' Magazine*, of Boston, which she continued to edit until 1837, when it was merged into *Godey's Lady's Book*, of Philadelphia. Mrs. Hale also took charge of this magazine for many years, and contributed to it many sketches and poems. In 1848 she published *Ormond Grosvenor*, a tragedy, and *Three Hours, or The Vigil of Love, and other Poems*. Among her other works are *Harry Guy, the Widow's Son; Felicia; The Rhime of Life; Woman's Record, or Sketches of all Distinguished Women from the Beginning till A.D. 1850; Sketches of American Character; Tints of American Life; Life and Letters of Madame de Sévigné*, and *Life and Letters of Mary Wortley Montagu*. Her last poem was a *Thanksgiving Hymn*, published in 1872.

THE WATCHER.

The night was dark and fearful,
  The blast swept wailing by;—
A watcher, pale and tearful,
  Looked forth with anxious eye:

How wistfully she gazes—
  No gleam of morn is there!
And then her heart upraises
  Its agony of prayer!

Within that dwelling lonely,
  Where want and darkness reign,
Her precious child, her only,
  Lay moaning in his pain;
And death alone can free him—
  She feels that this must be:
"But oh! for morn to see him
  Smile once again on me!"

A hundred lights are glancing
  In yonder mansion fair,
And merry feet are dancing—
  They heed not morning there:
O young and lovely creatures,
  One lamp from out your store,
Would give that poor boy's features
  To her fond gaze once more!

The morning sun is shining—
  She heedeth not its ray;
Beside her dead, reclining,
  That pale, dead mother lay!
A smile her lips was wreathing,
  A smile of hope and love,
As though she still were breathing—
  "There's light for us above!"

THE TWO MAIDENS.

One came with light and laughing air,
  And cheek like opening blossom—
Bright gems were twined amid her hair
  And glittered on her bosom,
And pearls and costly diamonds deck
Her round, white arms and lovely neck.

Like summer's sky, with stars bedight,
  The jewelled robe around her,

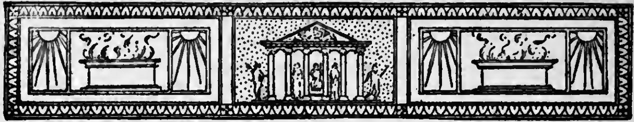
And dazzling as the moontide light
  The radiant zone that bound her—
And pride and joy were in her eye,
And mortals bowed as she passed by.

Another came : o'er her sweet face
  A pensive shade was stealing;
Yet there no grief of earth we trace—
  But the heaven-hallowed feeling
Which mourns the heart should ever stray
From the pure fount of truth away.

Around her brow, as snowdrop fair,
  The glossy tresses cluster,
Nor pearl nor ornament was there,
  Save the meek spirit's lustre;
And faith and hope beamed in her eye,
And angels bowed as she passed by.

THE HAND AND ITS WORKS.

The hand—what wondrous Wisdom planned
  This instrument so near divine!
How impotent, without the Hand,
  Proud Reason's light would shine!
Invention might her power apply,
  And Genius see the forms of heaven—
And firm Resolve his strength might try;
But vain the Will, the Soul, the Eye,
Unquarried would the marble lie,
The oak and cedar flout the sky,
  Had not the Hand been given!



HALES, JOHN, an English clergyman, styled "The Ever-Memorable," born at Bath, April 19, 1584; died at Eton, May 19, 1656. In 1612 he was made Professor of Greek at Oxford. In 1618 he went to the Hague as Chaplain to the Ambassador, Sir Dudley Carleton, for whom he made a report of the famous Synod of Dort, where he was convinced of the truthfulness of the Arminian system of theology, as distinguished from the Calvinistic. Upon the overthrow of the Royal party in England, he was deprived of his preferments for refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the Commonwealth. Besides sermons, he wrote numerous theological and polemic treatises, but only three or four of his sermons and the *Tract Concerning Schismatics* were published during his lifetime. In 1765 Lord Hailes edited a complete edition of the works of Hales, in three volumes.

Hales was one of the oldest of what is now called the "Broad Church School"—a rare example of a profound thinker, without pedantry, a mature theologian with a decidedly untheological clearness of intellect and directness of expression.

The following extracts from a sermon, *Of Inquiry and Private Judgment in Religion*, will give some idea of the manner of "The Ever-Memorable" Doctor:

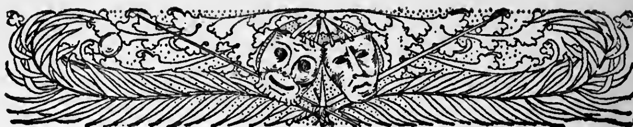
PRIVATE JUDGMENT IN RELIGION.

It were a thing worth looking into, to know the reason why men are so generally willing, in point of religion, to cast themselves into other men's arms, and leaving their own reason, rely so much upon another man's. Is it because it is modesty and humility to think another man's reason better than our own? Indeed, I know not how it comes to pass, we account it a vice, a part of envy, to think another man's goods, or another man's fortunes, to be better than our own; and yet we account it a singular virtue to esteem our reason and wit meaner than other men's. Let us not mistake ourselves; to contemn the advice and help of others in love and admiration to our own conceits, to depress and disgrace other men's, this is the foul vice of pride; on the contrary, thankfully to entertain the advice of others, to give it its due, and ingenuously to prefer it before our own, if it deserve it, this is that gracious virtue of modesty: but altogether to mistrust and relinquish our own faculties, and commend ourselves to others is nothing but poverty of spirit and discretion.

ANTIQUITY AND UNIVERSALITY.

Antiquity, what is it else—God only excepted—but man's authority born some ages before us? Now, for the truth of things, time makes no alteration; things are still the same as they are, let the time be past, present, or to come. Those things which we reverence for antiquity, what were they at their first birth? Were they false?—time cannot make them true. Were they true?—time cannot make them more true.

Universality is such a proof of truth as truth itself is ashamed of; for universality is nothing but a quainter and a trimmer name to signify the multitude. Now, human authority at the strongest is but weak, but the multitude is the weakest part of human authority: it is the great patron of error, most easily abused, and most hardly disabused. The beginning of error may be, and mostly is from private persons; but the maintainer and continuer of error is the multitude.



HALÉVY, LUDOVIC, a French novelist and dramatist, born in Paris, January 1, 1834. He is a son of Léon Halévy and a nephew of the composer Halévy, and is of Jewish extraction. He was educated at the Lycée Louis le Grand, and at an early age was taken into the service of the Government. From 1852 to 1858 he was employed in the Secretary's office of the Minister of State; after which he was chief of the department for Algiers and the Colonies. In 1861 he was appointed to edit the proceedings of the Corps Législatif; which position he resigned to devote himself to the drama. He wrote the librettos of a large number of the most popular operettas, many of them in collaboration with Henri Meilhac; and it was to these brilliant sketches, as well as to his dramas, that he owed his election, in 1884, to the French Academy, his reception at which was one of the most memorable of recent times. As a novelist he is also eminent, his *L'Abbé Constantin* having been dramatized after running through more than one hundred and fifty editions. His librettos include those for the opéras bouffes *La Belle Hélène* (1864); *Barbe Bleue* (1866); *La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein* (1867); *La Perichole* (1868); and for the comic operas *Carmen* (1875); *Le Petit Duc* (1878); *La Petite Mademoiselle* (1879); and the comedies *Frou-Frou* (1869); *Le Réveillon* (1872); *La*

Boule (1875); *La Cigale* (1877); *La Petite Mère* (1880); *La Roussotte* (1881). Besides a collection of stories entitled *Karikari* (1892), his principal tales are *Un Scandale* (1860); *L'Abbé Constantin* (1882); *Deux Mariages* (1883); *Princesse* (1886). He was made an officer of the Legion of Honor in 1890.

A writer in *Blackwood*, as far back as 1883, speaking of the "vicious circle in which French fiction seemed to be revolving," took occasion to mention Ludovic Halévy as among the few notable writers who were not deliberately pandering to the depraved tastes of society, and called attention to the lustre of his stories as "undimmed by pruriency or indecency."

BETTINA AND JEAN.

The regiment is to pass along by the park wall below the terrace. Bettina was seized with a wild desire to see Jean pass. He would understand well if he saw her at such an hour. She would go! She had made up her mind. Only, how should she dress? She had nothing at hand but a ball-dress, a muslin dressing-gown, little high-heeled slippers and blue satin shoes. She might wake her maid. Oh! never would she dare to do that, and time pressing; a quarter to five! the regiment would start at five o'clock.

She might, perhaps, manage with the muslin dressing-gown and the satin slippers; in the hall she might find her hat, her little boots which she wore in the garden, and the large tartar cloak for driving in wet weather. She half-opened her door with infinite precautions. Everything was asleep in the house; she crept along the corridor, she descended the staircase.

If only the little boots are there in their place; that is her great anxiety. There they are! She slips them on over her satin shoes, she wraps herself in the great mantle.

She hears that the rain has redoubled in violence. She notices one of those large umbrellas which the footmen use on the box in wet weather; she seizes it; she is ready; but when she is ready to go she sees that the hall-door is fastened by a great iron bar. She tries to raise it but the bolt holds fast, resists all her efforts, and the great clock in the hall slowly strikes five. He is starting at that moment.

She will see him! she will see him! Her will is excited by these obstacles. She makes a great effort; the bar yields, slips back in the groove. But Bettina has made a long scratch on her hand from which issues a slender stream of blood. Bettina twists her handkerchief round her hand, takes her great umbrella, turns the key in the lock and opens the door.

At last she is out of the house!

The weather is frightful. The wind and the rain rage together. It takes five or six minutes to reach the terrace that looks over the road. Bettina darts forward courageously, her head bent, hidden under her immense umbrella. She has already taken a few steps when all at once, furious, mad, blinding, a squall bursts upon Bettina, blows open her mantle, drives her along, lifts her almost from the ground, turns the umbrella violently inside out; that is nothing, the disaster is not yet complete.

Bettina has lost one of her little boots; they were not practical sabots, they were only pretty little things for fine weather; and at this moment, when Bettina is desperately struggling against the tempest with her blue satin shoe half buried in the wet gravel, at this moment the wind bears to her the distant echo of a trumpet call. It is the regiment starting. Bettina makes a desperate effort, abandons her umbrella, finds her little boot, fastens it on as well as she can, and starts off running with a deluge descending on her head. At last she is in the wood; the trees protect her a little. Another call, nearer this time. Bettina fancies she hears the rolling of the gun-carriages. She makes a last effort; here is the terrace, she is there just in time.

Twenty yards off she perceived the white horses of the trumpeters, and along the road she caught glimpses

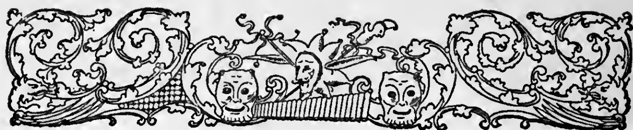
of the long line of guns and wagons vaguely rolling through the fog.

She sheltered herself under the old limes which bordered the terrace. She watched, she waited. He is there among that confused mass of riders. Will she be able to recognize him? And he, will he see her? Will any chance make him turn his head that way? Bettina knows that he is lieutenant in the second battery of his regiment; she knows that a battery is composed of six guns and six ammunition wagons. Of course the Abbé Constantin taught her that. Thus she must allow the first battery to pass, that is to say, count six guns, six wagons, and then—he will be there.

There he is at last, wrapped in his great cloak, and it is he who sees, who recognizes her first. A few moments before he had been recalling to his mind a long walk which he had taken with her one evening on that terrace, when night was falling. He raised his eyes, and the very spot where he remembered having seen her, was the spot where he found her again. He bowed, and, bareheaded in the rain, turned round in his saddle; as long as he could see her he looked at her.

With a charming gesture of both hands she returned his farewell, and this gesture, repeated many times, brought her hands so near, so near her lips, that one might have fancied——

"Ah!" she thought, "if after that he does not under stand that I love him!"—*From L'Abbé Constantin.*



HALIBURTON, THOMAS CHANDLER (pseudonym Sam Slick), a Canadian jurist and humorous writer, born in Nova Scotia in December, 1796; died at Isleworth, near London, England, August 27, 1865. He studied law, and was called to the bar in 1820; became Chief-Justice of Common Pleas in Nova Scotia in 1829, and Judge of the Supreme Court in 1840. In 1842 he took up his residence in England, and in 1859 was returned to Parliament for Launceston, holding the seat until his death. In 1835 he published in a newspaper a series of satirical sketches entitled *The Clockmaker: Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville*, of which subsequent series appeared in 1838 and 1840. He also wrote *Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia* (1829); *Bubbles of Canada; The Old Judge, or Life in a Colony; Letter-Bag of the Great Western* (1839); *The Attaché, or Sam Slick in England* (1843, second series, 1844); *Rule and Misrule of the English in America* (1851); *Yankee Stories and Traits of American Humor* (1852), and *Nature and Human Nature* (1855).

MR. SLICK'S OPINION OF BRITISHERS AND OTHERS.

"What success had you," said I, "in the sale of your clocks among the Scotch in the eastern part of the Province? Do you find them as gullible as the Bluenoses?"

"Well," said he, "you have heerd tell that a Yankee

never answers one question without axing another, haven't you? Did you ever seen an English stage-driver make a bow? because if you hain't observed it, I have, and a queer one it is, I swan. He brings his right arm up, jist across his face, and passes on, with a knowin' nod of his head, as much as to say, 'How do you do? but keep clear of my wheels, or I'll fetch your horses a lick in the mouth, as sure as you're born,' jist as a bear puts up his paw to fend off the blow of a stick from his nose.

"Well, that's the way I pass them 'ere bare-breeched Scotchmen. Lord, if they were located down in these 'ere Cumberland marshes, how the mosquitoes would tickle them up, wouldn't they? They'd set 'em scratchin' thereabouts, as an Irishman does his head, when he's in search of a lie. Them 'ere fellows cut their eye-teeth afore they ever set foot in this country, I expect. When they get a bawbee, they know what to do with it, that's a fact. They open their pouch and drop it in, and it's got a spring like a fox-trap; it holds fast to all it gets, like grim death to a dead nigger. They are proper skinflints, you may depend. Oatmeal is no great shake, at best; it ain't even as good for a horse as real yaller Varginny corn; but I guess I warn't long in findin' out that the grits hardly pay for the riddlin'. No, a Yankee has as little chance among them as a Jew has in New England; the sooner he clears out the better.

"Now, it's different with the Irish. They never carry a puss, for they never have a cent to put in it. They're always in love or in likker, or else in a row. They are the merriest shavers I ever seed. Judge Beeler—I daresay you've heerd tell of him—he's a funny feller, he put a notice over his factory gate at Lowell, 'No cigars or Irishmen admitted within these walls;' for, said he, 'the one will set a flame agoin' among my cottons, and t'other among my gals. I won't have no such inflammable and dangerous things about me on no account.' When the British wanted our folks to jine in the treaty to chock the wheels of the slave-trade, I recollect hearin' old John Adams say we had ought to humor them; 'for,' says he, 'they supply

us with labor on cheaper terms, by shippin' out the Irish,' says he; 'they work better, and they work cheaper, and they don't live so long. The blacks, when they are past work, hang on forever, and a proper bill of expense they be; but hot weather and new rum rub out the poor-rates for t'other ones.'

"The English are the boys for tradin' with, they shell out their cash like a sheaf of wheat in frosty weather; it flies all over the thrashin' floor. But then, they are a cross-grained, ungainly, kickin' breed of cattle as I e'en amost ever seed. Whoever gave them the name of John Bull knew what he was about, I tell you: for they are all bull-headed folks, I vow; sulky, ugly-tempered, vicious critters, a-pawin' and a-roarin' the whole time, and plaguy onsafe unless well watched. They are as headstrong as mules, and as conceited as peacocks."

The astonishment with which I heard this tirade against my countrymen absorbed every feeling of resentment. I listened with amazement at the perfect composure with which he uttered it. He treated it as one of those self-evident truths that neither need proof nor apology, but as a thing well known and admitted by all mankind.

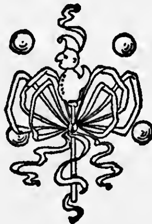
"There's no richer sight that I know of," said he, "than to see one on 'em when he fust lands in one of our great cities. He swells out as big as a balloon; his skin is ready to burst with wind, a regular walkin' bag of gas; and he prances over the pavement like a bear over hot iron; a great awkward hulk of a feller—for they ain't to be compared to the French in manners—a-smirkin' at you, as much as to say, 'Look here, Jonathan, here's an Englishman; here's a boy that's got blood as pure as a Norman pirate, and lots of the blunt of both kinds—a pocket full of one, and a mouth full of t'other,' bean't he lovely? And then he looks as fierce as a tiger, as much as to say, 'Say boo to a goose, if you dare.'

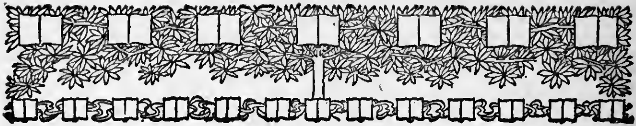
"No, I believe we may stump the univarse. We improve on everything, and we have improved on our own species. You'll search one while, I tell you, afore you'll find a man that, take him by-and-large, is equal

to one of our free and enlightened citizens. He's the chap that has both speed, wind, and bottom; he's clear grit—ginger to the backbone, you may depend. It's generally allowed there ain't the beat of them to be found anywhere. Spry as a fox, supple as an eel, and cute as a weasel. Though I say it, that shouldn't say it, they fairly take the shine off creation; they are actilly equal to cash."

He looked like a man who felt that he had expressed himself so aptly and so well, that anything additional would only weaken its effect. He therefore changed the conversation immediately by pointing to a tree some little distance from the house, and remarking that it was the rock-maple, or sugar-tree.

"It's a pretty tree," said he, "and a profitable one, too, to raise. It will bear tapping for many years, though it gets exhausted at last. This province of Nova Scotia is like that 'ere tree: it is tapped till it begins to die at the top, and if they don't drive in a spile and stop the everlastin' flow of the sap, it will perish altogether. All the money that's made here, all the interest that's paid in it, and a pretty considerable portion of the rent, too, all goes abroad for investment, and the rest is sent to the United States to buy bread. It's drained like a bog; it has open and covered trenches all through it; and then there's others to the foot of the upland to cut off the springs. Now you may make even a bog too dry; you may take the moisture out to that degree that the very sile becomes dust, and blows away. The English funds, and our banks, railroads, and canals, are all absorbing your capital like a sponge, and will lick it up as fast as yu can make it."—*The Clockmaker.*





HALL, ANNA MARIA (FIELDING), a popular Irish novelist, born in Dublin, January 6, 1804; died at East Moulsey, Surrey, England, January 30, 1881. At the age of fifteen she went to live in London, and in 1824 married Samuel Carter Hall (whom see). Among her numerous works are *Sketches of Irish Character* (1829); *Chronicles of a Schoolroom* (1830); *The Buccaneer, a Novel* (1832); *Tales of Woman's Trials* (1834); *The Outlaw* and *Uncle Horace* (1835); *Lights and Shadows of Irish Life* (1838); *The Redderbore, an Irish Novel* (1839); *Marian, or a Young Maid's Fortunes*, and *Tales of the Irish Peasantry* (1840); *The White Boy* (1845); *Midsummer Eve: A Fairy Tale of Love* (1847); *Pilgrimage to English Shrines* (1850); *Popular Tales and Sketches* (1856); *A Woman's Story* (1857); *Can Wrong be Right?* (1862); *The Fight of Faith* (1868–69). She was also the author of two successful dramas, *The French Refugee* and *The Groves of Blarney;* joint author with her husband of *Ireland, its Scenery, Character, etc.*, and his co-laborer in other works.

"There is in everything she has published," says the *Dublin University Magazine*, "the higher merit -- without which all other pretensions to praise are worse than indifferent—of belonging to the most unexceptional school of morals. She never tries to enlist our sympathies on the side of vice."

Allan Cunningham, writing in praise of Mrs. Hall's Irish delineations, says: "Her rustic maidens are copied from the cottage; nothing can be more faithful and lively; nor are her hinds and husbandmen anything inferior. We nowhere see the Irish character more justly or so pleasantly represented. She sees nature in her proper dimensions; there is fancy, but no exaggeration, and life always."

"Mrs. Hall is a charming writer," said the London *Eclectic Review*. "Her Irish stories are full of life and character, with that mixture of humor and pathos which seems the native temperament of the children of Erin."

LARRY MOORE.

"Think of to-morrow!"—that is what few Irish peasants ever do, with a view of providing for it: at least few with whom I have had opportunities of being acquainted. They will think of anything—of everything, but that. There is Larry Moore, for example:—who that has ever visited my own pastoral village of Bannow, is unacquainted with Larry, the Bannow boatman—the invaluable Larry, who, tipsy or sober, asleep or awake, rows his boat with undeviating power and precision?—He, alas! is a strong proof of the truth of my observation. Look at him on a fine sunny day in June. There he lies, stretched in the sunlight, at full length, on the firm sand, like a man-porpoise—sometimes on his back—then slowly turning on his side—but his most usual attitude is a sort of reclining position against that flat gray stone, just at high-water mark; he selects it as his constant resting-place, because (again to use his own words), "the tide, bad cess to it! was apt to come fast in upon a body, and there was a dale of trouble in moving; but even if one chanced to fall asleep, sorra a morsal of harm the salt water could do ye on the gray

stone, where a living merwoman sat every New Year's night combing her black hair, and making beautiful music to the wild waves, who, consequently, trated her sate wid great respict—why not?"

There, then, is Larry—his chest leaning on the mermaid's stone, as we call it—his long, bare legs stretched out behind, kicking occasionally, as a gad-fly or merry-hopper skips about what it naturally considers lawful prey:—his lower garments have evidently once been trousers—blue trousers, but as Larry when in motion is amphibious, they have experienced the decaying effects of salt water, and now only descend to the knee, where they terminate in unequal fringes. Indeed, his frieze jacket is no great things, being much rubbed at the elbows—and no wonder; for Larry, when awake, is ever employed, either in pelting the sea-gulls (who, to confess the truth, treat him with very little respect), rowing his boat, or watching the circles formed on the surface of the calm waters by the large or small pebbles he throws into it; and as Larry, of course, rests his elbow on the rocks while performing these exploits, the sleeves must wear; for frieze is not "impenetrable stuff." His hat is a natural curiosity, composed of faded straw, banded by a misshapen sea-ribbon, and garnished with "delisk" red and green, his cutty-pipe stuck through a slit in the brim, which bends it directly over the left eye, and keeps it "quite handy without any trouble." His bushy reddish hair persists in obstinately pushing its way out of every hole in this extraordinary hat, or clusters strangely over his Herculean shoulders, and a low-furrowed brow, very unpromising to the eye of a phrenologist:—in truth, Larry has somewhat of a dogged expression of countenance, which is relieved at times by the humorous twinkle of his little gray eyes, pretty much in the manner that a star or two illumes the dreary blank of a cloudy November night. The most conspicuous part of his attire, however, is an undressed wide leather belt, that passes over one shoulder, and then under another strap of the same material that encircles his waist; from this depends a rough wooden case, containing his whiskey bottle; a long, narrow knife; pieces of rope of varied length and thickness;

and a pouch which contains the money he earns at his "vocation."

"Good-morrow, Larry!"

"Good-morrow kindly, my lady! may be ye're going across?"

"No, thank ye, Larry, but there's a silver sixpence for good luck."

"Ough! God's blessing be about ye!—I said so to my woman this morning, and she bothering the soul o' me for money, as if I could make myself into silver, let alone brass:—asy, says I, what trouble ye take! sure we had a good dinner yesterday; and more by tokens, the grawls were so plased wid the mate—the craturs!—sorra morsel o' pratee they'd put in their mouths;—and we'll have as good a one to-day."

"The ferry is absolutely filled with fish, Larry, if you would only take the trouble to catch it!"

"Is it fish? Ough! sorra fancy I have for fasting mate—besides, it's mighty watery, and a dale o' trouble to catch. A grate baste of a cod lept into my boat yesterday, and I lying just here, and the boat close up: I thought it would ha' sted while I hollered to Tom, who was near breaking his neck after the samphire for the quality, the gomersal!—but, my jewil! it was whip and away wid it all in a minit—back to the water—Small loss!"

"But, Larry, it would have made an excellent dinner."

"Sure, I'm after telling your ladyship that we had a rale mate dinner, by grate good luck, yesterday."

"But to-day, by your own confession, you had nothing."

"Sure, you've just given me sixpence."

"But suppose I had not!"

"Where's the good of thinking that now?"

"Oh, Larry, I'm afraid you never think of to-morrow!"

"There's not a man in the whole parish of Bannow thinks more of it than I do," responded Larry, raising himself up; "and, to prove it to ye, madam dear, we'll have a wet night—I see the sign of it, for all the sun's so bright, both in the air and the water."

"Then, Larry, take my advice; go home and mend the great hole that is in the thatch of your cabin."

"Is it the hole?—where's the good of losing time about it now, when the weather's so fine?"

"But when the rain comes?"

"Lord bless ye, my lady! sure I can't hinder the rain! and sure it's fitter for me to stand under the roof in a dry spot, than to go out in the *teams* to stop up a taste of a hole. Sorra a drop comes through it in *dry weather.*"

"Larry, you truly need not waste so much time; it is ten chances to one if you get a single fare to-day; —and here you stay, doing nothing. You might usefully employ yourself, by a little foresight."

"Would ye have me desert my trust? Sure I must mind the boat. But, God bless ye, ma'am darlint! don't be so hard intirely upon me; for I get a dale o' blame I don't by no manner of means desarve. My wife turns at me as wicked as a weasel, because I gave my consint to our Nancy's marrying Matty Keogh; and she says they were to come together on account that they hadn't enough to pay the priest; and the end of it is, that the girl and a grandchild are come back upon us; and the husband is off—God knows where!"

"I'm sorry to hear that, Larry; but your son James, by this time, must be able to assist you."

"There it is again, my lady! James was never very bright, and his mother was always at him, plaguing his life out to go to Mister Ben's school, and saying a dale about the time to come; but I didn't care to bother the cratur; and I'm sorry to say he's turned out rather obstinate—and even the priest says it's bekase I never think of *to-morrow.*"

"I'm glad to find the priest is of my opinion. But, tell me, have you fatted the pig Mr. Herriot gave you?"

"Oh! my bitter curse (axing yer pardon, my lady) be upon all the pigs in and out of Ireland! That pig has been the ruin of me; it has such a taste for eating young ducks as never was in the world; and I always tether him by the leg when I'm going out; but he's so cute now, he cuts the tether."

"Why not confine him in a sty? You are close to the quarry, and could build one in half an hour."

"Is it a sty for the likes of him! cock him up wid a sty! Och, Musha! Musha! the tether keeps him asy for the day."

"But not for the morrow, Larry."

"Now ye're at me agin!—you that always stood my friend. Meal-a-murder! if there isn't Rashleigh Jones making signs for the boat! Oh! ye're in a hurry, are ye?—well, ye must wait till yer hurry is over; I'm not going to hurry myself, wid sixpence in my pocket, for priest or minister."

"But the more you earn the better, Larry."

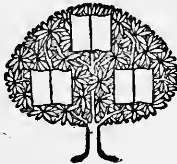
"Sure I've enough for to-day."

"But not for *to-morrow*, Larry."

"True for ye, ma'am, dear; though people take a dale o' trouble, I'm thinking, whin they've full and plinty at the same time; and I don't like bothering about it then."

"But do you know the English think of *to-morrow*, Larry?"

"Ay, the tame negres! that's the way they get rich, and sniff at the world, my jewil; and they no oulder in it than Henry the Second; for sure, if there had been English before his time, it's long sorry they'd ha been to let Ireland so long alone."—*Sketches of Irish Character.*



HALL, Basil, a British naval officer and traveller, born at Edinburgh, Scotland, December 31, 1788; died at Portsmouth, England, September 11, 1844. He entered the navy in 1802, and in 1816 commanded the brig Lyra which accompanied Lord Amherst on his voyage as Minister to China. He was made a post-captain in 1817, and from 1820 to 1822 was stationed on the Pacific Coast of America. In 1827–28 he travelled in the United States and Canada, and subsequently in various parts of Europe. In the latter part of his life his mental faculties became impaired, and he died an inmate of an asylum for the insane. Besides numerous contributions to periodicals he wrote accounts of his travels in various parts of the world. Among these are *A Voyage of Discovery to the Western Coast of Corea and the Loo Choo Islands* (1818); *Travels in North America* (1829); *Fragments of Voyages and Travels* (9 vols., 1837–40); *Spain and the Seat of War in Spain* (1837), and *Patchwork, Travels in Stories* (1840).

SIR WALTER SCOTT IN JUNE, 1825.

A hundred and fifty years hence, when his works have become old-fashioned authorities; it may interest some fervent lover of his writings to know what this great genius was about on Saturday, the 10th of June, 1825, five months after the total ruin of his fortunes, and twenty-six days after the death of his wife. In the days

of his good luck he used to live at No. 39 North Castle Street, Edinburgh, in a house befitting a rich baronet; but on reaching the door I found the plate on it covered with rust, the windows shuttered up, dusty and comfortless; and from the side of one projected a board, with this inscription, "To Sell." The stairs were unwashed, and not a foot-mark told of the ancient hospitality which reigned within. In all nations with which I am acquainted the fashionable world move westward, in imitation, perhaps, of the great tide of civilization; and perhaps, *vice versa* those persons who decline in fortune—which is mostly equivalent to declining in fashion—shape their course eastward. Accordingly, by an involuntary impulse, I turned my head that way, and inquiring at the clubs in Prince's Street, learned that he now resided in David Street, No. 6. I was rather glad to recognize my old friend, the Abbotsford butler, who answered the door. The saying about heroes and *valets-de-chambre* comes to one's recollection on such occasions; and nothing, we may be sure, is more likely to be satisfactory to a man whose fortune is reduced than the stanch adherence of a mere servant, whose wages must be altered for the worse. At the top of the stair we saw a small tray, with a single plate and glasses for one solitary person's dinner.

Some few months ago Sir Walter was surrounded by his family, and wherever he moved his head-quarters were the focus of fashion. Travellers from all nations crowded round, and, like the recorded honors of Lord Chatham, "thickened over him." Lady and Miss Scott were his constant companions; the Lockharts were his neighbors both in town and in Roxburghshire; his eldest son was his frequent guest; and, in short, what with his own family and the clouds of tourists who, like so many hordes of Cossacks, pressed upon him, there was not, perhaps, out of a palace, any man so attended—I had almost said overpowered—by company. His wife is now dead; his son-in-law and favorite daughter gone to London; and his grandchild, I fear, just staggering, poor little fellow, on the edge of the grave, which is, perhaps, the securest refuge for him. His eldest son is married, and at a distance; and report speaks of no probability

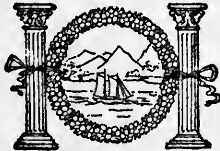
of the title descending. In short, all are dispersed, and the tourists, those *curiosos impertinentes*, drive past Abbotsford gate, and curse their folly in having delayed for a year too late their long-projected jaunt to the north. Meanwhile—not to mince the matter—the great man had somehow or other contrived to involve himself with printers, publishers, bankers, gas-makers, woolstaplers, and all the fraternity of speculators, accommodation-bill manufacturers, land-jobbers, and so on, till at a season of distrust in money matters the hour of reckoning came, like a thief in the night; and as our friend, like the foolish virgins, had no oil in his lamp, his affairs went to wreck and ruin, and landed him, after the gale was over, in the predicament of Robinson Crusoe, with little more than a shirt to his back.

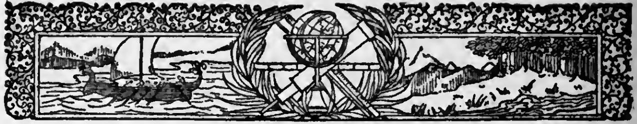
But, like that famous navigator, he is not cast away on a desert rock. The tide has ebbed, indeed, and left him on the beach ; but the hull of his fortunes is above water still, and it will go hard with him if he does not shape a raft that shall bring to shore much of the cargo that an ordinary mind would leave in despair, to be swept away by the next change of the moon. The distinction between man and the rest of the living creation, certainly, is in nothing more remarkable than in the power which he possesses over them of turning to varied account the means with which the world is stocked. But it has always struck me that there is a far greater distinction between man and man than between many men and most other animals ; and it is from a familiarity with the practical operation of this marvellous difference that I venture to predict that our Crusoe will cultivate his own island, and build himself a bark in which, in process of time, he will sail back to his friends and fortune in greater triumph than if he had never been driven among the breakers.

Sir Walter Scott, then, was sitting at a writing-desk covered with papers, and on the top was a pile of bound volumes of the *Moniteur ;* one, which he was leaning over as my brother and I entered, was open on a chair, and two others were lying on the floor. As he rose to receive us, he closed the volume which he had been reading from, and came forward to shake hands.

He was, of course, in deep mourning, with weepers and the other trappings of woe; but his countenance, though certainly a little woe-begonish, was not cast into any very deep furrows. His tone and manner were as friendly as heretofore; and when he saw that we had no intention of making any attempt at sympathy or moanification, but spoke to him as of old, he gradually contracted the length of his countenance, and allowed the corners of his mouth to curl almost imperceptibly upward; and a renewed lustre came into his eye, if not exactly indicative of cheerfulness, at all events of well-regulated, patient, Christian resignation. My meaning will be misunderstood, if it be imagined from this picture that I suspected any hypocrisy, or an affectation of grief, in the first instance. I have no doubt, indeed, that he feels, and most acutely, the bereavements which have come upon him; but we may very fairly suppose that, among the many visitors he must have, there may be some who cannot understand that it is proper, decent, or even possible, to hide these finer emotions deep in the heart.

He immediately began conversing in his usual style; the chief topic being Captain Denham, whom I had recently seen in London, and his book of African Travels, which Sir Walter had evidently read with much attention. After sitting a quarter of an hour we came away, well pleased to see our friend quite unbroken in spirit; and though bowed down a little by the blast, and here and there a branch the less, as sturdy in the trunk as ever, and very possibly all the better for the discipline: better, I mean, for the public, inasmuch as he has now a vast additional stimulus for exertion, and one which all the world must admit to be thoroughly noble and generous.





HALL, CHARLES FRANCIS, an American Arctic explorer, born at Rochester, N. H., in 1821; died in Greenland, November 8, 1871. He went to Cincinnati, where he worked for a time at his trade of blacksmith, but subsequently engaged in journalism. He became deeply interested in the subject of Arctic exploration. In 1859, at a meeting of the New York Geographical Society, he offered to "go in search of the bones of Franklin." Funds to the amount of about $1,200 were raised to aid him, and in May, 1860, he sailed from New London, Conn., on board a whaling vessel commanded by Captain Buddington, with whom he was associated in his two subsequent expeditions. The whaler becoming blocked up by ice, he resolved to make himself acquainted with life among the Esquimaux. He had the good fortune to fall in with Ebierbing and his wife Tookoolito, two Esquimaux who spoke English, having been taken to England not long before, where they were presented to Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. They were his constant companions during the remainder of his life. He returned to New York in September, 1862, and devoted two years to the preparation of his book, *Arctic Researches, and Life Among the Esquimaux*.

A FEAST WITH THE INNUITS.

Our breakfast and dinner were both excellent. For the former, raw frozen walrus, of which I had for my

share a piece of about five pounds, and at the latter, seal; the portion of this allotted to me and Sterry was the head. We complied with the Innuit custom. Sterry took a mouthful, then passed it to me, and when I had done the same it was returned to him, and so on. No knives and forks are found among the Innuits; fingers are more than their equivalent. When the meat, skin, and hair were all despatched, we tapped the brain. I was surprised at the amount of a seal's brains, and equally so at the deliciousness of them. The skull is almost as thin as paper. Shoot a seal in the head and it dies; shoot a walrus in the head, and the damage is to the ball, which is immediately flattened, without effecting any injury to the walrus.

Later in the day I attended another feast at the igloo of Kookin, who had invited his old mother and two other venerable dames; and I must say that if my friends at home could have seen how like an Innuit I ate, they would have blushed for me. First came a portion of seal's liver, raw, and warm from its late existence in full life. This with a slice of blubber was handed to each, and I made way with mine as quick as any of the old adepts; then came ribs inclosed in tender meat, dripping with blood. Lastly came entrails, which the old lady drew through her fingers, yards in length. This was served to everyone but me in pieces of two to three feet long. I saw at once that it was supposed that I would not like to eat this delicacy; but having partaken of it before, I signified my wish to do so now; for, be it remembered, there is no part of a seal but is good. I drew the ribbon-like food through my teeth, Innuit fashion; finished it, and then asked for more. This immensely pleased the old dames. They were in ecstasies. It seemed as if they thought me the best of the group. They laughed, they bestowed upon me all the most pleasant epithets their language would admit. I was one of them—one of the honored few.—*Arctic Researches, Chap. XV.*

Hall had, in the meanwhile, been making preparations for a second expedition, **the immediate object**

of which was to ascertain the fate of Sir John Franklin and his companions. He took passage, July 30, 1864, on board a whaling vessel of which Buddington was the commander, expecting to be absent two or three years; but he did not return until late in 1869. He kept a full and minute journal of this expedition, expecting to prepare it for the press after he had made one more voyage, which he had projected, in which he hoped even to reach the North Pole. These journals remained unpublished until 1879, when they were edited, with much illustrative matter, by Professor J. E. Nourse.

FATE OF THE LAST OF FRANKLIN'S COMPANY.

The result of my sledge-journey to King William's Land may be summed up thus: None of Sir John Franklin's companions ever reached or died on Montreal Island. It was late in July, 1848, that Crozier and his party of about forty or forty-five, passed down the west coast of King William's Land in the vicinity of Cape Herschel. The party was dragging two sledges on the sea-ice, which was nearly in its last stage of dissolution. One a large sledge laden with an awning-covered boat, and the other a small one laden with provisions and camp material. Just before Crozier and his party arrived at Cape Herschel, they were met by four families of natives, and both parties went into camp near each other. Two Esquimaux men, who were of the native party, gave me much sad but deeply interesting information. Some of it stirred my heart with sadness, intermingled with rage, for it was a confession that they, with their companions, did secretly and hastily abandon Crozier and his party to suffer and die for need of fresh provisions, when, in truth, it was in the power of the natives to save every man alive.

The next trace of Crozier and his party is to be found in the skeleton which McClintock and his party dis-

covered a little below, to the southward and eastward of Cape Herschel; this was never found by the natives. The next trace is a camping-place on the sea-shore of King William's Land, about three miles eastward of Pfeffer River, where two men died and received burial. At this place fish-bones were found by the natives, which showed them that Crozier and his party had caught while there a species of fish excellent for food, with which the sea there abounds. The next trace of this party occurs about five or six miles eastward, on a long, low point, of King William's Land, where one man died and was buried. Then about south-southeast, two and a half miles farther, the next trace occurs on Todd's Islet, where the remains of five men lie. The next certain trace of this party is on the west side of this islet, west of Point Richardson, on some low land that is an island or part of the main land, as the tide may be. Here the awning-covered boat and the remains of about thirty or thirty-five of Crozier's party were found by the natives.

In the spring of 1849, a large tent was found by the natives whom I saw, the floor of which was completely covered with the remains of white men. Close by were two graves. This tent was a little inland from the head of Terror Bay. In the spring of 1867, when the snow was nearly all gone, an Esquimaux party, conducted by a native well known throughout the northern regions, found two boats with many skeletons in and about them. One of these boats had been previously found by McClintock; the other was found from a quarter to a half mile distant, and must have been completely entombed in snow at the time McClintock's parties were there, or they most assuredly would have seen it. In and about this boat, besides the skeletons alluded to, were found many relics, most of them similar in character to those McClintock has enumerated as having been found in the boat he discovered.

I tried hard to accomplish far more than I did; but not one of the company would on any account whatsoever consent to remain with me in that country, and make a summer search over that island which, from information I had gained from the natives, I had reason to suppose would be rewarded by the discovery of the

whole of the manuscript records that had been accumulated in that great expedition, and had been deposited in a vault a little way inland or eastward of Cape Victory.

Could I and my party with any reasonable safety have remained to make a summer search on King William's Land, it is not only probable that we should have recovered the logs and journals of Sir John Franklin's expedition, but have gathered up and entombed the remains of nearly one hundred of his companions; for they lie about the places where the three boats have been found, and at the large camping-place at the head of Terror Bay, and the three other places that I have already mentioned. Wherever the Esquimaux have found the graves of Franklin's companions, they have dug them open and robbed the dead, leaving them exposed to the ravages of wild beasts. On Todd's Island there were the remains of five men who were not buried; but after the savages had robbed them of every article that could be turned to account for their use, their dogs were allowed to finish the disgusting work. The native who conducted my native party in its search over King William's Land, is the same individual who, in 1864, gave Dr. Rae the first information about white men having died to the west of Pelly Bay.—*Second Arctic Expedition.*

In the summer of 1869, before returning from the second expedition, Hall was fully engrossed with the purpose of conducting another expedition to the very North Pole. In his journal he writes:

PROJECTS FOR A POLAR EXPEDITION.

Day after day I have been reading and rereading the books I have with me on Arctic voyages. How my soul longs for the time to come when I can be on my North Pole expedition! I cannot, if I would, restrain my zeal for making Arctic discoveries. My purpose is to make as quick a voyage as possible to the States, and then at once to make preparations for my Polar Expedition. I hope to start next spring with a vessel for Jones's

Sound, and thence toward the North Pole as far as navigation will permit. The following spring, by sledge-journey, I will make for the goal of my ambition—the North Pole. I do hope to be able to resume snow-hut and tent encampment very near the Pole by the latter part of 1870, and much nearer—indeed at the very Pole—in the spring following, to wit, in 1871. There is no use in man's saying, it cannot be done—that the North Pole is beyond our reach. By judicious plans, and by having a carefully selected company, I trust, with a Heaven-protecting care, to reach it in less time, and with far less mental anxieties, than I have experienced to get to King William's Land. I have always held to the opinion that whoever would lead the way there should first have years of experience among the wild natives of the North : and this is one of my reasons for submitting to searching so long for the lost ones of Franklin's expedition.—*Second Arctic Expedition.*

After the return of Hall from the second expedition, Government was induced to fit out another to be conducted by Hall. A steamer was purchased, fitted out, and named the Polaris. This was placed under the general command of Hall, Captain Buddington being sailing-master, and there were also several scientific associates. The Polaris sailed from New York June 20, 1871. They reached the most northern settlement in Greenland on the 24th day of August, whence, on the 30th, they steamed up Smith Sound, and a week after reached latitude 82° 16′, the most northern point which had ever been attained. The channel was found to be blocked up by ice ; and the Polaris turned back, and was laid up for the winter in a sheltered cove in latitude 81° 38′, to which Hall gave the name of Thank-God Harbor. On the 10th of October, Hall, with three companions,

set out upon a sledge-journey to the north. Before leaving he drew up specific instructions to Buddington, who was to command in his absence, or in case of his death.

HALL'S INSTRUCTIONS TO BUDDINGTON.

I am about to proceed on a sledge-journey for the object to determine how far north the land extends on the east side of the Strait on which the *Polaris* is wintering, and also to prospect for a feasible inland route to the northwest for next spring's sledging in my attempt to reach the North Pole ; this route to be adopted providing the ice of the Strait should be found so hummucky that sledging over it would be impracticable ; and furthermore to hunt musk-cattle, believing and knowing, as I do from experience, that all the fresh meat for use of a ship's company situated as is that of the *Polaris*, should be secured before the long Arctic night closes upon us. You will, as soon as possible, have the remainder of the stores and provisions that are on shore taken up onto the plain by the observatory, and placed with the other stores and provisions in as complete order as possible. . . .

Should any such calamity be in store for the *Polaris* (which I pray God may not be), that a storm from the northward should drive the ice out of Thank-God Harbor, and the *Polaris* with it, during the coming spring-tides, then have steam gotten up as quickly as possible, and lose no time in getting the vessel back to her former position. But should the *Polaris* be driven into the moving pack-ice of the Strait, and there become beset, and you should not be able to get her released, then, unfortunately, the vessel and all on board must go to the southwest, drifting with the pack ; God only knowing where and when you and the ship's company would find means to escape. But whenever you should get released, if anywhere between Cape Alexander and Cape York, or between the latter and the Arctic Circle, you will then make your way to Godhavn, Disco Island ; and if the *Polaris* remains seaworthy, you will fill her

up with provisions, and next fall (of 1872) steam back to this place. If the vessel should become a wreck, or disabled from the imminent exposure and dangers of such an ice-drift as referred to, then all possible use of your best judgment must be brought into play for the preservation of the lives of all belonging to the expedition. Although I feel almost certain that the *Polaris* is safely lodged in her winter position, yet we know not what a storm may quickly bring forth. A full storm from the south can send the pack of the Strait impinging upon the land-pack, in the midst of which we are, and in a few moments cast the *Polaris* high and dry upon the land. During the spring-tides let great vigilance be exercised, especially during any gale or storm at the time of high tides. . . .

Hoping that God will protect you in the discharge of the high duties which devolve upon you, I bid you adieu, and all those of my command, trusting on my return to find "*All's Well;*" and trusting, too, that I shall be able to say that my sledge-journey, under the protection and guidance of Heaven, has been a complete success, not only in having made a higher northing, a nearer approach to the North Pole, than ever white man before, but that a practicable inland sledge-route far north has been found, and many musk-cattle have been seen and captured.—*The Polaris Expedition.*

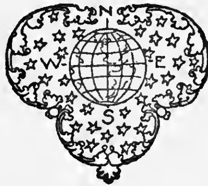
On October 16th the upper limb of the sun was seen for a short time above the tops of the mountains. The next day it did not appear; the long Arctic night had commenced, and for one hundred and thirty-two days they would look in vain for the return of the sun. The farthest northern point attained was on the 20th, in lat. 82° 3′. The thermometer marked a temperature of —20° to 23° F., that is, about 54° below the freezing point; but some 40° higher than has been observed much farther to the south. They set out on their return on the 21st; and a little past noon on the

24th they caught sight of the masts of the Polaris, and were soon on board.

Hall drank a cup of coffee, and was immediately seized with a violent retching. At 8 o'clock in the evening he had an apoplectic attack, and his right side was found to be paralyzed. On the morning of the 25th he seemed much better; but in the evening he was again attacked by violent nausea. For ten days his condition was varied. On the 6th of November there appeared to be a marked improvement, and he began to set in order the records of his sledge-journey. But during the night he had another severe attack. On the morning of the 7th he sank into a comatose state, from which he did not rally, and expired three hours after midnight on the morning of the 8th. With difficulty a shallow grave was dug in the frozen ground, in which the remains of the explorer were deposited.

The subsequent fate of the Polaris and her crew forms one of the most striking chapters in the history of Arctic exploration. The vessel lay in winter-quarters until August, 1872. It was determined to return, and for weeks they tried to work their way through the ice-pack. On the 15th of October the Polaris was in imminent peril, and preparations were made to abandon her. The boats were placed upon the ice, with many stores, and nineteen of the crew; but before the rest could be landed the vessel broke loose from the ice-floes. For one hundred and ninety-five days those on the ice drifted back and forth, but in a general southerly direction, and were saved from

starvation only by the skill of Ebierbing as a hunter. They were picked up, April 30, 1873, in lat. 53° 35′, by a Nova Scotia whaling steamer, having drifted helplessly nearly 2,000 miles. The Polaris in the meanwhile drifted upon an island, where those who remained on board built a hut, in which they passed the winter. In the spring they built two boats from the boards of the vessel, and early in June, 1873, set sail southward. They were picked up June 23d by a Scottish whaler, by which they were carried to Dundee, where they arrived on the 18th of September. The hulk of the Polaris had been given to a band of Esquimaux; but she afterward drifted off, and went down in deep water. The *Narrative of the Polaris Expedition* was compiled by Admiral Charles N. Davis, and published by order of the Government in 1876.



HALL, EDWARD, an English historian, born in London about 1470; died in 1547. He was a lawyer, and Judge in the Sheriff's Court, London. He was one of the earliest of the English chroniclers. His work, which was printed in 1548, is entitled *The Union of the two noble and illustre Famelies of Lancastre and Yorke, with all the Acts done in both the Tymes of the Princes, both of the one Linage and the other.*

This work is of great historical value, as it furnishes the testimony of an eye-witness on several important matters overlooked by other narrators. It begins with the famous combat at Coventry between Henry of Hereford and Thomas Mowbray; it follows the tragic progress of the strife between York and Lancaster till it is brought to a close by the marriage of Henry VII. with Margaret of York. It then shows England united and at rest under Henry VIII., presents the governmental policy of this monarch under a favorable light, and emphatically and intolerantly sides with the Protestants on the religious question. For all the ceremonials of utterance and action the author has all a lawyer's respect. His pages are often adorned with the pageantry and material garniture of his story. In his style he unites the frequent duplication and dreary redundancy of legal phraseology with that evident striving after bal-

ance of clauses and fanciful and forcible expressions, which not long afterward resulted in the euphuism of the Elizabethan writers.

The following extracts will show how much Shakespeare was indebted, even for language, to the authorities from whom he derived his facts. The spelling is here conformed to modern usage:

RICHARD OF GLOSTER AND THE COUNCIL.

The Lord Protector caused a council to be set at the Tower, on Friday the thirteenth day of June, where there was much communing for the honorable solemnity of the coronation, of the which the time appointed approached so near that the pageants were a-making day and night at Westminster, and victual killed, which afterward was cast away.

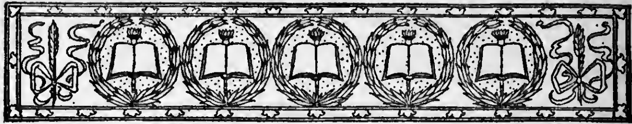
These lords thus sitting, communing of this matter, the Protector came in among them, about nine of the clock, saluting them courteously, excusing himself that he had been from them so long, saying merrily that he had been a sleeper that day. And after a little talking with him, he said to the bishop of Ely: "My Lord, you have very good strawberries in your garden at Holborn; I require you let us have a mess of them." "Gladly, my Lord," quoth he; "I would I had some better thing as ready to your pleasure as that:" and with that in all haste, he sent his servant for a dish of strawberries. The Protector set the lords fast in communing, and thereupon prayed them to spare him a little; and so he departed, and came again between ten and eleven of the clock into the chamber, all changed, with a sour, angry countenance, knitting the brows, frowning and fretting, and gnawing on his lips; and so set him down in his place. All the lords were dismayed and sore marvelled of this manner and sudden change, and what thing should him ail. When he had sitten a while, thus he began: "What were they worthy to have that compass and imagine the destruction of me, being so near of blood to the king, and protector of this his

royal realm?" At this question all the lords sat sore astonished, musing much by whom the question should be meant, of which every man knew himself clear.

Then the Lord Hastings, as he that, for the familiarity that was between them, thought he might be boldest with him, answered, and said that they were worthy to be punished as heinous traitors, whatsoever they were; and all the others affirmed the same. "That is," quoth he, "yonder sorceress, my brother's wife, and other with her," meaning the queen. Many of the lords were sore abashed which favored her; but the Lord Hastings was better content in his mind that he was moved by her than by any other that he loved better; albeit his heart grudged that he was not afore made of counsel in this matter, as well as he was of the taking of her kindred, and of their putting to death, which were by his assent before devised to be beheaded at Pomfret, that self-same day; in the which he was not ware that it was by other devised that he himself should the same day be beheaded at London. "Then," said the Protector, "in what wise that sorceress and other of her counsel—as Shore's wife with her affinity—have, by their sorcery and witchcraft, thus wasted my body!" and therewith plucked up his doublet sleeve to his elbow, on his left arm, where he showed a very withered arm, and small, as it was never other.

Also, there was no man there but knew that his arm was ever such sith the day of his birth. Nevertheless, the Lord Hastings, which from the death of King Edward kept Shore's wife, his heart somewhat grudged to have her whom he loved so highly accused, and that, as he knew well, untruly; therefore he answered, and said: "Certainly, my Lord; if they have so done, they be worthy of heinous punishment." "What!" quoth the Protector, "thou servest me, I ween, with *if* and with *and;* I tell thee they have done it, and that will I make good on thy body, traitor!" And therewith, as in a great anger, he clapped his fist on the board a great rap, at which token given, one cried treason without the chamber, and therewith a door clapped, and in came rushing men in harness, as many as the chamber could hold. And anon the Protector said to the Lord Hast-

ings: "I arrest thee, traitor!" "What! me, my Lord?" quoth he. "Yea, the traitor," quoth the Protector. And one let fly at the Lord Stanley, which shrunk at the stroke, and fell under the table, or else his head had been cleft to the teeth; for as shortly as he shrunk, yet ran the blood about his ears. Then was the archbishop of York, and Doctor Morton, bishop of Ely, and the Lord Stanley taken, and divers others which were bestowed in divers chambers, save the Lord Hastings, whom the Protector commanded to speed and shrive him apace. "For, by St. Poule," quoth he, "I will not dine till I see thy head off." It booted him not to ask why, but heavily he took a priest at a venture, and made a short shrift, for a longer would not be suffered, the Protector made so much haste to his dinner, which might not go to it till this murder were done, for saving of his ungracious oath. So was he brought forth into the green, beside the chapel within the Tower, and his head laid down on a log of timber that lay there for building of the chapel, and there tyrannously stricken off; and after, his body and head were interred at Winsor, by this master, King Edward the Fourth; whose soul Jesu pardon. Amen.



HALL, JAMES, an American jurist and traveller, born at Philadelphia, August 19, 1793; died near Cincinnati, July 5, 1868. He had begun the study of law, but in 1812 joined the army, and served upon the northern frontier, and afterward went with Decatur in the expedition against Algiers. In 1818 he resigned his commission in the army, and resumed the study of law. In 1820 he removed to Shawneetown, Ill., where he practised his profession, and edited a weekly newspaper. Four years afterward he was elected Judge of the Circuit Court; but this office being abolished, he went in 1833 to Cincinnati, where he entered upon financial pursuits and literary labor. His principal works are *Letters from the West*, originally published in the *Port Folio*, then edited by his brother (1829); *Legends of the West* and *The Soldier's Bride, and Other Tales* (1832); *The Harpe's Head: a Legend of Kentucky* (1833); *Statistics of the West* and *Life of William H. Harrison* (1836); *History of the Indian Tribes*, in conjunction with Thomas L. McKenney, a splendidly illustrated work in three folio volumes, the price being $120 (1838–44); *The Wilderness and the War Path* (1845); *Life of Thomas Posey, Governor of Illinois*, in "Spark's American Biography" (1846); *Notes on the Western States* (1849), and *Romance of Western History* (1857).

THE PRAIRIE.

The attraction of the prairie consists in its extent, its carpet of verdure and flowers, its undulating surface, its groves, and the fringe of timber by which it is surrounded. Of all these, the latter is the most expressive feature ; it is that which gives character to the landscape, which imparts the shape, and marks the boundary of the plain. If the prairie be small, its greatest beauty consists in the vicinity of the surrounding margin of woodland, which resembles the shore of a lake, indented with deep vistas like bays and inlets, and throwing out long points like capes and headlands ; while occasionally these points approach so close on either hand, that the traveller passes through a narrow avenue or strait, where the shadows of the woodland fall upon his path—and then again emerges into another prairie. When the plain is large, the forest outline is seen in the far perspective, like the dim shore when beheld at a distance from the ocean. The eye sometimes roams over the green meadow, without discovering a tree, a shrub, or any object in the immense expanse, but the wilderness of grass and flowers ; while at another time, the prospect is enlivened by the groves, which are seen interspersed like islands, or the solitary tree, which stands alone in the blooming desert. . . .

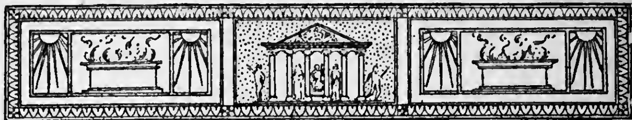
In the summer the prairie is covered with long coarse grass, which assumes a golden hue, and waves in the wind like a ripe harvest. Those who have not a personal knowledge of the subject would be deceived by the accounts which are published of the height of the grass. It is seldom so tall as travellers have represented, nor does it attain its highest growth in the richest soil. In the low, wet prairies, where the substratum of clay lies near the surface, the centre or main stem of this grass, which bears the seed, acquires great thickness, and shoots up to the height of eight or nine feet, throwing out a few long coarse leaves or blades, and the traveller often finds it higher than his head as he rides through it on horseback. The plants, although numerous and standing close together, appear to grow

singly and unconnected, the whole force of the vegetative power expending itself upward. But in the rich undulating prairies the grass is finer, with less of stock, and a greater profusion of leaves. The roots spread and interweave so as to form a compact, even sod, and the blades expand into a close thick sward, which is seldom more than eighteen inches high, and often less, until late in the season, when the seed-bearing stem shoots up. The first coat of grass is mingled with small flowers; the violet, the bloom of the strawberry, and others of the most minute and delicate texture. As the grass increases in size, these disappear, and others, taller and more gaudy, display their brilliant colors upon the green surface, and still later a larger and coarser succession rises with the rising tide of verdure.

A fanciful writer asserts that the prevalent color of the prairie flower is, in the spring, a bluish purple, in midsummer red, and in the autumn yellow. The truth is, that the whole of the surface of these beautiful plains is clad throughout the season of verdure with every imaginable variety of color, "from grave to gay." It is impossible to conceive a more infinite diversity, or a richer profusion of hues, or to detect any predominating tint, except the green, which forms the beautiful ground, and relieves the exquisite brilliancy of all the others. The only changes of color observed at the different seasons arise from the circumstance that in the spring the flowers are small and the colors delicate; as the heat becomes more ardent a hardier race appears, the flowers attain a greater size and the hue deepens; and still later a succession of coarser plants rise above the tall grass, throwing out larger and gaudier flowers. As the season advances from spring to midsummer, the individual becomes less beautiful when closely inspected, but the landscape is far more variegated, rich and glowing.

In the winter the prairies present a gloomy and desolate scene. The fire has passed over them and consumed every vegetable substance, leaving the soil bare, and the surface perfectly black. That gracefully waving outline, which was so attractive to the eye when clad in green is now disrobed of all its ornaments; its

fragrance, its notes of joy, and the graces of its landscape, have all vanished, and the bosom of the cold earth, scorched and discolored, is alone visible. The wind sighs mournfully over the black plain; but there is no object to be moved by its influence—not a tree to wave its long arms in the blast, nor a reed to bend its fragile stem—not a leaf, nor even a blade of grass to tremble in the breeze. There is nothing to be seen but the cold dead earth and the bare mounds, which move not—and the traveller with a singular sensation, almost of awe, feels the blast rushing over him, while not an object visible to the eye is seen to stir. Accustomed as the mind is to associate with the action of the wind its operation upon surrounding objects, and to see nature bowing and trembling, and the fragments of matter mounting upon the wind, as the storm passes, there is a novel effect produced on the mind of one who feels the current of air rolling heavily over him, while nothing moves around.—*Notes on the Western States.*

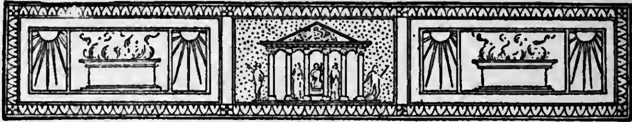


HALL, JOHN, an American clergyman and religious writer, born near Armagh, Ireland, July 31, 1829, and died September 17, 1898. He was educated at Belfast College, and after a year or two of missionary work in the west of Ireland, was pastor successively of a Presbyterian church in Armagh, and of St. Mary's Abbey in Dublin. In 1867 he was called to New York as pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church. He was the author of *Papers for Home Reading* (1871); *Questions of the Day* (1873); *God's Word through Preaching* (1875); *Foundation Stones for Young Builders* (1879); *A Christian Home: How to Make, and How to Maintain it* (1883); *Light unto my Path* (1895); in conjunction with G. H. Stuart, *American Evangelists* (1875), and in conjunction with David Swing and others, *From Beginning to End, Comments on the Life of Christ* (1890).

"There was probably no man occupying a pulpit in America," says Dr. Nevin in his *Presbyterian Encyclopædia*, "who exercised a wider influence for good, or won a truer fame by a consistency and devotedness worthy of all imitation." "Dr. Hall appeared to speak *extempore*," says the same writer, "but his sermons were written more or less fully, although he never took his manuscript into the pulpit. He made no demonstrations, but while calm and moderate in both language and gestures, he was deeply impressive."

MAKING VOID GOD'S LAW OF ORDER.

Men have made void God's law of order. He best knows the relative values of things, and is entitled to prescribe the amount and kind of attention we should give to them. He has promulgated a law on this point. Jesus, His Son, puts it thus: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." The meaning is plain. If your child is dangerously ill, you forget a variety of important and lawful questions as to how he shall be educated, clothed, and get a profession, and you concentrate all attention on the one, "How shall he be saved from death?" till it is conclusively settled. This is common-sense. So should it be here as to ourselves. Settle first the pressing, all-important business —of being saved—and other things in their places. This is not merely enjoined, it is exemplified. Solomon asked wisdom as the principal and most urgent thing, and got it, and with it riches and honors. So God will give with His righteousness "other things"—not all "good things," for the Lord is careful not to convey that idea. Now there is God's law of order. Have not men generally made it void? Have they not reversed it? Have they not first sought the "other things," and believed that by the way, in the intervals of the eager pursuit, they could well enough secure the kingdom? Have they not generally regarded the primary business of life as a quite different thing from seeking the kingdom? I appeal to yourselves, my readers, for the confirmation of this. God says—"First spiritual then temporal; first the soul, then the body—first the life that is eternal, then the life that now is." Man says—"First the temporal, then the spiritual; first the body, then the soul; first the present life, then the eternal." What God puts first, man puts last; what God puts last, men put first. His law of order, men make void. It is so in the education of our children, in selecting professions, in choosing company for them, in choosing our houses, in laying our plans, and carrying out our arrangements.—*Papers for Home Reading.*



HALL, JOSEPH, an English clergyman and religious writer, born at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, July 1, 1574; died at Higham, near Norwich, September 8, 1656. He was educated at Cambridge, took Holy Orders, and was made Dean of Worcester in 1617, Bishop of Exeter in 1627, and Bishop of Norwich in 1641. In the latter year he was one of the bishops who protested against the validity of certain laws passed during their enforced absence from Parliament, and was committed to the Tower. In 1643 his episcopal revenues were confiscated, and his personal property was pillaged. His subsequent life was passed in poverty. He was the author of several prose works, among which are *A Plain and Familiar Explication of all the Hard Texts in Scripture* and *Contemplations on the Historical Passages of the Holy Story.*

While most of Hall's writings are controversial, he claims to be the first English writer to use the epistolary style of writing, but both Ascham and Howell had anticipated him. He also claims to be the earliest English satirist, though Hallam disputes this. Hall's satires, published under the title *Virgidemiarum Sixe Bookes* (1598), and consisting of three books of *Toothlesse Satyrs* and three of *Byting Satyrs*, were very highly praised by Campbell and Warton. A complete edition of his works was put forth at Oxford in twelve volumes, 1837-39.

UPON THE SIGHT OF A GREAT LIBRARY.

What a world of wit is here packed up together: I know not whether this sight doth more dismay or comfort me: it dismays me to think that here is so much that I cannot know; it comforts me to think that this variety yields so good helps to know what I should. There is no truer word than that of Solomon. There is no end of making many books: this sight verifies it—there is no end; indeed it were pity there should: God hath given to man a busy soul, the agitation whereof cannot, but through time and experience, work out many hidden truths; to suppress these, would be no other than injurious to mankind, whose minds, like unto so many candles, should be kindled by each other: the thoughts of our deliberation are most accurate; these we vent into our papers. What a happiness is it, that, without all offence of necromancy, I may here call up any of the ancient worthies of learning, whether human or divine, and confer with them of all my doubts!—that I can at pleasure summon whole synods of reverend fathers, and acute doctors, from all the coasts of the earth, to give their well-studied judgments in all points of question which I propose! Neither can I cast my eye casually upon any of these silent masters but I must learn somewhat: it is a wantonness to complain of choice. No law binds me to read all; but the more we can take in and digest, the better liking must the mind's needs be; blessed be God that hath set up so many clear lamps in His church! Now, none but the wilfully blind can plead darkness; and blessed be the memory of those His faithful servants, that have left their blood, their spirits, their lives, in these precious papers, and have willingly wasted themselves into these enduring monuments, to give light unto others!

Hall's only poetical works were a series of satires entitled *Virgidemiarum*, published in 1597–98 The following is one of these poems:

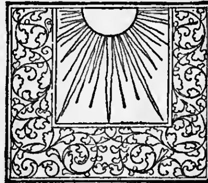
ANTHEM FOR THE CATHEDRAL OF EXETER.

Lord! what am I? A worm, dust, vapor, nothing!
  What is my life? a dream, daily dying!
What is my flesh? My soul's uneasy clothing!
  What is my time? A minute ever flying!
My time, my flesh, my life, and I—
What are we, Lord, but vanity?

Where am I, Lord? Down in a vale of death?
  What is my trade? Sin, my dear God's offending;
My sport, sin too! my stay a puff of breath!
  What end of sin? Hell's horror never-ending!
My way, my trade, sport, stay, and place
Help to make up my doleful case.

Lord, what art Thou? Pure life, beauty, bliss!
  Where dwell'st Thou? Up above in perfect light.
What is Thy time? Eternity it is.
  What state? Attendance of each glorious spirit.
Thyself, Thy peace, Thy days, Thy state,
Pass all the thoughts of powers create.

How shall I reach Thee, Lord? Oh, soar above,
  Ambitious soul! But which way should I fly?
Thou, Lord, art way and end. What wings have I?
  Aspiring thoughts of faith, of hope, of love:
Oh, let those wings that way alone
Present me to Thy blissful throne!



HALL, Louisa Jane (Park), an American poetess, was born at Newburyport, Mass., February 7, 1802. She was the daughter of James Park, M.D., who removed to Boston in 1804, and became editor of the Federalist journal *The Repertory*. In 1811 Dr. Park established in Boston a school for young ladies; at which his daughter received a thorough education. A number of her early fugitive poems appeared anonymously when she was about twenty years of age; and at the age of twenty-three she allowed the first part of her poem *Miriam* to be read at a literary party, and was encouraged by those who heard it to complete the work. In 1831 the family removed to Worcester; where, being almost totally blind for some four or five years, she was assisted by her father in the preparation of her *Life of Miss Carter* and her *Joanna of Naples*. At the age of thirty-eight she was married to Rev. Edward B. Hall, a Unitarian minister of Providence. Her published works include *Miriam*, a dramatic poem, which appeared in 1837—many years after it was written; *Joanna of Naples* (1838), a historical tale in prose; and a *Life of Elizabeth Carter*, the learned translator of Epictetus.

"There is something stately," writes Sarah Hale, "in the genius of Mrs. Hall which seems statue-like. We feel that this repose is a part of

the beauty ; and yet one would wish to see it disturbed, if only to prove the power which the inspired artist possesses." Her prose works, Mrs. Hale thinks, evince a cultivated mind and refined taste; and the subject of *Miriam*, her principal poem, "has never been treated with a more just appreciation of its nature and capacities."

WAKING DREAMS.

Of idle hopes and fancies wild,
O Father, dispossess Thy child ;
Teach me that wasted thought is sin,
Teach me to rule this world within.

While waking dreams the mind control,
There is no growth in this poor soul ;
And visions hold me back from deeds,
And earth is dear, and heaven recedes.

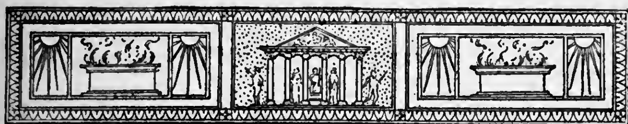
Oh, with one flash of heavenly light
Rouse me, although with pain and fright;
Show me the sin of wasted powers ;
Scourge me from useless, dreaming hours.

GROW NOT OLD.

Never, my heart, wilt thou grow old!
My hair is white, my blood runs cold,
And one by one my powers depart;
But youth sits smiling in my heart.

Downhill the path of age? Oh no!
Up, up, with patient steps I go ;
I watch the skies fast brightening there,
I breathe a sweeter, purer air.

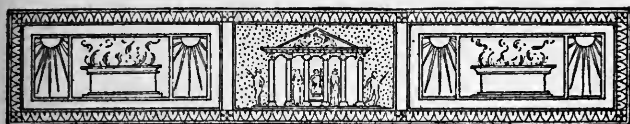
Beat on, my heart, and grow not old!
And when thy pulses all are told,
Let me, though working, loving, still,
Kneel as I meet my Father's will.



HALL, Newman, an English Congregational clergyman and religious writer, of London, England, born at Maidstone, May 22, 1816, and died February 18, 1902. He was educated at Highbury College and at the London University. In 1854 he was called to the Surrey Chapel in the Blackfriars Road, London. Here he opened a course of Monday evening lectures and concerts, to draw men from the public-houses. This was the beginning of a movement that has since spread widely among all denominations. During the Civil War in America he exerted himself to allay the feelings of bitterness existing between England and America. He made two tours in the United States, preached on one occasion before the House of Representatives, and the next day delivered an address on International Relations. Among his works are *The Christian Philosopher* (1849); *Homeward Bound*, a volume of sermons; *The Land of the Forum and the Vatican* (1854); *Lectures in America* (1868); *Pilgrim Songs in Cloud and Sunshine* (1871); *Prayer, its Reasonableness and Efficacy* (1875); *The Lord's Prayer* (1883); *Songs of Earth and Heaven* (1885); *Gethsemane, or Leaves of Healing from the Garden of Grief* (1893); *Divine Brotherhood* (1893); *Atonement the Fundamental Fact of Christianity* (1893). His devotional treatise *Come to Jesus* has been translated into upward of twenty languages.

TRUE DIGNITY.

In the search after true dignity, you may point me to the sceptred prince ruling over mighty empires, to the lord of broad acres teeming with fertility, or the owner of coffers bursting with gold; you may tell me of the man of learning, of the historian or the philosopher, of the poet or the artist; you may remind me of the man of science extracting from nature her invaluable secrets, or of the philanthropist, to whom the eyes of admiring multitudes may be turned, and while prompt to render to such men all the honor which in varying degrees may be their due, I would emphatically declare that neither power, nor nobility, nor wealth, nor learning, nor genius, nor benevolence, nor all combined, have a monopoly of dignity. I would take you to the dingy office, where day by day the pen plies its weary task, or to the retail store, where from early morning till half the world have sunk to sleep, toilsome attendance, with scarce an interval for food, and none for thought, is given to distribute the necessities and luxuries of life; I would descend further—I would take you to the ploughman plodding along his furrows; to the mechanic throwing the swift shuttle, or tending the busy wheels; to the miner groping his darksome way in the deep caverns of the earth; to the man of the needle, or the trowel, or the hammer, or the forge; and if, while he diligently prosecutes his humble toil, he looks up with a submissive, grateful, loving eye to Heaven, if in what he does he recognizes his Master in the Eternal God, and expects his wages from on high, if while thus laboring on earth, anticipating the rest of heaven, he can say, as did a poor man, who, when commiserated on account of his humble lot, said, taking off his hat, "Sir, I am the son of a King; I am a child of God; and when I die, angels will carry me direct to the court of heaven."—O, when I have shown you such a spectacle, I will ask, "Is there not *also* Dignity in Toil?"—*Sermons.*



HALL, ROBERT, an eminent English Baptist pulpit orator and religious writer, born at Arnesby, Leicestershire, May 2, 1764; died at Bristol, February 21, 1831. After studying at a Dissenting academy at Bristol, he entered King's College, Aberdeen, at the age of sixteen. Here he became intimate with James (afterward Sir James) Mackintosh, then a student in the University. From their fondness for Greek literature they were styled "Plato and Herodotus" by their fellow-students. In 1783, while still a student at Aberdeen, Hall was called as assistant pastor to the Broadmead Baptist Church at Bristol; in 1790 he became pastor of the Baptist church at Cambridge, and rose at once to a foremost place among British preachers. In 1804, and for some years after, he had repeated attacks of insanity. By 1808 he had fully recovered, when he settled at Leicester, where he remained until 1826, when he was again called to Bristol. During nearly all his life he suffered most excruciating torture from some cause which physicians were unable to diagnose. For more than twenty years he was never able to pass a whole night in bed; and to allay his torture he used laudanum in large quantities—not infrequently as much as one thousand drops in a single night. A post-mortem examination showed that the cause of his suffering was a jagged calculus

which almost entirely filled the right kidney. "Probably," said his physician, "no man ever went through more physical suffering than did Mr. Hall; he was a fine example of the triumph of the higher powers of the mind, ennobled by religion, over the infirmities of the body."

Robert Hall's *Works* were published with a *Memoir*, by Olinthius Gregory (6 vols., London, 1831–35; republished in New York in two large volumes). Besides sermons and magazine articles his principal writings are *Christianity consistent with a Love of Freedom* (1791); *Apology for the Freedom of the Press* (1793); *Reflections on War* (1802); *On Terms of Communion* (1815); *The Essential Difference between Christian Baptism and the Baptism of John.* His most famous sermons are *Modern Infidelity considered with Reference to its Influence on Society* (1799); *Sentiments Proper to the Present Crisis* (1803); *The Death of Princess Charlotte*, heir-presumptive to the British Crown (1817).

ON WISDOM.

Every other quality besides is subordinate and inferior to wisdom, in the same sense as the mason who lays the bricks and stones in a building is inferior to the architect who drew the plan and superintends the work. The former executes only what the latter contrives and directs. Now, it is the prerogative of wisdom to preside over every inferior principle, to regulate the exercise of every power, and limit the indulgence of every appetite, as shall best conduce to one great end. It being the province of wisdom to preside, it sits as umpire on every difficulty, and so gives the final direction and control to all the powers of our nature. Hence it is entitled to be considered as the top and summit of perfection. It belongs to wisdom to determine when to

act and when to cease, when to reveal and when to conceal a matter—when to speak and when to keep silence—when to give and when to receive; in short, to regulate the measure of all things, as well as to determine the end, and provide the means of obtaining the end pursued in every deliberate course of action. Every particular faculty or skill, besides, needs to derive direction from this; they are all quite incapable of directing themselves. The art of navigation, for instance, will teach us to steer a ship across the ocean, but it will never teach us on what occasions it is proper to take a voyage. The art of war will instruct us how to marshal an army, or to fight a battle to the greatest advantage, but you must learn from a higher school when it is fitting, just, and proper to wage war or to make peace. The art of the husbandman is to sow and bring to maturity the precious fruits of the earth; it belongs to another skill to regulate their consumption by a regard to our health, fortune, and other circumstances. In short, there is no faculty we can exert, no species of skill we can apply, but requires a superintending hand—but looks up, as it were, to some higher principle, as a maid to her mistress for direction: and this universal superintendent is wisdom.

INFLUENCE OF GREAT AND SPLENDID ACTIONS.

Though it is confessed great and splendid actions are not the ordinary employment of life, but must from their nature be reserved for high and eminent occasions, yet that system is essentially defective which leaves no room for their production. They are important both from their immediate advantage and their remoter influence. They often save and always illustrate the age and nation in which they appear. They raise the standard of morals; they arrest the progress of degeneracy; they diffuse a lustre over the path of life. Monuments of the greatness of the human soul, they present to the world the august image of virtue in her sublimest form, from which streams of light and glory issue to remote times and ages; while their commemoration by the pens of historians and poets awakens in distant bosoms

the sparks of kindred excellence. Combine the frequent and familiar perpetration of atrocious deeds with the dearth of great and generous actions, and you have the exact picture of that condition of society which completes the degradation of the species—the frightful contrast of dwarfish virtues and gigantic vices, where everything good is mean and little, and everything evil is rank and luxuriant; a dead and sickening uniformity prevails, broken only at intervals by volcanic irruptions of anarchy and crime.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

Though the whole race of man is doomed to dissolution, and we are all hastening to our long home, yet at each successive moment life and death seem to divide between them the dominion of mankind, and life to have the larger share. It is otherwise in war; death reigns there without a rival, and without control. War is the work, the element—or, rather, the sport and triumph of death, who glories not only in the extent of his conquest, but in the richness of his spoil. In the other methods of attack, in the other forms which death assumes, the feeble and the aged, who at the best can live but a short time, are usually the victims; here it is the vigorous and the strong.

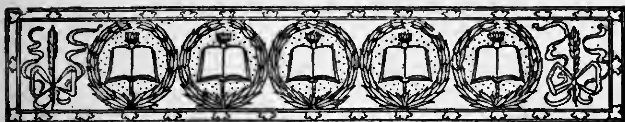
It is remarked by an ancient historian that in peace children bury their parents, in war parents bury their children; nor is the difference small. Children lament their parents, sincerely indeed, but with that moderate and tranquil sorrow which it is natural for those to feel who are conscious of retaining many tender ties, many animating prospects. Parents mourn for their children with the bitterness of despair. The aged parent, the widowed mother, loses, when she is deprived of her children, everything but the capacity of suffering; her heart, withered and desolate, admits no other hope. It is "Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they are not."

But to confine our attention to the number of the slain would give us a very inadequate idea of the ravages of the sword. The lot of those who perish instan-

taneously may be considered, apart from religious prospects, as comparatively happy, since they are exempt from those lingering diseases and slow torments to which others are liable. We cannot see an individual expire, though a stranger or an enemy, without being insensibly moved, and prompted by compassion to lend him every assistance in our power. Every trace of resentment vanishes in a moment; every other emotion gives way to pity and terror. In these last extremities we can remember nothing but the respect and tenderness due to our common nature. What a scene, then, must a field of battle present, where thousands are left without assistance and without pity, with their wounds exposed to the piercing air, while the blood—freezing as it flows—binds them to the earth, amid the trampling of horses and the insults of an enraged foe! If they are spared by the humanity of the enemy, and carried from the field, it is but a prolongation of the torment. Conveyed in uneasy vehicles, often to a remote distance, through roads almost impassable, they are lodged in ill-prepared receptacles for the wounded and the sick, where the variety of distress baffles the efforts of humanity and skill, and renders it impossible to give to each the attention he demands. Far from their native home, no tender assiduities of friendship, no well-known voice, no wife or mother or sister is near to soothe their sorrows, relieve their thirst or close their eyes in death. Unhappy man! and must you be swept into the grave unnoticed and unnumbered, and no friendly tear be shed for your sufferings or mingled with your dust?

We must remember, however, that, as a very small proportion of a military life is spent in actual combat, so it is a very small part of its miseries which must be ascribed to this source. More are consumed by the rust of inactivity than by the edge of the sword. Confined to a scanty or unwholesome diet, exposed in sickly climates, harassed with tiresome marches and perpetual alarms, their life is a continual scene of hardships and dangers. They grow familiar with hunger, cold, and watchfulness. Crowded into hospitals and prisons, contagion spreads among their ranks, till the ravages of disease exceed those of the enemy.

We have hitherto only adverted to the sufferings of those who are engaged in the profession of arms, without taking into our account the situation of the countries which are the scene of hostilities. How dreadful to hold everything at the mercy of an enemy, and to receive life itself as a boon dependent upon the sword. How boundless the fears which such a situation must inspire; when the issues of life and death are determined by no known laws, principles, or customs, and no conjecture can be formed of our destiny, except as it is dimly deciphered in characters of blood, in the dictates of revenge, and in the caprices of power. Conceive but a moment the consternation which the approach of an invading army would impress on the peaceful villages in this neighborhood. When you have placed yourselves for an instant in that situation, you will learn to sympathize with those unhappy countries which have sustained the ravages of armies. But how is it possible to give you an idea of these horrors? Here you behold rich harvests, the bounty of heaven and the reward of industry, consumed in a moment, or trampled under foot, while famine and pestilence follow the steps of desolation. There the cottages given up to the flames, mothers expiring through fear, not for themselves but their infants, the inhabitants flying with their helpless babes in all directions, miserable fugitives on their native soil. In another part you witness opulent cities taken by storm; the streets, where no sounds were heard but those of peaceful industry, filled on a sudden with slaughter and blood, resounding with the cries of the pursuing and the pursued; the palaces of the nobles demolished, the houses of the rich pillaged, the chastity of virgins and of matrons violated, and every age, sex, and rank mingled in promiscuous massacre and ruin.—*Reflections on War: a Sermon preached June 1, 1802.*



HALL, SAMUEL CARTER, an English editor and miscellaneous writer, born at Waterford, Ireland, May 9, 1800; died at Kensington, London, March 16, 1889. He began life as a reporter for the *London Times*. In 1825 he established *The Amulet*, an annual which he edited for several years. In 1830 he became editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and in 1839 established the *Art Journal*, of which he remained the editor during forty years. He also edited the *Book of Gems*, the *Book of British Ballads*, *Baronial Halls of England*, and other works. In 1841–43 he published, in conjunction with his wife (Anna Maria Hall, whom see), *Ireland, its Scenery, Characters, etc.* He published *A Book of Memories of Great Men and Women of the Age* (1870); *The Trial of Sir Jasper*, a poem (1873), and *The Retrospect of a Long Life* (1883).

"We may say, on the whole," wrote a critic in the *London Quarterly Review*, with special reference to Mr. Hall's collaboration with his wife, "that the literary, legendary, and antiquarian portions of his work are compiled with laudable diligence; and the statements and opinions are in general as sensible, candid, and trustworthy as could be expected from writers who fairly confess their unwillingness to say anything discreditable to the country and the majority of its people."

A KERRY FUNERAL.

The most touching and sad, though interesting, funeral we ever attended was at Mucross, during our recent visit. It was a damp and somewhat gloomy morning, and the waiter, who entered fully into our desire, told us, with evident pleasure, that we "were in great good luck, for two widows' sons were to be buried that day;"—adding, "I'm sorry for their trouble, but sure it was before them; and as they could not get over it, and as you had the curiosity to see it, I'm glad they're come to-day."

We walked about a quarter of a mile away, as it were, from the Cloghreen entrance to Mucross, to arrive at the gate appropriated for the passage of the dead to their last homes. Long before we could see any portion of the crowd, we heard the Keen swelling on the ear, now loud and tremulous, anon low and dying, dying away. Keening has fallen into disuse in this district; but the Kerry Keen was more like what we imagine the wild wail of the Banshee to be, than the demonstration of human sorrow. The body had been placed in a plain coffin—what in England would be called a shell; and this was put upon a very common hearse, not unlike a four-post bed, drawn by an active but miserable-looking horse. The widowed mother, shrouded in her blue cloak, sat beside the coffin; and when the Keeners cried the loudest, she rocked her body to and fro, and clasped her hands, as if to mark the beatings of her stricken heart. Those who followed were evidently the poorer class of artisans from the town of Killarney, and peasants of the neighborhood; yet they were orderly and well-behaved—no drunken man disturbed the mournful ceremony.

The humble grave was dug, not by any appointed sexton, but by a "neighbor;" and before it was half-finished, the other funeral we had been told of had filled another corner of the church-yard. This one had no hired Keeners, yet there was no lack of tears, and sighs, and bitter wailings. To us it was a wild and singular scene. While the narrow and shallow graves

were preparing, the mothers were crouching at the head of each coffin. The deep blue hoods completely concealed each countenance; and so alike in attitude was one to the other, that they could not have been distinguished apart. Groups of men and boys were scattered throughout the church-yard. In the distance, a young girl was kneeling beside a grave: sometimes she wept, and then threw herself upon the green sward with every demonstration of agony. Not heeding the crowd, who waited patiently for the lowering of the coffins, two aged women were seated, midway between the two funeral parties, on a broad flat stone, intent upon observing both; like the crones of the Bride of Lammermoor, they discoursed of the departed:

"And which of the two widdy women do you pity most, Ally?"

"Och and troth, by dis and by dat, I can't tell. Sure I saw Mary O'Sullivan's boy alive and well yesterday mornin', an' he said—it was mighty quare—'Mother,' says he to her, an' he going out at the door."

"Did he turn back to say it, alana?" interrupted the first speaker.

"He did."

"Inugh! Inugh! see that now. I wonder he hadn't better sinse than to turn back of a Saturday mornin'. 'Mother,' says he, 'what a handful you'll have of white silver to-night, and I in work all the week.' 'God bless you, my darlint, Amin!' she answered, and then he came about and kissed her. Oh, wasn't she turned intirely from life, when, in less than an hour after, he was brought in a corpse, and he her only comfort and help! I remember her a fine brave-looking woman, and see what she is now. Well, God look down upon us all!"

"Yarra! amen—there's Betsey Doolan out there, showing her bran-new shawl at a funeral! Well the consate of some people! Do you know where the up-funeral is from?"

"T'other side of Mangerton, they say—an only son too!"

"Oh, Peggy, ye ain't in airnest, are ye?"

"Faith, it's as thrue as gospel, Ally! or may I never light another pipe—two lone women's only sons: ain't

it a sorrowful sight? But her boy was going off in a consumption this many a day; and sure that was some comfort to her; to have him left in the sight of her eyes, and left to do what she could for him till the last; that was some comfort. Holy Mary! did ye hear that cry from Widdy O'Sullivan? What ails her? I——"

"Yah! they've got down on her husband's coffin, and she can't abide his bones being disturbed, and small blame to her; he was a decent man. Yah! yah! hear to that screetch, it bates the head-keener of them all—the strength of the trouble of the widdy's heart was in it; poor craythur! the Lord above look down and comfort ye!"

At last we saw the coffin lowered, but a little way beneath the turf, and the humble grave was quickly filled. When the coffin was completely covered, and the friendly grave-digger threw down his spade, every person in the church-yard knelt down; the men uncovered their heads, the females clasped their hands; the very children crowded to the spot, and knelt silently and reverently under the canopy of heaven; there was no word spoken; no sentence uttered; the desolate widow even suppressed the sobbings of her broken heart; and thus the people remained prostrate, perhaps, for several minutes. When they arose, the funeral howl broke forth afresh, in all its powerful and painful modulations. The other funeral was soon over, and the people from beyond the mountain exchanged greetings with those who dwelt in the town. After a little time, their immediate friends—for the poor are the friends of the poor—persuaded the widows to rise from the earth, and their tottering limbs were supported with the most tender care, while every epithet to soften and cheer was used toward them. Much that was said was in the native Irish, and of that we understood little: but it was impossible to mistake the eager looks and sympathizing tears of many who were present. It so happened that the two widows met when leaving the place where their last earthly blessings were consigned to the earth.

"I'm sorry for your trouble, my poor woman," said the mountain-widow to the towns-woman.

"Thank ye, and kindly too; the Lord's hand is heavy

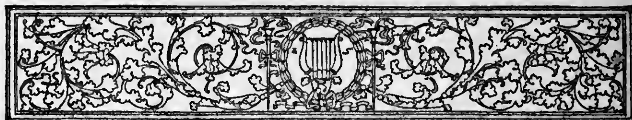
on us both;" she replied, looking earnestly, and yet with an almost meaningless gaze on the widow who addressed her, and who was a much younger woman. "Two only sons!" she added—"they tell me, two only boys, yours and mine, and we to be left! but not for long. Tell me, avourneen"—and she laid her hand on her arm, and peered into her face—"*did your boy die hard?*"

"God be praised, he did not; he wasted away without any pain or trouble. Long summer days and winter nights I watched and prayed for him—my gra boy! but the Lord took him for the best, if I could only think so."

She paused to weep, while the people round her—some in Irish, some in English—exclaimed, "God comfort her!—the Lord look down on her!—Holy Mary pity her!"—"Well, she has grate strength intirely." "The breath left him," she added, "as easy as the down of the wild rush leaves its stem."

"Then thank God always," said the old woman. "Thank God that he did not die hard! the neighbors will tell you how I lost mine. He was alive yesterday; ay, he was as full of strength as the finest deer on Glenà, and what is he now? Oh! but death was hard on him; I didn't know his face when I looked on it! Think of that, my poor woman, think of that; the mother that bore him didn't know his face! Oh! it's a fine thing to have an easy death, and time to make our souls. Holy Mary!" and she commenced repeating the Litany to the Virgin with inconceivable rapidity, while her face wore the cadaverous hue of death, and her eyes gleamed like lamps in a sepulchre.

"She's turnin' light-headed," said a man in the crowd. "Get her home, Peggy; the trouble is too strong for her intirely, and no wonder."—*Ireland, its Scenery, etc.*



HALLAM, ARTHUR HENRY, an English poet, son of Henry Hallam, born in London, February 1, 1811; died in Vienna, September 15, 1833. He distinguished himself at Eton and Cambridge, where he was graduated in 1832. At Trinity College he gained a prize for an English essay on the philosophical writings of Cicero. After leaving college he made a tour of the Continent in company with his father. He was betrothed to a sister of Alfred Tennyson, whose *In Memoriam* is a memorial of the friendship of the two young poets. A collection of his essays and poems was made by his father in 1834.

The London *Saturday Review*, of April 4, 1863, in an article on *Precocity*, says of Hallam: "No matter how often his prose works are read and pondered, our admiration continues as fresh as ever. We say prose works, because his poems . . . are wanting in those astounding evidences of matured thought which meet us in every page of his three great prose essays."

One of his fellow-students at Cambridge, writing to Arthur Hallam's father, says: "I have met with no man his superior in metaphysical subtlety, no man his equal as a philosophical critic on works of taste."

TO ALFRED TENNYSON.

Alfred, I would that you beheld me now,
Sitting beneath a mossy ivied wall

On a quaint bench, which to that structure old
Winds an accordant curve. Above my head
Dilates immeasurable a wild of leaves,
Seeming received into the blue expanse
That vaults this summer noon. Before me lies
A lawn of English verdure, smooth and bright,
Mottled with fainter hues of early hay,
Whose fragrance, blended with the rose-perfume
From that white flowering bush, invites my sense
To a delicious madness; and faint thoughts
Of childish years are borne into my brain
By unforgotten ardors waking now.

Beyond, a gentle slope leads into shade
Of mighty trees, to bend whose eminent crown
Is the prime labor of the pettish winds,
That now in lighter mood are twirling leaves
Over my feet, or hurrying butterflies,
And the gay humming things that Summer loves,
Through the warm air, or altering the bound
Where yon elm-shadows in majestic line
Divide dominion with the abundant light.

TO AN ABSENT SWEETHEART.

O blessing and delight of my young heart,
  Maiden, who wast so lovely and so pure,
I know not in what region now thou art,
  Or whom thy gentle eyes in joy assure.
Not the old hills on which we gazed together,
  Not the old faces which we both did love,
Not the old books whence knowledge we did gather
  Not these, but others, now thy fancies move.
I would I knew thy present hopes and fears,
  All thy companions with their pleasant talk,
And the clear aspect which thy dwelling wears;
  So, though in body absent, I might walk
With thee in thought and feeling, till thy mood
  Did sanctify my own to peerless good.

HALLAM, Henry, an English historian, born at Windsor, July 9, 1777; died at Penshurst, Kent, January 21, 1859. He was a son of the Dean of Bristol was educated at Eton and Oxford, studied law, but did not go into practice. He entered upon literary pursuits in London, and his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* gave him a prominent place among the writers of the day. In 1818 he published his *View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages.* He had intended to continue the work down to the middle of the last century, but finding the subject too vast for him to hope to have time to treat thoroughly, he restricted himself to treating *The Constitutional History of England from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of George II.* This was published in 1827. In 1830 he was awarded one of the two fifty-guinea gold medals instituted by George IV. "for eminence in historical composition," the other being awarded to Washington Irving, who had not long before brought out his *Life of Columbus.* After an interval of ten years Mr. Hallam brought out his most important work, *Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries* (4 vols., 1837–39). All of these works have been frequently reprinted, and have been translated into many languages. In 1848 he put forth a supplementary volume of the *Middle*

Ages, which is incorporated with subsequent editions of that work. In 1852 he put forth a volume of *Literary Essays and Characters.* Under the titles *The Student's Middle Ages* and *The Student's Constitutional History* Dr. William Smith has prepared excellent abridgments of these two works of Hallam.

MEDIÆVAL BOOKSELLERS AND BOOKS.

The trade of bookselling seems to have been established at Paris and at Boulogne in the twelfth century; the lawyers and universities called it into life. It is very improbable that it existed in what we properly call the dark ages. Peter of Blois mentions a book which he had bought of a public dealer. But we do not find, I believe, many distinct accounts of them till the next age. These dealers were denominated *Stationarii*, perhaps from the open stalls at which they carried on their business, though *statio* is a general word for "shop" in low Latin. They appear by the old statutes of the University of Paris, and by those of Boulogne, to have sold books upon commission; and are sometimes, though not uniformly, distinguished from the *Librarii*, a word which having originally been confined to the copyists of books, was afterward applied to those who traded in them. They sold parchment and other materials of writing, which with us, though as far as I know, nowhere else, have retained the name of "stationery," and naturally exercised the kindred occupations of binding and decorating. They probably employed transcribers; we find at least that there was a profession of copyists in the universities and in large cities; and by means of these before the invention of printing the necessary books of grammar, law, and theology, were multiplied to a great extent for the use of students; but with much incorrectness, and far more expense than afterward.

The first printers were always booksellers, and sold their own impressions. These occupations were not divided till the early part of the sixteenth century. But the risks of sale at a time when learning was by no

means general, combined with the great cost of production—paper and other materials being very dear—rendered this a hazardous trade. We have a curious petition of Sweynheim and Pannartz to Sixtus IV., in 1472, wherein they complain of their poverty, brought on by printing so many works, which they had not been able to sell. They state the number of impressions of each edition. Of the classical authors they had generally printed 275; of Virgil and the philosophical works of Cicero, twice that number. In theological publications the usual number of copies had also been 550. The whole number of copies printed was 12,475. It is possible that experience made other printers more discreet in their estimation of the public demand. Notwithstanding the casualties of three centuries, it seems, from the great scarcity of these early editions which has long existed, that the original circulation must have been much below the number of copies printed, as, indeed, the complaint of Sweynheim and Pannartz shows.

The price of books was diminished by four-fifths after the invention of printing. Chevillier gives some instances of a fall in this proportion. But not content with such a reduction, the University of Paris proceeded to establish a tariff, according to which every edition was to be sold, and seems to have set the prices very low. This was by virtue of the prerogatives they exerted over the book-trade of the capital. The priced catalogues of Colinæus and Robert Stephens are extant, relating, of course, to a later period than the present. The Greek Testament of Colinæus was sold for twelve sous, the Latin for six. The folio Latin Bible, printed by Stephens in 1532, might be had for one hundred sous, a copy of the Pandects for forty sous, a Virgil for two sous and six deniers; a Greek grammar of Clenardus for two sous; Demosthenes and Æschines—I know not what editions—for five sous. It would of course be necessary, before we could make any use of these prices, to compare them with that of corn. The more usual form of books printed in the fifteenth century is folio. But the Psalter of 1547, and the Donatus of the same year, are in quarto: and this

size is not uncommon in the early Italian editions of classics. The disputed Oxford book of 1468, *Sancti Jeronymi Expostio*, is in octavo, and would, if genuine, be the earliest specimen of that size; which may perhaps furnish an additional presumption against the date. It is at least, however, of 1478, when the octavo form was of the rarest occurrence. Maittaire mentions a book printed in octavo at Milan in 1470; but the existence of this, and of one or two more that follow, seems equivocal; and the first on which we can rely is the Sallust, printed at Valencia in 1475. Another book of that form, at Treviso, occurs in the same year, and an edition of Pliny's Epistles at Florence in 1478. They become from this time gradually more common; but even at the end of the century form a rather small proportion of the editions. I have not observed that the duodecimo division of the sheet was adopted in any instance. The price and convenience of books are evidently not unconnected with their size.

Nothing could be less unreasonable than that the printer should have a better chance of indemnifying himself and the author, if in those days the author, as he probably did, hoped for some lucrative return after his exhausting drudgery, by means of an exclusive privilege. The Senate of Venice granted an exclusive privilege for five years to John of Spire in 1469, for the first book printed in the city—his edition of Cicero's Epistles; but I am not aware that this extended to any other work. And this seems to have escaped the learned Beckmann, who says that the earliest instance of protected copyrights on record appears to be in favor of a book insignificant enough—a missal for the church at Bamberg, printed in 1490. It is probable that other privileges of an older date have not been found. In 1491 one occurs at the end of a book printed at Venice, and five more at the same place within the century; the Aristotle of Aldus being one of the books. These privileges are always recited at the end of the volume. They are, however, very rare in comparison with the number of books published, and seem not accorded by preference to the most important editions.—*Literature of Europe.*

CENSORSHIP OF BOOKS.

In these exclusive privileges the printer was forced to call in the magistrate for his own benefit. But there was often a different sort of interference by the civil power with the press. The destruction of books, and the prohibition of their sale, had not been unknown to antiquity; instances of it occur in the free republics of Athens and Rome; but it was naturally more frequent under suspicious despotism, especially when to the jealousy of the State was superadded that of the Church, and novelty, even in speculation, became a crime. Ignorance came on with the fall of the Empire, and it was unnecessary to guard against the abuse of an art which very few possessed at all. With the first revival of letters in the eleventh and twelfth centuries sprang up the reviving shoots of heretical freedom; but with Berenger and Abelard came also the jealousy of the Church, and the usual exertion of the right of the strongest. Abelard was censured by the Council of Soissons in 1121, for suffering copies of his book to be taken without the approbation of his superiors, and the delinquent volumes were given to the flames. It does not appear, however, that any regulation on this subject had been made. But when the sale of books became the occupation of a class of traders, it was deemed necessary to place them under restraint. Those of Paris and Boulogne, the cities, doubtless, where the greatest business of the kind was carried on, came altogether into the power of the universities. It is proved by various statutes of the University of Paris, originating, no doubt, in some authority granted by the Crown, and bearing date from the year 1275 to 1403, that booksellers were appointed by the university, and considered as its officers, probably matriculated by entry on her roll; that they took an oath, renewable at her pleasure, to observe her statutes and regulations; that they were admitted upon security, and with testimonials to their moral conduct; that no one could sell books in Paris without this permission; that they could expose no book to sale without communication with the university, and without its approbation; that the univer-

sity fixed the prices, according to the tariff of four sworn booksellers, at which books should be sold or lent to scholars; that a fine might be imposed for incorrect copies; that the sellers were bound to fix up in their shops a priced catalogue of their books, besides other regulations of less importance. Books deemed by the university unfit for perusal were sometimes burned by its order.—*Literature of Europe.*

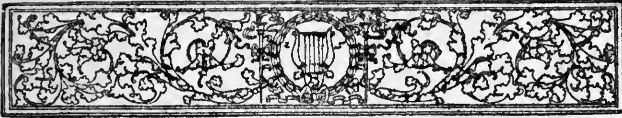
CERVANTES'S DON QUIXOTE.

Don Quixote is the only book in the Spanish language which can now be said to possess much of a European reputation. It has, however, enjoyed enough to compensate for the neglect of all the rest. It is to Europe in general what Ariosto is to Italy, and Shakespeare to England: the one book to which the slightest allusion may be made without affectation, but not missed without discredit. Numerous translations and countless editions of it in every language bespeak its adaptation to mankind; no critic has been paradoxical enough to withhold his admiration; no reader has ventured to confess a want of relish for that in which the young and the old in every climate have, age after age, taken delight. They have, doubtless, believed that they understood the author's meaning; and in giving the reins to the gayety that his fertile invention and comic humor inspired, never thought of any deeper meaning than he announced, or delayed their enjoyment for any metaphysical investigation of his plan. A new school of criticism, however, has of late years arisen in Germany, acute, ingenious, and sometimes eminently successful, or, as they denominate it, æsthetic, analysis of works of taste; but gliding too much into refinement and conjectural hypothesis, and with a tendency to mislead men of inferior capacities for this kind of investigation into mere paradox and absurdity. According to these writers, "the primary idea is that of a man of elevated character, excited by heroic and enthusiastic feelings to the extravagant pitch of wishing to restore the age of chivalry; nor is it possible to form a more mistaken notion of this work, than by considering it merely as a

satire, intended by the author to ridicule the abused passion for reading old romances."

It has been said by some modern writer—though I cannot remember by whom—that there was a *prose side* in the mind of Cervantes. There was indeed a side of calm, strong sense, which some take for unpoetical. It might naturally occur how absurd anyone must appear who should attempt to realize in actual life the adventures of Amadis. Already a novelist, he perceived the opportunities this idea suggested. It was a necessary consequence that the hero must be represented as literally insane, since his conduct would have been extravagant beyond the probability of fiction on any other hypothesis; and from this very happy conception germinated, in a very prolific mind, the whole history of Don Quixote. Its simplicity is perfect, no limit could be found save the author's discretion, or sense that he had drawn sufficiently on his imagination. But the death of Don Quixote, which Cervantes has been said to have determined upon lest someone else should a second time presume to continue the story, is in fact the only possible termination that could be given after he had elevated the character to that pitch of mental dignity which we find in the last two volumes.

Few books of moral philosophy display as deep an insight into the mechanism of the mind as *Don Quixote*. And when we look also at the fertility of invention, the general probability of events, and the great simplicity of the story, wherein no artifices are practised to create suspense, or complicate the action, we shall think Cervantes fully deserving of the glory that attends this monument of his genius. It is not merely that he is superior to all his predecessors and contemporaries. This, though it might account for the European fame of his romance, would be an inadequate testimony to its desert. Cervantes stands on an eminence below which we must place the best of his successors. We have only to compare him with Le Sage or Fielding to judge of his vast superiority. To Scott, indeed, he must yield in the variety of his power; but in the line of comic romance, we should hardly think Scott his equal.—*Literature of Europe.*



HALLECK, FITZ-GREENE, an American poet, born at Guilford, Conn., July 8, 1790; died there, November 19, 1867. After acting as a clerk in his native town, he entered a banking house in New York. About 1832 he became private secretary to John Jacob Astor, retaining that relation until the death of Mr. Astor, in 1848. Mr. Astor left him an annuity of $200, to which his son, William B. Astor, made a large addition; and Halleck retired to his native village, making frequent visits to New York, he being one of the trustees of the Astor Library. Halleck occasionally wrote verses while quite young. In 1819, in conjunction with Joseph Rodman Drake, he produced the "Croaker" papers, a series of poetical satires on public characters of the period, which were published in the *New York Evening Post*. Drake died in 1820, and Halleck commemorated him in some touching verses. His longest poem, *Fanny*, a social satire, was written in 1819. In 1822–23 he visited Europe, and wrote *Alnwick Castle*, and the lines on Burns. *Young America*, his latest poem, containing some three hundred lines, appeared in the *New York Ledger* in 1854. A complete edition of his *Poems*, as also a collection of his *Letters*, with a *Life*, edited by James Grant Wilson, appeared in 1869. A bronze statue of Halleck was erected in Central Park, New York, in 1877.

ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

Green be the turf above thee,
  Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
  Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell when thou wert dying,
  From eyes unused to weep;
And long, where thou art lying,
  Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts whose truth was proven,
  Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven,
  To tell the world their worth.

And I, who woke each morrow
  To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
  Whose weal and woe were thine;

It should be mine to braid it
  Around thy faded brow;
But I've in vain essayed it,
  And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep,
  Nor thoughts nor words are free;
The grief is fixed too deep
  That mourns a man like thee.

A POET'S DAUGHTER.

[*Written in the Album of a daughter of the author of "The Old Oaken Bucket."*]

"A lady asks the Minstrel's rhyme."
A lady asks? There was a time
When, musical as play-bells' chime
    To wearied boy,
That sound would summon dreams sublime
    Of pride and joy.

But now the spell hath lost its sway;
Life's first-born fancies first decay;
Gone are the plumes and pennons gay,
        Of young Romance;
There linger here but ruins gray,
        And broken lance.

'Tis a new world—no more to maid,
Warrior, or bard, is homage paid;
The bay-tree's, laurel's, myrtle's shade,
        Men's thoughts resign;
Heaven placed us here to vote and trade—
        Twin tasks divine.

"'Tis youth, 'tis beauty asks; the green
And growing leaves of seventeen
Are round her; and, half hid, half seen,
        A violet flower,
Nursed by the virtues she hath been
        From childhood's hour."

Blind Passion's picture—yet for this
We woo thee life-long bridal kiss,
And blend our every hope of bliss
        With hers we love;
Unmindful of the serpent's hiss
        In Eden's grove.

Beauty—the fading rainbow's pride;
Youth—'twas the charm of her who died
At dawn, and by her coffin's side
        A grandsire stands,
Age-strengthened, like the oak storm-tried
        Of mountain lands.

Youth's coffin—hush the tale it tells!—
Be silent, memory's funeral bells!
Lone in one heart, her home, it dwells
        Untold till death,
And where the grave-mound greenly swells
        O'er buried faith.

"But what if hers are rank and power,
Armies her train, a throne her bower,
A Kingdom's gold her marriage dower,
        Broad seas and lands?
What if from bannered hall and tower
        A queen commands?"

A queen? Earth's regal moons have set,
Where perished Marie Antoinette!
Where's Bordeaux's mother? Where the jet-
        Black Haytian dame?
And Lusitania's coronet?
        And Angoulême?

Empires to-day are upside down,
The castle kneels before the town,
The monarch fears a printer's frown,
        A brickbat's range;
Give me, in preference to a crown,
        Five shillings change.

"But she who asks, though first among
The good, the beautiful, the young,
The birthright of a spell more strong
        Than these hath brought her—
She is your kinswoman in song,
        A Poet's daughter."

A Poet's daughter? Could I claim
The consanguinity of fame,
Veins of my intellectual frame!
        Your blood would glow
Proudly to sing that gentlest name
        Of aught below.

A Poet's daughter—dearer word
Lip hath not spoke nor listener heard,
Fit theme for song of bee or bird,
        From morn till even,
And wind-harp by the breathing stirred
        Of star-lit heaven

My spirit's wings are weak, the fire
Poetic comes but to expire,
Her name needs not my humble lyre
To bid it live;
She hath already from her sire
All bard can give.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

[*A Greek patriot, who fell, August 20, 1823, in a victorious night-attack upon a Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Platæa.*]

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power.
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring,
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king:
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band:
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arms to strike and souls to dare
As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on: the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke, to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke, to die, mid flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard with voice as trumpet loud,

Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires!
Strike—for your altars and your fires!
Strike—for the green graves of your sires!
God—and your native land!"

They fought, like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake's shock, the ocean-storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible! the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come when his task of Fame is wrought;
Come with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought;
Come in her crowning hour—and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight

Of sky and stars to prisoned men;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
And orange-groves, and fields of balm
Blew over the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee! there is no prouder grave
Even in her own proud clime—
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb.
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone.
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said,
At palace couch and cottage bed.
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys;
And even she who gave thee birth
Will by their pilgrim-circled hearth
Talk of thy doom without a sigh:
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's—
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die!

ALNWICK CASTLE.

Home of the Percy's high-born race,
  Home of their beautiful and brave,
Alike their birth and burial place,
  Their cradle and their grave!
Still sternly o'er the castle-gate
Their house's Lion stands in state,
  As in his proud departed hours;
And warriors frown in stone on high,
And feudal banners "flout the sky,"
  Above his princely towers.

A gentle hill its side inclines,
  Lovely in England's fadeless green,
To meet the quiet stream which winds
  Through this romantic scene,
As silently and sweetly still
As when, at evening, on that hill,
  While summer's wind blew soft and low,
Seated by gallant Hotspur's side,
His Katherine was a happy bride,
  A thousand years ago.

Gaze on the Abbey's ruined pile:
  Does not the succoring ivy, keeping
Her watch around it, seem to smile,
  As o'er a loved one sleeping?
One solitary turret gray
  Still tells, in melancholy glory,
The legend of the Cheviot day,
  The Percy's proudest border story.

That day its roof was triumph's arch;
  Then rang, from aisle to pictured dome,
The light step of the soldier's march,
  The music of the trump and drum;
And babe and sire, the old, the young,
And the monk's hymn, and minstrel's song,
And woman's pure kiss, sweet and long,
  Welcomed her warrior home.

Wild roses by the Abbey towers
  Are gay in their young bud and bloom ;
They were born of a race of funeral-flowers
That garlanded, in long-gone hours,
  A Templar's knightly tomb.
He died, his sword in his mailèd hand,
On the holiest spot of the Blessèd Land,
  Where the Cross was damped with his dying
    breath,
When blood ran free as festal wine,
And the sainted air of Palestine
  Was thick with the darts of death.

Wise with the lore of centuries,
What tales, if there be "tongues in trees,"
  Those giant oaks could tell,
Of beings born and buried here !
Tales of the peasant and the peer,
Tales of the bridal and the bier,
  The welcome and farewell,
Since on their boughs the startled bird
First, in her twilight slumbers, heard
  The Norman's curfew-bell !

I wandered through the lofty halls
  Trod by the Percys of old fame,
And traced upon the chapel walls
  Each, high, heroic name ;
From him who once his standard set
Where now, o'er mosque and minaret,
  Glitter the Sultan's crescent moons ;
To him who when a younger son,
Fought for King George at Lexington,
  A major of dragoons. . . .

That last half stanza—it has dashed
  From my warm lip the sparkling cup :
The light that o'er my eyebeam flashed,
  The power that bore my spirit up
Above this bank-note world—is gone ;
And Alnwick's but a market-town,
And this, alas ! its market-day,
And beasts and burdens throng the way ;

Oxen and bleating lambs in lots
Northumbrian boors and plaided Scots,
Men in the coal and cattle line ;
From Teviot's bard and hero land,
From royal Berwick's beach of sand,
From Wooller, Morpeth, Hexham, and
Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

These are not the romantic times
So beautiful in Spenser's rhymes,
So dazzling to the dreaming boy :
Ours are the days of fact, not fable ;
Of knights, but not of the Round Table,
Of Bailie Jarvie, not Rob Roy ;
'Tis what "our President," Monroe,
Has called the "era of good feeling :"
The Highlander, the bitterest foe
To modern laws, has felt their blow,
Consented to be taxed, and vote,
And put on pantaloons and coat,
And leave off cattle-stealing :
Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,
The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt
The Douglas in red herrings ;
And noble name and cultured land,
Palace, and park, and vassal-band,
Are powerless to the notes of hand
Of Rothschild or the Barings. . . .

You'll ask if yet the Percy lives
In the armed pomp of feudal state ?—
The present representatives
Of Hotspur and his "gentle Kate"
Are some half-dozen serving men,
In the drab coat of William Penn ;
A chamber-maid, whose lip and eye,
And cheek, and brown hair, bright and curling,
Spoke Nature's aristocracy ;
And one, half groom, half seneschal,
Who bowed me through court, bower, and hall,
From donjon-keep to turret-wall,
For ten-and-sixpence sterling.

ROBERT BURNS.

There have been loftier themes than his,
  And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,
And lays lit up with Poesy's
  Purer and holier fires.

Yet read the names that know not death;
  Few nobler ones than Burns are there;
And few have won a greener wreath
  Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart
  In which the answering heart would speak;
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
  Or the smile light the cheek.

And his that music to whose tone
  The common pulse of man keeps time
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
  In cold or sunny clime.

And who hath heard his song, nor knelt
  Before its spell with willing knee,
And listened, and believed, and felt
  The Poet's mastery?

O'er the mind's sea, in calm and storm,
  O'er the heart's sunshine and its showers,
O'er Passion's moments, bright and warm,
  O'er Reason's dark, cold hours.

On fields where brave men "die or do,"
  In halls where rings the banquet's mirth,
Where mourner's weep, where lovers woo,
  From throne to cottage hearth!

What sweet tears dim the eyes unshed,
  What wild vows falter on the tongue,
When "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"
  Or "Auld Lang Syne" is sung!

Pure hopes, that lift the soul above,
  Come with the Cotter's hymn of praise:

And dreams of youth, and truth, and love,
With " Logan's " banks and braes.

And when he hears his master-lay
Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,
All passions in our frames of clay
Come thronging at his call.

Imagination's world of air,
And our own world, its gloom and glee—
Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,
And death's sublimity.

And Burns, though brief the race he ran,
Though rough and dark the path he trod,
Lived—died—in form and soul a Man,
The image of his God.

Through care, and pain, and want, and woe,
With wounds that only death could heal—
Tortures, the poor alone can know
The proud alone can feel—

He kept his honesty and truth,
His independent tongue and pen,
And moved, in manhood as in youth,
Pride of his fellow-men.

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong,
A hate of tyrant and of knave,
A love of right, a scorn of wrong,
Of coward and of slave—

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,
That could not fear and would not bow,
Were written in his manly eye,
And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard! His words are driven,
Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,
Where'er beneath the sky of heaven.
The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man! A nation stood
  Beside his coffin with wet eyes,
Her brave, her beautiful, her good,
  As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral day,
  Men stand his cold earth-couch around,
With the mute homage that we pay
  To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is,
  The last, the hallowed home of one
Who lives upon all memories,
  Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines,
  Shrines to no code or creed confined—
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
  The Meccas of the mind.

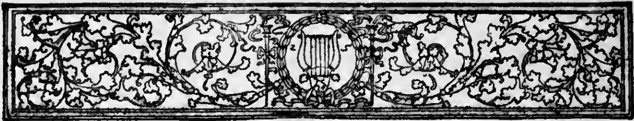
Sages, with Wisdom's garland wreathed,
  Crowned kings, and mitred priests of power,
And warriors with their bright swords sheathed,
  The mightiest of the hour;

And lowlier names, whose humble home
  Is lit by Fortune's dimmer star,
Are there—o'er wave and mountain come
  From countries near and far;

Pilgrims whose wandering feet have pressed
  The Switzer's snow, the Arab's sand,
Or trod the piled leaves of the West—
  My own green forest-land:

All ask the cottage of his birth,
  Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,
And gather feelings not of earth
  His fields and streams among.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,
  And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,
And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries!
  The Poet's tomb is there.



HALLEVI, JEHUDAH, a Spanish poet and rabbi, was born in Castile at a date which is variously given as 1080 to 1105; and died, probably at Jerusalem, about 1142. Of his early history very little is known, though he is said to have been very popular as a poet when but fifteen years of age. He founded a college at Toledo, and by means of the disciples who there gathered about him, as well as by his poems, he endeavored to spread abroad the knowledge of Arabic and Jewish literature. About 1141 he completed his *Book of Evidence and Argument in Apology for the Despised Religion*, more familiarly known among scholars, from the title of Jehudah Ibn-Tibbon's Hebrew translation of it, as the *Kuzari* or *Cusari*. This is the best book ever written in defence of the religion of the Jews; and has been translated into several languages. It is generally thought that Jehudah earned his living, while giving himself to the unremunerative cause of learning and religion, by the practice of medicine, but after the completion of his great religio-philosophical work he determined to leave all and go to the Holy Land, that he might die and find his grave among his forefathers. The tradition of his death is, that as he was lying in sad contemplation, with his face against the outer wall of Jerusalem, he was trampled to death by a murderous Arab

rider. Besides the *Kuzari*, which De Sacy says is one of the most valuable and beautiful productions of the Jewish pen, there are extant of Jehudah's writings about twelve hundred poems. Many of these are of a religious character, but most of them are secular; and together they represent the acme of the Spanish-Jewish renaissance of poetry. He "solved the pathetic puzzle," says a recent writer, "of how to sing the Lord's song in a strange land."

LOVE SONG TO OPHRAH.

So we must be divided; sweetest, stay;
  Once more, mine eyes would seek thy glances' light.
At night I shall recall thee: thou, I pray,
  Be mindful of the days of our delight,
Come to me in my dreams, I ask of thee,
And even in my dreams be gentle unto me.

If thou shouldst send me greeting in the grave,
  The cold breath of the grave itself were sweet;
Oh, take my life, my life, 'tis all I have,
  If it should make thee live, I do entreat.
I think that I shall hear when I am dead,
The rustle of thy gown, thy footsteps overhead.

—*Translated by* AMY LEVY *through the German of* GEIGER.

THE BETROTHAL.

A dove of rarest worth and sweet exceedingly;
Alas, why does she turn and fly so far from me?
    In my fond heart a tent,
    Should aye preparèd be.

My poor heart she has caught with magic spells and wiles;
I do not sigh for gold, but for her mouth that smiles;
    Her hue it is so bright,
    She half makes blind my sight.

The day at last is here, filled full of love's sweet fire;
The twain shall now be one, shall stay our fond desire—
Ah! would my tribe could chance
On such deliverance!
—*Translated by* MISS AMY LEVY.

TOLEDO.

I found that words can ne'er express
The half of all its loveliness;
From place to place I wandered wide,
With amorous sight unsatisfied,
Till last I reached all cities' queen,
Tolaitola the fairest seen.

Her palaces that show so bright
In splendor, showed the starry height,
Whilst temples in their glorious sheen
Rivalled the glories that had been;
With earnest reverent spirit there,
The pious soul breathes forth its prayer.
—*Translated by* MRS. KATIE MAGNUS.

JERUSALEM, I LONG FOR THEE!

Oh! city of the world, most chastely fair;
In the far west, behold I sigh for thee.
And in my yearning love I do bethink me
Of bygone ages; of thy ruined fame,
Thy vanished splendor of a vanished day.
Oh! had I eagles' wings I'd fly to thee,
And with my falling tears make moist thine earth.
I long for thee; though indeed thy kings
Have passed for ever; what though where once uprose
Sweet balsam-trees the serpent makes his nest.
Oh! that I might embrace thy dust, the sod
Were sweet as honey to my fond desire.
—MISS AMY LEVY'S *Translation.*

THE HOPE OF THE HEBREW.

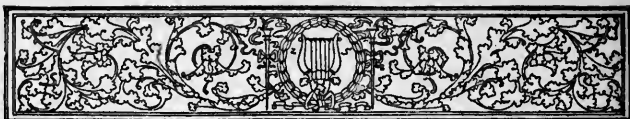
Lord! where art thou to be found?
Hidden and high is Thy home.

And where shall we find Thee not?
Thy glory fills the world.
Thou art found in my heart,
And at the uttermost ends of the earth.
A refuge for the near,
For the far, a trust.

The universe cannot contain Thee;
How then a temple's shrine?
Though Thou art raised above men
On Thy high and lofty throne,
Yet art Thou near unto them
In their spirit and in their flesh.
Who can say he has not seen Thee?
When lo! the heavens and their host
Tell of Thy fear, in silent testimony.

I sought to draw near to Thee.
With my whole heart I saw Thee,
And when I went out to meet Thee,
To meet me, Thou wast ready on the road.
In the wonders of Thy might
And in Thy holiness I have beheld Thee.
Who is there that should not fear Thee?
The yoke of Thy kingdom is forever and for all.
Who is there that should not call upon Thee?
Thou givest unto all their food.

—*Translated for Good Words.*



HALPINE, CHARLES GRAHAM, an Irish-American journalist and poet, born at Oldcastle, County Meath, Ireland, November 20, 1829; died in New York, August 3, 1868. He was the son of a clergyman, and was educated in Trinity College, Dublin, and began the study of medicine, but soon turned to journalism; contributed to Irish and English papers, and at length emigrated to the United States. He was connected editorially with the *Boston Post*, the *New York Times*, and *Leader*, and lastly became proprietor and editor of *The Citizen*, which he conducted until his death. When the civil war broke out he enlisted as lieutenant in the Sixty-Ninth Regiment of New York Volunteers, was rapidly promoted, and at length attained the brevet rank of brigadier-general. In 1867 he was elected to the lucrative office of Recorder of the City of New York. In 1862 he assumed the *nom de plume* of *Miles O'Reilly*, under which he wrote many amusing lyrics and fancy sketches in prose, published in the *New York Herald* and other papers, under the titles of *Miles O'Reilly, his Book; the Life and Adventures, Songs, Services, and Speeches of Private Miles O'Reilly; Baked Meats of the Funeral*, etc. A collection of his poems, with a sketch of the author's life, was published in 1868. It is entitled *The Poetical Works of Charles G. Halpine.*

IRISH ASTRONOMY.

O'Ryan was a man of might
  Whin Ireland was a nation,
But poachin' was his heart's delight
  And constant occupation.
He had an ould militia gun,
  And sartin sure his aim was;
He gave the keepers many a run,
  And wouldn't mind the game laws.

St. Patrick wanst was passin' by
  O'Ryan's little houldin',
And, as the Saint felt wake and dhry,
  He thought he d enther bould in.
"O'Ryan," says the Saint, "avick!
  To praich at Thurles I'm goin',
So let me have a rasher quick,
  And a dhrop of Innishowen."

"No rasher will I cook for you,
  While betther is to spare, sir,
But here's a jug of mountain dew,
  And there's a rattlin' hare, sir."
St. Patrick he looked mighty sweet,
  And says he, "Good luck attind you.
And, when you're in your windin' sheet,
  It's up to heaven I'll sind you."

O'Ryan gave his pipe a whiff—
  "Them tidin's is thransportin',
But may I ax your saintship if
  There's any kind of sportin'?"
St. Patrick said, "A Lion's there,
  Two Bears, a Bull, and Cancer——"
"Bedad," says Mick, "the huntin's rare;
  St. Pathrick, I'm your man, sir."

So, to conclude my song aright,
  For fear I'd tire your patience,
You'll see O'Ryan any night
  Amid the constellations.

And Venus follows in his track
  Till Mars grows jealous really,
But, faith, he fears the Irish knack
  Of handling the shillaly.

MY BROKEN MEERSCHAUM.

Old pipe, now battered, bruised, and brown,
  With silver spliced and linked together,
With hopes high up and spirits down,
  I've puffed thee in all kinds of weather;
And still upon thy glowing lid,
  'Mid carving quaint and curious tracing,
Beneath the dust of years half hid,
  The giver's name mine eye is tracing.

When thou wert given we were as one,
  Who now are two, and widely sundered:
Our feud the worst beneath the sun,
  Where each behind the other blundered.
No public squall of anger burst
  The moorings of our choice relation—
'Tis the dumb quarrel that is worst,
  Where pride forbids an explanation.

Old pipe! had then thy smoky bowl
  A tongue that could to life have started—
Knowing the secrets of my soul,
  In many a midnight hour imparted—
Thy speech, perchance, had then re-knit
  The ties of friendship rudely sundered,
And healed the feud of little wit,
  In which each thinks the other blundered.

JANETTE'S HAIR.

"Oh, loosen the snood that you wear, Janette,
Let me tangle a hand in your hair, my pet,"
For the world to me had no daintier sight
Than your brown hair veiling your shoulders white,
  As I tangled a hand in your hair, my pet.

It was brown with a golden gloss, Janette,
It was finer than silk of the floss, my pet,
'Twas a beautiful mist falling down to your wrist,
'Twas a thing to be braided and jewelled and kissed—
'Twas the loveliest hair in the world, my pet.

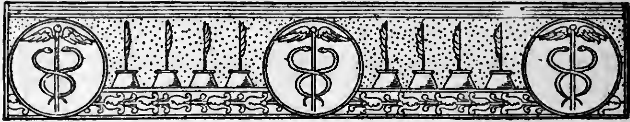
My arm was the arm of a clown, Janette,
It was sinewy, bristled, and brown, my pet,
But warmly and softly it loved to caress
Your round white neck and your wealth of tress—
Your beautiful plenty of hair, my pet.

Your eyes had a swimming glory, Janette,
Revealing the old dear story, my pet—
They were gray, with that chastened tinge of the sky,
When the trout leaps quickest to snap the fly,
And they matched with your golden hair, my pet.

Your lips—but I have no words, Janette—
They were fresh as the twitter of birds, my pet,
When the spring is young, and the roses are wet
With the dew-drops in each red bosom set
And they suited your gold-brown hair, my pet.

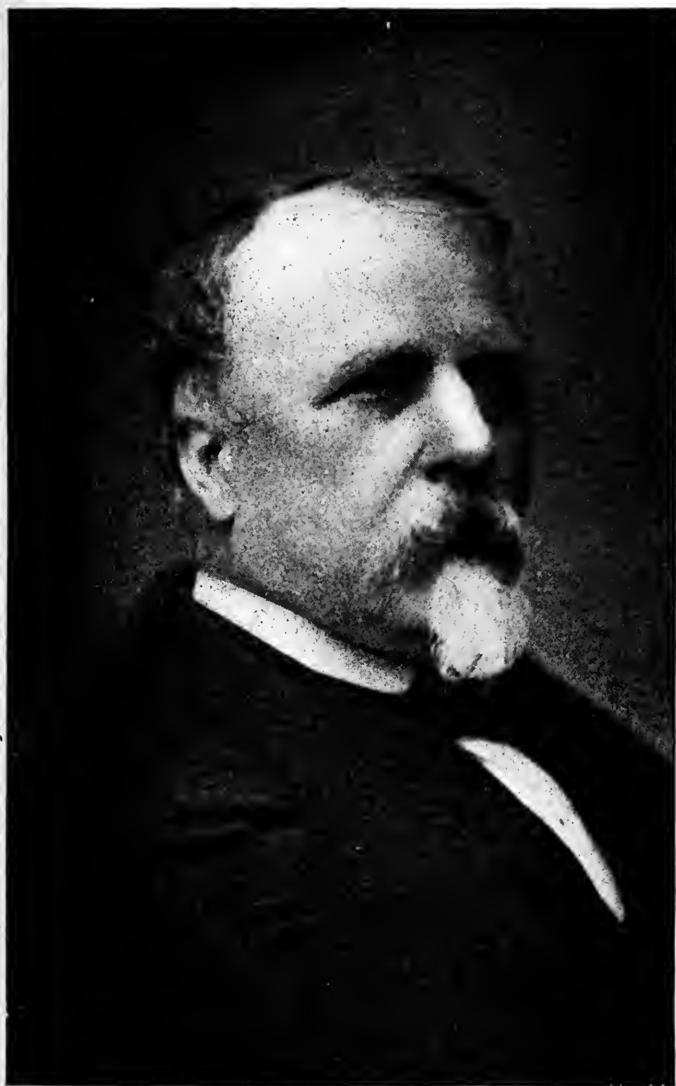
Oh, you tangled my life in your hair, Janette,
'Twas a silken and golden snare, my pet,
But, so gentle the bondage, my soul did implore
The right to continue your slave evermore,
With my fingers enmeshed in your hair, my pet.

Thus ever I dream what you were, Janette,
With your lips, and your eyes, and your hair, my pet;
In the darkness of desolate years I moan,
And my tears fall bitterly over the stone
That covers your golden hair, my pet.

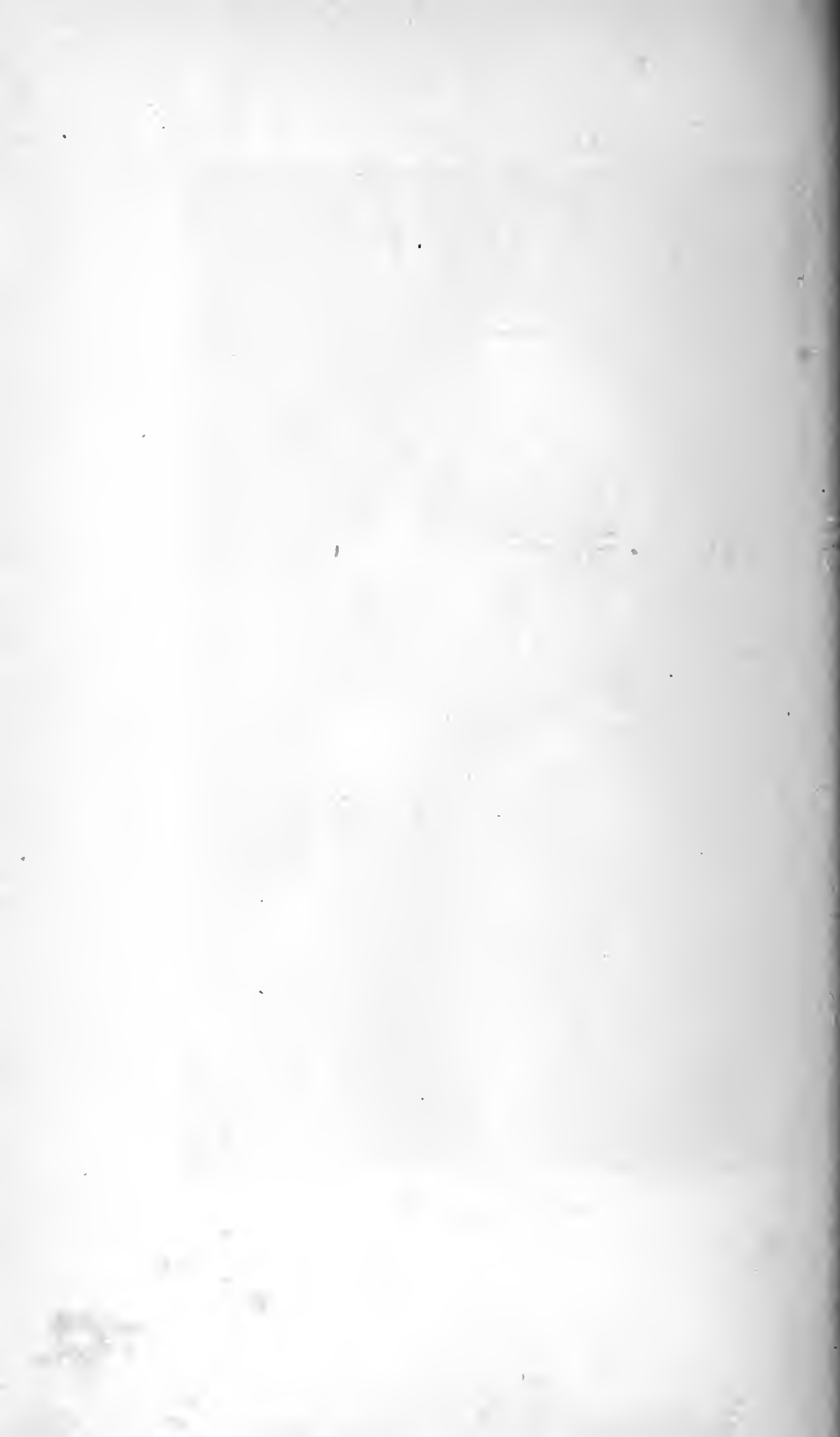


HALSTEAD, MURAT, journalist, was born at Paddy's Run, Butler County, O., September 2, 1829. He worked on his father's farm in the summer and attended school in winter until he was nineteen years of age, then, after teaching for a short time, he entered Farmer's College, near Cincinnati, from which he was graduated in 1851. He had been a contributor to the press for some time, and on leaving college became connected successively with the *Atlas*, *Enquirer*, *Columbian*, and *Great West*, and a Sunday paper which he had established. In 1853 he began work on the Cincinnati *Commercial* as local reporter and soon after became its news editor; a year later he purchased a part interest in the paper; and in 1867 its control passed into his hands. For a time he conducted the paper independent of party politics, and then allied himself with the Republican party. In 1883, the *Commercial* and *Gazette* were consolidated, and he became president of the *Commercial Gazette* company; but subsequently removed to Brooklyn, N. Y., and became editor of the *Standard-Union.*

With reference to Halstead's untiring literary activity, it was recently stated that his personal output of manuscript had averaged three thousand words a day for about forty years; and that he had therefore given out more "copy" to printers than any other man of this age.



MURAT HALSTEAD.



TO THE YOUNG MAN AT THE DOOR.

We need to guard against ways of exclusiveness—against the assumption that for some mysterious reason the press has rights that the people have not; that there are privileges of the press in which the masses and the classes do not participate. The claim of privilege is a serious error. One neither gains nor loses rights in a profession. We have the same authority to speak as editors that we have as citizens. If we use a longer "pole to knock the persimmons," because we have a larger constituency for our conversational ability, that doesn't affect rights. It simply increases responsibility. One can say of a meritorious man or enterprise, or of a rascally schemer or scheme, as an editor the same that he could say as a citizen, a taxpayer, a lawyer, minister, farmer, or blacksmith. It conduces to the better understanding of our business to know that we are like other folks, and not set apart, baptized, anointed, or otherwise sanctified, for an appointed and exclusive and unique service.

It is in our line of occupation to buy white paper, impress ink upon it in such form as may be expressive of the news and our views, and agreeable to our friends or disagreeable to our foes, and sell the sheet, when the paper becomes, by the inking thereof that peculiar manufactured product, a newspaper, for a margin of profit. We should not go about magnifying our office. We are as gifted and good as anybody, so far as our natural rights are concerned, and are better or worse according to our behavior. It is our position to stand on the common ground with the people, and publish the news and tell the truth about it as well as we can; and we shall, through influences certain in their operation, find the places wherein we belong. No one can escape the logic of his labor.

Communications from young gentlemen in or fresh from college, or active in other shops, who propose to go into journalism or newspaperdom, and want to know how to do it, are a common experience, for there is a popular fascination about our employment. There is

nothing one could know—neither faculty to perform nor ability to endure—perfection of recollection, thoroughness in history, capacity to apply the lessons of philosophy, comprehension of the law, or cultivated intuition of the Gospel—that would not be of service going into newspaperdom. But it is beyond our power to prescribe a course of study. It is easier, when you have the knack, to do than to tell.

When the Young Man comes to say that he would be willing to undertake to run a newspaper—and we know that Young Man as soon as we see his anxious face at the door, and sympathize with him, for we may remember to have been at the door instead of the desk, and willing to undertake the task of the gentleman who sat at the desk and asked what was wanted—when perhaps the youth at the door had in his pocket an essay on the Mound-builders that he believed was the news of the day—and we don't like to speak unkindly to the Young Man. But there are so many of him. He is so numerous that he is monotonous, and it is not always fair to utter the commonplaces of encouragement. It is well to ask the Young Man, who is willing to come in and do things, what he has done (and often he hasn't done anything but have his being). What is it that he knows how to do better than any one else can do it? If there be anything, the question settles itself, for one who knows how to do right well something that is to do, has a trade. The world is under his feet, and its hardness is firm footing. He must ask what the Young Man wants to do; and he comes back with the awful vagueness that he is willing to do anything; and that always means nothing at all. It is the intensity of the current of electricity that makes the carbon incandescent and illuminating. The vital flame is the mystery that is immortal in the soul and in the universe.

Who can tell the Young Man how to grasp the magic clew of the globe that spins with us? There is no turnpike or railroad that leads into journalism. There are no vacancies for didactic amateurs. Nobody is wanted. And yet we are always looking out for Somebody, and once in a while he comes. He does not ask for a place, but takes that which is his. Do not say to the Young

Man, There are no possibilities. There certainly are more than ever before. Young man, if you want to get into journalism, break in. Don't ask how. It is the finding of it out that will educate you to do the essential thing. The Young Man must enter the newspaper office by main strength and awkwardness, and make a place for himself.

The machines upon which we impress the sheets we produce for the market—and we all know how costly they are in their infinite variety of improvements, for the earnings of the editor are swept away by the incessant, insatiable requirements of the press-maker—this facile mechanism is not more changeable than The Press itself, in its larger sense—and the one thing needful, first and last, is Man. With all the changes, the intelligence of the printer and the personal force of the editor is indispensable.—*Address on "Maxims, Markets, and Missions of the Press," delivered before the Wisconsin Press Association, January 23, 1889.*

HAMERTON, PHILIP GILBERT, an English artist and critic, born at Laneside, Lancashire, September 10, 1834; died at Boulogne-sur-Seine, November 6, 1894. He was early left an orphan, and was sent by an aunt to the schools of Doncaster and Burnley. He received his later education at Oxford, studied art in England and in Rome, and on his return to England devoted himself to painting and literature. He was the art-critic of the *Saturday Review* for three years, and edited *The Portfolio.* Among his works are *The Isles of Loch Awe and other Poems* (1885); *Thoughts About Art*, and *A Painter's Camp in the Highlands* (1862); *Etching and Etchers* (1868); *Wenderholm: a Story of Lancashire and Yorkshire* (1869); *The Sylvan Year*, and *The Unknown River* (1870); *Chapters on Animals*, and *The Intellectual Life* (1873); *Round My House* (1876); *Marmorne, a Novel*, *Modern Frenchmen*, and the *Life of J. M. W. Turner* (1878); *The Graphic Arts* (1882); *Landscape* (1886); *The Painter's Imagination* (1887); *Man in Art* (1892); *Present State of Art in France* (1892); *Drawing and Engraving* (1893); *Contemporary French Painting* (1895); *Painting in France after the Decline of Classicism* (1895).

WORKING TO THE LAST.

Surely it would be a lamentable error if mankind were to carry out the recommendation of certain ruth-

less philosophers, and reject the help and teaching of the diseased. Without undervaluing the robust performances of healthy natures, and without encouraging literature that is morbid, that is fevered, impatient, and perverse, we may still prize the noble teaching which is the testament of sufferers to the world. The diseased have a peculiar and mysterious experience; they have known the sensations of health, and then, in addition to this knowledge, they have gained another knowledge which enables them to think more accurately even of health itself. A life without suffering would be like a picture without shade. The pets of nature, who do not know what suffering is, and cannot realize it, have always a certain rawness, like foolish landsmen who laugh at the terrors of the ocean, because they have neither experience enough to know what those terrors are, nor brains enough to imagine them.

It is one of the happiest privileges of the high intellectual life that it can elevate us—at least in the intervals of relief from complete prostration or acute pain —to regions of disinterested thought, where all personal anxieties are forgotten. To feel that he is still able, even in days of physical weakness and decline, to add something to the world's inheritance of knowledge, or to bequeath to it some new and noble thought in the pearl of complete expression, is a profound satisfaction to the active mind that is lodged in a perishing body. Many diseases fortunately permit this activity to the last; and I do not hesitate to affirm, that the work done in the time of physical decline has in not a few instances been the most perfect and the most permanently valuable. It is not accurately true that the mind and the body invariably fail together. Physicians who know how prevalent chronic diseases are, and how many eminent men are physically inconvenienced by them, know also that minds of great spiritual energy possess the wonderful faculty of indefinitely improving themselves whilst the body steadily deteriorates. Nor is there anything irrational in this persistent improvement of the mind, even to the extremest limit of material decay; for the mind of every intellectual human being is part and parcel of the great permanent mind of

humanity; and even if its influence soon ceases to be traceable—if the spoken words are forgotten—if the written volume is not reprinted or even quoted, it has not worked in vain. The intellectual light of Europe in this century is not only due to great luminaries whom every one can name, but to millions of thoughtful persons, now utterly forgotten, who in their time loved the light, and guarded it, and increased it, and carried it into many lands, and bequeathed it as a sacred trust. He who labors only for his personal pleasure may well be discouraged by the shortness and uncertainty of life, and cease from his selfish toil on the first approaches of disease; but whosoever has fully realized the grand continuity of intellectual tradition, and taken his own place in it between the future and the past, will work till he can work no more, and then gaze hopefully on the world's great future, like Geoffroy Saint Hilaire, when his blind eyes beheld the future of zoölogy.—*The Intellectual Life.*

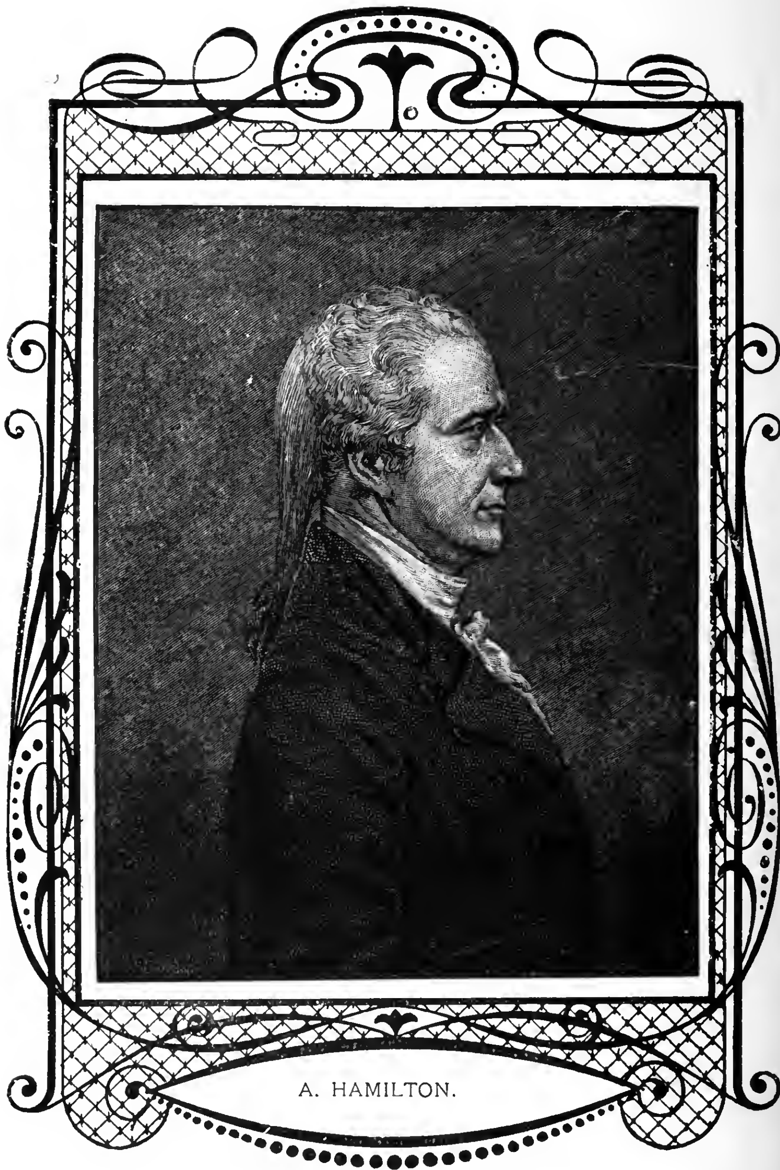
A SELECTING MEMORY.

Men who are set by others to load their memories with what is not their proper intellectual food, never get the credit of having any memory at all, and end by themselves believing that they have none. These bad memories are often the best; they are often the selecting memories. They seldom win distinction in examinations, but in literature and art. They are quite incomparably superior to the miscellaneous memories that receive only as boxes and drawers receive what is put into them. A good literary or artistic memory is not like a post-office that takes in everything, but like a very well-edited periodical that prints nothing that does not harmonize with its intellectual life. A well-known author gave me this piece of advice: "Take as many notes as you like, but when you write do not look at them—what you remember is what you must write, and you ought to give things exactly the degree of relative importance that they have in your memory. If you forget much, it is well, it will only save beforehand the labor of erasure." This advice would not be suitable to every author. An author who dealt much

in minute facts ought to be allowed to refer to his memoranda; but from the artistic point of view in literature the advice was wise indeed. In painting, our preferences select whilst we are in the presence of nature, and our memory selects when we are away from nature. The most beautiful compositions are produced by the selecting office of the memory, which retains some features, and even greatly exaggerates them, whilst it diminishes others, and often altogether omits them. An artist who blamed himself for these exaggerations and omissions would blame himself for being an artist.

Let me add a protest against the common methods of curing what are called treacherous memories. They are generally founded upon the association of ideas, which is so far rational; but then the sort of association which they have recourse to is unnatural, and produces precisely the sort of disorder which would be produced in dress if a man were insane enough to tie, let us say, a frying-pan to one of his coat-tails and a child's kite to the other. The true discipline of the mind is to be effected only by associating those things together which have a real relation of some kind; and the profounder the relation, the more it is based upon the natural constitution of things, and the less it concerns trifling external details, the better will be the order of the intellect. The memotechnic art wholly disregards this, and is therefore unsuited for intellectual persons, though it may be of some practical use in ordinary life. A little book on memory, of which many editions have been sold, suggests to men who forget their umbrellas that they ought always to associate the image of an umbrella with that of an open door, so that they could never leave any house without thinking of one. But would it not be preferable to lose two or three guineas annually rather than see a spectral umbrella in every doorway? The same writer suggests an idea which appears even more objectionable. Because we are apt to lose time, we ought, he says, to imagine a skeleton clock-face on the visage of every man we talk with; that is to say, we ought systematically to set about producing in our brains an absurd

association of ideas, which is quite closely allied to one of the most common forms of insanity. It is better to forget umbrellas and lose hours than fill our minds with associations of a kind which every disciplined intellect does all it can to get rid of. The rational art of memory is that used in natural science. We remember anatomy and botany because, although the facts they teach are infinitely numerous, they are arranged according to the constructive order of nature. Unless there were a clear relation between the anatomy of one animal and that of others, the memory would refuse to burden itself with the details of their structure. So in the study of languages we learn several languages by perceiving their true structural relations, and remembering them. Association of this kind, and the maintenance of order in the mind are the only arts of memory compatible with the right government of the intellect. Incongruous, and even superficial association ought to be systematically discouraged, and we ought to value the negative or rejecting power of the memory. The finest intellects are as remarkable for the ease with which they resist and throw off what does not concern them as for the permanence with which their own truths engrave themselves. They are like clear glass, which fluoric acid etches indelibly, but which comes out of vitriol intact.—*The Intellectual Life.*



A. HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, ALEXANDER, an American statesman, born on the island of St. Nevis, West Indies, January 11, 1757; died at New York, July 12, 1804. His father emigrated from Scotland, and became a merchant at St. Christopher's, but failed in business, and was reduced to poverty. His mother, who was of French Huguenot descent, died while her son was a child; but relatives of hers took charge of the boy, and sent him to New York to be educated. He entered King's (now Columbia) College just before the breaking out of the American Revolution. At a public meeting in July, 1774, he delivered a speech which brought him into notice, and he wrote several able political pamphlets. He joined a volunteer military company, and at the age of nineteen was commissioned as captain of a company raised by the State of New York. The city itself was abandoned by Washington, who took up a position on the upper part of Manhattan Island. Hamilton attracted the notice of Washington, by whom, in March, 1777, he was appointed aide-de-camp, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and he took a prominent part in the military operations which ensued, commanding a battalion at the siege of Yorktown. In 1780 he married a daughter of General Philip Schuyler, who survived him more than half a century, dying in 1854, at the age of ninety-seven.

Near the close of the war Hamilton studied law, and was licensed to practise in 1782; and a few days after he was elected a delegate to the Continental Congress. He took an active part in the political movements of the day, especially in the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States. It was very doubtful whether the Constitution would be adopted by the requisite number of States. To bring about the adoption, Hamilton, in conjunction with Jay and Madison, undertook the writing of a series of essays, known as *The Federalist.* These essays reached the number of eighty-five; and there is some question as to the authorship of a portion of them. The most probable statement is that five were by Jay, fourteen by Madison, three by Madison and Hamilton jointly, and the remainder by Hamilton. (See Federalist, Vol. X.)

When the new government went into operation in 1789, Hamilton was selected by Washington as Secretary of the Treasury, and he bore a leading part in establishing the financial system of the country. In 1795 he resigned the secretaryship, and resumed the practice of law at New York; but he remained an earnest supporter of the administration of Washington, by whom he was consulted in the preparation of his "Farewell Address," and other important state papers. In 1798 there was a strong probability of a war with France, and Washington was appointed Commander-in-chief, with the title of Lieutenant-General. He accepted the appointment upon condition that he should not be called into active service unless

actual hostilities should arise, and that Hamilton should be created a major-general, and be in charge of the details of the organization of the army. The war was, however, averted, and Hamilton continued the practice of his profession, taking also an earnest part in the stormy politics of the day. This led to a personal quarrel with Aaron Burr, who was a candidate for the office of Governor of New York. Burr was defeated, owing, as he alleged, to the hostility of Hamilton, whom he challenged to a duel. Hamilton was conscientiously opposed to duelling; but, as he himself wrote, "The ability to be in future useful, whether in resisting mischief or effecting good in those crises of our public affairs which seem likely to happen, would probably be inseparable from a conformity with prejudice in this particular." The meeting took place July 11, 1804, at Weehawken, N. J., just across the Hudson River from New York. Burr was uninjured, but Hamilton received a wound from which he died the next day.

The *Works of Alexander Hamilton* have been edited by his son, John C. Hamilton (7 vols., 1851), who also wrote a *Life* of his father (2 vols., 1834, 1840), and a voluminous *History of the Republic of the United States, as traced in the Writings of Alexander Hamilton and his Contemporaries* (1850). One of the most important of Hamilton's essays has been given in this work in the article "The Federalist." The following extracts are from other writings of Hamilton:

THE NECESSITY OF A NATIONAL BANK.

I am aware of all the objections that have been made to public banks, and that they are not without enlightened and respectable opponents. But all that has been said against them only tends to prove that, like all other good things, they are subject to abuse, and when abused become pernicious. The precious metals, by similar arguments, may be proved to be injurious. It is certain that the moneys of South America have had great influence in banishing industry from Spain, and sinking it in real wealth and importance. Great powers, commerce, and riches—or, in other words, great national prosperity—may, in like manner, be denominated evils; for they lead to insolence and inordinate ambition, a vicious luxury, licentiousness of morals, and all those vices which corrupt a government, enslave the state, and precipitate the ruin of a nation. But no wise statesman will reject the good from an apprehension of the ill. The truth is, in all human affairs there is no good pure and unmixed. Every advantage has two sides; and wisdom consists in availing ourselves of the good, and guarding as much as possible against the bad. The tendency of a National Bank is to increase public and private credit. The former gives power to the state for the protection of its rights and interests; and the latter facilitates and extends the operations of commerce among individuals. Industry is increased, commodities are multiplied, agriculture and manufactures flourish: and herein consists the true wealth and prosperity of a state. Most commercial nations have found it necessary to institute banks; and they have proved to be the happiest engines that ever were invented for advancing trade. Venice, Genoa, Hamburg, Holland, and England, are examples of their utility. They owe their riches, commerce, and the figure they have made at different periods, in a great degree to this source. Great Britain is indebted for the immense efforts she has been enabled to make in so many illustrious and successful wars, essentially to that vast fabric of credit, raised on this foundation.—*Letter to Robert Morris, April 30, 1781.*

NATHANAEL GREENE.

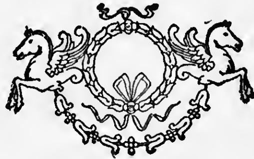
As a man, the virtues of Nathanael Greene are admitted ; as a patriot he holds a place in the foremost ranks ; as a statesman he is praised ; as a soldier he is admired. But in the two last characters—especially in the last but one—his reputation falls far below his desert. It required a longer life, and still greater opportunities, to have enabled him to exhibit in full day the vast—I had almost said the enormous powers of his mind. The termination of the American war—not too soon for his wishes, nor for the welfare of his country, but too soon for his glory—put an end to his military career. The sudden termination of his life cut him off from those scenes which the progress of a new, immense, and unsettled empire could not fail to open to the complete exertion of that universal and pervading genius which qualified him not less for the senate than for the field. . . .

General Greene, descended from respectable parents, but not placed by birth in that elevated rank which, under a monarchy, is the only sure road to those employments that give activity and scope to abilities, must in all probability have contented himself with the humble lot of a private citizen—or at most with the contracted sphere of an elective office in a colonial and dependent government, scarcely conscious of the resources of his own mind—had not the violated rights of his country called him to act a part on a more splendid and more complete theatre. Happily for America he hesitated not to obey the call. The vigor of his genius, corresponding with the importance of the prize to be contended for, overcame the natural moderation of his temper; and though not hurried on by enthusiasm, but animated by the enlightened sense of the value of free government, he cheerfully resolved to stake his fortune, his hopes, his life, and his honor, upon an enterprise of the danger of which he knew the whole magnitude—in a cause which was worthy of the toils and the blood of heroes.

The sword having been appealed to at Lexington, as

the arbiter of the controversy between Great Britain and America, Greene shortly after marched, at the head of a regiment, to join the American forces at Cambridge, determined to abide the awful decision. He was not long there before the discerning eye of the American Fabius marked him out as the object of his confidence. His abilities entitled him to a pre-eminent share in the counsels of his chief. He gained it, and he preserved it, amidst all the chequered varieties of military vicissitude, and in defiance of all the intrigues of jealous and aspiring rivals.

As long as the measures which conducted us safely through the most critical stages of the war shall be remembered with approbation ; as long as the enterprises of Trenton and Princeton shall be regarded as the dawnings of that bright day which afterward broke with such resplendent lustre ; as long as the almost magic operations of the remainder of that memorable winter, distinguished not more by these events than by the extraordinary spectacle of a powerful army straitened within narrow limits by the phantom of a military force, and never permitted to transgress those limits with impunity ; in which skill supplied the place of means, and disposition was the substitute for an army ; as long, I say, as these operations shall continue to be the objects of curiosity and wonder, so long ought the name of Greene to be revered by a grateful country.



HAMILTON, ANTHONY, Count, French classical writer, born at Roscrea, Tipperary, Ireland, in 1646; died at St. Germain-en-Laye, France, August 6, 1720. He is especially notable from the fact that though born in Ireland of Scotch descent, his literary characteristics are decidedly French. He was the third son of Sir George Hamilton (fourth son of the first Earl of Abercorn). He was a nephew of James Hamilton, sixth duke of Chatellerault in the peerage of France, and his mother was Mary Butler, sister of the Duke of Ormonde. From the age of four till he was fourteen he was brought up in France. Being a Catholic he was denied such political preferment as he might have expected after the Restoration, but he became one of a band of brilliant courtiers whom he has entertainingly described in his *Mémoires du Comte de Grammont.* On the accession of James I. his religious disabilities became advantages, and he was given a regiment and appointed Governor of Limerick. After the battle of the Boyne, in which he participated, he became an exile to France, but as he had always maintained his connection with that country, this proved anything but a hardship. His sister had married the Comte de Grammont, and the first edition of the *Memoirs* was published anonymously at Cologne in 1713. Some thirty editions have since appeared.

In imitation of the satiric style of parody of the romantic tales which had come into vogue in France, Hamilton wrote *Le Belin*, *Fleur d'Épine*, *Zénéyde*, and *Les Quatre Facardins*, which are marked by an ease and grace of style excelled by few native Frenchmen. In the name of his niece, the Countess of Stafford, Hamilton maintained a witty correspondence with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

Robert Chambers, in his account of the historians belonging to the fourth period of English literature, notices Hamilton and his chronicle in the following words: "In 1713 appeared a semi-historical work, relating to the court of Charles II.—the *Mémoires du Comte de Grammont*, translated into English in 1714, and still a popular English work, having had the honor of being edited by Sir Walter Scott." Hamilton's *Contes de Féerie*, published at Paris in 1805, furnish perhaps the best specimens of the genius of this witty and talented writer.

"His verses," says Stephen and Lee's *National Biography*, "are usually graceful, but hardly poetical. They consist principally of epistles and songs addressed to various ladies. In *L'Enchanter Faustus*, the fifth of his *Contes*, Queen Elizabeth reviews a series of beauties from Helen to Fair Rosamond."

FAUSTUS AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Faustus had heard that the queen fancied herself to resemble the fair Rosamond; and no sooner was the name mentioned, than she was all impatience to see her.

"There is a secret instinct in this impatience," ob-

served the doctor, craftily : "for, according to tradition, the fair Rosamond had much resemblance to your majesty, though, of course, in an inferior style."

"Let us judge—let us judge," replied the queen, hastily ; "but from the moment she appears, Sir Sidney, I request of you to observe her minutely, that we may have her description, if she is worth it." This order being given, and some little conjuration made, as Rosamond was only a short distance from London, she made her appearance in a second. Even at the door her beauty charmed every one, but as she advanced she enchanted them ; and when she stopped to be gazed at, the admiration of the company, with difficulty restrained to signs and looks, exhibited their high approbation of the taste of Henry II. Nothing could exceed the simplicity of her dress ; and yet in that simplicity she effaced the splendors of the day, at least to the spectators. She waited before them a long time, much longer than the others had done ; and, as if aware of the command the queen had given, she turned especially toward Sidney, looking at him with an expressive smile. But she must go at last. And when she was gone, "My Lord," said the queen, What a pretty creature ! I never saw anything so charming in my life. What a figure ! what dignity without affectation ! what brilliancy without artifice ! and it is said that I resemble her. My lord of Essex, what think you ?" My Lord thought, Would to Heaven you did ; I would give the best steed in my stable that you had even an ugly likeness to her. But he said, "Your majesty has but to make the tour of the gallery in her green robe and primrose petticoat, and if our magician himself would not mistake you for her, count me the greatest —— of your three kingdoms."

During all this flattery with which the favorite charmed the ears of the good queen, the poet Sidney, pencil in hand, was sketching the vision of the fair Rosamond.

Her majesty then commanded it should be read, and when she heard it, pronounced it very clever ; but as it was a real impromptu, not one of those born long before, and was written for a particular audience, as a picture is painted for a particular light, we think it but jus-

tice to the celebrated author not to draw his lines from the venerable antiquity in which they rest even if we had the MS. copy ; but we have not, which at once finishes the business.

After the reading, they deliberated on the next that should succeed Rosamond. The enchanter, still of opinion that they need not leave England when beauty was the object in question, proposed the famous Countess of Salisbury—who gave rise to the institution of the Garter. The idea was approved of by the queen, and particularly agreeable to the courtiers, as they wished to see if the cause were worthy of the effect—*i.e.*, the leg of the garter ; but her majesty declared that she should particularly like a second sight of her lovely resemblance, the fair Rosamond. The doctor vowed that the affair was next to impracticable in the order of conjuration—the recall of a phantom not depending on the powers submitted to the first enchantments. But the more he declared against it the more the queen insisted, until he was obliged, at last, to submit, with the information, that if Rosamond should return, it would not be by the way in which she had entered or retired already, and that they had best take care of themselves, as he could answer for no one.

The queen, as we have elsewhere observed, knew not what fear was ; and the two courtiers were now a little reassured on the subject of apparitions. The doctor then set about accomplishing the queen's wishes. Never had conjuration cost him so much trouble, and after a thousand grimaces and contortions—neither pretty nor polite—he flung his books into the middle of the gallery, went three times around it on his hands and feet, then made the tree against the wall, head down and heels up ; but nothing appearing, he had recourse to the last and most powerful of his spells—what that was must remain forever a mystery, for certain reasons ; but he wound it up by three times summoning, with a sonorous voice, "Rosamond ! Rosamond ! Rosamond !" At the last of these magic cries the grand window burst open with the sudden crash of a tempest, and through it descended the lovely Rosamond into the middle of the room.

The doctor was in a cold sweat, and while he dried himself, the queen, who thought her visitant a thousand times the fairer for the additional difficulty in procuring this second sight, for once let her prudence sleep, and, in a transport of enthusiasm, stepping out of her circle with open arms, cried out, "My dear likeness!" No sooner was the word out than a violent clap of thunder shook the whole palace; a black vapor filled the gallery, and a train of little fantastic lightnings serpentined to the right and left in the dazzled eyes of the company.

When the obscurity was a little dissipated, they saw the magician, with his four limbs in air, foaming like a wild boar—his cap here, his wig there; in short, by no means an example of either the sublime or beautiful. But though he came off the worst, yet no one in the adventure escaped *quite clear*, except Rosamond. The lightning burned away my Lord of Essex's right brow; Sir Sidney lost the left moustachio; her Majesty's head-dress smelt villanously of the sulphur, and her hoop-petticoat was so puckered up with the scorching that it was ordered to be preserved among the royal draperies, as a warning, to all maids of honor to come, against curiosity.—***From L'Enchanteur Faustus, in Contes de Féerie.***

HAMILTON, ELIZABETH, a British educational writer, born at Belfast, Ireland, July 21, 1758; died at Harrowgate, England, July 23, 1816. When scarcely two years old her father died, leaving his wife in destitute circumstances, and the child was adopted by a paternal aunt living near Stirling, Scotland. There Elizabeth spent her youth and received a good education. She became governess in the family of a Scottish nobleman, and most of her writings are either educational or relate to Scottish life and character. Among her works are: *Letters of a Hindoo Rajah* (1796), prompted by association with her brother Captain Charles Hamilton, with whom she was then living, and who was engaged on a translation of the *Hedaya; Memoirs of Modern Philosophers* (1800), a satire on the admirers of the French Revolution; *Letters on Education* (1802); *Life of Agrippina* (1804); *Letters on the Moral and Religious Principle* (1806); *The Cottagers of Glenburnie* (1808); *Exercises in Religious Knowledge* (1809); *Popular Essays* (1813), and *Hints to the Patrons and Directors of Schools* (1815).

Sir Walter Scott describes *The Cottagers of Glenburnie* as "a picture of the rural habits of Scotland, of striking and impressive fidelity;" and Lord Jeffrey spoke very favorably of it in the *Edinburgh Review.*

A PICTURE OF SCOTTISH RURAL LIFE.

The road, which winded along the foot of the hills, on the north side of the glen, owed as little to art as any country road in the kingdom. It was very narrow, and much encumbered by loose stones, brought down from the hills above by the winter torrents.

Mrs. Mason and Mary were so enchanted by the change of scenery which was incessantly unfolding to their view, that they made no complaints of the slowness of their progress, nor did they much regret being obliged to stop a few minutes at a time, where they found so much to amuse and delight them. But Mr. Stewart had no patience at meeting with obstructions which, with a little pains, could have been so easily obviated; and as he walked by the side of the car, expatiated upon the indolence of the people of the glen, who, though they had no other road to the market, could contentedly go on from year to year without making an effort to repair it.

"How little trouble would it cost," said he, "to throw the smaller of these loose stones into these holes and ruts, and to remove the larger ones to the side, where they would form a fence between the road and the hill! There are enough of idle boys in the glen to effect all this, by working at it for one hour a week during the summer. But then their fathers must unite in setting them to work; and there is no one in the glen who would not sooner have his horses lamed, and his carts torn to pieces, than have his son employed in a work that would benefit his neighbors as much as himself."

As he was speaking, they passed the door of one of these small farmers; and immediately turning a sharp corner, began to descend a steep, which appeared so unsafe that Mr. Stewart made his boys alight, which they could do without inconvenience, and going to the head of the horse, took its guidance upon himself. At the foot of this short precipice the road again made a sudden turn, and discovered to them a misfortune which threatened to put a stop to their proceeding any

farther for the present evening. It was no other than the overturn of a cart of hay, occasioned by the breaking down of the bridge, along which it had been passing. Happily for the poor horse that drew this ill-fated load, the harness by which he was attached to it was of so frail a nature as to make little resistance ; so that he and his rider escaped unhurt from the fall, notwithstanding its being one of considerable depth. At first, indeed, neither boy nor horse was seen ; but as Mr. Stewart advanced to examine whether, by removing the hay, which partly covered the bridge and partly hung suspended on the bushes, the road might still be passable, he heard a child's voice in the hollow, exclaiming :

"Come on, ye muckle brute ! ye had as weel come on ! I'll gar ye ! I'll gar ye ! That's a gude beast now. Come awa ! That's it ! Ay, ye're a guide beast now !"

As the last words were uttered, a little fellow of about ten years of age was seen issuing from the hollow, and pulling after him, with all his might, a great long-backed clumsy animal of the horse species, though apparently of a very mulish-temper.

"You have met with a sad accident," said Mr. Stewart ; "how did all this happen ?"

"You may see how it happened plain enough," returned the boy ; "the brig brak, and the cart coupet."

"And did you and the horse coup likewise ?" said Mr. Stewart.

"O ay, we a' coupet thegither, for I was ridin' on his back."

"And where is your father and all the rest of the folk ?"

"Whaur sud they be but in the hay-field ? Dinna ye ken that we're takin' in our hay ? John Tamsen's and Jamie Forster's was in a week syne, but we're aye ahint the lave."

All the party were greatly amused by the composure which the young peasant evinced under his misfortune, as well as by the shrewdness of his answers ; and having learned from him that the hay-field was at no great distance, gave him some halfpence to hasten his speed, and promised to take care of his horse till he should return with some assistance. He soon appeared, followed by his father and two other men, who came on stepping at their usual pace.

"Why, farmer," said Mr. Stewart, "you have trusted rather too long to this rotten plank, I think" (pointing to where it had given way); "if you remember the last time I passed this road, which was several months since, I then told you that the bridge was in danger, and showed you how easily it might be repaired."

"It is a' true," said the farmer, moving his bonnet; "but I thought it would do weel enough. I spoke to Jamie Forster and John Tamsen about it; but they said they wadna fash themselves to mend a brig that was to serve a' the folk in the glen."

"But you must now mend it for your own sake," said Mr. Stewart, "even though a' the folk in the glen should be better for it."

"Ay, sir," said one of the men, "that's spoken like yoursel! Would everybody follow your example there would be nothing in the world but peace and good neighborhood."—*The Cottagers of Glenburnie.*

MY AIN FIRESIDE.

I hae seen great anes, and sat in great ha's
Mang lords and fine ladies a' covered wi' braws,
At feasts made for princes wi' princes I've been,
When the grand shine o' splendor has dazzled my een;
But a sight sae delightfu', I trow I ne'er spied
As the bonny blithe blink o' my ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside;
O cheery's the blink o' my ain fireside;
  My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
  O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

Ance mair, gude be thankit, round my ain heartsome ingle,
Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle;
Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad,
I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad.
Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,
But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer;
Of a' roads to happiness ever were tried,
Ther's nane half so sure as ane's ain fireside.
  My ain fireside, my ain fireside;
  O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

HAMILTON, JAMES, a Scottish clergyman and religious writer, born at Paisley, November 21, 1814; died in London, November 24, 1867. In his fourteenth year he entered the University of Glasgow. After the death of his father he accompanied his mother to Edinburgh, where he attended the lectures of Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Welsh. About this time he began his literary work with contributions to the *Presbyterian Review*. He was licensed to preach in 1838. After a brief ministry in Abernyte and Edinburgh, he was called in 1841 to the National Scotch Church of Regent Square, London, where he remained until his death. He continued to contribute to the *Presbyterian Magazine*, the *Free Church Magazine*, and the *Presbyterian Messenger*, and for three years, beginning with 1854, edited *Excelsior; or, Helps to Progress in Religion, Science, and Literature.* He also published several volumes of lectures and sermons. Among them are *The Church in the House, and other Tracts* (1842); *Life in Earnest* (1844); *The Mount of Olives* (1845); *Emblems from Eden* (1847); *The Happy Home* (1848); *The Royal Preacher* (1850); *The Lamp and the Lantern*, afterward issued under the title of *The Light to the Path* (1853); *Memoir of Richard Williams* (1854); and *The Prodigal Son* (1866).

UNBROKEN CORDS.

Of all God's cords, the finest, and perhaps the strongest, is the cord of love. Quitting his native chimney, among the canals and grassy fields of Holland, the stork pursues the retiring Summer, and soon overtakes it in Nubia or Morocco. There, quite unconscious of the fetter beneath his wing, he revels on the snakes of Taurus or the frogs of Nile; till, at last, on a brilliant May morning, in the streets of Haarlem the boys look up, and shout their welcome, as, with eager haste and noisy outcry, an old acquaintance drops down upon the gable.

Like instinct, over a generation's interval, brings back the exile to his Highland glen. It matters not that in the soft Bermudas life is luxury; it is of no avail that in his Canadian clearing a rosy household has sprung up and in proud affection clings around him; toward the haunts of his childhood there is a strange deep, hidden yearning, which often sends absent looks toward northern stars, and ends at last in actual pilgrimage. And although by the time of his return he finds that no money can buy back the ancestral abode; although, as he crosses the familiar hill and opens the sunny strath, strange solitude meets him; although, when he comes up, the hamlet is roofless and silent, and the bonny bield, the nest of his boyhood, a ruin; although behind the cold hearth rank nettles wave, and from the cairn covering the spot where in the mornings of another world he waked up so cosily, young weasels peep forth; although the plane is cut down, or the bour-tree, under whose sabbatic shadow his father used at evening to meditate; although when the vision dissolves, a pang must remain, there is no need that he should go back, bleak and embittered, as to a disenchanted world. This glut of reality was wanted to quench a long fever; but, even here, if his own heart is true, he will find that God's cord is not broken. Cottages dissolve and family circles scatter, but piety and love cannot perish. The cord is not broken; it is only the mooring-post which a friendly hand has moved farther inland, and fixed sure and steadfast within the soil.—*The Prodigal Son.*

HAMILTON, WILLIAM, a Scottish poet, born at Baugour, Linlithgowshire, in 1704; died at Lyons, France, March 25, 1754. He was a gentleman of an ancient family and of good fortune, and was early noted for his social accomplishments and poetical talent. In 1745 he embraced the cause of the "Young Pretender." After the discomfiture of the Jacobites at Culloden he made his escape to France, but he soon received a full pardon from the British Government, and the restoration of his paternal estates. His health being delicate, he took up his residence in Southern France, where the later years of his life were passed. He wrote a serious poem, entitled *Contemplation*, and one in blank verse upon *The Thistle*, the national flower of Scotland, of which the following is a specimen:

THE THISTLE.

How oft beneath
Its martial influence have Scotia's sons,
Through every age, with dauntless valor fought
On every hostile ground! While o'er their breast,
Companion to the silver star, blest type
Of fame unsullied, and superior deed
Distinguished ornament! this native plant
Surrounds the sainted cross, with costly row
Of gems emblazed, and flame of radiant gold,
A sacred mark, their glory and their pride!

Most of Hamilton's poems are of a lyrical character. A surreptitious collection of many of them was put forth in 1748. In 1760, after his death, his friends published a fuller collection, from his own manuscripts. A complete edition of the poems and songs, edited by James Paterson, was published in 1850. His best poem, the ballad of *The Braes of Yarrow*, suggested to Wordsworth the poems "Yarrow Unvisited," "Yarrow Visited," and "Yarrow Revisited."

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride;
  Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,
  And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow."—

"Where gat ye that bonny, bonny bride?
  Where gat ye that winsome marrow?"—
"I got her where I darena weil be seen,
  Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

"Weep not, weep not, my bonny, bonny bride;
  Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow!
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
  Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow."—

"Why does she weep, thy bonny, bonny bride?
  Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen,
  Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow."—

"Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
  Lang maun she weep with dool and sorrow,
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
  Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

"For she has tint her lover, lover dear,
  Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow,

And I hae slain the comeliest swain
  That e'er pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

"Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?
  Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weeds
  Hung on the bonny Birks of Yarrow?

"What 's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flude?
  What 's yonder floats? O dool and sorrow!
'Tis he, the comely swain I slew
  Upon the doolful Braes of Yarrow.

"Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds, in tears,
  His wounds in tears with dool and sorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
  And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

"Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
  Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow.
And weep around in waeful wise,
  His helpless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

"Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
  My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
That fatal spear that pierced his breast,
  His comely breast, on the Braes of Yarrow.

"Did I not warn thee not to lo'e,
  And warn from fight? but, to my sorrow,
O'er rashly bauld, a stronger arm
  Thou met'st, and fell on the Braes of Yarrow.

"Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
  Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
  Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowin'.

"Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
  As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
  The apple frae the rock as mellow.

"Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love;
  In flowery bands thou him didst fetter;
Though he was fair and weil beloved again,
  Than me he never lo'ed thee better.

"Busk ye, then busk, my bonny, bonny bride;
  Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and lo'e me on the bands of Tweed,
  And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow."—

"How can I busk a bonny, bonny bride,
  How can I busk a winsome marrow,
How lo'e him on the banks of Tweed,
  That slew my love on the Braes of Yarrow.

"O Yarrow fields! may never, never rain
  Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was basely slain my love,
  My love, as he had not been a lover.

"The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
  His purple vest, 'twas my ain sewing.
Ah! wretched me! I little, little ken'd
  He was in these to meet his ruin.

"The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
  Unheedful of my dool and sorrow,
But ere the fall of the night,
  He lay a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

"Much I rejoiced that waeful, waeful day;
  I sang, my voice the woods returning,
But lang ere night, the spear was flown
  That slew my love, and left me mourning.

"What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
  But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My lover's blood is on thy spear,
  How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me.

"My happy sisters, may be, may be proud,
  With cruel and ungentle scoffin'.

May bid me seek on Yarrow Braes
  My lover nailed in his coffin.

"My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
  And strive with threatening words to move me
My lover's blood is on thy spear,
  How canst thou ever bid me love thee?

"Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
  With bridal sheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
  Let in the expected husband-lover.

"But who the expected husband, husband is?
  His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter.
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
  Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

"Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down;
  O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff, take aff these bridal weeds,
  And crown my careful head with willow.

"Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best beloved,
  O could my warmth to life restore thee!
Ye'd lie all night between my breasts;
  No youth lay ever there before thee.

"Pale, pale, indeed, O lovely, lovely youth,
  Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night between my breasts;
  No youth shall ever lie there after."—

"Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
  Return and dry thy useless sorrow:
The lover heeds nought of thy sighs;
  He lies a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow."

HAMILTON, Sir William, a Scottish metaphysician, born at Glasgow, March 8, 1788; died at Edinburgh, May 6, 1856. He was educated at Glasgow and at Oxford, and distinguished himself in both universities. In 1813 he was admitted to the bar of Edinburgh, and began practice in the law, but continued to devote much time to the study of philosophy. In 1821 he delivered, in the University of Edinburgh, a course of lectures on the *Classic Nations of Antiquity*. Two papers on *Phrenology*, embodying the results of his investigations in the comparative anatomy of the brain, were read by him in 1826 before the Royal Society of Edinburgh. In these he combated the theories of phrenologists. A critique of Cousin's *Cours de Philosophie*, contributed by him to the *Edinburgh Review* in 1829, attracted great attention both in Great Britain and on the Continent. It was followed by other philosophical papers, among which are: *On the Philosophy of Perception*, and *On Recent Publications in Logical Science*. These articles, with notes, were published collectively in 1852 under the title *Discussions in Philosophy and Literature, Education, and University Reform*. In 1836 he became Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh, which position he retained during the remainder of his life. Between 1836 and 1846 he edited Reid's works, and later the works of Dugald Stewart.

PREPARATION FOR THE STUDY OF PHILOSOPHY.

"To attain a knowledge of ourselves," says Socrates, "we must banish prejudice, passion, and sloth;" and no one who neglects this precept can hope to make any progress in the philosophy of the human mind, which is only another term for the knowledge of ourselves.

In the first place, then, all prejudices,—that is, all opinions formed on irrational grounds—ought to be removed. A preliminary doubt is thus the fundamental condition of philosophy; and the necessity of such a doubt is no less apparent than is its difficulty. We do not approach the study of philosophy ignorant, but perverted. There is no one who has not grown up under a load of beliefs—beliefs which he owes to the accidents of country and family, to the books he has read, to the society he has frequented, to the education he has received, and, in general, to the circumstances which have concurred in the formation of his intellectual and moral habits. These beliefs may be true, or they may be false, or, what is more probable, they may be a medley of truths and errors. It is, however, under their influence that he studies, and through them, as through a prism, that he views and judges the objects of knowledge. Everything is therefore seen by him in false colors, and in distorted relations. And this is the reason why philosophy, as the science of truth, requires a renunciation of prejudices—(*præ-judicia, opiniones præ-judicatæ*)—that is, conclusions formed without a previous examination of their grounds.

In this, if I may without irreverence compare things human with things divine, Christianity and Philosophy coincide—for truth is equally the end of both. What is the primary condition which our Saviour requires of his disciples? That they throw off their old prejudices, and come with hearts willing to receive knowledge, and understandings open to conviction. "Unless," He says, "ye become as little children, ye shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven." Such is true religion; such also is true philosophy. Philosophy requires an emancipation from the yoke of foreign authority, a renunciation

of all blind adhesion to the opinions of our age and country, and a purification of the intellect from all assumptive beliefs. Unless we can cast off the prejudices of the man, and become as children, docile and unperverted, we need never hope to enter the temple of philosophy. It is the neglect of this primary condition which has mainly occasioned men to wander from the unity of truth, and caused the endless variety of religious and philosophical sects. Men would not submit to approach the word of God in order to receive from that alone their doctrine and their faith ; but they come in general with preconceived opinions, and, accordingly, each found in revelation only what he was predetermined to find. So, in like manner, is it in philosophy. Consciousness is to the philosopher what the Bible is to the theologian. Both are revelations of the truth—and both afford the truth to those who are content to receive it, as it ought to be received, with reverence and submission. But as it has too frequently fared with one revelation, so has it with the other. Men turned, indeed, to consciousness, and professed to regard its authority as paramount, but they were not content humbly to accept the facts which consciousness revealed, and to establish these, without retrenchment or distortion, as the only principles of their philosophy ; on the contrary, they came with opinions already formed, with systems already constructed, and while they eagerly appealed to consciousness when its data supported their conclusions, they made no scruple to overlook, or to misinterpret, its facts when these were not in harmony with their speculations. Thus religion and philosophy, as they both terminate in the same end, so they both depart from the same fundamental condition. . . .

In the second place, in obedience to the precept of Socrates, the passions, under which we shall include sloth, ought to be subjugated. These ruffle the tranquillity of the mind, and consequently deprive it of the power of carefully considering all that the solution of a question requires should be examined. A man under the agitation of any lively emotion is hardly aware of aught but what has immediate relation to the passion which agitates and engrosses him. Among the affections which

influence the will, and induce it to adhere to skepticism or error, there is none more dangerous than sloth. The greater proportion of mankind are inclined to spare themselves the trouble of a long and laborious inquiry; or they fancy that a superficial examination is enough; and the slightest agreement between a few objects in a few petty points, they at once assume as evincing the correspondence of the whole throughout. Others apply themselves exclusively to the matters which it is absolutely necessary for them to know, and take no account of any opinion but that which they have stumbled on—for no other reason than that they have embraced it, and are unwilling to recommence the labor of learning. They receive their opinion on the authority of those who have had suggested to them their own; and they are always facile scholars; for the slightest probability is for them all the evidence that they require.

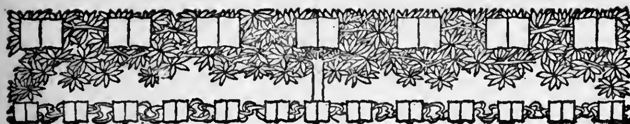
Pride is a powerful impediment to a progress in knowledge. Under the influence of this passion, men seek honor but not truth. They do not cultivate what is most valuable in reality, but what is most valuable in opinion. They disdain, perhaps, what can be easily accomplished, and apply themselves to the obscure and recondite; but as the vulgar and easy is the foundation on which the rare and arduous is built, they fail even in attaining the object of their ambition, and remain with only a farrago of confused and ill-assorted notions. In all its phases, self-love is an enemy to philosophical progress; and the history of philosophy is filled with the illusions of which it has been the source. On the one side, it has led men to close their eyes against the most evident truths which were not in harmony with their adopted opinions. It is said that there was not a physician in Europe, above the age of forty, who would admit Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood. On the other hand, it is finely observed by Bacon, that "the eye of human intellect is not dry, but receives a suffusion from the will and from the affections, so that it may almost be said to engender any sciences it pleases. For what a man wishes to be true, that he prefers believing."—*Lectures on Metaphysics.*

HAMILTON, Sir William Rowan, an Irish astronomer, born in Dublin, August 5, 1805, died there September 2, 1865. He gave evidence of extraordinary intellectual powers at an early age. At thirteen he was in a measure acquainted with more than a dozen languages, among which were French, German, Italian, Spanish, Hindostanee, Malay, Persian, Sanskrit, and Syriac. He also, while yet a mere boy, was far advanced in the higher mathematics. In 1823 he entered the University of Dublin, where at every quarterly examination he obtained the chief honors in science and the classics. In 1827, while yet an undergraduate, he was appointed Andrews Professor of Astronomy in the University, and Astronomer Royal of Ireland. In 1835, at the meeting of the British Society for the Advancement of Science, he received the honor of knighthood; and in 1837 he was elected President of the Royal Irish Academy. His researches extended to almost every department of human knowledge in any way connected with mathematics and physics, and the results were embodied in numerous memoirs in the transactions of learned societies, and in scientific periodicals. His most elaborate book was the *Methods or Calculus of Quaternions* (1853). His *Elements of Quaternions* was published shortly after his death. Although

devoted to the investigation of the most abstruse philosophical subjects, Sir William R. Hamilton possessed poetical genius of a very high order. Wordsworth said of him: "I have known many that might be called very *clever* men, and a good many of real and vigorous *abilities*, but few of *genius;* and only one whom I should call *wonderful*, that one was Coleridge. The only man like Coleridge whom I have known is Sir William Hamilton, Astronomer Royal of Dublin." George Ticknor speaks of the following sonnet of Hamilton as "one of the finest in the English language."

A PRAYER.

O brooding Spirit of Wisdom and of Love
Whose mighty wings even now o'ershadow me,
Absorb me in thine own immensity,
And raise me far my finite self above!
Purge vanity away, and the weak care
That name or fame of me may widely spread;
And the deep wish keep burning in their stead,
Thy blissful influence afar to bear,
Or see it borne! Let no desire of ease,
No lack of courage, faith, or love, delay
Mine own steps on that thought-paven way
In which my soul her clear commission sees;
Yet with an equal joy let me behold
Thy chariot o'er that way by others rolled.



HAMLEY, EDWARD BRUCE, an English soldier, novelist, and essayist, born at Bodmin, Cornwall, April 27, 1824; died August 12, 1893. He received his education at the Royal Military Academy of Woolwich, and entered the army in 1843. He served in the Crimean campaign, taking part in the battles of the Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman, and in the siege and overthrow of Sebastopol. He was the British Commissioner in the delimitation of the Russo-Turkish boundary in Armenia in 1880, and in the evacuation by the Turkish troops of Thessaly and Epirus, and their occupation by Greek troops in 1881. After many promotions he was made a Lieutenant-General in 1882, and commander of a division in the Egyptian war of that year. He is the author of *Ensign Faunce*, a novel (1848); *Lady Lee's Widowhood* (1854); *The Story of a Campaign: A Narrative of the War in Southern Russia* (1855); *The Operations of War; Our Poor Relations: a Philozoic Essay* (1870); *Voltaire* (1877); *Thomas Carlyle* (1881); *Shakespeare's Funeral*, and other essays.

COMING TO THE POINT.

Mr. Dubbley came in rubbing his forehead, and very nervous. He had started for the Heronry in a state of great elevation; exhilarated by punch, and the letter he had in his pocket, proposing seemed to him the easiest thing in the world; he laughed as he thought of his

previous failures. But his spirits had gradually evaporated as he approached the house—they went off more and more rapidly as he followed Kitty up-stairs—and when he entered Lady Lee's presence, not even the dregs remained. . . .

"Pray, take this chair, Mr. Dubbley," said Lady Lee; "you will be more comfortable than in that"—for Mr. Dubbley, having put his hat in a low chair usually appropriated to Rosa as a lounging chair, had, in his confusion, sat down on the top of it, and, it being a pretty stiff and solid beaver, remained unconsciously perched thereon till it suddenly gave way, and the Squire's knees came rather violently in contact with his nose, as he leant forward in a courteous posture.

"Bless my soul!" cried Mr. Dubbley, starting up and looking ruefully at the crushed hat; "there's quite a fate about my hats; this is the second I've sat upon this year. However, that's of no consequence," said the Squire, recollecting himself; "lots more hats to be bought. 'Twould have been worse if it had been my head." . . .

"Do you find Monkstone solitary?" asked Lady Lee.

"Monstrous solitary, 'pon my life," said Mr. Dubbley; "it gets worse every day." (Now why should she ask that, he thought, if she didn't mean something by it?) "If there was somebody else there," he added, "it wouldn't be half so solitary."

"And will nobody come to see you then, Mr. Dubbley?"

"Yes, yes," said the Squire: "a good many might like to come if I asked 'em; but it isn't every one I would ask. If some people that I know would come for better for worse," and the squire looked wonderfully arch as he repeated, "for better for worse, you know, I'd rather than a thousand pounds."

"Dear me," thought Lady Lee, Mr. Dubbley has certainly fallen in love with somebody; who can it be? "Then why don't you ask them?" said she smiling, "and ascertain their wishes on the subject?"

"Why, so I will," said the delighted Squire, who, feeling certain that he had made his meaning perfectly

obvious, and that he was meeting with the most charming encouragement, began to fumble in his pocket for the letter. "Faint heart never won fair lady," he muttered to himself. "Take time by the fetlock, you know."

"I wish you all success in your wooing, Mr. Dubbley," said Lady Lee, "and hope shortly to congratulate you on the result."

"Now what can she mean by that?" thought the Squire, letting the letter slip back into his pocket. "I mustn't be rash—hang it, no; I must feel my way." And the Squire's warm feelings, suddenly condensed by the chill, broke out over his forehead in little beads like morning dew.

"Delightful thing the married state," said the Squire presently, remembering Mr. Randy's instructions. "Charming state of things when two hearts that have long beat together as one are joined together in holy matrimony, and nothing to cut their love in two."

Mr. Dubbley paused, rather breathless after this eloquent flight, in which he had mingled the form of publishing the banns of marriage with his recollections of a valentine he had once written to a bricklayer's daughter.

"Why, you speak like one inspired by the subject," said her ladyship. "But take care, Mr. Dubbley! If you indulge such bright visions before marrying, you may be disappointed afterward."

"Not the least afraid of that," said the Squire; "we understand one another too well for that. What should prevent me and—and her that I'm talking of, from being as happy as the day's long?"

"Nothing that I know of," returned her ladyship, "provided there is no striking disparity of any kind."

"Ah, she's thinking about my income now," thought the Squire; "I'm all right there. I ought to have mentioned something about it in my letter." And again the Squire dived up to his elbow in his breast pocket. "No objection on that score," said he; "no mistake about my property; all safe and sure, and rents regularly paid."

"Tiresome, absurd man!" thought Lady Lee; "what

does he suppose I care about his property, or his rents, or his love-affairs? But there are other disparities," she said, "more fatal to nuptual felicity than that of an income: disposition, for instance—age—tastes—pursuits—intellect."

At the mention of this last item, the Squire once more let the letter fall back into his pocket.

"She's got cleverness enough for both," said the Squire. "Perhaps she's a very accomplished person, and perhaps I may be the same too in time—who knows? I dare say you don't know that I've been getting up a good deal of general information lately?"

Lady Lee had not heard of his process of mental culture, she said.

"Wait a bit!" said the Squire, with a knowing look; "perhaps I may disappoint those who think me a fool yet. I'm rubbing up my learning—all for your—I mean her sake, too. She's the only person in the world I'd take the trouble for."

"What a devoted attachment yours appears to be!" said her ladyship. "It certainly merits success."

And she smiled so pleasantly and encouragingly that the Squire dived once more into his pocket, and this time brought the letter fairly out, and put it in the crown of his hat, ready for delivery at the next favorable moment. He was several times on the point of going down on his knees and presenting it, and as often baffled by some chilling remark from the unconscious object of his admiration, and by his increasing sense of her unapproachableness. The quick alterations of hot and cold fits that he experienced were so trying, that he made up his mind to yield next time to the impulse, and declare himself like a man. But the impulse came, and was nipt like its predecessors; and the poor despairing Squire felt a load taken off his mind when the door opened, and Rosa and Orelia entered, full of conversation for Lady Lee. So he rose, and muttering to himself that his chance was over for that day, took his leave with the impression that he had left his intentions as profound a secret as ever.—*Lady Lee's Widowhood.*

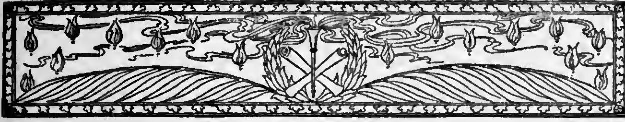
HAMMOND, WILLIAM ALEXANDER, an American surgeon and medical writer, born at Annapolis, Maryland, August 28, 1828. He graduated at the University of New York in 1848, and entered the army as assistant-surgeon. In 1860 he became Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the University of Maryland, but the next year re-entered the army, and in 1862 was appointed Surgeon-General. Alleged irregularities in the award of contracts led to his dismissal in 1864. In the same year he was appointed a Professor in the Bellevue Hospital Medical College of New York, and Physician-in-chief to the New York Hospital for diseases of the nervous system. In 1878 his sentence was reversed, and he was restored to his full rank. He is the author of valuable medical works, and has written several novels. Among his works are: *A Treatise on Hygiene, with Special Reference to Military Science* (1863); *Sleep and its Derangements* (1868); *Physics and Physiology of Spiritualism* (1870); *A Treatise on Diseases of the Nervous System* (1871); *Insanity in its Relations to Crime* (1873); *Over-Mental Work, and Emotional Disturbances* (1878); and *Certain Conditions of Mental Derangement* (1881). His novels are *Lal*, and *Dr. Grattan* (1884); *Mr. Oldmixon*, and *A Strong-Minded Woman* (1885); *Tales of Excentric Life* (1886), written in conjunction with his daughter, and *On the Susquehanna* (1887).

A PRINCESS IN DISGUISE.

Before the words were out of the woman's mouth the singing ceased, and an untidy and scantily clad girl came out into the passage. Her hair was hanging in long, black, frowsy masses over her naked shoulders, and her face did not exhibit any obvious indications of a recent acquaintance with soap and water. A single garment, much the worse for dirt and wear, and rather shorter at both ends than was altogether proper, covered a portion of her body; her feet were bare. Still, she was not a bad-looking girl, in spite of the disadvantages in the way of cleanliness and adornment under which she labored. Her black eyes, with their intelligent and thoughtful though good-natured expression, her well-formed and white teeth which she liberally displayed when she laughed, and her shapely mouth —ample but not over-large—made altogether an *ensemble* that was capable of exciting both admiration and interest in most of those who might take the trouble to study her face. In some respects she resembled her mother, but she had not a single feature of her father's in her whole physical organization. To look at the two, no one would have supposed that they bore even the most distant relationship to each other, much less that they were father and daughter.

She was rather above than below the medium height, was well and strongly put together, was muscular without being bony, and graceful in her movements, without perhaps possessing that suppleness of motion resulting from slenderness. Her hands and feet, though giving evidence of hard usage, were nevertheless small and well made. Clearly, she was rough and uncouth in mind and body. She had grown up like a garden-weed, untutored and uncared for. Yes, even worse; for the good points that Nature had put into her had not even been allowed to develop after their own way, but had been dwarfed and twisted and deformed, and crowded out of place, by the circumstances under which she had lived as a child and expanded into womanhood.—*Lal.*

JOHN HANCOCK.



HANCOCK, JOHN, an American patriot, born at Quincy, Mass., January 12, 1737; died there October 8, 1793. He graduated at Harvard in 1754, then entered the counting-house of an uncle, upon whose death in 1764 he received a large fortune, and soon became a prominent merchant in Boston. In 1766 he was chosen a member of the Legislature. In 1770 occurred the affray known as the Boston massacre. At the funeral of the victims Hancock delivered an oration in which the conduct of the British authorities was so severely censured that the Governor endeavored to arrest him and Samuel Adams, who had also become obnoxious. In 1775, after the action at Concord, Governor Gage offered a free pardon to all rebels except Adams and Hancock, "whose offenses were of too flagitious a nature to admit of any other consideration but that of condign punishment." In 1775 Hancock was chosen President of the Continental Congress, and his name stands first on the list of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Leaving Congress in 1777, on account of infirm health, he returned to Massachusetts, where he was a member of the Convention for framing a Constitution for the State. He was elected the first Governor of the State of Massachusetts; and was annually re-elected (with one interval of two years) until his death.

ORATION ON THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

The attentive gravity, the venerable appearance of this crowded audience, the dignity which I behold in the countenances of so many in this great assembly—the solemnity of the occasion upon which we have met together—joined to a consideration of the part I am to take in the important business of the day, fill me with an awe hitherto unknown, and heighten the sense which I have ever had of my unworthiness to fill this sacred desk. But allured by the call of some of my respected fellow-citizens, with whose request it is always my greatest pleasure to comply, I almost forget my want of ability to perform what they required. . . .

I have ever considered it the indispensable duty of every member of society to promote, as far as in him lies, the prosperity of every individual, but more especially of the community to which he belongs; and also as a faithful subject of the state, to use his utmost endeavors to detect, and having detected, strenuously to oppose every traitorous plot which its enemies may devise for its destruction. Security to the persons and property of the governed is so obviously the design and end of civil government, that to attempt a logical proof of it would be like burning tapers at noonday to assist the sun in enlightening the world; and it cannot be either virtuous or honorable to attempt to support a government of which this is not the great and principal basis; and it is to the last degree vicious and infamous to attempt to support a government which manifestly tends to render insecure the persons and properties of the governed.

Some boast of being friends of government; I am a friend to righteous government, founded upon the principles of reason and justice; but I glory in publicly avowing my eternal enmity to tyranny. Is the present system which the British administration have adopted for the colonies a righteous government? or is it tyranny? What tenderness, what regard, respect, or consideration has Great Britain shown, in their late transactions, for the security of the persons or properties of

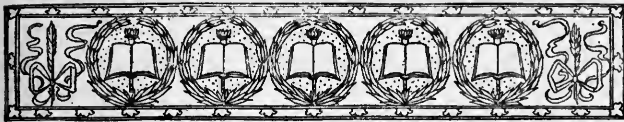
the inhabitants of the colonies? or rather, what have they omitted doing to destroy that security? They have declared that they have—ever had—and of right ought to have—full power to make laws of sufficient validity to bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever. They have exercised this pretended right by imposing a tax upon us without our consent; and lest we should show some reluctance at parting with our property, her fleets and armies are sent to enforce her mad pretensions. The town of Boston—ever faithful to the British Crown—has been invested by a British fleet. The troops of George the Third have crossed the wide Atlantic, not to engage an enemy, but to assist a band of traitors in trampling on the rights and liberties which, as a father, he ought ever to regard, and which as a king he is bound to defend, even at the risk of his own life. . . .

Surely you will never tamely suffer this country to be a den of thieves. Remember from whom you sprang. Let not a meanness of spirit, unknown to those of whom you boast as your fathers, excite a thought to the dishonor of your mothers. I conjure you by all that is dear, by all that is honorable, by all that is sacred, not only that ye pray, but that ye act—that, if necessary, ye fight, and even die, for the prosperity of our Jerusalem. Break in sunder, with noble disdain, the bonds with which the Philistines have bound you. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed by the soft arts of luxury and effeminacy into the pit digged for your destruction. Despise the glare of wealth. That people who pay greater respect to a wealthy villain than to an honest upright man in poverty, almost deserve to be enslaved; they plainly show that wealth, however it may be acquired, is in their esteem to be preferred to virtue.

But I thank God that America abounds in men who are superior to all temptation, whom nothing can divert from a steady pursuit of the interest of their country: who are at once its ornament and its safeguard. From them let us take example; from them let us catch the divine enthusiasm, and feel, each for himself, the godlike pleasure of diffusing happiness on all around us; of delivering the oppressed from the iron grasp of tyranny;

of changing the hoarse complaints and bitter moans of wretched slaves into those cheerful songs which freedom and contentment must inspire. There is a heartfelt satisfaction in reflecting on our exertions for the public weal which all the suffering an enraged tyrant can inflict will never take away; which the ingratitude of those whom we have saved from ruin cannot rob us of. The virtuous asserter of the rights of mankind merits a reward which even a want of success in his endeavors to save his country—the heaviest misfortune which can befall a genuine patriot—cannot entirely prevent him from receiving.

I have the most animating confidence that the present noble struggle for liberty will terminate gloriously for America. And let us play the man for our God, and for the cities of our God. While we are using the means in our power, let us humbly commit our righteous cause to the great Lord of the Universe, who loveth righteousness and hateth iniquity. And having secured the approbation of our hearts by a faithful and unwearied discharge of our duty to our country, let us leave our concerns in the hands of him who raiseth up and casteth down the empires and kingdoms of the world as He pleases; and, with cheerful submission to His sovereign will, devoutly say: "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the field shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet we will rejoice in the Lord, we will joy in the God of our salvation."



HANNAY, JAMES, a British novelist and critic, born at Dumfries, Scotland, February 17, 1827; died at Barcelona, Spain, January 9, 1873. At the age of thirteen he entered the Royal Navy, served five years, and then resigned, and devoted himself to literary work. He contributed largely to the *Quarterly* and *Westminster Reviews*, the *Athenæum*, *Punch*, and other periodicals. In 1848 he published *Biscuits and Grog*, *The Claret Cup*, and *Hearts are Trumps;* in 1849, *King Dobbs;* and in 1850 *Singleton Fontenoy*, a novel of sea-life, which gave him a brilliant reputation. Others of his works are *Sketches in Ultramarine* and *Satire and Satirists* (1853), *Sand and Shells* (1854); *Eustace Conyers*, a novel (1855); *Characters and Criticisms*, a collection of essays first published in periodicals; *A Course of English Literature* (1866), and *Three Hundred Years of a Norman House* (1867). From 1860 to 1864 he was the editor of the *Edinburgh Courant*. In 1865 he was appointed consul at Barcelona, Spain, where he died.

HORACE AND JUVENAL.

I may have partially succeeded in showing to you the points of distinction between these famous men :—between the man of the world, who is philosophical and moderate, and the fiery reformer, whose laughter is equally healthy, and whose indignation, however it expresses itself, is a genuine utterance of emotion. Both

of them were of simple tastes and habits, as they have described themselves. Horace, in spite of his great associates, loved at times to trot out on his cropped mule; to chat with the country-folk, and ask the price of oil and grain; to wander out and see how the busy hum of men was going on in the Forum or the Circus; to attend at the religious rites in their turn, too, as part of actual life. Home he went after such duties as these, in the soft Italian afternoon, to the simple meal prepared for him—a salad and macaroni not forgotten—with his little goblets, one of wine and one of water, on a table covered, we may be sure, with a snow-white, though not a splendid cloth; then came his sleep; and he rose early —wandered out, reading and meditating; and so the day again went by. Let us think of him, when we do think of him, as such a man as this—as a wise, genial, calm spirit; yes, and worthy too of something better than the admiration of Augustus, and a tomb by the side of his splendid patron. The world cannot often have heard more cheerful and more charming talk than must have been that of a Horatian party, when the men of genius met by themselves, and Virgil's mild and pure spirit brought with it an atmosphere of healthy peace; and the tender and amorous Tibullus told them how Delia should gather apples for them, if they would come and put themselves under the protection of his long-descended penates.

I doubt not that the calm and moderate spirit, which was the basis of Horace, increased in strength, as a characteristic, as he drew near to the fifty-seventh year of his age, which ended him. What is called his *nil admirari* doctrine was the expression of that temperament. Not to wonder! To look up at the heaven, with its revolving, starry glories, and feel that no vulgar fear should be inspired by that spectacle in the wise man; to have no foolish love of applause or wealth, no contempt of common life, yet no servility to pleasure; to occupy the firm medium, and defy the blasts of Fortune or the threats of Fate: this is the position of the Horatian philosopher. He does not dread, and he does not waver; but neither is he, however, too much given to enthusiasm, to reverence, or to love. It is as lofty a

philosophy as a man of the world can get, perhaps, out of life ; it was undoubtedly the most natural one to Horace ; and there seems some strong affinity between it and particular stages of national civilization. For at this hour a version of it has hordes of disciples in England ; and the Horatian tone of thinking is more consonant to the average mind than the tone which prevailed among our own ancestors in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

Juvenal also appeals to our sympathies, not only as a satirist, but in his private personality, as a quiet and wise old Roman spirit, who knew the beauty of a simple and genial communion of hospitality, quite different from the "suppers of Nero," and the dinners of Crispinus. His eleventh *Satire*, in which he asks Persicus to a modest entertainment, promising him a kid innocent still of grass and the willow—a plump kid—but with more milk than blood in him—with no lack of rural delicacies, and a modicum of simple wine—comes in with a strange effect, with a fresh, genial influence, like a breath from the old hills of Italy. "You shall hear the verses of the *Iliad*, and of Virgil," says the old satirist. And why shall we not think of him, too, as a manly, healthy, and lovable man? He is by no means as polite as Horace ; but his mental vigor is equal to anybody's and, after all, he had deeper laughter than Horace's, too —something, with its virtues and its vices, more like what we understand by the genuine Roman character. Coarse laughter, fierce jests, he has ; but with them, quite startling moral aphorisms ; while at times there comes from him a kind of prophetic wail, that touches the heart more than any laughter ; a cry as of the old blood, shed in the cause of the Republic, "crying from the ground!" The presence of such an element as this stamps the satirist with a moral superiority. From the heart it comes (however the speaker's other inferiorities may qualify it), and all else is comparatively commonplace beside it.

As long as any human society shall have impostors and rogues triumphant, the shades of these dead old Romans will be found stirring, like *banchees*, near them, and prognosticating doom !—*Satire and Satirists.*

HARDY, ARTHUR SHERBURNE, an American novelist and mathematician, born at Andover, Mass., August 13, 1847. He was educated at Amherst College and at the West Point Military Academy, and in 1871 was appointed Professor of Applied Mathematics in Iowa College. From 1874 to 1878 he taught civil engineering in the Chandler Scientific School of Dartmouth College. He was then appointed Professor of Mathematics in the same College. He is the author of *Francesca da Rimini*, a poem (1878); *Elements of Quaternions and Imaginary Quantities* (1881); *But Yet a Woman*, a novel (1883); *Topographical Surveying; New Methods in Surveying* (1884); *The Wind of Destiny*, a novel (1886); *Passe Rose* (1889), and *Life and Letters of Joseph H. Neesima* (1891).

"If one holds, with Tennyson," says the *Nation*, "that man is man and master of his fate, he will be very apt to grow impatient with Mr. Hardy's little episodes of love at first sight, his inconsequent situations, his excess of art and lack of matter." Of *But Yet a Woman*, however, the same authority says that the story is strong and original, and that "the reader will find all his conjectures as to plot not disappointed, but contradicted and surpassed." Upon the appearance of *The Wind of Destiny* the London *Spectator* heralded it as very manifestly "the work of a man of genius."

A BENEDICTION.

The convent church was crowded. In the tragic play of human destiny there are always the spectators. They climbed the steps and poured down the aisles, an eager, curious throng, filling the chairs while yet the sacristan was lighting the lamps in the great gallery along the nave. From that lofty place, where his taper moved like a wandering star, and above which the arches rose into a gloom the lamps could not dissipate, they appeared so many pygmies whose bustle and murmur the vast spaces overhead swallowed up and silenced. The choir alone was brilliant with light. It shone in the faces of those nearest the railing, and reached up to the white statue of the Holy Mother high above the altar. . . .

The silence had now become complete. Those who came late, and endeavored in vain on the outskirts of the throng to reach a better position, could scarce be heard by those who, near the chancel, watched the glass doors of the choir whence the procession would issue. Suddenly, without warning, the organ sounded, the cantors burst into song, "*O gloriosa Virginum, sublimis inter sidera*," and the procession entered the choir doors. How exultant the voices as they rose and echoed overhead like the tide of a sea on the shore. "Thou art the gate of the Supernal King; thou the refulgent palace of light."

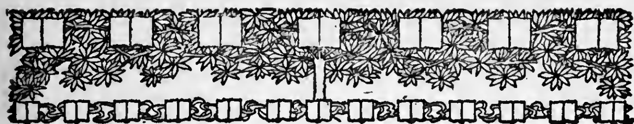
As Rénée saw the long files of the Religious, habited in their black church-cloaks and bearing their tapers, follow the cross-bearer to their places this triumphant song buoyed up her heart; and often again the hymns of the cantors and the peal of the organ gave her courage, as the martial strains inspire the soldier in the long day of battle. She had seen the figure, between the Mother Superior and assistant, whom she knew by its secular dress to be Stephanie; but she had not dared to look in its face, and, as the procession approached the sanctuary steps, she had shut her eyes, struggling with a sob that rose from her heart to her throat. All through the sermon she sat motionless. Sometimes the

voice of the preacher reached her, but he could not chain her thoughts. Would Stephanie not look at her? She was hungry now for a blessing from those eyes. She saw the cincture girded about her, and the veil placed on her head. She watched her as she received the black church-cloak, and took her taper in her hand. She heard again the clear voice rising like the morning star above the mists of earth and fading in the celestial day:

"The empires of the world, and all the grandeur of this earth, I have despised for love of our Lord Jesus Christ, whom I have seen, whom I have loved, in whom I have believed, and toward whom my heart inclineth." The choir caught up the words:—"Whom I have seen, whom I have loved, in whom I have believed, and toward whom my heart inclineth."

Rénée watched her with an eagerness of hope and desire. Would she not look upon her now before she received, prostrate at the steps of the altar, the last benediction, and passed forever beyond earthly eyes? Yes, as she turned to the vast audience, her gaze rested for the first time upon the little group near the chancel-rail. Father Le Blanc crossed himself and sighed. Did he think of the part he had played in this human life? Was he thinking of the woman at whose white throat he had so often seen the flash of the Czar's diamonds? Whose heart he, better than any other, had known and gauged, and whose eyes said to him now, "It does not hurt, O Pætus?"

It would be difficult to tell whether the good father's sigh was one of anguish or exultation. It was only for a moment—but for that moment all the light of the choir seemed to radiate from that single face. Then the veil fell over it, the Religious rose from their knees, the acolytes took their places, the procession moved again to the song of the cantors, and disappeared, file by file, through the choir doors. . . . In the great throng of the porch, Rénée, clinging to her husband's side, whispered, "Did you see her face at the last? It was a prayer." And Roger, who in the compass of that last look had seen the past, from its first unknown pain to its final peace answered, "It was more than a prayer; it was a benediction."—*But Yet a Woman*,



HARDY, Thomas, an English novelist, born in Dorsetshire, June 2, 1840. In his seventeenth year he was articled to an architect, and about the same time formed an acquaintance with a classical scholar with whom he read for the ensuing four years. In 1871 he published his first novel, *Desperate Remedies*, which was followed by *Under the Greenwood Tree* (1872), *A Pair of Blue Eyes* (1873), and numerous minor tales. *Far from the Madding Crowd* (1874), was a great success. Among his later works are: *The Hand of Ethelberta, a Comedy in Chapters* (1876); *The Return of the Native* (1878), *The Trumpet Major* (1880); *A Laodicean* (1881); *Two on a Tower* and *The Mayor of Casterbridge* (1882); *The Woodlanders* (1886); *A Group of Noble Dames* (1891); *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* (1892) *The Three Wayfarers* (1893) *Life's Little Ironies* (1894). *Jude the Obscure* (1895).

Mr. Hardy is a novelist of high rank. His character drawing is sharp and incisive, his studies of peasant life truthful and sympathetic, and his descriptive passages masterly.

A THUNDER STORM.

Bathsheba's property in wheat was safe for at any rate a week or two, provided always that there was not much wind. Next came the barley This it was only possible to protect by systematic thatching. Time

went on, and the moon vanished, not to reappear. It was the farewell of the ambassador previous to war. The night had a haggard look, like a sick thing, and there came finally an utter expiration of air from the whole heaven in the form of a slow breeze, which might have been likened to a death. And now nothing was heard in the yard but the dull thuds of the beetle which drove in the spars, and the rustle of the thatch in the intervals.

A light flapped over the scene, as if reflected from phosphorescent wings crossing the sky, and a rumble filled the air. It was the first arrow from the approaching storm, and it fell wide. The second peal was noisy, and comparatively little visible lightning. Gabriel saw a candle shining in Bathsheba's bedroom, and soon a shadow moved to and fro upon the blind. Then there came a third flash. Manœuvres of a most extraordinary kind were going on in the vast firmamental hollows overhead The lightning now was the color of silver, and gleamed in the heavens like a mailed army. Rumbles became rattles. Gabriel from his elevated position could see over the landscape for at least half-a-dozen miles in front. Every hedge, bush, and tree was distinct as in a line-engraving. In a paddock in the same direction was a herd of heifers, and the forms of these were visible at this moment in the act of galloping about in the wildest and maddest confusion, flinging their heels and tails high into the air, their heads to earth. A poplar in the immediate foreground was like an ink-stroke on burnished tin. Then the picture vanished, leaving a darkness so intense that Gabriel worked entirely by feeling with his hands.

He had struck his ricking-rod, groom, or poignard, as it was indifferently called—a long iron lance, sharp at the extremity and polished by handling—into the stack to support the sheaves. A blue light appeared in the zenith, and in some indescribable manner flickered down near the top of the rod. It was the fourth of the larger flashes. A moment later and there was a smack—smart, clear and short. Gabriel felt his position to be anything but a safe one, and he resolved to descend.

Not a drop of rain had fallen as yet. He wiped his weary brow, and looked again at the black forms of the unprotected stacks. Was his life so valuable to him, after all? What were his prospects that he should be so chary of running risk, when important and urgent labor could not be carried on without such risk? He resolved to stick to the stack However, he took a precaution. Under the staddles was a long tethering-chain, used to prevent the escape of errant horses. This he carried up the ladder, and sticking his rod through the clog at one end, allowed the other end of the chain to trail upon the ground. The spike attached to it he drove in. Under the shadow of this extemporized lightning conductor he felt himself comparatively safe.

Before Oak had laid his hands upon his tools again, out leapt the fifth flash, with the spring of a serpent and the shout of a fiend. It was green as an emerald, and the reverberation was stunning. What was this the light revealed to him? In the open ground before him, as he looked over the ridge of the rick, was a dark and apparently female form. Could it be that of the only venturesome woman in the parish—Bathsheba? The form moved on a step; then he could see no more.

"Is that you, ma'am?" said Gabriel to the darkness.

"Who is there?" said the voice of Bathsheba.

"Gabriel. I am on the rick, thatching."

"O Gabriel! and are you? I have come about them. The weather awoke me, and I thought of the corn. I am so distressed about it, can we save it anyhow? I cannot find my husband. Is he with you?"

"He is not here."

"Do you know where he is?"

"Asleep in the barn."

"He promised that the stacks should be seen to, and now they are all neglected! Can I do anything to help? Liddy is afraid to come out. Fancy finding you here at such an hour! Surely I can do something?"

"You can bring up some reed-sheaves to me, one by one, ma'am; if you are not afraid to come up the ladder in the dark," said Gabriel. "Every moment is precious now, and that would save a good deal of time. It is

not very dark when the lightning has been gone a bit."

"I'll do anything!" she said, resolutely. She instantly took a sheaf upon her shoulder, clambered up close to his heels, placed it behind the rod, and descended for another. At her third ascent the rick suddenly brightened with the brazen glare of shining majolica; every knot in every straw visible. On the slope in front of him appeared two human shapes, black as jet. The rick lost its sheen—the shapes vanished. Gabriel turned his head. It had been the sixth flash which had come from the east behind him, and the two dark forms on the slope had been the shadows of himself and Bathsheba.

Then came the peal. It hardly was credible that such a heavenly light could be the parent of such a diabolical sound.

"How terrible!" she exclaimed, and clutched him by the sleeve. Gabriel turned, and steadied her on her aërial perch by holding her arm. At the same moment, while he was still reversed in his attitude, there was more light, and he saw, as it were, a copy of the tall poplar-tree on the hill drawn in black on the wall of the barn. It was the shadow of that tree, thrown across by a secondary flash in the west.

The next flare came. Bathsheba was on the ground now, shouldering another sheaf, and she bore its dazzle without flinching—thunder and all—and again ascended with the load. There was then a silence everywhere for four or five minutes, and the crunch of the spars, as Gabriel hastily drove them in, could again be distinctly heard. He thought the crisis of the storm had passed. But there came a burst of light.

"Hold on!" said Gabriel, taking the sheaf from her shoulder, and grasping her arm again.

Heaven opened then, indeed. The flash was almost too novel for its inexpressibly dangerous nature to be at once realized, and Gabriel could only comprehend the magnificence of its beauty. It sprang from east, west, north, south. It was a perfect dance of death. The forms of skeletons appeared in the air, shaped with blue fire for bones—dancing, leaping, striding, racing around,

and mingling all together in unparalleled confusion. With these were intertwined undulating snakes of green. Behind these was a broad mass of lesser light. Simultaneously came from every part of the tumbling sky what may be called a shout; since, though no shout ever came near it, it was more of the nature of a shout than anything else earthly. In the meantime one of the grisly forms had alighted upon the point of Gabriel's rod, to run invisibly down it, down the chain, and into the earth. Gabriel was almost blinded, and he could feel Bathsheba's warm arm tremble in his hand—a sensation novel and thrilling enough; but love, life, everything human, seemed small and trifling in such close juxtaposition with an infuriated universe.

Oak had hardly time to gather up these impressions into a thought, and to see how strangely the red feather of her hat shone in this light, when the tall tree on the hill before mentioned seemed on fire to a white heat, and a new one among these terrible voices mingled with the last crash of these preceding. It was a stupefying blast, harsh and pitiless, and it fell upon their ears in a dead flat blow, without that reverberation which leads the tones of a drum to more distant thunder. By the lustre reflected from every part of the earth, and from the wide domical scoop above it, he saw that the tree was sliced down the whole length of its tall straight stem, a huge ribbon of bark being apparently flung off. The other portion remained erect, and revealed the bared surface as a strip of white down the front. The lightning had struck the tree. A sulphurous smell filled the air; then all was silent and black as a cave in Hinnom. "We had a narrow escape!" said Gabriel.—*Far from the Madding Crowd.*

EGDON HEATH.

A Saturday afternoon in November was approaching the time of twilight, and the vast tract of uninclosed wild known as Egdon Heath embrowned itself moment after moment. Overhead, the hollow stretch of whitish cloud shutting out the sky was as a tent which had the whole heath for its floor

The heaven being spread with this pallid screen, the earth with the swarthiest of vegetation, their closing line at the horizon was clearly marked. In such contrast the heath wore the appearance of an instalment of night, which had taken up its place before its astronomical hour was come; darkness had to a great extent arrived hereon, while day stood distinct in the sky. Looking upward, a furze-cutter would have been inclined to continue work; looking down he would have decided to finish his fagot and go home. The meeting rims of the world and of the firmament seemed to be a division in time no less than a division in matter. The face of the heath by its mere complexion added half an hour to eve; it could in like manner retard the dawn, sadden noon, anticipate the forming of storms scarcely generated, and intensify the opacity of a moonless midnight to a cause of shaking and dread.

In fact, precisely at this point of its transitional roll into darkness, the great and particular glory of the Egdon waste began, and nobody could be said to understand the heath, who had not been there at such a time. It could best be felt when it could not clearly be seen. Its completed effect and explanation lay in this and the succeeding hours before the next dawn: then, and only then, did it tell its true tale. The spot was indeed a close relation of night; and when the night was beginning to draw near, a certain tendency to gravitate together could be perceived between its shades and the scene. The sombre stretches of round and hollow seemed to rise to meet the evening gloom in pure sympathy; nay, they anticipated its livery, putting on the obscurity of night while the upper night of the sky was still in the far distance. First, the heath exhaled darkness; next the heavens precipitated it. The obscurity in the air and the obscurity in the land then closed together in a black fraternization toward which each advanced halfway.

The place became full of a watchful intentness now. When other things sank brooding to sleep, the heath appeared slowly to awaken and listen. Every night its Titanic form seemed thus to await something.

What it awaited none could say. It had waited un-

moved during so many centuries, through the crisis of so many other things, that it could only be imagined to wait one last crisis—the final overthrow.

It was a spot which returned upon the memory of those who loved it with an aspect of peculiar and kindly congruity. Smiling champaigns of flowers and fruit hardly do this, for they are permanently harmonious only with an existence of better reputation as to its issue than the present. Twilight combined with the scenery of Egdon Heath to evolve a thing majectic without severity, impressive without showiness, emphatic in its admonitions, grand in its simplicity. The qualifications which frequently invest the façade of a prison with far more dignity than is found in the façade of a palace double its size lent to this heath a sublimity in which spots renowned for their attractions were utterly wanting. Gay prospects wed happily with gay times; but, alas, if times be not gay! Men have oftener suffered from the mockery of a place too smiling for their reason than from the oppression of surroundings oversadly tinged. Haggard Egdon appealed to a subtler and scarcer instinct, to a more recently learned emotion, than that which responds to the sort of beauty called charming. . . .

The most thorough-going ascetic could feel that he had a natural right to wander on Egdon: he was keeping within the line of legitimate indulgence when he laid himself open to influences such as these. Colors and beauties so far subdued were at least the birth-right of all. Only in summer days of the highest feather did its mood touch the level of gayety. Intensity was more usually reached by way of the solemn than by way of the brilliant, and such a sort of intensity was often arrived at during winter darkness, tempests and mists.

Then Egdon was aroused to reciprocity. The storm was its lover; the wind was its friend. Then it became the lair of strange phantoms; it was found to be the hitherto unrecognized original of those wild regions of obscurity which are vaguely felt to be compassing us about in midnight dreams of flight and disaster, and are never thought of after the dream till revived by scenes like this.

It was at present an environment perfectly accordant with man's nature—a scene neither ghastly, hateful, nor ugly: neither commonplace, unmeaning, nor tame; but, like man, slighted, enduring, and withal singularly colossal and mysterious in its swarthy monotony. As with some persons who have lived long apart, solitude seemed to look out of its countenance. It had a lonely face, suggesting tragical possibilities.

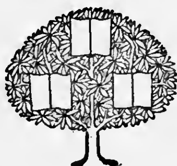
This obscure tract of land, this superseded country, this obsolete thing, figures in Domesday. Its condition is recorded therein as that of heathy, furzy, briery wilderness—"Bruaria." Then follows the length and breadth in leagues; and, though some uncertainty exists as to the exact extent of this ancient lineal measure, it appears from the figures that the area of Egdon down to the present day has but little diminished. "Tubaria Bruaria"—the right of cutting heath turf—occurs in charters relating to the district. "Overgrown with heath and moss," says Leland of the same dark sweep of country.

Here at least were intelligible facts regarding landscapes—far-reaching proofs productive of genuine satisfaction. The untamable Ishmaelitish thing that Egdon now is, it always had been. Civilization was its enemy. Ever since the beginning of vegetation its soil had worn the same antique brown dress—the natural and invariable garment of the formation. In its monomorphous costume lay a certain vein of satire on human vanity in clothes. For this reason a person on a heath, in raiment of modern cut and colors, wears more or less an anomalous look. We seem to want the oldest and simplest human clothing where the clothing of the earth is so primitive.

To recline on a stump of thorn in the central valley of Egdon, between afternoon and night, as nowhere the eye could reach nothing of the world outside the summits and shoulders of heath-land which filled the whole circumference of its glance, and to know that everything around and underneath had been from pre-historic times as unaltered as the stars overhead, gave ballast to the mind adrift on change, and harassed by the irrepressible New. The great inviolate place had an ancient per-

manence which the sea cannot claim. Who can say of a particular sea that it is old? Distilled by the sun, kneaded by the moon, it is renewed in a year, in a day, in an hour. The sea changed, the fields changed, the rivers changed, the villages changed, the people changed, yet Egdon remained. Those surfaces were neither so steep as to be destructible by weather, nor so flat as to be the victim of floods and deposits. With the exception of an aged highway, and a still more aged barrow, presently to be referred to, themselves almost crystallized to cosmic products by long continuance—even the trifling irregularities were not caused by pickaxe, plough, or spade, but remained as the very finger-touches of the last geological change.

The above-mentioned highway traversed in a straight line the lower levels of the heath, from one horizon to another. In many portions of its course it overlaid an old vicinal way, which branched from the great western road of the Romans, the Via Iceniana, or Ikenild street, hard by. On the evening under consideration it would have been noticed that, though the gloom had increased sufficiently to confuse the minor features of the heath, the white surface of the road remained almost as clear as ever.—*The Return of the Native.*



HARE, AUGUSTUS JOHN CUTHBERT, an English traveller, the nephew of Julius C. and A. W. Hare, born in Rome, March 13, 1834. His father died early, and he was adopted by his uncle, Augustus William. He was educated at Harrow School, and at University College, Oxford. His first publication was *Epitaphs for Country Churchyards* (1856). Among his other publications are *A Winter in Mentone* (1861); *Walks in Rome* (1870); *Wanderings in Spain* and *Memorials of a Quiet Life* (1872); *Days Near Rome* (1874); *Cities of Northern and Central Italy* (1875); *The Life and Letters of Baroness Bunsen* (1879); *Cities of Southern Italy and Sicily* (1882); *Sketches of Holland and Scandinavia* and *Studies in Russia* (1885); *Paris* and *Days Near Paris* (1887); *Northeastern France, Southeastern France, Southwestern France* (1890); *Two Noble Lives* (1893); *Sussex* (1894); *The Gurneys of Earlham* and *Northwestern France* (1895).

"He has an easy, agreeable style," says the *Saturday Review;* "he tells a story, when he has one to tell, with humor and skill; he has seen many persons of interest, and, when he can persuade his own restless vanity to take a back seat, he is able to recollect pleasant fragments of their conversation. But he has no sense of the relative value of incidents, and contrives to give a constant impression that he is exaggerating."

THE RUINS OF POBLET

No remains elsewhere impress the beholder with the same sense of melancholy as the convent of Poblet. An English ruin, softened and mellowed by time, fading and crumbling by a gentle, gradual decay, can give no idea of it. Here, it is the very abomination of desolation. It is all fresh; it might be all perfect now, but it is the most utterly ruined ruin that can exist. Violence and vengeance are written on every stone. The vast walls, the mighty courts, the endless cloisters, look as if the shock of a terrible earthquake had passed over them. There is no soothing vegetation, no ivy, no flowers, and the very intense beauty and delicacy of the fragments of sculpture which remain in the riven and rifted walls, where they were too high up for the spoiler's hand to reach them, only make stronger contrast with the coarse gaps where the outer coverings of the walls have been violently torn away, and where the marble pillars and beautiful tracery lie dashed to atoms upon the ground.

The convent was founded in 1149 by Ramon Berenguet IV., on the spot where mystic lights had revealed the body of Poblet, a holy hermit, who had taken refuge here during the Moorish occupation. Every succeeding monarch increased its wealth, regarding it, not only in the light of a famous religious shrine, but as his own future resting-place; for hither, over moor and mountain, all the earlier kings of Aragon were brought to be buried. As the long line of royal tombs rose thicker on either side of the choir, the living monarchs came hither too, for a retreat of penitence and prayer, and lived for a time a conventual life. . . .

The library of Poblet became the most famous in Spain, so that it was said that a set of wagons employed for a whole year could not cart away the books. As Poblet became the Westminster Abbey of Spain as regarded its kings and queens, so it gradually also answered to Westminster in becoming the resting-place of all other eminent persons, who were brought hither to mingle theirs with the royal dust. Dukes and grandees of the

first class occupied each his niche around the principal cloister, where their tombs, less injured than anything else, form a most curious and almost perfect epitome of the history of Spanish sepulchral decoration. Marqueses and counts, less honored, had a cemetery assigned them in the strip of ground surrounding the apse; famous warriors were buried in the nave and ante-chapel; and the bishops of Lerida and Tarragona, deserting their own cathedrals, had each their appointed portion of the transept; while the abbots of Poblet, far mightier than bishops, occupied the chapter-house.

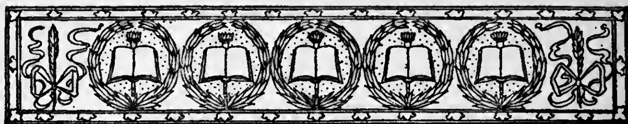
Year by year the power of the convent increased, till, like autocratic sovereigns, the friars of Poblet issued their commands, and the surrounding country had only to hear and obey. He who failed to attend to the summons of their mass-bell, had to answer to the monks for his neglect. Strange rumors began to float of peasants who, entering the convent gates, had never been known to come forth. Gradually the monks became the bugbear of neighboring children, and threats, which tampered with their names, were whispered by the lace-making mothers in the ears of their naughty little ones. At last came the wars of Don Carlos. Then political dissensions arose within the mystic circle; half the monks were royalists, half were Carlists, and the latter, considering themselves oppressed, and muttering vengeance, whispered abroad tales of secret dungeons and of hidden torture. The public curiosity became excited. Many yet live who remember the scene when the convent doors were broken in by night, and the townsfolk, streaming through court and cloister, reached the room which had been designated, where, against a wall, by which it may still be traced, the dreaded rack was found, and beneath it a dungeon filled with human bones and with other instruments of torture. Twenty-four hours were insisted upon by the authorities to give the friars a chance of safety; they escaped, but only with their lives. Poblet, beautiful Poblet, was left in all its riches and perfection. Nothing was taken away. Then the avenging torrents streamed up the mountain side and through the open portals. . . .

The Coro retains its portals of lumachella marble,

but within it is utterly desolate, though overhead the grand vaulting of the roof, and its supporting columns, are perfectly entire. There is no partition now beyond this, and through the pillared avenue the eye pierces to the high altar, where the splendid retablo of white marble still stands erect, though all its delicate reliefs are shattered to fragments, even the figure of the infant Saviour being torn from the arms of the central Madonna. Here, perhaps, is the climax of the destruction. On either side were the royal tombs.

The monuments remain, but, so altered, so battered with chisel and hammer, that scarcely a fragment of their beautiful ornaments is intact, and the effigies have entirely disappeared. Caryatides without arms or faces, floating angels, wingless and headless, flowers without stems, and leaves without branches, all dust-laden, cracked, and crumbling, scarcely testify to what they have been ; and thus it is throughout. From the sacristy blackened with fire, where one portion of the gorgeous Venetian framework still hangs in mockery, one is led to the dormitory of the novices, where the divisions of the cells may be traced, though none are left, and to the refectory, in which the fountain may still be seen, where, in this hot climate, the luxury of iced water always played during dinner in a central marble basin, while, from a stone pulpit, a reader refreshed the souls of the banqueters. The great cloister remains comparatively entire, surrounded with tombs, and enclosing, amid a thicket of roses, which have survived the fate of all else, a portico, with a now dry fountain. . . .

Space would not suffice to describe in detail each court with its distinctive features, through which the visitor is led in increasing wonder and distress, to the terrible torture-chamber, which is wisely shown last, as offering the clue and key to the whole. But surely no picture that the world can offer of the sudden destruction of human power can be more appalling than fallen Poblet, beautiful still, but most awful, in the agony of its unexpected destruction.—*Wanderings in Spain.*



HARE, JULIUS CHARLES, an English clergyman and religious writer, born at Valdaguo, Italy, September 13, 1795; died at Hurstmonceaux, Sussex, England, January 23, 1855. He was the grandson of Bishop Francis Hare. His father was rector of Hurstmonceaux, Sussex. He was educated at the Charterhouse School, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he became a fellow in 1818. In 1822 he was appointed a tutor in the college, and retained the position for ten years, at the end of which he became rector of Hurstmonceaux. At Cambridge he applied himself to the classics, to philology, and a special study of Coleridge and Wordsworth. In 1827 he and his brother, AUGUSTUS WILLIAM HARE (who also put forth two volumes of *Sermons*), published *Guesses at Truth, by Two Brothers*, a collection of essays chiefly critical and philological. He was made archdeacon of Lewis in 1840, prebendary of Chichester in 1851, and chaplain to the Queen in 1853. Among his works are several volumes of sermons: *The Duty of the Church in Times of Trial* (1848); *The True Remedy for the Evils of the Age* (1850); *A Vindication of Luther Against some of His Recent English Assailants* (1854); and an edition of *Essays and Tales of John Stirling, with a Memoir* (1848). He also assisted Thirlwall in the translation of Niebuhr's *History of Rome* (1828–32).

A LESSON FOR GENIUS.

It is a lesson which Genius too, and wisdom of every kind must learn, that its kingdom is not of this world. It must learn to know this, and to be content that this should be so, to be content with the thought of a kingdom in a higher, less transitory region. Then, peradventure may the saying be fulfilled with regard to it, that he who is ready to lose his life shall save it. The wisdom which aims at something nobler and more lasting than the kingdom of this world will also fall into its lap. How much longer and more widely has Aristotle reigned than Alexander! with how much more power and glory Luther than Charles the Fifth! His breath still works miracles at this day.—*Guesses at Truth.*

THE WORK OF TRUE LOVE.

A loving spirit finds it hard to recognize the duty of preferring truth to love—or rather of rising above human love, with its shortsighted dread of causing present suffering, and looking at things in God's light, who sees the end from the beginning, and allows His children to suffer, when it is to work out their final good. Above all is the mind that has been renewed with the spirit of self-sacrifice, tempted to overlook the truth, when, by giving up its own ease, it can for the moment lessen the sufferings of another. Yet, for our friend's sake, self ought to be renounced, in its denials as well as its indulgences. It should be altogether forgotten; and in thinking what we are to do for our friend, we are not to look merely, or mainly, at the manner in which his feelings will be affected at the moment, but to consider what will, on the whole and ultimately, be best for him, so far as our judgment can ascertain it.—*Guesses at Truth.*

THE TRUE IDEAL.

The common notion of the Ideal, as exemplified more especially in the Painting of the last century, degrades it into a mere abstraction. It was assumed that,

to raise an object into an ideal, you must get rid of everything individual about it. Whereas the true ideal is the individual, purified and potentiated, the individual freed from everything that is not individual in it, with all its parts pervaded and animated and harmonized by the spirit of life which flows from the centre.

This blunder, however, ran cheek by jowl with another, much like a pair of mules dragging the mind of man to the palace of the Omnipotent Nonentity. For the purport of the *Essay on the Human Understanding*, like that of its unacknowledged parent, and that of the numerous fry which sprang from it, was just the same—to maintain that we have no ideas; or, what amounts to the same thing, that our ideas are nothing more than abstractions, deificated by divers processes of the understanding. Thus flame, for instance, is an abstraction from coal, a rose from a clod of earth, life from food, thought from sense, God from the world, which itself is only a prior abstraction from Chaos.

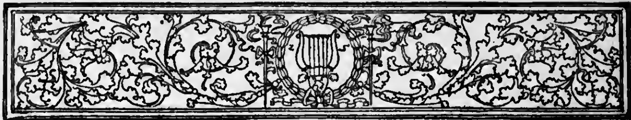
There is no hope of arriving at Truth, until we have learnt to acknowledge that the creatures of Space and Time are, as it were, so many chambers of the prison house, in which the timeless, spaceless Ideals of the Eternal Mind are shut up, and that the utmost reach of Abstraction is, not to create, but to liberate, to give freedom and consciousness to that which existed potentially and in embryo before.—*Guesses at Truth.*

WASTEFULNESS OF MORAL GIFTS.

Among the numberless marvels at which nobody marvels, few are more marvellous than the recklessness with which priceless gifts, intellectual and moral, are squandered and thrown away. Often have I gazed with wonder at the prodigality displayed by Nature in the cistus, which unfolds hundreds or thousands of its white starry blossoms morning after morning, to shine in the light of the sun for an hour or two, and then fall to the ground. But who, among the sons and daughters of men gifted with thoughts "which wander through eternity," and with powers which have the godlike privilege of working good, and happiness—who

does not daily let thousands of those thoughts drop to the ground and rot? Who does not continually leave his powers to draggle in the mould of their own leaves? The imagination can hardly conceive the heights of greatness and glory to which mankind would be raised, if all their thoughts and energies were to be animated with a living purpose—or even those of a single people, or of the educated among a single people. But as in a forest of oaks, among the millions of acres that fall every autumn, there may perhaps be one in a million that will grow up into a tree, somewhat in like manner it fares with the thoughts and feelings of man. What then must be our confusion, when we see all these wasted thoughts and feelings rise up in the judgment, and bear witness against us!

But how are we to know whether they are wasted or not? We have a simple, infallible test. Those which are laid up in heaven, those which are laid up in any heavenly work, those whereby we in any way carry on the work of God upon earth, are not wasted. Those which are laid up on earth, in any mere earthly work, in carrying out our own ends, or the ends of the Spirit of Evil, are heirs of death from the first, and can only rise out of it for a moment, to sink back into it forever.



HARINGTON, SIR JOHN, an English poet, born at Kelston, near Bath, 1561; died there, November 20, 1612. His mother was an illegitimate daughter of Henry VIII., and Queen Elizabeth stood as his godmother. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge. In 1599 he accompanied the Earl of Essex to Ireland, and was by him knighted on the field of battle, to the great displeasure of Queen Elizabeth; but her successor, James I., made him a Knight of the Bath. As early as 1591 he published a translation of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, the first ever made into English. In 1596 he wrote a satirical poem, *The Metamorphosis of Ajax*. License to print it was refused; but he published it notwithstanding, and was in consequence excluded from Court. He wrote several other satirical poems, among which is *The Englishman's Doctor* (1608). Twenty years after his death a collection of his *Most Elegant and Wittie Epigrams* was appended to a new edition of his *Orlando Furioso*. An edition of his works, with a *Memoir*, was published in 1804. Among his *Epigrams* are the following:

AGAINST CRITICS.

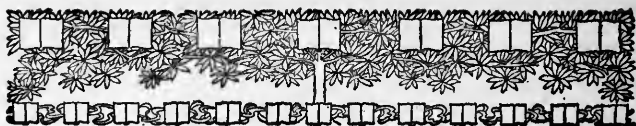
The Readers and the Hearers like my books,
But yet some Writers cannot them digest;
But what care I? for when I make a feast,
I would my guests should praise it. not the cook.

OF A PRECISE TAILOR.

A tailor, though a man of upright dealing;
True, but for lying—honest, but for stealing,—
Did fall one day extremely sick by chance,
And on the sudden was in wondrous trance;
The fiends of hell mustering in fearful manner,
Of sundry colored silks displayed a banner,
Which he had stolen, and wished, as they did tell,
That he might find it all one day in hell.
The man, affrighted with this apparition,
Upon recovery grew a great precisian;
He bought a Bible of the best translation,
And in his life he shewed great reformation.
He walked mannerly, he talked meekly,
He heard three lectures and two sermons weekly;
He vowed to shun all company unruly,
And in his speech he used no oath but "Truly;"
And zealously to keep the Sabbath's rest,
His meat for that day on the eve was drest:
And lest the custom which he had to steal
Might cause him sometimes to forget his zeal,
He gives his journeyman a special charge,
That if the stuff—allowance being large—
He found his fingers were to filch inclined,
Bid him to have the banner in his mind.
This done—I scant can tell the rest for laughter—
A captain of a ship came three days after,
And bought three yards of velvet and three-quarters,
To make Venetians down below the garters.
He, that precisely knew what was enough,
Soon slipt aside three-quarters of the stuff.
His man, espying it, said in derision:
"Master, remember how you saw the vision!"
"Peace, knave!" quoth he; "I did not see one rag
Of such a colored silk in all the flag."

OF FORTUNE.

Fortune, they say, doth give too much to many,
But yet she never gave enough to any.



HARLAND, HENRY, an American novelist, known by his pen-name of SIDNEY LUSKA, was born in New York City in 1861, and was educated in his native city and at Harvard. He left college before completing the course of study and made a tour of Southern Europe and spent a winter in Rome. In 1883 he was employed in the Surrogate's office in New York; but in 1886 devoted himself to literature and later became editor of *The Yellow Book.* It was while employed in the Surrogate's office that his literary work was commenced. It was his daily habit, pursued throughout one winter, to go to sleep immediately after dinner; at two o'clock in the morning he arose, and fortifying his nerves with black coffee, he wrote undisturbed until it was time for breakfast, preceding the commencement of his day's work. The fruit of his winter's labors, in which there is not a trace of midnight oil or pre-prandial coffee, is his first novel, *As It Was Written* (1885). This is a tale of Jewish life in New York. *Mrs. Peixada* (1886); *The Yoke of Thorah* (1887); *My Uncle Florimond*, and *Mr. Sonnenschein's Inheritance* (1888), were all romances containing scenes and characters similar to those in his first work.

Harland realized that he had opened a new mine of romance in portraying Jewish character and customs in New York, and he conscientiously

wrought his material into many pleasing shapes, each characterized by an agreeable individuality of treatment. He was led to the choice of his subject by his own predilections. He had many friends among the Jews, and claimed to have a strong admiration for the character. The name Henry Harland, with which he gradually replaced his earlier pseudonym, Sidney Luska, appears to be, of the two, the real *nom de plume*. At any rate, the Hebrew types so familiar in the eastern section of New York City have never been so sympathetically or so faithfully delineated. *The Yoke of Thorah* evoked some protest on the part of the Jews, and its author was called upon to vindicate his position, which he most ably did in an address delivered in one of the city synagogues.

Since 1889 Harland has been a resident of London, and has spent much of his time in Paris. *The Yellow Book* has attracted much attention by the literary work of its editor, as well as by the illustrations of Aubrey Beardsley. Other novels are *Land of Love* (1887); *Grandison Mather* (1889); *A Latin-Quarter Courtship and other Stories* (1889); *Two Voices* (1890); *Two Women or One* (1890); *Mea Culpa* (1891); *Mademoiselle, Miss* (1893); *Gray Roses* (1895).

SCHLEMIEL'S GRATITUDE.

Mr. Sparks and I climbed upstairs to Mr. Sonnenschein's tenement.

"Vail, my kracious, Saimmy, fat brings you baick again so soon?" was the old man's greeting.

As briefly and as clearly as I could I explained what had happened since my former visit.

"*Mein Gott!* You don't mean it!" he cried, when I had done. "Go 'vay. You don't really mean it! Mr. Levinson, he set fire to dot establishment, and you got baick de money? Vail, if I aifer? Vail, dot beats de record; it does, and no mistake. Talk about brains! Fy, Saimmy, smartness ain't no vord for it. You got vun of de graindest haits on your shoulders de Lord aifer mait. And Mr. Levinson, he aictually set fire to dot establishment, so as to get my money! Vail, dat *vas* outracheous, dere ain't no use in talking. Vail, Saimmy, I cain't hardly belief it; I cain't, honor bright."

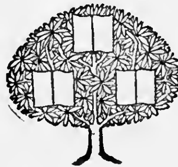
The marshal was busy with pen and ink at a table hard by, drawing up an affidavit and a receipt for Mr. Sonnenschein to sign and swear to. After the old man had laboriously traced his name and vouched for the truth of what was written above it, the marshal handed him the bundle containing his inheritance, and, covered with thanks from both of us, went away.

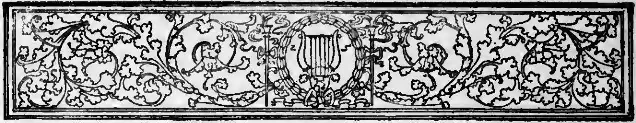
"Vail, now, Saimmy," said Mr. Sonnenschein, "now I tell you fat you do. You cairry dot poontle downtown mit you, and you go to your popper's office, and you gif it to him, and you tell him to make all de investments of dot money fich he likes. Dere's no two vays about it, Saimmy, I vas a raikular Schlemiel; and I guess maybe de best ting I can do is to let your popper mainage dot money shust exaictly as if it vas his own. No maither fat investments he makes of it, Saimmy, I tell you vun ting, I bet a hat dot vun vay or anudder dot money gets lost inside of six monts. Vail, Saimmy, as I told you a great mainy times before already, dis is a fearful funny vorld; and I guess maybe now, aifter dis fire and aiferydings, I guess maybe you'll belief me."

My father made such investments of "dot money" as would yield Mr. Sonnenschein an annual income of fifteen hundred dollars, which the old gentleman, still hale and hearty, is enjoying to this day. Though a Jew by birth and faith, he is as good a Christian as most of the professing ones; for after he learned of Levinson's imprisonment he insisted upon making a liberal provision for Mrs. Levinson and her children. Nor is ingratitude a vice that could justly be attributed to our

Schlemiel. When my parents celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of their wedding, a few months ago, they received by express a large and luminous worsted-work picture; enclosed by a massive gilt frame, which represented in the primary colors the nuptial ceremonies of Jacob and Rachel. A card attached informed them that it came with compliments and best wishes from Mr. Sonnenschein and Nettie, and on the obverse of the card, in Mr. Sonnenschein's chirography, we read, "Nettie dun it ole herself."

But his continued prosperity has undermined the old man's philosophy and upset all his established views of life. He calls at my father's office to receive his allowance on the first day of every month. "Vail, ainydings haippened yet?" is the inquiry with which he invariably begins. And when my father replies that nothing has happened, and proceeds to count out his money, "Vail, *Gott in Himmel*, fat kind of a vorld is dis, ainyhow!" he cries. "I gif it oop. I cain't make haits or tails of it. Here I been a Schlemiel aifer since I vas born already, and now all of a sutten I change ofer, and I ain't no Schlemiel no more. Vail, dot beats me,—it beats me all holler, and no mistake about it. But de Lord done it, and I guess maybe he's got some reason for it. Blessed be de name of de Lord."—*A Latin-Quarter Courtship, and other Stories.*





HARNEY, William Wallace, an American journalist and poet, was born at Bloomington, Ind., June 20, 1831. He studied for a time at Louisville College, of which his father was for some years president. He afterward studied law, and was graduated in 1855 at the law department of Louisville University. He taught school for some years in Louisville, and was the first principal of the high school in that city; after which he was for about two years Professor of Languages in the State University at Lexington. He afterward assisted his father for some years as co-editor of the Louisville *Democrat*, of which he became editor-in-chief after his father's death. In 1869 he went to Florida to engage in orange-culture, and here he wrote a number of valuable papers on this branch of horticulture. In 1883 he became editor of *Bitter-Sweet* at Kissimee. His writings, especially his home sketches and fugitive verses, are very popular, not only in the South but throughout the United States.

JIMMY'S WOOING.

The wind came blowing out of the west,
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
The wind came blowing out of the west;
It stirred the green leaves out of the rest,
And rocked the bluebird up in his nest,
As Jimmy mowed the hav

Milly came with her bucket by,
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
Milly came with her bucket by,
With wee light foot so trim and sly,
With sunburnt cheek and laughing eye;
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

A rustic Ruth in linsey gown,
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
A rustic Ruth in linsey gown;
But Jimmy thought her shy and cold,
And more he thought than e'er he told,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

The rain came pattering down amain,
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
The rain came pattering down amain,
And under the thatch of the laden wain,
Jimmy and Milly—a cunning twain—
Sat sheltered by the hay.

The merry rain-drops hurried in
Under the thatch of hay;
The merry rain-drops hurried in,
And laughed and pattered in a din,
Over that which they saw within,
Under the thatch of hay.

For Milly nestled to Jimmy's breast,
Under the thatch of hay;
For Milly nestled to Jimmy's breast,
Like a wild bird fluttering to its nest;
And then I'll swear she looked her best,
Under the thatch of hay.

And when the sun came laughing out
Over the ruined hay;
And when the sun came laughing out
Milly had ceased to pet and pout;
And twittering birds began to shout,
As if for a wedding-day.

HARPER, William Rainey, an American scholar and educator, was born at New Concord, Ohio, July 26, 1856. He was educated at Muskingum College and at Yale University, graduating from the latter in 1875. From 1875 to 1876 he was principal of Masonic College, Macon, Tenn.; tutor in Denison University, Granville, Ohio, 1876 to 1879; principal of Denison University from 1879 to 1880; Professor of Hebrew and the Cognate Languages, Baptist Union Theological Seminary, Morgan Park, Ill., 1880 to 1886; principal of Chautauqua System, 1891; Professor of the Semitic Languages, Yale University, 1889 to 1891, and Woolsey Professor of Biblical Literature, Yale University, 1889 to 1891. At the opening of the Chicago University, in 1892, he became its president and head Professor of the Semitic Languages and Literatures. He has edited the *Old and New Testament Student* and *Hebraica.* He teaches by the inductive system, and the text-books he has published have been written upon that principle. Among his publications are *Elements of Hebrew Syntax by an Inductive Method* (1888); with R. F. Weidner, *An Introductory New Testament Greek Method* (1889); with I. B. Burgess, *Inductive Latin Primer* (1891); with C. F. Castle, *Exercises in Greek Prose Composition* (1893), and with I. B. Burgess. *Inductive Studies in English Grammar* (1894).

THE FOUNDER OF THE CHAUTAUQUA MOVEMENT

For what will Bishop Vincent's name stand in the far-distant future? As what will he be best known? As student, preacher, or teacher? I do not hesitate to say that his fame will go down to our children's children *as a teacher and an educator.* His work has influenced for good the cause of education more strongly than that of any other man living to-day. What are the ideas which he has emphasized? The answer may be given briefly: (1) Education and life are inseparable, indeed identical, and consequently this thing called education is something which should be continuous, never ceasing, lasting as long as life lasts. What is life but a period of training for something higher and beyond? Education is also something which should be symmetrical, running parallel with life itself and adapted to the needs and necessities of life. His mother's doctrine, reiterated by his father, he tells us, was, "Education without religious faith and life is valueless." That this doctrine sank deep into the heart of the son his whole life bears testimony. Still, education must be broad and comprehensive, not a little here and a little there, but something everywhere, and to be regarded as ideal only in proportion as it makes one able to deal with the problems of life and brings him into contact with all the culture of the higher life of civilization. (2) Education is not to be confined to formal study. It includes this, but it includes much more. Books alone are insufficient. One must come in contact with people, and especially with "the ablest men and women, specialists, scientists, littérateurs," "great teachers who know how to inspire and quicken minds," and from whom a special inspiration may be gained for the doing of special service. One must travel at home and abroad, and bring himself into contact with the localities in which the great lives of the world have been lived and its great events enacted. Perhaps more may be gained than in any other way from personal thought and meditation, in hours during which one is able to examine himself and hold before his soul a mirror in which shall be reflected his inner life and thought.

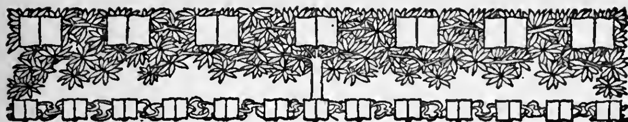
(3) Education is not limited to any place or places. It should be the highest work of the home, and the entire policy of the home life should be directed toward the encouragement of that kind of living which shall be essentially educative in its character. It will, of course, be the exclusive work of the school; but outside of school, at the desk, in the factory, anywhere and everywhere, the desire to secure it should be the most intense desire of the human heart. (4) Education shall not be restricted in time. At no stage in life should one feel that his education has been finished. There is no age at which the work of education is impossible. Every man should be a student every day through all the days of life. Very striking are the words with which Bishop Vincent closes his article in the *Forum* on *How I Was Educated*:—"I am in school now as a student every day, and unfinished *curricula* reach out into undefined futures. I shall never 'finish' my education."—*From an article in The Outlook.*

HARRIS, JAMES, an English statesman and philologist, born at Salisbury, July 20, 1709; died there, December 22, 1780. He was educated at Oxford, and entered himself as a student of law at Lincoln's Inn. But when he was twenty-four his father died, leaving him a large fortune, and he abandoned the law, betaking himself to more congenial pursuits. In 1761 he was returned to Parliament for the borough of Christ Church, and retained his seat until his death. At different periods he was a Lord of the Admiralty, a Lord of the Treasury, and Secretary and Comptroller to the Queen. He published treatises upon Art, upon Music, Painting, and Poetry, and upon Happiness. His most important work, published in 1751, was *Hermes, or a Philosophical Inquiry Concerning Universal Grammar*. He also published, in 1775, *Philosophical Arrangements*, being a part of a projected work upon the *Logic* of Aristotle.

His son said that his father's "profound knowledge of Greek arose from an early and intimate acquaintance with the excellent poets and historians in that language." On the other hand, the *London Quarterly* says that "his style is flat and heavy;" and Johnson pointed out to Mrs. Thrale six grammatical errors in fourteen lines, and told Boswell that he thought Harris "a coxcomb."

OF PRONOUNS.

Conversation often passes between persons who may have been until that time unacquainted. How shall the speaker address the other when he knows not his name? or how explain himself by his own name, of which the other is wholly ignorant? Nouns, as they have been described, cannot answer this purpose. The first expedient upon this occasion seems to have been pointing, or indicating by the finger or hand; some traces of which are still to be observed, as a part of the action which naturally attends our speaking. But the authors of language were not content with this. They invented a race of words to supply this pointing; which words, as they always stood for substantives or nouns, were characterized by the name of *pronouns*. These also they distinguished into three several sorts, calling them pronouns of the first, the second, and the third person, with a view to certain distinctions, which may be explained as follows: Suppose the parties conversing to be wholly unacquainted, neither name nor countenance on either side known, and the subject of the conversation to be the speaker himself. Here, to supply the place of pointing by a word of equal power, the inventors of language furnished the speaker with the pronoun *I*. *I* write, *I* say, *I* desire, etc.; and as the speaker is always principal with respect to his own discourse, this they called, for that reason, the pronoun of the first person. Again, suppose the subject of the conversation to be the party addressed. Here, for similar reasons, they invented the pronoun *thou*; *thou* writest, *thou* walkest, etc. And as the party addressed is next in dignity to the speaker, or at least comes next with reference to the discourse, this pronoun they therefore called the pronoun of the second person. Lastly, suppose the subject of conversation neither the speaker nor the party addressed, but some third object different from both. Here they provided another pronoun, *he*, *she*, or *it*; which, in distinction to the two former, was called the pronoun of the third person. And thus it was that pronouns came to be distinguished by their respective *persons*.—*Hermes.*



HARRIS, JOEL CHANDLER, an American novelist, born at Eatonton, Ga., December 8, 1848. In 1862 he answered an advertisement for an apprentice in the office of a small weekly paper, *The Countryman*, published on a plantation nine miles from any post-office. He soon began to contribute to the paper while setting type, and the proprietor, discovering this, encouraged him by lending him books from his library. While in this place he heard the negro folk-lore which he has since given to the world. In 1877 he became connected with the Atlanta *Constitution;* editor-in-chief, 1890. He has published *Uncle Remus* (1880); *Nights with Uncle Remus* (1883); *Mingo and Other Sketches* (1884). A novel, *Azalia*, appeared in the *Century* in 1887. His first works embody the negro stories and songs learned on the plantation.

The *Spectator* says that "Uncle Remus" deserves to be placed on a level with "Reineke Fuchs" for his quaint humor, without reference to the ethnological interest possessed by his stories as indicating, perhaps, a common origin for very widely severed races. The *Nation*, comparing Harris with Bret Harte, says that his perception is subtler and more truthful. "Both authors have keen instincts and insights, but Harris's are the finer and deeper. Harte's characters are by far the more picturesque, his incidents are more

thrilling; but Harris's people wind themselves about our hearts, and owe little to circumstance."

His more recent works include *Free Joe* (1887); *Daddy Jake the Runaway* (1889); *Life of Henry W. Grady*, former editor of the *Constitution* (1890); *Balaam and His Master*, short stories (1891); *On the Plantation* (1892); *Uncle Remus and His Friends* (1892); *Little Mr. Thimblefinger*, folk-lore (1894); *Mr. Rabbit at Home* (1895).

THE WONDERFUL TAR-BABY.

"Didn't the fox *never* catch the rabbit, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy the next evening.

"He come mighty nigh it, honey, sho's you baun—Brer Fox did. One day after Brer Rabbit fool 'im wid dat calamus root, Brer Fox went ter wuk en got 'im some tar, en mix it wid some turkentine, en fix up a contrapshun wat he call a Tar-Baby, en he tuck dish yer Tar-Baby, en he set 'er in de big road, en den he lay off in de bushes fer ter see wat de news waz gwineter be. En he didn't hatter wait long, nudder, kaze bimeby here come Brer Rabbit pacin' down de road—lippity clippity, slippity lippity—dez ez sassy ez a jay-bird. Brer Fox, he lay low. Brer Rabbit come prancin' 'long twel he spy de Tar-Baby, en den he fotch up on his behime legs like he wuz 'stonished. De Tar-Baby, she sot dar, she did, en Brer Fox he lay low.

"'Mawnin', sez Brer Rabbit, sezee—'nice wedder dis mawnin',' sezee.

"Tar-Baby ain't sayin' nuthin', en Brer Fox, he lay low.

"'How duz yo' sym'tums seem tor segashuate?' says Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"Brer Fox, he wink he eye slow, en lay low, en de Tar-Baby, she ain't sayin' nuthin'. 'How you come on, den? Is you deaf?' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. 'Kaze if you is, I kin holler louder,' sezee.

"Tar-Baby stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low. 'You're stuck up, dat's w'at you is,' says Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'en

I'm gwineter kyore you, dat's w'at I'm gwineter do,' sezee.

"Brer Fox, he sorter chuckle in his stummuck, he did, but Tar-Baby ain't sayin' nothin'.

"'I'm gwineter larn you howter talk' 'specttubble fokes ef hit's de las' ack,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. 'Ef you don't take off dat hat en tell me howdy, I'm gwineter bus' you wide open,' sezee.

"Tar-Baby stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low. Brer Rabbit keep on axin' 'im, en de Tar-Baby, she keep on sayin' nuthin', twel present'y Brer Rabbit draw back wid his fis', he did, en blip he tuck'er side er de head. Right dar's whar he broke his merlasses jug. His fis' stuck, en he can't pull loose. De tar hilt 'im. But Tar-Baby, she stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low. 'Tu'n me loose, fo' I kick de natral stuffin' outen you,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, but de Tar-Baby, she ain't sayin' nuthin'. She des hilt on, en den Brer Rabbit lose de use er his feet in de same way. Brer Fox, he lay low. Den Brer Rabbit squall out dat ef de Tar-Baby don't tu'n 'im loose, he butt'er cranksided. En den he butted, en his head got stuck. Den Brer Fox, he sa'ntered fort'; lookin' des ez innercent ez wunner yo' mammy's mockin' birds. 'Howdy, Brer Rabbit,' sez Brer Fox, sezee. 'You look sorter stuck up dis mawnin', sezee, en den he rolled on the groun', en he laft en laft twel he couldn't laff no mo', 'I speck you'll take dinner wid me dis time, Brer Rabbit. I done laid in some calamus root, en I ain't gwineter take no skuse,' sez Brer Fox, sezee."

Here Uncle Remus paused, and drew a two-pound yam out of the ashes.

"Did the fox eat the rabbit?" asked the little boy to whom the story had been told.

"Dat's all de fur de tale goes," replied the old man. "He mout, en den agin he moutent. Some say Jedge B'ar come 'long en loosed 'im—some say he didn't. I hear Miss Sally callin'. You better run 'long."—*Uncle Remus, His Songs and Sayings.*

HARRIS, William Torrey, an American philosophical writer, born at North Killingly, Conn., September 10, 1835. He was educated at the Woodstock, Worcester, and Phillips Academies, and at Yale College, which he entered in 1854. At the close of his junior year he removed to St. Louis, Mo., where he became the principal of a public school. He was one of the founders of the St. Louis Philosophical Society in 1866, and in 1867 began the publication of the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, of which he has ever since been the editor. In 1868 he became Superintendent of Schools of St. Louis. In 1880 he removed to Concord, Mass. He has delivered numerous lectures and addresses upon art, social science, and education; edited the department of philosophy in *Johnson's Cyclopædia*, for which he wrote many articles. In 1874 he wrote a *Statement of the Theory of Education in the United States* for the Vienna Exposition and in 1880 represented the United States at the Brussels congress of educators, earning several honorary titles abroad. In 1877 he was appointed University Professor of the Philosophy of Education in Washington University, St. Louis. He was one of the founders of the Summer School of Philosophy at Concord, Mass. In 1890, he published *The Logic of Hegel*, and in 1891 *Spiritual Sense of the Divina Commedia.*

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

Michelangelo passes by all subordinate scenes and seizes at once the supreme moment of all History—of the very world itself and all it contains. This is the vastest attempt that the artist can make, and is the same that Dante has ventured upon in the *Divina Commedia.* In Religion we seize the absolute truth as a process going on in Time : the deeds of humanity are judged "after the end of the world." After death Dives goes to torments, and Lazarus to the realm of the blest. In this supreme moment all worldly distinctions fall away, and the naked soul stands before Eternity with naught save the pure essence of its deeds to rely upon. All souls are equal before God, so far as mere worldly eminence is concerned. Their inequality rests solely upon the degree that they have realized the Eternal will by their own choice.

But this dogma, as it is held in the Christian Religion, is not merely a dogma ; it is the deepest of speculative truths. As such it is seized by Dante and Michelangelo, and in this universal form every one must recognize it if he would free it from all narrowness and sectarianism. The point of view is this :—The whole world is seized at once under the form of Eternity ; all things are reduced to their lowest terms. Every deed is seen through the perspective of its own consequences. Hence every human being under the influence of any one of the deadly sins—Anger, Lust, Avarice, Intemperance, Pride, Envy, and Indolence—is being dragged down into the Inferno just as Michelangelo has depicted. On the other hand, any one who practises the cardinal virtues—Prudence, Justice, Temperance, and Fortitude—is elevating himself toward celestial clearness.

If any one will study Dante carefully, he will find that the punishments of the Inferno are emblematical of the very states of the mind one experiences when under the influence of the passion there punished. To find the punishment for any given sin, Dante looks at the state of mind which it causes in the sinner, and gives it its appropriate emblem. . .

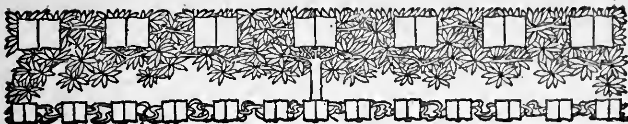
So Michelangelo in this picture has seized things in their essential nature; he has pierced through the shadows of time, and exhibited to us at one view the world of humanity as it is in the sight of God, or as it is in its ultimate analysis. Mortals are there, not as they seem to themselves or to their companions, but as they are when measured by the absolute standard—the final destiny of spirit. This must recommend the work to all men of all times, whether one holds to this or that theological creed; for it is the Last Judgment in the sense that it is the ultimate or absolute estimate to be pronounced upon each deed, and the question of the eternal punishment of any individual is not necessarily brought into account. Everlasting punishment is the true state of all who persist in the commission of those sins. The sins are indissolubly bound up in pain. Through all times anger shall bring with it the "putrid mud" condition of the soul; the indulgence of lustful passions, the stormy tempest and spiritual night; intemperance, the pitiless rain of hail and snow and foul water. The wicked sinner—so far forth and so long as he is a sinner—shall be tormented forever; for we are now and always in Eternity. . . . Just as we strive in our human laws to establish justice by turning back upon the criminal the effects of his deeds, so *in fact* when placed "under the form of Eternity," all deeds do return to the doer; and this is the final adjustment, the "end of all things"—it is *the Last Judgment.* And this judgment is always the only actual Fact in the world.

HARRISON, FREDERIC, an English jurist and philosophical writer, born in London, October 18, 1831. He was educated at Oxford, and was called to the bar in 1858. From 1867 to 1869 he was a member of the Royal Commission upon Trades Unions, and in 1869–70 Secretary to the Royal Commission for the Digest of the Law. In 1877 he was appointed Professor of Jurisprudence and International Law. He has contributed numerous articles to the *Westminster*, *Fortnightly*, *Nineteenth Century*, and *Contemporary Reviews*, and has published the following works: *The Meaning of History* (1862); *Order and Progress* (1875); *The Choice of Books and other Literary Pieces* (1886); *Oliver Cromwell* (1888), and an English translation of *Social Statics; or, the Abstract Theory of Social Order*, the second volume of Comte's *Positive Philosophy* (1875). He was one of the founders of the Positivist School in 1870, and of Newton Hall in 1881.

When his *Choice of Books* was published, the London *Athenæum* said that " a writer of such wide interests, who can find something instructive to say about subjects so far apart as the French Revolution and the developments of modern asthetticism, the law courts and the Academy exhibition, St. Bernard and Lord Beaconsfield, who tackles Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Arnold with equal intrepidity, cannot fail to suggest matter for discussion to any intelligent reader."

THE REPUBLICAN SENTIMENT.

Better than all attack on monarchy is the cultivation of the true republican sentiment. That sentiment in its integrity is the noblest and the strongest that has ever animated communities. It is nothing but the most exalted force of that which all society implies; for it is the utmost distribution of function with the greatest social co-operation. In simple words, it is the idea that the common good permeates and inspires every public act. Government becomes the embodiment of the common good; to accomplish which is its only title. The one qualification of office, the sole right to power, is capacity to effect this common good. He who commands with this title in the State, ordains not merely with the whole force of a superior nature, but with the majesty of that multitude of wills which are incarnate in his. From the humblest official up to the first magistrate of the State, all who have public duties feel behind them the might of the united community. Every public act of every citizen, and in the republic life is but one long public act, is in itself an act of patriotism, has its bearing on the welfare of the State. The barren claim of rights, the coarse notion of property in power, the sense of being born to privilege, dies out of the social conscience, and from one end of the body politic to the other there rises up the supreme instinct that no function is legitimate save that which is truly fulfilled. This was the idea which lit in the mind of the Roman the thought of the City, as that from which all that gave him dignity was drawn, as that to which his life and powers were continually and entirely owed. This too, throughout the Middle Ages, was the spirit which inspired the municipal bodies to whose energy civilization owes the seeds of its progress. It was, in fact, but this spirit which in a crude and personal form was the real spring of that loyalty and liege-trust which are the boast of the feudalisms and royalties of Europe. And it is simply this which in the scramble of our modern society makes any government possible, or gives any dignity to our national life.—*Order and Progress.*



HARTE, **Francis Bret,** an American poet and novelist, was born in Albany, N. Y., on the 25th of August, 1839, and died on the 5th of May, 1902. In 1854 he went to California, and after working successively as miner, school-teacher, and express-messenger, he entered the office of *The Golden Era*, as compositor. He contributed numerous articles to the paper, and was at length transferred to the editorial room. In 1864 he was appointed Secretary of the United States Branch Mint at San Francisco. Upon the establishment of the *Overland Monthly*, in 1868, he became its editor. From 1878 to 1885 he was consul successively at Crefield and Glasgow. Several of his books are collections of tales and sketches originally contributed to periodicals. His works include *Condensed Novels* (1867); *Poems* and *The Luck of Roaring Camp and Other Sketches* (1870); *East and West Poems* and *Poetical Works* (1871); *Mrs. Skaggs's Husbands* (1872); *Echoes of the Foot-Hills* (1874); *Tales of the Argonauts* (1875); *Gabriel Conroy* and *Two Men of Sandy Bar* (1876); *Thankful Blossom* (1877); *Story of a Mine* and *Drift from Two Shores* (1878); *The Twins of Table Mountain and Other Stories* (1879); *In the Carquinez Woods* (1883); *On the Frontier* (1884); *By Shore and Ledge* (1885); *Snow-bound at Eagle's* (1886); *The Crusade of the Excelsior* (1887); *A Phyllis of the Sierras* (1888); *A Ward of the Golden*

Gate and *A Waif of the Plains* (1890); *Sally Dows* and *A Sappho of Green Springs* (1892); *Susy* (1893); *A Protégée of Jack Hamlin's* and *The Bell-Ringer of Angel's* (1894), and *Clarence* (1895).

As most of the published descriptions of Bret Harte are misleading, we have selected the following as a fairly correct representation of the author of *The Heathen Chinee*, who is as popular in America to-day as when his famous verses first came out of the West.

Current Literature of January, 1895, says of Bret Harte: "He is a polished critic, a man of the world, an epicure, carrying everywhere the independence of a distinct personality. He talks as he writes—like a gentleman. This is a subtle attribute, but one which England never fails to recognize and value, and it is the prime cause of his popularity in the United Kingdom, where he has resided for a number of years. Characteristic attributes of the man continually in evidence are those thoughtful and artistic attentions to details, which are best described by the word 'nicety'—nicety in dress, nicety in speech, nicety in thought. This nicety pervades his life and writings. It is a singular quality to be found in combination with his emotional breadth and dramatic sweep as a writer, but it is the one that finishes and polishes as a whole the splendid genius of this deeply sympathetic American poet."

TAKING THE LUCK WITH HIM.

The winter of 1851 will long be remembered in the foot-hills. The snow lay deep on the Sierras, and every mountain creek became a river, and every river a lake.

Each gorge and gulch was transformed into a tumultuous water-course that descended the hill-sides, tearing down giant trees, and scattering its drift and débris along the plain. Red Dog had been twice under water, and Roaring Camp had been forewarned. "Water put the gold into them gulches," said Stumpy. "It's been here once, and will be here again!" And that night the North Fork suddenly leaped over its banks, and swept up the triangular valley of Roaring Camp.

In the confusion of rushing water, crashing trees, and crackling timber, and the darkness which seemed to flow with the water and blot out the fair valley, but little could be done to collect the scattered camp. When the morning broke, the cabin of Stumpy, nearest the river-bank was gone. Higher up the gulch they found the body of its unlucky owner: but the pride, the hope, the joy, the Luck of Roaring Camp had disappeared. They were returning with sad hearts, when a shout from the bank recalled them.

It was a relief-boat from down the river. They had picked up, they said, a man and an infant, nearly exhausted, about two miles below. Did anybody know them, and did they belong here?

It needed but a glance to show them Kentuck lying there, cruelly crushed and bruised, but still holding the Luck of Roaring Camp in his arms. As they bent over the strangely assorted pair, they saw that the child was cold and pulseless. "He is dead," said one. Kentuck opened his eyes. "Dead?" he repeated feebly. "Yes, my man, and you are dying too." A smile lit the eyes of the expiring Kentuck. "Dying," he repeated; "he's a-taking me with him—tell the boys I've got the Luck with me now;" and the strong man, clinging to the frail babe as a drowning man is said to cling to a straw, drifted away into the shadowy river that flows forever to the unknown sea.—*The Luck of Roaring Camp.*

SNOW IN THE SIERRAS.

Snow everywhere. As far as the eye could reach—fifty miles, looking southward from the highest white peak—filling ravines and gulches, and dropping from

the walls of cañons in white shroud-like drifts, fashioning the dividing ridge into the likeness of a monstrous grave, hiding the bases of giant pines, and completely covering young trees and larches, rimming with porcelain the bowl-like edges of still, cold lakes, and undulating in motionless white billows to the edge of the distant horizon. Snow lying everywhere over the California Sierras on the 15th day of March, 1848, and still falling. It had been snowing for ten days, snowing in finely granulated powder, in damp spongy flakes, in thin feathery plumes: snowing from a leaden sky steadily, snowing fiercely, shaken out of purple black clouds in white flocculent masses, or dropping in long level lines, like white lances from the tumbled and broken heavens. But always silently! The woods were so choked with it, the branches were so laden with it—it had so permeated, filled, and possessed earth and sky; it had so cushioned and muffled the ringing rocks and echoing hills, that all sound was deadened. The strongest gust, the fiercest blast, awoke no sign or complaint from the snow-packed rigid files of forest. There was no cracking of bough nor crackle of underbush; the overladen branches of pine and fir yielded and gave way without a sound. The silence was vast, measureless, complete.—*Gabriel Conroy.*

THE BULLS OF THE BLESSED TRINITY.

The absolute freedom of illimitable space, the exhilaration of the sparkling sunlight and the excitement of the opposing wind, which was strong enough to oblige him to exert a certain degree of physical strength to overcome it, so wrought upon Arthur that in a few moments he had thrown off the mysterious spell which the Rancho of the Blessed Trinity appeared to have cast over his spirits, and had placed a material distance between himself and its gloomy towers.

The landscape which had hitherto seemed monotonous and uninspiring, now became suggestive; in the low dome-shaped hills beyond, that were huddled together like half-blown earth-bubbles raised by the fiery breath of some long-dead volcano, he fancied he saw the origin of the Mission architecture. In the long sweep of the

level plain, he recognized the calm uneventful life that had left its expression in the patient gravity of the people. In the fierce restless wind that blew over it, a wind so persistent and perpetual that all umbrage—except a narrow fringe of dwarfed willows defining the line of an extinct water-course—was hidden in sheltered cañons and the leeward slopes of the hills, he recognized something of his own restless race, and no longer wondered at the barrenness of the life that was turned toward the invader.

"I dare say," he muttered to himself, "somewhere in the leeward of these people's natures may exist a luxurious growth that we shall never know. I wonder if the Doña has not——" but here he stopped, angry; and, if the truth must be told, a little frightened at the persistency with which Doña Dolores obtruded herself into his abstract philosophy and sentiment.

Possibly something else caused him for the moment to dismiss her from his mind. During his rapid walk he had noticed, as an accidental and by no means an essential feature of the bleak landscape, the vast herds of crawling, purposeless cattle. An entirely new and distinct impression was now forming itself in his consciousness: namely, that they no longer were purposeless, vagrant, and wandering, but were actually obeying a certain definite law of attraction, and were moving deliberately toward an equally definite object. And that object was himself!

Look where he would; before, behind, on either side—north, east, south, west, on the bleak hill-tops, on the slope of the *falda*, across the dried up *arroyo*, there were the same converging lines of slowly moving objects toward a single focus—himself! Although walking briskly and with a certain definiteness of purpose, he was apparently the only unchanging, fixed, and limited point in the now active landscape. Everything that rose above the dead, barren level was now moving slowly, irresistibly, instinctively, but unmistakably, toward one common centre—himself! Alone and unsupported he was the helpless unconscious nucleus of a slowly gathering force, almost immeasurable in its immensity and power.

At first the idea was amusing and grotesque. Then it became picturesque. Then it became something for practical consideration. And then — but no! — with the quick and unerring instincts of a powerful will he choked down the next consideration before it had time to fasten upon or paralyze his strength. He stopped and turned. The Rancho of the Blessed Trinity was gone! Had it suddenly sunk in the earth or had he diverged from his path? Neither; he had simply walked over the little elevation in the plain beside the *arroyo* and *corral*, and had already left the rancho two miles behind him.

It was not the only surprise that came upon him suddenly like a blow between the eyes. The same mysterious attraction had been operating in his rear, and when he turned to retrace his steps toward the Mission, he faced the staring eyes of a hundred bulls not fifty yards away. As he faced them the nearest turned, the next followed their example, the next the same, and the next, until in the distance he could see the movement repeated with military precision and sequence.

With a sense of relief that he put aside as quickly as he had the sense of fear, he quickened his pace, until the nearest bull ahead broke into a gentle trot, which was communicated line by line to the cattle beyond, until the whole herd before him undulated like a vast monotonous sea.

He continued on across the *arroyo* and past the *corral*, until the blinding and penetrating cloud of dust raised by the plunging hoofs of the moving mass before him caused him to stop. A dull reverberation of the plain —a sound that at first might have been attributed to a passing earthquake—now became so distinct that he turned. Not twenty yards behind him rose the advance wall of another vast tumultuous sea of tossing horns and undulating backs that had been slowly following his retreat! He had forgotten that he was surrounded.

The nearest were now so close upon him that he could observe them separately. They were neither large, powerful, vindictive, nor ferocious. On the contrary, they were thin, wasted, haggard, anxious beasts —economically equipped and gotten up, the better to

wrestle with a six months' drought, occasional famine, and the incessant buffeting of the wind; wild and untamable, but their staring eyes and nervous limbs expressed only wonder and curiosity. And when he ran toward them with a shout, they turned as had the others, file by file, and rank by rank, and in a moment were like the others in full retreat. Rather, let me say, retreated as the others *had* retreated, for when he faced about again to retrace his steps toward the Mission, he fronted the bossy bucklers and inextricable horns of those he had driven only a few moments ago before him. They had availed themselves of his diversion with the rear-guard to return.

With the rapidity of a quick intellect and swift perceptions Arthur saw at once the resistless logic and utter hopelessness of his situation. The inevitable culmination of all this was only a question of time—and a very brief period. Would it be sufficient to enable him to reach the *casa?* No! Could he regain the *corral?* Perhaps. Between it and himself already were a thousand cattle. Would they continue to retreat as he advanced? Possibly. But would he be overtaken meanwhile by those in his rear?

He answered the question for himself by drawing from his waistcoat pocket his only weapon, a small "Derringer," and taking aim at the foremost bull. The shot took effect in the animal's shoulder and he fell upon his knees. As Arthur had expected, his nearest comrades stopped and sniffed at their helpless companion. But, as Arthur had not expected, the eager crowd pressing behind overbore them and their wounded brother, and in another instant the unfortunate animal was prostrate and his life beaten out by the trampling hoofs of the resistless, blind, and eager crowd that followed. With a terrible intuition that it was a foreshadowing of his own fate, Arthur turned in the direction of the corral and ran for his very life.

As he ran he was conscious that the act precipitated the inevitable catastrophe—but he could think of nothing better. As he ran, he felt from the shaking of the earth beneath his feet that the act had once more put the whole herd in equally active motion behind him.

As he ran he noticcd that the cattle before him retreated with something of his own precipitation. But as he ran he thought of nothing but the awful Fate that was following him, and the thought spurred him to an almost frantic effort.

I have tried to make the reader understand that Arthur was quite inaccessible to any of those weaknesses which mankind regard as physical cowardice. In the defence of what he believed to be an intellectual truth, in the interests of his pride or his self-love, or in a moment of passion he would have faced death with unbroken fortitude and calmness. But to be the victim of an accident; to be the lamentable sequel of a logical succession of chances, without motive or purpose; to be sacrificed for nothing, without proving or disproving anything; to be trampled to death by idiotic beasts, who had not even the instincts of passion or revenge to justify them; to die the death of an ignorant tramp or any negligent clown—a death that had a ghastly ludicrousness in its method, a death that would leave his body a shapeless, indistinguishable, unrecognizable clod which affection could not idealize nor friendship reverence—all this brought a horror with it so keen, so exquisite, so excruciating, that the fastidious, proud, intellectual being, fleeing from it, might have been the veriest dastard that ever turned his back on danger. And superadded to it was a superstitious thought that for its very horror, perhaps it was a retribution for something that he dared not contemplate!

And it was then that his strength suddenly flagged. His senses began to reel. His breath, which had kept pace with the quick beating of his heart, intermitted, hesitated—was lost! Above the advancing thunder of hoofs behind him, be thought he heard a woman's voice. He knew now that he was going crazy!—he shouted and fell—he rose again and staggered forward a few steps and fell again. It was over now! A sudden sense of some strange, subtle perfume beating up through the acrid, smarting dust of the pain that choked his mouth and blinded his eyes—came swooning over him. And then the blessed interposition of unconsciousness and peace!

He struggled back to life again with the word "Philip" in his ears, a throbbing brow, and the sensation of an effort to do something that was required of him. Of all experience of the last few moments only the perfume remained. He was lying alone in the dry bed of the *arroyo*, on the bank a horse was standing and above him bent the dark face and darker eyes of Doña Dolores.—*Gabriel Conroy.*

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES.*

Which I wish to remark,
  And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark
  And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
  Which the name I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
  And I shall not deny,
In regard to the same,
  What that name might imply;
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
  As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
  And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
  That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
  And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
  And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was Euchre: the same
  He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table
  With the smile that was childlike and bland.

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Yet the cards they were stocked
  In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
  At the state of Nye's sleeve,
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
  And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
  By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
  Were quite frightful to see,—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
  Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
  And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
  And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor—"
  And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
  I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
  Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
  In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
  He had twenty-four packs,—
Which was coming it strong,
  Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
  What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
  And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark
  And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar—
  Which the same I am free to maintain

DICKENS IN CAMP.*

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below ;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face, and form that drooped and fainted,
In the fierce race for wealth ;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew ;

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the master
Had writ of " Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy—for the reader
Was youngest of them all—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall ;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray.
While the whole camp, with "Nell" on English meadows
Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken
As by some spell divine—
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost in that camp, and wasted all its fire !
And he who wrought that spell ?—
Ah ! towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell !

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Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak, and holly,
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptous folly—
This spray of Western pine!

THE MOUNTAIN HEART'S-EASE.*

By scattered rocks and turbid waters shining,
By furrowed glade and dell,
To feverish men thy calm, sweet face uplifting,
Thou stayest them to tell

The delicate thought that cannot find expression
For ruder speech too fair,
That like thy petals, trembles in possession,
And scatters on the air.

The miner pauses in his rugged labor,
And, leaning on his spade,
Laughingly calls unto his comrade-neighbor
To see thy charms displayed.

But in his eyes a mist unwonted rises,
And for a moment clear,
Some sweet home-face his foolish thought surprises
And passes in a tear.

Some boyish vision of an Eastern village,
Of uneventful toil,
Where golden harvests followed quiet tillage
Above a peaceful soil.

One moment only, for the pick uplifting,
Through root and fibre cleaves,
And on the muddy current slowly drifting
Are swept by bruisèd leaves.

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And yet, O poet, in thy homely fashion,
Thy work thou dost fulfil,
For in the turbid current of his passion
Thy face is shining still.

A GRAYPORT LEGEND.*

(1797.)

They ran through the streets of the seaport town,
They peered from the decks of the ships that lay;
The cold sea-fog that came whitening down
Was never as cold or white as they.
"Ho, Starbuck and Pinckney and Tenterden!
Run for your shallops, gather your men,
Scatter your boats in the lower bay."

Good cause for fear! In the thick mid-day
The hulk that lay by the rotting pier,
Filled with children in happy play,
Parted its moorings and drifted clear—
Drifted clear beyond reach or call—
Thirteen children they were in all—
All adrift in the lower bay!

Said a hard-faced skipper: "God help us all!
She will not float till the turning-tide!"
Said his wife: "My darling will hear *my* call,
Whether in sea or heaven she bide."
And she lifted a quivering voice and high,
Wild and strange as a sea-bird's cry,
Till they shuddered and wondered at her side.

The fog drove down on each laboring crew,
Veiled each from each and the sky and shore:
There was not a sound but the breath they drew
And the lap of water and creak of oar;
And they felt the breath of the downs fresh blown
O'er leagues of clover and cold gray stone,
But not from the lips that had gone before.

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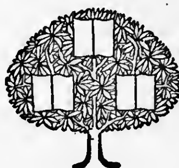
They come no more. But they tell the tale,
That when fogs are thick on the harbor reef,
The mackerel-fishers shorten sail:
For the signal they know will bring relief:
  For the voices of children still at play
  In a phantom hulk that drifts away
Through channels whose waters never fail.

It is but a foolish shipman's tale,
A theme for a poet's idle page;
But still, when the mists of doubt prevail,
And we lie becalmed by the shores of Age,
  We hear from the misty troubled shore
  The voice of children gone before,
Drawing the soul to its anchorage.



HARTLEY, DAVID, an English philosopher, born at Armley, Yorkshire, in 1705 (exact date uncertain); died at Bath, August 28, 1757. He was designed for the Church, and was educated at Jesus College, Cambridge, where he became a fellow; but having scruples about subscribing to some of the "Thirty-nine Articles," he studied medicine, which he successfully practised at London and at Bath. At the age of twenty-five he began the composition of his principal work, *Observations on Man, His Frame, His Duty, and His Expectations*, published in 1748, which acquired for him the reputation of being one of the most acute metaphysicians of his day.

DAVID HARTLEY, his son, born in 1729; died 1813, was a member of Parliament, and steadily opposed the war waged by Great Britain against the American colonies. He was a frequent correspondent of Benjamin Franklin, and was one of the plenipotentiaries sent to treat at Paris with Franklin. Hartley's theory of sensation is perhaps the earliest attempt to explain psychological phenomena on physiological principles. The following is a condensed statement of his theory:

THEORY OF SENSATION.

The white medullary substance of the brain, spinal marrow, and the nerves proceeding from them, is the immediate instrument of sensation and motion. Exter-

nal objects excite vibration in the medullary cord, which are connected by a certain elastic ether. When a sensation has been frequently experienced, the vibratory movement from which it arises acquires a tendency to repeat itself spontaneously. Ideas are but these repetitions or relics of sensation, and in their turn recall other ideas. By the development of the law of association, and chiefly by the law of transferrence, we may account for all the phenomena of the mental constitution. In many cases the idea which is the link of association between two other ideas comes to be disregarded, though the association still remains; thus the idea of money is connected with that of pleasure by the conveniences which wealth may supply; but the miser takes delight in money without thinking of these conveniences. In a similar way we may account for almost all the human emotions and passions.

Sir James Mackintosh, however, criticises sharply Hartley's theory of sensation. He says: "His capital fault is that of a rash generalization, which may prove imperfect, and which is at least premature. All attempts to explain or instruct by this principle have hitherto been unavailing. Many of the most important processes of reasoning have not hitherto been accounted for by it."

MATERIALISM AND THE DOCTRINE OF VIBRATIONS.

I do not, by thus ascribing the performance of sensation to vibrations excited in the medullary substance, in the least presume to assert, or intimate, that matter can be endued with the power of sensation. It is common to all systems, to suppose some motions attendant upon sensation, since corporeal objects must, by their actions, impress some motion upon our bodies, and particularly upon that part which is most nearly related to the sentient principle; *i.e.*, upon the medullary substance, according to the first and second propositions. I lay down these propositions, therefore, as established by the common consent of physicians and philosophers; and

upon that foundation proceed to inquire into, and determine, some matters of a more difficult nature; such as, the complex problems concerning sensations, ideas, and motions, and their mutual influences and relations. The following instance may illustrate this:—The quantity of matter in bodies is always found to be proportioned to their gravity: we may, therefore, either make the quantity of matter the exponent of the gravity, or the gravity the exponent of it, according as either can be best ascertained; notwithstanding that we are entirely at a loss to determine in what mechanical way each atom contributes to the gravity of the whole mass; and even though we should, with some, suppose this effect to be immechanical, and to arise from the immediate agency of GOD. And by parity of reason, if that species of motion which we term vibration, can be shown, by probable arguments, to attend upon all sensations, ideas, and motions, and to be proportional to them; then we are at liberty either to make vibrations the exponent of sensations, ideas, and motions, or these the exponents of vibrations, as best suits the inquiry, however impossible it may be to discover in what way vibrations cause, or are connected with, sensations, or ideas; *i.e.*, though vibrations be of a corporeal, sensations and ideas of a mental, nature.

If we suppose an infinitesimal elementary body to be intermediate between the soul and gross body, which appears to be no improbable supposition, then the changes in our sensations, ideas, and motions may correspond to the changes made in the medullary substance, only as far as these correspond to the changes made in the elementary body. And if these last changes have some other source besides the vibrations in the medullary substance, some peculiar original properties, for instance, of the elementary body, then vibrations will not be adequate exponents of sensations, ideas, and motions. Other suppositions to the same purpose might be made; and upon the whole, I conjecture, that though the first and second propositions are true in a very useful and practical sense, yet they are not so in an ultimate and precise way.—***From Observations on Man.***

HARVEY, WILLIAM HOPE, lawyer and writer on political economy, was born in Buffalo, Putnam County, W. Va., August 16, 1851. His early life was spent on a farm near his birthplace. He was educated in a country school, at the Buffalo Academy, and at Marshall College, in Cabell County. W. Va. At Marshall College he spent but three months. After leaving the college he taught school for a number of terms, then began the study of law and was admitted to the bar in 1870. For a number of years he practised in his native county. In 1875 he removed to Cleveland, Ohio, and in 1878 to Chicago. After two years in Chicago he went to Gallipolis, Ohio, having become the special attorney of some large wholesale houses in Ohio. In 1884 he removed to Colorado, gave up the practice of law, and from this time until 1893 was engaged in making investments in Western property in Colorado, Utah, and California. In May, 1893, he returned to Chicago and began writing on financial subjects. His book, *Coin's Financial School*, which attracted a good deal of attention throughout the United States, was published June, 1894. It advocated the free coinage of silver in the ratio of 16 to 1. Soon after its publication, the author was invited by a committee of business men of Chicago to meet Hon. Roswell

G. Horr of New York in joint debate, the discussion to be based upon the principles or propositions laid down in *Coin's Financial School.* This debate began in the hall of the Illinois Club in Chicago on July 16, 1895, and continued through nine days, closing July 29, 1895. It was reported by official stenographers only, verbatim reports being furnished to the press, and at its close an official report, bound in book form, was published, indorsed by both disputants. Mr. Harvey has published *Coin's Financial School* (1894); *A Tale of Two Nations* (1894); *Coin's Financial School up to Date* (1895); *Coin's Financial Series* (1895), and *The Great Debate* (1895), the last named being the Horr-Harvey debate.

THE OPTION OF THE DEBTOR.

Now I proceed with the argument of what is scientific bimetallism. An important branch of it is the option that we have of paying in either metal. So important is the question of the impartial treatment of the two metals in respect to legal-tender that it has always been regarded as one of the most important essentials in bimetallism. The option of the debtor to pay in either metal is a vital principle. Unlimited free coinage at the mints guarantees substantial parity. But if, by reason of short supply, a corner on one of the metals, or from any other reason, one of the metals is enhanced in value, the debtor exercises his option to pay in the other metal, and this transfers the demand from the dearer metal to the cheaper metal. A break in the commercial parity causes the cheaper metal to be used. This increases the demand for the cheaper metal. This increased demand restores the value of the metal that has thus fallen below a parity and brings it back to parity. To give the option to the creditor causes the dearer metal to be demanded,

and it thus grows dearer and dearer, and a parity is permanently broken, and the gap grows wider and wider. When the debtor has the option the two metals will oscillate close to a parity and substantially at a parity. This oscillation is the elasticity that bimetallism gives to primary money. If one becomes scarce the other is used. If one is cornered the other takes its place. Either answers for money. This option in the debtor regulates the demand.—*The Great Demand.*

BIMETALLISM DEFINED.

What we are contending for is the opening of the mints to the free coinage of silver (they are now open to the free and unlimited coinage of gold and have never been closed to that metal) and the establishment of bimetallism on those simple and fixed principles that were adopted by those statesmen who had in view the interest of no class, but of all the people. What we want is bimetallism. And scientific bimetallism is this:

First—Free and unlimited coinage of both gold and silver; these two metals to constitute the primary or redemption money of the government.

Second—The silver dollar of 371¼ grains of pure silver to be the unit of value, and gold to be coined into money at a ratio to be changed if necessary from time to time if the commercial parity to the legal ratio shall be affected by the action of foreign countries.

Third—The money coined from both metals to be legal tender in the payment of all debts.

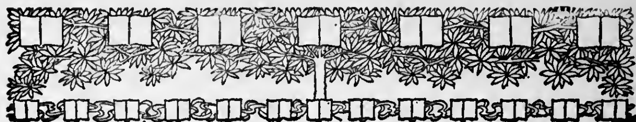
Fourth—The option as to which of the two moneys is to be paid in the liquidation of a debt to rest with the debtor, and the government also to exercise that option when desirable when paying out redemption money.

The mints are now open to the unlimited coinage of gold. Such portion of the product of that metal as does not find an immediate demand to be used in the arts and manufactures is taken to the mints and coined into money—into money—and becomes at once the object for which all other products seek the market. It

thus has an unlimited market, as the mints are open to all of it that comes.

This was true also as to silver prior to 1873, but by operation of Sec. 21 of the act of that year the mints were closed to the unlimited coinage of that metal. Hence, when silver now seeks the market and exhausts the demand supplied by the arts and manufactures, and the small purchases of the government to coin it into token money, the demand for it ceases. Gold has an unlimited demand. Silver has a limited demand. Silver is now a commodity to be measured in gold. It is an object to be gored and kicked by bulls and bears. It is shut out from the United States mint.

It is token money. It has been deprived of that unlimited demand it enjoyed prior to 1873. We would restore to it that unlimited demand. We would open the mints to it again. We would leave the mints open to gold as they are now. We would give silver the same privileges as gold. Restoring to it this unlimited demand would cause the value of silver to rise as compared with gold. This is what we want. This is what we would do.—*Coin's Financial Series No. 7: The Harvey-Laughlin Debate.*



HAUFF, WILHELM, a German novelist and poet, born at Stuttgart, Würtemberg, November 29, 1802; died there, November 18, 1827. When Wilhelm was seven years old his father, who was a government official, died, and his mother removed to Tübingen. He attended the Schola Anatolica, and at the age of sixteen he was sent to the Klosterschule at Blaubiuren, and two years later he entered the Seminary at Tübingen, where by 1824, he had completed his philosophical and theological studies. After spending two years as a private tutor, he became editor of the *Morgenblatt*, married and lived a happy and quiet life for less than a year, when a fatal illness cut short what promised to be a brilliant literary career. His literary activity was confined chiefly to the last two years of his life. In 1826 he published *Marchenalmanach*, containing the fairy tales he used to relate to his pupils during the days of his tutorship. Many of them are strikingly original and fantastic, and all are written in a style superior to the general tone of such literature. *Mittheilungen aus den Memorien des Satans* (Extracts from the Memoirs of Satan, 1826–27) was a sort of compilation of fragments of humor, and added to the author's growing reputation as a popular narrator. In an effort to parody the sensualism of Clauren, he wrote a novel which he called *The Man in the Moon*, and

published in 1826 under Clauren's name. During the course of writing the parody became an imitation, and the object of the author's ridicule brought action against him for the abuse of his name. Clauren won the suit, but was afterward completely annihilated by Hauff's *Controverspredigt* (Controversial Sermon, 1826), in which he gave a witty imitation of his opponent's maudlin style of narrative.

Sir Walter Scott's close attention to detail in the relation of historical romance found many admirers in contemporaneous literature, and Hauff, animated by a desire to produce something in this line, wrote *Lichtenstein* (1826), depicting life in the most interesting period of the history of Würtemberg. Notwithstanding the literary weakness of this novel, it became very popular throughout Germany. Hauff's poems have become regular folk-songs in Germany, and all of his books have passed through several editions. He belonged to the literary school of Hoffman, but was perhaps inferior to him in richness of imagination. *Phantasien im Bremer Rathskeller* (1827) exhales a fanciful spirit of exuberant conviviality. *Die Bettlerin vom Pont des Arts* is accounted his most perfect bit of fiction.

"We cannot but look upon it as a matter for great regret," says a *British Quarterly* reviewer, speaking of his early death, "that a youth like Wilhelm Hauff, of so much talent and promise, should have been followed by no maturer manhood, by no fulfilment of the many hopes it had held out."

THE DEVIL AT THE UNIVERSITY.

I have borne a great deal in the world—I have even entered into swine (Matt. viii. 31, 32), but into such a philosopher? Not much! I had rather be excused! What the good man brought forward in his unpleasant voice, was to his hearers as good as French to an Esquimau. Everything must be properly translated into German before it became clear that he was not more capable of flying than other people. But he looked very large, because out of his inferences he had concocted a Jacob's ladder, and adorned it with a mystical varnish. Upon this he clambered up into the blue ether, promising to call out, from his luminous elevation, what he saw; he ascended and ascended, pushed his head through the clouds, looked into the clear blue of the sky, which is greatly prettier as seen from the green ground than up there, and saw—like Sancho Panza when he rode to the sun on a wooden horse—beneath him the earth as large as a mustard-seed; men like flies; and above him—nothing.—*From The Memoirs of Satan.*

THE FAIR EXORCIST.

"It is I," she whispered, as she came quite close to him, the courageous, angelically-beautiful maiden; "it is I who announce to you the forgiveness of the dead. I bring it you in the name of God, who is a God of love and not of torment, who forgives a mortal when he sins out of weakness and precipitation, if with true penitence he seeks to reconcile the judge. This is my faith; it is also yours, and you will not disgrace it. But thou," she added with a solemn voice, turning to the chancel of the church, "thou who didst fall by the hand of a friend, if thou still hast claims on this remorseful heart, then appear in this hour, let us see thee, or else give token of thy presence!"

Deep silence was within the church—deep silence without in the night; not a zephyr stirred, not a leaflet moved. With a transporting smile, with the triumph of conviction in her beaming eyes, Ida turned again to the count. "He is silent," she said; "his shadow returns no more—he is reconciled!"

"He is reconciled!" shouted the count, till the church echoed again. "He is reconciled, and returns not again! Oh, angel of heaven!—you, you have banished him; your faithful friendship for unfortunate me, it is as high, it is as pure, as Antonio's faithfulness and generosity; it has reconciled his bleeding shadow! How, how can I thank you?"—and speechless, he again seized the tender little hand, and pressed it to his beating heart.—*From The Man in the Moon.*

THE TROOPER'S MORNING SONG.

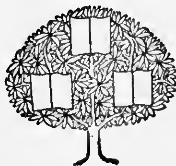
Morning-red,
Dost light me to the early dead?
Soon the trumpet-call will blow,
Then must I my life let go,
I and many a comrade true!

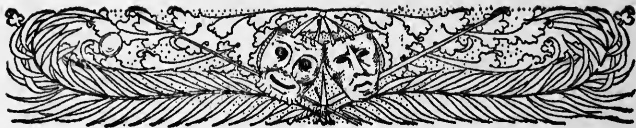
Scarcely thought
Ere his life's delight was naught,
Yestern on his snorting gray,
Through the bosom shot to-day,
In the grave so cold to-morrow!

Soon, alas!
Stately form and fairness pass.
Boastest of thy cheeks of silk,
Rosy-red, and white as milk?
Ah, the roses wither all!

Therefore, still,
Yield I me as God may will;
Now then will I bravely fight,
Then if I am cold to-night,
'Tis a gallant trooper dead.

—*Translated for the British Quarterly in 1851.*





HAUPTMANN, GERHARD, a German poet and dramatist, was born at Salzbrunn, a fashionable watering-place of Prussian Silesia, November 15, 1862. Having attended for a time the polytechnic institute, and given some attention to the science of agriculture, he became a student in the school of arts at Breslau, intending to devote himself to sculpture. Thence he passed to the universities of Jena and Berlin, where he gave himself up to scientific studies. During 1883, he spent some months in Italy; and in 1884 he was living in Rome as a sculptor. He travelled a year in Switzerland, and then settled down to the writing of poetry at his own home. His first published work was an epic poem entitled *Promethidenlos* (1885); but from this sort of writing he was early turned away by reading Ibsen and the realists, and it is upon his naturalistic dramas, or "play-poems," that his fame rests. The first of these, *Vor Sonnenaufgang*, appeared in 1889, and "provoked," as Boyesen said, "a drawn battle between the old and the new school." This was followed by *Friedensfest* (1890); *Einsame Menschen* (1891) and *College Crampton*, a comedy (1892).

Boyesen says of *Die Weber*, which appeared in Berlin in 1892: "It dances a war-dance upon the prostrate corpse of all dramatic traditions. It has, properly speaking, no action in the old sense."

Hannele, which appeared in 1894, was commonly spoken of as a "dream poem," and was characterized by its translator, William Archer, as "a study of child psychology expressed in terms of dream psychology." It "combines a study of the most degraded pauperism with spiritual manifestations." Upon its presentation in New York, it was objected to by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children on the ground of "the impious character of the performance and its injury to the health and morals of the child" who was to take the part of "Hannele." Hauptmann came to the United States to see to the production of the piece.

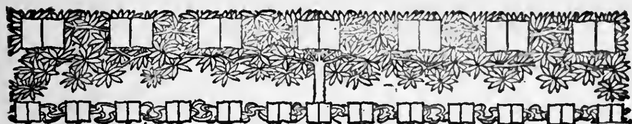
The New York correspondent of the Boston *Literary World* says of *Hannele*, apropos of its first performance in this country, that "the few who saw it and understood what the dramatist was driving at when he wrote it will never forget it." The same writer speaks of the work as "a dramatic poem full of exquisite imagery."

The Nation, comparing Wildenbruch and Hauptmann as representatives of two extremes in contemporary German literature, thus characterizes them:—"Wildenbruch fiery, passionate, rhetorical; Hauptmann dreamy, brooding, visionary; Wildenbruch, an ardent monarchist, a zealous supporter of the present régime, seeing the salvation of Germany in a continued supremacy of Bismarckian principles; Hauptmann a Democrat if not a Socialist, in deepest sympathy with the sufferings of the 'disinherited,' hoping for the millennium of universal brotherhood."

THE CITY OF THE BLESSÈD.

The City of the Blessèd is marvellously fair,
And peace and utter happiness are never-ending there.
The houses are of marble, the roofs of gold so fine,
And down their silver channels bubble brooks of ruby wine.
The streets that shine so white, are all bestrewn with flowers,
And endless peals of wedding-bells ring out from all the towers.
The pinnacles, as green as May, gleam in the morning light,
Beset with flickering butterflies, with rose-wreaths decked and dight.
Twelve milk-white swans fly round them in mazy circles wide,
And preen themselves, and ruffle up their plumage in their pride;
They soar aloft so bravely through the shining heavenly air,
With fragrance all a-quiver and with golden trumpet-blare;
In circle-sweeps majestical for ever they are ringing,
And the pulsing of their pinions is like harp-strings softly ringing.
They look abroad o'er Sion, on garden and on sea,
And green and filmy streamers behind them flutter free—
And underneath them wander, throughout the heavenly land,
The people in their feast array, forever hand in hand;
And then into the wide, wide sea filled with the red, red wine,
Behold! they plunge their bodies with glory all a-shine,
They plunge their shining bodies into the gleaming sea,
Till in the deep clear purple they're swallowed utterly;
And when again they leap aloft rejoicing from the flood,
Their sins have all been washed away in Jesus' blessed blood.

—*From Hannele.*



HAVEN, ALICE (EMILY BRADLEY), an American juvenile writer, born at Hudson, N. Y., September 13, 1828; died at Mamaroneck, N. Y., August 23, 1863. Her father died on her third birthday, and she was adopted by an uncle, but returned to her home after her mother's second marriage. A disease of the eyes which threatened to result in total blindness interfered with her early studies, but her vigorous mind overcame what might have been a serious obstacle to improvement. She was educated at a girls' school in New Hampshire. While very young she began to contribute to newspapers and magazines. A story, *The First Declaration*, published by her under the signature of Alice G. Lee, in the *Saturday Gazette* of Philadelphia, led to her acquaintance with the editor, Joseph C. Neal, and to her marriage with him in 1846. At his request she dropped her own name, Emily, and assumed that of Alice, which she always retained. After her husband's death in 1847, she assumed charge of the *Gazette*, which she conducted successfully for several years, editing the Children's Department under the name of "Cousin Alice." In 1853 she married Mr. Samuel G. Haven. In 1850 she published *The Gossips of Rivertown, with Sketches in Prose and Verse*, and a book for children entitled *No Such Word as Fail*, one of a series of tales

which made her name a household word among the young. She had previously published *Helen Morton*, a story founded on her own childish sufferings and dread of blindness. After *No Such Word as Fail* she wrote *Out of Debt Out of Danger*, *Contentment better than Wealth*, *Nothing Venture Nothing Have*, *A Place for Everything*, *Patient Waiting no Loss*, *All's Not Gold that Glitters*, *Where there's a Will there's a Way*, *The Coopers* and other stories. Portions of her Diary were published in 1865, under the title of *Cousin Alice: A Memoir of Alice B. Haven.*

THE BEGINNING OF A SLANDER.

But to return to Mrs. Harden's parlor, which was so unceremoniously deserted. Mrs. Utley is by this time quite at home there—Bobby's mother is nicely warmed, and Bobby himself has gone tranquilly to sleep. Misses Susan and Sarah Ann are charitably furnishing employment for the man who tunes Miss Harriet's piano. Henry Utley is devoted to the kitten, and his baby brother sits on his mother's lap, resisting all Miss Harriet's entreaties to "Come, there's a darling," with slight kicks, and the exclamations, "No, I won't—keep away!"

The ladies' knitting-work saw the light, and their tongues found motion, as a kind of running accompaniment to the sharp click which rose industriously above the din of the children. Mrs. Folger thought it was a very open winter, and she "shouldn't be surprised if the river broke up next week." Mrs. Utley was afraid not; her husband had said, at dinner, that they crossed with teams in the morning; the ice must be pretty sound yet. Harriet gave brother John's opinion that the channel would not be clear of ice before the first of April. Miss Harriet, be it observed, was one of those people who—perhaps it is that their words are often doubted—always give the best of refer-

ences; Pa, Ma, or John being made responsible for innumerable bits of gossip, that would doubtless have astonished these good people had they reached their ears. Innumerable were the topics that received similar treatment—not to be hinted at—the many important secrets communicated with the preface of "Don't mention it for the world, from me!" and interrupted by exclamations of "Do tell!" "No?" and the like. At length there was silence,—comparative silence, that is—for the children were as industrious as ever. Mrs. Harden stepped out a minute to tell Hannah for the fortieth time to be careful of the china; and as the door closed behind her, a bright face passed the window—and lo, another theme:

"If there isn't Mary Butler again!" said one of the ladies, as the three looked after her retreating form.

"That girl's always in the street!"

"So John says!"

But horror for the moment suspended speech, and raised six hands simultaneously.

"Did you ever see the like?"

"She called him back, didn't she?"

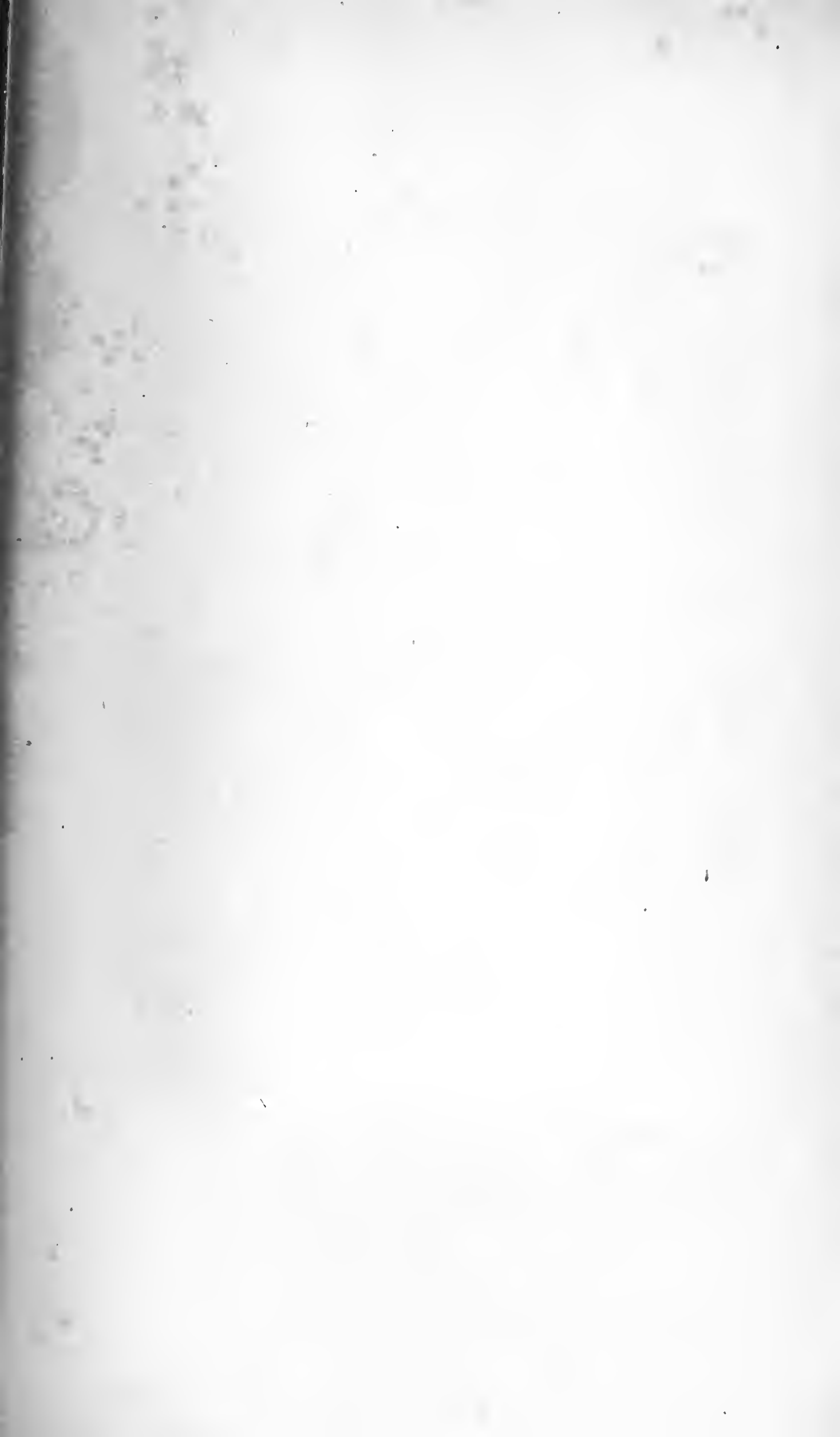
"Yes, he had got to Stone's store."

"Well, I don't wonder he looks strange—just to see her shaking her finger at him just as if she'd known him all her life, and to my certain knowledge she never saw him before Mrs. Jackson's party; but when girls are in the street all the time, what can be expected?" Mrs. Folger drew a long sigh, and shook her head ominously.

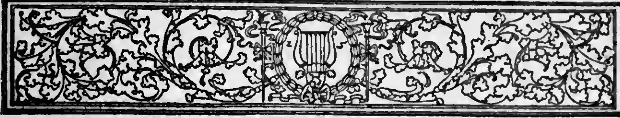
Here Mrs. Harden returned, and was made acquainted with the important fact—all the witnesses speaking at once—that Mary Butler was going up street (for the third time this week, and it's only Wednesday)—and met Mr. Jorden just by the bank. He bowed very coldly (didn't he?) and was going on, when Mary Butler called him back, and they stood laughing and talking for as much as five minutes before she let him go. Miss Harriet, who had known him so long—a bowing acquaintance of a year's standing—wouldn't have dreamed of doing such a thing. Her mother hoped not—no, certainly, such an *impudent* thing.

The gentlemen came in before the wonder had fairly subsided, and the interesting intelligence was duly reported. How provoking Mr. Folger was! He could not see anything at all remarkable in the affair; perhaps they were old friends! and Mr. Harden would insist that Mary Butler had an undoubted right to go up street as often as she chose. But men are always so queer—they never suspect! There was more going on than some people thought for; the ladies all agreed they should hear from that quarter again.

And so they did; for just as Hannah called them to tea, Harriet directed their attention to the window, with many a silent sign toward that corner of the room in which the gentlemen were discussing the projected river road; and there in the uncertain twilight of early spring, they saw—just as sure as you are reading this page—they saw Mary Butler going down street, and Mr. Jorden walking with her! Miss Harriet declared it was very hard to see why some people were so much in the street, in a manner that said as plainly as possible, that she thought it extremely lucid; and added that "she'd like to have brother John see *her* walking that way with Mr. Jorden," intimating that if he did, it would be the last time she'd get out *that* winter!—*The Gossips of Rivertown.*



FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.



HAVERGAL, Frances Ridley, an English poet and religious writer, born at Astley, Worcestershire, December 14, 1836; died at Swansea, Wales, June 3, 1879. She was the daughter of William Henry Havergal, an English clergyman and musician, the author of a *Psalmody*, from whom she inherited a fine talent for music. She was the author of many religious and devotional poems, published at various times under the titles of *Bells across the Snow*, *Compensation and other Devotional Poems*, *Loyal Responses*, *Songs for the Master*, *Alpine Poems*, etc. She also published several volumes of prose, principally for young people. Since her death her poems have all been collected and published in two volumes, and the story of her life has been told by her sister, Margaret V. Havergal, in *Memorials of Frances Ridley Havergal.*

CHRIST'S RECALL.

Return,
O wanderer from my side!
Soon drops each blossom of the darkening wild,
Soon melts each meteor which thy steps beguiled,
Soon is the cistern dry which thou hast hewn,
And thou wilt weep in bitterness full soon.
Return! ere gathering night shall shroud the way
Thy footsteps yet may tread in the accepted day.

Return,
O erring, yet beloved!
I wait to bind thy bleeding feet, for keen
And rankling are the thorns where thou hast been;

I wait to give thee pardon, love and rest.
Is not My joy to see thee safe and blest?
Return! I wait to hear once more thy voice,
To welcome thee anew, and bid thy heart rejoice.

Return,
O fallen, yet not lost!
Canst thou forget the life for thee laid down,
The taunts, the scourging, and the thorny crown?
When o'er thee first My spotless robe I spread,
And poured the oil of joy upon thy head,
How did thy weakening heart within thee burn,
Canst thou remember all, and wilt thou not return?

Return,
O chosen of my love!
Fear not to meet thy beckoning Saviour's view;
Long ere I called thee by thy name, I knew
That very treacherously thou wouldst deal;
Now have I seen thy ways, yet I will heal.
Return! Wilt thou yet linger far from Me?
My wrath is turned away, I have redeemèd thee.

THE THOUGHTS OF GOD.

What know we of God's thoughts? One word of gold
A volume doth enfold.
They are—"not ours!"
Ours? what are they? their value and their powers?
So evanescent, that while thousands fleet
Across thy busy brain,
Only a few remain
To set their seal on memory's strange consistence
Of these, some worthless, some a life-regret,
That we would fain forget;
And very few are rich and great and sweet;
And fewer still are lasting gain,
And these most often born of pain,
Or sprung from strong concussion into strong existence. . . .

Now turn we from the darkness to the light,
From dissonance to pure and full accord!

"My thoughts are not as your thoughts, saith the
Lord,
Nor are your ways as My ways. As the height
Of heaven above the earth, so are My ways,
My thoughts to yours;—out of your sight,
Above your praise."
O oracle most grand!
Thus teaching by sublimest negative
What by a positive we could not understand,
Or understanding, live!
And now, search fearlessly
The imperfections and obscurity,
The weakness and impurity,
Of all our thoughts. On each discovery
Write "*Not* as ours!" Then in every line
Behold God's glory shine
In humbling yet sweet contrast, as we view
His thoughts, Eternal, Strong, and Holy, Infinite, and
True. . . .

They say there is a hollow, safe and still,
A point of coolness and repose
Within the centre of a flame, where life might dwell
Unharmed and unconsumed, as in a luminous shell;
Which the bright walls of fire inclose
In breathless splendor barriers that no foes
Could pass at will.
There is a point of rest
At the great centre of the cyclone's force,
A silence at its secret source;—
A little child might slumber undistressed,
Without the ruffle of one fairy curl,
In that strange central calm amid the mighty whirl.

So, in the centre of these thoughts of God,
Cyclones of power, consuming glory--fire—
As we fall overawed
Upon our faces, and are lifted higher
By His great gentleness, and carried nigher
Than unredeemed angels, till we stand
Even in the hollow of His hand—
Nay, more! we lean upon His breast—

There, there we find a point of perfect rest
And glorious safety. There we see
His thoughts to usward, thoughts of peace
That stoop in tenderest love ; that still increase
With increase of our need ; that never change ;
That never fail, or falter, or forget.
O pity infinite!
O royal mercy free !
O gentle climax of the depth and height
Of God's most precious thoughts, most wonderful, most strange !
"For I am poor and needy, yet
The Lord Himself, Jehovah, *thinketh upon me.*"

CONSECRATION HYMN.

Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Take my moments and my days ;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and "beautiful" for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold ;
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine ;
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart, it *is* Thine own ;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.

Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, *all* for Thee.

THE SECRET OF A HAPPY DAY.

Just to let thy Father do
What He will;
Just to know that He is true,
And be still.
Just to follow hour by hour
As He leadeth;
Just to draw the moment's power
As it needeth.
Just to trust Him, this is all!
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, whatsoe'er befall,
Bright and blessed, calm and free.

Just to trust, and yet to ask
Guidance still;
Take the training or the task
As He will.
Just to take the loss or gain,
As He sends it;
Just to take the joy or pain,
As He lends it.
He who formed thee for His praise
Will not miss the gracious aim;
So to-day and all thy days
Shall be moulded for the same.

Just to leave in His dear hand
Little things,
All we cannot understand,
All that stings.
Just to let Him take the care
Sorely pressing,
Finding all we let Him bear
Changed to blessing.

This is all! and yet the way
  Marked by Him who loves thee best;
Secret of a happy day,
  Secret of His promised rest.

THE UNFAILING ONE.

He who hath led will lead
  All through the wilderness;
He who hath fed will feed;
  He who hath blessed will bless;
He who hath heard thy cry
  Will never close His ear;
He who hath marked thy faintest sigh,
  Will not forget thy tear.
He loveth always, faileth never;
So rest on Him to-day, forever.

He who hath made thee whole
  Will heal thee day by day;
He who hath spoken to thy soul
  Hath many things to say;
He who hath gently taught
  Yet more will make thee know;
He who so wondrously hath wrought
  Yet greater things will show.
He loveth always, faileth never;
So rest on Him to-day, forever.

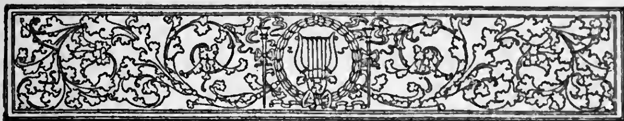
HAWEIS, HUGH REGINALD, an English clergyman and general writer, born at Egham, Surrey, April 3, 1838. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, receiving the degree of M.A. in 1864. After filling two curacies, he was appointed rector of St. James's Church, Marylebone, and afterward of St. James's, Westminster. In 1868 he became editor of *Cassell s Magazine*. He is the author of *Music and Morals*, *Thoughts for the Times*, *Speech in Season*, *Current Coin*, *Arrows in the Air*, *American Humorists*, *Poets in the Pulpit*, *Picture of Paul the Disciple*, *The Conquering Cross*, and other works. In 1867 he married Miss MARY ELIZA JOY, the daughter of the artist, Thomas Musgrave Joy, and herself an artist. She is also the author of *Chances for Children* (1877); *The Artist of Beauty* (1878), a collection of papers published some years previously in *St. Paul's Magazine*, *The Art of Dress* (1879); *The Art of Decoration* (1881); *Beautiful Houses* (1882), and *Life of Sir Morell Mackenzie* (1893).

MUSICAL PERTURBATIONS.

The laws which regulate the effect of music upon the listener are subject to many strange perturbations. Unless we admit this to be the case, and try and detect the operation of certain irregular influences, we shall be at a loss to understand why, if music really has its own planes as well as progressions of emo-

tion, gay music should make us sad, and solemn music should sometimes provoke a smile. Musical perturbations are sometimes due to the singer, player, or conductor—sometimes to the listener A magical prolongation of single notes here and there, until the vulgarity of the rhythm be broken—a pause, a little *appogiatura*, even a smile—and the original melody, such as we may know it to be, is changed and sublimated into the high expression of a high individuality. But the perturbations in the natural effect of the music which come from the listener are even more numerous and perplexing. They proceed chiefly from association and memory. . . .

Memory is the great perturber of musical meaning. When memory is concerned, music is no longer itself; it ceases to have any proper plane of feeling; it surrenders itself wholly, with all its rights to memory, to be the patient, stern, and terrible exponent of that recording angel. What is it? Only a few trivial bars of an old piano-forte piece—*Murmures du Rhone*, or *Pluie des Perles*. The drawing-room window is open, the children are playing on the lawn, the warm morning air is charged with the scent of lilac blossom. Then the ring at the bell, the confusion in the hall, the girl at the piano stops, the door opens, and one is lifted in, dying or dead. Years, years ago! but passing through the streets, a bar or two of the *Murmures du Rhone* brings the whole scene before the girl, now no longer a girl, but a middle-aged woman, looking back to one fatal summer morning. The enthusiastic old men, who invariably turned out in force whenever poor Madame Grisi was advertised to sing in her last days, seemed always deeply affected. Yet it could hardly be at what they actually heard—no, the few notes recalled the most superb soprano of the age in her best days; recalled, also, the scenes of youth forever faded out, and the lights of youth quenched in the gray mists of the dull declining years. It was worth any money to hear even the hollow echo of a voice which had power to bring back, if only for a moment, the "tender grace of a day that was dead."—*Music and Morals.*



HAWES, STEPHEN, an English poet of whom personally little is recorded except that he was educated at Oxford, travelled in France, became Groom of the Privy Chamber to Henry VII. and died between 1520 and 1530. His principal work, *The Pastime of Pleasure*, is an allegorical poem setting forth the life and adventures of one Grande Amoure, who masters all those accomplishments which constitute a perfect knight, worthy of a perfect lady-love—La Belle Pucel. The poem was a sort of precursor of *The Faerie Queene* of Spenser, who seems to have been indebted to Hawes for many a useful hint and many a pleasing effect of rhyme and cadence.

Critical authorities generally speak slightingly of Hawes. Hallam says: "Those who require the ardent words or the harmonious grace of poetical diction will not frequently be content with Hawes. He is rude, obscure, full of pedantic Latinisms, but learned and philosophical, reminding us frequently of the school of James I." Mr. J. Churton Collins estimates him more highly. He says: " Hawes, with all his faults, is a true poet. He has a sweet simplicity, a pensive, gentle air, a subdued cheerfulness about him, which have a strange charm at this distance of dissimilar time, though the hand of the artist is not firm, and the coloring sometimes too sober."

FROM THE "PASTIME OF PLEASURE."

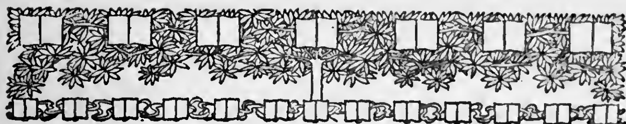
The way was troublous and ey nothyng playne,
Tyll at the last I came into a dale,
Beholdyng Phœbus declinyng lowe and pale.
With my grey houndes, in the fayre twylight
I sate me downe.

O mortall folke, you may beholde and see
Howe I lye here, sometime a mighty knight,
The end of joye and all prosperite
Is death at last, thorough his course and mighte,
After the daye there cometh the darke nighte,
For though the daye be never so long,
At last the bell ringeth to evensong.

Drive despaire away,
And live in hope which shall do you good.
Joy cometh after when the payne is past,
Be ye pacient and sober in mode:
So wepe and waile, all is for you in waste.
Was never payne, but it had joy a last
In the fayre morrowe.

DESCRIPTION OF LA BELLE PUCEL

Her foreheade stepe with fayre browes ybent,
Her eyen gray, her nose straight and fayre;
In her white chekes the fayre blonde it went
As among the wite the redde to repayre.
Her mouthe right small, her breathe sweet of ayre;
Her lippes soft and ruddy as a rose;
No hart alive but it would him appose.
With a little pitte in her well favoured chynne;
Her necke long, as white as any lillye,
With vaynes blewe in which the bloude ranne in;
Her pappes rounde, and thereto right pretye;
Her armes slender, and of goodly bodye;
Her fingers small and thereto right long,
White as the milke, with blewe vaynes among.
Her fete proper, she gartred well her hose.
I never sawe so fayre a creature;
Nothing she lacketh, as I do suppose,
That is longying to fayre dame Nature.



HAWKINS, ANTHONY HOPE, an English writer of fiction, known by his pen-name of "Anthony Hope," was born in Hackney, February 9, 1863. He studied law and began the practice of his profession at the age of twenty-four. At first he only wrote for his own amusement, and his first two ventures in *Men of Mark* (1889); and *Father Stafford* (1890), were unsuccessful. He then wrote a number of short stories for the *St. James Gazette*, some of which were republished in a volume entitled *Sport Royal* (1893). His first success was *Mr. Witt's Widow* (1892). This was followed by *A Change of Air* (1893); *The Dolly Dialogues ; Half a Hero ; The Prisoner of Zenda ; The God in the Car ; The Indiscretion of the Duchess*, and *Secret of Wardale Court* (1894); and *Chronicles of Count Antonio* (1895); and *A Little Wizard* and *Phroso* (1896). In 1897 Mr. Hawkins made a tour of America to gather material for a new romance of modern American push.

Upon the appearance of *The God in the Car*, a writer in *The Critic* said of it:—"Here we find the large canvas of serious life brushed over with a firm hand, relentless in general outlines and details—telling the tragedy of a woman's love, and the price that ambition pays for its own gratification. In this story we meet not one or two, but several characters that are worth knowing, and

whom we will remember for many a day. Juggernaut, 'The God in the Car,' is the incarnation of all the qualities and shortcomings of what the French are pleased to call the *strugforlifer*." It is true that the French have coined from our "struggle-for-life," a word which they not only define by "lutte pour la vie," but refer to as itself a "nouvelle définition du mot assassin."

AN UNSUSPECTED FRIEND.

"My dear lord," said the Pasha after a glance round to see that nobody listened, "the conventions must be observed. Yesterday you had not committed the offences of which I regret to say you have now been guilty."

"The offences? You amuse me, Pasha."

"I don't grudge it you," said Mouraki. "Yes, the offences of aiding my prisoner—that lady—to escape, and—well, the death of Constantine is at least a matter for inquiry, isn't it? The man was a rogue, of course, but we must observe the law, my dear Wheatley. Besides——" He paused, then he added: "You mustn't grudge me my amusement either."

Mouraki's sneers and jocularity had no power in themselves to anger me. Plainly he told me that he had employed Constantine to assassinate me; plainly he exposed to me the trick by which he had obtained a handle against me. Now to whom, if to any one, does a man like Mouraki Pasha reveal such things as these? Why to men—and only to men—who will tell no tales.

"We've both lost a friend this morning, Pasha."

"Constantine? Ah, yes. Still—he's as well where he is—just as well where he is."

Apparently Mouraki did not think the matter worth his care. He had approached very near to Phroso now, leaning down toward her as she sat on a rock. Suddenly I heard a low cry of terror and "No, no," in horrified accents; but Mouraki, raising his voice a little, answered "Yes, yes."

I strained my ears to hear; nay, I half rose from

where I sat, and sank back only under the pointed hint of a soldier's bayonet. I could not hear the words, but a soft pleading murmur came from Phroso, a short relentless laugh from Mouraki, a silence, a shrug of Mouraki's shoulders. Then he turned and came across to me.

"Ah, yes, yes," he laughed. "And there is to be one more polite fiction, my dear lord."

"I believe I can guess it," said I, meeting his eye; "though the precise form of it I confess I don't understand."

"Well, our lamented Constatine, who had much experience, but rather wanted imagination, was in favor of a fever. He told me that it was the usual device in Neopalia."

"His wife died of it, I suppose?" I believe I smiled as I put the question, great as was my peril.

"Oh, no; now that's unworthy of you. Never have a fiction when the truth will serve. Since he's dead, he murdered his wife. If he had lived, of course."

"Ah, then it would have been fever."

"Precisely; we must adapt ourselves to circumstances. Now in case—— Don't you think the outraged patriotism of Neopalia?" he suggested with a smile. "You bought the island—you a stranger. It was very rash. These islanders are desperate fellows."

"That would have served with Constantine alive, but he's dead. Your patriot is gone, Pacha."

"Alas, yes; our good Constantine is dead. But there are others. There's a fellow whom I ought to hang."

"Demetri?" I asked, with a careless air.

"Well, yes, Demetri," smiled the Pasha. "Demetri is very open to reason. I hanged his brother three years ago."

The little bay in which we were was surrounded by steep and precipitous cliffs except in one place. Here there was a narrow cleft; the rocks did not rise abruptly; the ground sloped gradually upward as it receded from the beach. Just on this spot of gently rising ground Demetri sat, and the Pasha, having amused himself with me for as long as it pleased him, walked up to

Demetri. The fellow sprang to his feet and saluted Mouraki with great respect. Mouraki beckoned to him to come nearer, and began to speak to him.

I sat still where I was, under the bayonets of the soldiers, who faced me and had their backs to their commander. My eyes were fixed steadily on the pair who stood conferring on the slope; and my mind was in a ferment. Scruples troubled me no more; Mouraki himself had made them absurd. I read my only chance of life in the choice or caprice of the wild, passionate barbarian—he was little else—who stood with head meekly bowed and knife carelessly dangled in his hand. This man was he of whom Panayiota had spoken so mysteriously; he was the friend whom I had "more than I knew of;" in his blood-feud with the Pasha, in his revengeful wrath, lay my chance. It was only a chance indeed, for the soldiers might kill me. But it was a chance, and there was no other. For if Mouraki won him over by promises or bribes, or intimidated him into doing his will, then Demetri would take the easier task,—that which carried no risk and did not involve his own death, as an attack on the Pasha almost certainly would. Would he be prudent and turn his hand against the single helpless man? Or would his long-nursed rage stifle all care for himself and drive him against Mouraki? If so, if he chose that way, there was a glimmer of hope. I glanced at Phroso's motionless figure and pallid face: I glanced at the little boat that floated on the water (why had Demetri not beached it?); I glanced at the rope which bound it to the other boat: I measured the distance between the boat and myself; I thrust my hand into the pocket of my coat and contrived to open the blade of my clasp-knife, which was now the only weapon left to me.

Mouraki spoke and smiled; he made no gesture, but there was just a movement of his eyes toward me; Demetri's eyes followed his for an instant, but would not dwell on my face. The Pasha spoke again; Demetri shook his head, and Mouraki's face assumed a persuasive good-humored expression: Demetri glanced round apprehensively. The Pasha took him by the arm, and they went a few paces further up the slope, so as to be

more private in their talk: but was that the object with both of them? Still Demetri shook his head. The Pasha's smile vanished. He spoke in short, sharp sentences, the snap of his lips showing when his mind was spoken. Demetri seemed to plead, he looked uneasy, he shifted from foot to foot, he drew back from the imperious man as though he shunned him and would fain escape from him. Mouraki would not let him go, but followed him in his retreat, step for step; thus another ten yards were put between them and me. Anger and contempt blazed now on Mouraki's face; he raised his hand and brought it down clenched on the palm of the other. Demetri held out his hand as though in protest or supplication. The Pasha stamped with his foot. There were no signs of relenting in his manner.

My eyes grew weary with intent watching; I felt like a man who has been staring at a bright white light, too fascinated by its intensity to blink or turn away, even though it pains him to look longer. The figures of the two seemed to become indistinct and blurred. I rubbed my knuckles into my eyes to clear my vision, and looked again. Yes, they were a little farther off, even still a little farther off than when I had looked before. It could not be by chance and unwittingly that Demetri always and always and always gave back a pace, luring the Pasha to follow him. No, there was a plan in his head; and in my heart suddenly came a great beat of savage joy—of joy at the chance heaven gave, yes, and of lust for the blood of the man against whom I had so mighty a debt of wrong. And, as I gazed now, for an instant—a single, barely perceptible instant—came the swiftest message from Demetri's eyes. I read it; I knew its meaning. I sat where I was, but every muscle of my body was tense and strung in readiness for that desperate leap, and every nerve of me quivered with a repressed excitement that seemed almost to kill. Now! Now! Was it now? I was within an ace of crying "Strike?" But I held the word in and still gazed. And the soldiers leaned easily on their bayonets, exchanging a word or two now and again, yawning sometimes, weary of a dull job, wondering when his Excellency would let them get home again; of what was

going on behind their backs, there on the slope of the cliff, they took no heed.

Ah, there was a change now! Demetri had ceased to protest, to deprecate, and to retreat. Mouraki's frowns had vanished, he smiled again in satisfaction and approval. Demetri threw a glance at me. Mouraki spoke. Demetri answered. For an instant I looked at the soldiers; they were more weary and inattentive than ever. Back went my eyes; now Mouraki, with suave graciousness, in condescending recognition of a good servant, stepped right close up to Demetri, and, raising his hand, reached around the fellow's shoulder and patted him approvingly on the back.

"It will be now!" I thought—nay, I believe I whispered—and I drew my legs up under me and grasped the hidden knife in my pocket. "Yes, it must be now."

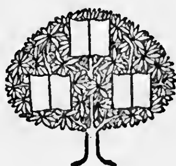
Mouraki patted, laughed, evidently pleased; Demetri bowed his head. But his long, lithe, bare, brown right arm that had hung so weary a time in idle waiting by his side—the arm whose hand held the great bright blade so lovingly polished, so carefully tested—the arm began slowly and cautiously to crawl up his side. It bent at the elbow, it rested a moment after its stealthy, secret climb. Then, quick as lightning, it flew above Demetri's head, the blade sparkled in the sun, the hand swooped down, and the gleams of the sunlit steel were quenched in the body of Mouraki. With a sudden cry of amazement, of horror, and of agony the Pasha staggered and fell prone on the rocky ground. And Demetri cried, "At last, my God, at last!" and laughed aloud.—*From Phroso.*

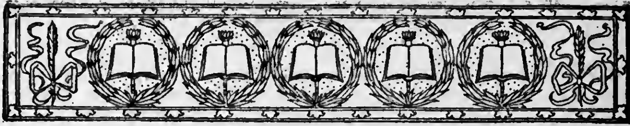
PASSING THE SUMMIT OF FAME.

Slow in forming, swift in acting; slow in the making, swift in the working; slow to the summit, swift down the other slope; it is the way of nature, and the way of the human mind. What seemed yesterday unborn and impossible, is to-day incipient and a great way off, to-morrow complete, present and accomplished. After long labor a thing springs forth full grown; to deny it, or refuse it, or fight against it, seems now as vain as a

few hours ago it was to hope for it, or to fear, or to imagine or conceive it. In like manner, the slow, crawling, upward journey can be followed by every eye ; its turns, its twists, its checks, its zigzags may be recorded on a chart. Then is the brief pause—on the summit—and the tottering incline toward the declivity. But how describe what comes after ? The dazzling rush that beats the eye, that in its fury of advance, its paroxysm of speed, is void of halts or turns and darting from point to point, covers and blurs the landscape till there seems nothing but the moving thing; and that again, while the watcher still tries vainly to catch its whirl, has sprung and reached, and ceased ; and, save that there it was and here it is he would not know that its fierce stir had been.

Such a race runs passion to its goal, when the reins hang loose. Hours may do what years have not done, and minutes sum more changes than long days could stretch to hold. The world narrows until there would seem to be nothing else existent in it—nothing of all that once held out the promise (sure as it then claimed to be) of escape, of help or warning. The very promise is forgotten, the craving for its fulfilment dies away. "Let me alone," is the only cry : and the appeal makes its own answer, the entreaty its own concession.—*From the God in the Car.*





HAWKS, FRANCIS LISTER, an American clergyman and general writer, born at Newbern, N. C., June 10, 1798; died in New York in September, 1866. He graduated at the University of North Carolina, and became a lawyer in Hillsboro in that State. Though successful in his profession, he abandoned it for the ministry, entered the Protestant Episcopal Church, and in 1829 became Dr. Croswell's assistant in Trinity Church, New Haven. After several changes during the next two years, he became rector of St. Thomas's Church, New York, where he remained until 1843. During this time he had been nominated Missionary Bishop of Louisiana, Arkansas, and Florida, but declined the nomination, and had been appointed Historiographer of the Church, and Conservator of Documents. He had published two volumes in relation to Church History, but had not completed the work. He had assisted to found the *New York Review* in 1837, and had established a school for boys at Flushing, L. I. Its financial failure, and his consequent embarrassments, led to his withdrawal from St. Thomas's, and was made the ground of opposition to his appointment to the bishopric of Mississippi in 1844. His vindication of himself was complete, but he then declined the bishopric. He was rector of Christ Church, New Orleans, for several years,

returned to New York as rector of Calvary Church in 1849; went to Baltimore in 1862; returned to New York after the war, and in 1866 laid the corner-stone of the chapel of the Holy Saviour, of which he was to be pastor. He died soon after.

Among his works are *Reports of Cases Adjudged in the Supreme Court of North Carolina* (1823–28): *Contributions to the Ecclesiastical History of New York* (1836–41); *Commentary on the Constitution and Canons of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States* (1841); *Egypt and its Monuments* (1849); *Auricular Confession in the Protestant Episcopal Church* (1856); *History of North Carolina* (1857); Under the name of "Uncle Philip" he published numerous books for the young: *The American Forest; Massachusetts; New Hampshire; New York; Virginia; The Whale Fishery*, etc. These were in the form of conversations. He translated Rivero and Tschudi's *Antiquities of Peru* (1854), and edited *State Papers of General Alexander Hamilton* (1842); *Perry's Expedition to the China Seas and Japan* (1852–54); Appleton's *Cyclopædia of Biography* (1856), and the *Romance of Biography*. He assisted in preparing two volumes of the *Documentary History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States* (1863–64).

EGYPTIAN ART.

In inspecting the specimens of sculpture and painting presented in the remains of ancient Egypt, one is forcibly struck with the manifold defects to be found generally alike in the design and execution, and these are the more surprising, when occasionally some speci-

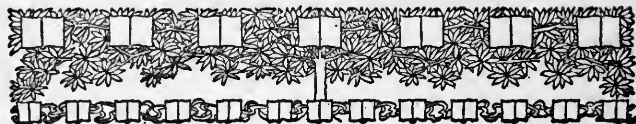
men is met with confessedly of high merit, as exhibiting practised artistic skill. It is observable also that these better specimens are delineations of some things other than the human figure. Perhaps a reason for this may, to a certain extent, be found in the consideration of the purpose to which the Egyptians applied the arts of design. The effort was not with them, as with the Greeks (from whom modern art is derived), to speak through the eye to the imagination ; theirs was the more matter-of-fact business of addressing the understanding. They were not seeking the beautiful, but the useful merely. Clement of Alexandria says truly that an Egyptian temple was "a writing," and grace was not the prime object of the manuscript.

The painting and sculpture of Egypt were meant, then, simply to convey facts, or what it was intended should be considered facts. The characters by which they sought to do it were but visible and often rude imitations of sensible objects ; the heavenly bodies, men, brutes, birds, fishes, dress, furniture, etc. In fulfilling their design, therefore, it was more important to convey the idea correctly and avoid mistakes, than it was to produce a finished work of art. Hence the representation of the human figure seldom affords proof of elaboration in its execution ; a very rude sketch was sufficient to show that nothing but man could be meant by it; commonly the face and lower limbs are in profile, while the body is presented with its full front ; proportion also is sometimes utterly neglected. In fact the rough drawing served but to spell the word *man*, while the hieroglyphics above it informed him who could read them, who or what the man was. But in the very same picture, perhaps, containing a rough sketch of the human figure, birds, or other objects would be represented, drawn with great spirit, and colored with a minute attention to nature. Accuracy of delineation was resorted to when such accuracy was necessary to guard against mistakes, and it was therefore required to show the species of the bird so represented. All that the artist sought was to convey an idea with precision, and in doing this he could call in the aid of hieroglyphics, both symbolic and phonetic. It was perhaps strange that he

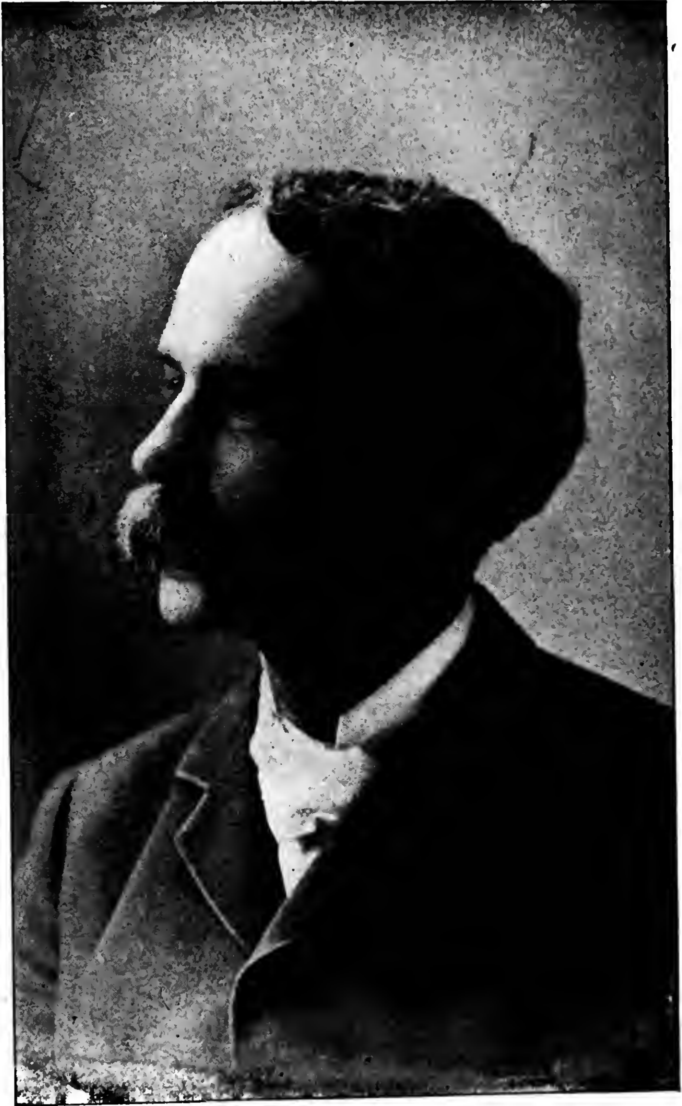
did not think of using either painting or hieroglyphics separately, to accomplish his object ; but so it was that, using both, he could effect his purpose, and he consequently made no effort at improvement.

It must not, however, be supposed that there was an entire absence of artistic skill in the Egyptians, when they found an occasion for its exercise. There are not wanting statues executed by them, in which the anatomical proportions of the human figure are carefully represented ; they unquestionably, also, were sufficiently minute and accurate in their work to produce portraits when necessary. It was, therefore, not want of capacity entirely that caused the productions of Egyptian art to fall so far short of the polished works of the Grecian chisel ; their defects were purposed.

There, was, however, one department of drawing, in which all the specimens yet seen, would justify the conclusion that they were entirely ignorant. They knew nothing of perspective, and some of their devices to remedy defects arising from this cause, are clumsy in the extreme. Thus, if it became necessary to depict three sides of an apartment (as may be seen in the pictures of some of the granaries), a separate elevation of each wall was made, and the distant end of the room was placed in the drawing, *above* the elevation of the sides, as an entirely separate feature. From these and other causes, it requires some little practice and familiarity with the representations in Egyptian paintings and reliefs, to understand them.—*Egypt and its Monuments.*



HAWTHORNE, JULIAN, an American novelist, the son of Nathaniel Hawthorne, born in Boston, June 22, 1846. After four years in Harvard University, he entered the Scientific School of Harvard in 1867, and the next year went to Dresden to continue the study of civil engineering in the Polytechnic School of that city. On his return to America in 1870 he joined the staff of hydrographic engineers in the New York Dock Department. About this time he contributed several short stories to the magazines. Their success led him to adopt literature as a profession. His first novel, *Bressant*, appeared in 1873, and was followed by *Idolatry* (1874). His next publication was a collection entitled *Saxon Studies* (1875), contributed first to the *Contemporary Review*. *Garth*, begun in 1875 in *Harper's Magazine*, was published in book form in 1877. At this time Mr. Hawthorne was living in England. To this time belong *Archibald Malmaison*, *Prince Saroni's Wife*, *Mrs. Gainsborough's Diamonds*, and numerous short tales. *Sebastian Strome* was published in 1880, *Fortune's Fool* and *Dust* between 1880 and 1883. In 1882 the author returned to America. Since that time he has written *Beatrice Randolph*, *Noble Blood*, *Love—or a Name*, *Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife* (1883), *Confessions and Criticisms*, *John Parmelee's Curse* (1886), *A Tragic Mystery*, and *The*



JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Great Bank Robbery (1887), the last two founded on facts furnished by a New York detective.

In 1888 Mr. Hawthorne published *The Professor's Sister*, in 1893 *Six Cent Sam's*, and in December, 1895, was awarded the New York *Herald* prize of $10,000 for his novel *A Fool of Nature*. In 1889 he visited Europe with a delegation of fifty workingmen to examine the condition of European industries.

SAXON VILLAGES.

Many of these little flocks of houses have settled down from their flight in the realm of thought along the banks of a stream which trickles through a narrow gorge, between low hills. The brook is an important element in the village economy, fulfilling the rather discordant offices of public drain, swill-pail, and wash-tub; and moreover, serving as a perennial plaything for quantities of white-headed children and geese. It is walled in with stone; narrow flights of steps lead down at intervals to the water's edge, and here and there miniature bridges span the flood. The water bubbles over a pebbly bottom, varied with bits of broken pottery and cast-away odds-and-ends of the household; once in a while the stream gathers up its strength to turn a saw-mill, and anon spreads out to form a shallow basin. Stiff-necked, plaster-faced, the cottages stand in lines on either bank, winking lazily at one another with their old glass eyes, across the narrow intervening space. Above their red-tiled roofs rise the steep hill-ridges, built up in irregular terraces, overgrown with vines or fruit-trees. Nobody seems to stay at home except the geese and the babies.

Such little settlements hide in country depths, whither only grassy lanes and foot-paths find their way. Others there are, mere episodes of the high-road, dusty, bare, and exposed, with flat views over surrounding plains; with a naked inn "Gasthaus"—in their midst, where thirsty teamsters halt for beer, and to stare with slow-moving eyes at the pygmy common with its muddy

goose-pond, and to pump up unintelligible gutturals at one another. Others, again, are ranged abreast beneath the bluffs on the river bank; a straggling foot-path dodges crookedly through them, scrambling here over a front door-step, there crossing a back-yard. Women, bare of foot and head, peer curiously forth from low doorways and cramped windows; soiled children stare, a-suck at muddy fingers; there are glimpses of internal economies, rustic meals, withered grandparents who seldom get farther than the door-step; visions of infants nursed and spanked. A strip of grass intervenes between the houses and the Elbe river; through trees we see the down-slipping current, bearing with it interminable rafts and ponderous canal-boats, and sometime a puffing steamer with noisy paddle-wheels. At times we skirt long stretches of blind walls, from the chinks of which sprout grass and flowers; and which convey to us an obscure impression of there being grape-vines on the other side of them.

Or, once more, and not least picturesquely, our village alights on a low hill-top, where trees and houses crowd one another in agreeable contention. The main approach winds snake-like upward from the grass and brush of the valley, but on reaching the summit splits into hydra heads, each one of which pokes itself into somebody's barn-yard or garden, leaving a stranger in some embarrassment as to how to get through the town without unauthorized intrusion on its inhabitants. Besides the main approach, there are clever short-cuts down steep places, sometimes forming into a rude flight of stone steps, anon taking a sudden leap down a high terrace, and finally creeping out through a hole in the hedge at the bottom. The houses look pretty from below; but after climbing the hill their best charm vanishes, like that of clouds seen at too close quarters. In Saxony, as well as elsewhere, there is a penalty for opening Pandora's box.—*Saxon Studies.*

FREE-WILL.

Strength of the beautiful day, green and blue and white;
  Voice of leaf and of bird;
 Low voice of mellow surf far down the curving shore;

Strong white clouds and gray, slow and calm in your flight,
Aimless, majestic, unheard :—
You walk in air, and dissolve and vanish forevermore !
Lying here 'midst poppies and maize, tired of the loss and the gain,
Dreaming of rest, ah ! fain
Would I, like ye, transmute the terror of fate into praise.

Yet thou, O earth ! art a slave, orderly, without care,
Perfect thou knowest not why ;
For He whose word is thy life has spared thee the gift of will,
We men are not so brave, our lives are not so fair,
Our law is an eye for an eye ;
And the light that shines for our good we use to our ill.
Fails boyhood's hope erelong, for the deed still mocks the plan,
And the knave is the honest man,
And thus we grow weak in a world created to make us strong.

But woe to the man who quails before that which makes him man !
Though heaven be sweet to win,
One thing is sweeter yet—freedom to side with hell !
In man succeeds or fails this great creative plan ;
Man's liberty to sin
Makes worth God's winning the love even God may not compel.
Shall I then murmur and be wroth at Nature's peace ?
Though I be ill at ease
I hold one link of the chain of his happiness in my hand.

MURGATROYD.

Perhaps Murgatroyd was his father's least comprehensible manifestation. He appeared commonplace. The animal was prominent in him. It glowed in his cheeks, thickened his lips, lowered his forehead. His eyebrows were thick and all but met across the root

of his blunt nose; his dark-brown hair was over-abundant and rebellious to the comb. He was as redolent of good-humor as a gambolling retriever; grins and laughter bubbled from him at the slightest provocation. But he was afflicted with bashfulness, which was forever reddening his face and ears, and blundering into his hands and feet. He was obviously well disposed, liking to be liked and to satisfy expectation, but the primitive impulse within was so alien to the sage outward admonition that it obeyed with difficulty, and the constant sense of failure rushed in, dismally tumultuous. Murgatroyd had moments of despair, contrasting what he was with what he ought to be. These alternated with seasons of oblivious, illicit joy—festivals of physical health and strength and delighted marriage of desire with gratification. Few youths had more than he enjoyed college life—so long as it was a matter of playing ball, rowing, eating, and genial carousing—but his inability to keep to strict training spoilt his value in college athletics, and as for study, neither under the academic shades nor during enforced retirement to rural solitudes tempered by learned parsons, could he bring his mind to it. The consequence was the indefinite postponement of his diploma.

On his way home Murgatroyd contemplated suicide, but he decided to eat once more first, and presently he found himself entering the paternal mansion.

Mr. Whiterduce happened to intercept him on the way to the larder, where he knew that his friend, Sallie Wintle, the housemaid, would give him all the cold pie and cheese he wanted.

Mr. Whiterduce pleasantly beckoned him into the library, where the unhappy youth confronted him, his interior parts distilling to a jelly, while his skin was as though bathed in nettles. He heard the sound of that low, serene voice, which always slid through him like Saladin's cimeter, but for a while had no idea what it was saying. At length these surprising words reached his consciousness:

"Don't let it bother you, my boy. A college diploma amounts to nothing. Let the past go. You are a man now, and what I want you to do is to marry. You will like Isabella Sharingbourne, I think. You shall have

opportunities of arranging it between yourselves. Have you had your lunch? Ring the bell and tell Foster to bring whatever you want. You are to give what orders you like in this house from this time on."

Semi-articulate noises strove to emerge from Murgatroyd's throat; Mr. Whiterduce smiled again, and left him to his own devices.—*From A Fool of Nature, the N. Y. Herald $10,000 Prize Story.*

HEINRICH AND HIS FRAU.

In a narrow back street, within sound of the tramway-car bells on one of the chief thoroughfares of the city, yet as distant from it socially and ethically as if it were in another planet, stood a musty, dingy beer saloon known as the Hobby-Horse. It was a place even the existence of which was unknown to the kind of people we have hitherto been associated with. And yet it was by no means such an evil-minded and murderous dive as might be found in less unpromising localities. You could get good beer there and meet people whose conversation had points of interest. The host kept order, and was also a philosopher. He was a cubical, pale-eyed German, five feet nine inches high, weighing two hundred and fifty pounds. He was calm, courteous, resolute, and ordinarily serious, though sometimes, when only a few well-known customers remained, late at night, he would come from behind the bar, sit at one of the tables, and talk with sagacity and humor.

He had a wife nearly as big as himself, ugly, shrewd, and good-humored, who occasionally helped her husband attend to the guests. The latter made her an object of sprightly compliments and badinage, which she returned full measure, like her schoppens of beer; but if anyone ventured too far in gallantry, she gave him reason to regret it promptly.

The landlord was called Heinrich and his wife Frau Pilsen. They had occupied the house a long time and did a good business. Herr Heinrich used to say, with quiet complacency, that the police had made no complaints against him since he had been there; and he would sometimes add that he would see to it that they

never did. Any guest might express any opinions he chose, provided his language was neither indecent nor over-loud; but any attempt to do anything not in harmony with law and order was strictly (and effectively) forbidden.

This was good sense and good business. Many of sturdy Herr Heinrich's patrons had sat at his tables almost nightly for a dozen years or more. Frivolous and rowdy people found the society uncongenial; there were men there, perhaps, who held and discussed theories or even designs of an extravagant or outrageous nature; but they paid for their beer and conducted themselves respectably while they were within the realm of Herr Heinrich. The most blood-thirsty anarchist, the most relentless nihilist who ever planned to decimate society for the sake of abstract human happiness, would have plunged through the door of the Hobby-Horse head-foremost, with the toe-mark of Herr Heinrich's massive boot tingling in his rear, had he presumed to disregard the unwritten rules of that establishment. But so long as he was orderly in his demeanor, Herr Heinrich would not only extend hospitality and welcome to him, but would, if opportunity served, sit down with him and listen to plans and suggestions which would have turned any ordinary citizen's hair white. But the big beer-seller would only nod his head and smile, and say in his sleepy bass voice, "Gut—dat is gut, mein lieber. Do vat you laik and dake der gonsequences—dat is der prieflege of all man. Der worlt is full of wrong dings; I will be glad myzelf when dey are removt. But vatefer vill be done, es muss bier getrunken werden—nicht? Well, I shdays here and I sell beer, more as dwelf year now. When you sets dose wrongs righd, you gome here by me, and we drink; if you vail, you gome and we drink just da zame—ja? Na, also—noch eins? Ja, wohl!"

Men like this will survive and prosper when the bomb of social regeneration has swept all other life from the planet. They are mortised down to the hard-pan of creation. The last relic left of human occupation of this globe will be a beer-keg. Perhaps it will form the nucleus of a new planetary system.—*From A Fool of Nature, the N. Y. Herald $10,000 Prize Story.*

WISDOM.

"How many colleges have you endowed altogether, Murgy?" asked Sabina.

"There's one I never endowed, though it's the only one where you really learn anything," he replied.

"What's that, the Reformatory?" inquired Letitia.

"The world!" replied Murgatroyd, solemnly.

"Gracious! Listen to the philosopher!" exclaimed Sabina, with a laugh. "All the world has taught me is the moral and pecuniary value of women's tongues—and that's a thing that all women know by instinct. What has it taught you?"

"Well, I found the thing I cared for most in the place I cared least for, so I have come to the conclusion that the only reason we don't see good things everywhere is because we haven't good eyes. If it hadn't been for you, Sabina, I'd have missed seeing the one thing on earth I was looking for hardest."

"Why, my dear, you talk in epigrams and riddles, like a graduate of St. Quentin!" remarked Horace.

"There's one thing the world hasn't taught, Horace," put in Gabriel, sending his slow humorous glance around the circle. "It hasn't taught him how to make hair grow!" And he bowed forward in a noiseless chuckle.

"That is a problem which no longer engrow-ses my attention," the witty doctor rejoined. "Well, I used to be an anarchist, to some extent, but the affair in which all the anarchists I ever knew got mixed up turned out to be a despotism; so I have made up my mind to let things go as they are. But I don't know as there's much of a lesson in that. What is the secret of the universe, Gabe? You ought to know!"

"Well, folks pay me two dollars to tell 'em what's going to happen to 'em," said the soothsayer, folding his hands over his stomach; "but the real secret of the universe, as far as I could ever learn it, is, that unless what's coming to folks happens to be what they want, they don't believe it till—after—it's—come! So as far as practical results to them go, I reckon I'm two dollars ahead of the game every trip!"

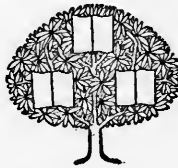
"What is your philosophy, Poly?" asked Horace; "we'll have to diagnose the whole gang, since we've begun!"

"The world has taught me that there's nothing like the method," the faithful Polydore promptly responded; "and now I'm busy teaching it back to 'em!"

"Well, your reply has one advantage—it confirms the general anticipation!" Gabriel observed. "But we haven't heard from our good hostess yet," he added; "I guess she'll be the one to ring the bell, after all!"

"Oh, I'm only learning how to love my husband and my baby," said Isabella, looking round with a smile, which finally rested upon Murgatroyd.

Sabina kissed her. Letitia jumped up, saying: "Well, girls and boys, it's time I was in bed!" And just then Sallie Wintle came in with the whiskey and seltzer.—*From A Fool of Nature, the N. Y. Herald $10,000 Prize Story.*



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