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CHOICEST EXTRACTS AND MASTER-
PIECES FROM THEIR WRITINGS.

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**Illustration in Biblical and Liturgical MSS. down to
the end of the Middle Ages.**

**THE VISITATION: THE VIRGIN MARY
AND ST. ELIZABETH.**

From the Caumartin Hours, written in Artois about

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

Specially engraved for the Ridpath Library.

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

EDITION DE LUXE

TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES

VOL. XVI.

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NEW YORK

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

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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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.
á as in fall, talk.
â as in ask, fast, ant.
ã as in fare.
e as in met, pen, bless.
ē as in mete, meet.
é as in her, fern.
i as in pin, it.
í as in pine, fight, file.
o as in not, on, frog.
ō as in note, poke, floor.
ö as in move, spoon.
ô as in nor, song, off.
u as in tub.
ū as in mute, acute.
ü as in pull.
ü German ü, French u.
oi as in oil, joint, boy.
ou as in pound, proud.

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

ǣ as in prelate, courage.
ĕ as in ablegate, episcopal.
ō̇ as in abrogate, eulogy, democrat.
ū̇ 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:

ā as in errant, republican.
ē as in prudent, difference.
ī as in charity, density.
ō as in valor, actor, idiot.
ū as in Persia, peninsula.
ē̇ as in *the* book.
ū̇ 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:

ṫ as in nature, adventure.
ḋ as in arduous, education.
ṡ as in pressure.
ż as in seizure.
y as in yet.

B Spanish b (medial).
ch as in German ach, Scotch loch.
G as in German Abensberg, Hamburg.
H Spanish g before e and i; Spanish j; etc. (a guttural h).
ñ French nasalizing n, as in ton, en.
s final s in Portuguese (soft).
th as in thin.
ʒH as in then.

D = ʒH.

' 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.)



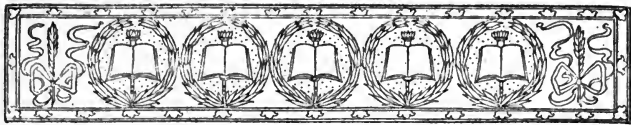
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LOWTH, ROBERT, an English divine and philologist, born at Winchester, November 27, 1710; died at Fulham, near London, November 3, 1787. In 1737 he was graduated at New College, Oxford, where in 1741 he became Professor of Poetry, in which capacity he delivered the *Prælectiones de Sacra Poesi Hebræorum*, which were published in the original Latin in 1753. They were translated into English, by G. Gregory, under the title *Lectures on the Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews* (1787). An edition of this translation, revised by Calvin E. Stowe, of the Andover Theological Seminary, with an Introduction and valuable Dissertations, was published in Boston in 1826. After holding several high ecclesiastical preferments, Lowth was in 1766 made Bishop of Oxford, and in 1777 was transferred to the see of London. In 1783 he declined the Archbishopric of Canterbury—the highest position in the Anglican Church—which was offered to him by George III. The other important works of Lowth are *Life of William Wykeham* (1758); *A Short Introduction to English Grammar* (1762), and a metrical *Translation of Isaiah* (1778).

THE PECULIAR CHARACTER OF EACH OF THE HEBREW
PROPHETS.

“The prophets have each their peculiar character,” says Jerome, speaking of the twelve minor prophets.

The same, however, might more properly be affirmed with respect to the three greater: for Isaiah is extremely different from Jeremiah; nor is it easy to conceive of any composition of the same denomination more dissimilar to both of them than the book of Ezekiel.

Isaiah—the first of the prophets, both in order and dignity—abounds in such transcendent excellences that he may properly be said to afford the most perfect model of prophetic poetry. He is at once elegant and sublime, forcible and ornamental; he unites energy with copiousness, and dignity with vivacity. In his sentiments there is uncommon elevation and majesty; in his imagery the utmost propriety, elegance, dignity, and diversity; in his language uncommon beauty and energy; and, notwithstanding the obscurity of his subjects, a surprising degree of clearness and simplicity. To these, we may add, there is such sweetness in the poetical composition of his sentences—whether it proceed from art or genius—that if Hebrew poetry at present is possessed of any remains of its native grace and harmony, we shall chiefly find them in the writings of Isaiah. He greatly excels, too, in all the graces of method, order, connection, and arrangement; though in asserting this we must not forget the nature of the prophetic impulse, which bears away the mind with irresistible violence, and frequently in rapid transitions from near to remote objects—from human to divine. We must also be careful in remarking the limits of particular predictions; since as they are now extant they are often improperly connected, without any marks of discrimination; which injudicious arrangement, on some occasions, creates almost insuperable difficulties.

Jeremiah, though deficient neither in elegance nor sublimity, must give place in both to Isaiah. Jerome seems to object against him a sort of rusticity of language—no vestige of which I must, however, confess, I have been able to discover. His sentiments, it is true, are not always the most elevated, nor are his periods always neat and compact. But these are faults common to those writers whose principal aim is to excite the

gentler affections, and to call forth the tear of sympathy or sorrow. This observation is very strongly exemplified in the *Lamentations*, where these are the prevailing passions. It is, however, frequently exemplified in the *Prophecies* of this author, and most of all in the beginning of the book, which is chiefly poetical. The middle of it is almost entirely historical. The latter part, again, consisting of the last six chapters, is altogether poetical.*

It contains several different predictions, which are distinctly marked; and in these the prophet approaches very near the sublimity of Isaiah. On the whole, however, I can scarcely pronounce above half the book of Jeremiah poetical.

Ezekiel is much inferior to Isaiah in elegance; in sublimity he is not excelled even by Isaiah; but his sublimity is of a totally different kind. He is deep, vehement, tragical; the only sensation he affects to excite is the terrible. His sentiments are elevated, fervid, full of fire, indignant; his imagery is crowded, magnificent, terrific, sometimes almost to disgust; his language is pompous, solemn, austere, rough, and at times unpolished. He employs frequent repetitions, not for the sake of grace or elegance, but from the vehemence or passion and indignation. His diction is sufficiently perspicuous; all his obscurity consists in the nature of the subject. The greater part of Ezekiel—toward the middle part of the book especially—is poetical, whether we regard the matter or the diction. His periods, however, are frequently so rude and incomplete that I am often at a loss how to pronounce concerning his performance in this respect.

Hosea is the first of the minor prophets, and is—perhaps Jonah excepted—the most ancient of them all. His style exhibits the appearance of very remote antiquity. It bears a distinguished mark of poetical composition in that pristine brevity and condensation which is observable in the sentences. But this very circumstance is productive of so much obscurity that, although the general subject of the writer be sufficiently obvious, he is the most difficult of the prophets. There is, how-

* Chap. xlvi.—li., to verse 99, chap. lii., properly belongs to *Lamentations*, to which it serves as an exordium.

ever, another reason for the obscurity of this style : Hosea prophesied during the reigns of the four kings of Judah—Uzziah, Jotham, Ahaz, and Hezekiah ; the duration of his ministry, therefore, in whatever manner we calculate, must include a very considerable space of time. We have now only a small volume of his remaining, which it seems, contains his principal prophecies ; and these are extant in a continual series, with no marks of distinction as to the times in which they were published, or the subjects of which they treat. There is, therefore, no cause to wonder if, in perusing the prophecies of Hosea, we sometimes find ourselves in a similar predicament with those who consulted the scattered leaves of the Sibyl.

The style of Joel is essentially different from that of Hosea ; but the general character of his diction, though of a different kind, is not less poetical. He is elegant, perspicuous, copious, and fluent ; he is also sublime, animated, and energetic. In the first and second chapters he displays the full force of the prophetic poetry, and shows how naturally it inclines to the use of metaphors, allegories, and comparisons. Nor is the connection of the matter less clear and evident than the complexion of the style. This is exemplified in the display of the impending evils which gave rise to the prophecy ; the exhortations to repentance ; the promise of happiness and success, both terrestrial and eternal, to those who become truly penitent ; the restoration of the Israelites ; and the vengeance to be taken of their adversaries. But while we allow this just commendation to his perspicuity both in language and arrangement, we must not deny that there is sometimes great obscurity observable in his subject, and particularly in the latter part of his prophecy.

Jerome calls Amos “rude in speech but not in knowledge ;” applying to him what St. Paul modestly professes of himself. Many have followed the example of Jerome in speaking of this prophet as if he were indeed quite rude, inelegant, and destitute of all the embellishments of composition. The matter is quite otherwise. Let any person who has candor and perspicacity enough to judge, not from the man, but from his writings, open

the volume of his predictions, and he will, I think, agree with me that our shepherd "is not a whit behind the very chief of the prophets." He will agree that as in sublimity and magnificence he is almost equal to the greatest, so in splendor of diction and elegance of expression he is scarcely inferior to any. . . .

The style of Micah is, for the most part, close, forcible, pointed, and concise; sometimes approaching the obscurity of Hosea; in many parts animated and sublime, and in general truly poetical.

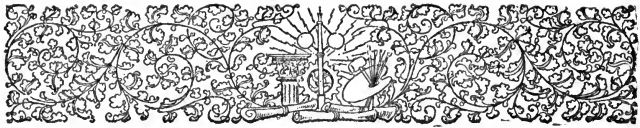
None of the minor prophets, however, seem to equal Nahum in boldness, ardor, and sublimity. His prophecy, too, forms a regular and perfect poem. The exordium is not merely magnificent; it is truly majestic. The preparation for the destruction of Nineveh, and the description of its downfall and desolation, are expressed in the most vivid colors, and are bold and luminous in the highest degree.

The style of Habakkuk is also poetical; especially in his ode, which may be accounted among the most perfect specimens of that class. The like remark will also apply to Zephaniah; but there is nothing very striking or uncommon either in the arrangement of his matter or the complexion of his style.

Of Obadiah there is little to be said, the only specimen of his genius extant being very short, and the greater part of it included in the prophecies of Jeremiah.

Jonah and Daniel I have already considered as mere historical commentaries.

Haggai, Zachariah, and Malachi are the only remaining prophets. The first of these is altogether prosaic, as well as the greater part of the second; toward the conclusion of the prophecy there are some poetical passages, and those highly ornamented; they are also perspicuous, considering they are the most obscure of all the prophetic writers. The last of the prophetic books—that of Malachi—is written in a kind of middle style, which seems to indicate that the Hebrew poetry, from the time of the Babylonish captivity, was in a declining state; and, being past its prime and vigor, was then fast verging toward the debility of age.—*Lecture XXI.*



LUBBOCK, SIR JOHN, an English archæologist and politician, was born at London, April 30, 1834. His father, an eminent astronomer and mathematician, contributed largely to the scientific literature of his day. He was educated at Eton, and when but fourteen entered his father's banking-house, of which he became partner in 1856. He effected the passage in Parliament of more than twenty public measures of importance, among them the Bank Holidays Act, the Bills of Exchange Act, the Factors' Acts Amendment Bill, and the publication of the Clearing House returns. Country clearing was another improvement which he introduced. He also advocates the representation of minorities, and has recently devoted himself to the promotion of the Shop Hours' Bill. He was elected Honorable Secretary to the Association of London Bankers, and was made first President of the Institute of Bankers, which numbered two thousand members. He received a regent's appointment to serve on the International Coinage Commission. He was also a member of the Commissions for Public Schools, Advancement of Science, Education, Gold and Silver, and Chairman of the committee which passed upon designs for new coins. He was instrumental in the passage of the Absconding Debtors' Bill, the Bankers' Books Evidence Bill, and the Falsification of Accounts Bill. No less important were

the Public Libraries' Amendment Act, Open Spaces Act, Metropolis Management Act, and Ancient Monuments' Bill. He was unsuccessful in the contest for West Kent in 1865 and 1868, but was twice nominated by Maidstone to represent the Liberal party in Parliament, which position he occupied from 1870-80. In 1877 he objected to the House being sidetracked by resolutions on the Eastern Question. He was trustee of the British Museum in 1878, and was elected President of the Royal Society and British Association—of which he had been formerly Vice-President—for their jubilee meeting at York in 1881, upon which occasion he officiated. In 1880 he resigned the Vice-Chancellorship of London University to be its representative in Parliament, where he was recognized as an authority by the House of Commons on questions of finance and education. He became Vice-Chairman of the City Division of the London County Council, in which body he had first held office January 17, 1889. From 1890 to 1892 he was chairman, succeeding Lord Rosebery. Oxford has conferred upon him the degrees of F.R.S. and D.C.L.; Dublin, Cambridge, and Edinburgh LL.D; and Würzburg, M.D. His bills in the interests of the medical profession were The Apothecaries' Company Medical Bill, University of London Medical Act Amendment Bill, College of Surgeons' Medical Act Bill. He is to-day President of the Linnæan Society, London Chamber of Commerce, and Working Man's College. His books are *Prehistoric Times* (1865); *Origin of Civilization* and *The*

Primitive Condition of Man (1870), both of which have reached five editions, and been translated into all the principal languages; *Monograph of the Thysanura and Collembola* (1873); *The Origin and Metamorphoses of Insects* (1874); *On British Wild Flowers, Considered in Relation to Insects* (1875); *Scientific Lectures* (1879); *Ants, Bees, and Wasps*, which in less than a year passed through five editions; and *Fifty Years of Science* (1882); *Senses, Instincts and Intelligence of Animals, Beauties of Nature, and Pleasures of Life*, which has gone through thirty-three editions (1888). Other works are *Flowers, Fruits, and Leaves* (1886); *Representation* (1885), and *Chapters in Popular Natural History* (1883). He has also furnished the Royal Society, the Society of Antiquaries, the Linnæan, Ethnological, Geological, and Entomological Societies and the British Association with over a hundred separate memoirs on zoölogical, physiological, and archæological subjects, and has delivered frequent lectures before these bodies.

“His investigations,” says Professor Sanders, “whether into the life of the insect and vegetable world, or into the condition of early man, are monuments of unwearied research and acute generalization.”

The *Spectator* thinks his scientific researches embody “a brief but comprehensive view of the result of applying the principle of natural selection to a large class of biological phenomena which hitherto, till Mr. Darwin called attention to them, had hardly seemed even a possible field for scientific exploration.”

ADVANTAGES OF SCIENCE.

That suffering is the inevitable consequence of sin, as surely as night follows day, is the stern yet salutary teaching of science. We are in reality but on the threshold of civilization. The tendency to improvement seems latterly to have proceeded with augmented impetus and accelerated rapidity. There are many things which are not as yet dreamt of in our philosophy, many discoveries which will immortalize those who make them, and confer upon the human race advantages which as yet, perhaps, we are not in a condition to appreciate. We may still say, with our great countryman, Sir Isaac Newton, that we have been but like children, playing on the sea-shore, and picking up here and there a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lies all undiscovered before us.—*From Prehistoric Times.*

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.

In reading, it is most important to select subjects in which one is interested. I am sometimes disposed to think that the great readers of the next generation will be, not our lawyers and doctors, shop-keepers and manufacturers, but the laborers and mechanics. Does not this seem natural? The former work mainly with their head; when their daily duties are over the brain is often exhausted, and of their leisure time much must be devoted to air and exercise. The laborer and mechanic, on the contrary, besides working often for much shorter hours, have in their work-time taken sufficient bodily exercise, and could, therefore, give any leisure they might have to reading and study. Books are almost innumerable, our hours for reading are, alas, very few, and yet many people will take any book they chance to find at a friend's house, or at a railway stall. The most recent books of history and science ought to contain the most accurate information and the most trustworthy conclusions. The oldest books of the world are remarkable and interesting on account of their very age. Translations, though they can never, perhaps, do

justice to the original, may yet be admirable in themselves. The Bible itself, which must stand first in the list, is a conclusive case. At the head of all non-Christian moralists, I must place Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius. Thomas à Kempis's *Imitation of Christ*, Keble's beautiful *Christian Year*, and last, but not least, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, we may mention among other devotional works. Aristotle and Plato again stand at the head of another class. The great epics of the world have always constituted one of the most popular branches of literature. Yet how few, comparatively, ever read the Iliad or the Odyssey, or Virgil, after leaving school. Among histories, I will mention Carlyle's *French Revolution*, Grote's *Greece*, and Green's *Short History of the English People*. Among other books most frequently recommended are, Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser, White's *Natural History of Selborne*, Bacon's, Macaulay's, and Emerson's essays, De Foe's *Robinson Crusoe*, Molière's plays, Smiles's *Self-Help*, Lytton's *Last Days of Pompeii*, Dickens's and Scott's novels.—*From Pleasures of Life.*





LUCAN, MARCUS ANNÆUS, a Roman poet, born at Corduba, the modern Cordova, in Spain, about A.D. 39; died at Rome in 65. His father, a brother of the philosopher Seneca, took him at an early age to Rome, where he was carefully educated. By his early poems he gained the favor of Nero, against whom he appeared as a rival in a literary contest and won the prize. This so incensed the Emperor against him that he forbade him reading any more poems in public. He engaged in the conspiracy of Piso against Nero. An offer of pardon induced him to become informer against his fellow-conspirators, among whom was his own mother; but finding that his death was ordered by Nero, he committed suicide. His only extant work is the epic poem *Pharsalia*, the subject of which is the civil war between Pompey and Cæsar, the issue of which was decided by the battle of Pharsalia (48 B.C.).

“His genius,” says Villemain, “had only time to produce grandeur, without naturalness or truth. Among his merits are an exalted imagination and intense energy.”

THE EXORDIUM.

Emathian plains, with slaughter cover'd o'er,
And rage unknown to civil wars before—
Established violence, and lawless might,
Avowed and hallowed by the name of Right—
A race renowned, the world's victorious lords,

Turned on themselves with their own hostile swords,
 Pilum 'gainst pilum ranged in impious fight,
 And eagles against eagles bending flight—
 Of blood by friends, by kindred, parents spilt—
 One common horror and promiscuous guilt—
 A shattered world in wild disorder tost,
 Leagues, laws, and empire in confusion lost—
 Of all the woes which civil discords bring,
 And Rome o'ercome by Roman arms—I sing.

What blind, detested madness could afford
 Such horrid license to the murdering sword?
 Say, Romans, whence so dire a fury rose,
 To glut with Latian blood your barbarous foes?—
 What tracts of land, what realms unknown before,
 What seas wide-stretching to the distant shore,
 What crowns, what empires might that blood have
 gained,
 With which Emathia's fatal fields were stained!
 Where Seres in their silken woods reside,
 Where swift Araxes rolls his rapid tide;
 Where'er (if such a nation can be found),
 Nile's secret fountain springing cleaves the ground;
 Where southern suns with double ardor rise,
 Flame o'er the land, and scorch the mid-day skies,
 Where Winter's hand the Scythian seas constrains,
 And binds the frozen floods in crystal chains;
 Where'er the shady night and dayspring come,
 All had submitted to the yoke of Rome.

—*Pharsalia, Book I.*

OBSEQUIES BEFITTING FOR POMPEY.

But now, behold! the bolder youth returns,
 While half-consumed the smouldering carcass burns.
 Ere yet the cleansing fire had melted down
 The fleshy muscles from the firmer bone,
 He quenched the relics in the briny wave,
 And hid them hasty in a narrow grave;
 Then with a stone the sacred dust he binds,
 To guard it from the breath of scattering winds;
 And lest some heedless mariner should come,
 And violate the warrior's humble tomb,

Thus with a line the monument he keeps :
"Beneath this stone the once great Pompey sleeps."

O Fortune! can thy malice swell so high?
Canst thou with Cæsar's every wish comply?
Must he—thy Pompey once—thus meanly lie?
But oh! forbear, mistaken man, forbear!
Nor dare to fix the mighty Pompey there.
Where'er Rome's empire stretches, Pompey lies!
Far be the vile memorial then conveyed,
Nor let this stone the patient gods upbraid.
Shall Hercules all Cæta's heights demand,
And Nysa's hill for Bacchus only stand,
While one poor pebble is the warrior's doom,
Who fought the cause of Liberty and Rome?
If Fate decrees he must in Egypt lie,
Let the whole fertile realm his grave supply;
Yield the whole country to his awful Shade,
Nor let us dare on any part to tread,
Fearful to violate the mighty dead.

But if one stone must bear the sacred name,
Let it be filled with long records of fame,
There let the passenger with wonder read,
The pirates vanquished, and the ocean freed;
Sertorius taught to yield; the Alpine war,
And the young Roman Knight's triumphal car;
With these the mighty Pontic King be placed,
And every nation of the vanquished East.
Tell with what loud applause of Rome he drove
Thrice his glad wheels to Capitolinian Jove.
Tell, too—the patriot's greatest, best renown—
Tell how the victor laid the Empire down,
And changed his armor for the peaceful gown.

But ah! what marbles to the task suffice?
Instead of these, turn, Roman! turn thine eyes;
Seek the known name our Fasti used to wear,
The noble mark of many a useful year,
The name that wont the trophied arch to grace,
And e'en the temples of the gods found place.
Declare thee, lowly bending to the ground;
And there, that name—that Pompey—may be found.

—*Pharsalia, Book VIII.*



LUCIAN (LUCIANUS, the Latin form of his Greek name LOUKI A NOS), a Greek satirist, born at Samosata on the Euphrates about A.D. 120; died in Egypt about 200. He was apprenticed to a sculptor, but at an early age devoted himself to the study of rhetoric, supporting himself at Antioch by writing speeches to be delivered by others. He afterward visited parts of Asia Minor, Greece, and Italy; then went to Gaul, where he resided several years, and acquired a considerable fortune. Near the close of his life he was made a procurator in Egypt, and was expecting a proconsulship when he died. The *Works* of Lucian (the genuineness of some of which is disputed), as translated into English by William Tooke (1820), fill two stout quarto volumes.

His diction is not equalled by any other writer after the golden age of Greek prose. The best known, if not the best, of his works are the *Dialogues of the Gods*, and the *Dialogues of the Dead*, in which he ridicules the Grecian mythology, satirizes the various philosophic sects, and even sneers at the mythic heroes of Homer. Some of his dialogues are entitled *Timon*, *the Misanthrope*, *Charon*, *Menippus*, *The Assembly of the Gods*, etc. Lucian was a thorough iconoclast. His style is decidedly satirical, and the purest of language is used. His humor is remarkable, though some-

times offensive to religious people, by reason of his profane disregard of sacred history.

“Vanity of vanities” is the burden of the dialogues and essays and sketches by which Lucian is best known. “His temper,” says Gildersleeve, writing for Johnson’s *Cyclopædia*, “is Epicurean, but he belongs to no school and mocks at them all. It is as a free-lance that he ‘shoots at folly as it flies’ with mischievous glee and unequalled deftness, and his airiness, joyousness, sparkling wit and lambent humor, his mocking grace and inexhaustible inventiveness, make him the most modern of all the writers of antiquity.”

APOLLO AND VULCAN.

Vulcan.—Have you seen this new-born son of Maia? How pretty he is, and how archly he laughs at everybody! It is still but a baby, yet has every possible appearance that something excellent must come of him.

Apollo.—What shall I anticipate of a child, Vulcan? or what good expect of him who in mischief is already much older than Iapetus?

Vulcan.—How can a child scarcely come into the world be able to do mischief?

Apollo.—Ask Neptune, whom he has robbed of his trident, or Mars, whose sword he privately stole out of the scabbard; not to say that he filched my bow and arrows.

Vulcan.—A new-born babe that can scarcely stir in his swaddling-clothes!

Apollo.—You will soon have proof of it, whenever he comes to you.

Vulcan.—He has been to me already.

Apollo.—And are none of your implements carried off? Is everything there?

Vulcan.—Everything, Apollo.

Apollo.—Look narrowly.

Vulcan.—By Jupiter! I miss my tongs.

Apollo.—You will infallibly find them in the little one's cradle.

Vulcan.—He is so nimble-fingered that he must have already learned the art of stealing in his mother's womb.

Apollo.—And have you not heard how cleverly he harangues, and how glibly his tongue runs? He has already a mind to be our page. And would you think it—no longer ago than yesterday he gave a challenge to Cupid; and in an instant, somehow or other, tripped up his heels, and laid him sprawling on the ground. And as we all applauded him for his victory, while Venus took him up in her arms and kissed him, he stole her girdle and Jupiter's sceptre; and if the thunder-bolt had not been too heavy and too hot, he would have run away with that also.

Vulcan.—A notable youngster indeed!

Apollo.—And what is more, he is a musician, too.

Vulcan.—How do you make that out?

Apollo.—He found a dead tortoise somewhere. He immediately made an instrument of the shell, fitting pins into it, with a neck and keys and bars; and straining to it seven strings, he played gracefully and masterly upon it, so that I myself was struck with admiration and envy, though I have so long applied myself to the cithara. Besides, his mother informed us that she cannot keep him a night in Heaven; but from his superfluous energy he privately sneaks down into Tartarus—I suppose to see whether there is anything to steal; for he has somehow got wings, and a certain wand which possesses such a surprising efficacy that he attracts souls with it, and conducts the dead down into Tartarus.

Vulcan.—That he had from me. I gave it him for a plaything.

Apollo.—And to requite your kindness he stole your tongs.

Vulcan.—It is well you remind me of it. I will go directly, and fetch them back. I suppose, as you say, I shall find them in his swathes.



LUCRETIUS (TITUS LUCRETIUS CARUS), a Roman philosophical poet, born about 95 B.C.; died, it is said, by his own hand, in 52 B.C. He is known only by his poem *De Rerum Naturâ*, "On the Nature of Things." This poem, which is in six books, containing in all about 7,500 lines, is addressed to his friend, C. Memmius Gemellus, prætor in 58 B.C. Its aim is to set forth and elucidate the philosophical theory of Epicurus, whom Lucretius recognized as his master, and whom he frequently eulogizes. This theory, as stated by Lucretius, is briefly this: The entire universe is material, and matter, in its ultimate analysis, is reduced to infinite space, and an infinite number of Atoms of infinite minuteness, existing in this infinite space. The only qualities of these atoms are solidity, indestructibility, form, and weight. By virtue of their weight they are continually falling downward through space; but, as space is infinite in extent, they can never reach the bottom. As they all fall with equal velocities, no atom can overtake another; and, if they all moved straight downward—that is, in parallel lines—no two atoms could ever come in contact. But here and there, and now and then, the course of some of them becomes somehow or other slightly deflected from a perpendicular direction; the atoms then come in collision; adhere to or rebound

from each other, in accordance with certain fixed laws, and thus a whirl is produced. From this adhesion and repulsion arises what we call matter—that is, everything which is cognizable to our senses; and we know nothing of anything which is not thus cognizable. By this atomic theory Lucretius undertakes to account for everything which exists, or which we can conceive to exist. This whirl of atoms is thus described by Lucretius:

THE WHIRL OF ATOMS.

For blindly, blindly, and without design,
 Did these first atoms their first meeting try;
 No ordering Thought was there, no Will divine
 To guide them; but through infinite time gone by,
 Tossed and tormented, they essayed to join,
 And clashed through the void space tempestuously,
 Until at last that certain whirl began,
 Which slowly formed the Earth and Heaven and Man.
 —*De Rerum Naturá, Book I.*

The essential points in what we may style the ethical part of the universal philosophy of Lucretius may be thus summed up: There is no such being as God, the Creator and Ruler of the world, and Religion—the belief in and worship of a God or of the gods—is a bane to mankind. That in man, the Soul or Mind, though not identical with the Body, is as truly material as is the Body: comes into existence with it, and with it goes out of existence. That part of this teaching which relates to the banefulness of religion appears in the magnificent tribute to Epicurus, in the First Book of the poems,

EPICURUS AND RELIGION.

When human life, a shame to human eyes,
 Lay sprawling in the mire in foul estate,
 A cowering thing without the power to rise,
 Held down by fell Religion's heavy weight,
 (Religion scowling downward from the skies,
 With hideous head, and vigilant eyes of hate),
 First did a man of Greece presume to raise
 His brows, and give the monster gaze for gaze.
 Him not the tales of gods in heaven,
 Nor the heaven's lightnings, nor the menacing war
 Of thunder daunted. He was only driven,
 By these vain vauntings, to desire the more
 To burst through Nature's gates, and rive the unriven
 Bars. And he gained the day ; and, conqueror,
 His spirit broke beyond our world and passed
 Its flaming walls, and fathomed all the vast,

And back returning, crowned with victory, he
 Divulged of things the hidden mysteries,
 Laying quite bare what can and cannot be ;
 How to each force is set strong boundaries ;
 How no power raves unchained and none is free.
 So the times change : and now Religion lies
 Trampled by us ; and unto us 'tis given
 Fearless with level gaze to scan the heaven.

Yet fear I lest thou haply deem that thus
 We sin, and enter wicked ways of Reason ;
 Whereas 'gainst all things good and beauteous
 'Tis oft Religion does the foulest treason.
 Has not the tale of Aulis come to us,
 And those great chiefs who, in the windless season,
 Bade young Iphigenia's form be laid
 Upon the altar of the Trivian Maid ?

And as they bore her, ne'er a golden lyre
 Rang round her coming with a bridal strain ;
 But in the very season of desire,
 A stainless maiden, amid bloody stain,

She died—a victim felled by its own sire—
 That so the ships the wished-for wind might gain,
 And air puff out their canvas.—Learn thou, then,
 To what damned deeds Religion urges men.
 —*De Rerum Naturá, Book I.*

THE PRIMEVAL MAN.

But hardier far than we were those first races
 Of men, since Earth herself did them produce,
 And braced them with a firmer frame than braces
 Us now, and strung their arms with mightier thews.
 Nor sun nor rain on them left any traces,
 Nor sickness. And they never learned the use
 Of arts for ages ; but like beasts they ran
 Wild in the woods—the early race of man.

Their strong arms knew not how to guide the plough,
 Or how to plunge the spade and till the plain,
 Or from the trees to lop the falling bough ;
 But what the sun had given them and the rain
 They took, and deemed it luxury enow.
 Nor knew they yet the fatal greed of gain ;
 But in the woods they sought their simple store,
 And stripped the trees, and never asked for more.

For thick the acorns in the forest grew,
 And the arbute-trees would yield the berried prize,
 Which in the winter wears a scarlet hue :
 And the earth bore these then of larger size.
 And many another suchlike berry, too,
 It, from its yet unfinished granaries,
 Gave gladly forth—more than sufficing then
 To appease the dawning wants of these poor men.

And they knew naught of fire, nor thought to fling
 The skins of wild beasts about their nakedness ;
 But the wild-wood's roof was their covering,
 Or rugged mountain-cave ; and they would press
 Into brushwood, from the buffeting
 Of rain and storm, and all the winter's stress ;
 And nothing yet of rule or law they knew,
 Nor how to keep the weal of all in view.

And, trusting in their strength of hands or feet,
 They would outstrip the wild beasts of the wood ;
 And some to death with ponderous clubs would beat ;
 And hide from fiercer ones, who sought their blood ;
 And just where night, with noiseless steps and fleet,
 O'ertook them, like the dull sow's bristly brood,
 Down on the ground, without a thought, they lay,
 And burrowing in the leaves slept sound till day.

And never waking in the dark with fright
 Would they cry out, amazed for all the shade,
 And beg the sun to bring them back the light :
 But stolid would they sleep, and undismayed,
 Till rosy morning pleased to climb the height
 Of heaven ; for they who from their birth surveyed
 The night and day alternate rise and fall,
 Trusted the world, nor feared the end of all.

—*De Rerum Naturâ, Book V.*

THE CO-EXISTENCE OF THE MIND AND THE BODY.

First, then, I say, the Mind—which often we
 Call understanding—wherein dwells
 The power that rules our own vitality,
 Is part of man, as is whatever else
 Goes to make up his frame—as hands, feet, knees ;
 Nor is it, as a foolish Greek school tells,
 A harmony of all the members, spread
 As health is, everywhere, from heel to head.

Now Lucretius goes on to argue at length,
 since the Mind is born with the Body, grows
 strong with the Body, grows more and more frail
 and feeble—

THE MIND DIES WITH THE BODY.

It follows, then, that when this life is past
 It goes an outcast from the Body's door
 And dies like smoke along the driving blast.
 We with the flesh behold it born and rise
 To strength ; and with the flesh it fades and
 dies. . . .

Even in the body thus the soul is troubled,
 And scarce can hold its fluttering frame together :
 How should it live, then, when, with force redoubled,
 Naked it feels the air and angry weather ?

—*De Rerum Naturâ, Book III.*

Lucretius ridicules the idea that Souls and Bodies are brought into being separately and independent of each other ; so that when a Body comes into being there is a Soul—or perhaps a multitude of souls—waiting to jump into and inhabit it.

SOULS WAITING FOR BODIES.

Again, when creatures' Bodies are preparing,
 Sure we would laugh to see the Souls stand by—
 Bands of Immortals at each other glaring
 About that mortal house in rivalry—
 Each longing he may be the first to fare in,
 And each braced up to push his best and try,
 Unless they settle it on this condition,
 That who comes first shall have the first admission.

—*De Rerum Naturâ, Book III.*

Since, as Lucretius argues, the Mind comes into existence with the Body, cannot exist without it, and goes out of existence with it, and there is no hereafter for it—there is nothing at all terrible in the certainty of death.

DEATH THE END-ALL.

Death is for us, then, but a noise and name,
 Since the Mind dies, and hurts us not a jot ;
 And as in bygone times when Carthage came
 To battle, and we and ours were troubled not,
 Nor heeded though the whole earth's shuddering frame
 Reeled with the stamp of armies, and the lot
 Of things was doubtful, to which lords should fall
 The lands and seas and all the rule of all ;

So, too, when we and ours shall be no more
And there has come the eternal separation
Of flesh and spirit, which, conjoined before,
Made us ourselves, there will be no sensation ;
We should not hear were all the world at war ;
Nor shall we, in its last dilapidation ;
When heavens shall fall and earth's foundations
flee,
We shall not feel, nor hear, nor know, nor see.

—*De Rerum Naturâ, Book III.*

But, after all, Lucretius goes on to say, the question whether there may not be a survival of the Soul after the death of the Body is one of no consequence whatever. Suppose for a moment—which is impossible—that the Soul should survive the Body, what is that to us? We are neither Soul nor Body, but a single being fashioned out of the union of the two. Suppose, again, that after death all the scattered atoms which made up our souls and bodies should be brought together again and remoulded into just such beings as we now are, that is nothing to us when once the chain of consciousness has been snapped asunder. Perhaps we have lived before—that gives us no grief: suppose that we may live again—why should that trouble us any the more? But still, he admits, there are those to whom still clings the inveterate fancy that after they are dead there will somehow be a living something left of them which will lament about their own death. Such a man will perhaps bemoan that after death his body, instead of being decently buried or inurned or piously consumed upon the funeral pyre, may be torn and devoured by wild

beasts—what then? To such a person he addresses these reassuring words:

DEATH THE END OF ALL SORROW.

Perplexed he argues—from the fallacy
 Of that surviving Self not wholly freed ;
 Hence he bewails his bitter doom—to die ;
 Nor does he see that when he dies indeed
 No second He will still remain to cry,
 Watching his own cold body burn or bleed.
 Oh, fool ! to fear the wild-beast's ravening claw
 Or that torn burial of its mouth and maw.

For lo ! if this be fearful, let me learn
 Is it more fearful than if friends should place
 Thy decent limbs upon the pyre, and burn
 Sweet frankincense ? or smother up thy face
 With honey in the balm-containing urn ?
 Or if you merely lie beneath the rays
 Of heaven on some cold rock ? or damp and cold
 If on thine eyelids lay a load of mould ?

“ Thou shalt again not see thy dear home's door,
 Nor thy dear wife and children come to throw
 Their arms round thee, and ask for kisses more,
 And through thy heart make quiet comfort go ;
 Out of thy hands hath slipped the precious store
 Thou hoardedst for thine own ”—men say—“ and lo,
 All thou desired is gone ! ” but never say,
 “ All the desire, as well, hath passed away.”

Ah ! could they only see this, and could borrow
 True words to tell what things in death abide thee !
 “ Thou shalt lie soothed in sleep that knows no morrow,
 Nor ever cark nor care again betide thee.
 Friend, thou wilt say thy long good-by to sorrow ;
 And ours will be the pangs, who weep beside thee,
 And watch thy dear familiar body burn,
 And leave us but the ashes and the urn.”

—*De Rerum Naturâ, Book III.*

Lucretius does not formally deny the existence of the deities of mythology—he even tacitly admits that they may exist ; but not in this world of ours. But he affirms that it is sheer folly to imagine that they could have made the world or set it in order ; or that they have anything to do with governing it.

THERE ARE NO RULING GODS.

What could they gain from such a race as ours ?
 Or what advantage could our gratitude
 Yield these immortal and most blessed powers,
 That they in aught should labor for our good? . . .

But even had the science ne'er been mine
 Of first beginnings, and how all began,
 I could show clearly that no power divine
 Helped at the work, and made the world for man ;
 So great the blunders in the vast design,
 So palpably is all without a plan.
 For if 'twere made for us, its structure halts
 In every member, full of flaws and faults.

Look at the earth : mark, then, in the first place,
 Of all the ground the rounded sky bends over,
 Forests and mountains fill a mighty space,
 And even more do wasteful waters cover,
 And Sundering seas ; then the sun's deadly rays
 Scorch part, and over part the hard frosts hover ;
 And Nature all the rest with weeds would spoil,
 Unless man thwarted her with wearying toil.

Mark, too, the babe, how frail and helpless ; quite
 Naked it comes out of its mother's womb ;
 A waif cast hither on the shores of light ;
 Like some poor sailor, by the fierce sea's foam
 Washed upon land, it lies in piteous plight,
 Nor speaks, but soon as it beholds its home,
 Bleats forth a bitter cry ; oh, meet presage
 Of its life here—its woful heritage !

But the small younglings of the herds and flocks
 Are strong, and fatten on the grass and dew.
 They need no playthings, none their cradle rocks,
 Nor ask they with the seasons garments new.
 They have no need of walls, and bars, and locks
 To guard their treasures; but, forever true
 To them, the earth her constant bounty pours
 Forth at their feet, and never stints her stores.

—*De Rerum Naturâ, Book V.*

In an earlier part of the poem Lucretius had laid it down that this universe is but one of innumerable universes which have arisen by necessity, and, as whatever has had a beginning must have an end, will by necessity one day perish, be resolved into their original atoms, which will in like manner form themselves into new worlds. It is to this necessity that he sometimes gives the name of Nature.

NATURE, NOT DEITY, THE AUTHOR OF ALL.

Rid of her haughty masters, straight with ease
 Does Nature work, and willingly sustains
 Her fame, and asks no aid of deities.
 For of those holy gods who haunt the plains
 Of Ether, and for aye abide in peace,
 I ask, Could such as they are hold the reins
 Of all the worlds? or in their courses keep
 The forces of the immeasurable deep?

Whose are the hands could make the stars to roll
 Through all their courses, and the fruitful clod
 Foster the while with sunlight? always whole—
 A multiplied but undivided god?
 And strike with bellowing thunders from the pole,
 Now his own temples, now the unbending sod;
 And now in deserts those vain lightnings try
 That strike the pure and pass the guilty by?

—*De Rerum Naturâ, Book II.*

This poem, we are told, "has by universal consent been recognized as the greatest of didactic poems," and Elizabeth Barrett Browning says of Lucretius that "he died first poet upon Tiber's side." Mr. W. H. Mallock—from whose spirited renderings our extracts have been made—takes a somewhat less exalted view of the merits of Lucretius. He says:

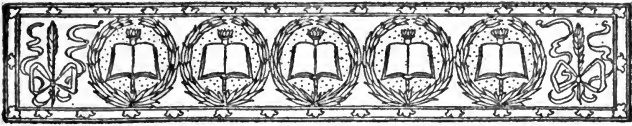
MR. MALLOCK UPON LUCRETIUS.

Were a similar work to be written in our time in a similar form, it might create much surprise, but could not command much attention; and that of Lucretius, when first given to the world, seems never to have been really popular. We may perhaps gain some notion of the general literary effect of it, if we conceive Mr. Tennyson, instead of writing his "Arthurian Legends," to have devoted his talents to versifying Mr. Darwin's *Origin of Species* and *Descent of Man*; using the views of that philosopher as a text for a passionate invective against Anglican Orthodoxy and the doctrine of Original Sin, and a passionate protest that when we were once free of these superstitions the complexion of our whole life would change, and human society become a nobler thing. In such a composition there could not fail to be passages of powerful and lofty poetry; and touches of a poet's hand we should be sure to trace everywhere. But however clearly it might be the work of a poet, it would very certainly not be a successful poem. Our admiration for the author's power might be great; but our regret for the waste of it would be greater. But as regards Lucretius, our feelings are somewhat different. The scientific system he undertook to expound was to comprise the whole circle of the sciences, and was to unravel the whole riddle of existence with a rapidity and completeness that no one now dreams of. . . .

The main subject of the poem is not poetical; nor, in composing it, was poetry the author's first object.

Primarily, and before all things, the work is a scientific treatise—as strictly scientific (at least in the author's intention) as a modern treatise on Optics, or Geology, or the Origin of Species ; and, except as far as metre goes, it has in many places as little of poetry as these have. Poetry, it is true, there is in it—poetry in abundance ; and some of this is the loftiest in all Roman literature. Continually, too, when we do not get poetry, we are still conscious that we are listening to a poet. . . . Considering that a good four-fifths of the work of Lucretius is intentionally, and, in its very essence, nothing but pure prose—only prose versified—it is hardly to be expected that it will, as a whole, give us the pleasure of a poem, or, indeed, leave us with the impression that we have been reading one. Poetry, however, runs everywhere through it, like metallic veins in an ore ; and this poetry is of a very high and a very varied quality, though the scattered state in which it has thus been given to us has done much to hinder its popularity and apparently made its author merely a poet's poet among the ancients, as it has left him a scholar's poet among the modern.





LUNT, GEORGE, an American lawyer, journalist, and author, born at Newburyport, Mass., December 31, 1803; died in Boston, May 17, 1885. He was graduated at Harvard in 1824; studied law, and commenced practice at Newburyport in 1827. He was several times elected to the Legislature of Massachusetts, and was United States District Attorney for Massachusetts from 1848 to 1857. For some time previous to, and during the Civil War, he was one of the editors of the *Boston Courier*, after which he resumed the practice of his profession. Besides numerous orations and addresses, and several works of an historical character, he published volumes of *Poems* in 1839, 1843, 1854, and 1855. He also wrote *Eastford, or Household Sketches* (1855); *Three Eras of New England* (1857); *Radicalism in Religion, Philosophy, and Social Life* (1866), and *Old New England Traits* (1873). A volume of his *Miscellanies* appeared in 1884.

“His poetry and prose,” says a recent critic, “are characterized by unusual refinement of style and perfection of form.”

THE HAYMAKERS.

Down on the Merrimac River,
While the Autumn grass is green,
Oh, there the jolly hay-men
In their gundalows are seen;
Floating down, as ebbs the current,
And the dawn leads on the day,

With their scythes and rakes all ready
To gather in the hay.

The good wife, up the river,
Has made the oven hot,
And with plenty of pandowdy
Has filled the earthen pot.
Their long oars sweep them onward,
As the ripples round them play,
And the jolly hay-men drift along
To make the meadow-hay.

At the bank-side then they moor **her**,
Where the sluggish waters run,
By the shallow creek's low edges,
Beneath the fervid sun.
And all day long the toilers
Mow their swaths, and day by day
You can see their scythe-blades flashing
At the cutting of the hay.

When the meadow-birds are flying,
Then down go scythe and rake,
And right and left their scattering shots
The sleeping echoes wake ;
For silent spreads the broad expanse,
To the sand-hills far away,
And thus they change their work for **sport**,
At making of the hay.

When the gundalows are loaded—
Gunwales to the water's brim—
With their little square-sails set atop,
Up the river how they swim !
At home, beside the fire, by night,
While the children round them **play**,
What tales the jolly hay-men tell
Of **getting** in the hay.



LUNT, WILLIAM PARSONS, an American clergyman and author, born at Newburyport, Mass., in 1805; died at Akabah, in Arabia Petræa, March 20, 1857. He was graduated at Harvard in 1823; entered the Cambridge Divinity School in 1825. From 1828 to 1833 he was pastor of the Second Unitarian Church in New York, and from 1835 until his death associate pastor of the Unitarian Church in Quincy, Mass. Among his published works are *Discourse at the Interment of John Quincy Adams* (1846); *The Union of the Human Race* (1850); *Sermon on Daniel Webster* (1852). He also compiled *The Christian Psalter*. A volume of *Gleanings* from his writings, edited by his daughter, was published in 1874.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Flag of my country ! in thy folds
Are wrapped the treasures of the heart,
Where'er that waving sheet is fanned
By breezes of the sea or land,
It bids the life-flood start.

It is not that among those stars
The fiery crest of Mars shines out ;
It is not that on battle-plain,
'Mid heaps of harnessed warriors slain
It flaps triumphant o'er the rout.

Short-lived the joy that conquest yields ;
Flushed victory is bathed in tears ;

The burden of that bloody fame
Which shouting myriads proclaim
Sounds sad to widowed ears.

Thou hast a deeper, stronger hold,
Flag of my country ! on my heart,
Than when o'er mustered hosts unfurled,
Thou art a signal to the world
At which the nations start.

Thou art a symbol of the power
Whose sheltering wings our homes surround ;
Guarded by thee was childhood's morn,
And where thy cheering folds are borne
Order and peace are found.

Flag of our mighty Union, hail !
Blessings abound where thou dost float,
Best robe for living Freedom's form,
Fit pall to spread upon her tomb,
Should Heaven to death devote.

Wave over us in glory still,
And be our guardian as now
Each wind of heaven salutes thy streaks !
And withered be the arm that seeks
To bring that banner low !





LUTHER, MARTIN, an eminent German theologian and reformer, born at Eisleben, in Saxony, November 10, 1483; died there, February 18, 1546. John Luther, his father, removed to Mansfeld, about five leagues distant, when his eldest son was six months old, and engaged in the business of iron-smelting. For several years he was in circumstances so straitened that when the boy was sent to school he had to depend for subsistence mainly upon what was bestowed upon him for singing from door to door. But the condition of John Luther began to improve, and by the time when Martin was of sufficient age, the father was able to maintain him at the University of Erfurt, which he entered at the age of eighteen, graduating as Master of Arts in 1505. His father had destined him for the profession of law, and was greatly disappointed when his son determined to "renounce the world," and become a monk.

At midsummer, 1505, Martin Luther entered the Augustine convent at Erfurt, and subjected himself to its severest discipline. In 1507 he took orders, and in the following year was called to be Professor of Scholastic Philosophy in the University of Wittenberg, which had been founded not long before by Frederick, rightly styled "the Wise," Elector of Saxony. In 1512 he took the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and began to lect-

ure upon the Scriptures, his favorite subject being the Psalms and the Pauline Epistles. Up to this time, and for several years afterward, there was not in all Christendom a more sincere and earnest Catholic than was Doctor Martin Luther. But in 1516 the public sale of "Indulgences" was set up in Germany, its general management being placed in the hands of John Tetzel, a Dominican monk. If the sale was by Papal authority, its extortions and abuses as carried on by Tetzel, and which are admitted by all to have been scandalous, were not with the knowledge of the Pope, as Luther himself tells us. The indignation of Luther was aroused; and on October 31, 1517, he posted up on the doors of the Schlosskirche at Wittenberg a series of ninety-five "theses" or propositions, which he proposed to maintain against any and all opponents. Following are the most essential of these theses:

FROM THE NINETY-FIVE THESES.

(1.) When our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, says, "Repent," he means that the whole life of His followers on the earth is a constant and continual repentance.—(2.) This expression cannot be understood of the Sacrament of Penitence—that is to say, of Confession and Satisfaction—as administered by the priest.—(6.) The Pope cannot remit any condemnation, but only declare and confirm the remission which God himself has given. At least, he can only do it in cases which belong to him. If he does otherwise, the condemnation remains exactly as before.—(21.) The Commissaries of Indulgence are mistaken when they say the Pope's Indulgence delivers from all punishments, and saves.—(27.) It is the preaching of human folly to pretend that at the very moment when the money tinkles

in the strong-box, the soul flies off from Purgatory.—(35.) It is an anti-Christian doctrine to pretend that in order to deliver a soul from Purgatory, or to purchase an Indulgence, there is no need of either sorrow or repentance.—(37.) Every true Christian, dead or alive, participates in all the blessings of Christ and of the Church, by the gift of God, and without a letter of Indulgence.—(38.) Still the dispensation and pardon of the Pope must not be despised: for his pardon is a declaration of the pardon of God.—(47.) Christians must be told that to purchase an Indulgence is optional, not obligatory.—(50.) Christians must be told that if the Pope knew of the extortions of the preachers of Indulgences, he would rather that the metropolis of St. Peter were burned and reduced to ashes, than see it built with the skin, flesh, and bones of his sheep.—(52.) To hope to be saved by Indulgences is a lying and empty hope, even should the Commissary of Indulgences—nay, the Pope himself—be pleased to pledge his own soul in security of it.—(94.) Christians should be exhorted to diligence in following Christ, their head, through crosses, death, and hell.—(95.) For it is far better to enter the Kingdom of Heaven through much tribulation than to acquire a carnal security by the flattery of a false peace.

The publication of these theses was the immediate occasion of that great ecclesiastical and secular movement which has come to be universally known as the Reformation. We shall not follow Luther through his career as an anti-papal reformer, but confine ourselves wholly to his writings upon purely religious topics. His translation of the Bible into German, begun in 1521 and completed in 1534, with the assistance of Melanchthon and others, bears much the same relation to the German language that the Authorized English Version does to our own language, which was essentially the work of three successive generations

of translators, and was finally put into its present form by the conjoint labors of forty-seven eminent divines, while that of Luther was substantially his own individual work. From the *Selection*, translated into English by Henry Cole (4 vols. 8vo, 1826), the subjoined extracts are taken :

DAVID'S SIN AND REPENTANCE.

Against Thee only have I sinned, and done evil in Thy sight. This verse (Psalm li. 4) is differently expounded by different persons, and it has even been considered that this one little point is the greatest difficulty that is met with in the whole Psalm. And as Paul has cited it in his Epistle to the Romans, it has been numbered among some of the most difficult passages in the whole Scripture. Although, therefore, I leave it to others to go according to their own interpretations, yet I have a good hope that I shall be enabled to give the true and genuine meaning of the text.

This, then, I would first of all advise the reader to do : to bear in mind that David is here speaking in the person of all the saints, and not in his own person, as an adulterer. Although I do not say it might not be that it was this fall which, as a medium, brought him under the knowledge of himself, and of his whole human nature, and made him think thus : " Behold I, so holy a king, who have with so much pious devotedness observed the law and the worship of God, have been tempted and overcome by the inbred evil and sin of my flesh that I have murdered an innocent man, and have for adulterous purposes taken away his wife ! And is this not an evident proof that my nature is more deeply infected and corrupted by sin than ever I thought it was ? "

And it might be that in this way he derived the feeling sense of his entire sinfulness—from his fall into adultery and murder—and thence drew the conclusion that neither the tree nor the fruits of human nature were good ; but that the whole was so deformed and lost by sin that there was nothing sound left in the whole of nature.

In the next place the grammatical construction is to be explained, which seems to me to be somewhat obscure. For what the translator has rendered by the *preterperfect* ought to be *present*: "Against Thee only do I sin;" that is, "I know that before Thee I am nothing but a sinner;" or, "Before Thee I do nothing but evil continually." That is, "My whole life is evil and depraved on account of sin; I cannot boast before Thee of merit or of righteousness, but am evil altogether; and in Thy sight this is my character: I do evil; I have sinned; I do sin, and shall sin to the end of the chapter." And thus the changing of the *preterperfect* tense for the *present*, leads us from the actual sin to the sin universal.

I therefore restore the correct grammatical construction—that the *preterperfect* is there to be rendered by the *present*; and then the word "only" is to be taken adverbially. So that the proper, genuine, and most plain meaning is, "Against Thee only I do nothing but sin; in Thy sight I am nothing but a sinner; in the sight of Thy judgment I do not boast of merit; I do not boast of any righteousness; but I acknowledge myself to be a sinner, and implore Thy mercy."

That this is the way to understand the passage in question is proved also by Paul, in his Epistle to the Romans, who seems to have cited this passage (Rom. xiii. 4), to the intent that he might show how it should be understood. For in the same place he adds this universality: "Every man is a liar," that God only might be true. In the same way also the word "that" is to be explained. For David does not mean that the righteousness of God is commended by our sins—as ungodly men cast it in the teeth of Paul; but he merely says: "In Thy sight I do nothing but evil, that it might manifestly appear to be the truth that Thou only art righteous, and the justifier of sinners; that Thou only deliverest from sin, by not imputing sins to them who trust in Thy mercy."

That this is the meaning, Paul plainly shows in that which immediately precedes the passage in question. Wherefore the word "that" does not imply power in us, so as to denote the *cause*, but is simply our own confes-

sion—because we confess these two things : That all men are liars, or sinners : that it might be a manifest truth that God alone is righteous, and justifieth the unrighteous person who is of faith in Jesus Christ. . . .

According to this interpretation, then, the certain and genuine meaning of the verse is this : That David having a view of his whole nature, takes away from himself, and all men, all creature righteousness ; and, by a general confession, attributes and ascribes to himself nothing but sin ; that this title might be left unto God, whole and unsullied, that He only is righteous.

The effect produced, therefore, by this doctrine is not that which blasphemers conclude : “ If God be justified by our sin, therefore let us sin the more.” But the effect and conclusion are these : Since the whole world is guilty of sin, and since God alone is righteous, the whole world cannot be delivered from sin by any devoted strivings, endeavors, or works of its own ; but the glory of righteousness must be left to God alone, who is just and the justifier of the ungodly, by faith in Christ. All, therefore, who see and sensibly feel this unhappy state of their nature, must not seek any other form or way of righteousness than through Him who alone is righteous.

These two principal doctrines of the whole Scripture are here established : First, that the whole nature is condemned and lost by sin, and cannot, by any powers or devoted efforts of its own, get free from this calamity and death, and then that God alone is righteous.

Those, therefore, who desire to be delivered from sin ought, with a confession of their sin, to flee unto the righteous God, and implore his mercy, after the manner of David.

Hence it is manifest that this Psalm is a most blessed production of the Holy Spirit, left to the Church for the purpose of instructing us concerning the greatest and most important matters, of which the former age knew nothing, and which it could not soundly teach, because it had departed from the Word unto human dreams. Whereas it becomes us to judge of and teach others according to the Word ; and the Word plainly proves that God only is righteous. Therefore, no polit-

ical, no privately moral righteousness, no ceremonies, can deliver us ; for, whether it be a righteous prince, or a righteous husband (as far as external conduct is concerned), he must of necessity say of himself before God : "Against Thee only I have sinned ; Thou only art righteous."—*Commentary on Psalm iv.*

OF THE EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS.

As this Epistle of Paul to the Romans contains alone the plan of the whole Scripture, and is a most complete epitome of the New Testament, a Gospel—which Gospel it exhibits of itself in the most brief and most clear manner—I consider it ought not only to be imbibed by all Christians from their youth, and to be thoroughly understood to a word, but to be, by unceasing and anxious meditation, pondered and digested, and cast down, like well-digested food, into "the lower parts of the belly." For this Epistle is such a full treasury of spiritual riches, and, as it were, such an overflowing cornucopia, that if you read it a thousand times over, there is always something new to be found ; so that the last time of reading shall ever be the most profitable ; because, under the Divine teaching, and under the growth in the knowledge of Christ, the nature of Faith (which is there to be learned and experienced in the workings of all its divine sensations, with power) carries you deeper and deeper into the subject ; the Faith grows as you proceed, and becomes by its own increase more strong, more sweet, more precious, and more enriched.

I thought, therefore, I might render a profitable service if I should spend upon it (according to the measure of the gift which I have received of God) a certain portion of labor ; and by this short Preface open a plain way for its being read and understood by my posterity with more clearness and with less offence. To which work I find myself more especially inclined, because I know that this Epistle, which ought to be made the only test and only plan, has been so obscured by the unprofitable comments and vain sophistries of so many, that its grand scope—though as plain as possible—has been understood but by a few writers during many years.—*Preface to Commentary on Romans.*

THE SIN AGAINST THE HOLY GHOST.

There are six sins against the Holy Ghost, which, though they be essentially the same, yet differ in their actings, or, rather, in their sinful workings. These are : Presumption ; Fighting against the known truth ; Obstnacy ; Desperation ; Envy of the grace of God in a brother ; and final Impenitency. These act or work thus : In the time of security and peace, Presumption, Fighting against the truth, and Obstnacy ; in times of soul-straits and trouble, Desperation, Envy, and Impenitence.

(1.) The reprobate, in the time of security, is confident and presumptuous, and seems sure that he, in his works, pleases God, and will be righteous, as He is in himself, as the Pharisees.—(2.) If he be reprov'd, he grows proud, and resists the truth, which makes against him ; and although he knows it is the truth, yet he will not cease from his presumption ; in this he fights against the known truth.—(3.) He obstinately perseveres in this presumption and fighting, and dies in his sins, hardened, seared, and incorrigible.

On the other hand : (1.) The reprobates, when they begin to feel the wrath of God they at once, like Cain and Judas, despair, and do not believe that their sins can be pardoned, but imagine that their sin is greater than the grace of God.—(2.) When they see that they are rejected, they envy all men their salvation, and would that no one were saved, but that all should perish with themselves.—(3.) They persevere in this envy and desperation, and will not suffer themselves to be converted. And as obstnacy is a certain final impenitency, in the time of security—that is, in presumption and fighting against the truth ; so final impenitency is a certain obstnacy in the time of soul-straits—that is, in desperation, envy, and such like.—*Commentary on Matthew xiii.*

ABRAHAM'S BOSOM.

This Gospel (Luke xvi.) furnishes matter for several questions. The first is this—What this Abraham's

bosom is? for it is certain that it cannot be any carnal receptacle consisting of corporeal matter. In order to answer this question we must know that the soul or spirit of man can find no rest, no place unto which it can flee out of the Word of God, until, in the Last Day, it be received up to behold and dwell in the presence of God. Wherefore, I conclude that "Abraham's bosom" signifies nothing less than the Word of God: namely, that Word wherein (Gen. xxiv.) Christ was promised unto him: "In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." In this Word Christ was promised unto him, as He in whom all men should be blessed; that is, should be set free from sin, death, and hell; and in no other, nor in any work of their own, how excellent or laborious soever it might be. And all those who gave credit to this promise believed in Christ, and became true Christians, and therefore, by fully relying on this Word, they were delivered from the power of sin, death, and hell.

Therefore all the fathers who looked for the coming of Christ were "received into Abraham's bosom;" that is, they conflicted with death by an unshaken faith; and, resting wholly on this divine oracle, they slept in peace, and are gathered up into that Word as into a certain bosom; and if they persevered unto the end, and died in that faith, will there rest until the final Judgment: (those only excepted, who rose together with Christ, as is recorded in Matt. xxvii.)

In the same manner when we come to confront with death, we must lay hold of the promise of Christ, and rest in it with a steady confidence which speaks thus: "He that believeth in Me shall never die;" or any other promise of a similar kind. In such a promise as this, I say, confidently enfold thy heart, and die in it, and thus thou shalt creep into the bosom of Christ, and sweetly sleep; and be preserved there until the day of the resurrection. For the promise made unto us, and that made unto Abraham, centre in the same point—namely, Christ; for it is by Him that we come to be saved. The former promise, however, is more particularly called "Abraham's bosom," because it was first spoken unto him and he first rested in it.

PATER NOSTER.

“*Our Father.*”—This is certainly a most excellent beginning or preparation, whereby we are led to know how He to whom we are about to pray should be named, honored, and addressed ; and how every person should approach Him, that He may be gracious and inclined to hear. Of all the names of God, therefore, there is no one the use of which renders us more acceptable unto Him than that of Father ; and it is a most lovely, sweet, and deeply comprehensive name, and full of mental affection. It would not be so sweet and consoling to say “Lord” or “God,” or “Judge,” because the name “Father” (in natural things) is engrafted in us, and is naturally sweet. And for this reason the same name is pleasing unto God, and greatly moves Him to hear us. And, also, it brings us into a knowledge of ourselves as the sons of God ; by which also we greatly move the heart of God ; for no voice is sweeter unto a father than that of a child. This is farther discovered unto us by what follows.

“*Who art in heaven.*”—By these words we plainly show our miserable straits of mind, and our exiled state, and are powerfully moved to pray, as well as God to hear. For he who begins to pray, “Our Father Who art in heaven,” and does it from the inmost recesses of his heart, therein confesses that he has a Father, and that it is He who is in Heaven ; and he confesses also that he himself is an exile, and left to travel here upon earth. And hereupon there must necessarily follow an inward affection of heart, such as that son has who is living far from his own country, among strangers, and in exile and calamity. For it is as if he should say, “O Father, Thou indeed art in heaven, but I, Thy miserable son, am far away from Thee upon earth ;” that is, in exile, perils, calamities, and straits, and amid devils, enemies, and various difficulties. He, therefore, who thus prays has his heart directed and lifted up toward God, and is in a state to pray, and to obtain grace of God. . . .

The use of the name, therefore, evidences great confidence in God ; which confidence in Him we ought,

above all things, to hold fast ; because besides this one Parent there is no one that can aid us in coming to heaven ; but, as it is written, " No man hath ascended into heaven but He that came down from heaven, even the Son of Man who is in heaven ; " on whose shoulders and wings only it is that we can ascend to heaven. Otherwise all word-mongers may say the Lord's Prayer ; who, nevertheless, know not what the words signify. But what I consider to be prayer is that which proceedeth from the heart rather than from the mouth.—*Exposition of the Lord's Prayer.*

While perhaps Luther should not be classed among the great poets, he wrote several hymns which have stirred the German heart as few other poems have done. Among these is the *Martyrs' Hymn* and the magnificent lyric *Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*, the latter of which may be styled the national song of Protestant Germany.

THE MARTYRS' HYMN.

Flung to the heedless wind, or on the waters cast,
 The martyrs' ashes watched shall gathered be at last ;
 And from that scattered dust, around us and abroad,
 Shall spring a plenteous seed of witnesses for God.
 The Father hath received their latest living breath ;
 And vain is Satan's boast of victory in their death.
 Still, still, though dead, they speak, and trumpet-tongued,
 proclaim
 To many awakened lands the One availing Name.

—*Translation of W. J. Fox.*

EIN FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT.

A safe stronghold our God is still,
 A trusty shield and weapon ;
 He'll help us clear from all the ill
 That hath us now o'ertaken.
 The ancient Prince of Hell
 Hath risen with purpose fell ;

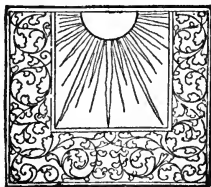
Strong mail of craft and power
 He weareth in this hour—
 On earth is not his fellow.

By force of arms we nothing can—
 Full soon were we down-ridden ;
 But for us fights the proper man,
 Whom God himself hath bidden.
 Ask ye, Who is this same ?
 Christ Jesus is his name,
 The Lord Zebaoth's Son—
 He, and no other one,
 Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all devils o'er,
 And watching to devour us,
 We lay it not to heart so sore—
 Not they can overpower us.
 And let the Prince of Ill
 Look grim as e'er he will,
 He harms us not a whit :
 For why ? His doom is writ—
 A word shall quickly slay him.

God's word, for all their craft and force,
 One moment will not linger ;
 But, spite of hell, shall have its course—
 'Tis written by His finger.
 And though they take our life,
 Goods, honor, children, wife,
 Yet is their profit small :
 These things shall vanish all—
 The City of God remaineth.

—*Translation of* THOMAS CARLYLE.





LYELL, SIR CHARLES, a British geologist, born at Kinnordy, Forfarshire, Scotland, November 14, 1797; died in London, February 22, 1875. He was graduated at Exeter College, Oxford, in 1821, and began the study of law, but soon abandoned it for researches into the natural sciences, especially geology. In 1830 appeared his *Principles of Geology*, of which many editions, with successive enlargements, have been published. In 1838 the original work was divided into two parts, the first being entitled the *Elements of Geology*; this in 1870 was considerably modified, and was published as *The Student's Manual of Geology*. It is generally admitted that his work contributed much to place geology upon a philosophical basis as an inductive science. Lyell travelled extensively on both continents, the main object of his journeyings being geological inquiry; and he wrote numerous papers upon his special science. He visited America in 1841, and again in 1845. An account of these visits was given in his *Travels in North America in the Years 1841-42*, and *A Second Visit to the United States*. In 1863 appeared his *Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man*, in which he acceded to the general theory of Darwin on the Origin of Species. He was chosen President of the Geological Society in 1836, and again in 1850; was knighted in 1848, and created a baronet in 1864.

GEOLOGY COMPARED TO HISTORY.

We often discover with surprise, on looking back into the chronicles of nations, how the fortune of some battle has influenced the fate of millions of our contemporaries, when it has long been forgotten by the mass of the population. But far more astonishing and unexpected are the connections brought to light when we carry back our researches into the history of nature. The form of a coast, the configuration of the interior of a country, the existence and extent of lakes, valleys, and mountains can often be traced to the former prevalence of earthquakes and volcanoes in regions which have long been undisturbed. To these remote convulsions the present fertility of some districts, the sterile character of others, the elevation of land above the sea, the climate, and various peculiarities, may be distinctly referred. On the other hand, many distinguishing features of the surface may often be ascribed to the operation, at a remote era, of slow and tranquil causes—to the gradual deposition of sediment in a lake or in the ocean, or to the prolific increase of testacea and corals.

To select another example ; we find in certain localities subterranean deposits of coal, consisting of vegetable matter formerly drifted into seas and lakes. These seas and lakes have since been filled up ; the lands whereon the forests grew have disappeared or changed their form ; the rivers and currents which floated the vegetable masses can no longer be traced ; and the plants belonged to species which for ages have passed away from the surface of our planet. Yet the commercial prosperity and numerical strength of a nation may now be mainly dependent on the local distribution of fuel determined by that ancient state of things.

Geology is intimately related to almost all the physical sciences, and it is most desirable that a geologist should be well versed in chemistry, natural philosophy, mineralogy, zoölogy, comparative anatomy, botany ; in short, in every science relating to organic and inorganic nature. With these accomplishments, the geologist would rarely fail to draw correct philosophical conclusions from the

various monuments transmitted to him of former occurrences. He would know to what combination of causes analogous effects were referable, and would often be enabled to supply, by inference, information concerning many events unrecorded in the defective archives of former ages. But as such extensive acquisitions are scarcely within the reach of any individual, it is necessary that men who have devoted their lives to different departments should unite their efforts; and as the historian receives assistance from the antiquary, and from those who have cultivated different branches of moral and political science, so the geologist should avail himself of the aid of many naturalists, and particularly of those who have studied the fossil remains of lost species of animals and plants.

The analogy, however, of the monuments consulted in geology, and those available in history, extends no farther than to one class of historical monuments—those which may be said to be *undesignedly* commemorative of former events. The canoes, for example, and stone hatchets found in our peat-bogs, afford an insight into the rude arts and manners of the earliest inhabitants of our island; the buried coin fixes the date of the reign of some Roman emperor; the ancient encampment indicates the districts once occupied by invading armies, and the former method of constructing military defences; the Egyptian mummies throw light on the art of embalming, the rites of sepulture, or the average stature of the human race in ancient Egypt. This class of memorials yields to no other in authenticity, but it constitutes a small part only of the resources on which the historian relies, whereas in geology it forms the only kind of evidence which is at our command. But this testimony of geological monuments, if frequently imperfect, possesses at least the advantage of being free from all suspicion of misrepresentation. We may be deceived in the inferences which we draw, in the same manner as we often mistake the nature and import of phenomena observed in the daily course of nature; but our liability to err is confined to the interpretation, and if this be correct, our information is certain.—*Elements of Geology.*



LYTE, HENRY FRANCIS, a British clergyman and poet, born at Kelso, Scotland, June 1, 1793; died at Nice, France, November 20, 1847. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he several times gained the prize for English poetry. He took orders, held curacies in Ireland, and eventually became rector of Brixton, England. He published several volumes of poetry, mostly of a devotional character. Lyte's first work was *Tales in Verse Illustrative of Several of the Petitions of the Lord's Prayer*. A fine biography of Henry Vaughan, the Silurist, has an enduring place in English literature. In 1834 he published *The Spirit of the Psalms*, a collection of hymns and psalms, drawn from various sources, but mainly his own. Lyte can hardly be said to rank high as a poet, refinement and pathos rather than great imaginative power being the chief features of his work. As a preacher he was simple, earnest, and graceful in style, but his chief claim to remembrance lies in the beauty and spiritual elevation of his hymns, some of which may be said to have become classical. Among the best known of his hymns are *Abide With Me*; *Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken*; *Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven*, and *Pleasant Are Thy Courts Above*. His hymn *Abide With Me* was written at Nice, not long before his death.

EVENING.

Sweet Evening hour ! sweet Evening hour !
That calms the air and shuts the flower ;
That brings the wild-bird to her nest,
The infant to its mother's breast.

Sweet hour ! that bids the laborer cease,
That gives the weary team release,
That leads them home, and crowns them there—
With rest and shelter, food, and care.

Oh, season of soft sounds and hues,
Of twilight walks among the dews,
Of feelings calm and converse sweet,
And thoughts too shadowy to repeat !

Yes, lovely hour ! thou art the time
When feelings flow, and wishes climb ;
When timid souls begin to dare,
And God receives and answers-prayer.

Then, as the earth recedes from sight,
Heaven seems to ope her fields of light,
And call the fettered soul above
From sin and grief, to peace and love.

Who has not felt that Evening's hour
Draws forth devotion's tenderest power ;
That guardian spirits round us stand,
And God himself seems most at hand ?

Sweet hour ! for heavenly musing made,
When Isaac walked, and David prayed ;
When Abram's offering God did own,
And Jesus loved to be alone !

In the autumn of 1847 the Rev. Mr. Lyte was advised to go for a time to the south of France. Before leaving England he wished once more to preach to his people. His family feared what the result of such an effort might be, but he insisted,

and was able to go through the service. He knew that he was preaching for the last time, and his sermon was full of solemn and tender appeals to those whom he had long guided and instructed. At the end of the service he retired, exhausted in body, but with his soul sweetly resting on that Saviour whom he had preached with his dying breath. As the evening drew on he handed to his family the following beautiful hymn, which he had just written. This was his last hymn on earth. He reached Nice, and shortly after his spirit entered into rest. He pointed upward as he passed away, and whispered, "Peace, joy."

"ABIDE WITH ME!"

Abide with me ! fast falls the even-tide !
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide !
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me !

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim ; its glories pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me !

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word ;
But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me !

Come not in terrors as the King of kings ;
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings ;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea ;
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me !

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile ;
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee.
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me !

I need Thy presence every passing hour ;
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
 Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
 Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me !

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless ;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;
 Where is Death's sting ? where, Grave, thy victory ?
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me !

Hold, then, Thy cross before my closing eyes ;
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies !
 Heaven's morning breaks, and Earth's vain shadows
 flee ;
 In life and death, O Lord, abide with me !

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

There is a spot in the lone, lone sea,
 A spot unmarked, but holy,
 For there the gallant and the free
 In his ocean bed lies lowly.

He sleeps—he sleeps—serene and safe,
 From tempest and from billow,
 Where the storms that high above him chafe,
 Scarce rock his peaceful pillow.

The sea and him in death
 They did not dare to sever :
 It was his home when he had breath,
 'Tis now his home forever.

Sleep on, sleep on, thou mighty dead !
 A glorious tomb they've found thee ;
 The broad blue sky above thee spread,
 The boundless ocean round thee.

And though no stone may tell
 Thy name, thy worth, thy glory,
 They rest in hearts that love thee well,
 And grace Britannia's story.



LYTLE, WILLIAM HAINES, soldier and poet, son of Robert T. Lytle, Member of Congress from Ohio, 1833-35, was born at Cincinnati, Ohio, November 2 1826; fell while leading a charge in the battle of Chickamauga, September 20, 1863. He was graduated at the College of Cincinnati, studied law and began its practice, but at the beginning of the Mexican War he volunteered, and was made captain of a company in the 2d Ohio Regiment. He served in this capacity throughout the war, and at its close resumed the practice of law. He was later elected to the State Legislature, was for a time major-general of the first division of the Ohio militia, and in 1857 the unsuccessful candidate of the Democratic party for Lieutenant-Governor. At the beginning of the Civil War he was made colonel of the 10th Ohio Regiment. He was twice severely wounded, and was taken prisoner at Perryville, Ky., October 8, 1862, but was soon exchanged. On November 29, 1862, he was promoted to brigadier-general of volunteers. From this time until his death he served under Rosecrans in the West. His poems have never been collected in book form. As a poet he is best known by his *Antony and Cleopatra ; or, I am Dying, Egypt, Dying*. Other claimants have disputed the authorship of this poem with Lytle—unsuccessfully.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

I am dying, Egypt, dying ;
 Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
 And the dark Plutonian shadows
 Gather on the evening blast ;
 Let thine arm, O Queen, support me,
 Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear,
 Listen to the great heart secrets
 Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
 Bear their eagles high no more,
 And my wrecked and scattered galleys
 Strew dark Actium's fatal shore ;
 Though no glittering guards surround me,
 Prompt to do their master's will,
 I must perish like a Roman,
 Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
 Mock the lion thus laid low ;
 'Twas no foeman's arm that felled him,
 'Twas his own that struck the blow—
 His who, pillowed on thy bosom,
 Turned aside from glory's ray—
 His who, drunk with thy caresses,
 Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
 Dare assail my name at Rome,
 Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
 Weeps within her widowed home,
 Seek her ; say the gods bear witness,
 Altars, augurs, circling wings,
 That her blood, with mine commingled,
 Yet shall mount the thrones of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian !
 Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
 Light the path to Stygian horrors
 With the splendors of thy smile :

Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,
 Let his brow the laurel twine,
 I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
 Triumphant in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying ;
 Hark ! the insulting foeman's cry,
 They are coming ; quick, my falchion,
 Let me front them ere I die.
 Ah, no more amid the battle
 Shall my heart exulting swell,
 Isis and Osiris guard thee,
 Cleopatra, Rome, farewell !

THE VOLUNTEERS.

The Volunteers ! the Volunteers !
 I dream as in the by-gone years,
 I hear again their stirring cheers,
 And see their banners shine,
 What time the yet unconquered North
 Poured to the wars her legions forth,
 For many a wrong to strike a blow
 With mailed hand at Mexico.

The Volunteers ! ah, where are they
 Who bade the hostile surges stay,
 When the black forts at Monterey
 Frowned on their dauntless line ;
 When undismayed amid the shock
 Of war, like Cerro Gordo's rock,
 They stood, or rushed more madly on,
 Than tropic tempest o'er San Juan.

On Angostura's crowded field,
 Their shattered columns scorned to yield,
 And wildly yet defiance pealed
 Their flashing batteries' throats ;
 And echoed then the rifle's crack,
 As deadly as when on the track
 Of flying foe, of yore, its voice
 Bade Orleans' dark-eyed girls rejoice.

Blent with the roar of guns and bombs,
How grandly from the dim past comes
The roll of their victorious drums,
Their bugles' joyous notes,
When over Mexico's proud towers,
And the fair valley's storied bowers,
Fit recompense of toil and scars,
In triumph waved their flag of stars.

Ah, comrades, of your own tried troop,
Whose honor ne'er to shame might stoop,
Of lion heart, and eagle swoop,
But you alone remain ;
On all the rest has fall'n the hush
Of death ; the men whose battle rush
Was wild as sun-loosed torrents' flow
From Orizaba's crest of snow.

The Volunteers ! the Volunteers !
God send us peace, through all our years ;
But if the cloud of war appears,
We'll see them once again.
From broad Ohio's peaceful side,
From where the Maumee pours its tide ;
From storm-lashed Erie's wintry shore,
Shall spring the Volunteers once more.





LYTTELTON, LORD GEORGE, an English statesman and historian, a descendant of the great jurist Littleton, born at Hagley, Worcestershire, January 17, 1709; died there, August 22, 1773. He entered Parliament in 1720; became a Lord of the Treasury in 1744, Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1756, and was raised to the baronage in 1757. He wrote a volume of poems, and several works in prose, the most important of which are *Observations on the Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul*, *Dialogues of the Dead*, and *History of the Life of King Henry II. and the Age in Which He Lived* (4 vols. quarto, 1764-67). His work on St. Paul is generally considered by commentators to be of superior merit.

Macaulay, referring to the advantages which the parliamentary experience of Charles James Fox and Sir James Mackintosh gave them as historians, says: "Lord Lyttelton had indeed the same advantages, but he was incapable of using them. Pedantry was so deeply fixed in his nature that the hustings, the Treasury, the Exchequer, the House of Commons, the House of Lords left him the same dreaming school-boy that they found him." Speaking of his poems Dr. Johnson says: "They are the works of a man of literature and judgment devoting part of his time to versification. They have nothing to be despised, and little to be admired."

Dr. Valpy says: "The works of the great Lord Lyttelton are most important and instructive. Who that has lost a beloved wife can read his Monody, particularly the stanza, 'O best of wives,' without being moved to tears?"

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

He may with justice be ranked among the greatest generals any age has produced. There was united in him activity, vigilance, intrepidity, caution, great force of judgment, and never-failing presence of mind. Having been from his very childhood continually in war, and at the head of armies, he joined to all the capacity that genius could give, all the knowledge and skill that experience could teach, and was a perfect master of the military art as it was practised in the times in which he lived.

A lust of power which no regard to justice could limit, the most unrelenting cruelty, and the most insatiable avarice possessed his soul. It is true, indeed that among many acts of extreme inhumanity some shining instances of great clemency may be produced; but where he had no advantage or pride in forgiving, his nature discovered itself to be utterly void of all sense of compassion; and some barbarities which he committed exceeded the bounds that even tyrants and conquerors prescribe to themselves.

As to his wisdom in government, of which some writers have spoken very highly, he was, indeed, so far wise that through a long, unquiet reign he knew how to support oppression by terror, and employed the properest means for carrying on a very iniquitous and violent rule. But that which alone deserves the name of wisdom in the character of a king—the maintaining of authority by the exercise of those virtues which make the happiness of his people—was what, with all his abilities, he does not appear to have possessed. Nor did he excel in those soothing and popular arts which sometimes change the complexion of a tyranny, and give it a fallacious appearance of freedom. His

government was harsh and despotic, violating even the principles of that Constitution which he himself had established. Yet so far he performed the duty of a sovereign that he took care to maintain a good police in his realm ; curbing licentiousness with a strong hand, which in the tumultuous state of his government was a great and difficult work.

But it was a poor compensation that the highways were safe, when the courts of justice were dens of thieves, and when almost every man in power or in office used his power to oppress and pillage the people. The king himself did not only tolerate but encourage, support, and even share these extortions. Though the greatness of the ancient landed estates of the crown, and the feudal profits to which he was legally entitled, rendered him one of the richest monarchs in Europe, he was not content with all that opulence, but by authorizing the sheriffs who collected his revenues in the several counties to practise the most grievous vexations and abuses for the raising of them higher by a perpetual auction of the crown lands, so that none of his tenants could be sure of possession if any other would come and offer more ; by various iniquities in the Court of Exchequer, which was entirely Norman ; by forfeitures wrongfully taken ; and, lastly, by arbitrary and illegal taxations, he drew into his treasury much too great a proportion of the wealth of his kingdom.

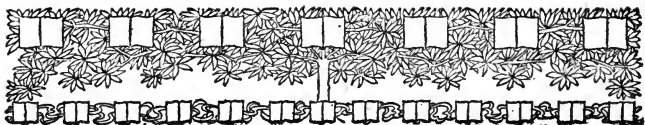
It must, however, be owned that if his avarice was insatiably and unjustly rapacious, it was not meanly parsimonious, nor of that sordid kind which brings on a prince dishonor and contempt. He supported the dignity of his crown with a decent magnificence ; and, though he never was lavish, he sometimes was liberal, especially to his soldiers and the Church. But looking on money as a necessary means of maintaining and increasing power, he devised to accumulate as much as he could—rather, perhaps, from an ambitious than a covetous nature. At least, his avarice was subservient to his ambition, and he laid up wealth in his coffers, as he did arms in his magazines, to be drawn out, when any proper occasion required it, for the enlargement of his dominions.

Upon the whole, he had many great qualities, but few virtues, and if those actions that most particularly distinguished the man or the king are impartially considered, we shall find that in his character there is much to admire, but more to abhor.—*History of the Life of King Henry II.*

Lyttelton's Prologue to Thomson's tragedy of *Coriolanus* is perhaps the best production of this class in our language.

PROLOGUE TO THOMSON'S "CORIOLANUS."

I come not here your candor to implore
 For scenes whose author is, alas ! no more ;
 He wants no advocate his cause to plead ;
 You will yourselves be patrons of the dead. . . .
 O candid truth ! O Faith without a stain !
 O manners gently firm and nobly plain !
 O sympathizing love of others' bliss !
 Where will you find another breast like his !
 Such was the Man : The Poet well you know,
 Oft has he touched your heart with tender woe ;
 Oft in this crowded house, with just applause,
 You heard him teach fair Virtue's purest laws :
 For his chaste Muse employed her heaven-taught lyre,
 None but the noblest passions to inspire ;
 Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
 One line which, dying, he could wish to blot.
 Oh, may to-night your favorable doom
 Another laurel add to grace his tomb ;
 Whilst he, superior now to praise or blame,
 Hears not the feeble voice of human fame.
 Yet if those whom most on earth he loved,
 From whom his pious care is now removed,
 With whom his liberal hand and bounteous heart
 Shared all his little fortune could impart ;
 If to those friends your kind regard shall give
 What they no longer can from his receive,
 That, even now, above yon starry pole,
 May touch with pleasure his immortal soul.



LYTTON, EDWARD GEORGE EARLE LYTTON BULWER-LYTTON, BARON, an English novelist, dramatist, and poet, the youngest son of General W. E. Bulwer, was born at Haydon Hall, London, May 25, 1803; died at Torquay, January 18, 1873. He was prepared by his mother for Cambridge, where he won the Chancellor's medal by a poem on *Sculpture* (1825), and was graduated at Trinity Hall in 1826. At fifteen he had published *Ismael, an Oriental Tale, with Other Poems* (1820). *Weeds and Wild Flowers* was privately printed in 1826; *O'Neill, or the Rebel*, appeared in 1827. He afterward ignored these productions, with *The Siamese Twins* (1831), a metrical satire. After a visit to France he put forth his first romance, *Falkland* (1827), anonymously. *Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman* (1828), was his first success, and the remarkable series which followed were sometimes called "the Pelham novels." *The Disowned* (1828); *Devereux* (1829); *Paul Clifford* (1830); *Eugene Aram* (1832), and *Godolphin* (1833) were of the same school. *England and the English* appeared in 1833. New lines were followed in *The Pilgrims of the Rhine* (1834); *The Last Days of Pompeii* (1834), and *Rienzi* (1835). In *Athens, Its Rise and Fall* (1836), he turned from the historical romance to the historical essay. He was returned to Parliament from St. Ives in 1831, and represented Lincoln in



BULWER-LYTTON.

1832-41, supporting the Whigs; he was baroneted in 1838. His marriage with Rosina Wheeler (1827) resulted in a separation in 1836. Lady Bulwer wrote several novels which were understood to satirize her husband and his friends. His contributions to the *New Monthly Magazine*, which he edited (1833-38), were gathered as *The Student* (1835). *Ernest Maltravers* (1837), and its sequel, *Alice, or the Mysteries* (1838), dealt with his favorite psychological and social problems. His first play, *The Duchess of La Vallière* (1836), failed, but *The Lady of Lyons* (1838), *Richelieu*, *Leila of Calderon* (1838), and *Money* (1840) were eminently successful. Prose fiction was resumed in *Night and Morning* (1840); *Zanoni* (1842), and *The Last of the Barons* (1843). In 1843 he succeeded to his mother's estates and assumed her name of Lytton. His poems appeared in 1842, his translations from Schiller in 1844, *The New Timon*, a satire, in 1845, and *King Arthur* in 1848. *Lucretia, or the Children of the Night* (1847), and *Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings* (1848), were his last novels in the old vein. *The Caxtons* (1849), a new departure to the eminently moral and domestic tale, showed his great versatility, and was followed by *My Novel; or Varieties of English Life* (1853); *What Will He Do With It?* (1858), and *A Strange Story* (1862). In 1852 he re-entered Parliament as member for Hertfordshire and a Conservative. He was Colonial Secretary under Lord Derby (1858-59), and was raised to the peerage as Baron Lytton in 1866. His later poems were *St. Stephen's* (1860); *The Lost Tales of Miletus* (1866), and a translation of Horace's *Odes*

(1869). *The Coming Race* (1872) and *The Parisians* (1872) appeared anonymously, and were strong enough to make a reputation. * At his death *Kenelm Chillingly* had been finished, and *Pausanias the Spartan* was left incomplete, to be edited by his son.

SONG.

When stars are in the quiet skies,
 Then most I pine for thee ;
 Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
 As stars look on the sea.
 For thoughts, like waves that glide by night,
 Are stillest when they shine ;
 Mine earthly love lies hushed in light
 Beneath the heaven of thine.

There is an hour when angels keep
 Familiar watch o'er men,
 When coarser souls are wrapped in sleep—
 Sweet spirit, meet me then !
 There is an hour when holy dreams
 Through slumber fairest glide,
 And in that mystic hour it seems
 Thou shouldst be by my side.

My thoughts of thee too sacred are
 For daylight's common beam :
 I can but know thee as my star,
 My angel and my dream !
 When stars are in the quiet skies,
 Then most I pine for thee ;
 Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
 As stars look on the sea.

TALENT AND GENIUS.

Talent convinces—genius but excites ;
 This tasks the reason, that the soul delights.
 Talent from sober judgment takes its birth,
 And reconciles the pinion to the earth.

Genius unsettles with desires the mind,
Contented not till earth be left behind.
Talent, the sunshine on a cultured soil,
Ripens the fruit by slow degrees for toil.
Genius, the sudden Iris of the skies,
On cloud itself reflects the wondrous dyes,
And to the earth, in tears and glory given,
Clasps in its airy arch the pomp of heaven.

Talent gives all that vulgar critics need—
From its plain horn-book learn the dull to read.
Genius, the Pythian of the beautiful,
Leaves its large truths a riddle to the dull.
From eyes profane a veil the Iris screens,
And fools on fools still ask, "What Hamlet means?"

BRIDALS IN THE SPIRIT LAND.

Many wonders on the ocean
By the moonlight may be seen.
Under moonlight on the Euxine
Rose the blessed silver Isle.

As Leonymus of Croton,
At the Pythian god's behest,
Steered along the troubled waters
To the tranquil Spirit-land.

In the earthquake of the battle,
When the Locrians reeled before
Croton's shock of marching iron,
Strode a phantom to their van.

'Twas the shade of Locrian Ajax,
Guarding still the native soil ;
And Leonymus, confronting,
Wounded, fell before the spear.

Leech and herb the wound could heal not,
Said the Pythian god, "Depart ;
Voyage o'er the troubled Euxine
To the tranquil Spirit-land :

“ There abides the Locrian Ajax ;
 He who gave the wound can heal.
 Godlike souls are in their mercy
 Stronger yet than in their wrath.”

White it rose on lullèd waters,
 Rose the blessed silver Isle ;
 Purple vines in lengthened vistas,
 Knit the hill-top to the beach ;

And the beach had sparry caverns,
 And a floor of golden sands ;
 And wherever soared the cypress,
 Underneath it bloomed the rose.

Glimmered there amid the vine-leaves,
 Through cavern, over beach,
 Lifelike shadows of a beauty
 Which the living know no more ;

Towery statues of great heroes,
 They who fought at Thebes and Troy,
 And, with looks that poets dream of,
 Beamed the women heroes loved.

Stately out before their comrades,
 As the vessel touched the shore,
 Came the stateliest two by Hymen
 Ever hallowed into one.

As he strode, the forest trembled
 To the awe that crowned his brow ;
 As she stepped, the ocean dimpled
 To the ray that left her smile.

“ Fearless warrior, welcome hither ! ”
 Said a voice in which there slept
 Thunder-sounds to scatter armies
 As a north wind scatters leaves.

“ Wounded sufferer, welcome hither ! ”
 Said a voice of music, low
 As the coo of doves that nestle
 Under summer boughs at noon.

“Who are ye, O shapes of glory?”

He, the Hero-Ghost, replied,

“She is Helen, I Achilles,
In the Spirit-land espoused.”

“Low I kneel to thee, Pelides;

But, O marvel, she thy bride,

She whose guilt unpeopled Hellas,

She whose marriage-lights fired Troy!”

Frowned the large front of Achilles,

Casting shadows o'er the place,

As the sunlight fades from Tempé,

When on Ossa hangs a storm.

“Know, thou dullard,” said Pelides,

“That on the funeral pyre

Earthly sins are purged from glory,

And the Soul is as the Name.

“If to her in life a Paris,

If to me in life a slave,

Helen's mate is here Achilles—

Mine the Sister of the Stars.

“Naught of her survives but beauty,

Naught of me survives but fame;

Fame and Beauty wed together

In the isle of happy souls.”

O'er the foam of warring billows

Silver-chimed the choral song,

“Fame and beauty wed together

In the isle of happy souls.

“Wounded sufferer, welcome hither,

Thou hast reached us, thou art cured;

Healed is every wound of mortal

In the isle of happy souls.”

O'er the gloom of moaning waters

Soft and softer chimed the song,

“Healed is every wound of mortal

In the isle of happy souls.”

—*The Lost Tales of Miletus.*

DEA FORTUNA.

There is a beautiful and singular passage in Dante, wherein the stern Florentine defends Fortune from the popular accusations against her. According to him, she is an angelic power appointed by the Supreme Being to direct and order the course of human splendors ; she obeys the will of God ; she is blessed, and hearing not those who blaspheme her, calm and aloft among the other angelic powers, revolves her spiral course, and rejoices in her beatitude.

This is a conception very different from the popular notion which Aristophanes, in his true instinct of things popular, expresses by the sullen lips of his Plutus. That deity accounts for his blindness by saying that "when a boy he had indiscreetly promised to visit only the good," and Jupiter was so envious of the good that he blinded the money-god. Whereon Chremylus asks him whether, if he recovered his sight, he would frequent the company of the good? "Certainly," quoth Plutus, "for I have not seen them ever so long." "Nor I neither," rejoins Chremylus, pithily, "for all I can see out of both eyes!"

But that misanthropical answer of Chremylus is neither here nor there, and only diverts us from the real question ; and that is, Whether Fortune be a heavenly, Christian angel, or a blind, blundering old heathen deity? For my part, I hold with Dante—for which I could give many good reasons. One thing, however, is quite clear ; that, whether Fortune be more like Plutus or an angel, it is no use abusing her—one may as well throw stones at a star. And I think if one looked narrowly at her operations, one might perceive that she gives every man a chance, at least once in his life ; if he take and make the best of it, she will renew her visits ; if not—*itur ad astra*. And therewith I am reminded of an incident quaintly narrated by Mariana in his *History of Spain*, how the army of the Spanish King got out of a sad battle among the mountains at the pass of Losa, by the help of a shepherd who showed them the way. "But," saith Mariana, "some do say the shepherd was an angel ; for

after he had shown the way, he was never seen more." That is, the angelic nature of the guide was proved by being only once seen, and disappearing after having got the army out of the battle, leaving it to fight or run away, as it had most mind to.—*The Caxtons*.

A BIT OF MISSIONARY WORK.

In his room, solitary and brooding, sat the defeated hero of a hundred fights. It was now twilight; but the shutters had been partially closed all day, in order to exclude the sun, which had never before been unwelcome to Tom Bowles, and they still remained so, making the twilight doubly twilight, till the harvest-moon, rising early, shot its way through the crevice, and forced a silvery track amidst the shadows of the floor.

The man's head drooped on his breast, his strong hands rested listlessly on his knees; his attitude was that of utter despondency and prostration. But in the expression of his face there were the signs of some dangerous and restless thought which belied, not the gloom, but the stillness of the posture. His brow, which was habitually open and frank in its defying, aggressive boldness, was now contracted into deep furrows, and lowered darkly over his downcast, half-closed eyes. His lips were so tightly compressed that the face lost its roundness, and the massive bone of the jaw stood out hard and salient. Now and then, indeed, the lips opened, giving vent to a deep, impatient sigh, but they reclosed as quickly as they had parted. It was one of those crises in life which find all the elements that make up a man's former self in lawless anarchy; in which the Evil One seems to enter and direct the storm; in which a rude, untutored mind, never before harboring a thought of crime, sees the crime start up from an abyss, feels it to be an enemy, yet yields to it as a fate. So that, when at last, some wretch, sentenced to the gibbet, shudderingly looks back to the moment that trembled between two worlds—the world of the man guiltless, the world of the man guilty—he says to the holy, highly educated, rational,

passionless priest who confesses him and calls him brother, "The devil put it into my heart."

At that moment the door opened; at its threshold stood the man's mother—whom he had never allowed to influence his conduct, though he loved her well in his rough way—and the hated fellow-man whom he longed to see dead at his feet. The door reclosed, the mother was gone, without a word, for her tears choked her; the fellow-man was alone with him. Tom Bowles looked up, recognized his visitor, cleared his brow, and rubbed his mighty hands.

Kenelm drew a chair close to his antagonist, and silently laid a hand on his. Tom Bowles took up the hand in both his own, turned it curiously toward the moonlight, gazed at it, poised it, then, with a sound between groan and laugh, tossed it away as a thing hostile but trivial, rose and locked the door, came back to his seat and said, bluffly:

"What do you want with me now?"

"I want to ask you a favor."

"Favor!"

"The greatest which man can ask from man—friendship. You see, my dear Tom," continued Kenelm, making himself quite at home—throwing his arm over the back of Tom's chair, and stretching his legs comfortably, as one does by one's own fireside—"you see, my dear Tom, that men like us—young, single, not, on the whole, bad-looking as men go—can find sweethearts in plenty. If one does not like us, another will; sweethearts are sown everywhere, like nettles and thistles. But the rarest thing in life is a friend. Now tell me frankly, in the course of your wanderings did you ever come into a village where you could not have got a sweetheart if you had asked for one; and if, having got a sweetheart, you had lost her, do you think you would have any difficulty in finding another? But have you such a thing in the world, beyond the pale of your own family, as a true friend—a man friend? And supposing you had such a friend—a friend who would stand by you through thick and thin—who would tell you your faults to your face, and praise you for your good qualities behind your back—who would do all he could

to save you from a danger, and all he could to get you out of one—supposing you had such a friend, and lost him, do you believe that if you lived to the age of Methuselah you could find another? You don't answer me. Well, Tom, I ask you to be such a friend to me, and I will be such a friend to you."

Tom was so thoroughly "taken aback" by this address that he remained dumfounded. But he felt as if the clouds in his soul were breaking, and a ray of sunlight forcing its way through the sullen darkness. At length, however, the receding rage within him returned, though with vacillating step, and he growled between his teeth, "A pretty friend indeed! robbing me of my girl! Go along with you."

"She was not your girl any more than she was or ever can be mine."

"What! you ben't after her?"

"Certainly not. I am going to Luscombe, and I ask you to come with me. Do you think I am going to leave you here?"

"What is it to you?"

"Everything. Providence has permitted me to save you from the most lifelong of all sorrows. For think! Can any sorrow be more lasting than had been yours if you had attained your wish; if you had forced or frightened a woman to be your partner till death do part—you loving her, she loathing you; you conscious, night and day, that your very love had ensured her misery, and that misery haunting you like a ghost? From that sorrow I have saved you. May Providence permit me to complete my work, and save you also from the most irredeemable of all crimes! Look into your soul, then recall the thoughts which all day long, and not least at the moment I crossed this threshold, were rising up, making reason dumb and conscience blind, and then lay your hand on your heart and say, 'I am guiltless of a dream of murder.' 'I am guiltless of a dream of murder.'"

The wretched man sprang up erect, menacing, and, meeting Kenelm's calm, steadfast, pitying gaze, dropped no less suddenly—dropped on the floor, covered his face with his hands, and a great cry came forth between sob and howl.

“Brother,” said Kenelm, kneeling beside him, and twining his arm round the man’s heaving breast, “it is over now ; with that cry the demon that maddened you has fled forever.”—*Kenelm Chillingly.*

THE VRIL FORCE.

We had now reached the banks of a lake, and Taë here paused to point out to me the ravages made in fields skirting it. “The enemy certainly lies within these waters,” said Taë. “Observe what shoals of fish are crowded together at the margin. . . . I have heard that when our forefathers first cleared this country, these monsters, and others like them, abounded, and, vril being then undiscovered, many of our race were destroyed. It was impossible to exterminate them wholly till that discovery which constitutes the power and sustains the civilization of our race. But after the uses of vril became familiar to us, all creatures inimical to us were soon annihilated. Still, once a year or so, one of these enormous creatures wanders from the unreclaimed and savage districts beyond, and within my memory one seized upon a young god who was bathing in this very lake. Had she been on land and armed with her staff, it would not have dared even to show itself ; for, like all savage creatures, the reptile has a marvellous instinct, which warns it against the bearer of the vril wand. So long as I stand here, the monster will not stir from its lurking-place ; but we must now decoy it forth.”

“Will not that be difficult ?”

“Not at all. Seat yourself on that crag, while I retire to a distance. In a short time the reptile will catch sight or scent of you, and, perceiving that you are no vril-bearer, will come forth to devour you. As soon as it is fairly out of the water, it becomes my prey.”

“Do you mean to tell me that I am to be the decoy to that horrible monster, which could engulf me within its jaws in a second ? I beg to decline.”

The child laughed. “Fear nothing,” said he ; “only sit still.”

Instead of obeying this command, I made a bound,

and was about to take fairly to my heels, when Taë touched me lightly on the shoulder, and, fixing his eyes steadily on mine, I was rooted to the spot. All power of volition left me. Submissive to the infant's gesture, I followed him to the crag he had indicated, and seated myself there in silence. Most readers have seen something of the effects of electro-biology, whether genuine or spurious. No professor of that doubtful craft had ever been able to influence a thought or a movement of mine, but I was a mere machine at the will of this terrible child. Meanwhile he expanded his wings, soared aloft, and alighted amid a copse at the brow of a hill at some distance.

I was alone; and turning my eyes, with an indescribable sensation of horror, toward the lake, I kept them fixed on its water, spell-bound. It might be ten or fifteen minutes—to me it seemed ages—before the still surface, gleaming under the lamplight, began to be agitated toward the centre. At the same time the shoals of fish near the margin evinced their sense of the enemy's approach by splash and leap and bubbling circle. I could detect their hurried flight hither and thither, some even casting themselves ashore. A long, dark, undulous furrow came moving along the waters, nearer and nearer, till the vast head of the reptile emerged—its jaws bristling with fangs, and its dull eyes fixing themselves hungrily on the spot where I sat motionless. And now its forefeet were on the strand—now its enormous head, scaled on either side as in armor, in the centre showing its corrugated skin of a dull, venomous yellow; and now its whole length was on the land, a hundred feet or more from the jaw to the tail. Another stride of those ghastly feet would have brought it to the spot where I sat. There was but a moment between me and this grim form of death, when what seemed a flash of lightning shot through the air, smote, and, for a space in time briefer than that in which a man can draw his breath, enveloped the monster; and then, as the flash vanished, there lay before me a blackened, charred, smouldering mass, a something gigantic, but of which even the outlines of form were burned away, and rapidly crumbling into dust and ashes. I re-

mained still seated, still speechless, ice-cold with a new sensation of dread: what had been horror was now awe.

I felt the child's hand on my head—fear left me—the spell was broken—I rose up. “You see with what ease the Vrîl-ya destroy their enemies,” said Taë; and then, moving toward the bank, he contemplated the smouldering relics of the monster, and said quietly, “I have destroyed larger creatures, but none with so much pleasure. Yes, it *is* a Krek; what suffering it must have inflicted while it lived!” Then he took up the poor fishes that had flung themselves ashore, and restored them mercifully to their native element.—*The Coming Race.*





LYTTON, EDWARD ROBERT BULWER-LYTTON, EARL, pseudonym Owen Meredith, an English poet, son of the novelist, born in London, November 8, 1831; died in Paris, November 24, 1891. He was educated at Harrow and at Bonn. In 1849 he became attaché at Washington under his uncle, Sir Henry Bulwer. Remaining in the diplomatic service, he rose finally to the rank of ambassador at Lisbon in 1874, after service at Florence, Paris, The Hague, St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Vienna, Athens, Madrid. He also ruled India, with great distinction, as Viceroy (1876-1880). He had succeeded to his father's title of Baron Lytton in 1873, and in 1880 was made Earl of Lytton and Viscount Knebworth. In 1887 he was appointed Ambassador to France.

His earlier volumes were published under the name of "Owen Meredith:" *Clytemnestra and Other Poems* (1855); *The Wanderer, a Collection of Poems in Many Lands* (1859); *Lucile* (1860). *Tannhäuser, or the Battle of the Bards*, appeared anonymously in 1861, and was the joint work of himself and a friend. *Serbski Pæans* (1861) was a translation of Servian songs. His later poems are *Chronicles and Characters* (1868); *Orval, or the Fool of Time* (1869); *Fables in Song* (1874), and *Glenaveril* (1885). He has published in prose an Egyptian Romance, *The Ring of Amasis* (1863); *Julian Fane*,

a Memoir (1871); his father's *Speeches and Political Writings* (1874); *The Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton* (1883); *After Paradise, or Legends of Exile* (1887); *Marah*, poems, and *King Poppy*, posthumously (1892).

THE PORTRAIT.

Midnight past ! Not a sound of aught
 Through the silent house but the wind at his prayers.
 I sat by the dying fire, and thought
 Of the dear, dead woman upstairs.

Nobody with me my watch to keep,
 But the friend of my bosom, the man I love :
 And grief had sent him fast to sleep
 In the chamber up above.

Nobody else, in the country place
 All round, that knew of my loss beside,
 But the good young priest with the Raphael-face,
 Who confessed her when she died.

On her cold, dead bosom my portrait lies,
 Which next to her heart she used to wear,
 Haunting it o'er with her tender eyes
 When my own face was not there.

And I said, "The thing is precious to me :
 They will bury her soon in the churchyard clay :
 It lies on her heart, and lost must be,
 If I do not take it away."

As I stretched my hand, I held my breath ;
 I turned as I drew the curtains apart :
 I dared not look on the face of death :
 I knew where to find her heart.

I thought, at first, as my touch fell there,
 It had warmed that heart to life, with love ;
 For the thing I touched was warm, I swear,
 And I could feel it move.

'Twas the hand of a man, that was moving slow
 O'er the heart of the dead—from the other side ;
 And at once the sweat broke over my brow ;
 "Who is robbing the corpse?" I cried.

Opposite me, by the taper's light,
 The friend of my bosom, the man I loved,
 Stood o'er the corpse, and all as white,
 And neither of us moved.

"What do you here, my friend?" . . . The man
 Looked first at me, and then at the dead.
 "There is a portrait here," he began—
 "There is. It is mine," I said.

Said the friend of my bosom, "Yours, no doubt,
 The portrait was, till a month ago,
 When this suffering angel took that out,
 And placed mine there, I know."

"This woman, she loved me well," said I.
 "A month ago," said my friend to me :
 "And in your throat," I groaned, "you lie !"
 He answered : "Let us see."

We found the portrait there, in its place :
 We opened it by the taper's shine ;
 The gems were all unchanged ; the face
 Was—neither his nor mine.

"One nail drives out another, at least !
 The face of the portrait there," I cried,
 "Is our friend's, the Raphael-faced young priest,
 Who confessed her when she died."

EASTER.

Methought—(it was the midnight of my soul,
 Dead midnight) that I stood on Calvary ;

I found the cross, but not the Christ. The whole
 Of heaven was dark : and I went bitterly
 Weeping, because I found him not. Methought—
 (It was the twilight of the dawn and mist)
 I stood before the sepulchre of Christ :
 The sepulchre was vacant, void of aught

Saving the sere-clothes of the grave, which were
 Upfolden straight and empty : bitterly
 Weeping I stood, because not even there
 I found him. Then a voice spake unto me,
 "Whom seekest thou ? Why is thy heart dismayed ?
 Jesus of Nazareth, he is not here :
 Behold the Lord is risen. Be of cheer :
 Approach, behold the place where he was laid."

And while he spake, the sunrise smote the world.
 "Go forth, and tell thy brethren," spake the voice :
 "The Lord has risen." Suddenly unfurled,
 The whole unclouded Orient did rejoice
 In glory. Wherefore should I mourn that here
 My heart feels vacant of what most it needs ?
 Christ is arisen !—the sere-clothes and the weeds
 That wrapped him lying in this sepulchre

Of earth he hath abandoned ; being gone
 Back into heaven, where we, too, must turn
 Our gaze to find him. Pour, O risen Sun
 Of Righteousness, the light for which I yearn,
 Upon the darkness of this mortal hour,
 This tract of night in which I walk forlorn.
 Behold, the night is now far spent. The morn
 Breaks, breaking from afar through a night shower.

FRUSTRATION.

How blest should we be, have I often conceived,
 Had we really achieved what we nearly achieved !
 We but catch at the skirts of the thing we would be,
 And fall back on the lap of a false destiny.
 So it will be, so has been, since this world began !
 And the happiest, noblest, and best part of man

Is the part which he never hath fully played out ;
 For the first and last word in life's volume is—Doubt.
 The face the most fair to our vision allowed
 Is the face we encounter and lose in the crowd.
 The thought that most thrills our existence is one
 Which, before we can frame it in language, is gone.
 O Horace ! the rustic still rests by the river,
 But the river flows on and flows past him forever,
 Who can sit down, and say, "What I will be, I will ?"
 Who stand up, and affirm, "What I was, I am still ?"
 Who is it that must not, if questioned, say, "What
 I would have remained, or become, I am not ?"
 We are ever behind, or beyond, or beside
 Our intrinsic existence ; forever at hide
 And seek with our souls. Not in Hades alone
 Doth Sisyphus roll, ever frustrate, the stone ;
 Do the Danaïds ply, ever vainly, the sieve,
 Tasks as futile does earth to its denizens give.
 Yet there's none so unhappy but what he hath been,
 Just about to be happy at some time, I ween ;
 And none so beguiled and defrauded by chance,
 But what, once in his life, some minute circumstance
 Would have fully sufficed to secure him the bliss
 Which, missing it then, he forever must miss.
 And to most of us, ere we go down to the grave,
 Life, relenting, accords the good gift we would have ;
 But, as though by some kind imperfection in fate,
 The good gift, when it comes, comes a moment too late.
 The Future's great veil our breath fitfully flaps,
 And behind it broods ever the mighty Perhaps.

Lucile, Canto V.

NATURE.

O Nature, how fair is thy face,
 And how light is thy heart, and how friendly thy
 grace!
 Thou false mistress of man ! thou dost sport with him
 lightly
 In his hours of ease and enjoyment ; and brightly
 Dost thou smile to his smile ; to his joys thou in-
 clinest,
 But his sorrows thou knowest them not, nor divinest.

While he woos, thou art wanton ; thou lettest him love thee ;

But thou art not his friend, for his grief cannot move thee.

And at last, when he sickens and dies, what dost thou ?

All gay are thy garments, as careless thy brow,

And thou laughest and toystest with any new-comer,

Not a tear more for winter, a smile less for summer !

Hast thou never an anguish to heave the heart under

That fair breast of thine, O thou feminine wonder !

For all those—the young and the fair, and the strong,

Who have loved thee, and lived with thee gayly and long,

And who now on thy bosom lie dead ? and their deeds

And their days are forgotten ! O hast thou no weeds

And not one year of mourning—one out of the many

That deck thy new bridals forever—nor any

Regrets for thy lost loves, concealed from the new,

O thou widow of earth's generations ? Go to !

If the sea and the night-wind know aught of these things,

They do not reveal it. We are not thy Kings.

—*Lucile, Canto V.*

A HEROINE.

The mission of genius on earth : to uplift,

Purify, and confirm by its own gracious gift

The world, in despite of the world's dull endeavor

To degrade, and drag down, and oppose it forever.

The mission of genius : to watch, and to wait,

To renew, to redeem, and to regenerate.

The mission of woman on earth : to give birth

To the mercy of Heaven descending on earth.

The mission of woman : permitted to bruise

The head of the serpent, and sweetly infuse,

Through the sorrow and sin of earth's registered curse,

The blessing which mitigates all ; born to nurse

And to soothe and to solace, to help and to heal

The sick world that leans on her. This was Lucile.

A power hid in pathos ; a fire veiled in cloud,

Yet still burning outward ; a branch which, though bowed

By the bird in its passage, springs upward again :
Through all symbols I search for her sweetness—in
vain.

Judge her love by her life. For our life is but love
In act. Pure was hers ; and the dear God above,
Who knows what his creatures have need of for life,
And whose love includes all loves, through much pa-
tient strife

Led her soul into peace. Love, though love may be
given

In vain, is yet lovely. Her own native heaven
She saw dawn clear and clearer, as life's troubled dream
Wore away ; and love sighed into rest, like a stream
That breaks its heart over wild rocks toward the shore
Of the great sea which hushes it up evermore
With its little, wild wailing. No stream from its source
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,
But what some land is gladdened. No star ever rose
And set, without influence somewhere. Who knows
What earth needs from earth's lowest creature? No
life

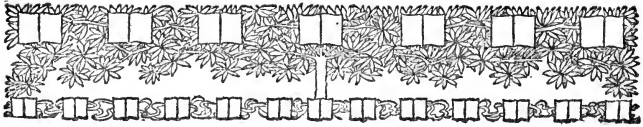
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.
The spirits of just men made perfect on high,
The army of martyrs who stand by the Throne
And gaze into the Face that makes glorious their own,
Know this, surely, at last. Honest love, honest sor-
row,

Honest work for the day, honest hope for the morrow,
Are these worth nothing more than the hand they make
weary,

The heart they have saddened, the life they leave
dreary?

Hush ! the sevenfold heavens to the voice of the Spirit
Echo : He that o'ercometh shall all things inherit.

—*Lucile, Canto VI.*



MAARTENS, MAARTEN, the adopted name of J. M. W. Van der Poorten-Schwartz, an Anglo-Dutch novelist, who was born at Amsterdam, August 15, 1858. He was educated at the University of Utrecht, in which city he makes his home. He is fond of travel, and thoroughly conversant with German, French, English, and Italian. His first book was *The Sin of Joost Avelingh* (1890); soon to be followed by *An Old Maid's Love* (1891); *God's Fool* (1892); and *The Greater Glory* (1894). This last, although written and revised in 1891-92, did not appear in *Temple Bar* until 1893-94. Early in the same year it was published in three volumes, and afterward in one. It was introduced to America by *The Outlook*, and has been added in two volumes to the Tauchnitz Library. His other books are *A Question of Taste* (1891), and *My Lady Nobody* (1895). The works are originally written in English; many of them have, however, been translated into his native Dutch.

The Boston Times, in speaking of his work, says: "The style is realistic and intense, and there is a constantly underlying current of subtle humor."

The Daily Telegraph of London thinks his books "full of local color and rich in quaint phraseology and suggestion." *The Graphic* says: "His are sin-

gularly powerful and original studies, . . . exceedingly dramatic characters, . . . full of pathos;" *The Manchester Examiner* that he has "qualities of imagination which Dutch art hardly ever achieves save on the canvases of Rembrandt." The London *Saturday Review* recognizes "an epigrammatic force which would make palatable less interesting stories of human lives, or ones less deftly told."

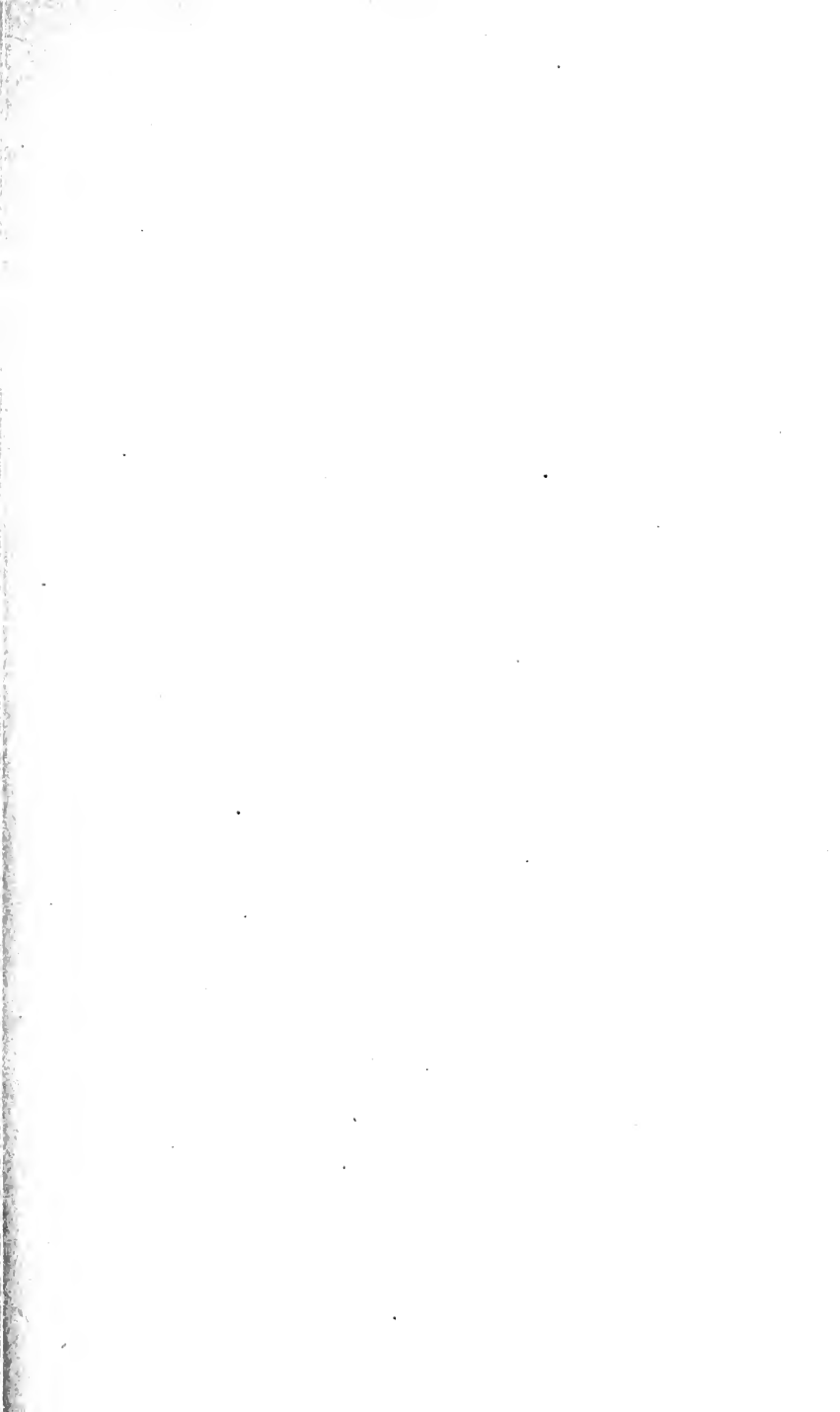
SUZANNA.

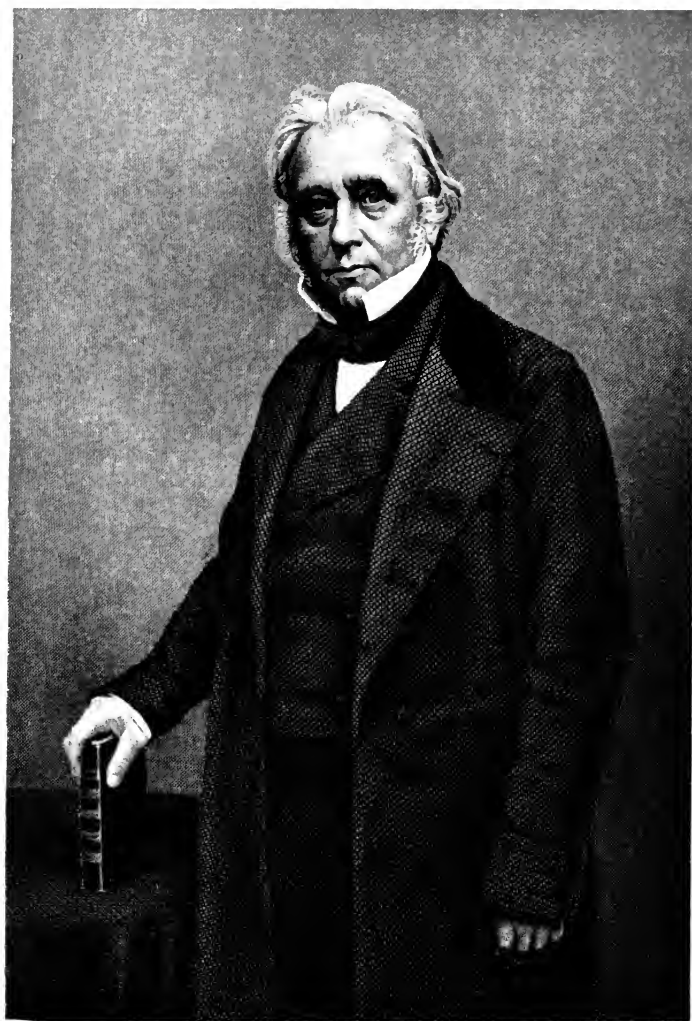
It was on a golden summer evening—a long June sunset, soft and silent—that Mephisto crept into the quiet old heart of Suzanna Varelkamp. She was sitting in the low veranda of her cottage, with her gray knitting in her hands. She always had that gray knitting in her hands. If it rested on her knees for one brief moment, her friends could tell you that some singularly difficult question—probably of abstruse theology, or else about the linen-basket or the preserves—was troubling Suzanna's mind. Suzanna was a woman of industrious repose. She loved her God and her store cupboard. She did not, as a rule, love her neighbor overmuch; little unpleasantnesses in connection with the overhanging apples, or Suzanna's darling cat, were apt to intervene and stifle the seeds of dutifully nurtured benevolence. The gentle laburnum at her side was slowly gliding over in the sinking sunlight, fragile and drooping; and a little lackadaisical, very unlike the natty old woman bolt upright in her basket-chair. Just across the road, a knot of poplars quivered to the still air; and in the pale, far heaven companies of swallows circled with rapid, aimless swoops. Nature was slowly, tranquilly, dreamingly, deliciously settling itself to sleep; silent already but for a blackbird shrilling excitedly through the jasmine bushes by the porch.

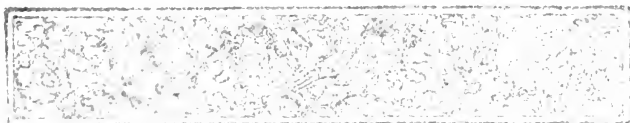
Another bird woke up at that moment and cried out from Suzanna's bed-room through all the quiet little house—that it was half-past seven. Mejuuffrouw Varel-

kamp began to wonder why Betje did not bring out the "tea-water."

Somebody was coming up the quiet road, a Dutch road, straight and tidy, avenue-like, between its double border of majestic beeches; somebody whose walk sounded unrhythmic through the stillness; two people, evidently, and not walking in step, these two; one with a light, light-hearted swing, the other with a melancholy thump, and a little skip to make it good again. But their whistling, the sweet, low whistling of an old Reformed psalm tune, was in better unison than their walking. The whistlers came into sight before they had finished many lines. They stopped suddenly upon perceiving the old lady under the veranda, and both took off their hats. Betje had brought out the tea-things meanwhile, triumphantly, under cover of the minister's presence: the shining copper peat-stove and the costly little Japanese teacups, not much larger than a thimble, on their lacquered tray. "Take away the tea-stove, Betje," said Suzanna, "the peat smells." She said so, every now and then—once a week, perhaps—being firmly convinced of the truth of her assertion; and Betje, who never believed her, and who never smelled anything under carbolic acid, whisked away the bright pail and kettle from beside her mistress's chair and brought them back again unaltered. "Come in, Jakob," said Suzanna. "Not you, Arnout. You can go down to the village and fetch me a skein of my dark-gray wool. You know which! You know which!" The young man had grown up with the dark-gray wool, and the light-gray wool, and the blue wool for a border. Ten stivers, twelve stivers, fourteen stivers. He touched his hat slightly—he was always courteous to his aunt—and strolled away down the green highway into the shadows and the soft, warm sunset, taking up as he went the old psalm-tune that had been on his lips before. It was into this calm, green paradise of an old maid's heart—a paradise of straight gravel-paths, and clipped box-trees, and neat dahlia beds—that soft Mephisto crept.—*From An Old Maid's Love.*







MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON (raised to the peerage in 1857, under the title "Baron Macaulay of Rothley"), an English historian and historical biographer at Rothley in Leicestershire. Born October 3, 1800; died at Kensington, London, December 28, 1859. His father, Thomas Macaulay, was a West Indian merchant and lawyer of the law courts. The son was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, at the age of eighteen and won high honors, taking his Bachelor's degree in 1820 and his Master's in 1822. He was called to the bar in 1826.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

Photogravure — From an engraving after a photograph.

Specially re-engraved for the Ridpath Library.

Quarterly Magazine, a monthly periodical, of which only a few numbers were issued. Among his contributions in verse were the ballads *Walter Scott* and *Imy*, and notable prose pieces the imaginary *Confessions of a Peer of England*, *Abraham Cowley and His Age*, *John Bull*, *The Great Civil War*, and *John Bull's Travels*. His most influential work, *History of England*, was published in 1849. Macaulay's *History of England* was a landmark in the history of English literature, and it is still one of the most popular and widely read of all our historical works. It is a masterpiece of literary art, and its influence on the English mind is incalculable. It is a work of genius, and its influence on the English mind is incalculable. It is a work of genius, and its influence on the English mind is incalculable.



LESLIE M. ROYALTY

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MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON (raised to the peerage in 1857, under the title, "Baron Macaulay of Rothley"), an English statesman and historian, born at Rothley in Leicestershire, October 25, 1800; died at Kensington, London, December 28, 1859. His father, Zachary Macaulay, was a West Indian merchant noted for his philanthropy. The son was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, at the age of eighteen, and won high honors, taking his Bachelor's degree in 1822, and his Master's degree in 1825. He was called to the bar in 1826, though he never more than nominally entered upon legal practice. As early as 1823 he began to contribute, in prose and verse, to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, a brilliant periodical, of which only a few numbers were issued. Among his contributions in verse were the ballads of *Moncontour* and *Ivry*, and notable among his prose pieces the imaginary *Conversation between Mr. Abraham Cowley and Mr. John Milton, touching the Great Civil War*, which he himself regarded as not inferior to anything which he ever afterward wrote. Macaulay's connection with the *Edinburgh Review* began in 1825. This connection with the *Edinburgh Review* lasted, with occasional interruptions, about twenty years, the last being that on "The Earl of Chatham" (October, 1844). There are in all about forty of these articles in the

Edinburgh Review, several of which, however, are not included in the collection of his *Miscellanies*, made by himself. Between 1853 and 1859 Macaulay furnished to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* biographico-critical articles upon Atterbury, Bunyan, Goldsmith, Johnson, and Pitt.

The strictly political life of Macaulay dates from 1830, when he was brought into Parliament by the Marquis of Lansdowne as member for his "pocket borough" of Calne, and at once took an important part in public affairs. There is no salary attached to a membership in Parliament. Macaulay's father had become financially embarrassed, and he was the actual supporter of his younger brother and sisters. He, however, received somewhat lucrative Government posts, but these were dependent upon the continuance of his party in power. In 1833 it became probable that the Whigs must soon retire from power; and an offer was made to Macaulay to go out to India as a member of the Supreme Council, the special work expected of him being to draw up a new Penal Code for India, which it was thought would occupy about five years. The salary of the position was £10,000 a year, out of which he could save fully one-half. He resigned his seat in Parliament, and went to India in 1834, accompanied by his sister Hannah, who became the wife of Mr. Trevelyan, who was attached to the Civil Service of India. The code was completed in four years, and Macaulay, whose health had suffered from the climate, returned to England in 1838, bringing with him a fair competence, which was con-

siderably augmented by an unexpected legacy from a wealthy kinsman.

In 1839 he was returned to Parliament for Edinburgh, and was appointed Secretary of War in the Melbourne Cabinet. The Ministry went out in 1841. Upon the return of the Whigs to power, in 1845, Macaulay was made Paymaster-General. He remained a Member of Parliament for Edinburgh until 1847. A strong feeling of hostility had in the meanwhile grown up against him, caused mainly by his support of the grant made to the Maynooth Roman Catholic College. The various elements of opposition combined against him, and at the general election in August, 1847, he was signally defeated. This defeat was a matter of deep mortification to him; but on the next morning he wrote—or probably commenced to write—a poem which ranks high among his poems. This poem, which tells its own story, was not, we believe, written with any design of publication, and was not published until many years after the death of Macaulay:

THE BIRTH-BLESSING.

The day of tumult, strife, defeat was o'er ;
Worn out with toil, and noise, and scorn, and spleen
I slumbered, and in slumber saw once more
A room in an old mansion, long unseen.

That room, methought, was curtained from the light ;
Yet through the curtains shone the moon's cold ray
Full on a cradle where, in linen white,
Sleeping life's first soft sleep, an infant lay.

Pale flickered on the hearth the dying flame,
And all was silent in that ancient hall,

Save when by fits on the low night-wind came
The murmur of the distant waterfall.

And lo! the Fairy Queens who rule our birth
Drew nigh to speak the new-born baby's doom :
With noiseless step, which left no trace on earth,
From gloom they came, and vanished into gloom.

Not deigning on the boy a glance to cast,
Swept careless by the gorgeous Queen of Gain ;
More scornful still, the Queen of Fashion passed,
With mincing gait, and sneer of cold disdain.

The Queen of Power tossed high her jewelled head,
And o'er her shoulder threw a wrathful frown ;
The Queen of Pleasure on his pillow shed
Scarce one stray rose-leaf from her fragrant crown.

Still Fay in long procession followed Fay ;
And still the little couch remained unblest :
But when those wayward sprites had passed away
Came One, the last, the mightiest and the best.

Oh, glorious Lady, with the eyes of light,
And laurels clustering round thy lofty brow,
Who by the cradle's side did'st watch that night,
Warbling a sweet, strange music—who wast thou ?

“ Yes, darling ; let them go ; ” so ran the strain :
“ Yes ; let them go—Gain, Fashion, Pleasure, Power,
And all the busy elves to whose domain
Belongs the nether sphere, the fleeting hour.

“ Without one envious sigh, one anxious scheme,
The nether world, the fleeting hour resign :
Mine is the world of Thought, the world of Dream ;
Mine all the Past, and all the Future mine.

“ Fortune, that lays in sport the mighty low,
Age that to penance turns the joys of youth,
Shall leave untouched the gifts which I bestow—
The sense of Beauty and the thirst of Truth.

“Of the fair brotherhood who share my grace,
I, from thy natal hour, pronounce thee free;
And if for some I keep a nobler place,
I keep for none a happier than for thee.

“There are who, while to vulgar eyes they seem
Of all my bounties largely to partake,
Of me as of some rival’s handmaid deem,
And count me but for Gain’s, Power’s, Fashion’s sake.

“To such—though deep their lore, though wide their
fame—
Shall my great mysteries be all unknown :
But thou—through good and evil, praise and blame—
Wilt thou not love me for myself alone ?

“Yes ; thou wilt love me with exceeding love
And I will tenfold all that love repay ;
Still smiling, though the timid may reprove ;
Still faithful, though the trusted may betray.

“For aye mine emblem was, and aye shall be,
The ever-’during plant whose bough I wear,
Brightest and greenest then, when every tree
That blossoms in the light of Time is bare.

“In the dark hours of shame I deigned to stand
Before the frowning peers at Bacon’s tide ;
On a far shore I smoothed with tender hand,
Through months of pain, the sleepless bed of Hyde.

“I brought the wise and good of ancient days
To cheer the cell where Raleigh pined alone ;
I lighted Milton’s darkness with the blaze
Of the bright ranks that guard the eternal throne.

“And so, my child, it is my pleasure
That thou not then alone shouldst feel me nigh,
When, in domestic bliss and studious leisure,
The weeks uncounted come, uncounted fly ;

“Not then alone when myriads closely prest
Around thy ear the shout of triumph raise ;

Nor when, in gilded drawing-rooms, thy breast
 Swells at the sweeter sound of woman's praise.

"No : when on restless night dawns cheerless morrow,
 When weary soul and aching body pine,
 Thine am I still, in danger, sickness, sorrow,
 In conflict, obloquy, want, exile, thine ;

"Thine, when on mountain waves the snow-birds
 scream,
 Where more than Thule's winter barbs the breeze,
 Where scarce, through lowering clouds, one sickly
 gleam
 Lights the drear May day of Antarctic seas ;

"Thine, when around the litter's track all day
 White sand-hills shall reflect the blinding glare ;
 Thine, when, through forests breathing death thy way
 All night shall wind by many a tiger's lair.

"Thine most, when friends turn pale, when traitors fly,
 When, hard beset, thy spirit, justly proud,
 For Truth, Peace, Freedom, Mercy, dares defy
 A sullen priesthood and a raving crowd.

"Amidst the din of all things fell and vile,
 Hate's yell, and Envy's hiss, and Folly's bray,
 Remember me ; and with an unforced smile
 See riches, baubles, flatterers, pass away.

"Yes : they will pass away ; nor deem it strange :
 They come and go, as comes and goes the sea ;
 And let them come and go : thou, through all change,
 Fix thy firm gaze on virtue and on me."

From early childhood Macaulay wrote not merely verse, but genuine poetry. But poetry was merely an episode in his literary career. He indeed made one effort upon a considerable scale, and with such marked success that he never cared to repeat it. In 1842, while his party was in Op-

position, and he held no laborious political office, he put forth the *Lays of Ancient Rome*, in which he undoubtedly presented a fair reproduction of the tone and spirit of the ancient Latian heroic ballads, chanted before the poetry of Rome had come to be an imitation of that of Greece. "The Battle of the Lake Regillus," the longest of these *Lays*, consists of forty stanzas, of which we quote only the legend of the appearance of the great deified Twin Brethren who turned the issue of that fierce fight in favor of the Romans.

THE GREAT TWIN BRETHERN AT THE BATTLE OF THE
LAKE REGILLUS.

31.

And Aulus the Dictator strokes Auster's raven mane ;
With heed he looked unto the girths, with heed unto
the rein ;
" Now bear me well, Black Auster, into yon thick array ;
And thou and I will have revenge for thy good lord to-
day ! "

32.

So spake he ; and was buckling tighter Black Auster's
band,
When he was aware of a princely pair that rode at his
right hand.
So like they were, no mortal might one from other
know.
White as snow their armor was, their steeds were white
as snow.
Never on earthly anvil did such rare armor gleam ;
And never did such gallant steeds drink of an earthly
stream.

33.

And all who saw them trembled, and pale grew every
cheek ;
And Aulus the Dictator scarce gathered voice to speak.

“ Say by what name men call you ? What city is your home ?
 And wherefore ride ye in such guise before the ranks of Rome ? ”

34.

“ By many names men call us ; in many lands we dwell ;
 Well Samothracia knows us ; Cyrene knows us well.
 Our house in gay Tarentum is hung each morn with
 flowers ;
 High o'er the masts of Syracuse our marble portal
 towers ;
 But by the proud Eurotas is our dear native home :—
 And for the right we come to fight before the ranks of
 Rome.”

35.

So answered these strange horsemen, and each couched
 low his spear ;
 And forthwith all the ranks of Rome were bold and of
 good cheer.
 And on the Thirty Armies came wonder and affright ;
 And Ardea wavered on the left, and Cora on the
 right—
 “ Rome to the charge ! ” cried Aulus ; “ the foe begins
 to yield ;
 Charge for the hearth of Vesta ! charge for the Golden
 Shield !
 Let no man stop to plunder, but slay, and slay, and
 slay !
 The gods, who live for ever, are on our side to-day ! ”

36.

Then the fierce trumpet-flourish from earth to heaven
 arose ;
 The kites know well the long, stern swell that bids the
 Romans close.
 Then the good sword of Aulus was lifted up to slay ;
 Then, like a crag of Apennine, rushed Auster through
 the fray.
 But under those strange horsemen still thicker lay the
 slain ;

And after those strange horses Black Auster toiled in
vain.

Behind them Rome's long battle came rolling on the
foe—

Ensigns dancing wild above, blades all in line below.
So comes the Po in flood-time upon the Celtic plain ;
So comes the squall, blacker than night, upon the
Adrian main.

Now, by our Sirè Quirinius, it was a goodly sight
To see the thirty standards sweep down the tide of
flight.

So flies the spray of Adria, when the black squall doth
blow ;

So corn-sheaves in the flood-time spin down the whirl-
ing Po.

False Sextus to the mountains turned fast his horse's
head ;

And fast fled Ferentinum, and fast Circeium fled.

The horseman of Nomentum spurred hard out of the
fray ;

The footman of Veletræ threw spear and shield away.

And under foot were trampled, amidst the mud and gore,
The banners of proud Tusculum, that never stooped
before.

And down went Flavius Faustus, who led his stately
ranks

From where the apple-blossoms wave on Anio's echoing
banks ;

And Tullus of Arpinum, chief of the Volscian aids ;

And Metius, with the long, fair curls, the lover of Anx-
ur's maids ;

And the white head of Vulso, the great Arician seer ;

And Nepos of Laurentium, the hunter of the deer.

And in the back false Sextus felt the good Roman steel ;

And wriggling in the dust he died, like a worm beneath
the wheel :

And flyers and pursuers were mingled in a mass :

And far away the battle went roaring through the pass.

37-

Sempronius Atratinus sate in the eastern gate ;

Beside him were three Fathers, each in his chair of state :

Fabius, whose nine stout grandsons that day were in
 field ;
 And Manlius, the eldest of the Twelve who kept the
 Golden Shield ;
 And Sergius, the High Pontiff, for wisdom far re-
 nowned—
 In all Etruria's colleges was no such Pontiff found.—
 And all around the portal, and high above the wall,
 Stood a great throng of people—but sad and silent all :
 Young lads, and stooping elders that might not bear
 the mail ;
 Matrons with lips that quivered, and maids with faces
 pale.
 Since the first gleam of daylight, Sempronius had not
 ceased
 To listen for the rustling of horse-hoofs from the east.
 The mist of eve was rising, the sun was hastening down,
 When he was aware of a princely pair fast pricking to-
 ward the town.
 So like they were, man never saw twins so like before ;
 Red with gore their armor was, their steeds were red
 with gore.

38.

“ Hail to the great Asylum ! hail to the hill-tops seven !
 Hail to the fire that burns for aye, and to the shield
 that fell from heaven !
 This day, by Lake Regillus, under the Porcian height,
 All in the lands of Tusculum, was fought a glorious
 fight.
 To-morrow your Dictator shall bring in triumph home
 The spoils of thirty cities to deck the shrines of Rome ! ”

39.

Then burst from that great concourse a shout that
 shook the towers ;
 And some ran north and some ran south, crying, “ The
 day is ours ! ”
 But on rode those strange horsemen, with slow and
 lordly pace ;
 And none who saw their bearing durst ask their name
 or race.

On rode they to the Forum, while laurel-boughs and
flowers,
From house-tops and from windows, fell on their crests
in showers.
When they drew nigh to Vesta, they vaulted down
again,
And washed their horses in the well that springs from
Vesta's fame.
And straight again they mounted, and rode to Vesta's
door ;
Then, like a blast, away they passed, and no man saw
them more.

40.

And all the people trembled, and pale grew every
cheek ;
And Sergius the High Pontiff alone found voice to
speak :
“ The gods who live forever have fought for Rome to-
day !
These be the Great Twin Brethren to whom the
Dorians pray.
Back comes the chief in triumph, who in the hour of
fight
Hath seen the Great Twin Brethren in harness on his
right.
Safe comes the ship to haven, through billows and
through gales,
If once the Great Twin Brethren sit shining on the
sails.
Wherefore they washed their horses in Vesta's holy
well,
Wherefore they rode to Vesta's door, I know—but may
not tell—
Here, hard by Vesta's temple, build we a stately
dome
Unto the Great Twin Brethren who fought so well for
Rome.
And when the months returning bring back this day of
fight,
The proud Ides of Quintilis, marked evermore with
white,

Unto the Great Twin Brethren let all the people throng,
 With chaplets and with offerings, with music and with
 song ;
 And let the doors and windows be hung with garlands
 all ;
 And let the Knights be summoned to Mars without the
 wall ;
 Thence let them ride in purple, with joyous trumpet-
 sound,
 Each mounted on his war-horse, and each with olive
 crowned ;
 And pass in solemn order before the sacred dome,
 Where dwell the Great Twin Brethren who fought so
 well for Rome."

—*Lays of Ancient Rome.*

It is interesting to compare this stirring Latian lay, written by Macaulay at the age of forty-two, with the hardly less stirring Huguenot ballad of "The Battle of Ivry," written some twenty years before.

THE BATTLE OF IVRY.

[Fought March 14, 1590, when Henry IV., the Huguenot King of Navarre, gained a decisive victory over his Catholic opponents of the League, headed by the Duke of Mayenne.]

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories
 are !
 And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Na-
 varre !
 Now let there be merry sound of music and the dance,
 Through thy cornfields green and sunny vines, O pleas-
 ant land of France !
 And thou Rochelle—our own Rochelle—proud city of
 the waters,
 Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning
 daughters :
 As thou wert constant in our ill, be joyous in our joy ;
 For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy
 walls annoy.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! a single field hath turned the chance
of war !

Hurrah ! hurrah ! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre !

Oh ! how our hearts were beating when, at the dawn of
day,

We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array ;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzell's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish
spears.

There rode the brood of false Lorraine—the curses of our
land ;

And dark Mayenne was in their midst, a truncheon in
his hand :

And as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's em-
purpled flood,

And good Coligny's hoary hair all dabbled with his
blood ;

And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of
war,

To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant
crest ;

He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye ;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern
and high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing
to wing,

Down all our line a deafening shout, "God save our
lord, the King !" —

"And if my standard-bearer fall—as fall full well he
may,

For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—

Press where ye see my white plume shine amidst the
ranks of war,

And be your oriflamb to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah ! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring
culverin !

The fiery Duke is pricking fast across St. André's
 plain,
 With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Al-
 mayne !
 'Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of
 France,
 Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the
 lance !"—
 A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears
 in rest,
 A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-
 white crest ;
 And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a
 guiding star,
 Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of
 Navarre.

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

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for
 France to-day ;
 And many a lordly banner God gave them for a
 prey.



HENRY OF NAVARRE.

“ A thousand knights are pressing close ”

A. de Neuville

But we of the Religion have borne us best in fight ;
And the good lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet
white ;
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en—
The cornet white with crosses black—the flag of false
Lorraine :
Up with it high, unfurl it wide, that all the world may
know
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought
His Church such woe.
Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loud-
est point of war,
Fling the red shreds, a foot-cloth meet for Henry of
Navarre.

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

We believe that Macaulay's high place in the literature of our language will be determined not by his *Lays of Ancient Rome*, not even by his *History of England*, so much as by his *Essays*, to which, more than to anything else, is to be ascribed the new lease of life which the *Edinburgh Review*

had for a score of years. The first of these contributions which can be positively identified was that on "Milton" (April, 1825), the last that on "The Earl of Chatham" (October, 1844). We give extracts from a few of these *Essays*, in the order of their publication.

JOHN HAMPDEN.

He had indeed left none his like behind him. There still remained indeed in his party many acute intellects, many eloquent tongues, many brave and honest hearts. There still remained a rugged and clownish soldier, half fanatic, half buffoon, whose talents, discerned as yet by only one penetrating eye, were equal to all the highest duties of the soldier and the prince. But in Hampden, and in Hampden alone, were united all the qualities which at such a crisis were necessary to save the State—the valor and energy of Cromwell, the discernment and eloquence of Vane, the humanity and moderation of Manchester, the stern integrity of Hale, the ardent public spirit of Sydney.

Others might possess all the qualities which were necessary to save the popular party in the crisis of danger; Hampden alone had both the power and the inclination to restrain its excesses in the hour of triumph. Others could conquer; he alone could reconcile. A heart as bold as his brought up the cuirassiers who turned the tide of battle on Marston Moor. As skilful an eye as his watched the Scotch army descending from the heights over Dunbar. But it was when to the sullen tyranny of Laud and Charles had succeeded the fierce conflict of sects and factions, ambitious of ascendancy and burning for revenge, it was when the vices and ignorance which the old tyranny had generated threatened the new freedom with destruction, that England missed the sobriety, the self-command, the perfect soundness of judgment, the perfect rectitude of intention, to which the history of revolution furnishes no parallel, or furnishes a parallel in Washington alone.—*Edinburgh Review, December, 1831.*

SPAIN AT THE CLOSE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

The Spanish empire was still, in outward appearance, great and magnificent. The European dominions subject to the last feeble prince of the House of Austria were far more extensive than those of Louis XIV. The American dependencies of the Castilian crown still extended far to the south of Capricorn. But within this immense body there was an incurable decay, an utter want of tone, an utter prostration of strength. An ingenious and diligent population, eminently skilled in arts and manufactures, had been driven into exile by stupid and remorseless bigots. The glory of the Spanish pencil had departed with Velasquez and Murillo. The splendid age of Spanish literature had departed with Solis and Calderon.

During the seventeenth century many states had formed great military establishments. But the Spanish army, so formidable under the command of Alva and Farnese, had dwindled away to a few thousand men, ill-paid and ill-disciplined. England, Holland, and France had great navies. But the Spanish navy was scarcely equal to the tenth part of that mighty force which, in the time of Philip II., had been the terror of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. The arsenals were deserted. The magazines were unprovided. The frontier fortresses were ungarrisoned. The police was utterly inefficient for the protection of the people. Murders were committed in the face of day with perfect impunity. Braves and discarded serving-men with swords at their sides swaggered every day through the most public streets and squares of the capital, disturbing the public peace, and setting at defiance the ministers of justice.

The finances were in dreadful disorder. The people paid much, the Government received little. The American viceroys and the farmers of the revenue became rich, while the merchants broke, while the peasantry starved, while the body-servants of the sovereign remained unpaid, while the soldiers of the royal guard repaired daily to the doors of the con-

vents, and battled there with the crowd of beggars for a porringer of broth and a morsel of bread. Every remedy which was tried aggravated the disease. The currency was altered; and this frantic measure produced its never-failing effects. It destroyed all credit, and increased the misery which it was intended to relieve. The American gold—to use the words of Ortiz—was to the necessities of the State but as a drop of water to the lips of a man raging with thirst.

Heaps of unopened dispatches accumulated in the offices, while the Ministers were concerting with bed-chamber women and Jesuits the means of tripping up each other. Every foreign power could plunder and insult with impunity the heir of Charles V. Into such a state had the mighty kingdom of Spain fallen, while one of its smallest dependencies, a country not so large as the province of Estremadura or Andalusia, situated under an inclement sky, and preserved only by artificial means from the inroads of the ocean, had become a power of the first class, and treated on terms of equality with the Courts of London and Versailles.—*Edinburgh Review*, January, 1833.

LIMITATIONS OF THE FUNCTIONS OF CIVIL GOVERNMENT.

We do not extenuate the evil which the heresiarch produces; but we say that it is not evil of that sort against which it is the end of government to guard. But how Mr. Gladstone, who considers the evil which the heresiarch produces as evil of the sort against which it is the end of the Government to guard, can escape from the obvious consequences of his doctrine, we do not understand. The world is full of parallel cases. An orange-woman stops up the pavement with her wheelbarrow, and a policeman takes her into custody. A miser who has amassed a million suffers an old friend and benefactor to die in a workhouse, and cannot be questioned before any tribunal for his baseness and ingratitude. Is it because legislators think the orange-woman's conduct worse than the miser's? Not at all. It is because the stopping up of the pathway is one of the evils against which it is the business of the public

authorities to protect society ; and heartlessness is not one of those evils. It would be the height of folly to say that the miser ought indeed to be punished, but he ought to be punished less severely than the orange-woman.

The heretical Constantius persecutes Athanasius ; and why not ? Shall Cæsar punish the robber who has taken one purse, and spare the wretch who has taught millions to rob the Creator of his honor, and to bestow it on the creature ? The orthodox Theodosius persecutes the Arians, and with equal reason. Shall an insult offered to the Cæsarean majesty be expiated with death ; and shall there be no penalty for him who degrades to the rank of a creature the Almighty, the infinite Creator ? We have a short answer to both : To Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's. Cæsar is appointed for the punishment of robbers and rebels. He is not appointed for the purpose of either propagating or exterminating the doctrine of the consubstantiality of the Father and the Son.

Not so, says Mr. Gladstone. Cæsar is bound in conscience to propagate whatever he thinks to be the truth as to this question. Constantius is bound to establish the Arian worship throughout the empire, and to displace the bravest captains of his legions, and the ablest ministers of his treasury, if they hold the Nicene faith. Theodosius is equally bound to turn out every public servant whom his Arian predecessors have put in. But if Constantius lays on Athanasius a fine of a single *aureus*, if Theodosius imprisons an Arian presbyter for a week, this is most unjustifiable oppression. Our readers will be curious to know how this distinction is made out. Mr. Gladstone says :

“ We, as fallible creatures, have no right, from any bare speculations of our own, to administer pains and penalties to our fellow-creatures, whether on social or religious grounds. We have the right to enforce the laws of the land by such pains and penalties, because it is expressly given by Him who has declared that the civil rulers are to bear the sword for the punishment of evil-doers, and for the encouragement of them that do well. And so, in things spiritual, had it pleased God to give to the Church or the State this power, to be permanently exercised over their members, or mankind at large, we should have the right to use it, but it does not appear to have been so received, and consequently it should not be exercised.”

We should be sorry to think that the security of our lives and property from persecution rested on no better ground than this. Is not a teacher of heresy an evil-doer? Has not heresy been condemned in many countries—and in our own among them—by the laws of the land, which, as Mr. Gladstone says, it is justifiable to enforce by penal sanctions? If a heretic is not specially mentioned in the text to which Mr. Gladstone refers, neither is an assassin, a kidnapper, nor a highwayman; and if the silence of the New Testament as to all interference of governments to stop the progress of heresy be a reason for not finding or imprisoning heretics, it is surely just as good a reason for not excluding them from office.—*Edinburgh Review, April, 1839.*

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

There is not, and there never was, on this earth a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy, and the republic of Venice is gone and the Papacy remains.

The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and useful vigor. The Catholic world is still sending forth missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustin, and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in

the New World have more than compensated for what she has lost in the Old. Her spiritual ascendancy extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of the Missouri and Cape Horn—countries which a century hence may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe. The members of her communion are certainly not less than 150 millions; and it will be difficult to show that all other Christian sects united amount to 120 millions.

Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great before the Saxon set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine; when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch; when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.—*Edinburgh Review, October, 1840.*

FREDERICK THE GREAT OF PRUSSIA.

Had the Silesian question been merely a question between Frederick and Maria Theresa, it would be impossible to acquit the Prussian King of gross perfidy. But when we consider the effects which his policy produced, and could not fail to produce, on the whole community of civilized nations, we are compelled to pronounce a condemnation still more severe. Till he began the war it seemed possible—even probable—that the peace of the world would be preserved. The plunder of the great Austrian heritage was indeed a strong temptation; and in more than one Cabinet ambitious schemes were already meditated. But the treaties by which the Pragmatic Sanction had been guaranteed were express and recent. To throw all Europe into confusion, for a purpose clearly unjust, was no light matter. It might not unreasonably be expected that, after a

short period of restlessness, all the potentates of Christendom would acquiesce in the arrangements made by the late Emperor.

But the selfish rapacity of the King of Prussia gave the signal to his neighbors. His example quieted their sense of shame. His success led them to underrate the difficulty of dismembering the Austrian monarchy. On the head of Frederick is all the blood which was shed in a war which raged during many years in every quarter of the globe—the blood of the columns of Fontenoy, the blood of the mountaineers who were slaughtered at Culloden. The evils produced by his wickedness were felt in lands where the name of Prussia was unknown; and in order that he might rob a neighbor whom he had promised to defend black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America.—*Edinburgh Review*, April, 1842.

BERTRAND BARÈRE.

We have read M. Hippolyte Carnot's *Mémoires de Bertrand Barère* and compared them with other accounts of the events in which Barère bore a part. It is now our duty to express the opinion to which this investigation has led us. Our opinion is this: That Barère approached nearer than any person mentioned in history or fiction—whether man or devil—to the idea of consummate and universal depravity. In him the qualities which are the proper objects of hatred, and the qualities which are the proper objects of contempt, preserve an exquisite and absolute harmony. In almost every particular sort of wickedness he has had rivals. His sensuality was immoderate; but this was a failing common to him with many great and amiable men. There have been many men as cowardly as he, some as cruel, a few as mean, a few as impudent. There may also have been as great liars, though we never met with them or read of them. But when we put everything together—sensuality, poltroonery, baseness, effrontery, mendacity, barbarity—the result is something which in a novel we should condemn as a caricature, and to which, we venture to say, no parallel can be found in history. . . .

We turn with disgust from the filthy and spiteful Yahoos of fiction; and the filthiest and most spiteful Yahoo of fiction was a noble creature when compared with the Barère of history. But what is no pleasure M. Hippolyte Carnot has made a duty. It is no light thing that a man in high and honorable public trust, a man who, from his connections and position, may not un-naturally be supposed to speak the sentiments of a large class of his countrymen, should come forward to demand approbation for a life black with every sort of wickedness, and unredeemed by a single virtue. This M. Hippolyte Carnot has done. By attempting to enshrine this Jacobin carrion he has forced us to gibbet it; and we venture to say that, from the eminence of infamy on which we have placed it, he will not easily take it down.—*Edinburgh Review, April, 1844.*

THE LAST DAYS OF THE EARL OF CHATHAM.

The Duke of Richmond had given notice of an address to the throne against the further prosecution of hostilities with America. Chatham had during some time absented himself from Parliament in consequence of his growing infirmities. He determined to appear in his place on this occasion (April 2, 1778) and to declare that his opinions were decidedly at variance with those of the Rockingham party. He was in a state of great excitement. His medical attendants were uneasy, and strongly advised him to calm himself, and remain at home. But he was not to be controlled. His son, William Pitt, and his son-in-law, Lord Mahon, accompanied him to Westminster.

He rested himself in the Chancellor's room till the debate commenced, and then, leaning on his two young relations, limped to his seat. The slightest particulars of that day were remembered, and have been carefully recorded. He bowed, it was remarked, with great courtliness to those Peers who rose to make way for him and his supporters. His crutch was in his hand. He wore, as was his fashion, a rich velvet coat. His legs were swathed in flannel. His wig was so large, and his face so emaciated, that none of his features could be

discerned, except the high curve of his nose, and his eyes, which still retained a gleam of the old fire.

When the Duke of Richmond had spoken, Chatham rose. For some time his voice was inaudible. At length his tones became distinct, and his action animated. Here and there his hearers caught a thought or an expression which reminded them of William Pitt. But it was clear that he was not himself. He lost the thread of his discourse, hesitated, repeated the same word several times, and was so confused that in speaking of the Act of Settlement he could not recall the name of the Electress Sophia. The House listened in solemn silence, and with the aspect of profound respect and compassion. The stillness was so deep that the dropping of a handkerchief would have been heard.

The Duke of Richmond replied with great tenderness and courtesy; but while he spoke the old man was observed to be restless and irritable. The Duke sat down. Chatham stood up again, pressed his hand on his breast, and sank down in an apoplectic fit. Three or four Lords who sat near him caught him in his fall. The House broke up in confusion. The dying man was carried to the residence of one of the officers of Parliament, and was so restored as to be able to bear a journey to Hayes. At Hayes, after lingering a few weeks, he expired, May 11, in his seventieth year. . . .

Chatham sleeps near the northern door of Westminster Abbey, in a spot which has ever since been appropriated to statesmen, as the other end of the same transept has long been to poets. Mansfield rests there, and the second William Pitt, and Fox, and Grattan, and Canning, and Wilberforce. In no other cemetery do so many great citizens lie within so narrow a space. High over these venerable graves towers the stately monument to Chatham, and from above, his effigy, graven by a cunning hand, seems still, with eagle face and outstretched arm, to bid England be of good cheer, and to hurl defiance to her foes. The generation which reared that memorial of him has disappeared. The time has come when the rash and indiscriminate judgments which his contemporaries passed on his character may be calmly revised by history. And history—while for the

warning of vehement, high, and daring natures, she notes his many errors—will yet deliberately pronounce that, among the eminent men whose bones lie near his, scarcely one has left a more stainless, and none a more splendid, name.—*Edinburgh Review*, October, 1844.

After losing his seat in Parliament, in 1847, Macaulay devoted himself to the preparation of his *History of England from the Accession of James II.*, a work which he had long had in contemplation, and upon which he had been for some time employed. Volumes I. and II., bringing the history down to the accession of William and Mary in 1688, appeared late in 1848. Volumes III. and IV., coming down to the death of Queen Mary in 1695, appeared in 1855. This was all of the *History* which was printed during the life of Macaulay. He had, however, completed about half of another volume, comprising two more years, and had made rough notes for the period down to the death of William III., in 1702. These, when fully written out, would probably have formed Volume V. This volume, thus incomplete, was published in 1861 by his sister, Lady Trevelyan. In the opening chapter of the *History* Macaulay sets forth what would have been its wide scope had he lived to complete it.

MACAULAY'S PLAN OF THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

I purpose to write the history of England from the accession of James the Second down to a time which is within the memory of men still living. I shall recount the errors which, in a few months, alienated a loyal gentry and priesthood from the House of Stuart. I shall trace the course of that revolution which terminated the long struggle between our sovereigns and

their Parliaments, and bound together the rights of the people and the title of the reigning dynasty. I shall relate how the new settlement was, during many troubled years, successfully defended against foreign and domestic enemies; how, under that settlement, the authority of law and the security of property were found to be compatible with a liberty of discussion and of individual action never before known; how, from the auspicious union of order and freedom, sprang a prosperity of which the annals of human affairs had furnished no example; how our country, from a state of ignominious vassalage, rapidly rose to the place of empire among European powers; how her opulence and martial glory grew together; how, by wise and resolute good faith, was gradually established a public credit fruitful of marvels which to the statesmen of any former age would have seemed incredible; how a gigantic commerce gave birth to a maritime power, compared to which every other maritime power, ancient or modern, sinks into insignificance; how Scotland, after ages of enmity, was at length united to England, not merely by legal bonds, but by indissoluble ties of interest and affection; how, in America, the British colonies rapidly became far mightier and wealthier than the realms which Cortez and Pizarro had added to the dominions of Charles the Fifth; how, in Asia, British adventurers founded an empire not less splendid and more durable than that of Alexander.

Nor will it be less my duty faithfully to record disasters mingled with triumphs, and great national crimes and follies far more humiliating than any disaster. It will be seen that even what we justly account our chief blessings were not without alloy. It will be seen that the system which effectually secured our liberties against the encroachments of kingly power gave birth to a new class of abuses from which absolute monarchies are exempt. It will be seen that, in consequence partly of unwise interference, and partly of unwise neglect, the increase of wealth and the extension of trade produced, together with immense good, some evils from which poor and rude societies are free. It will be seen how, in two important dependencies of the crown, wrong was followed by just retribution; how

imprudence and obstinacy broke the ties which bound the North American colonies to the parent state; how Ireland, cursed by the domination of race over race, and of religion over religion, remained indeed a member of the empire, but a withered and distorted member, adding no strength to the body politic, and reproachfully pointed at by all who feared or envied the greatness of England.

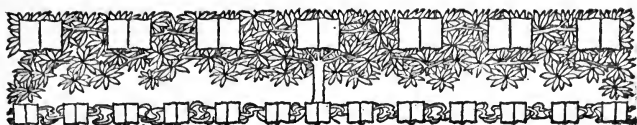
Yet, unless I greatly deceive myself, the general effect of this checkered narrative will be to excite thankfulness in all religious minds, and hope in the breasts of all patriots. For the history of our country during the last hundred and sixty years is eminently the history of physical, of moral, and of intellectual improvement. Those who compare the age on which their lot has fallen with a golden age which exists only in their imagination, may talk of degeneracy and decay: but no man who is correctly informed of the past will be disposed to take a morose or desponding view of the present.

I should very imperfectly execute the task which I have undertaken if I were merely to treat of battles and sieges, of the rise and fall of administrations, of intrigues in the palace, and of debates in the Parliament. It will be my endeavor to relate the history of the people as well as the history of the Government, to trace the progress of useful and ornamental arts, to describe the rise of religious sects, and the changes of literary taste, to portray the manners of successive generations, and not to pass by with neglect even the revolutions which have taken place in dress, furniture, repasts, and public amusements. I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history if I can succeed in placing before the English of the nineteenth century a true picture of the life of their ancestors.

A magnificent scheme, truly; but one which Macaulay must soon have been convinced could not be carried out by him even should his working years be extended to fourscore. The five volumes

of his *History* do not cover more than fifteen years, and there are fully one hundred and fifty years, from the accession of James the Second to the period down to which he purposed to bring his narrative ; so that at least fifty volumes would have been required for the work. As it was, during the years in which his physical condition was fairly good, he could produce only about half a volume a year. It would therefore have required a century in all, working at his best, to complete the task which he had set for himself.

Macaulay's active public life closed with his Edinburgh defeat in 1847. Five years later the Edinburgh electors indeed returned him to Parliament, and he occupied his seat for a few times, but took no active part in the proceedings of that body. He was raised to the peerage in 1857 ; but he took no part even in the debates which grew out of the Sepoy mutiny. His health had by this time come to be very feeble. He died suddenly, from an affection of the heart ; and was interred in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey. Besides numerous separate editions of his *Essays*, the *Lays of Ancient Rome*, the *History of England*, and a collection of his *Speeches*, a complete edition of his *Works*, in eight volumes, was edited by his sister, Lady Trevelyan (1866), and his *Life and Letters* by her son, George Otto Trevelyan (1875).



MACCLELLAND, MARGARET GREENWAY, an American novelist and poet, born at Norwood, on the James River, in the hill-country of Virginia; died there, August 2, 1895. She was educated in her native town, and lived there all her life. She was known to many as *par excellence* "The Virginia Novelist." Her scenes and characters, however, are drawn in North Carolina chiefly. She was one of the Southern writers who had been "impelled to fiction by the disasters of the Civil War and the great social changes which it brought about." Among her earlier compositions were *Mammy Mystic*, and *Old Ike's Memories*, a book of verses which appeared in 1884. In *Oblivion*, which was published in 1886, she showed her perfect command of the dialect of the mountaineers, and of the pathos and humor of their peculiar life. This was followed by *The Princess* (1886); *Jean Monteith* (1887), and *Madame Silva* (1888). Her later works were *Manitou Island*, *Burkett's Lock*, *St. John's Wooing*, and *The Old Post Road*.

"It is always a pleasure," says the *Critic*, "to find a new story by Miss MacClelland." "Without Miss Murfree's verbosity and continual digressions into irrelevant descriptions of natural beauties unnoticed by her actors," says a writer in the Boston *Literary World*, "Miss Mac-

Clelland's command of mountaineer dialect is equal to the Tennessee writer's, and she does not weary us with it." Another writer says that her style is clear-cut, her finish artistic, and her coloring piquant; and that her stories are filled with shrewd observation, comment, and picturing.

IN THE RAGING FLOOD.

The river rose, inch by inch, foot by foot, and the people waited breathless.

A sound from up by the bridge—a crashing and tearing and rending, high above the steady, monotonous roar of the water. The iron-work was giving away, was snapping like glass before the assault of the terrible battering-ram the flood was hurling against it. A house driven end-foremost against the pile of logs and *débris* already collected; a house with human beings—men, women, little children—on the roof, crouching, clinging in mortal terror to the very shingles, the wild wail of whose agony and fear rose high above the fury of the flood, as the house struck. The bridge parted, the hummock, freed at last, broke and floated down-stream in fragments; the house remained for a moment stationary, hung against the masonry of the middle pier. God! for power to save them! for strength to hold back the death-torrent! The house bent with the force of the current, recovered itself, bent again. Dick thrust himself in front of John, and held him forcibly back behind his broad shoulder; he *should not* see it. The flooring of the bridge gave way, the house swung round with a sudden lurch as it was caught by the unobstructed might of the torrent; one end, caught against the pier, held it; still it careened to one side more and more, the water was too strong, and it capsized slowly. A wail broke from the helpless spectators. Women cast their aprons over their faces and sobbed aloud, and men wrung their hands together and groaned.

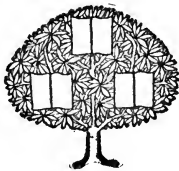
"Is there no end to tragedy? Something else comes floating down the death-stream, past the ruined bridge, in the wake of the house which had proved a sepulchre

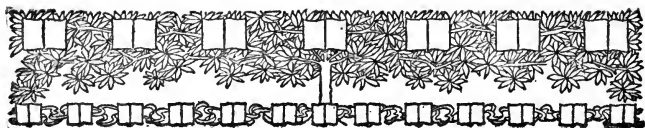
—a boat ; one of the kind peculiar to the rivers of the South, flat-bottomed, almost square at stem and stern, but raked so as to ride the water like a duck. In it stood a boy, waving his hands to them entreatingly, calling aloud in a voice inaudible to them, lost in the roar of the flood. As it neared they saw something white lying in the bottom of the boat huddled in a heap at the boy's feet.

"It's Charlie!" muttered John, hoarsely, and began to tear off his coat, forgetful of his fifty years and his eighteen-stone weight.

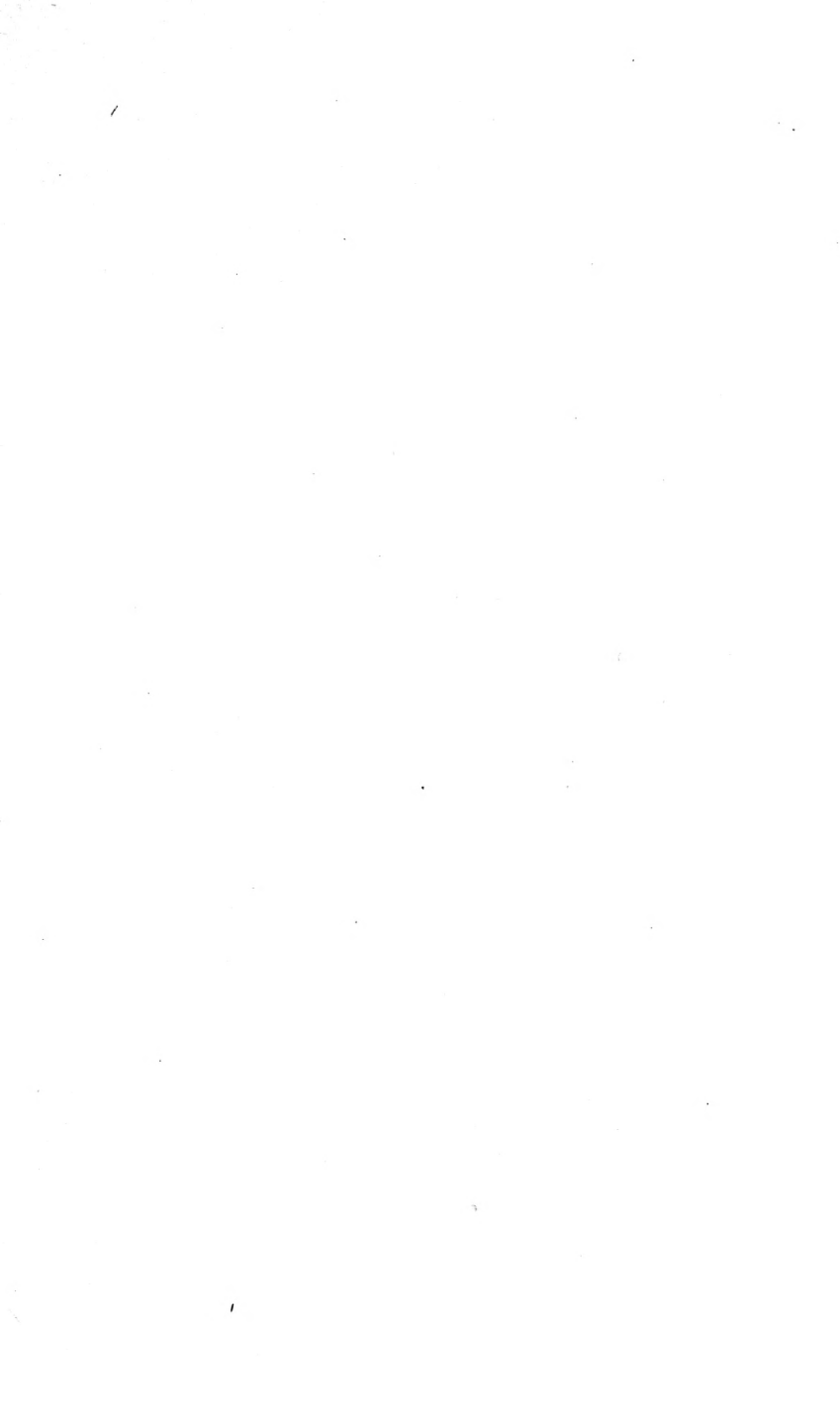
Dick caught him by the arm. "Hold on, John," he cried, "you can't do it, man; you'll be drowned afore you've gone fifty yards. Hand along that rope, Thrasher; and stand by, fellows, to haul in when I give the sign. I'm goin'."

And in less than a moment he was stripped to the trousers, had a rope fastened securely under his shoulders, and a knife between his teeth, to cut it if it should foul, and was up to his neck in the turbid flood.—
Oblivion.





MACDONALD, GEORGE, a Scottish poet and novelist, born at Huntly, Aberdeenshire, in 1824. He was educated at the University of Aberdeen, studied theology at the Independent College of London, and became an Independent minister. He soon resigned his ministry and began a literary life in London, and visited the United States on a lecturing tour. Afterward he and his family removed to Italy. His first work, a dramatic poem entitled *Within and Without*, appeared in 1856. It was followed by *A Hidden Life and Other Poems* (1857), and by *Phantastes, a Faerie Romance*, in 1858. Among his subsequent works are *David Elginbrod* (1862); *The Portent, a Story of Second Sight* (1864); *Alec Forbes of Howglen* (1865); *The Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood* (1866); *Guild Court* (1867); *The Disciple and other Poems* and *Robert Falconer* (1868); *Unspoken Sermons* (1869); *The Miracles* (1870); *The Vicar's Daughter* (1872); *Malcolm* (1874); *St. George and St. Michael* (1875); *Thomas Wingfield, Curate* (1876); *The Marquis of Lossie* (1877); *Paul Faber, Surgeon* (1879); *Mary Marston* (1881); *The Gifts of the Child Christ, and Other Poems* (1882); *Donald Grant* (1883); *What's Mine's Mine* (1886); *Home Again* (1887); *The Elect Lady* (1888); *There and Back* (1891); *A Rough Shaking* (1891); *Poems* (1893); *The Light Princess and other Fairy Tales* (1893); *Heather and Snow* (1893), and *Lilith* (1895).





“WHERE DID YOU COME FROM, BABY DEAR?”

Drawing by FAN THOMAS.

O THOU OF LITTLE FAITH !

Sad-hearted, be at peace ; the snowdrop lies
 Buried in sepulchre of ghastly snow ;
 But Spring is floating up the southern skies,
 And, darkling, the pale snowdrop waits below.

Let me persuade : in dull December's day
 We scarce believe there is a month of June ;
 But up the stairs of April and of May
 The hot sun climbeth to the Summer's moon.

Yet hear me : I love God, and half I rest.
 Oh, better ! God loves thee, so all rest thou.
 He is our Summer, our dim-*visioned* Best !—
 And in His heart thy prayer is resting now.

BABY.

Where did you come from, baby dear ?
 Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get those eyes so blue ?
 Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin ?
 Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear ?
 I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high ?
 A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose ?
 I saw something better than anyone knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss ?
 Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear ?
 God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands ?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things ?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you ?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, my dear ?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

IN THE BELL-TOWER.

Robert wandered about till he was so weary that his head ached with weariness. At length he came upon the open space before the cathedral, whence the poplar-spire rose aloft into a blue sky flecked with white clouds. It was near sunset, and he could not see the sun, but the upper half of the spire shone glorious in its radiance. From the top his eye sank to the base. In the base was a little door half-open. Might not that be the lowly, narrow entrance through the shadow up to the sun-filled air ? He drew near with a kind of tremor, for never before had he gazed upon visible grandeur growing out of the human soul, in the majesty of everlastingness—a tree of the Lord's planting. Where had been but an empty space of air and light and darkness, had risen, and had stood for ages, a mighty wonder, awful to the eye, solid to the hand. He peeped through the opening of the door ; there was the foot of a stair—marvellous as the ladder of Jacob's dream—turning away toward the unknown. He pushed the door and entered. A man appeared, and barred his advance. Robert put his hand in his pocket and drew out some silver. The man took one piece, looked at it, turned it over, put it in his pocket, and led the way up the stair. Robert followed, and followed, and followed.

He came out of stone walls upon an airy platform whence the spire ascended heavenward. His conductor led upward still, and he followed, winding within a spiral network of stone, through which all the

world looked in. Another platform, and yet another spire springing from its basement. Still up they went, and at length stood on a circle of stone surrounding like a coronet the last base of the spire, which lifted its apex untrudged. Then Robert turned and looked below. He grasped the stones before him. The loneliness was awful.

There was nothing between him and the roofs of the houses, four hundred feet below, but the spot where he stood. The whole city, with its red roofs, lay under him. He stood uplifted on the genius of the builder, and the town beneath him was a toy. The all but featureless flat spread forty miles on every side, and the roofs of the largest building below were as dove-cots. But the space between was alive with awe—so vast, so real!

He turned and descended, winding through the network of stone which was all between him and space. The object of the architect must have been to melt away the material from before the eyes of the spirit. He hung in the air in a cloud of stone. As he came in his descent within the ornaments of one of the basements, he found himself looking through two thicknesses of stone lace on the nearing city. Down there was the beast of prey and his victim; but for the moment he was above the region of sorrow. His weariness and his headache had vanished utterly. With his mind tossed on its own speechless delight, he was slowly descending still, when he saw on his left hand a door ajar. He would look what mystery lay within. A push opened it. He discovered only a little chamber lined with wood. In the centre stood something—a bench-like piece of furniture, plain and worn. He advanced a step; peered over the top of it; saw keys white and black; saw pedals below; it was an organ! Two strides brought him in front of it. A wooden stool, polished and hollowed with centuries of use, was before it. But where was the bellows? That might be down hundreds of steps below, for he was half-way only to the ground. He seated himself musingly, and struck, as he thought, a dumb chord. Responded up in the air far overhead, a mighty, booming clang. Startled, almost frightened

even as if Mary St. John had said she loved him, Robert sprang from the stool, and, without knowing why, moved only by the chastity of delight, flung the door to the post. It banged and clicked. Almost mad with the joy of the Titanic instrument, he seated himself again at the keys, and plunged into a tempest of clanging harmony. One hundred bells hang in that temple of wonder—an instrument for a city, nay, for a kingdom. Often had Robert dreamed that he was the galvanic centre of a thunder-cloud of harmony, flashing off from every finger the willed lightning tone, such was the unexpected scale of this instrument—so far aloft in the sunny air rang the responsive notes—that his dream appeared almost realized.

Ere he had finished playing, his passion had begun to fold its wings, and he grew dimly aware of a beating at the door of the solitary chamber in which he sat. He knew nothing of the enormity of which he was guilty—presenting unsought the city of Antwerp with a glorious fantasia. He did not know that only on grand, solemn, world-wide occasions, such as a king's birthday, or a ball at the Hotel de Ville, was such music on the card. When he flung the door to, it had closed with a spring-lock, and for the last quarter of an hour three gendarmes, commanded by the sacristan of the tower, had been thundering thereat. He waited only to finish the last notes of the wild Orcadian chant, and opened the door. He was seized by the collar, dragged down the stair into the street, and through a crowd of wondering faces—poor, unconscious dreamer! it will not do to think on the house-top even, and you had been dreaming very loud indeed in the church-spire—away to the bureau of police.—*Robert Falconer.*



MACE, FRANCES PARKER (LAUGHTON), an American poet, born at Orono, Me., in 1836. In 1855 she married Benjamin H. Mace, and in 1885 removed to San José, Cal. Besides contributing poems to periodicals, she has published *Legends, Lyrics, and Sonnets* (1883), and *Under Pine and Palm* (1887). Her poem *Only Waiting* appeared in the *Waterville Mail* in 1854, when she was eighteen, and was long claimed by others. She proved authorship of it in 1878.

Her poems are highly prized for their admirable and graceful style.

ONLY WAITING.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown ;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day ;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home,
For the summer-time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers ! gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
 Open wide the mystic gate,
 At whose feet I long have lingered,
 Weary, poor, and desolate.
 Even now I hear their footsteps,
 And their voices far away ;
 If they call me I am waiting,
 Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
 Are a little longer grown,
 Only waiting till the glimmer
 Of the day's last beam is flown.
 Then from out the gathered darkness,
 Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
 By whose light my soul shall gladly
 Tread its pathway to the skies.

“ALL'S WELL.”

Hail! fellow-pilgrim, wherefore haste?
 The night is falling, dark with storm ;
 My evening bread is sweet to taste,
 The glow upon my hearth is warm.
 Long is thy path and wild and lone.—
 His eyes looked deep into my own—
 “All's well !”

Thy robe is rent by brier and thorn,
 Thine eyes have known the pain of tears ,
 And on thy patient brow are worn
 Deep furrows that are not of years.
 “My staff is broken, but my palm
 Still keeps the morning's fragrant balm.
 All's well.”

Thou art forsaken and alone ;
 Thou lookest back with wistful gaze.
 Some dream of beauty, still unblown,
 Has mocked thee all these weary days.
 “Heaven took the flower of life, to give
 A bloom which shall forever live.
 All's well !”

And thou art wounded ! From thy side
The life-drops fall. O pilgrim, stay !
Wait for the ebbing of the tide,
And for the breaking of the day.
" Comrades invisible to thee
Beckon and call and signal me
All's well ! "

" Follow me not, nor seek to hold
My spirit from its true repose ;
The shelter of that flowery fold
Will heal all wounds of friends or foes.
" I go from dark to light, from strife
To perfect peace, from death to life !
All's well ! "

Yet answer once before we part,
Thy voice uplifts and makes me free—
Whence is this gladness of the heart,
This undertone of victory ?
" I dimly see ; I am but dust,
But through all darkness I can trust '
All's well ! "





MACÉ, JEAN, a French educator and general writer, born in Paris, August 22, 1815; died December 13, 1894. He was educated at the Collège Stanislas, and when twenty years of age was appointed a teacher of history there. He retained his position for ten years. In 1848 he became an editor of *La République*. He left Paris after the *coup d'état*, and taught natural science and literature in a girls' school in Alsace. In 1861 he published the *History of a Mouthful of Bread*. In 1864 he was one of the founders and directors of the *Magazine of Education and Recreation*, and in 1866 he organized a teachers' league for the promotion of popular education. Among his works are *The Servants of the Stomach* (1866); *The Genie and the Little City* (1868); *The Ideas of Jean François* (1872-73); a book of *Fairy Tales*; *La Grammaire de Mlle. Lili* (1878), and *La France avant les Francs* (1881).

Mrs. Margaret Gatty says, speaking of his physiologies for children: "He has brought the great leading anatomical and physical facts of life out of the depths of scientific learning, and made them literally comprehensible by a child. The religious teaching of the book is unexceptionable. There is no strained introduction of the subject, but an acknowledgment of the Great Creator, of the hourly gratitude we owe to Him, and of the utter

impossibility of tracing out half His wonders, even in the things nearest to our senses, and most constantly subject to observation. He will help, and not hinder the humility with which the Christian naturalist lifts one veil only to recognize another beyond."

His fairy tales furnish charming domestic pictures; they instil principles of virtue while holding the interest by their imaginative genius.

A FISH'S MOUTH.

Some fishes, like the skate, have no tongue at all. Others, instead of a tongue, have a hard, dry filament, very nearly immovable, and which one would think was put there like a stake, to show the place where the tongue is to be found in the more perfect organizations. There are even fishes, like the perch and the pike, whose tongue is furnished with teeth, or rather fangs; an evident sign that it has forfeited the confidential position occupied by your own good little porter. You must know also that the perch and the pike, like many other of their fellows, have teeth all over their mouth.

This invasion of the palate by teeth, which begins in the lizard and the serpent, assumes alarming proportions here. It is not merely the roof of the palate which is spiked with teeth: above, below, at the sides, everywhere to the very limits of the œsophagus, the little fangs triumphantly stick out their slender points. It is impossible, therefore, to state their number. Nature has scattered them broadcast without counting, just as she has done with the hairs of the beard round the human mouth; and the comparison is not so impertinent as you may think. They sometimes form an actual internal beard, even thicker than our outer one, and which sprouts from the skin into the bargain. There is one fish whose teeth are so delicate and so close together that, in passing your finger over them, you would think you were touching velvet. This does not refer to the shark, mind. His teeth are sharp-cutting, notched

blades, hard as steel, arranged in threatening rows round the entrance of his mouth, and cut a man in two as easily as your incisors do a piece of apple.

Others, such as the skate, have their mouths paved—that is the proper term—with perfectly flat teeth. The first time your mamma is sending to buy fish beg her to let you have a skate's head to look at. You will be interested to see the small, square ivory plates laid close adjoining each other, like the tiles of a church floor. It is, in fact, a regular hall-pavement, over which the visitors glide untouched, and are then swallowed down in the lump; thus entering straight into the house without having been stopped by the inscription nature has placed over your door and mine—"Speak to the Porter."

But all this is nothing compared to the lamprey's entrance-hall, which differs from ours in quite another way. The lamprey, as I have already told you, ranks almost the lowest among fishes, and consequently among vertebrate animals, of which fishes form the rear-guard. Indeed, it is almost stretching a point to consider her worthy to bear the proud title of a vertebrate at all; for the vertebral column, so clearly marked in other fishes, where it forms the large central bone, is only faintly indicated in certain species of lampreys, by a soft thread (or filament), which is rather a membrane than a bony chaplet, and at the top of this mockery of vertebral column is the creature's mouth. If you ever had leeches on, you will remember the sharp sting you felt when the little beasts bit you. Well, the lamprey feeds herself just in the same way as the leech does. Her mouth forms a completely circular ring, which sticks to the prey, and through which runs backward and forward a small tongue armed with lancets. This darts out to pierce the skin, and draws in the blood as it retreats. Round your lips well; dip them so into a glass of water, and draw back your tongue, and you will at once feel the water rise into your mouth. It is by a similar sort of proceeding that leeches relieve people of the blood they want to get rid of; and in the same way the lamprey draws out the blood of the animal upon which she fastens.—*History of a Mouthful of Bread*



MACHIAVELLI, NICCOLO, an Italian statesman and historian, born at Florence, May 3, 1469; died there, June 22, 1527. His family was of noble origin, and in 1498 he entered the service of the Florentine State, and was soon made Secretary to "The Ten of Liberty and Peace," a body of officials to whom the chief government of Florence was committed. He held this position for fourteen years, whence he is usually designated as "Secretary of the Florentine Republic." He was charged with the political correspondence of the republic, and was intrusted with numerous diplomatic missions. In 1512 the Medici obtained the sway in Florence, and soon manifested great hostility to Machiavelli, who was for a time banished from Florence. In 1513 he was accused of a conspiracy against Cardinal de' Medici; was thrown into prison, and put to the torture. But the Cardinal, who soon after was made Pope, under the title of Leo X., became convinced of the innocence of Machiavelli, and employed him in several important public positions. Clement VII., who in 1523 succeeded Leo X. in the papacy, employed Machiavelli in several negotiations.

The writings of Machiavelli have been published several times. The fullest Italian edition is that put forth at Florence in 1813, in eight volumes. The most important of these are the *Istorie Fiorentine*

("Florentine Histories") and *Il Principe* ("The Prince"). The *Florentine Histories*, or, rather, "Annals," abound in minute and graphic details, often throwing much light upon the history of the other Italian republics of the Middle Ages.

THE BUONDELMONTI AND THE UBERTI IN FLORENCE.

The Buondelmonti and the Uberti had for a long time been the most powerful families in Florence, and they were succeeded by the Amadei and the Donati. In the family of the Donati there was [about 1215] a very rich widow, who had a daughter of remarkable beauty. She had designed to marry her daughter to Messer Buondelmonte, a young cavalier who was the head of his house; but either through negligence or because she thought there was time enough, she had communicated her intention to no one; and before she was aware of it young Buondelmonte had contracted an engagement with one of the house of Amadei. She was deeply enraged, but she hoped with her daughter's beauty to be able to destroy these nuptials before they took place.

Seeing Buondelmonte approaching her house one day, she descended to the door with her daughter, and thus saluted him as he passed: "I am really very happy that you are going to be married, although I had reserved my daughter for you;" and opening the door she presented her.

The cavalier was struck with her extraordinary beauty; and her family and fortune not being inferior to that of the young lady to whom he was engaged, he became so enamored that, without reflecting upon his engagement, or the baseness of breaking it, or the evil consequences that might follow, he replied: "Since you have reserved her for me, I should be very ungrateful to reject such an offer when it is not too late;" and the nuptials were celebrated immediately.

When the matter became public, it so enraged the Amadei and Uberti families, the near relatives of the Donati, that after consulting together with their friends,

they resolved that the insult could not be honorably submitted to, or sufficiently atoned for, but by the death of young Buondelmonte ; and although some deprecated the consequences it might give rise to, yet Mosca Lamberti overruled their scruples. "Those," said he, "who consider everything never conclude upon anything ; and he added the old proverb, *Cosa fatta capo ha*—"When a thing is once done, there is an end of it."

The murder was committed to Mosca, to Stietta Uberti, to Lambertuccio Amadei, and to Oderigo Fianti. Accordingly on the morning of Easter Day they shut themselves up in the houses of the Amadei, between the Ponte Vecchio and Santo Stefano ; and Buondelmonte, thinking the insult would be, as easily forgotten as the match had been broken off, rode by on a white horse to cross the bridge. The assassins fell upon him at the foot of the bridge, and killed him under the statue of Mars.

This murder divided the whole city, one part siding with the Buondelmonti, the rest with the Uberti ; and as both the families were powerful in alliances, castles, and adherents, they fought for many years, without either becoming victorious. Their animosities were, however, composed at intervals, although they could not be utterly extinguished by a lasting reconciliation. These disturbances continued to affect Florence till the reign of Frederick II. This monarch, who was also King of Naples, endeavored to fortify himself against the Church, and establish his dominion more firmly over Tuscany, by winning the Uberti to his side ; and they were enabled by his assistance (about 1245) to effect the exile of the Buondelmonti from Florence. —*Florentine Histories, Book II.; translation of C. EDWARDS LESTER.*

The Prince is the work with which the name of Machiavelli is indissolubly connected. This treatise was written about 1514, but does not appear to have been printed until 1532—five years after the author's death. Its earlier chapters are

devoted to the character which should be possessed by a prince who by conquest, election, or hereditary right, had come to be the ruler of a state. In all these chapters there is little to which exception can be taken. But near the close of the work he enters upon the discussion of the question, "Whether Princes should be faithful to their engagements?" He decides that they should not be so, unless it be for their interest so to do. It is from this chapter—which we give entire—that the term "machiavellian" has come to be a word of reproach to indicate a crafty, lying, and unscrupulous mode of policy.

SHOULD PRINCES BE FAITHFUL TO THEIR ENGAGEMENTS?

It is unquestionably very praiseworthy in princes to be faithful to their engagements; but among those of the present day who have performed great exploits few of them have piqued themselves of this fidelity, or have been scrupulous in deceiving those who relied on their good faith. It should therefore be known that there are two methods of warfare; one of which is by laws, the other by force. The first is peculiar to men, the other is common to us with beasts. But when laws are not powerful enough, it is very necessary to recur to force. A prince ought to understand how to fight with both these kinds of arms.

This doctrine is admirably displayed to us by the ancient poets in the allegorical history of the education of Achilles, and many other princes of antiquity, by the Centaur Chiron who, under the double form of man and beast, taught those who were destined to govern that it was their duty to use by turns the arms adapted to each of these species, seeing that one without the other cannot be of any durable advantage.

Now those animals whose forms the prince should know how to assume are the fox and the lion. The first

can but feebly defend himself against the wolf, and the other readily falls into snares that are laid for him. From the first a prince will learn to be dexterous, and avoid the snares; and from the other to be strong, and keep the wolves in awe. Those who despise the part of the fox understand but little of their trade. In other words, a prudent prince cannot nor ought to keep his word, except when he can do it without injury to himself, or when the circumstances under which he contracted the engagement still exist.

I should be cautious of inculcating such a principle if all men were good: but as they are all wicked, and ever ready to break their words, a prince should not pique himself in keeping his more scrupulously—and it is always easy to justify this want of faith. I could give numerous proofs of it, and show how many engagements and treaties have been broken by the infidelity of princes; the most fortunate of whom has always been he who best understood how to assume the character of the fox. The object is to act his part well, and to know how in due time to feign and dissemble. And men are so simple and so weak that he who wishes to deceive easily finds dupes.

One example, taken from the history of our own times, will be sufficient: Pope Alexander VI. played during his whole life a game of deception; and notwithstanding his faithless conduct was extremely well known, he was in all his artifices successful. Oaths and protestations cost him nothing. Never did a prince so often break his word, or pay less regard to his engagements. This was because he knew perfectly well this part of the art of government.

There is, therefore, no necessity for a prince to possess all the good qualities I have enumerated; but it is indispensable that he should appear to have them. I will even go so far as to say that it is sometimes dangerous to make use of them, though it is always useful to seem to possess them. It is the duty of a prince most earnestly to endeavor to gain the reputation of kindness, clemency, piety, justice, and fidelity to his engagements. He ought to possess all these good qualities, but still to retain such power over himself as to display

their opposites whenever it may be expedient. I maintain it that a prince—and more especially a new prince—cannot with impunity exercise all the virtues, because his own self-preservation will often compel him to violate the laws of charity, religion, and humanity. He should habituate himself to bend easily to the various circumstances which may from time to time surround him. In a word, it will be as useful to him to persevere in the path of rectitude while he feels no inconvenience in doing so as to know how to deviate from it when circumstances shall require it. He should, above all, study to utter nothing which does not breathe kindness, justice, good faith, and piety.

The last quality is, however, that which it is the most important for him to appear to possess, as men in general judge more by their eyes than by their other senses. Every man can see, but it is allotted to but few to know how to rectify the errors which they commit by the eyes. We easily discern what a man appears to be, but not what he really is; and the smaller number dare not gainsay the multitude, who besides have with them the strength and the splendor of government.

Now when it is necessary to form a judgment of the minds of men—and more especially of those of princes—as we cannot have recourse to any tribunal, we must attend only to results. The point is to maintain his authority. Let the means be what they may, they will always appear honorable, and everyone will praise them; for the vulgar are always caught by appearances, and judge only by the event. Now, the “vulgar” comprehend almost everyone, and the few are of no consequence except when the multitude know not on whom to rely.

A prince who is now on the throne, but whom I do not choose to name [he refers to Ferdinand V., King of Aragon and Castile, who acquired the kingdoms of Naples and Navarre], always preaches peace and good faith; but if he had observed either the one or the other, he would more than once have lost his reputation and his dominions.—*The Prince, Chap. XVIII.; translation of BYERLEY.*



MACKAY, CHARLES, a Scottish journalist and poet, born at Perth, March 27, 1814; died in London, December 24, 1889. About 1834 he became connected with the London *Morning Chronicle*, and was subsequently editor of the Glasgow *Argus*. He published *The Salamandrine*, a poem, in 1842; *Legends of the Isles* (1845); *Voices from the Crowd* (1846), including a popular song entitled *The Good Time Coming*; *Egeria, or the Spirit of Nature* (1850); *The Lump of Gold* (1855). In 1857 he came to the United States on a lecturing tour, and wrote *Life and Liberty in the United States*. From 1862 to 1866 he was the New York correspondent of the London *Times*. He wrote largely for periodicals, and published numerous volumes of verse and prose, among which are *Voices from the Mountains* (1846); *Town Lyrics* (1847); *Under Green Leaves* (1857); *A Man's Heart* (1860); *Studies from the Antique* (1864); *Under the Blue Sky* (1871); *Lost Beauties of the English Language* (1874); *The Founders of the American Republic* (1885); *A Dictionary of Lowland Scotch* (1888).

The *Christian Examiner* has the following praise: "In his songs, as in all his writings, he has one great purpose at heart, from which he never deviates for a moment—the promotion of human virtue and human happiness. Free government, equal laws, liberal institutions, and enlightened

spirit in the ruling powers, the diffusion among all classes of the best feelings and charities of social and domestic life—these are the objects which he pursues in every line of his writings. In this respect it may be said that he stands alone. His verse is exceedingly sweet, flowing, and melodious; he has a command over the resources of rhythm which few English song-writers possess. He has combined the force of Burns with the elegance and polish of Moore.”

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming :
 We may not live to see the day,
 But earth shall glisten in the ray
 Of the good time coming.
 Cannon-balls may aid the truth,
 But thought's a weapon stronger ;
 We'll win our battle by its aid ;—
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming :
 The pen shall supersede the sword,
 And Right, not Might, shall be the lord
 In the good time coming.
 Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind,
 And be acknowledged stronger ;
 The proper impulse has been given ;—
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming :
 War in all men's eyes shall be
 A monster of iniquity
 In the good time coming :
 Nations shall not quarrel then
 To prove which is the stronger ;

Nor slaughter men for glory's sake ;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
Hateful rivalries of creed
Shall not make their martyrs bleed
In the good time coming.
Religion shall be shorn of pride,
And flourish all the stronger ;
And Charity shall trim her lamp ;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
And a poor man's family
Shall not be his misery
In the good time coming.
Every child shall be a help,
To make his right arm stronger ;
The happier he the more he has ;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
Little children shall not toil,
Under or above the soil,
In the good time coming ;
But shall play in healthful fields
Till limbs and mind grow stronger ;
And everyone shall read and write ;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming ;
The people shall be temperate,
And shall love instead of hate
In the good time coming.
They shall use and not abuse,
And make all virtue stronger.
The reformation has begun ;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys
 A good time coming :
 Let us aid it all we can,
 Every woman, every man,
 The good time coming.
 Smallest helps, if rightly given,
 Make the impulse stronger ;
 'Twill be strong enough one day ;—
 Wait a little longer.

—*Voices from the Crowd.*

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

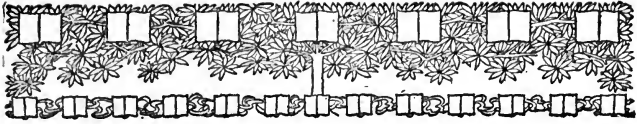
What might be done if men were wise—
 What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
 Would they unite
 In love and right,
 And cease their scorn for one another ?

Oppression's heart might be imbued
 With kindling drops of loving kindness,
 And knowledge pour
 From shore to shore,
 Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs,
 All vice and crime might die together ;
 And wine and corn,
 To each man born,
 Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
 The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
 Might stand erect
 In self-respect,
 And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done ? *This* might be done,
 And more than *this*, my suffering brother—
 More than the tongue
 Ever said or sung,
 If men were wise and loved each other !



MACKENZIE, SIR GEORGE, a Scottish jurist, born at Dundee in 1636; died at London in 1691. He was educated at St. Andrews and Aberdeen, and studied civil law at Bourges, in France. He was almost the only learned man of his time in Scotland who has written good English. He published *Religio Laici*, a treatise on religion and morality (1663); *Moral Gallantry* (1667); *Institutions of the Laws of Scotland* (1684); as well as several novels and moral essays. From 1674 to 1685 he was employed as King's Advocate, and during this period had much to do with persecuting the Covenanters, who designated him "the bloodthirsty advocate."

Speaking of his works, Sir James Mackintosh says: "In several of his *Moral Essays* both the subject and the manner betray an imitation of Cowley, who was at that moment beginning the reformation of English style." Hallam thinks that "he wholly formed himself on older writers, such as Sir Thomas Browne." Disraeli says: "The eloquence of his style was well suited to the dignity of his subject."

ON FRUGALITY IN EXPENDITURE.

I have seen a man, otherwise judicious enough, much surprised when it was represented that his building, though it seemed to him and many others to carry no disproportion to his estate, yet would in forty-four years

—which is but a short time—equal his estate, allowing the interest of his money to equal the capital sum in the space of eleven years and a-half—which it did by law; for £100, forborne for forty-eight years, at six per cent., compound interest, amounts to £1,734 4s. 2d. And how many forbear one hundred pounds! and this sum in ten years—which is but a very short time—will amount to £2,774 12s. by simple multiplication, without compound interest.

We should be proportionable in our expense, for that which widens a man's fancy in any one thing makes it extravagant in all things, as they who use their stomachs to too much of any one meat will make it craving as to all others. Whereas, on the other hand, that which enamors men of frugality is that it accustoms us to reasoning and proportion, observing exactly the least perceptible proportions, and the smallest consequences.

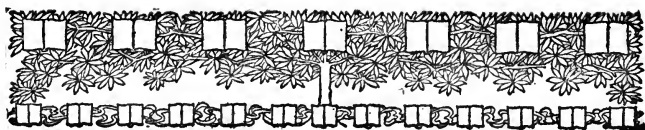
This makes me call to mind the story of the Holland merchant who, having married his daughter to a rich, luxurious citizen, to the great dissatisfaction of his wife, she came the next day to the bride and bridegroom and offered them the egg of a turkey hen, and desired her daughter to use herself, in exactly looking to the produce of that egg, to consider the great things which frugality can do in other matters. But, her husband and she having laughed at the lesson, the mother improved so far the egg that within twenty years—the luxury of that couple growing so fast that they needed the meanest assistance—the product of that egg afforded a comfortable aid; for with the considerable sum that was gathered by it, they stocked themselves anew, and, by help of the formerly slighted lesson of not despising the meanest things, raised themselves again to a very considerable estate.

And if any man will but consider what he yearly superfluously spends, and how much that would multiply in process of time, he will easily perceive that what he spends in the consequence is vastly greater than appears to him in the first calculation. As, for instance, if a man who may spend £500 per annum does spend £600, this small error of £100 a year will amount in forty-four years, at six per cent., to the sum of £1,373

6s. and odd pence, and though a man thinks it scarce worth his pains to manage so as to preserve £100, he must be very luxurious who thinks it not worth his pains to gain the sum of £1,373. And it is a great defect in our reason that those ills which follow as necessary consequences are despised as mean, because the consequences themselves are remote. And as that is the best eye, so that is likewise the best reason, which sees clearly at a great distance.

Another great error that luxury tempts us to, by not reasoning exactly, is that it makes us calculate our estates without deducting what is payable out of them to the poor, to the King, and to creditors, before we proportion our expense. Whereas we should spend only what is truly our own; and the law, to prevent luxury, tells us that *id tantum nostrum est quod, deductis debitīs, apud nos remanet*—that is only ours which remains with us after our debts are deducted. Nor will a proportional part of our estates answer the equivalent of our debts. For, if I owe £100 a year, no part of my estate that pays me £100 a year will pay it; for many accidents may hinder me to get my own rent, but no accident will procure an abatement of my debt.

And this leads me to consider that frugality numbers always the accidents that may intervene amongst other creditors. And a wise Hollander observes that a man should divide his estate into three parts: Upon one-third he should live; another third he should lay up for his children: and the last he should lay by for accidents. There are few men who do not in their experience find that—their whole life being balanced together—they have lost a third part always of their revenue by accidents. And most families are destroyed by having the children's provision left as a debt upon them. So that a man should at least endeavor to live upon the one half, and leave the other half for his children.



MACKENZIE, HENRY a Scottish lawyer and novelist, born in Edinburgh in August, 1745 ; died there, January 14, 1831. He studied law at Edinburgh and London, and was made Attorney for the Crown at Edinburgh, where he became prominent in literary circles. His first novel, *The Man of Feeling*, was published anonymously in 1771; the authorship was claimed by a Mr. Eccles, who made a copy of it, into which he introduced many emendations ; and Mackenzie thereupon acknowledged his own authorship. His second novel, *The Man of the World*, appeared in 1773, and was followed in 1777 by *Julia de Roubigné*. He edited *The Mirror* and *The Lounger*, for which he wrote many papers, among which is *The Story of La Roche*. He wrote political essays in favor of the Government, for which he was in 1804 rewarded with the lucrative position of Comptroller of Taxes for Scotland.

Sir Walter Scott's opinion of his works is as follows : " His novels reach and sustain a tone of moral pathos, by representing the effect of incidents, whether important or trifling, upon the human mind, especially upon those so framed as to be responsive to those finer feelings to which ordinary hearts are callous. This Northern Addison, who revived the art of periodical writing, and sketched, though with a light pencil, the

follies and lesser vices of his time, has showed himself a master of playful satire. With truth, spirit, and ease, he could describe, assume, and sustain a variety of characters. The historian of the *Homespun Family* may place his narrative, without fear of shame, by the side of *The Vicar of Wakefield*."

Allan Cunningham says: "He knows how to prepare and arrange his materials so as to waste nothing: he sets all in a proper light. He has, perhaps, written some of the most touching little stories in the language."

Blackwood's Magazine quotes as follows: "Most original in thought, splendid in fancy, chaste in expression, he will live as long as our tongue, or longer."

THE MAN OF FEELING AND THE BEGGAR.

Harley had taken leave of his aunt on the eve of his intended departure; but the good lady's affection for her nephew interrupted her sleep, and early as it was, next morning when he came down to set out, he found her in the parlor, with a tear on her cheek, and her caudle-cup in her hand. She knew enough of physic to prescribe against going abroad of a morning with an empty stomach; she gave her blessing with the draught. Her instructions she had delivered the night before: they consisted mostly of negatives; for London, in her idea, was so replete with temptations that it needed the whole armor of her friendly cautions to repel their attacks.

In a few hours Harley reached the inn where he proposed breakfasting; but the fulness of his heart would not suffer him to eat a morsel. He walked out on the road, and, gaining a little height, stood gazing on the quarter he had left. He looked for his wonted prospect—his fields, his woods, and his hills. They were lost in the distant clouds. He sat down on a large

stone to take out a little pebble from his shoe, when he saw at some distance a beggar approaching him. He had a short, knotty stick in his hand, and on the top of it stuck a ram's horn. His knees—though he was no pilgrim—had worn the stuff of his breeches; he wore no shoes, and his stockings had entirely lost that part of them which should have covered his feet and ankles. In his face, however, was the plump appearance of good-humor. He walked a good, round pace, and a crook-legged dog trotted at his heels.

"Our delicacies," said Harley to himself, "are fantastic; they are not in nature! That beggar walks over the sharpest of these stones barefooted, while I have lost the most delightful dream in the world from the smallest of them happening to get into my shoe."

The beggar had by this time come up, and, pulling off a piece of hat, asked charity of Harley. The dog began to beg, too. It was impossible to resist both; and, in truth, the want of shoes and stockings had made both unnecessary, for Harley had destined sixpence for him before. The beggar on receiving it, poured forth blessings without number; and, with a sort of smile on his countenance, said to Harley, "If you want your fortune told——"

Harley turned his eye briskly on the beggar. It was an unpromising look for the subject of a prediction, and silenced the prophet immediately. "I would much rather learn," said Harley, "what it is in your power to tell me. Your trade must be an entertaining one. Sit down on this stone, and let me know something of your profession. I have often thought of turning fortune-teller for a week or two myself."

"Master," replied the beggar, "I like your frankness much. God knows I had the humor of plain-dealing in me from a child; but there is no doing with it in this world. We must live as we can; and lying is, as you call it, my profession. But I was in some sort forced to the trade; for I dealt once in telling the truth. I was a laborer, sir, and gained as much as to make me live; yet I never laid by, indeed. For I was reckoned a piece of a wag; and your wags, I take it, are seldom rich, Mr. Harley."

"So," said Harley, "you seem to know me."

"Ay, there are few folks in the country that I don't know something of ; how should I tell fortunes else ?"

"True. But to go on with your story. You were a laborer, you say, and a wag. Your industry, I suppose, you left with your old trade ; but your humor you preserve to be of use to you in your new."

"What signifies sadness, sir?—a man grows lean on't. But I was brought to idleness by degrees : first I could not work, and it went against my stomach to work ever after. I was seized with a jail-fever at the time of the assizes being in the county where I lived ; for I was always curious to get acquainted with the felons because they are commonly fellows of much mirth and little thought—qualities I had ever an esteem for. In the height of this fever, Mr. Harley, the house where I lay took fire, and was burnt to the ground. I was carried out in that condition ; and lay all the rest of my illness in a barn. I got the better of my disease, however ; but I spat blood whenever I attempted to work. I had no relation living that I knew of, and I never kept a friend above a week, when I was able to joke. I seldom remained above six weeks in a parish, so that I might have died before I had found a settlement in any. Thus I was forced to beg my bread—and a sorry trade I found it, Mr. Harley.

"I told all my misfortunes truly, but they were seldom believed ; and the few who gave me a half-penny as they passed, did it with a shake of the head, and an injunction not to trouble them with a long story. In short, I found that people do not care to give alms without some security for their money. A wooden leg or a withered arm is a sort of draft upon heaven for those who choose to have their money placed on account there. So I changed my plan, and, instead of telling my own misfortunes, began to prophesy happiness to others. This I found to be much the better way. Folks will always listen when the tale is their own ; and of many who say they do not believe in fortune-telling, I have known few on whom it has not a sensible effect. I pick up the names of their acquaintances ; amours and little squabbles are easily gleaned among servants and neigh-

bors. And, indeed, people themselves are the best intelligencers in the world for our purpose ; they dare not puzzle us for their own sakes, for everyone is anxious to hear what they wish to believe ; and they who repeat it, to laugh at it when they have done, are generally more serious than their hearers are apt to imagine. With a tolerably good memory, and some share of cunning, with the habit of walking a-nights over heaths and church-yards ; with this, and showing the tricks of that there dog, whom I stole from the sergeant of a marching regiment—and, by the way, he can steal, too, upon occasion—I made shift to pick up a livelihood. My trade, indeed, is none of the honestest ; yet people are not much cheated neither who give a few halfpence for a prospect of happiness, which I have heard some persons say is all that a man can arrive at in this world. But I must bid you a good-day, sir, for I have three miles to walk before noon, to inform some boarding-school young ladies whether their husbands are to be Peers of the Realm or Captains in the Army—a question which I promised to answer them by that time.”

Harley had drawn a shilling from his pocket ; but Virtue made him consider on whom he was about to bestow it. Virtue held back his arm ; but a milder form—a younger sister of Virtue’s, not so severe as Virtue, nor so serious as Pity—smiled upon him ; his fingers lost their compression ; nor did Virtue offer to catch the money as it fell. It had no sooner reached the ground than the watchful cur—a trick he had been taught—snapped it up ; and, contrary to the most approved method of stewardship, delivered it immediately into the hands of his master.—*The Man of Feeling.*





MACKENZIE, ROBERT SHELTON, an Irish-American journalist, novelist, and biographer, born at Cork, June 22, 1809; died in Philadelphia, November 30, 1880. He studied medicine, but did not enter upon medical practice. He became a journalist in London, and was for a time editor of the *Liverpool Journal*. From 1834 to 1851 he was the English correspondent of the *New York Evening Star*. In 1852 he came to America, residing in New York until 1857, when he became literary editor of the *Philadelphia Press*, a position which he held until his death. Before coming to America he had published several books, among which were *Lays of Palestine* (1828); *Titian*, a Venetian art-novel (1843), and *Life of Curran* (1855). After coming to America he edited several collections, among which are the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" (1854) and "Maginn's Miscellaneous Works" (1857). He also wrote *The Life of Charles Dickens* (1870) and *Sir Walter Scott: the Story of His Life* (1871). Mackenzie was an industrious writer and a life-long student. He always wrote in a pleasing and entertaining style, and his newspaper experience inculcated a direct and concise form of statement, which added much force to his writings.

A recent criticism reads: "The pervading personality, lively spirit, and great accuracy of Dr.

Mackenzie's notes as a book-editor constitute their value. His life has been passed in intimacy and correspondence with the leading literati and politicians of his time, and he has a remarkable memory for dates, events, and persons."

THE ENGLISH NOVEL BEFORE "WAVERLEY."

Walter Scott saw, before he began to write, that the novels and romances of the present century—and particularly at its commencement—were unsuited to the changed condition of society in his own time. The dramatists of the Elizabethan age produced stories, historical or comic, which, two centuries later, would probably have appeared in prose as historical romances or novels of society. In an age when readers were few, the tales acted on the stage were the principal popular sources of intellectual enjoyment. For a long time after the death of Shakespeare the drama may be said to have fallen into abeyance.

Thirty or forty years of civil strife, during which imaginative literature was at a discount, followed the death of Shakespeare; and though there was a revival of the drama between the Restoration in 1660 and the Revolution in 1688, little effective in that line was presented until Dryden bade the dry bones live. Bunyan's immortal *Pilgrim's Progress* in his time was the favorite reading of the people; and the *Decameron* of Boccaccio, Rabelais's comic and satirical adventures of *Gargantua* and *Pantagruel*, and Cervantes's wonderful *Don Quixote* became well known in England through translations. So, at a later period were the Abbé Prévost's *Manon l'Escaut*, Rousseau's *Nouvelle Héloïse*, Le Sage's *Gil Blas* and *Le Diable Boiteux*, Voltaire's *Candide* and *Zadig*, St. Pierre's *Paul and Virginia*, Goethe's *Sorrows of Werther*, and a few other foreign works.

When the eighteenth century opened, the gross novels of Mrs. Aphra Behn, which had delighted the gay and careless readers of the closing years of the Stuart dynasty, fell into disrepute. The age of Queen Anne, which has been called the "Augustan," exhibited com-

parative decency—at least, in its prose fiction; and under the new dynasty, though not quite so scrupulous—for the first two Guelphic sovereigns were themselves unmistakably immoral in their domestic and social relations—public taste became improved. De Foe's *Robinson Crusoe*, which does not contain a single impure incident or expression, speedily obtained a popularity which it still enjoys. Swift's *Gulliver*, a political fiction, which is a satire on human nature, also had, and has, a multitude of readers, who—opening it merely to be entertained by the wonderful adventures it contains, narrated with a most artistic *vraisemblance*—scarcely notice its too prevailing coarseness.

Richardson and Fielding, however, may rank as the inventors of the English novel, though not of the higher class—the historical. There runs an under-current of indelicacy, not very decided, but adapted to the taste of the time, through Richardson's sentimentality; and yet the author of *Pamela* and *Clarissa Harlowe* affected to be a purist in morals. Next to him is Fielding, who had begun as a satirical parodist, and ended by establishing a new school of story-tellers, who rejoiced in what Scott called "warmth of description." Fielding, with all his faults, possessed genius, and was followed by Smollett, who photographed the manners and exhibited the vices of many grades of society. Sterne, decidedly a man of genius, was not restrained from gross indelicacy by a sense of what was due to his office as a clergyman.

Oliver Goldsmith—whose *Vicar of Wakefield*, much as all readers admire it, has serious defects in construction and sentiment—might have produced a real novel of English society, but "died too soon," when Scott was only three years old. Horace Walpole's *Castle of Otranto*, written in 1763, was its author's solitary work of fiction, and owed as much at least to his rank as to novelty of design or execution. Clara Reeve's Gothic romance, *The Old English Baron*—alone remembered out of her many works—was an almost avowed imitation of Walpole's romantic story, and a decided improvement upon it.

When Scott wrote the first chapters of *Waverley*, in

1805, the principal living novelist was Mrs. Radcliffe, whose very sensational romances outdid all contemporary productions. With her began high payments for such works. She received five hundred pounds for *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, and eight hundred pounds for *The Italians*, its successor. To-day these stories, crowded with crime, and apparently supernatural effects—all of which are elaborately explained away at the close—would scarcely engage the attention of a novel-reader for half an hour. Henry Mackenzie's stories, popular in their day, were didactic and sentimental, and had got out of fashion. Cumberland, the dramatist, preserved in "the crystal amberization" of Sheridan's *Critic* as "Sir Fretful Plagiary," had finally lapsed into writing novels which possessed the coarseness of Fielding, without his wit; yet his play, *The West Indian*, which presents the truest character of an Irish gentleman ever put upon the stage, was surpassed in its day only by Sheridan's *School for Scandal*, in which even the liveried servants and the soubrettes converse in epigram.

Madame D'Arblay, whose novel of *Evelina* had created a greater sensation among the literati of her time than probably had ever before been caused by any similar production, was reposing on her laurels, but failed to please a later generation of readers. For the copyright of *Evelina* she received twenty pounds in 1778, while for *Camilla* she was paid three thousand guineas in 1795, making fame by the first, and losing it by the latter work. Mrs. Charlotte Smith succeeded, commencing with a translation of *Manon L'Escaut*, the heroine of which is a beautiful wanton, and settling down into prose fictions, occasionally indecorous, and usually dull.

Perhaps Miss Sophia Lee should be credited with the authorship of the first English historical novel. In 1783-86 appeared *The Recess*, in six volumes. Mary, Queen of Scots, is its heroine; but unlike Scott, who carefully adhered to facts when he introduced historical characters, Miss Lee boldly married Mary Stuart to the Earl of Leicester, and introduced two daughters as the fruits of this union.

Mrs. Inchbald, whose *Simple Story* won the sympathy of a large circle of readers; Regina Maria Roche, whose

Children of the Abbey still finds a considerable sale in America, though it is almost forgotten in England; Mrs. Opie, whose *Father and Daughter* had the tears of the public in its day, and was successful on the stage; William Godwin, with his realistic *Caleb Williams*, and his romantic *St. Leon*; Dr. Moore, whose *Zeluco* suggested to Byron the character of "Childe Harold;" Sidney Owenson (afterward Lady Morgan), whose *Wild Irish Girl* and *Ida of Athens* scarcely indicated the promise which subsequently was realized in *O'Donnell* and *Florence Macarthy*; and, above all, Maria Edgeworth—these belonged to Scott's own time, and their works might be read with safety and advantage. This is not a long catalogue of novelists; but it will be observed that even then most of the story-tellers were of the gentler sex.

I have not included Jane Austen, because *Sense and Sensibility*, the first of her novels, was not produced until 1811, six years after *Waverley* had been planned and partly written. I have not forgotten Anna Maria Porter, who appeared in print before Sir Walter Scott, nor her sister Jane, because neither of them had any influence upon his taste. It has been stated by Mr. Allibone—an authority whose general correctness I have pleasure in acknowledging—that Sir Walter Scott admitted that Jane Porter's *Scottish Chiefs* suggested his "Waverley Novels." But considering that *Waverley* was begun in 1805, and that *The Scottish Chiefs* first appeared in 1810, I am unable to believe that he derived any suggestion from a work then unwritten.

Also prior to the commencement of *Waverley* was the *début* of Charles Robert Maturin, an Irish clergyman of striking genius, with a minimum of discretion. His *Fatal Revenge, or the Family of Montario*, which, with its appalling horrors, out-Radcliffed Mrs. Radcliffe, appeared in 1804. In a subsequent romance, entitled *Melmoth, the Wanderer*, he abated some of these horrors, seasoning them with the naked indecency of Lewis's *Monk*; and in his tragedy of *Bertram*, produced at Drury Lane Theatre through Lord Byron's influence, he had originally introduced the Enemy of Man as one of the *dramatis personæ*. . . .

No wonder, then, that Walter Scott, who, having shown the world in the *Minstrelsy* and the *Lay* that he was editor and poet, and being himself a novel-reader, should be utterly dissatisfied with the quality of the existing supply. The French Revolution, distinguished by its levelling principle and action, had ended in substituting a feudal empire for an effete monarchy; and even when Napoleon was redividing Europe into kingdoms and principalities for his family and his followers, there had sprung up—or rather revived—a deep devotion to the chivalry which had done so much in the past, and whose traditions had ingrafted grace into history, and breathed reality into song. To this feeling, this principle, Scott had ministered in his poems; and now, acknowledged head of the romantic school, he resolved to extend its limits beyond the ballad or the narrative poem, and use prose as the more suitable medium. He strove to delineate the past as it seemed in the eyes of men who were dubious of the present, and afraid of the future—noble, stately, glittering, and gay, with the pulse of life ever beating to heroic measures. His view of feudalism in *The Talisman*, *Ivanhoe*, and *The Fair Maid of Perth*, was not the caricature a few preceding authors had drawn, but a portrait—faithful, if idealized.—*Life of Scott.*





MACKINTOSH, SIR JAMES, a British publicist and historian, born near Inverness, Scotland, October 24, 1775; died in London in May, 1832. He entered King's College, Aberdeen, and afterward studied medicine at the University of Edinburgh. He went to London in 1787, and soon afterward abandoned medicine for law. Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution* was published in 1790; in the following year Mackintosh put forth an elaborate reply under the title *Vindicæ Gallicæ*. In 1804 he was knighted, and made Recorder of Bombay, and was soon afterward made a Judge in the Admiralty Court. He returned to England in 1812, with a retiring pension of £1,200. The next year he was returned to Parliament as a Liberal, retaining his seat until his death. In 1818 he was appointed Professor of Law in the East India College at Haileybury. In 1830 he became a member of the Board of Control. His principal works are a *History of England*, down to the reign of Elizabeth; the *Life of Sir Thomas More*, and an Introductory "Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Culture" for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. A collection of his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* has been published separately.

CHIVALRY AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The collision in Paris of armed multitudes terminated in unforeseen excesses and execrable crimes. In the eye of Mr. Burke, however, these crimes and excesses assume an aspect far more important than can be communicated to them by their own insulated guilt. They form, in his opinion, the crisis of a revolution far more important than any change of government—a revolution in which the sentiments and opinions that have formed the manners of the European nations are to perish. “The age of Chivalry is gone, and the glory of Europe extinguished forever !” He follows this exclamation by an eloquent eulogium on Chivalry, and by gloomy predictions of the future state of Europe when the nation that has been so long accustomed to give her the tone in arts and manners is thus debased and corrupted.

A caviller might remark that ages much more near the meridian fervor of Chivalry than ours have witnessed a treatment of queens as little gallant and generous as that of the Parisian mob. He might remind Mr. Burke that, in the age and country of Sir Philip Sidney, a Queen of France, whom no blindness to accomplishment, no malignity of detraction, could reduce to the level of Marie Antoinette was, by “a nation of men of honor and cavaliers,” permitted to languish in captivity and expire on a scaffold ; and he might add that the manners of a country are more surely indicated by the systematic cruelty of a sovereign than by the licentious frenzy of a mob. . . .

Mr. Burke indeed forebodes the most fatal consequences to literature from events which he supposes to have given a mortal blow to the spirit of Chivalry. I have ever been protected from such apprehension by my belief in a very simple truth—that diffused knowledge immortalizes itself. A literature which is confined to a few may be destroyed by the massacre of scholars and the conflagration of libraries, but the diffused knowledge of the present day could only be annihilated by the extirpation of the civilized part of mankind.—*Vindiciæ Gallicæ.*



MACMASTER, JOHN BACH, an American historian, born at Brooklyn, N. Y., June 29, 1852. He was graduated at the College of the City of New York in 1872, taught grammar there for several years; was appointed Professor of Civil Engineering at Princeton in 1873, and in 1883 Professor of American History in the University of Pennsylvania. In 1873 he began writing his *History of the People of the United States from the Revolution to the Civil War*, for which he had been gathering materials for several years. Of this work, four volumes have appeared, bringing the *History* down to the Missouri Compromise (1821). Mr. MacMaster treats history in the same way as did Green, the English historian—he writes the *whole* history of a people—not merely its wars and politics. He has also written many magazine articles, and the *Life of Benjamin Franklin* in the "Men of Letters" series (1887).

In the opening chapter of his *History* MacMaster sets forth its proposed scope, much as Macaulay has done for his *History of England*; but Macaulay planned a work which he could never hope to live to complete. What he did covers hardly a tenth part of the period—while Mr. MacMaster's expectation that he will complete his work in two or three more volumes seems a hope reasonably sure of fulfilment.

THE REPUBLIC IN 1783.

The Americans who, toward the close of 1783, celebrated with bonfires, with cannon, and with bell-ringing, the acknowledgment of independence and the return of peace, lived in a very different country from that with which their descendants are familiar. Indeed, could we, under the potent influence of some magician's drugs, be carried back through one hundred years, we should find ourselves in a country utterly new to us. Rip Van Winkle, who fell asleep when his townsmen were throwing up their hats and drinking their bumpers to good King George, and awoke when a generation that knew him not were shouting the names of men and parties unknown to him, did not find himself in a land more strange.

The area of the republic would shrink to less than half its present extent. The number of the States would diminish to thirteen, nor would many of them be contained in their present limits, or exhibit their present appearance. Vast stretches of upland, which are now an endless succession of wheatfields and cornfields and orchards, would appear overgrown with dense forests abandoned to savage beasts and yet more savage men. The hamlets of a few fishermen would mark the sites of wealthy havens now bustling with innumerable masts, and the great cities would dwindle to dimensions scarcely exceeding those of some rude settlement far to the west of the Colorado River.

Of the inventions and discoveries which abridge distance, which annihilate time, which extend commerce, which aid agriculture, which save labor, which transmit speech, which turn the darkness of night into the brilliancy of day, which alleviate pain, which destroy disease, which lighten even the infirmities of age—not one existed. Fulton was still a portrait-painter; Fitch and Ramsey had not yet begun to study the steam-engine; Whitney had not yet gone up to college; Howe and Morse, McCormick and Fairbanks, Goodyear and Colt, Dr. Morton and Dr. Bell, were yet to be born.



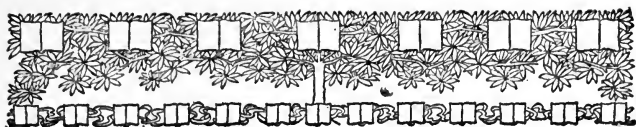
MACPHERSON, JAMES, a Scottish poet, born at Ruthven, Inverness-shire, October 27, 1738; died February 17, 1796. His claim to a place in literature rests solely upon his connection with the so-called "Ossianic Poems." About 1760, when acting as a private tutor, he published a small volume entitled *Fragments of Ancient Poetry Collected in the Highlands*. A subscription was raised to enable him to travel in the Highlands and the Scottish islands for the purpose of gathering up more fragments of ancient Gaelic poetry. In 1762 he put forth as the result of his researches, *Fingal, an ancient Epic Poem, in six Books; together with several other Poems composed by Ossian, the son of Fingal, translated from the Gaelic*. This was followed the next year by *Temora, in eight Books, with other Poems by Ossian*. The genuineness of these works has been eagerly impugned and no less eagerly maintained. Macpherson promised to put forth the Gaelic originals from which he professed to have made his translations. But though he lived thirty-three years after the publication of *Temora*, the manuscripts were not forthcoming. Ten years after his death the manuscripts were published, all of them being in the handwriting of Macpherson or of his own amanuenses; from which it has been inferred that these alleged Gaelic originals had no existence, but were translated

into Gaelic from Macpherson's own English. He made a fortune, entered Parliament, and wrote, among other works, a *History of Great Britain from the restoration to the Accession of the House of Hanover*, and a prose translation of the *Iliad*.

OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O thou that rollest above,
 Round as the shield of my fathers !
 Whence are thy beams, O Sun !
 Thy everlasting light ?
 Thou comest forth in thine awful beauty ;
 The stars hide themselves in the sky ;
 The moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave ;
 But thou thyself movest alone.
 Who can be a companion of thy course ?
 The oaks of the mountains fall ;
 The mountains themselves decay with years ;
 The ocean sinks and grows again ;
 The moon herself is lost in heaven,
 But thou art forever the same,
 Rejoicing in the brightness of thy course.

When the world is dark with tempests,
 When thunder rolls and lightning flies,
 Thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds,
 And laughest at the storm.
 But to Ossian thou lookest in vain,
 For he beholds thy beams no more,
 Whether thy yellow hair floats on the eastern clouds
 Or thou tremblest at the gates of the west.
 But thou art perhaps, like me, for a season ;
 Thy years will have an end,
 Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds,
 Careless of the voices of thy morning.
 Exult then, O Sun, in the strength of thy youth !
 Age is dark and unlovely ;
 It is like the glimmering light of the moon
 When it shines through broken clouds,
 And the mist is on the hills ;
 The blast of the north is on the plain ;
 The traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey.



MACQUOID, KATHERINE S., an English novelist, born in London about 1835. She married Thomas R. Macquoid, an artist. Her literary bent was displayed in early life, but she did not begin writing for the press until long after her marriage. Her first novel, *A Bad Beginning*, was published in 1862. She then became an industrious writer of novels, contributor to periodicals, and the author of several pleasing records of travel. Among her works are *Hester Kirton* (1864); *Elinor Dryden's Probation* (1867); *Rookstone and Patty* (1871); *Too Soon, My Story* (1875); *The Evil Eye and Other Stories* (1876); *Doris Baugh, a Yorkshire Story* (1878); *A Berkshire Lady* (1879); *Sweet Springtime* (1880); *Beside the River* (1881); *Little Fifine and Other Tales* and *A Faithful Lover* (1882); *Mère Suzanne* and *Sir James Appleby* (1887); *Through Normandy* (1874); *Through Brittany* (1877); *In the Ardennes* (1881); *At the Red Glove* (1885); *At an Old Château* (1890); *The Old Courtyard* (1890); *Appledore Farm* (1892); *Maisie Derrick* (1892), and, in conjunction with her husband, *Pictures and Legends from Normandy* (1879), and *About Yorkshire* (1883).

AN OLD FARM-HOUSE.

When he did raise his handsome blue eyes, he saw before him a quaint, half-timbered manor-house, evidently of ancient construction. The timbers above and below the windows were set in a semicircular form, producing

alternate crosses and circles along the front, and if the spaces between them had not been barbarously white-washed would have been picturesque enough. The house was surmounted by three irregular gables, the centre one being much the smallest. The windows of projecting lattice-work—filled with very small diamond-shaped panes—were supported on brackets, and extended across the front from one gable-end to the other; clumsy iron contrivances for keeping the lattices open hung loosely from the lower part of the frames, and looked cumbrous enough to drag window-frame and all along with them. The door was of later date, having as heading a depressed arch of solid oak.

Framed in verdure, the old farm-house would have made a charming picture, but standing thus alone, with only a large pig-yard, knee-deep in black mud, on one side, behind that again a formal stiff rick-yard, and on the other one field seen stretching away after another into flat distance, it looked bald and cold—there was nothing to relieve the eye but the deep blue sky, against which the whitewashed walls stood out, hard and chalky.

Probably in the rear of the premises there were barns with tiled or thatched roofs glowing with the rich and varied hues successive July suns had burned in or on to them; and picturesque carts and wagons, and smock-frocked farm-laborers might doubtless have been found, also; but Mr. Hallam was far too tired of his dusty walk to wish to prolong it, so he pushed open the little white wicket-gate in the low fence that enclosed a neglected grass-plot in front of the house, walked up the stony path in the middle of it, and rang a broken bell-handle beside the entrance door.

While he was speaking to his guide, who seemed in a great hurry to get away, the door opened slowly, and an old woman appeared in the entrance. She held the door firmly with one hand, as if to prevent ingress; but as she scanned the stranger inquiringly, she seemed satisfied that he had no evil intentions, and looked more placable. By nature she was evidently not meant to be cross; she was short and stout, with a cheerful, dark complexion, bright black eyes, and a merry-look-

ing mouth, that seemed as if it ought to be more ready with a jest than with a reproof; but suddenly catching sight of the boy, her whole expression changed to one of peevish discontent.

"And what do 'ee want here, yer oudacious young vagabond, stabbleing about the place? Mischief, I'll lay, when ye knows better nor I can tell 'ee that Muster Kirton he can't stomach a boy about the place."

"Well, I be a-goin', Biz, so you've no call to scold" and the boy held out his hand as Mr. Hallam extended his toward him. He gave a shrill whistle of delight when he saw a shilling in his palm, and, bounding off, was soon out of sight.

"Drat thay boys—ye'll maybe excuse me for saying so, sir—but they're allus where they shouldn't ought t' be, and in pettickler here they bean't not allowed. Be ye a-wishin' to speak to the muster?"

Before Hallam could reply, the old woman was put on one side, and a very tall, gray-headed man took her place, and looked keenly and suspiciously at the stranger.

Spite of what he had heard in London, and of the boy's hints about Mr. Kirton, Frederic Hallam was pleased with his appearance; his clear complexion and benevolent forehead were not those generally belonging to a mean character; but there was a thinness in the lips and a rigid firmness in the lower jaw, that in one more skilled in human nature might have awakened doubts.

He glanced from the young man's open, handsome face to his dress, and thence to his portmanteau. Hallam raised his hat and began to introduce himself, but Mr. Kirton stopped him.

"You mistake, sir; this is no inn for travellers."

"Mr. Kirton, I conclude; if you will be so kind as to look at this note, you will see that I do not come to you quite as a stranger."

The old man drew his form up more stiffly still, and pressed his lips more tightly together. As the letter was handed to him, he eyed Hallam so closely again before he opened it, that he added, "The letter is from your friend Mr. Goldsmith, who has intrusted me with some business papers he wishes you to sign."

Mr. Kirton opened the envelope, and read his letter slowly, keeping his visitor standing in the sunshine all the time. He was inwardly chafing, and had a great mind to ask permission to enter; but there was something so rigid and unbending about the old farmer that he forbore.

When he had read it twice over his countenance relaxed a little, and he invited Hallam to come in and rest himself. The visitor looked at his portmanteau reposing ignominiously on the grass-plot; he was just going to ask Mr. Kirton to have it carried indoors, when the former said, "You can let that be; it's safe; when you have eaten a meal with us and rested, one of the men shall carry it for you where you will."

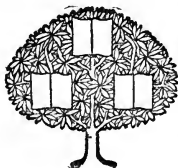
Frederic Hallam was not easily daunted; he had generally, as he would have said, impudence enough for anything; but his wish to become the farmer's guest just then prevailed: he would not risk a dispute with the reputed miser, which might injure his plans, though he shuddered at the thought of leaving his new portmanteau exposed to the inroads of dogs and fowls—some of the latter, ugly, long-legged creatures, had begun to peck it already; but he was obliged to follow Mr. Kirton, who strode along the narrow, stone-flagged, whitewashed passage to the back of the house, where he threw open a door, and asked his visitor to walk in and sit down.

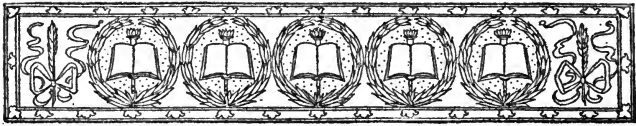
There was a stone floor and no carpet in the great, gaunt apartment—it could hardly be called a room—in former times, probably the hall of the old manor-house, for tradition said that Kirton's farm had been a favorite hunting-seat of King John—a legend hard to credit when one contemplated the entirely arable nature of the surrounding country. Doubtless, the house, or some part of it, was very ancient, and the hall, as it was called, seemed to have been left in undisturbed possession of its antiquity: the walls were of dark, almost black, oak, panelled in small octagonal compartments; the three windows were deeply recessed and considerably splayed, so that, although the external aperture was small, the window recess itself would have formed a seat for several persons. Two long, rough

wooden trestles stood against the wall on one side—they had possibly supported the table planks of former times—and at intervals were ranged high oaken stools, as black and ancient looking as the hall itself. What the roof had been formerly it was now difficult to determine, as it was ceiled between the three oak beams that spanned it at intervals; but its blackened aspect made one think irresistibly of a smoky chimney, and drew attention to the fireplace.

Hallam had never met with anything of the kind before, and he walked up to it, and examined it closely. It must have been eight or nine feet across, and had on each side niches with seats cut in the solid wall; in the centre, from the red brick paving, rose two huge, ungainly, metal dogs, each supporting what looked very like a cannon-ball; at the back was a massive plate of iron wrought in grotesque devices, and between this and the front, on a small raised brick platform, were two smaller andirons; from the chimney itself hung a hook—such a hook as Giant Cormoran thrust down the chimney when he roused the indignation of Jack the Giant Killer.

Mr. Hallam, being essentially a man of this generation, was not romantic, and he shuddered when he thought of the ways of former times, and of the uncouth feeding this house had witnessed; he hoped the rest of the house looked more habitable than this barbarous relic of the past, for he still intended to carry his point of passing the night there.—*Hester Kirton.*





MADISON, JAMES, fourth President of the United States, born at King George, Va., March 16, 1751 ; died at his residence at Montpelier, Va., June 28, 1836. His father, also named James Madison, was a planter of good estate, and of high character. The son was the eldest of seven children. After receiving a thorough preparatory education, he entered the college at Princeton, N. J., where he was graduated in 1771, but remained there another year, pursuing a course of reading under the direction of Dr. Witherspoon, the President of the college. He returned to Virginia in 1772, and entered upon a course of legal study, together with a large amount of reading in theology, philosophy, and belles-lettres.

Early in 1776 he was elected a member of the Virginia Convention, and procured the passage of a declaration of rights, which abrogated the old term "toleration," and substituted a broader exposition of religious rights, as applicable to those who were dissenters from the Episcopal Church, which was then the legally established faith of the colony. In that year he was also a member of the General Assembly, but lost his election in 1777, mainly from his refusal to treat the voters; but the Legislature elected him a member of the Council of State; and in 1779 he was chosen by the Assembly as delegate to Congress, in which body he re-

mained for three years. According to the law, as it then stood, he was ineligible for an additional term ; but the Legislature repealed this provision, so that he might sit for another term. He returned to Virginia in 1784, and was immediately chosen to the Legislature.

Early in 1786 he obtained the passage of a resolution inviting the other States to send delegates to a Convention to be held at Annapolis. But of the thirteen States only five sent delegates to this Convention, which, however, passed a resolution in favor of a convention of delegates from all the States to be held at Philadelphia in May, 1787. Madison was one of the delegates to this Convention, which resulted in the formation of the present Constitution of the United States, superseding the former Articles of Confederation. He took copious notes of the debates in this Convention ; and these form our best source of information respecting the proceedings in that assembly.

For the ensuing twenty years Madison occupied a prominent place in our political history, and in 1809 became President of the United States, succeeding Thomas Jefferson and serving for two terms, ending in 1817. During his incumbency occurred the second war (1812-15) with Great Britain. After the close of his second term he retired to his estate at Montpelier, where, notwithstanding his advanced age and infirm health, he bore an active part in the affairs of his native State.

Madison was, in many ways, a very voluminous

writer, as is shown by the *Madison Papers* purchased after his death by Congress, a portion of which were published in 1840, by order of Congress, in 3 vols. 8vo. His *Life* has been written by William C. Rives (3 vols., 1859-69), and more recently by Sidney H. Gay in the series of *American Statesmen* (1884). As a man of letters he is to be borne in mind mainly by his papers in *The Federalist*, one of the latest of which has been given under that heading in this Cyclopædia. We here subjoin a part of one of the earliest of these essays :

PLEA FOR THE UNION OF 1789.

I submit to you, fellow-citizens, these considerations, in full confidence that you will allow them their due weight and effect ; and that you will never suffer difficulties, however formidable in appearance, or however fashionable the error on which they may be founded, to drive you into the gloomy and perilous scenes into which the advocates of disunion would conduct you.

Hearken not to the unnatural voice which tells you that the people of America, knit together as they are by so many cords of affection, can no longer live together as members of the same family ; can no longer continue the mutual guardians of their mutual happiness ; can no longer be fellow-citizens of one great, respectable, and flourishing empire.

Hearken not to the voice which petulantly tells you that the form of government recommended for your adoption is a novelty in the political world ; that it has never yet had a place in the theories of the wildest projectors ; that it rashly attempts what is impossible to accomplish. No, my countrymen, shut your ears against this unhallowed language ; shut your hearts against the poison which it conveys. The kindred blood which flows in the veins of American citizens—the mingled blood which they have shed in defence of

their sacred rights, consecrate their union, and excite horror at the idea of their becoming aliens, rivals, enemies.

And if novelties are to be shunned, believe me, the most alarming of all novelties, the most wild in all projects, the most rash of all attempts, is that of rending us in pieces in order to preserve our liberties and promote our happiness. But why is the experiment of an extended republic to be rejected merely because it may comprise what is new? Is it not the glory of the people of America that whilst they have paid a decent regard to the opinions of former and other nations, they have not suffered a blind veneration for antiquity, for custom, or for names, to overrule the suggestions of their own good sense, the knowledge of their own situation, and the lessons of their own experience? To this manly spirit posterity will be indebted for the possession, and the world for the example, of the numerous innovations displayed on the American theatre in favor of private rights and public happiness. Had no important steps been taken by the leaders of the Revolution for which a precedent could not be discovered—no Government established of which an exact model did not present itself—the people of the United States might at this moment have been numbered among the melancholy victims of misguided councils; must at best have been laboring under the weight of some of those forms which have crushed the liberties of the rest of mankind.

Happily for America—happily, we trust, for the whole human race—they pursued a new and more noble course. They accomplished a revolution which has no parallel in the annals of human society. They reared the fabrics of Governments which have no model on the face of the globe. They formed the design of a great Confederacy which it is incumbent on their successors to improve and perpetuate. If their works betray imperfections, we wonder at the fewness of them. If they erred most in the structure of the Union, this was the work most difficult to be executed.—*From The Federalist, No. XIV.*



MAETERLINCK, MAURICE, a Belgian dramatist, born at Gand in 1862. His studies being completed, he devoted himself exclusively to letters. In 1891, after the appearance of his *Princesse Maleine*, he was awarded the prize for literary drama, which he refused. *L'Intruse*, one of his first pieces, has been played at Paris at the Théâtre d'Art, under the management of the Vaudeville, May 20, 1891. A representation of *L'Aveugle* was organized in December of the same year by this society. *L'Intruse* was given in Brussels, at the Park Theatre, toward the close of March, 1892. These two pieces were reproduced in German at Vienna and in Danish at Copenhagen. Among his other works are *Les Sept Princesses*, *Pelleas and Mellisande*, and some verses entitled *Les Serres Chaudes*. He has also translated *l'Ornement des Noces Spirituelles de Ruysbroeck*, *l'Incomparable*, *Le Tresor des Humbles*, mystical essays, and *Le Barbare*. His *Treasure of the Humble* and *Aglevaine and Selysette* have been well rendered in English by Alfred Sutro. The latter play shows strong Ibsen influence in the central situation, but the craftsmanship is that of Maeterlinck.

“Two things individualize him from the rest of his school,” says Richard Hovey—“the peculiarity of his technique, and the limitation of his emotional range. His conceptions are romantic to the

last degree, and so also is their setting, except perhaps in *l'Intruse* and *Intérieur*; but the dialogue is written in a language of the simplest realism. His vocabulary usually, except in some of the stage directions, though chosen with nicety, is hardly more copious than that of a peasant. The simple iteration characteristic of all real conversation is imitated to an extent to which even Dumas Père, who was a master of its effectiveness, never pushed it. But this iteration is not used merely for the sake of realism. It is part of a general appreciation and effective use of the principle of parallelism in art. Maeterlinck walks continually on the dangerous border between the tragic and the ridiculous, and it would be strange indeed if he never made a misstep; in the main, it must be confessed that he has a cool head and a sure footing. His is the hysterical mirth of tragic crises, the grin on the everlasting skull. His master-tone is always terror, terror, too, of the church-yard. He is a poet of the sepulchre, like Poe. His devotion to the wormy side of things *may* prevent him ever becoming popular."

The plot of *Aglevaine and Selysette* is made clear in the following passage, where Meligrane, the grandmother, addresses Selysette, the young wife, while Aglevaine, the "other woman," listens in the background:

Meligrane.—You have been crying for a long, long time, my poor Selysette, and you know full well that cry you will have to, still. And tell me how you think all this can end? I have turned it over patiently, sitting here in this corner of mine, and I am doing what I can

to speak calmly, though I grieve to see the suffering that has come to you, and that you have done nothing to deserve. There is only one human solution to such sorrows as these : either must one of you die or the other go away. And who should go away if not the one whom destiny sent too late ?

Selysette.—Why she rather than the one who came too soon ?

Aglevaine (coming forward).—One cannot come too soon, my poor Selysette. One comes when the hour has sounded, and I think our grandmother is right.

Selysette.—If she be right there is much unhappiness before us.

Aglevaine.—And if she be wrong, still there will be tears. Ah, Selysette, most often there is nothing left to us but to choose our tears, and if I hearkened only to this poor wisdom of mine I would tell you that it behooves us to choose the most beautiful.

There are many passages scattered through the play which are full of the intimate knowledge of the human heart which is Maeterlinck's most powerful characteristic. Take the following as examples :

One may say that tears are not in reason, or that they are not beautiful ; when one has arrived at the end of life one sees too often that they alone have reason.

It is necessary, not to ask ourselves if those who weep are reasonable or not, but simply what we can do to stop their tears.

Reason is such a little thing ; I believe that it is better to be wrong all one's life rather than bring tears from those who are without it.

When one desires to speak feelingly to the person one loves, one only replies to questions that the ear does not catch.

It is often destiny that speaks through our tears, and it is from the depth of the future that they come into our eyes.

She has only to bow down to find unheard-of treasures

in her heart, and she comes trembling to offer them, like a little blind creature who does not know that her hands are full of jewels and pearls.

Alas! my poor Selysette, there is so little difference at the heart of things, one cannot even tell why one loves.

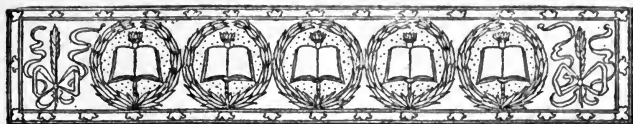
The French are fond of applying the term *un tendre* to writers who display a certain sort of sensibility. But there are certain indefinable things about Maeterlinck's work which keep him from coming under such a definition. There is nothing sham or make-believe about his feeling for human sorrow and disappointment. In his love of beauty he is as consistent as Pater.

JEAN VON RUYSBROECK.

The life of Jean von Ruysbroeck, like that of most of the great thinkers of this world, is entirely an inner life. Nearly all his biographers wrote nearly two centuries after his death, and their work seems much intermixed with legend. They show us a holy hermit, silent, ignorant, amazingly humble, amazingly good, who was in the habit of working miracles unawares. The trees beneath which he prayed were illumined by an aureole; the bells of a Dutch convent tolled without hands on the day of his death. His body, when exhumed five years after his death, was found in perfect preservation, and from it rose wonderful perfumes, which cured the sick who were brought from neighboring villages. A few lines will give the positively ascertained facts of his career. He was born in 1274 at Ruysbroeck, a little village between Hal and Brussels. He was first a priest in the Church of Sainte-Gadule; then by the advice of the hermit Lambert, he left the Brabant town and retired to Grönendal, in the forest of Soignes, in the neighborhood of Brussels. Holy companions soon joined him there, and they founded the abbey of Grönendal, whose ruins may still be seen. Attracted by the strange renown of

his supernatural visions, pilgrims from Germany and Holland, among them the Dominican Jean Tauler and Gerhard Groot, came to this retreat to visit the humble old man, and went away filled with an admiration, of which the memory still lingers in their writings. He died December 2, 1381, and his companions gave him the title of "*L'Admirable*." It was the century of the mystics and the period of the gloomy wars in Brabant and Flanders, of stormy nights of blood and prayers under the wild reigns of the three Johns, of battles extending into the very forests where the saints were kneeling. St. Bonaventure and St. Thomas Aquinas had just died, Thomas à Kempis was about to study God in that mirror of the absolute which the inspired Fleming had left in the depths of the Green Valley; while first Jehan de Bruges, and afterward the Van Eycks, Roger van der Weyden, Hugues van der Goes, Thierry Bonts and Hans Memlinck were to people with images the lonely *Word* of the hermit.

Every language thinks always more than the man, even the man of genius, who employs it, and who is only its heart for the time being, and this is the reason why an ignorant monk like this mysterious Ruysbroeck was able, by gathering up his scanty forces in prayers so many centuries ago, to write works which hardly correspond to our senses in the present day. Many of Ruysbroeck's phrases float almost like transparent icicles on the colorless sea of silence, but still they exist; they have been separated from the waters, and that is sufficient. I am aware, finally, that the strange plants which he cultivated on the high peaks of the spirit are surrounded by clouds of their own, but these clouds annoy only gazers from below. Those who have the courage to climb see that they are the very atmosphere of these plants, the only atmosphere in which they can blossom in the shade of non-existence. For this is a vegetation so subtle that it can scarcely be distinguished from the silence from which it has drawn its juices and into which it seems ready to dissolve.—*From Ruysbroeck and the Mystics; translated by JANE T. STODDART.*



MAGINN, WILLIAM, an Irish poet and general writer, born at Cork, July 10, 1794; died near London, August 21, 1842. He was graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1811, and in 1818 his Alma Mater conferred upon him the degree of LL.D., he being then only twenty-two—the youngest man who had ever received that dignity. About this time he began to contribute to *Blackwood's Magazine* over several *noms de plume*. In 1823 he went to London, and engaged in journalism. In 1830 he, with Mr. Hugh Fraser, set up *Fraser's Magazine*, of which, as "Oliver Yorke," he acted for a while as ostensible editor. In this capacity he is perhaps best known as having brought Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* to a hasty conclusion. His irregular way of life lost him position, notwithstanding his brilliant genius and varied attainments. He was in 1842 imprisoned for debt, passed through the Insolvency Court, and fell into great poverty.

Maginn was second to none of the brilliant English and Scottish writers of his time, and his infirmities of character alone prevented him from sharing in the literary fame which, during his lifetime, had its centres in Edinburgh and London. He was the original of Thackeray's Captain Shandon, and early succumbed to that fatal Bohemianism which, now happily dying out, exercised its attractions with such especial force in journalism during the early days of this century.

“There was no mistaking that emphatic, pure, and stately English of his,” writes Mrs. Thomson in her *Recollections of Literary Characters*; “no modern writer in periodicals has ever given to satire a less repulsive form of personality.” Mackenzie tells us that “his combined learning, wit, eloquence, eccentricity, and humor obtained for him the title of *The Modern Rabelais*. He put a vast quantity of animal spirits upon paper; but his graver articles—which contain sound and serious principles of criticism—are earnest and well reasoned.”

Another critic says: “Every English periodical of mark for years owed somewhat of its influence and its interest to the prompt, copious, erudite, and funny pen of Maginn. Now it was a parody, now a translation; to-day a critique, to-morrow a letter; one month a novel, the next a political essay.”

THE IRISHMAN.

There was a lady lived at Leith,
 A lady very stylish, man,
 And yet, in spite of all her teeth,
 She fell in love with an Irishman—
 A nasty, ugly Irishman—
 A wild, tremendous Irishman—
 A tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping, ranting, roaring
 Irishman.

His face was noways beautiful,
 For with small-pox 'twas scarred across;
 And the shoulders of the ugly dog
 Were almost double a yard across.
 Oh, the lump of an Irishman—
 The whiskey-devouring Irishman—
 The great he-rogue, with his wonderful brogue—the
 fighting, rioting Irishman'

One of his eyes was bottle-green,
 And the other was out, my dear ;
 And the calves of his wicked-looking legs
 Were more than two feet about, my dear !
 Oh, the great big Irishman—
 The rattling, battling Irishman—
 The stamping, ramping, swaggering, staggering, leather-
 ing swash of an Irishman !

He took so much of Lundy-foot
 That he used to snort and snuffle, Oh ;
 And in shape and size the fellow's neck
 Was as broad as the neck of a buffalo.
 Oh, the horrible Irishman—
 The thundering, blundering Irishman—
 The slashing, dashing, smashing, lashing, thrashing,
 hashing Irishman !

His name was a terrible name indeed,
 Being Timothy Thady Mulligan ;
 And whenever he emptied his tumbler of punch,
 He'd not rest till he filled it again.
 The boozing, bruising Irishman—
 The 'toxicated Irishman—
 The whiskey, frisky, rummy, gummy, brandy, no dandy
 Irishman !

This was the lad the lady loved,
 Like all the girls of quality.
 And he broke the skulls of the men of Leith,
 Just by the way of jollity.
 Oh, the leathering Irishman—
 The barbarous, savage Irishman—
 The hearts of the maids, and the gentlemen's heads,
 were bothered, I'm sure, by this Irishman.



MAHAFFY, JOHN PENTLAND, an Irish classical scholar and historian, born at Chafonnaire, on Lake Geneva, Switzerland, February 26, 1839. He was educated in Germany by his parents, till he entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1856. He gained his fellowship by competition in 1864, and became Professor of Ancient History in 1871. He was decorated with the gold cross of the Order of the Saviour by the King of Greece in 1877; and became an Honorary Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, in 1882. He is examiner and lecturer in Trinity College, Dublin, in classics, philosophy, music, and modern languages. Besides many papers in periodicals and reviews, he has published a translation of Kuno Fischer's *Commentary on Kant* (1866); *Twelve Lectures on Primitive Civilization* (1868); *Prolegomena to Ancient History* (1871); *Kant's Critical Philosophy for English Readers* (1871); *Greek Social Life from Homer to Menander* (1874); *Greek Antiquities* (1876); *Rambles and Studies in Greece* (1876); *Greek Education* (1879); *History of Classical and Greek Literature* (1880); *Report on the Irish Grammar Schools* (1880); *The Decay of Modern Preaching* (1882); *The Story of Alexander's Empire* (1886); *Greek Life and Thought* (1887); *Art of Conversation* (1889); *The Greek World Under Roman Sway* (1890); *Greek Pictures* (1890); *Problems in Greek History* (1892); *Life and Teaching of Descartes*

(1894); and is editor of the English edition of Duruy's *Roman History*.

The *Athenæum* says Mahaffy gives us the best existing sketch of what has been really done during the last half-century by Egyptian scholars.

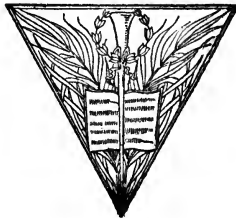
Speaking of *Greek Antiquities*, the *Saturday Review* has the following: "The volume is one which will be very useful to the scholar to explain geographical problems which arise here and there in his reading; for although the chapters are occasionally discursive, their author's main purpose is the illustration of the classical poets and historians. Thoroughly at home both in the highways and byways of Greek literature, he gives us a series of pictures of the home-life of the ancient Greeks, and undertakes to explain 'how they reasoned, and felt, and loved; why they laughed, and why they wept; how they taught and what they learned.'"

"He skilfully combines history and biography," says *The Spectator*, "with the review of social and intellectual conditions."

LITERARY ACTIVITY.

There was indeed everywhere an extraordinary burst of literary activity. Every philosopher or public teacher of that kind—Zeno, Cleanthes, Metrodorus, Aristo, all the people whose lives Diogenes Laertius has given us, wrote scores, nay, hundreds of works, so many indeed that we must regard each of them as a mere tract, composed and circulated as men now circulate public speeches or lectures, especially of a polemical character. Chrysippus and Epicurus seem to have consciously aimed at a reputation for polygraphy. These works were preserved, too, and catalogued, as may be seen from the long lists in Diogenes,

who lived centuries later. Together with this flood of special tracts, which now deluged the philosophic world, and which were written without regard to style, merely to express the views of a thinker, we have the historians of the day, who plumed themselves upon their diction and the ornaments of their narrative, and who, in contrast to the philosophers, wrote great encyclopædias of history in long series of books. Such were those who followed in the steps of Ephorus and Theopompus—Timæus, Philochorus, Duris, afterward Phylarchus, and then Polybius, whose remains give us an idea of this kind of literature. Whether these works were intended as universal histories on a fixed plan, or merely as collections of antiquarian lore, they indicate the same desire as the controversial tracts of the philosophers—the desire of their authors to appear before the world as men of letters—the itch or mania of authorship. We have consequently clear evidence that this enormous body of lost literature labored under the defects certain to accompany that well-known human vanity—self-consciousness in style, a morbid desire to appear original, and the habit of bitter criticism and of savage literary feuds. To be accused even once of plagiarism, especially when the accusation was true, rankled in the minds of these Greek professors as a life-long disgrace, to be revenged by a series of attacks, both open and secret, upon the moral character, the veracity, the learning of the accuser. Thus we see a feature of our own learned world anticipated in this society.—*From Greek Life and Thought.*





MAHAN, ALFRED THAYER, an American naval historian, born at West Point, N. Y., September 27, 1840. He is a son of Dennis Mahan, Professor of Civil Engineering at West Point. He was graduated at the naval academy at Annapolis in 1859, and, after serving in the South Atlantic and Gulf squadrons throughout the War, became head of the department of gunnery at Annapolis in 1877. He was made President of the War College at Newport in 1886, and was put in command of the cruiser Chicago in 1893. He was attached to the European squadron, and his comprehensive and authoritative works upon naval history procured for him a hearty welcome in England (especially) and on the Continent. Among the honors granted him in Europe were degrees from both Oxford and Cambridge Universities. His writings include *The Gulf and Inland Waters* (1863); *The Influence of Sea Power upon History* (1890); *Life of Farragut* (1892). Other works are *The Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution and Empire* and a *Life of Nelson*.

THE SEA AS A GREAT COMMON.

The first and most obvious light in which the sea presents itself from the political and social point of view is that of a great highway; or better, perhaps, of a wide common, over which men may pass in all directions, but on which some well-worn paths show that controlling

reasons have led them to choose certain lines of travel rather than others. These lines of travel are called trade routes; and the reasons which have determined them are to be sought in the history of the world.

Notwithstanding all the familiar and unfamiliar dangers of the sea, both travel and traffic by water have always been easier and cheaper than by land. The commercial greatness of Holland was due not only to her shipping at sea, but also to the numerous tranquil water-ways which gave such cheap and easy access to her own interior and to that of Germany. This advantage of carriage by water over that by land was yet more marked in a period when roads were few and very bad, wars frequent and society unsettled, as was the case two hundred years ago. Sea traffic then went in peril of robbers, but was nevertheless safer and quicker than that by land. A Dutch writer of that time, estimating the chances of his country in a war with England, notices, among other things, that the water-ways of England failed to penetrate the country sufficiently; therefore, the roads being bad, goods from one part of the kingdom to the other must go to sea, and be exposed to capture by the way. As regards purely internal trade, this danger has generally disappeared at the present day; and in most civilized countries, now, the destruction or disappearance of the coasting-trade would only be an inconvenience, although water transit is still the cheaper.

Under modern conditions home trade is not a part of the business of a country bordering on the sea. Foreign necessities or luxuries must be brought to its ports, either in its own or in foreign ships, which will return, bearing in exchange the products of the country, whether they be the fruits of the earth or the works of men's hands; and it is the wish of every nation that this shipping business should be done by its own vessels. The ships that thus sail to and fro must secure ports in which to return, and must, as far as possible, be followed by the protection of their country throughout the voyage.—*From The Influence of Sea Power upon History.*



MAHONY, FRANCIS, an Irish journalist, born at Cork about 1804; died in Paris, May 18, 1866. He was educated at a Jesuit college in Paris, afterward studied at Rome, where he took orders in the Roman Catholic Church. Abandoning the clerical profession, he became about 1832 a regular writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, and subsequently in *Bentley's Miscellany*, under the *nom de plume* of "Father Prout." From 1840 until 1864 he was a foreign correspondent, at Rome and Paris, of several English newspapers. In 1864 he retired to a monastery in Paris, where he died. Several collections of his articles have been published, among which are *The Reliques of Father Prout* (1836; new edition, 1860), and *The Final Reliques of Father Prout*, edited by Blanchard Jerrold (1874).

The following criticism seems apt: "Do you wish for epigrams? There is a fairy shower of them. Have you a taste for ballads, varying from the lively to the tender? Have you an ear for translations which give the semblance of another language's face? Are you given to satire? Do you delight in the classic allusion, the quaint though yet profound learning of other days? All these and a great deal more are to be found in *Father Prout's* chest."

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

With deep affection and recollection
 I often think of those Shandon bells,
 Whose sounds so wild would, in the days of childhood,
 Fling round my cradle their magic spells.

On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
 And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee ;
 With thy bells of Shandon that sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
 Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine,
 While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate ;
 But all their music spoke naught like thine.

For memory dwelling on each proud swelling
 Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,
 Made the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I've heard bells tolling old Hadrian's Mole in,
 Their thunder rolling from the Vatican ;
 And cymbals glorious swinging uproarious
 In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame.

But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
 Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly ;
 Oh, the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow ; while on tower and kiosk O,
 In Saint Sophia, the Turkman gets,
 And loud in air calls men to prayer
 From the tapering summits of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom I freely grant them ;
 But there's an anthem more dear to me :
 'Tis the bells of Shandon that sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters of the River Lee.



MAIMONIDES, or MOSES BEN-MAIMUN, celebrated Jewish rabbi and philosopher, was born at Cordova, Spain, March 30, 1135; died at Fostat (Old Cairo), Egypt, December 13, 1204. Of his early life little is known or little has been given. We are in doubt as to who were his teachers, though it is supposed that in many branches his father was his instructor. It has been stated that in the Talmud he was the pupil of the eminent Rabbi Joseph Ibn Migash, and in philosophy and medicine of the equally eminent Arabian philosopher Ibn Roshd (Averroes). But his later biographers tell us that he was only a child when Rabbi Joseph died, and that he did not become acquainted with the writings of Ibn Roshd until he was far advanced in years. But, as he was well versed in theology, philosophy, mathematics, astronomy, and medicine, he must have had superior teachers, and he himself must have made the most of his time and opportunities. Owing to the wars between the Mohammedans and Christians and between the different Mohammedan sects, and to the persecutions of the Jews by the rulers at Cordova and other parts of Spain, their lives were troubled and anxious, and many of them fled to foreign countries to avoid death or apostasy. In 1165 Maimonides and his father's family escaped to Africa, and some time after settled at Fostat

(Old Cairo), in Egypt. Here he continued his studies and interested himself in the community of Jews there until the death of his brother David, who had supported the family, when he began the practice of medicine for a living, for he would receive nothing for his services to the Jews or for the works he wrote for their instruction. His skill as a physician soon obtained for him the position of Court-physician to Saladin of Egypt, a lucrative and honorable position, but the duties of which were onerous, as he himself tells us. But onerous as they were, they did not prevent him from continuing his studies and his writings. Many of the latter were in Hebrew, others in Arabic. Of those in Arabic he translated a number into Hebrew. Among his most noted works are *Technical Terms of Logic*, *Mishneh Thorah*, and *The Guide to the Perplexed*. All of these occupied many years of his life, the *Mishneh Thorah* having been a work of over ten years. His death caused great sorrow among the Jews. In Fostat a mourning of three days was kept, and in Jerusalem a fast was appointed. His remains were taken to Tiberias.

Maimonides is regarded as the greatest philosopher and theologian of the Jews, and one of the greatest of any age or people.

THE ETERNITY OF THE UNIVERSE.

We do not reject the Eternity of the Universe because certain passages in Scripture confirm the Creation; for such passages are not more numerous than those in which God is represented as a corporeal being; nor is it impossible or difficult to find for them a suitable interpretation. We might have explained them

in the same manner as we did in respect to the Incorporeality of God. We should, perhaps, have had an easier task in showing that the Scriptural passages referred to are in harmony with the theory of the Eternity of the Universe if we accepted the latter, than we had in explaining the anthropomorphisms in the Bible when we rejected the idea that God is corporeal. For two reasons, however, we have not done so, and have not accepted the Eternity of the Universe. First, the Incorporeality of God has been demonstrated by proof; those passages in the Bible which, in their literal sense, contain statements that can be refuted by proof must and can be interpreted otherwise. But the Eternity of the Universe has not been proved: a mere argument in favor of a certain theory is not sufficient reason for rejecting the literal meaning of a Biblical text, and explaining it figuratively, when the opposite theory can be supported by an equally good argument.—*The Guide to the Perplexed.*

THE CREATION.

Accepting the Creation, we find that miracles are possible, that revelation is possible, and that every difficulty in this question is removed. We might be asked, Why has God inspired a certain person and not another? Why has He revealed the Law to one particular nation, and at one particular time? Why has He commanded this, and forbidden that? Why has He shown through a prophet certain particular miracles? What is the object of these laws? and why has He not made the commandments and the prohibitions part of our nature, if it was His object that we should live in accordance with them? We answer to all these questions: He willed it so; or, His wisdom decided so. Just as He created the world according to His will, at a certain time, in a certain form, and as we do not understand why His will or His wisdom decided upon that peculiar form, and upon that peculiar time, so we do not know why His will or wisdom determined any of the things mentioned in the preceding questions. But if we assume that the Universe has the present form as the result of fixed laws, there is occasion for the above questions: and these

could only be answered in an objectionable way, implying denial and rejection of the Biblical texts, the correctness of which no intelligent person doubts. Owing to the absence of all proof, we reject the theory of the Eternity of the Universe ; and it is for this very reason that the noblest minds spent and will spend their days in research. For if the Creation had been demonstrated by proof, even if only according to the Platonic hypothesis, all arguments of the philosophers against us would be of no avail. If, on the other hand, Aristotle had a proof for his theory, the whole teaching of Scripture would be rejected, and we should be forced to other opinions. I have thus shown that all depends on this question. Note it.—*The Guide to the Perplexed.*

REASON AND RELIGION.

First, it would be a violation of reason in the highest degree not to believe that there is a God. To believe that this visible world is either eternal or self-created, besides all other intrinsic absurdities in the hypothesis, would simply affirm the world to be God in the same breath that we deny His existence. It would be a gross and stupid conception of an eternal and self-existent being ; for to believe it self-created is a stupidity which exceeds even the stupidity of atheism. But if the world were neither eternal nor self-created, it was made ; and, if made, it had a maker. Cavil as a man will, there is no escape from this necessity. To deny it is not to reason, but to violate reason ; and to be rationalists, by going contrary to reason.—*Characteristics.*





MAINE, SIR HENRY JAMES SUMNER, an English jurist, born August 15, 1822; died at Cannes, February 3, 1888. He was educated at Pembroke College, Cambridge, where he took an exceptionally brilliant degree in 1842. He became a tutor; and in 1847 he was made Professor of Civil Law at Cambridge University. He was called to the bar in 1850; and in 1854 he was appointed reader of jurisprudence at the Middle Temple. Two years later he published *Roman Law and Legal Education*; and in 1861 he issued his great work on *Ancient Law*. The following year he joined the Supreme Council of India as a law member, and after a seven years' stay in India, returned to become Professor of Jurisprudence at Oxford. In 1871 he was made a member of the council of the Secretary of State for India, and in the same year he published his *Lectures on Village Communities*. In 1877 he was elected Master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Besides the above, his works include *The Early History of Institutions* (1875) and *Dissertations on Early Law Customs* (1883).

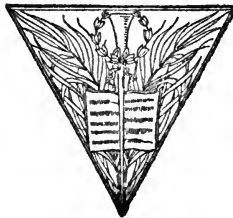
The *Athenæum* counts one of the greatest charms of his writings the extraordinary way in which he sets his readers thinking for themselves. He opens up a problem in a masterly manner, lays hold of the salient points, and states these in the clearest language, and then he leaves the reader to work

out for himself innumerable interesting speculations which have been in the first place suggested for him. "At one master-stroke," says Sir Frederick Pollock, "he forged a new and lasting bond between law, history, and anthropology. Jurisprudence itself has become a study of the living growth of human society through all its stages, and it is no longer possible for law to be dealt with as a collection of rules imposed on societies as it were by accident, nor for the resemblances and differences of the laws of different societies to be regarded as casual."

LEGISLATION AND REVOLUTION.

There is no doubt that some of the most inventive, most polite, and best instructed portions of the human race are at present going through a stage of thought which, if it stood by itself, would suggest that there is nothing of which human nature is so tolerant, or so deeply enamoured, as the transformation of laws and institutions. A series of political and social changes which a century ago no man would have thought capable of being effected save by the sharp convulsion of Revolution is now contemplated by the bulk of many civilized communities as sure to be carried out, a certain number of persons regarding the prospect with exuberant hope, a somewhat larger number with equanimity, many more with indifference or resignation. At the end of the last century, a Revolution in France shook the whole civilized world; and the consequence of the terrible events and bitter disappointments which it brought with it was to arrest all improvement in Great Britain for thirty years, merely because it was innovation. But in 1830 a second explosion occurred in France, followed by the reconstruction of the British electorate in 1832, and with the British Reformed Parliament began that period of continuous legislation through which, not this country alone, but all Western Europe appears to be passing.

It is not often recognized how excessively rare in the world was sustained legislative activity till rather more than fifty years ago, and thus sufficient attention has not been given to some characteristics of this particular mode of exercising sovereign power, which we call Legislation. It has obviously many advantages over Revolution as an instrument of change ; while it has quite as trenchant an edge, it is milder, juster, more equable, and sometimes better considered. But in one respect, as at present understood, it may prove to be more dangerous than revolution. Political insanity takes strange forms, and there may be some persons in some countries who look forward to "The Revolution" as implying a series of revolutions. But, on the whole, a Revolution is regarded as doing all its work at once. Legislation, however, is contemplated as never-ending. One stage of it is doubtless more or less distinctly conceived. It will not be arrested till the legislative power itself, and all kinds of authority at any time exercised by States, have been vested in the People, the Many, the great majority of the human beings making up each community. The prospect beyond that is dim, and perhaps will prove to be as fertile in disappointment as is always the morrow of a Revolution. But doubtless the popular expectation is that, after the establishment of a Democracy, there will be as much reforming legislation as ever. —*From Popular Government.*





MAISTRE, COMTE XAVIER DE, a French miscellaneous writer, born at Chambéry, Savoy, in October, 1763; died at St. Petersburg, June 12, 1852. His classical studies completed, he at first gave himself to painting. He later served as an officer in the Sardinian infantry. The French Revolution led to the conquest of the Duchy of Savoy. Not wishing to entangle himself in a civil war, he left the service and followed his brother to Russia, who had first been made Ambassador of Sardinia in 1802. Xavier entered the Russian army as domo-major, after having been one of the executives of the Royal Marines. He fought in the Caucasus and in Persia, and was granted the rank of major-general. After the war he returned to St. Petersburg, and married and settled there in 1817. He rarely visited his native land, but went to both Naples and Paris shortly before his death. He wrote *A Trip About My Room* (1794); *The Leper of the City of Aoste* (1812); *The Prisoners of Caucasus* and *The Young Siberian* (1815); *An Expedition by Night About My Room* (1825). As a member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences of Turin, he published in the archives of these societies several works on chemistry and chimeography. The Library of Geneva has also some of his scientific researches. *A Treatise on Colors*, which has to-day no especial

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interest, was found in manuscript. His complete works were published in Paris in 1825, in three volumes.

“He has given us but few writings, and these volumes are small,” says Larousse, “but they amply suffice to prove his varied talent, and to assure his immortality. In one, an admirable phantasy, entitled *A Trip About My Room*, he unfolds, in the most piquant manner and in a style the most spiritual, a philosophy wholesome, happy, and tolerant. He here treats of everything, or nearly everything, and always in the most perfect and graceful terms. And yet this little masterpiece was not written for the press; it was written at long intervals, chapter by chapter, in an unpretentious manner, and would never have left the desk of its author, had not his brother obtained knowledge of its existence and pressed its publication. We believe it difficult to read without tears some pages from Xavier de Maistre.”

EARLY RISING.

My servant enters my room half an hour before my time for rising. I hear him stealing about with a light step. The noise is just enough to let me know that I am sleeping. You are just enough awake to know that you are not entirely so, and to dreamily calculate that the hour for business and worry is still in the sand-glass of time. Gradually my servant becomes noisier; he looks at my watch, and jingles the seals. I now give him a hundred preliminary orders, somewhat crossly. He knows that they are mere excuses for my staying in bed without seeming to wish to do so. This he, however, pretends not to see through, and I am truly thankful to him. At last, all my resources being exhausted, he plants himself, arms folded, perfectly im-

movable, in the middle of the room. The most studied discourse on the impropriety of laziness would not make me spring so quickly from my bed as this silent reminder of Monsieur Joannetti.—*From A Journey Round My Room.*

SUNSHINE PICTURES.

The earliest rays of the sun play upon my curtains. On fine summer mornings, I see them come creeping, as the sun rises, all along the whitened wall. The elms across the street, facing my windows, divide them into a thousand patterns as they dance upon my bed, and, reflecting its color of rose and white, shed abroad a charming tint. I hear the confused twitter of the swallows that have taken up their abode in my roof, and the warbling of the birds that people the elms. Happy is he who, struck with the majesty of a beautiful form and the wonderful way in which the light, with its thousand tints, plays upon the human face, strives to copy on his canvas the marvellous effects of nature! Led, too, by love of landscape into solitary by-ways, he makes his copy breathe the sadness which the gloomy wood or desert plain inspire. New seas and dark caverns into which the sun has never peered, he creates. At his word, into life spring copses of evergreen, while heaven's own blue reflects itself in his work. He darkens the air, and the roar of the storm reaches our ears. Again, we behold the delightful plains of ancient Sicily: startled nymphs and satyrs chase one another through the bending reeds, and stately temples rear their lofty heads above the sacred forest. Bluish backgrounds blend with the sky, and the entire scene, repictured in the tranquil waters of a river, forms a picture that no tongue can describe.—*From A Journey Round My Room.*

A FRIEND.

I had a friend. Death took him from me at the moment when I most needed his friendship. In the privations of war we shared the same tent, had but one pipe

between us, drank from the same cup. Exposed to all the perils of the field, Death spared us to each other. But, to lose him now, amid the joys of our winter-quarters, in full health—this was a blow from which I can never rally.

In the moonlight, while the cricket, hidden in the grass on my friend's grave, gayly continues his unwearied chirping, I am thinking—Man's death and that of a beautiful butterfly are but similar events—both melt into air. Daybreak begins to whiten the sky, and with the shades gloomy thoughts disappear. He Who suffuses the East with light will not let it lighten my eyes and then plunge me into the darkness of annihilation. That vast horizon, those lofty mountains, whose ice-clad summits the sun even now is gilding—He Who made these made my heart to beat, and my mind to think. No, my friend is not annihilated! Whatever the barrier, now impassable, I shall see him again. The flight of an insect, the beauties of the country, the sweetness of the air, so uplift me that an invincible proof of immortality seizes my soul and floods it with light.—*From A Journey Round My Room.*





MALCOLM, HOWARD, an American clergyman and religious writer, born in Philadelphia, January 19, 1799; died there, March 25, 1879. He was educated at Dickinson College, studied theology at Princeton, was for five years pastor of a church at Hudson, N. Y., and in 1827 became pastor of one in Boston. He had then for two years been connected with the American Sunday-School Union, and in its behalf had visited many cities in the United States. He was one of the founders of the American Tract Society. In 1835 he was sent on a tour of inspection of the Baptist missions in India, Burmah, Siam, and China. From 1839 to 1849 he was President of the college at Georgetown, Ky., and from 1851 to 1858 of the Lewisburg University, Penn. Among his works are a *Dictionary of the Bible* (1828); *The Nature and Extent of the Atonement* (1829); *The Christian Rule of Marriage* (1830); *Travels in Southeastern Asia* (1839), and *Index to Religious Literature* (1870). Mr. Malcolm's *Dictionary of the Bible* had a very extensive circulation in the United States, and was for many years a standard authority on the subject.

THE FUNERAL OF A BURMAN PRIEST.

The death of a *Pougee* or President of a *kyoung* is regarded as a great event, and the funeral is conducted with pomp and ceremony. The body, being disembowelled, and its juices pressed out, is filled with honey,

and swathed in many folds of varnished cloth. The whole is coated with beeswax ; that which covers the face and feet being so wrought as to resemble the deceased. These parts are then gilded. The body often lies in state for many months, on a platform highly ornamented with fringes, colored paper, pictures, etc.

During my stay at Tavoy occurred the funeral of a distinguished *Pouthee*. Its rarity, and the great preparations which had been made for it, attracted almost the entire populace. The body had been lying in state, under an ornamental canopy, for several months, embalmed Burman fashion. The face and feet, where the wax preserved the original shape, were visible, and completely gilded. Five cars, on low wheels, had been prepared, to which were attached long ropes of rattan, and to some of them at each end. They were constructed chiefly of cane, and not only were in pretty good taste, but quite costly withal, in gold leaf and embroidered muslin.

When the set day arrived, the concourse assembled, filling not only all the *zayats* but all the groves, dressed in their best clothes, and full of festivity. Not a beggar, or ill-dressed person, was to be seen. Almost every person, of both sexes, was dressed in silk ; and many, especially children, had ornaments of gold or silver in their ears and round their ankles and wrists. Not an instance of drunkenness or quarrelling came under my eye, or, that I could learn, occurred on either day. The body in its decorated coffin was removed, amid an immense concourse, from its place in the *kyoung* to one of the cars, with an excessive din of drums, gongs, cymbals, trumpets, and wailing of women. When it was properly adjusted in its new location, a number of men mounted the car at each end, and hundreds of people grasped the ropes, to draw it to the place of burying, half a mile distant. But it had not advanced many paces before those behind drew it back. Then came a prodigious struggle. The thousands in front exerted all their strength to get it forward, and those behind with equal energy held it back. Now it would go ten or twelve paces forward, then six or eight backward ; one party pretending their great zeal to perform the

last honors for the priest, the other declaring they could not part with the dear remains! The air was rent with the shouts of each party to encourage their side to exertion. The other cars of the procession were dragged back and forth in the same manner, but less vehemently. This frolic continued for a few hours, and the crowd dispersed, leaving the cars on the way. For several days the populace amused themselves in the same manner; but I attended no more till informed by the Governor that at three o'clock that day the burning would certainly take place.

Repairing again to the spot, I found the advancing party had of course succeeded. The empty cars were in an open field, while that which bore the body was in the place of burning, enclosed by a light fence. The height was about thirty feet. At an elevation of fifteen or sixteen feet, it contained a sort of sepulchral monument, like the square tombs in our church-yards, highly ornamented with Chinese paper, bits of various-colored glass, arranged like flowers, and various mythological figures; and was filled with combustibles. On this was the body of the priest. A long spire, decorated to the utmost, and festooned with flowers, completed the structure. Soon after the appointed hour, a procession of priests approached, and took their seats on a platform within the enclosure, while in another direction came the "tree of life," borne on the shoulders of men, who reverently placed it near the priests. It was ingeniously and tastefully constructed of fruits, rice, boxes, cups, umbrellas, staffs, raiment, cooking utensils, and, in short, an assortment of all the articles deemed useful and convenient in Burman house-keeping. Women followed, bearing on their heads baskets of fruits and other articles. All the offerings, I was told, were primarily for the use of the deceased. But as he only needed their spiritual essence, the gross and substantial substances remained for the use of the neighboring monastery.

The priests, with a small audience of elderly persons, now mumbled over the appointed prayers, and having performed some tedious ceremonies, retired. Immediately sky-rockets and other fireworks were let off, at

a little distance. From the place of the pyrotechnics, long ropes extended to the funeral cars, to which were fastened horizontal rockets bearing various pasteboard figures. Presently men with slow matches touched off one of these ; but it whizzed forward only a little way, and expired. Another failed in the same manner, and shouts of derision rose from the crowd. The next rushed forward and smashed a portion of the car, which called forth strong applause. Another and another dashed into the tottering fabric, while several men were seen throwing fagots and gunpowder into it, till, finally, a furious rocket entering the midst of the pile, the whole blazed up, and the poor priest was exploded to Heaven! Fancy fireworks concluded the ceremony, and the vast crowd dispersed.—*Travels in Southeastern Asia.*





MALEBRANCHE, NICOLAS, a French philosopher, born in Paris, August 6, 1638; died there, October 13, 1715. He was the youngest child of Nicolas Malebranche, secretary to Louis XIII. His constitution was delicate, and he did not leave home until he was old enough to begin the study of philosophy at the College of La Marche. He afterward studied theology at the Sorbonne, with the intention of entering the Church, but his love of retirement led him to decline a canonicate in Notre Dame. When twenty-two years old he entered the Congregation of the Oratory. Here he occupied himself first with the study of ecclesiastical history, and then with that of Hebrew and biblical criticism. He relinquished the first because he could not succeed in arranging the facts harmoniously in his mind, and he was not zealously pursuing the second, when the perusal of Descartes's *Traité de l'Homme* roused his dormant enthusiasm. He now devoted himself to philosophy, and in 1674-75 published his *Recherche de la Vérité*, in which he adopts Descartes's fundamental principle of the absolute difference of mind and matter. The work passed through several editions during the author's life, and excited much controversy. His other works are *Conversations Chrétiennes* (1676); *Traité de la Nature et de la Grâce* (1680); *Méditations Chrétiennes et Métaphysiques*

(1683); *Traité de la Morale* (1684); *Entretien sur la Metaphysique et la Religion* (1688); *Traité de l'Amour de Dieu* (1689); *Entretien d'un Philosophe Chrétien et d'un Philosophe Chinois sur l'Existence et la Nature de Dieu* (1708), and *Reflexions sur la Prémotion Physique* (1715).

Mackintosh says of him: "This ingenious philosopher and beautiful writer is the only celebrated Cartesian who has professedly handled the theory of morals. . . . He is, perhaps, the first philosopher who has precisely laid down, and rigidly adhered to, the great principle that virtue consists in pure intentions and dispositions of mind, without which actions, however conformable to rules, are not truly moral."

WHAT IS MEANT BY IDEAS.

I suppose that everyone will grant that we perceive not the objects that are without us immediately and of themselves. We see the sun, the stars, and infinite other objects without us; and it is not probable that the soul goes out of the body, and fetches a walk, as I may say, about the heavens, to contemplate all the objects therein.

It sees them not therefore by themselves, and the immediate object of the mind, when it beholds the sun, for example, is not the sun, but something intimately united to the soul; and that same thing is what I call our "idea." So that by the term *idea* I mean nothing but that object which is immediate, or next, to the soul in its perception of anything.

It ought to be well observed that in order to the mind's perceiving any object it is absolutely necessary the idea of that object be actually present to it: which is so certain as not possibly to be doubted of. But it is not necessary there should be anything without like to that idea; for it often happens that we perceive

things which do not exist, and which never were in nature. And so a man has frequently in his mind real ideas of things that never were. When a man, for instance, imagines a golden mountain, it is indispensably necessary that the idea of that mountain should be really present in his mind. When a frantic, or a man in a fever or asleep, sees some terrible animal before his eyes, it is certain that the idea of that animal really exists. And yet that mountain of gold and this animal never were in being.

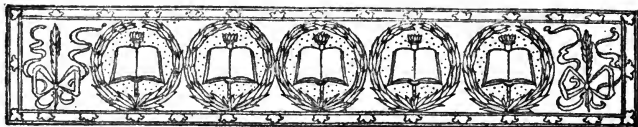
Notwithstanding, men being, as it were, naturally inclined to believe that corporeal objects exist, judge of the reality and existence of things quite otherwise than they ought. For when they perceive an object by way of sense, they will have it most infallibly to exist, though it often happens that there is nothing of it without; they will have, moreover, this object to be just the same as they perceive it; which yet never happens. But as for the idea which necessarily exists, and cannot be otherwise than we see it, they commonly judge, without reflection, that it is nothing at all: as if ideas had not a vast number of properties (as that the idea of a square, for instance, were not very different from that of any number), and did not represent quite different things! Which is not consistent with *nothing*, since nothing has no property. It is therefore undoubtedly certain that ideas have a most real existence. But let us inquire into their nature and their essence, and see what there is in our soul capable of making to her the representations of all things.

Whatever things the soul perceives are only of two sorts, and are either within or without the soul. Those that are within the soul are its own proper thoughts; that is, all its different modifications. For by the words "thought," "manner of thinking," or "modifications of the soul," I mean all those things in general which cannot be in the soul without her perceiving them; such are her own sensations, her imaginations, her pure intellections, or simply her conceptions, as also her passions and natural inclinations. Now our soul has no need of ideas to perceive all these things, because they are within the soul, or, rather, because they are the very

soul itself, in such or such a manner: just as the real rotundity of any body and its motion are nothing but the body figured and translated, after such or such a sort.

But as to the things without the soul, we can have no perception of them but by the means of ideas, upon supposition that these things cannot be intimately united to it; and they are of two sorts, *Spiritual* and *Material*; as to the *Spiritual*, there is some probability they may be discovered to the soul without ideas, immediately by themselves. For though experience certifies us that we cannot, by an immediate communication, declare our thoughts to one another, but only by words and other sensible signs whereunto we have annexed our ideas; yet we may say that God has ordained this kind of economy only for the time of this life, to prevent the disorders that might at present happen if men should understand one another as they pleased. But when justice and order shall reign, and we shall be delivered from the captivity of our body, we shall possibly communicate our thoughts by the intimate union of ourselves, as it is probable the angels may do in heaven. So that there seems to be no absolute necessity of admitting ideas for the representing things of a spiritual nature, since it is possible for them to be seen by themselves, though in a very dark and imperfect manner.—*The Search After Truth.*





MALLOCK, WILLIAM HURRELL, an English essayist and poet, born in Devonshire in 1849. He was educated at Balliol College, Oxford, where in 1871 he gained the Newdigate Prize by a poem on *The Isthmus of Suez*. He has published *The New Republic* (1876), parts of which had appeared in *Belgravia*; *The New Paul and Virginia* (1877); *Is Life Worth Living?* (1879), printed in parts in the *Contemporary Review* and the *Nineteenth Century*; *Poems* (1880); *A Romance of the Nineteenth Century* and *Poems* (1881); *Social Equality, a Study in a Missing Science* (1882), mostly from the *Contemporary Review* and the *Nineteenth Century*; *Property and Progress* (1884), from the *Quarterly Review*; *Atheism and the Value of Life, or Five Studies in Contemporary Literature* (1885); a novel, *The Old Order Changes* (1886); *A Human Document* (1892); *In an Enchanted Island* (1892); *Labor and the Popular Welfare* (1893); *Verses* (1893); *Studies of Contemporary Superstition* (1895), and *The Heart of Life* (1895).

Upon the appearance of Mallock's *Is Life Worth Living?* the *London Spectator* said: "While we are continually struck with the logical force and adequacy, as well as the literary power, of two-thirds of the volume, we are almost as much struck with the inadequacy, the logical weakness, and not unfrequently even the literary feebleness, of the conclusion." And the *Athenæum* said:

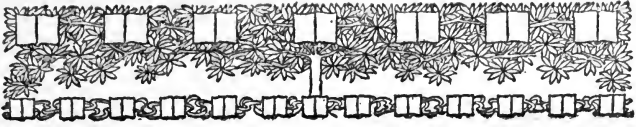
“Working on the lines of Butler, Mr. Mallock seeks to show that modern thought fails to solve the problem which the older speculation frankly confesses its inability to solve. That natural atheology has the same logical inconsequences as revealed religion is the argument of Mr. Mallock’s *New Analogy*.”

AN ADVANCED SERMON.

This, then, is the great point to be borne in mind—viz., that God had been preparing the way for the coming of Christ long before He sent “Elias, which was for to be.” Neither John Baptist, no, nor One greater than John, was left by God (as the children of Israel were left by Pharaoh) to gather straw himself to make bricks. The materials were all prepared ready to their hands by their Heavenly Father. And so, let us be especially and prayerfully on our guard against considering Christianity as having come into the world at once, ready-made, so to speak, by our Saviour, as a body of theological doctrines. Any honest study of history will show us that the Apostles received no such system; that our Lord himself never made any claim to the various characters with which subsequent thought invested Him; and that to attribute such claims to Him would be an anachronism, of which He would himself have scarcely understood the meaning. If we only clear our eyes of any false theological glamour, a very slight study of the inspired writers will at once show us this. We shall see how uncertain and shifting at first everything was. We shall see what a variety of conflicting opinions the early Church entertained even upon the most fundamental subjects—such, for instance, as the identity of the God of the Old Testament with the God of the New, which was denied by a large number of early Christians; we shall see how widely divergent were the systems of Jewish and Pauline Christianity, and how discrepant and tentative are the accounts given by St. Paul and by the author of the Fourth Gospel of the mystical nature of Christ, whom

they tried to identify with different mysterious potencies supposed by the Jewish-Alexandrian philosophers to be co-existent with God. And if we pursue the history of the Church a little farther, we shall find many more things to startle us. We shall find, for instance, the most renowned apologist of early Catholic times a materialist, holding the materiality not of the soul of man only, but of God also. "*Nihil enim*"—these are this Father's words—"si non corpus. *Omni quod est, corpus est.*" Thus we see that difference of opinion about the dogmas of religion is nothing new. It existed in the Jewish Church; the phenomenon was only prolonged by Christianity. Later Judaism and primitive Christianity were both made up of a variety of systems, all honestly and boldly thought out, differing widely from each other, and called by the honorable appellation of heresies; and of these, let me remind you, it is the glory of the Church of England to be composed likewise. . . . Seeing, then, that this is the state of the case, we should surely learn henceforth not to identify Christianity with anything that science can assail, or even question. Let us say, rather, that nothing is or can be essential to the religion of Christ which, when once stated, can be denied without absurdity. If we can only attain to this conception, we shall see truly that this our faith is indeed one that no man taketh away from us.—*The New Republic.*





MALORY, SIR THOMAS, an English prose-writer of the fifteenth century, is supposed to have been born about 1430; died some time after 1470. Bale says that he was occupied with affairs of state, but definite information as to Sir Thomas Malory's life and the manner of his death has been unattainable until the recent discovery of his last will and testament in England. This document, taken in connection with the words in the *Morte d'Arthur* in which he records the completion of his work, would seem to point to his death on the block, a victim of the fierce hatred engendered by the Wars of the Roses, then raging in England. A brilliant article in a recent English review presents corroborative evidence, gathered with immense labor, zeal, and learning, and it may be, we think, regarded as fairly established that one of the finest intellects of any age was cut off prematurely in the savage butchery of political ambitions and hatreds that devastated England for sixty years. Caxton tells us that the *Morte d'Arthur* was translated into English by Sir Thomas, but that it was divided into twenty-one books and chaptered by himself. Malory's description of himself as "the servant of Jesu both day and night," might be taken to mean that he was a priest, were it not for the fact that mediæval writers make frequent use of pious expressions in connection with them-

selves. In another place he speaks of himself as a knight.

The sources of his book are found in *Romance of Merlin*, *La Morte Arthure*, *Romance of Lancelot*, *Adventures of Gareth*, *Romance of Tristan*. Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, William Morris's *Defence of Guinevere*, Swinburne's *Tristram of Lyonesse*, and Matthew Arnold's *Death of Tristram* were all suggested by Malory's book.

Of the first edition, printed in 1485, the only perfect copy now belongs to Mrs. Abby E. Pope, of Brooklyn, N. Y. The only other copy known is in the Althorp collection, at Manchester, and has eleven leaves supplied in *fac-simile*.

Robert Southey says "that when he was a school-boy there was no book, except the *Faery Queene*, which he perused so often or with such deep contentment."

"Sir Thomas Malory," writes Sir Walter Scott, "compiled from various French authorities his *Morte d'Arthur*, indisputably the best prose romance the language can boast."

SIR PERCIVAL.

But this knyght that foughte with Syre Percyval was a proved knyght and a wyse fyghtinge knyghte, and syre Percyvale was yonge and stronge, not knowyng in fyghtyng as the other was. Thenne syre Percyvale spake fyrste and sayd syre knyght hold thy hand a whyle stille, for we have fougten for a symple mater and quarel over longe, and therefore I requyre thee tell me thy name, for I was never or this tyme matched. Soo god me help, sayd that knyghte, and never or this tyme was there never knyght that wounded me soo sore as thow hast done, and yet have I foughten in

many batails, and now shalt thou wete that I am a knyghte of the table round, and my name is Syre Ector de marys broder unto the good knyghte syr launcelot du lake. Allas said syr Percyval and my name is syr Percyval de galys that hath made my quest to seke syr launcelot, and now I am seker that I shall never fynyshe my quest, for ye have slayne me with your handes. It is not soo said Syre Ector, for I am slayne by yoore handes, therefore I requyre you ryde ye here by to a pryory, and brynge me a preest that I may receyve my Saveour, for I may not lyve. Alas said syre Percyval that never will be, for I am so faynte for bledyne that I maye unnethe stande, how shold I thenne take my hors.

Thenne they made both grete dole out of mesure, this wille not avayle said sire Percyval. And thenne he kneled downe and made his prayer devoutely unto al myghty Jhesu, for he was one of the best knyghtes of the world that at that tyme was, in whome the veray feythe stode moost in. Ryght soo there came by, the holy vessel of the Sancgreal with alle maner of swetness and savour, but they coude not redyly see who that bare that vessel, but syre Percyval had a glemerynge of the vessel, and of the mayden that bare it, for she was a parfyte clene mayden, and forth with al they bothe were as hole of hide and lymme as ever they were in their lyf dayes. Thenne they gef thankynges to god with grete myldenesse. O Jhesu said syre Percyval, what maye this meane. I wote ful wel said syre Ector what it is. It is an holy vessel that is borne by a mayden, and therein is parte of the holy blood of oure lord Jhesu crist blessid mote he be, but it may not been sene said syr Ector, but yf it be by a parfyte man. Soo god help me said syr Percyval I sawe a damoyssel as me thoughte alle in whyte with a vessel in both her handes, and forth with al I was hole.—*From La Morte d'Arthur.*



MALTHUS, THOMAS ROBERT, an English clergyman and political economist, born at Albury, near Guildford, Surrey, February 17, 1766; died at Bath, December 23, 1834. In 1784 he entered Jesus College, Cambridge, where he became one of the foremost classical scholars. In 1797 he received a Fellowship, was admitted to holy orders, and divided his time between his studies at the University and the care of a small parish in Surrey. In 1805 he married, and was appointed Professor of History and Political Economy in the East India College at Haileybury, a position which he held until his death. He wrote *Observations on the Effects of the Corn Laws* (1814); *An Inquiry into the Nature and Progress of Rent* (1815); *Principles of Political Economy* (1820); *Definitions in Political Economy* (1827), and several other works of a kindred character. But his most notable work is the *Essay on the Principle of Population as It Affects the Future Improvement of Society* (1798). He attracted public attention to this work by laying down the somewhat novel principle that population tends to increase in geometrical progression, and that food and other necessaries of life can only be produced by arithmetical progression. His principles were approved by many statesmen and political economists, and it is only due to the memory of Malthus to say that his one method of solving the surplus population question was moral

self-restraint, and that he was in nowise responsible for the immoral theories that are popularly connected with his name. He made a tour of several countries of Europe in search of material to support his theory, and published further editions of his essay in 1802 and 1826. The main idea of the theory is here set forth :

POPULATION AND MEANS OF SUBSISTENCE.

It has been observed by Dr. Franklin that there is no bound to the prolific nature of plants or animals but what is made by their crowding and interfering with each other's means of subsistence. This is uncontrovertibly true. Through the animal and vegetable kingdoms nature has scattered the seeds of life abroad with the most profuse and liberal hand, but has been comparatively sparing in the room and the nourishment necessary to rear them. The germs of existence contained in this earth, if they could freely develop themselves, would fill millions of worlds in the course of a few thousand years. Necessarily that imperious, all-pervading law of nature restrains them within the prescribed bound. The race of plants and the race of animals shrink under this great restrictive law ; and man cannot by any efforts of reason escape from it.

In plants and irrational animals the view of the subject is simple. They are all impelled by a powerful instinct to the increase of their species ; and this instinct is interrupted by no doubts about providing for their offspring. Wherever, therefore, there is liberty, the power of increase is exerted ; and the superabundant effects are repressed afterward by want of room and nourishment. The effects of this check on man are more complicated. But as by that law of our nature which makes food necessary to the life of man, population can never increase beyond the lowest nourishment capable of supporting it, a strong check on population from the difficulty of acquiring food must be constantly in operation.

That population has this constant tendency to increase beyond the means of subsistence, and that it is kept to its necessary level by these causes, will appear from a review of the different states of society in which man has existed. But before we proceed to this review, the subject will perhaps be seen in a clearer light if we endeavor to ascertain what would be the natural increase of population if left to extend itself with perfect freedom; and what might be expected to be the rate of increase in the productions of the earth under the most favorable conditions of human industry.

It may safely be pronounced that population, when unchecked, goes on doubling itself every twenty-five years—or increases in geometrical ratio. The rate according to which the productions of the earth may be supposed to increase it will not be so easy to determine. Of this, however, we may be certain, that the ratio of the increase must be totally of a different nature from the ratio of the increase of population. A thousand millions are just as easily doubled every twenty-five years by the power of procreation as a thousand. But the food to support the increase of the greater number will by no means be obtained with the same facility. Man is necessarily confined in room. When acre has been added to acre till all the fertile land is occupied, the yearly increase of food must depend upon the melioration of the land already in possession. But population—could it be supplied with food—would go on with unexhaustible vigor; and the increase of one period would furnish the power of a greater increase the next—and this without any limit.

If it be allowed that, by the best possible policy, and greatest encouragement to agriculture, the average produce of Great Britain could be doubled in the first twenty-five years, it will be allowing, probably, a greater increase than could with reason be expected. Let us suppose that the yearly additions which might be made to the former average produce, instead of decreasing, were to remain the same; and that the produce of this island might be increased every twenty-five years by a quantity equal to what it at present produces, in a few centuries it would make every acre of land in the island

like a garden. This may be fairly pronounced, therefore, that, considering the present average state of the earth, the means of subsistence, under circumstances the most favorable to human industry, could not possibly be made to increase faster than in an arithmetical ratio. The necessary effects of these different rates of increase, when brought together, will be very striking.

Let us call the present (A.D. 1800) population of Great Britain eleven millions; and suppose the present produce equal to the easy support of such a number. In the first twenty-five years the population would be twenty-two millions, and, the food being also doubled, the means of subsistence would be equal to the increase. In the next twenty-five years the population would be forty-four millions, and the means of subsistence equal to the support of thirty-three millions. In the next period the population would be eighty-eight millions, and the means of subsistence just equal to half that number. And at the conclusion of a century the population would be one hundred and seventy-six millions, and the means of subsistence only equal to the support of fifty-five millions; leaving a population of one hundred and twenty-one millions totally unprovided for.

Taking the whole earth, instead of the island of Great Britain, emigration would of course be excluded, and supposing the present population equal to one thousand millions, the human species would increase as the numbers 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, 128, 256; and the subsistence as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. So that in two centuries the population would be to the means of subsistence as 256 to 9; in three centuries as 4,096 to 13; and in two thousand years the difference would be almost incalculable.

In this supposition no limits whatever are placed to the products of the earth. It may increase forever, and be greater than any assignable quantity; yet still the power of propagation being in every period so much superior, the increase of the human species can only be kept down to the level of the means of subsistence by the constant operation of the strong law of necessity, acting as a check upon the greater power.—*Essay on Population.*



MANDEVILLE, SIR JOHN, an early English traveller and romancer, born at St. Albans, Hertfordshire, about 1300; died in 1372. He seems to have been well versed in all the knowledge of his time—theology, natural philosophy, and medicine. In 1322 he began a long tour in the East, under favor of the Sultan of Egypt, visiting, as he alleged, Palestine, Armenia, Persia, India, and Northern China, though he probably never got farther away from home than Jerusalem. He returned to England about 1355, and wrote an account of his journeyings in Latin; this was translated into French, and afterward into English, in order, as he says, “that every man of my nation may understand it.” The title of the English version, printed by Wynkin de Worde in 1499, is as follows: *Voiage and Travaile, which treateth of the Way to Hierusalem, and Marvayles of Ynde, with other Llands and Countreyes*. An edition, for which several manuscripts and various early printed editions were carefully collated, was issued in 1839 by J. O. Halliwell.

Sir John Mandeville is absurdly called the earliest writer of English prose. He might better be styled the earliest writer of English hoax. In fact, he did not write in English at all, but in French and Latin, and the translators are unknown. His book abounds in marvellous and extravagant stories, partly taken from Pliny, and from mediæ-

val romances, and filled out from the writings of Odoric, Carpini, Boldensele, and other travellers. The Latin versions of his book are said to be delightfully quaint, but woefully inaccurate.

THE RISE OF MOHAMMED.

And ye scuhll understonde, that Machamote was born in Arabye, that was first a pore knave that kepte cameles, that wenten with marchantes for marchandize; and so befelle that he wente with the marchantes into Egipt; and thei weren thanne cristene in tho partyes. And at the deserts of Arabye he went into a chapelle, where a eremyt duelte. And whan he entered into the chapelle, that was but a lytille and low thing, and had but a lytyl dore and a low, than the entree began to wexe so gret, and so large, and so high, as though it hadde been of a gret mynstre or the gate of a paleys. And this was the first myracle, the Sarazins seyn, that Machomete dide in his youthe. Aftere began he to wex wyse and ryche, and he was a grete astronomer.

In the following passage the spelling only has been modified.

THE SULTAN'S OPINION OF THE CHRISTIANS.

And therefore I shall tell you what the Soudan told me upon a day in his chamber: He let voiden out of his chamber all manner of men, lords and other; for he would speak with me in counsel. And there he asked me how the Christian men governed them in our country. And I said him, Right well, thanked be God. And he said me, Truly, nay; for ye Christian men ne reckon not right how truly to serve God. Ye should give ensample to the lewd people for to do well, and ye give them ensample to do evil. For the commons, upon festival day, when they should go to church to serve God, then go they to taverns, and ben there in gluttony, all the day and all night, and eat and drink, as beasts

that have no reason, and wot not when they have enow.

And therewithal they ben so proud that they know not how to ben clothed—now long now short, now strait, now large, now sworded, now daggered, and in all manner guises. They shoulde ben simple, meek, and true and full of alms-deed, as Jesu was, in whom they trow; but they ben all the contrary, and inclined to the evil, and to don evil. And they ben so covetous that for a little silver they sellen their daughters, their sisters, and their own wives to putten them to lechery. And one withdraweth the wife of another; and none of them holdeth faith to another, but they defoulen their law, that Jesus Christ betook them to keep for their salvation.

And thus for their sins have they lost all this land that we holden. For their sins here hath God taken them in our hands, not only by strength of ourself but for their sins. For we knowen well in very sooth that when ye serve God, God will help you, and when he is with you no man may be against you. And that know we well by our prophecies, that Christian men shall winnen this land again out of our hands, when they serven God more devoutly.

And then I asked him how he knew the state of Christian men. And he answered me that he knew all the state of the commons also by his messengers; that he sent to all lands, in manner as they were merchants of precious stones, of clothes, of gold, and of other things, for to knowen the manner of every country amongst Christian men. And then he let clepe in all the lords that he made voiden first out of his chamber; and there he shewed me four that were great lords in the country, that tolden me of my country, and of many other Christian countries, as well as if they had been of the same country; and they spake French right well. and the Soudan also.



MANGAN, JAMES CLARENCE, an Irish poet, born in Dublin, May 1, 1803; died there, June 20, 1849. At fifteen he obtained a situation in a scrivener's office, which he held seven years, when he became a solicitor's clerk. His way of life was distasteful to him; and, as he says, "In seeking to escape from this misery, I laid the foundation of that evil habit which has proved to be my ruin." This habit was that which ruined Burns. He was for a time employed in the library of the Dublin University and acquired great learning. In his later years he fell into a state of extreme destitution, and died in a public hospital. He attained great proficiency in modern languages, and a volume of his translations from the German was issued in 1845, under the title *Anthologia Germanica*. His most famous poem is *Dark Rosaleen*, a musical and mystic celebration of the charms and wrongs of Ireland. An edition of his *Poems* was published in New York in 1870, edited by John Mitchel, who in his biographical preface says: "Of him it may be said that he lived solely in his poetry; all the rest was but a ghastly death in life."

In his *History of Nineteenth Century Literature* George Saintsbury says of Mangan: "Whether he was a great poet to whom Saxon jealousy has refused greatness for political reasons, or a not un-

gifted but not consummately distinguished singer who added some study to the common Irish gift of fluent, melodious verse-making, is a question best solved by reading his works and judging for one's self. It is impossible for Irish enthusiasm and English judgment to agree on this subject."

THE NAMELESS ONE.

Roll forth, my song, like the rushing river
That sweeps along to the mighty sea :
God will inspire me while I deliver
My soul of thee.

Tell thou the world, when my bones lie whit'ning
Amid the last home of youth and eld,
That there was once one whose veins ran lightning
No eye beheld.

Tell how his boyhood was one drear night-hour,
How shone for him, through his griefs and gloom,
No star of all heaven sent to light our
Path to the tomb.

Roll on, my song, and to after ages
Tell how, disdaining all earth can give,
He would have taught men, from wisdom's pages,
The way to live.

And tell how—trampled, derided, hated,
And worn by weakness, disease and wrong—
He fled for shelter to God, who mated
His soul with song—

With song which always, sublime or vapid,
Flowed like a rill in the morning-beam—
Perchance not deep, but intense and rapid—
A mountain-stream.

Tell how this Nameless, condemned for long years
To herd with demons from hell beneath,

Saw things that made him, with groans and tears,
Long for even death.

Go on to tell how, with genius wasted,
Betrayed in friendship, befooled in love,
With spirit shipwrecked, and young hopes blasted,
He still, still strove.

Till spent with toil, dreering death for others,
And some whose hands should have wrought for him
(If children live not for sires and mothers),
His mind grew dim.

And he fell far through that pit abysmal,
The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,
And pawned his soul for the devil's dismal
Stock of returns.

But yet redeemed it in days of darkness,
And shapes and signs of the final wrath,
When death, in hideous and ghastly starkness,
Stood on his path.

And tell how now, amid wreck and sorrow,
And want and sickness, and houseless nights,
He bides in calmness the silent morrow,
That no ray lights.

And lives he still, then? Yes! old and hoary
At thirty-nine, from despair and woe,
He lives, enduring what future story
Will never know.

Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,
Deep in your bosoms! There let him dwell!
He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble,
Here and in hell.

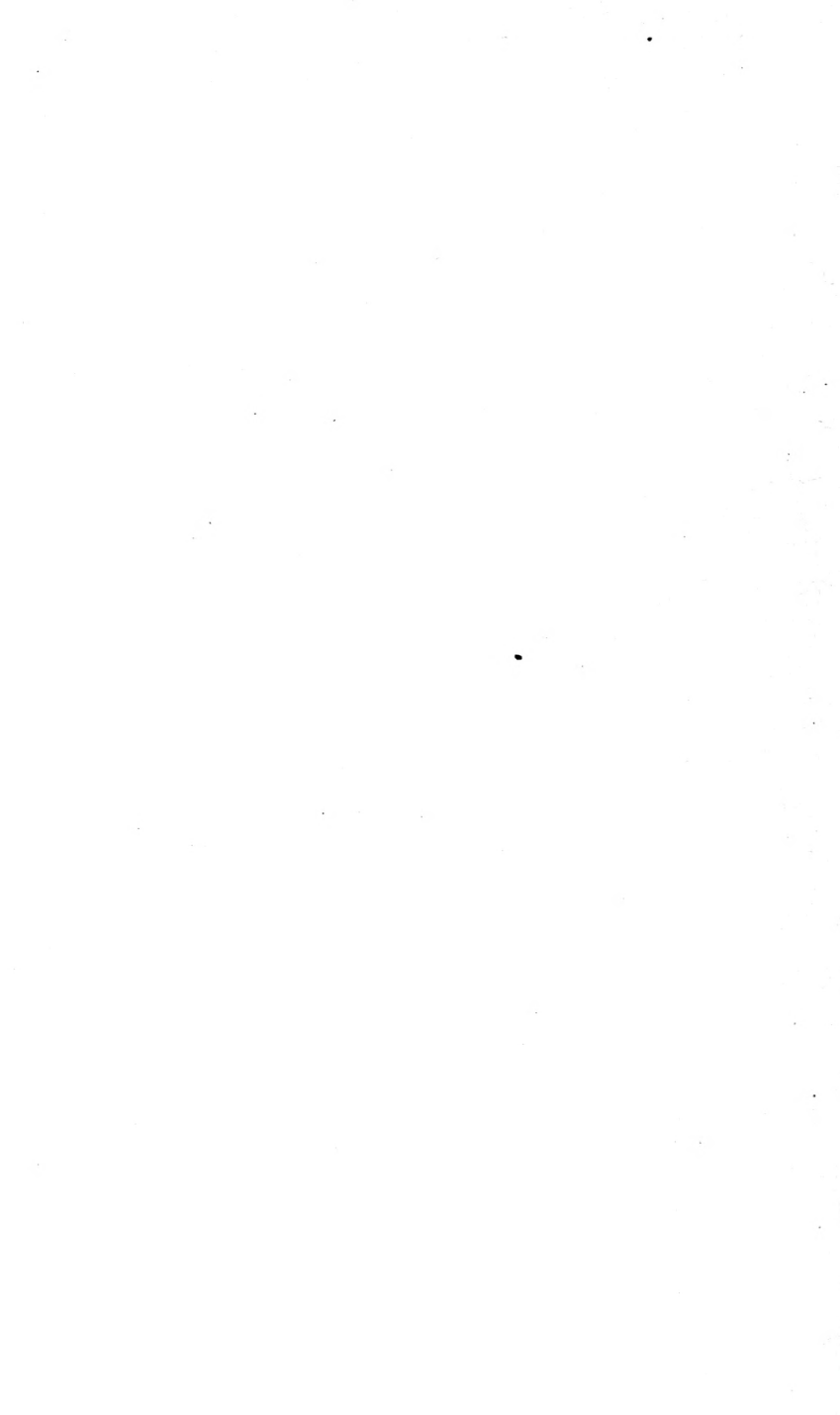


MANNING, HENRY EDWARD, an English cardinal, was born at Totteridge, Hertfordshire, July 15, 1808; died at Westminster, January 14, 1892. He was the youngest son of William Manning, who was a West India merchant. In 1822 he entered Harrow, and, in 1827, Balliol College, Oxford. In 1832 he was made a fellow of Merton, Oxford, and the same year admitted to orders in the Church of England, and immediately took a curacy under the Rev. John Sargent, the evangelical rector of Woollavington-cum-Graffham, Sussex. The rector, Mr. Sargent, dying soon after, he was on June 10, 1833, instituted to the rectory of Woollavington, and the following September to that of Graffham. In November of the same year he was married to Caroline Sargent, the third daughter of Rev. John Sargent, and a sister of the wife of Bishop Samuel Wilberforce. Mrs. Manning died of consumption on July 24, 1837. There were no children by this marriage, but it was a very happy one, and Cardinal Manning to the end of his life religiously observed the anniversary of her death.

In 1840 he was made Archdeacon of Chichester. He continued to be a leader of the High Church party until 1848, when after having spent some time in Rome he found himself in opposition to the Es-



CARDINAL. MANNING.



established Church. He resigned his archdeaconry in 1850 and was ordained a Roman Catholic priest in 1851, and was made a D.D. by the Pope in 1854. With the sanction of the Pope he founded the Congregation of the Oblates of St. Charles, an organization of secular priests, modelled after that of St. Charles of Borromeo in the sixteenth century, and he was installed as Superior of it at Bayswater in 1857. On the death of Cardinal Wiseman, February 15, 1865, he was appointed Archbishop of Westminster, and was created a cardinal March 31, 1875. He was a leading light in all the Roman Catholic movements of England, organized many parochial schools, was a warm supporter of the temperance cause, established many benevolent societies among the poor, and was in hearty sympathy with all great reforms.

Among his many works are *Unity of the Church* (1842); *Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost* (1865); *Temporal Power of the Pope* (1866); *England and Christendom* (1867); *Rome and the Revolution* (1867); *The Œcumenical Council and the Infallibility of the Roman Pontiff* (1869); *The Four Great Evils of the Day* (1871); *The Fourfold Sovereignty of God* (1871); *The Dæmon of Socrates* (1872); *Essays on Religion and Literature* (1874-75); *The Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost* (1875); *The True Story of the Vatican Council* (1877); *The Catholic Church and Modern Society* (1880); *The Eternal Priesthood* (1883), and *The Independence of the Holy See* (1887). *Characteristics*, selections from his latest writings, compiled by W. S. Lilly, was published in 1885.

OUR DEBT TO THE DEAD.

The saints, by their intercession and their patronage, unite us with God. They watch over us, they pray for us, they obtain graces for us. Our guardian angels are round about us: they watch over and protect us. The man who has not piety enough to ask their prayers must have a heart but little like to the love and veneration of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. But there are other friends of God to whom we owe a debt of piety. They are those who are suffering beyond the grave, in the silent kingdom of pain and expiation, in the dark and yet blessed realm of purification; that is to say, the multitudes who pass out of this world, washed in the Precious Blood, perfectly absolved of all guilt of sin, children and friends of God, blessed souls, heirs of the kingdom of heaven, all but saints, nevertheless they are not yet altogether purified for His kingdom. They are there detained—kept back from His presence—until their expiation is accomplished. You and I, and every one of us, will pass through that place of expiation. Neither you nor I are saints, nor on earth ever will be; therefore, before we can see God we must be purified by pain in that silent realm. But those blessed souls are friends of God next after His saints, and in the same order they ought to be an object of our piety; that is, of our love and compassion, of our sympathy and our prayers. They can do nothing now for themselves: therefore it is our duty to help them. There may be father and mother, brother and sister, friend and child, whom you have loved as your own life—they may now be there. Have you forgotten them? Have you no pity for them now, no natural piety, no spirit of love for them? Look back upon those who made your home in your early childhood, the light of whose faces you can still see shining in your memories, and the sweetness of whose voice is still in your ears—do you forget them because they are no longer seen? Is it, indeed, “out of sight out of mind?” What an impiety of heart is this!—*Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost.*



MANRIQUE, JORGE, a Spanish soldier and poet, born about 1450; died in 1479, having been mortally wounded in a skirmish near Cañavete. Of him Mr. Ticknor says: "He was a poet full of natural feeling when the best of those about him were almost wholly given to metaphysical conceits, and to what was then thought a curious elegance of style. We have, indeed, a considerable number of his lighter poems, which are not without the coloring of his time. But his principal poem is almost entirely free from affectation. It was written on the death of his father, Rodrigo Manrique, Count of Paredes, who died in 1476, and whose name constantly occurs in the history of his time. This poem, of about five hundred lines, is called, with a simplicity and directness worthy of its own character, the *Coplas de Manrique*—the 'Stanzas of Manrique'—as if it needed no more distinctive name." This elegiac poem consists of eighty-four *Coplas*, or Stanzas, of which about one-third are here given, as translated by Longfellow:

THE COPLAS DE MANRIQUE.

I.

Oh, let the soul her slumbers break,
Let thought be quickened and awake,
Awake to see
How soon this life is past and gone,
And death comes softly stealing on,
How silently!

III.

Onward its course the Present keeps,
 Onward the constant current sweeps,
 Till life is done ;
 And, did we judge of time aright,
 The Past and Future in their flight
 Would be as one.

v.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free
 To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
 The silent grave !
 Thither all earthly pomp and boast
 Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
 In one dark wave !

VI.

Thither the mighty torrents stray,
 Thither the brook pursues its way,
 And tinkling rill.
 There all are equal ; side by side
 The poor man and the son of pride
 Lie calm and still.

x.

Our cradle is the starting-place,
 Life is the running of the race ;
 We reach the goal
 When, in the mansions of the blest,
 Death leaves to its eternal rest
 The weary soul.

XIII.

Behold, of what delusive worth
 The bubbles we pursue on earth,
 The shapes we chase.
 Amid a world of treachery !
 They vanish ere death shuts the eye,
 And leave no trace.

XIV.

Time steals them from us, chances strange,
 Disastrous accident and change,
 That come to all.
 Even in the most exalted state,
 Relentless sweeps the stroke of Fate ;
 The strongest fall.

From the consideration of the transitory nature of earthly enjoyment in general, the poet goes on to touch briefly upon the fate of the great personages of olden times ; and then comes down to the men who had played a great part in the affairs of his own country and age.

XXX.

Little avails it now to know
 Of ages passed so long ago,
 Nor how they rolled.
 Our themes shall be of yesterday,
 Which to oblivion sweeps away,
 Like days of old.

XXXI.

Where is the King, Don Juan ? Where
 Each royal Prince and noble heir
 Of Aragon ?
 Where are the courtly gallantries ?
 The deeds of love and high emprise,
 In battle done ?

XXXII.

Tourney and joust, that charmed the eye,
 And scarf, and gorgeous panoply,
 And nodding plume ?
 What were they but a pageant scene ?
 What but the garlands, gay and green.
 That deck the tomb ?

XXXIII.

Where are the high-born dames, and where
 Their gay attire and jewelled hair
 And odors sweet ?
 Where are the gentle knights, that came
 To kneel, and breathe love's ardent flames
 Low at their feet ?

XXXIV.

Where is the song of troubadour ?
 Where are the lute and gay tambour
 They loved of yore ?
 Where is the mazy dance of old ?
 The flowing robes, inwrought with gold,
 The dancers wore ?

XLV.

So many a Duke of royal name,
 Marquis and Count of spotless fame,
 And Baron brave,
 That might the sword of empire wield,
 All these, O Death, hast thou concealed
 In the dark grave !

XLVI.

Their deeds of mercy and of arms,
 In peaceful days or war's alarms,
 When thou dost show,
 O Death ! thy stern and angry face ?
 One stroke of the all-powerful mace
 Can overthrow.

The poet now comes to speak of his father, to commemorate whom is the main object of the elegy, which at the close rises to a pæan :

LIII.

And he, the good man's shield and shade,
 To whom all hearts their homage paid,
 As virtue's son :



“Where is the song of the troubadour?
Where are the lute and gay tambour
They loved of yore?”

Drawing by G. Doré.



Roderic Manrique—he whose name
Is written on the scroll of fame,
Spain's champion.

LV.

To friends a friend ; how kind to all
The vassals of his ancient hall
And feudal fief !
To foe how stern a foe was he !
And to the valiant and the free
How brave a chief !

LXVI.

By his unrivalled skill, by great
And veteran service to the state,
By worth adored,
He stood, in his high dignity,
The proudest Knight of chivalry ;
Knight of the Sword.

LXIX.

And when so oft, for weal or woe,
His life upon the fatal throw
Had been cast down ;
When he had served with patriot zeal,
Beneath the banner of Castile,
His sovereign's crown ;

LXX.

And done such deeds of valor strong,
That neither history nor song
Can count them all ;
Then, on Ocaña's castled rock,
Death at his portal came to knock,
With sudden call,

LXXI.

Saying, " Good Cavalier, prepare
To leave this world of toil and care,
With joyful mien.

Let thy strong heart of steel this day
Put on its armor for the fray—
The closing scene.”

LXXX.

“ My soul is ready to depart :
No thought rebels, the obedient heart
Breathes forth no sigh ;
The wish on earth to linger still
Were vain, when 'tis God's sovereign will
That we shall die.

LXXXI.

“ O Thou, that for our sins didst take
A human form, and humbly make
Thy home on earth ;
Thou, that to Thy divinity
A human nature didst ally
By mortal birth,

LXXXII.

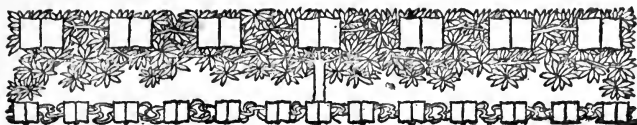
“ And in that form did suffer here
Torment, and agony, and fear,
So patiently :
By Thy redeeming grace alone,
And not for merits of my own,
Oh, pardon me !”

LXXXIII.

As thus the dying warrior prayed,
Without one gathering mist or shade
Upon his mind ;
Encircled by his family,
Watched by affection's gentle eye,
So soft and kind ;

LXXXIV.

His soul to Him Who gave it rose ;
God lead it to its long repose,
Its glorious rest !
And though the warrior's sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet
Bright, radiant, blest.



MANZONI, ALESSANDRO FRANCESCO TOMMASO ANTONIO, an Italian poet and novelist, born at Milan, March 7, 1785; died there, May 22, 1873. He was educated at Merate, Lugano, and Pavia. He early wrote sonnets and other poetical compositions. On the death of his father, in 1805, he went to Paris to reside with his mother. In 1807 he published a poem, *Urania*. Under the influence of a literary coterie with which he was associated, he had imbibed atheistic opinions, but not long afterward he became a devout Roman Catholic, and published, in 1810, *Inni Sacri*, a volume of poems on the Nativity, the Passion, the Resurrection, the Pentecost, and the Name of Mary. His tragedy *Il Conte di Carmagnola* (1819) called forth severe criticisms on account of its violations of classical canons, but it was warmly praised by Goethe.

His great work of historical fiction, *I Promessi Sposi*, "The Betrothed," appeared in 1825-27. It was pronounced by Sir Walter Scott "the finest novel ever written." It has been well translated into English.

DEEP-LAID PLANS.

After the departure of the friar, the three friends remained some time silent; Lucia, with a sorrowful heart, preparing the dinner; Renzo irresolute, and changing his position every moment, to avoid the sight of her

mournful face, yet without heart to leave her; Agnese, apparently intent upon the reel she was winding, though, in fact, she was deliberating upon a plan. Finally she broke the silence with these words:

“Listen, my children. If you have as much courage and dexterity as is required: if you will trust your mother” (this ‘your mother,’ addressed to both, made Lucia’s heart bound within her), “I will undertake to get you out of this difficulty, better, perhaps, and more quickly than Father Cristoforo, though he is such a man.”

Lucia stopped, and looked at her mother with a face more expressive of wonder than of confidence in so magnificent a promise; and Renzo hastily exclaimed, “Courage? dexterity?—tell me, tell me what can we do?”

“If you were married,” continued Agnese, “it would be the great difficulty out of the way—wouldn’t it? and couldn’t we easily find a remedy for all the rest?”

“Is there any doubt?” said Renzo; “if we were married—one may live anywhere; and at Bergamo, not far from here, a silk-weaver would be received with open arms. You know how often my cousin Bortolo has wanted me to go and live with him, that I might make a fortune as he has done; and if I have never listened to him, it is, you know, because my heart was here. Once married we would all go thither together, and live in blessed peace out of this villain’s reach, and far from the temptation to do a rash deed. Isn’t it true, Lucia?”

“Yes,” said Lucia; “but how?”

“As I have told you,” replied Agnese. “Be bold and expert, and the thing is easy.”

“Easy!” at the same moment exclaimed the two lovers, to whom it had become so strangely and sadly difficult.

“Easy, if you know how to go about it,” replied Agnese. “Listen attentively to me, and I will try to make you understand it. I have heard say, by people who ought to know, and I have seen it myself in one case, that to solemnize a marriage a curate, of course, is necessary, but not his good-will or consent; it is enough if he is present.”

“How can this be?” asked Renzo.

“Listen, and you shall hear. There must be two witnesses, nimble and well agreed. They must go to the priest: the point is to take him by surprise, that he mayn't have time to escape. The man says, ‘Signor Curate, this is my wife;’ the woman says, ‘Signor Curate, this is my husband.’ It is necessary that the curate and the witnesses hear it, and then the marriage is just as valid and sacred as if the Pope had blessed it. When once the words are spoken the curate may fret, and fume, and storm, but it will do no good; you are man and wife.”

“Is it possible?” exclaimed Lucia.

“What!” said Agnese, “do you think I have learned nothing in the thirty years I was in the world before you? The thing is just as I told you. . . .”

“But why, then, mother,” said Lucia, in her usual gentle manner, “why didn't this plan come into Father Cristoforo's mind?”

“Into his mind?” replied Agnese; “do you think it didn't come into his mind? But he wouldn't speak of it.”

“Why?” demanded they, both at once.

“Because—because, if you must know it, the friars think that it is not exactly a proper thing.”

“How can it help standing firm, and being well done when it *is* done?” said Renzo.

“How can I tell you?” replied Agnese. “Other people have made the law as they pleased, and we poor people can't understand all. And then, how many things— See; it is like giving a Christian a blow. It isn't right, but when it is once given, not even the Pope can recall it.”

“If it isn't right,” said Lucia, “we ought not to do it.”

“What!” said Agnese, “would I give you advice contrary to the fear of God? If it were against the will of your parents, and to marry a rogue—but when I am satisfied, and it is to wed this youth, and he who makes all this disturbance is a villain, and the Signor Curate——”

“It is as clear as the sun,” said Renzo.

“One need not speak to Father Cristoforo before

doing it," continued Agnese; "but when it is once done, and has well succeeded, what do you think the Father will say to you?—'Ah, daughter, it was a sad error, but it is done.' The friars, you know, must talk so. But trust me, in his heart he will be very well satisfied."

Without being able to answer such reasoning, Lucia did not think it appeared very convincing; but Renzo, quite encouraged, said, "Since it is thus, the thing is done."

"Gently," said Agnese. "The witnesses, where are they to be found? Then, how will you manage to get at the Signor Curate, who has been shut up in his house two days? And how make him stand when you do get at him? for though he is weighty enough naturally, I dare venture to say, when he sees you make your appearance in such a guise, he will become as nimble as a cat, and flee like the devil from holy water."

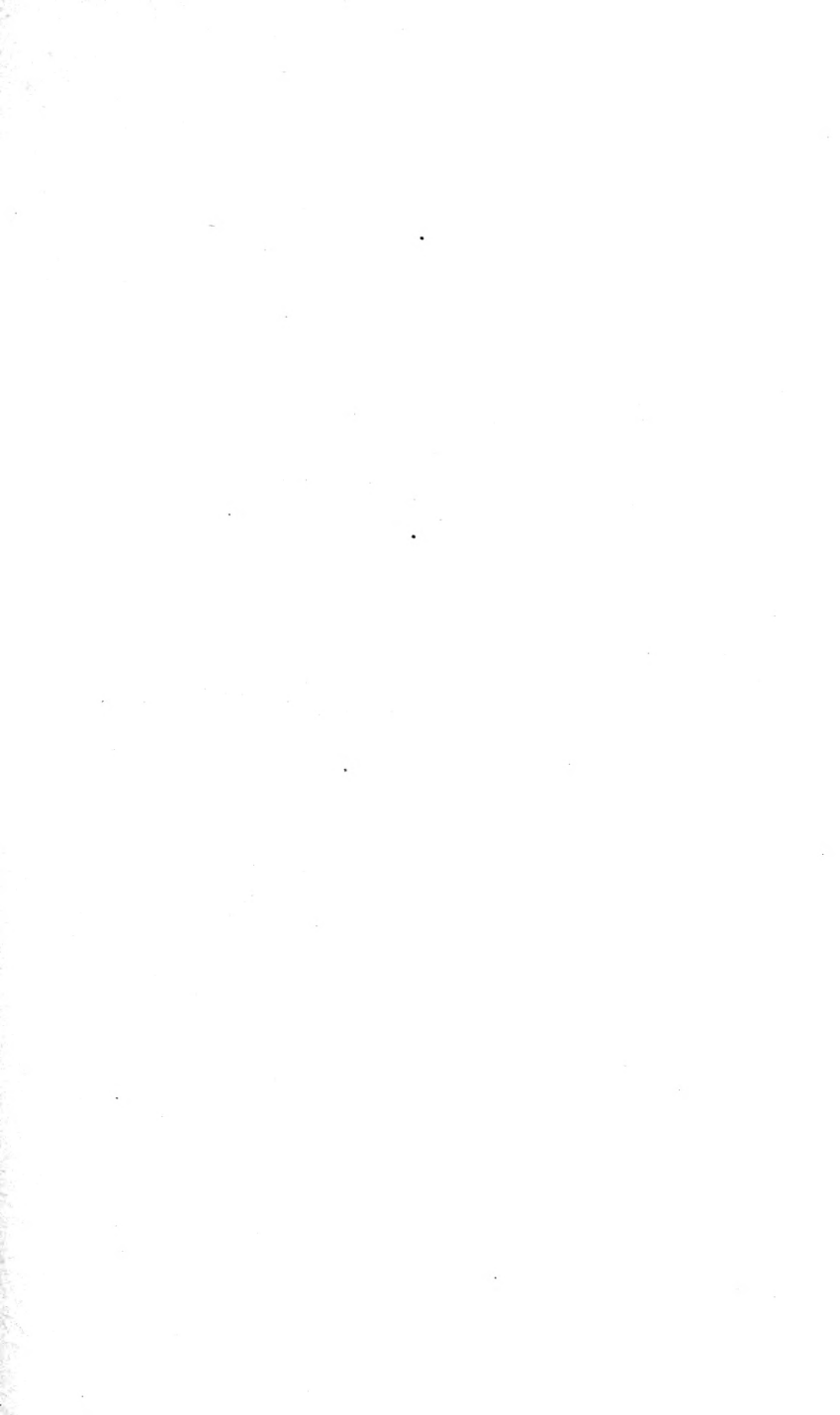
"I have found a way—I've found one," cried Renzo, striking the table with his clinched hand, till he made the dinner-things quiver and rattle with the blow; and he proceeded to relate his design, which Agnese entirely approved.

"It is all confusion," said Lucia; "it is not perfectly honest. Till now we have always acted sincerely; let us go on in faith, and God will help us; Father Cristofero said so. Do listen to his advice."

"Be guided by those who know better than you," said Agnese gravely. "What need is there to ask advice? God bids us help ourselves, and then He will help us. We will tell the Father all about it when it is over."

"Lucia," said Renzo, "will you fail me now? Have we not done like all good Christians? Ought we not now to have been man and wife? Didn't the Curate himself fix the day and hour? And whose fault is it if we are now obliged to use a little cunning? No, no; you won't fail me. I am going, and will come back with an answer."

So saying, he gave Lucia an imploring look, and Agnese a very knowing glance, and hastily took his departure.—*I Promessi Sposi.*





MARCUS AURELIUS.



MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS, a Roman emperor and philosopher, born A.D. 121; died A.D. 180. His original name was Marcus Annius Verus; but his father having died while he was an infant, he was adopted by his uncle, Aurelius Antoninus (surnamed Pius), who was himself the adopted son and successor of the Emperor Hadrian. When the young man grew up he dropped his last two names, assuming in their stead those of Aurelius Antoninus. At the age of twenty-five he married Faustina, the daughter of Antoninus Pius, with whom he had been associated in the government, and whom he succeeded in 161. His reign was upon the whole a prosperous one, though the empire was disturbed by hostilities with the Parthians on the one side, and upon the Danube on the other, and by questions growing out of the rapid extension of Christianity. He died in the neighborhood of Vienna, while conducting a campaign against the Germanic tribes.

The education of Marcus Aurelius was carefully conducted. He early devoted himself to the study of the ethical philosophy of the Stoics, which he kept up to the close of his life. His *Meditations* are comprised in twelve books, some of them consisting of brief aphorisms. A fine translation is that of George Long (1862).

FOR WHAT HE THANKED THE GODS.

To the gods I am indebted for having good grandfathers, good parents, a good sister, good teachers, good associates, good kinsmen and friends. Further, I owe it to the gods that I was not hurried into any offence against any of them, though I had a disposition which, if opportunity had offered, might have led me to do something of this kind. But, through their favor, there never was such a convenience of circumstances as put me to the trial. . . .

Further, I am thankful to the gods that I was subjected to a ruler and [adoptive] father who was able to take away all pride from me, and to bring me to the knowledge that it was possible for a man to live in a palace without wanting either guards or embroidered dresses, or torches and statues, and such-like show; but that it is in such a man's power to bring himself very near to the fashion of a private person, without being for this reason either mean in thought, or more remiss in action, with respect to the things which must be done for the public interest in a manner that befits a ruler. . . .

I thank the gods that I did not make more proficiency in rhetoric, poetry, and the other studies in which I should perhaps have been completely engaged if I had seen that I was making progress in them; that I made haste to place those who brought me up in the station of honor which they seemed to desire, without putting them off with the hope of my doing it some time after.

I thank the gods that I received clear and frequent impressions about living in accordance with Nature, and what kind of a life that is; so that, so far as dependent on the gods, and their gifts and help and inspiration, nothing hindered me from forthwith living according to Nature; though I still fall short of it through my own fault, and not observing the admonition of the gods, and, I may almost say, their direct instructions.

I thank the gods that though it was my mother's fate to die young, she spent the last years of her life with me; that I have such a wife, so obedient, and so affec-

tionate, and so simple ; that I had abundance of good masters for my children ; and that when I had an inclination to philosophy, I did not waste my time on scribblers, or in the resolution of syllogisms, or occupy myself about the investigations of appearances in the heavens : for all these things require the help of the gods and fortune.—*Meditations, I.*

THE PRESENT ALONE IS OURS.

Though thou shouldst be going to live three thousand years—and as many times ten thousand years—still remember that no man loses any other life than this which he now lives, nor lives any other than this which he now loses. The longest and the shortest are thus brought to the same. For the Present is the same to all, though that which is Past is not the same ; and so that which is lost appears to be a mere moment. For a man cannot lose either the Past or the Future : for what a man has not, how can anyone take this from him ?

These two things, then, thou must bear in mind : The first, that all things from eternity are of like forms, and come round in a circle ; and that it makes no difference whether a man shall see the same things during a hundred years, or two thousand years, or an indefinite time. And the second, that the longest liver and he who will die soonest lose just the same. For the Present is the only thing of which a man can be deprived—if it is true that this is the only thing which he has, and that a man cannot lose a thing if he has it not.—*Meditations, II.*

THE OVERRULING GODS.

If the gods have determined about me, and about the things which must happen to me, they have determined well : for it is not easy even to imagine a Deity without forethought. And as to doing any harm, why should they have any desire toward that ? For what advantage would result to them from this, or to the whole which is the special object of their providence ? But if they have not determined about me individually, they have

certainly determined about the whole, at least, and the things which happen by way of sequence in the general arrangement ; and I ought to accept with pleasure, and to be content with them.

But if they have determined about nothing (which is wicked to believe), or if we do believe it, let us neither sacrifice, nor pray, nor swear to them, nor do anything else which we do, as if the gods were present and lived with us. But if, however, the gods have determined about none of the things which concern us, I am able to determine about myself ; and I can inquire about that which is useful to every man, and that which is conformable to his own constitution and nature. But my nature is rational and social ; and my city and country—so far as I am Antoninus—is Rome ; but so far as I am a man, it is the world. The things, then, which are useful to those cities are alone useful to me.—*Meditations, VI.*

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

Do not act as if thou wert going to live ten thousand years. Death hangs over thee. While thou livest—while it is in thy power—be good.

Love the art—poor as it may be—which thou hast learned, and be content with it ; and pass through the rest of life like one who has intrusted to the gods, with his whole soul, all that he has—making thyself neither the tyrant nor the slave of any man. . . .

Be like the promontory against which the waves continually break, but it stands firm, and tames the fury of the water around it. . . .

Reverence that which is best in the Universe—and this is that which makes use of all things and directs all things. And, in like manner, also reverence that which is best in Thyself, and this is of the same kind as that. For in Thyself also, that which makes use of everything else is this, and thy life is directed by this. . . .

Let not future things disturb thee ; for thou wilt come to them, if it shall be necessary, having with thee the same Reason which thou usest for present things.
—*Selected.*



MARCY, RANDOLPH BARNES, an American soldier and traveller, born at Greenwich, Mass., April 9, 1812; died at Orange, N. J., November 22, 1887. He was graduated at West Point in 1832; served during the Black Hawk War, and subsequently on the frontier. He was engaged in an exploration of the Red River country in 1852-54; against the Seminoles of Florida in 1857; in the Utah Expedition, 1857-58. In 1859 he acted as Paymaster-General of the Northwestern posts. During the Civil War, until November, 1862, he was chief-of-staff to General McClellan, his son-in-law, after which he was assigned to inspection duties in various departments. From 1869 he was Inspector-General of the United States army, until his retirement in 1881. He wrote *Exploration of the Red River* (1853); *Thirty Years of Army Life on the Border* (1855); *Border Reminiscences* (1859), and *The Prairie Traveller* (1871).

CAPTAIN MARTIN SCOTT AND THE COON.

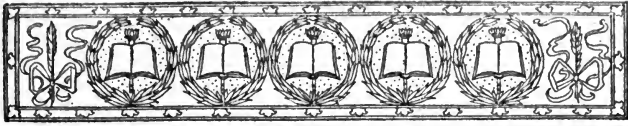
When I first joined my regiment (the 5th United States Infantry) at Fort Howard, Green Bay, in the spring of 1833, I was assigned to "D" Company, then commanded by Captain Martin Scott, of "coon" notoriety. The coon story has been so often related that it is probably familiar to many; but as I shall have a good deal to say about Captain Scott, whose peculiar reputation it aptly illustrates, it may not be amiss to give a brief repetition of it here. The story, as I understand, first

appeared in a newspaper published at Utica, N. Y., in 1840, and the purport of it was something like the following :

Captain Scott, with several friends, were supposed to have been hunting in the woods, and had become separated. As they were passing along, one of them discovered a raccoon sitting upon the highest limb of one of the tallest trees, and fired at him, but missed the object, and went on. Soon another of the party made his appearance, and delivered a shot, but with the same result ; and after this several others took shots at him, but all were equally unsuccessful : the coon was not harmed. After awhile, however, Captain Scott passed that way, and, seeing the raccoon, drew up his rifle, and was in the act of pulling the trigger when the coon said to him, "Who are you?" He replied, "My name is Scott." "What Scott?" inquired the coon. "Why, Captain Scott." "Are you Captain Martin Scott?" said the coon. "The same," was the answer. "Then," said the coon, "you need not shoot ; I'll come down."

This officer had served for many years at our most remote frontier posts, and he had always borne the reputation of having been the best shot of his day. His ambition consisted in owning the best horses, dogs, and guns ; and he was a thorough sportsman and hunter, besides being a faithful and gallant soldier.—*Selected.*





MARGARET D'ANGOULÊME, Queen of Navarre, born at Angoulême, France, in April, 1492; died in Bigorre, France, in 1549. She was the daughter of Charles of Orléans, Duke of Angoulême, and of Louisa of Savoy, and sister of Francis I. She was brought up at the Court of Louis XII. She married Charles IV., last Duke of Alençon, in 1509, who died soon after the battle of Pavia, in 1525. When her brother was sick in a Spanish prison she visited him and petitioned Charles V. in his favor. This devotion greatly endeared her to him, and he styled her his Marguerite des Marguerites. In 1527 she became the wife of Henri d'Albret, King of Navarre, and her daughter was the mother of Henri IV. She was a patron of agriculture and the useful arts, effected reforms in justice, and promoted culture and civilization. She was fond of reading, and, becoming interested in the opinions of the Reformers, she befriended Berquin, Stephen Dolet, and Calvin. The poet Marot took refuge with her, and has paid her a fitting tribute in a most beautiful poem. She interceded with her brother, Francis I., for the reformed converts in his territories. She read her Bible in French, and then wrote some mystery-plays on New Testament scenes, which were enacted in her Court. She also wrote a book on divinity, called *Le Miroir de l'Ame Pécheresse*

(1533). Although reading her Bible in Greek and Hebrew, she was a rigid Romanist regarding ceremonials. She wrote *l'Heptameron* (1558), a story on the plan of Boccaccio's *Decameron* and Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. Lafontaine was influenced by this book in the preparation of his tales. She also wrote *Jehan de Saintré*.

"Queen Margaret," says Sainte-Beuve, "as a romance-writer, does not seem to have had a notion of refinement of taste; as a poet she is not remarkable for anything but for her facility in expressing her ideas; for she chiefly imitates and reproduces the different forms of poems which were in vogue at that period."

"Her *Heptameron*," says the *London Magazine*, "is a pleasant specimen of old English story-telling but for the exceptionable morality of some parts and the want of delicacy in others. The narration is given sometimes in the third and sometimes in the first person; such irregularities not being very carefully guarded against by the writers of those days. The humorous simplicity of the language, with the extreme smartness of some of the points, are likely to render the following tale [of The Bricklayer] very delectable reading."

MERRY CONCEITED BRICKLAYER THAT HAD A CURST
QUEANE TO HIS WIFE.

"Sissy," [said her mother on her wedding-day] "the day is now come which you have so much longed after; it is twenty years ago since you first wished for a husband, and you were then seventeen or eighteen years of age, so that at this present you want not above two or three, of forty; now if wit went by years, you are old

enough to be wise : but I being your mother, besides my many years which might advance my skill, so I have buried four several husbands (the heavens be praised for it!) which hath so much the more confirmed my experience."

[After the marriage.] There dwelt at the very next house a tailor that had a wife, who was sure once a day to measure the breadth of her husband's shoulders with his own mete-yard. Sissy and the tailor's wife grew to be acquainted, and if the tailor and he had not every morning given them money to pay for the simples, it had not been good for them to come that day after in their sights; for the tailor's wife she could handle a mete-yard or a cudgel passing nimbly. But Sissy had gotten the practice of all manner of weapons; and besides that, she had the use of her nails, which she employed many times about my face. She could likewise handle a pair of bellows about my pate, a pair of tongs about my shins, a firebrand sometimes should fly at my head, a ladle full of scalding liquor otherwhiles in my bosom, a three-footed stool, a pot, a candlestick, or anything whatsoever came next her hand, all was one to her, she had learned such a dexterity in the delivery, that they should have come whirling about my ears. But in the end, he devising with himself a remedy for the mischiefs, he found means to be made the constable, hoping that his office would have been a protection to him for a year, and that she durst not have stricken her Majesty's officer. [But the result was different from what he had anticipated.] He was no sooner entered the doors, but forth she comes with her cudgel in her hand, and with such a terrible countenance, that were able to affright any man that should behold it. "Roger," said she, "I have great reason to be displeased with your unkindness toward me, and to beat out that lack of love that causeth you so lightly to regard me." "Sissy," said he, "take heed what you do, for I charge you in the Queen's name that you hold your hands." "No, sure no," said she, "for now you have deserved double punishment: first, you being an officer, if you offer wrong, your punishment must be so much the more grievous; next, you have deserved to be well punished,

for the little reverence you have used in the execution of your office, commanding me in the Queen's name to hold my hands. with your cap on your head, nor using any duty or reverence. But, master constable, I will teach you how to use an office : and with that she let fly at his head, shoulders, and arms, and would still cry, " Remember hereafter how you do your office ; remember your duty to the Queen, remember how you do command in her Majesty's name, that you put off your cap, and do it with a reverence," and such a number of other remembrances she gave him, as I think, there was never poor constable before, nor since, so instructed in an office as he was. To tell of many other like remembrances which at other times she bestowed upon him would be but tedious ; but the conclusion is, he is now rid of her, she being dead, and he'll keep himself a widower, for her sake, as long as he liveth.—*From Heptameron.*





MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER, an English dramatist, baptized at Canterbury, February 26, 1564; killed in a tavern brawl at Deptford, June 1, 1593. He was the son of a shoemaker, and entered Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, where he became Bachelor of Arts in 1583, and Master in 1587. His first tragedy, *Tamburlaine*, was produced in 1586. This was soon followed by the powerful dramas, *Doctor Faustus*, *The Jew of Malta*, *The Massacre of Paris*, and *Edward II*. He was esteemed a worthy rival of Shakespeare, and it is more than probable that he had some share in the production of the Second and Third parts of Shakespeare's *Henry VI*. "It is impossible to call Marlowe a great dramatist," says Saintsbury, in a review of the Elizabethan dramatists. "He was one of the greatest poets of the world, whose work was cast by accident and caprice into an imperfect mould of drama. He is the undoubted author of some of the masterpieces of English verse, and the hardly-to-be-doubted author of others not much inferior. Excepting the greatest names—Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser, Dryden, Pope, Shelley—no author can be named who has produced such work as is to be found in *Tamburlaine*, *Doctor Faustus*, *The Jew of Malta*, *Edward II*., and the *Passionate Shepherd*. Shakespeare has not surpassed, and no one else has equalled, some

of the famous passages in *Doctor Faustus*." The following extract from *Doctor Faustus* is a fair specimen of the merits and defects of Marlowe as a dramatist :

THE DEATH OF FAUSTUS.

Bad Angel.—Now, Faustus, let thine eyes with horror stare

Into that vast, perpetual torture-house. . . .
Those that are fed with sops of flaming fire
Were gluttons, and loved only delicates,
And laughed to see the poor starve at their gates.
But yet all these are nothing ; thou shalt see
Ten thousand tortures that more horrid be.

Faust.—Oh, I have seen enough to torture me.

Angel.—Nay, thou must feel them, taste the smart of all ;

He that loves pleasure must for pleasure fall.
And so I leave thee, Faustus. [Exit.]

[The clock strikes eleven.]

Faust.—Oh, Faustus !

Now hast thou but one bare hour to live. . . .
Stand still, ye ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come.
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day ; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul ! . . .
The stars move still—time runs—the clock will strike.

Oh, I'll leap up to heaven ! Who pulls me down ?
Yet I will call on *Him* ! Oh, spare me, Lucifer !
Where is it now ? 'Tis gone !
And see ! a threatening arm, an angry brow !
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me
And hide me from the heavy wrath of heaven !
No ! Then will I run headlong into the earth :
Gape, earth ! Oh, no ; it will not harbor me—

Ye stars that reigned at my nativity,
 Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
 Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,
 Into the entrails of yon laboring cloud ;
 That, when you vomit forth into the air,
 My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
 But let my soul mount and ascend to heaven.

[*The watch strikes.*]

Oh ! half the hour is passed : 'twill all be past anon.
 Oh, if my soul must suffer for my sin,
 Impose some end to my incessant pain :
 Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years—
 A hundred thousand—and at last be saved ;
 No end is limited to damnèd souls.
 Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul ?
 Or, why is this immortal soul that thou hast ?
 Oh, Pythagoras !—Metempsychosis !—were that true,
 This soul should fly from me, and I be changed
 Into some brutish beast.
 All beasts are happy, for when they die
 Their souls are soon dissolved in elements. . . .
 Now, Faustus, curse thyself—curse Lucifer,
 That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven.

[*The clock strikes twelve.*]

It strikes—it strikes ! Now, body, turn to air. . . .
 Oh, soul, be changed into small water-drops,
 And fall into the ocean—ne'er be found.

The pretty poem *The Passionate Shepherd to His Love* has been attributed to Shakespeare, but there can be little doubt that it belongs to Marlowe. *The Nymph's Reply* has been attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh, but apparently on no sufficient grounds. It is by no means certain that it belongs to Marlowe ; but it forms an appropriate pendant to the other, and so is worthy of preservation.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

Come live with me and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
 Woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
 Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
 And a thousand fragrant posies ;
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
 Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle ;

A gown made of the finest wool
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
 Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold ;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
 With coral clasps and amber studs !
 An if these pleasures may thee move,
 Come live with me and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
 For thy delight each May morning ;
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

If all the world and love were young,
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
 These pretty pleasures might me move
 To live with thee and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
 When rivers rage and rocks grow cold ;
 And Philomel becometh dumb •
 The rest complains of cares to come •

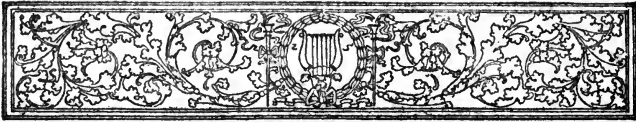
The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in season rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed;
Had joys no date, nor age no need;
Then those delights my mind might **move**
To live with thee and be thy love.





MAROT, CLÉMENT, a French poet, born at Cahors in 1495; died in Turin in 1544. At ten years of age he was sent to Paris, with the intention of preparing him for the bar. After being in a law-office at Châtelet he found that he had no inclination for such a calling. He afterward became paymaster in the household of the Lord of Villeroy. Margaret of Valois soon attached him to her suite as valet-de-chambre. His father, Court poet to Anne of Bretagne, was valet-de-chambre of Francis I. To this position he succeeded. He formed one of the King's retinue at the Field of the Cloth of Gold in 1520, and in the following year was on the field of Attigny with the Duke of Alençon. He also served for some time in the Hainault. During the war with Italy he was one of the King's household, and, like his royal master, was made prisoner at the battle of Pavia, and wounded in the arm. Upon his return to France, he was arrested and imprisoned at Châtelet, where he was accused of showing some sympathy with the religious ideas of the Reformation (1525). His friend, the Bishop of Chartres, effected his removal to a less severe prison, in which he retouched the *Romance of the Rose*. Upon his release he wrote caustic railings against the monks. In 1535, again fearing imprisonment, he sought refuge with Marguerite. He did not however, remain for

long at Béarn. The Duchess Renée of France was inviting under her protection all the literati of the day at Ferrara. Here he joined himself with Calvin, but Pope Paul III. soon forced the Duke of Ferrara to dismiss all refugees suspected of inclining toward the Reformation. With Calvin he went to Venice. Meanwhile, Renée obtained his pardon from Francis I. upon condition that he would return to the pale of the Church. His solemn abjuration, however, at the hands of the Cardinal de Tournon took place at Lyons. Marot returned to the Court of Francis I. in 1538, a time in which the King had created the chair of Hebrew, which he had given to the celebrated Vatable, one of the greatest and best men of the day. Under his direction Marot undertook the translation of some of the Psalms. The Doctors at the Sorbonne censured his work at such length that Francis I. forbade Marot to continue his translation, and caused the suppression of as much of the book as had been already published. The book, however, spread, in spite of the King. The translation was set to music by Goudinel and used by the Reformers. Marot now joined Calvin in Geneva; but the austerity of the Calvinists did not suit him any better than the laxity of the Romanists, and after a short time he left Geneva for Turin. Here he placed himself under the protection of the Government of Piedmont, granted by Francis I. to Charles III., Duke of Savoy, surnamed The Good. It was at this place that he died in great poverty, at the age of forty-nine. His *Romance of the Rose* appeared in 1529. His

works consist of elegies, epistles, ballads, songs, epigrams, epitaphs, and complaints. Among his ballads that of *Brother Thibaud* is the best. He had translated the first eclogue of the *Bucolics of Virgil*, *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, *The History of Leander and Hero*, and some sonnets and the *Visions of Petrarch*. His last works were *Oraisons* and *Little Christian Devis*.

“He was for long considered the first modern writer of France,” says Larousse, “the first to write in a readable style; hence we owe him that gratitude which is due a poet who reforms and clarifies a language. The joyous inflection of his spirit, his happy and facile wit, are reflected in a style peculiarly his own, which has been termed *marotic*, and which even the masters have not imitated. These qualities of elegance, of grace, and of clearness of expression have been obtained, however, at the expense of color and of greatness in poetry. He wrote verse simply as a happy pastime to amuse the loiterers of the Court. His elegies, his epistles and epigrams are his best claims to glory, not that they are all good, but each of these series contains some poems worthy of memory. There are traces of the affectation of the day in his elegies, nevertheless we find some beautiful verses, true in feeling and worthy a poet. It is especially in his letters that one seeks the man and the poet. The style is lively, elegant, spiritual, and the verse bold; it always says exactly what he wishes to express. His ballads much resemble Ronsard in style. As for his epigrams, one might say that he had brought the

language and the form for this kind of writing to such perfection that the best of Rousseau's and of Lebrun's were issued from his mill, partaking even of his grammatical construction."

MASTER ABBOT AND HIS SERVANT-MAN.

The Abbot's man and he, the man of God,
 In silly laughs and moistening of the clod
 Seem as each were the other one's twin brother—
 In short, two pease resembling one another.
 And yet last night the well-matched pair fell out.
 You wonder what it could have been about?
 With a deep sigh the pious prior said:
 "At night put the big wine-jug near my bed,
 I fear I should expire were I left dry."
 To which fat flunkey dared to make reply:
 "And you want me to lie all night bereft
 Of balmy sleep? You know I get what's left
 In that big jug. I'm loath to see you die;
 But yet—expire. For lose my sleep not I."

PREPARATION FOR MATINS.

A big fat prior stretched and kicked his toes,
 And with his grandson dallied as he rose;
 The broad, bright daylight through the window streamed,
 And, pricked upon the spit, a partridge steamed.
 When rising up, the worthy prelate spat,
 To clear his throat, across the floor, and sat
 Upon the bed's edge trumping till his nose
 Had roused the cloistered echoes with its blows.
 Which being done, and hunching by the spit,
 He smacked with unction, gave a twist to it,
 And but that now and then his fists he licked,
 Without more fooling off the meat he picked,
 Sweet, sizzling, crisp—no condiment but salt;
 A prior he of learning ne'er at fault—
 Then put himself outside a jug of wine—
 And worse wine might be found in France or Flanders—
 And finally, like a devout divine,
 In this guise to the throne of grace meanders.

* O Lord ! don't leave thy servant in the lurch
One has a hard time serving Holy Church.'

AT CUPID'S SHRINE.

On Cupid's brow for crown was set
Of roses a fair chapelet,
That which within her garden green
Were gathered by Love's gracious queen,
And by her to her infant dear
Sent in the springtime of the year.
These he with right good-will did don ;
And to his mother thereupon
A chariot gave, in triumph led
By turtles twelve all harnessèd.
Before the altar saw I blooming fair
Two cypresses embalm'd with odors rare.
And these, quoth they, are pillars that do bide
To stay this altar, famèd far and wide.
And then a thousand birds upon the wing
Amid those curtains green came fluttering,
Ready to sing their little songs divine.
And so I ask'd, why came they to that shrine ?
And these, they said, are matins, friend, which they
In honor of Love's queen are come to say.

—*From Temple of Cupid.*

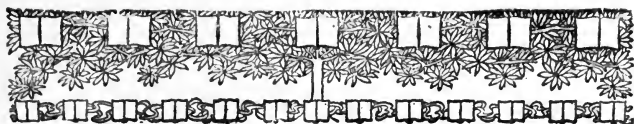
THE TEMPLE OF LOVE.

Torches quench'd or flaming high,
That all loving pilgrims bear
Before the saints that list their prayer,
Are posies made of rosemary.

Many a linnet and canary,
And many a gay nightingale,
Amid the green-wood's leafy shroud,
Instead of desks on branches smale,
For verse, response and 'pistle loud,
Sit shrilling of their merry song.

The windows were of crystal clear,
On which old gestes depeinten are,
Of such as with true hearts did hold
The laws by Love ordain'd of old.

—*From Temple of Cupid.*



MARRYAT, FLORENCE, an English novelist, born at Brighton, July 9th, 1837; died on the 27th of October, 1899. She was a daughter of Frederick Marryat, and was married to Mr. Francis Lean. She has successfully appeared, not only as a novelist, but as a lecturer, an operatic singer, and an actress. In 1872 she became the editor of *London Society*. Her first novel was *Love's Conflict* (1865). She has subsequently written nearly fifty novels, among which are *For Ever and Ever* (1866); *Nelly Brooks* (1867); *Véronique* (1868); *Petronel* (1869); *Her Lord and Master* (1870); *The Prey of the Gods* (1871); *No Valentines* (1873); *A Little Stephen* (1877); *Facing the Footlights* (1883), and *Tom Tiddler's Ground* (1886). She has also written the *Life of Frederick Marryat*, her father (1872). Some of her later novels are *Gentleman and Courtier* (1891); *The Crown of Shame* (1891); *A Fatal Silence* (1891); *The Nobler Sex* (1892); *How Like a Woman* (1892); *Parson Jones* (1893); *A Bankrupt Heart* (1894); *The Hempstead Mystery* (1894); *At Heart a Rake* (1895). She has also written many works on spiritualism.

A FAILURE IN TACT.

Lady Rose Romilly spoke feelingly, for, careless mother as she was when all went right with Too-too, she would have been less than woman could she have contemplated his late escape with indifference; but Véronique, try as she would, could not respond to her advances. She closed her eyes and turned her head away.

The last question which had been put to her received no reply at all, until Lawson, annoyed at such discourteous behavior on the part of one whom she had acknowledged as an acquaintance, took her roughly to task in demanding an explanation of it.

"Why don't you answer my Lady Sister Mary?" she said, snappishly; "you can't be that bad that you're unable to speak. Don't you hear her asking you if there's anything as she can do for you?"

"But there's nothing—nothing," replied Véronique, in a voice of pain, as she turned restlessly upon her pillow. "I want nothing except to be left alone."

"Well! there's manners, if ever I see 'em," exclaimed the nurse, in a tone of vexation. "I wouldn't trouble myself about her any more, my Lady, if I were you. I'm sure I can't tell what's come to Sister Mary to-day, she ain't a bit like herself."

"Hush, Lawson!" said Lady Rose, with every intention of being good-natured. "I dare say her head aches, and she does not feel inclined to talk, and I have something for her here which will do her more good than words. My good girl, I won't stay to worry you any longer to-day, but I hope we shall soon see you on deck again, and meanwhile, as I know that money is always more useful than any other present in a strange country, you must accept this from Captain Romilly and myself as a slight token of what we feel you have done for us;" and as she concluded, Lady Rose thrust a bank-note for ten pounds between the closed fingers of Véronique's passive hand, and prepared to leave the cabin.

But in an instant her footsteps were arrested; in an instant both women—the mistress and the maid—had turned with amazement to see the little Sister of Mercy spring into a sitting posture on her bed, and, having first scornfully regarded the money which had been put into her hand, confront them with flushed cheeks and blazing eyes.

"Did *he* tell you to give me this?" she cried, as with knitted brows she stared inquiringly in Lady Rose's face.

"*He*—*he*—do you mean Captain Romilly?" demand-

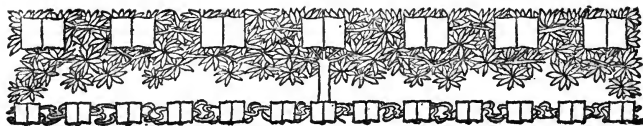
ed the lady, half fearfully. "Oh, dear, no! certainly not; he does not even know of it. It is a little present from myself, although I said that you must consider it from both of us. But doubtless Captain Romilly will do more for you on his own account; indeed, I am sure he will. This is only from myself—a little gift to mark my appreciation of what you did for 'Too-too.'"

"Then be pleased to take back your gift, madam," said Véronique, haughtily, as she laid the bank-note upon the hand of Lady Rose, "and tell Captain Romilly from me that if he thinks I will take money, or any other benefit from him, for the common service I have rendered to his—his child, he is very—very much—he is altogether mistaken;" and with this declaration Véronique buried her face in her pillow, and burst into a flood of tears.

"Come away," whispered Lawson, "and let us send the doctor to her; she is going out of her senses; she's got the deliriums, I assure you she has; she may do us an injury if we stay much longer."

And Lady Rose, looking from the bank-note returned upon her hands to where the Sister of Mercy lay convulsively sobbing on her pillow, really thought that the nurse's suggestion had reason in it, and beat a hasty retreat from the steerage to her proper quarters, where, having an instinctive idea that her husband would blame her for the haste with which she had acted, she kept her own counsel, and directed Lawson to do the same, with respect to the whole proceeding.—*Véronique.*





MARRYAT, FREDERICK, an English naval officer and novelist, born in London, July 10, 1792; died at Langham, Norfolk, August 9, 1848. At the age of fourteen he entered the navy, having previously shown his inclination for a nautical life by running away to sea. During his service on the *Impérieuse*, to which he was first assigned, he was present at more than fifty engagements, received rapid promotion, and in 1818 was awarded the medal of the Humane Society for "at least a dozen" rescues. In the Burmese War of 1824-25 he commanded the *Larne*. When, in 1830, he retired from the navy, he was a Companion of the Bath, an officer of the League of Honor, and a member of other honorable orders.

His first novel, *Frank Mildmay*, was published in 1829, his second, *The King's Own*, in 1830. His subsequent works were *Newton Forster* (1832); *The Pacha of Many Tales* and *The Pirate and the Three Cutters* (1835); *Mr. Midshipman Easy* and *Japhet in Search of a Father* (1836); *Peter Simple* and *Snarley-yow* (1837); *Jacob Faithful* (1838); *The Phantom Ship* (1839); *Olla Podrida* and *Poor Jack* (1840); *Masterman Ready* and *Joseph Rustbrook, or The Poacher* (1841); *Percival Keene* (1842); *Monsieur Violet* (1843); *The Settlers in Canada* and *The Privateersman* (1844); *The Mission, or Scenes in Africa* (1845); *The Children of the New Forest* and *The*

Little Savage (1847), and *Valerie*, completed by another hand (1849). He also visited America, and in 1839 published his impressions and opinions in *A Diary in America, with Remarks on Its Institutions*.

A PRUDENT SEA-CAPTAIN.

"Well, Mr. Cheeks, what are the carpenters about?"

"Weston and Smallbridge are going on with the chairs—the whole of them will be finished to-morrow."

"Well?"

"Smith is about the chest of drawers, to match the one in my Lady Capperbar's bedroom."

"Very good. And what is Hilton about?"

"He has finished the spare leaf of the dining-table, sir; he is now about a little job for the second lieutenant."

"A job for the second lieutenant, sir! How often have I told you, Mr. Cheeks, that the carpenters are not to be employed, except on ship's duty, without my special permission!"

"His standing bedplace is broken, sir; he is only getting out a chock or two."

"Mr. Cheeks, you have disobeyed my most positive orders. By the by, sir, I understand you were not sober last night."

"Please your honor," replied the carpenter, "I wasn't drunk—I was only a little fresh."

"Take you care, Mr. Cheeks. Well, now, what are the rest of your crew about?"

"Why, Thompson and Waters are cutting out the pales for the garden out of the jibboom; I've saved the heel to return."

"Very well; but there won't be enough, will there?"

"No, sir; it will take a hand-mast to finish the whole."

"Then we must expend one when we go out again. We can carry away a top-mast, and make a new one out of the hand-mast at sea. In the meantime, if the sawyers have nothing to do, they may as well cut the

palings at once. And now, let me see—oh, the painters must go on shore to finish the attics.”

“Yes, sir; but my Lady Capperbar wishes the *jealouses* to be painted vermilion; she says it will look more rural.”

“Mrs. Capperbar ought to know enough about ships’ stores by this time to be aware that we are only allowed three colors. She may choose or mix them as she pleases; but as for going to the expense of buying paint, I can’t afford it. What are the rest of the men about?”

“Repairing the second cutter, and making a new mast for the pinnace.”

“By the by—that puts me in mind of it—have you expended any of the boat’s masts?”

“Only the one carried away, sir.”

“Then you must expend two more. Mrs. C. has just sent me off a list of a few things that she wishes made while we are at anchor, and I see two poles for clothes-lines. Saw off the sheave-holes and put two pegs through at right angles—you know how I mean?”

“Yes, sir. What am I to do, sir, about the cucumber frame? My Lady Capperbar says she must have it, and I haven’t glass enough. They grumbled at the yard last time.”

“Mrs. C. must wait a little. What are the armorers about?”

“They have been so busy with your work, sir, that the arms are in a very bad condition. The first lieutenant said yesterday that they were a disgrace to the ship.”

“Who dares say that?”

“The first lieutenant, sir.”

“Well, then, let them rub up the arms, and let me know when they are done, and we’ll get the forge up.”

“The armorer has made six rakes and six hoes, and the two little hoes for the children; but he says that he can’t make a spade.”

“Then I’ll take his warrant away, by heavens! since he does not know his duty. That will do, Mr. Cheeks. I shall overlook your being in liquor this time; but **take care**. Send the boatswain to me.”—*The King’s Own*.



MARSH, GEORGE PERKINS, an American scholar and diplomat, born at Woodstock, Vt., March 15, 1801; died at Vallombrosa, Italy, July 24, 1882. He was graduated at Dartmouth in 1822, studied law, and entered upon practice at Burlington, Vt. He was elected as Representative in Congress in 1842, holding his seat until 1849, when he resigned, in order to become Minister to Turkey, which position he held until 1853. In 1861 he was appointed Minister to the newly formed kingdom of Italy, which position he held until his death. Both before and after his appointment to the Ministry in Italy he devoted himself largely to philological studies. His principal works in this department are *Lectures on the English Language* (1861); *Origin and History of the English Language* (1862). He also wrote *Man and Nature, or Physical Geography as Modified by Human Action* (1864); this work, entirely rewritten, was published in 1874 under the title *The Earth as Modified by Human Action*.

His wife, CAROLINE CRANE MARSH (born at Berkeley, Mass., in 1816), has published *The Hallig*, a tale translated from the German of Biernatzki (1857); and *Wolfe of the Knoll, and other Poems* (1860). In 1888 she published *Life and Letters of George Perkins Marsh*.

THE ANGLO-SAXON ELEMENT IN OUR LANGUAGE.

The Anglo-Saxon represents at once the material substratum and the formative principle of the English language. You may eliminate all the other ingredients, and there still subsists a speech, of itself sufficient for all the great purposes of temporal and spiritual life, and capable of such growth and development from its own native sources, and by its own inherent strength, as to fit it also for all the factitious wants and new-found conveniences of the most artificial stages of human society. If, on the other hand, you strike out the Saxon element there remains but a jumble of articulate sounds without coherence, syntactic relation, or intelligible significance.

THE NON-SAXON ELEMENT.

But though possessed of this inexhaustible mine of native metal, we have rifled the whole *orbis verborum*—the world of words—to augment our overflowing stores, so that every speech and nation under heaven has contributed some jewels to enrich our cabinet, or, at the least, some humble implement to facilitate the communication essential to the proper discharge of the duties and the performance of the labors of moral and material life. These foreign conquests, indeed, have not been achieved, these conquests won, without some shedding of Saxon blood—some sacrifice of domestic coin; and if we have gained largely in vocabulary, we have, for the time at least, lost no small portion of that original constructive power whereby we could have fabricated a nomenclature scarcely less wide and diversified than that which we have borrowed from so distant and diversified sources.



MARSHALL, JOHN, an American jurist and biographer, born in Fauquier County, Va., September 24, 1755; died in Philadelphia, July 6, 1835. He enlisted in the provincial army early in the War of the Revolution, attained the rank of captain in 1777, and was present at the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth. His term of enlistment having expired, he resumed the study of law, and was admitted to the bar in 1780. In 1782 he was elected to the Legislature of Virginia, and continued a member of that body until 1795. In 1797 he was sent with Pinckney and Gerry on a mission to France; and was in 1799 elected to Congress. In 1801 he was made Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and retained that position until his death, thirty-five years afterward. Aside from his judicial decisions, published in 1839 as the *Writings of John Marshall on the Federal Constitution*, his reputation rests upon his *Life of George Washington* (5 vols., 1805).

His judicial decisions of disputed points in the Constitution, made so early in the history of that document, had much to do with shaping the general understanding of the status of the young republic, and he has been justly styled one of the makers of the Nation.

Judge Story says: "His peculiar triumph was

in the exposition of constitutional law. It was here that he stood confessedly without a rival, whether we regard his thorough knowledge of our civil and political history, his admirable powers of illustration and generalization, his scrupulous integrity and exactness in interpretation, or his consummate skill in moulding his own genius into its elements."

WASHINGTON AS A STATESMAN.

In his civil administration, as in his military career, were exhibited ample and repeated proofs of that practical good sense, of that sound judgment which is perhaps the most rare, and is certainly the most valuable, quality of the human mind. He was accustomed to contemplate at a distance those critical situations in which the United States might probably be placed ; and to digest, before the occasion required action, the line of conduct which it would be proper to observe. Taught to distrust first impressions, he sought to acquire all the information which was attainable, and to hear without prejudice all the reasons which could be urged for or against a particular measure. His own judgment was suspended until it became necessary to determine ; and his decisions, thus maturely made, were seldom, if ever, to be shaken. His conduct, therefore, was systematic, and the great objects of his administration were steadily pushed. . . .

No man has ever appeared upon the theatre of public action whose integrity was more incorruptible, or whose principles were more perfectly free from the contamination of those selfish and unworthy passions which find their nourishment in the conflicts of party. Having no views which required concealment, his real and avowed motives were the same ; and his whole correspondence does not furnish a single case from which even an enemy would infer that he was capable, under any circumstances, of stooping to the employment of duplicity. He exhibits the rare example of a politician to whom wiles were absolutely unknown, and

whose professions to foreign governments and to his own countrymen were always sincere. In him was fully exemplified the real distinction which forever exists between wisdom and cunning, and the importance, as well as truth, of the maxim that "honesty is the best policy." . . .

It is impossible to contemplate the great events which have occurred in the United States under the auspices of Washington, without ascribing them in some measure to him. If we ask the causes of the prosperous issue of a war against the successful termination of which there were so many probabilities; of the good which was produced and the ill which was avoided during an administration fated to contend with the strongest prejudices that a combination of circumstances and of passions could produce; of the constant favor of the great mass of his fellow-citizens; and of the confidence which to the last moment of his life they reposed in him—the answer, so far as these causes may be found in his character, will furnish a lesson well meriting the attention of those who are candidates for political fame.

Endowed by nature with a sound judgment and an active, discriminating mind, he feared not that laborious attention which made him perfectly master of those subjects, in all their relations, on which he was to decide. And this essential quality was guided by an unvarying sense of moral right; by a fairness of intention which neither sought nor required disguise; and by a purity of virtue which was not only untainted but unsuspected.

Respecting, as the first magistrate in a free government must ever do, the real and deliberate sentiments of the people, their gusts of passion passed over without ruffling the smooth surface of his mind. Trusting to the reflecting good sense of the nation for approbation and support, he had the magnanimity to pursue its real interests in opposition to its temporary prejudices. In more instances than one we find him committing his whole popularity to hazard, and pursuing steadily, in opposition to a torrent which would have overwhelmed a man of ordinary firmness, that course which had been dictated by a sense of duty.—*Life of Washington.*



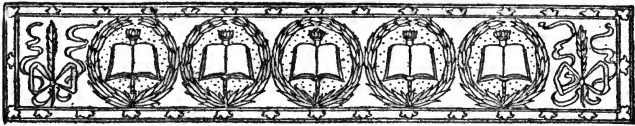
MARSTON, JOHN, an English dramatist, born about 1575; died in London, June 25, 1634. Of his personal life there is little more authentically recorded than that he was educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford; that he entered the Middle Temple, London, where he was chosen lecturer in 1593; that he was a friend of Ben Jonson, to whom in 1605 he dedicated his drama *The Malcontent*; and that he was associated with Jonson and Chapman in producing the comedy of *Eastward Hoe!* (1605), for which the authors were imprisoned on account of alleged libels against the Scotch. His principal plays are *Antonio and Mellida* and *Antonio's Revenge* (1602); *The Malcontent* (1604); *The Dutch Courtesan* (1605); *Parisitaster* and *Sophonisba* (1606), and *What You Will* (1607). Though he lived some twenty-seven years after the publication of his last play, we have no explanation of why he ceased writing. He was an imitator of Juvenal and one of the most vigorous satirists of the Shakespearian age, but there is little constructive skill in his plays, and the plots are uninteresting. One scene in *Antonio and Mellida* either suggested or was suggested by one of the most powerful situations in *King Lear*. An edition of his *Works*, consisting of six dramas, and some satires, edited by J. O. Halliwell, was published in 1856.

THE SCHOLAR AND HIS SPANIEL.

I was a scholar. Seven useful springs
 Did I deflower in quotations
 Of crossed opinions 'bout the soul of man:
 The more I learnt, the more I learnt to doubt.
 "Delight," my spaniel, slept while I turned leaves,
 Tossed o'er the dunes, poured on the old print
 Of titled words—and still my spaniel slept.
 Whilst I wasted lamp-oil baited my flesh,
 Shrunk up my veins—and still my spaniel slept;
 And I held converse with Zabarell,
 Aquinas, Scotus and the musty saw
 Of antique Donate—still my spaniel slept.
 Still on went I: First, *on sit anima*;
 Then, an it were mortal. Oh, hold, hold! at that
 They're at brain-buffets, fell by the ears amain
 Pell-mell together—still my spaniel slept.
 Then, whether 'twere corporeal, local, fixed,
Ex traduce; but whether 't had free-will
 Or no. Hot philosophers
 Stood banding factions, all so strongly propped,
 I staggered, knew not which was firmer parts,
 But thought, quoted, read, observed, and pried
 Stuffed noting-books—and still my spaniel slept.
 At length he waked and yawned; and by yon skies,
 For aught I know, he knew as much as I.

TO EVERLASTING OBLIVION.

Thou mighty gulf! insatiate cormorant!
 Deride me not, though I seem petulant,
 To fall into thy chops. Let other pray
 Forever their fair poems flourish may,
 But as for me, hungry Oblivion,
 Devour me quick. Accept my orison,
 My earnest prayers, which do importune thee
 With gloomy shade of thy still empery
 To veil both me and my rude poesy. . . .
 I with this sharp, yet well-meant poesy
 Will sleep secure, right free from injury
 Of cankered hate or rankest villany.



MARSTON, PHILIP BOURKE, an English poet and essayist, born in London, August 13, 1850; died February 13, 1887. He was the son of Westland Marston, dramatist and poet, and the child upon whom Miss Mulock wrote the poem *Philip, My King*. In his fourth year a cataract began to form upon both of his "large, brown eyes," and he soon became totally blind. He was, however, well educated, manifested unusual precocity, contributing verse to the *Cornhill Magazine* and other periodicals. *Song-Tide*, his first volume of poems, appeared in 1870. This was followed, in 1875, by *All in All*, and by *Wind Voices* in 1883. He contributed critical and biographical articles to English and American periodicals. His biographico-critical paper on James Thomson in Ward's *English Poets* perhaps shows him at his best as an essayist. This James Thomson was a Scottish poet, born in 1834, died in 1882, and an altogether different person from that other Scottish poet of the same name, the author of *The Seasons*.

JAMES THOMSON, THE "POET OF DESPAIR."

James Thomson, though his works were few, and his death comparatively early, was still one of the most remarkable poets of this century. Most of the poets of our time have flirted with pessimism; but through their beautifully expressed sorrow we cannot help seeing that on the whole, they are less sad than they seem; or

that, like Mr. Matthew Arnold, they have laid hold of a stern kind of philosophic consolation. It was reserved for Thomson to write the real poem of despair; it was for him to say the ultimate word about *melancholia*—for, of course, it is the result of that disorder which is depicted in *The City of Dreadful Night*. It was for him to gauge its horrible shapes, and to understand its revelations of darkness, as Shelley and others have understood revelations of light.

It has been contended that, because life itself is so tragic, such poems as Thomson's are worse than needless; but the true reason for the existence of this particular poem is given by its author in the following lines:

“Yes, here and there some weary wanderer
 In that same city of tremendous night,
 Will understand the speech and feel a stir
 Of fellowship in all disastrous fight.
 I suffer mute and lonely, yet another
 Uplifts his voice to let me know a brother
 Travels the same wild paths, though out of sight.”

Happily all men have not walked in Thomson's City of Despair; but too many have done so, and they must feel a bitter kind of comfort—such comfort as comes of tears—in having all its horrors so faithfully and sympathetically recorded. . . .

In these days of poetic schools—to some one of which a man must generally be relegated, if his work is to be considered at all—there is something remarkable in the solitariness of this poet, who can be classed in no poetic fraternity. Intense sincerity, joined to a vivid imagination, constitute Thomson's claims to be remembered. This strong individuality—whether expressing itself in life or poetry, is not welcome to all persons; but those on whom it seizes find in it a fascination which it is difficult for any other quality to substitute.

FROM FAR.

O Love, come back across the weary way
 Thou didst go yesterday—
 Dear Love, come back!

“ I am too far upon my way to turn ;
 Be silent, hearts that yearn
 Upon my track.”

O Love ! Love ! Love ! sweet Love ! we are undone,
 If thou indeed be gone
 Where lost things are.

“ Beyond the extremest sea’s waste light and noise,
 As from Ghost-land, thy voice
 Is borne afar.”

O Love, what was our sin that we should be
 Forsaken thus by thee ?
 So hard a lot !

“ Upon your hearts my hands and lips were set—
 My lips of fire—and yet
 Ye knew me not.”

Nay, surely, Love ! We know thee well, sweet Love !
 Did we not breathe and move
 Within thy light ?

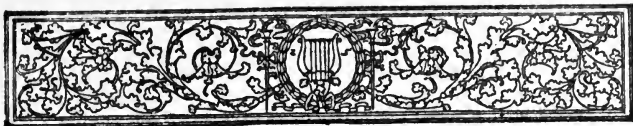
“ Ye did reject my thorns who wore my roses ;
 Now darkness closes
 Upon your sight.”

O Love ! stern Love ! be not implacable :
 We loved thee, Love, so well !
 Come back to us !

“ To whom, and where, and by what weary way,
 That I went yesterday,
 Shall I come thus ? ”

Oh, weep, weep, weep ! for Love, who tarried long,
 With many a kiss and song,
 Has taken wing.

No more he lightens in our eyes like fire,
 He heeds not our desire,
 Or songs we sing.



MARTIAL, a Latin poet, born at Bilbilis, Spain, in 43; died there about 104. He came to Rome in 66, and seems to have resided there until 100, when he returned to Bilbilis. From Domitian he obtained the *jus trium liberorum*, with the rank of eques and of tribune. He speaks of his house and villa at Nomentum; and acquired property with his wife. Yet he complains of poverty, and it is likely he lived luxuriously. He seems to have been intimate with Juvenal, Pliny, Quintilian, Fronto, Silius, and Valerius Flaccus. He inveighs against Nero, but flatters the reigning tyrant Domitian; after whose death he vilifies his memory, and burns incense to Nerva and Trajan. His works consist of fourteen books, comprising about fifteen hundred *Epigrams*. There is also a *Liber de Spectaculis*, containing epigrams on the games of the amphitheatre. He has been frequently translated into English.

“As literary compositions,” says Waller, “his writings have undoubtedly very great merit; and he was justly called the Virgil of epigrammatists. In his own time he enjoyed a widely spread popularity; and in modern days his works have been much read, and frequently imitated. Many of the best-known modern epigrams are taken from him, just as the germ of most modern fables is to be found in Æsop. Few writers have equalled

Martial either in the graceful flattery of his adroit compliments, or in the piercing keenness of his trenchant sarcasm."

Such eminent critics as Scaliger, Lipsius, and Malte-Brun have much admired his *Epigrams*, and the latter thinks his writings among the most interesting monuments of Roman literature. But Martial himself said of his own works, very justly: "Some are good, some indifferent, and more are bad."

TO CALENUS.

When some time since you had not clear
 Above three hundred pounds a year,
 You lived so well, your bounty such,
 Your friends all wished you twice as much :
 Heaven with our wishes soon complied ;
 In six months four relations died,
 But you, so far from having more,
 Seem robbed of what you had before ;
 A greater miser every day,
 Live in a cursed, starving way,
 Scarce entertain us once a year,
 And then not worth a groat the cheer :
 Seven old companions, men of sense,
 Scarce cost you now as many pence.
 What shall we wish you on our part ?
 What wish can equal your desert ?
 Thousands a year may heaven grant !
 Then you will starve and die for want.

—*From Epigrams ; translated by HAY.*

TO HIS BOOK.

Three hundred epigrams thou might'st contain,
 But who, to read so many can sustain ?
 Hear what in praise of brevity is said :
 First, less expense and waste of paper's made ;
 The printer's labor next doth sooner end ;
 And to more serious works he may attend ;

Thirdly to whomsoe'er thou shalt be read
 Though naught, not tedious yet thou canst be said ;
 Again, in length, while thou dost not abound,
 Thou mayst be heard while yet the cups go round ;
 And when this caution's used, alas ! I fear
 To many yet thou wilt too long appear.

—*From Epigrams.*

ON REGULUS.

On Tibur's road to where Alcides towers,
 And hoary Anio smoking sulphur pours ;
 Where laugh the lawns, and groves to Muses dear,
 And the fourth stone bespeaks Augusta near,
 An antique porch prolonged the summer shade :
 What a new deed her dotage half essayed ?
 Reeling, herself she threw with instant crash,
 Where Regulus scarce passed in his calash.
 Sly Fortune started, for herself aware ;
 Nor could the overwhelming odium bear.
 Thus ruins ravish us, and dangers teach,
 Still standing piles could no protection preach.

—*From Epigrams ; translated by* ELPHINSTON.

TO DECIANUS.

Is there a friend like those distinguished few
 Renown'd for faith whom former ages knew ;
 Polish'd by art, in every science wise ;
 Truly sincere and good without disguise ;
 Guardian of right, who doth by honors steer ;
 Who makes no prayer but all the world may hear ;
 Who doth on fortitude of mind depend ?
 I know indeed, but dare not name that friend.

—*From Epigrams ; translated by* HAY.

TO FUSCUS.

If yet one corner in thy heart
 Remains, good Fuscus, unpossessed
 (For many a friend, I know, is thine),
 Give me to boast that corner mine

Nor then the honor'd place I sue
 Refuse to an acquaintance new :
 The oldest friend to all thy store
 Was once, 'tis certain, nothing more.
 It matters not how late the choice,
 If but approved by reason's voice !
 Then let thy sole inquiry be
 If thou canst find such worth in me
 That, constant as the years are roll'd,
 Matures new friendship into old.
 —*From Epigrams ; translated by MELMOTH.*

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow you will live, you always cry ;
 In what far country does this morrow lie,
 That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive ?
 Beyond the Indies does this morrow live ?
 'Tis so far-fetched, this morrow, that I fear
 'Twill be both very old and very dear.
 To-morrow I will live, the fool does say ;
 To-day itself's too late, the wise lived yesterday.
 —*Translated by COWLEY.*





MARTIN, BON-LOUIS HENRI, a French historian, born at St. Quentin, Aisne, February 20, 1810; died in Paris, December 14, 1883. He was destined by his father, a civil judge, to follow the legal profession. But, going up to Paris to complete his legal studies, he turned his attention to historical literature, and before completing his twenty-third year had written four historical novels, one of which was *La Vieille Fronde* (1831). In 1832 he was invited to take part in a compilation from early chronicles in French history. The greater part of the work fell ultimately into the hands of Martin, and was published in 1833, and subsequently. He had in the meanwhile resolved to write an original *History of France*. This appeared in 1833-36, in fifteen volumes. The edition was hardly printed when the author set about rewriting it—a work which occupied seventeen years (1837-54). This new edition was published in instalments, and was received with the highest favor. For the first Part, the Academy of Inscription and Belles-Lettres, in 1844, awarded him the great Gobert Prize of 10,000 francs; for a subsequent Part the French Academy, in 1851, awarded him the second prize—the first being reserved for Thierry, who died in 1856, when the first prize was awarded to Martin; and finally, in 1869, the Institute awarded to Martin's *History* the great biennial prize of 20,000 francs.

A fourth and final revision of this *History of France*, so thoroughly rewritten as to be essentially a new work, was issued in 1855-60, in sixteen large eight-hundred-page volumes, with an additional Index volume. It may properly be divided into eight Parts, each treating of some special consecutive era in French history. A translation of the entire work was undertaken, with the express sanction of the author, by Mary L. Booth, of New York. Only the two concluding Parts of this translation have been published. They treat of "The Reign of Louis XIV." and "The Decline of the French Monarchy" (1864-66). For each of these Parts the author furnished a Preface addressed especially to American readers of the work as thus translated.

PERIODS IN FRENCH HISTORY.

The *History of France*, which embraces so many centuries, may be divided into several series. The translator has deemed it advisable to begin by offering to the American reader the modern periods which, more nearly related to ideas and questions now agitated among us—and, above all, to the existing causes of anxiety—are susceptible of a livelier and more immediate interest. She will give later the series which concern the more ancient epochs. May less stormy times then leave the public more at liberty to taste sufficient tranquillity to respond to the scientific interest inspired by distant ages.

The age of Louis XIV., which is published first by the translator, may interest the American reader above all by contrast. Louis the Great was the great adversary with which that Protestant liberty, from which America was born, had to contend. The author of the *History of France*, who professes principles quite opposite to those of the ancient régime and the old French

Monarchy, has set forth, with all the impartiality in his power, the lustre and the greatness of this monarchy, and the brilliant society of which it was for some time the nucleus; but the more resplendent were men and things, the more decisive is the conclusion, since all this glory ended only in one vast ruin. The principles, Louis XIV. and Bossuet—the principles of political and religious absolutism—are irrevocably condemned.

In the period which follows the reign of Louis XIV. the reader will see developed the opposite principles; that is, the principles of philosophy and free thought; he will see France, regenerated by them, although still enveloped in the forms of the ancient régime, spring to the assistance of the infant American Republic, and aid its forming beyond the ocean—the new democratic world: beginning, as is her wont, by aiding others before occupying herself with her own affairs and attempting her own revolution, through the phases of which she has been passing since 1789.

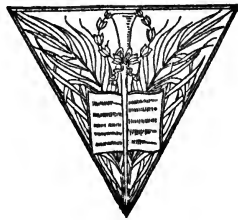
Later, the first parts of the *History of France* will be resumed and presented to the reader. We shall there show the common origin of the nations of Western Europe; we shall refute by facts the exaggeration of the popular opinion concerning the exclusively Anglo-Saxon origin of England, and consequently of America; we shall show a more ancient race—the Celtic and Breton race—which remained the basis of France, and which left a deep stratum in England under the stratum of Anglo-Saxon conquerors, in their turn covered over by a Franco-Norman stratum in the Middle Ages.

We shall then describe the successive growth of France through the intermediate ages and the Renaissance. In our narration we shall behold France—the true centre of the Christian Republic in the Middle Ages—losing the initiative in Europe, at the period of the Reformation; we shall weigh the causes by which France, while again taking the lead of the European social advance, and the direction of ideas in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, has found her political growth fettered, and herself involved, with respect to the order of facts, in a course which has hitherto rendered so difficult the definitive establishment of the régime of liberty

—an establishment which she will never renounce, and which she must finally attain and fix upon her soil.

DECLINE AND FALL OF THE OLD FRENCH MONARCHY.

The essential characteristics of this last period of ancient France are : First, the decline of the monarchy of the privileged orders (nobility and clergy), and the great monarchical magistracy (parliaments)—in short, of all the ancient régime ; secondly, the continual rise of the “ Third Estate ” (*bourgeoisie*), and the constant progress of the sciences and of social and political ideas—the ideas of humanity, justice, liberty, and equality ; and, thirdly, the decline, *per contra*, of religious and metaphysical ideas, the effect of the reaction against the abuse of religion under Louis XIV. From this progress on the one hand, and the decline on the other, would result both the greatness and the inadequacy of the French Revolution, which, after three-quarters of a century of effort and conflict, has not yet succeeded in uniting these two orders of ideas—the political idea and the religious idea—in the new conception demanded of the future.





MARTINEAU, HARRIET, an English miscellaneous writer, born at Norwich, June 12, 1802, died near Ambleside, June 17, 1876. At an early age she lost almost entirely the sense of hearing, and found her chief recreation in literary composition. Her family fell into pecuniary straits, and she was obliged to rely upon her pen for support. Her first work, *Devotional Exercises for the Use of the Young*, appeared in 1823; this was followed next year by a tale entitled *Christmas Day*, a sequel to which, entitled *The Friend*, appeared in 1825. From this time she produced works in almost every department of literature, only a few of which can here be even alluded to. About 1830 she began a series of stories illustrating the principles of Political Economy, which reached the number of nearly thirty. From 1834 to 1836 she travelled in the United States, and wrote *Society in America* (1837) and *Retrospect of Western Travel* (1838), besides more than a hundred stories and *Deerbrook* (1839), and *The Hour and the Man*, founded on the career of Toussaint l'Ouverture (1840). Her health gave way, and for a long time she was capable of little literary labor; but recovering, as she believed, through the agency of animal magnetism, she resumed constant work in 1845. In 1846, in company with friends, she made an Eastern tour, an account of which was given in her

Eastern Life, Past and Present (1848). In 1849 she began a *History of England During the Thirty Years' Peace, 1816-1846*, a work which had been commenced by Charles Knight; this fills two quarto volumes. Among her later works are *British Rule in India* (1857); *England and Her Soldiers* (1859); *Health, Husbandry, and Handicraft* (1861); *Steps in the Dark* (1864). Her *Autobiography* was published in 1877. She wrote frequently leading articles for the London *Daily News* and contributed to other journals.

AIDING EMIGRATION FROM IRELAND.

When Mr. Tracey and his family returned from France in consequence of the passage of the Relief Bill he was shocked and terrified at the aspect of his estate and the neighboring country. When he found that the disaffected were those from whose hands he had wrenched the means of subsistence by giving orders for the consolidation of the small farms, his first impulse was to go abroad again, and get out of sight of his own work. But his friend, Mr. Rosso, roused him to a better course.

The first thing to be done was to find subsistence for those who had been ejected. To settle them as before would have been mending the case but little. The great evil of over-population was to be guarded against, at all events. Mr. Tracey could not afford to give these people the means of emigrating with advantage; but it appeared to himself and his friend that if he afforded them the opportunity of earning these means, without taking work out of the hands of those already employed, he would be making the best atonement now possible for the errors of his management. This might be done by beginning some work which would improve the estate; and there was little difficulty in deciding what this work should be.

A certain fishing-village lay at a short distance from

the southern extremity of Mr. Tracey's estate; but from the state of an intervening piece of land, little or no communication was held between this village and any of the places which lay to the north or east of it. This piece of ground was level, and almost perpetually overflowed—at some seasons by the tide, and at others by land-springs. During a hot summer the health of those who lived within a certain distance was affected by the taint the marsh gave to the atmosphere; and by reason of the manifold evils that might be referred to this strip of land, it had obtained the name of "The Devil's Garden." It had long been settled that a sea-wall of small extent, and a road and ditch, would put an end to the fever, would establish an advantageous communication with the village, and probably convert this desert tract into good land. But the consent of a neighbor or two had not yet been obtained, because not asked for in earnest. Mr. Tracey now asked in earnest and obtained.

In a short time his purpose was made known, and candidates for emigration—to whom the offer of employment was confined—dropped in from all quarters and established their claims as old tenants or laborers on Mr. Tracey's estate. No questions were asked as to their mode of subsistence during their disappearance. The object was to win as many as possible from a life of violence to one of hopeful industry; and this object was gradually attained. Less was heard of crime and punishment week by week, and at length Mr. Tracey had the satisfaction of knowing that several individuals among those laborers had resisted various inducements, both of promise and threats, to become "Whiteboys."

A CONSTANT PROVIDENCE.

There is something so striking in the perpetual contrast between the external uniformity and the internal variety of the procedure of existence, that it is no wonder that multitudes have formed a conception of Fate as a mighty, unchanging Power, blind to the difference of spirits and deaf to the appeals of human delight and misery; a huge, insensible Force, beneath

which all that is spiritual is sooner or later wounded, and is ever liable to be crushed. This conception of Fate is grand, is natural, and fully warranted to minds too lofty to be satisfied with the details of human life, but which have not yet arisen to the few higher conceptions of a Providence to whom this uniformity and variety are but means to a higher end than they apparently involve. There is infinite blessing in having reached the nobler conception; the feeling of helplessness is relieved, the craving for sympathy from the Ruling Power is satisfied; there is a hold for veneration; there is room for hope; there is, above all, the stimulus and support of an end perceived, or anticipated; a purpose which steepens in sanctity all human experience.

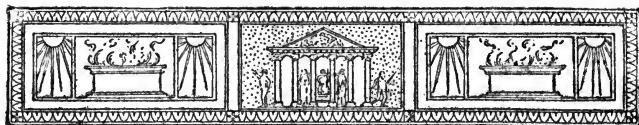
Yet even where this blessing is most fully felt and recognized, the spirit cannot but be, at times, overwhelmed by the vast regularity of aggregate existence, thrown back upon its Faith for support, when it reflects how all things go on as they did before it became conscious of existence, and how all would go on as now, if it were to die to-day. On it rolls: not only the great globe itself, but the life which stirs and hums on its surface, enveloping it like an atmosphere. On it rolls, and the vastest tumult that may take place among its inhabitants can no more make itself seen and heard above the general stir and hum of life than Chimborazo or the Himalaya can lift its peak into space above the atmosphere. On it rolls; and the strong arm of the united race could not turn from its course one planetary note of the myriads that swarm in space; no shriek of passion or shrill song of joy, sent up from a group of nations, or a continent, could attain the sea of the eternal silence, as she sits enthroned among the stars. Death is less dreary than Life in this view—a view which at times, perhaps, presents itself to every mind, but which speedily vanishes before the faith of those who, with the heart, believe that they are not the accidents of Fate, but the children of a Father.

In the house of every wise parent may be seen an epitome of life—a sight whose consolation is needed at times, perhaps, by all. Which of the little children of a virtuous household can conceive of his entering into

his parents' pursuits, or interfering with them? How sacred are the study and the office, the apparatus of a knowledge and a power which he can only venerate! Which of those little ones dreams of disturbing the course of his parents' thought or achievement? Which of them conceives of the daily routine of the household having been different before his birth, or that it would be altered by his absence? It is even a matter of surprise to him when it occurs to him that there is anything set apart for him—that he has clothes and couch, and that his mother thinks of and cares for him. If he lags behind in a walk, or finds himself alone among the trees, he does not dream of being missed; but home rises up before him as he has always seen it, with the one difference of his not being there.

Yet all the while, from day to day, from year to year, without one moment's intermission, is the providence of his parents around him, brooding over the workings of his infant spirit, chastening his passions, nourishing his affections—now troubling it with salutary pain, now animating it with even more wholesome delight. All the while is the order of the household affairs regulated for the comfort and the profit of these little ones, though they regard it reverently, because they cannot comprehend it.

As the spirit expands and perceives that it is one of an innumerable family, it would be in danger of sinking into the despair of loneliness if it were not capable of a belief in mercy carried infinite degrees beyond the tenderness of human hearts, while the very circumstance of multitude obviates the danger of undue elation. But though it is good to be lowly, it behooves everyone to be sensible of the guardianship of which so many evidences are around all who breathe. While the world and life roll on and on, the feeble reason of the child of Providence may be at times overpowered by the vastness of the system amidst which he lives, but his faith will smile upon his fear, rebuke him for averting his eyes, and inspire him with the thought, "Nothing can crush me, for I am made for eternity. I will do, suffer, and enjoy as my Father wills; and let the world and life roll on."—*Deerbrook*.



MARTINEAU, JAMES, an English clergyman, essayist, and metaphysician, the brother of Harriet Martineau, born in Norwich, April 21, 1805. He was educated at Manchester New College, York, was pastor of a Presbyterian church in Dublin, and of a Unitarian church in Liverpool, and in 1841 was appointed Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Manchester New College. He removed to London on the transfer of the college to that city, and in 1859 became one of the pastors of the Little Portland Street Chapel. From 1868 to 1874 he was principal of the college in which he had been so long a professor. He resigned his pastorate in 1872.

Among Dr. Martineau's works are *The Rationale of Religious Inquiry* (1837); *Lectures on the Liverpool Controversy* (1839); *Endeavors After the Christian Life* (1843-47); *Studies of Christianity* (1858); *Essays Philosophical and Theological* (1868); *Modern Materialism* (1876); *Ideal Substitutes for God Considered* (1878); *The Relation between Ethics and Religion* (1881), and *Types of Ethical Theory* (1885). He was one of the founders of the *National Review*, to which he has frequently contributed.

Dr. Martineau received the degree of LL.D. from Harvard College in 1872; that of D.D. from the University of Edinburgh in 1884; that of D.C.L. from Oxford in 1888; and his Litt.D. from the University of Dublin in 1892. His later works

include *A Study of Religion* (1888); *The Seat of Authority in Religion* (1890); *Essays, Reviews, and Addresses* (1890-91); *Home Prayers* (1892), and *Life of Sir Bartle Frere* (1895). Since Newman's death he has been considered the foremost theologian of England.

LACK OF UNANIMITY IN MORAL JUDGMENTS.

It is also easy to understand how, notwithstanding the uniformity of their moral nature, men may remain far from unanimity in their apparent moral judgments. The whole scale of inner principles is open to survey only to the ripest mind; and to be perfect in its appreciation is to have exhausted the permutations of human experience. To all actual men a part only is familiar; often a deplorably small part. Still, however limited the range of our moral consciousness, it would lead us all to the same verdicts, had we all the same segment of the series under our cognizance. We should have a narrower, but a concurrent, sense of right and wrong. That it is otherwise is not surprising, when it is remembered that to different men different parts of the scale of impulses are familiar by the predilections of their nature or the cast of their experience; so that their moral insight does not sweep over courses parallel and equal, but the measure at which one mind stops short is outstripped and overlapped by the standard of another. The effect of this inequality upon our casuistry is obvious at a glance. If all our moral judgments are *preferential*, two terms must always be present as the objects of comparison. They are not both, however, explicitly stated in the form usually given to our moral problems; one only is advanced; the other is held in reserve, and therefore unnoticed. It is in this suppressed term, which may secretly differ in the mind of different disputants, that the source of apparent divergency lies. Ask two persons the value of B: if one measures it by A as a standard, and the other by C, their answers will not agree. Not that they contain any real contradiction and may not both be true when

fully unfolded; but so long as the measure tacitly employed remains latent and is not even self-confessed, the *relative* nature of the decision is hid under the disguise of an absolute verdict; one voice declares a given thing to be "right," another to be "wrong;" meaning no more than in the first case that it is superior to one substitute—in the second, that it is inferior to another. Of no moral activity can the worth be determined without conceiving *what would else be there*; and unless this conception be identical in the thoughts of two advocates, they deal with differing problems under semblance of the same name. When, for instance, a discussion arises whether we ought to approve of the heroes and heroines who, like Howard, Elizabeth Fry, or Florence Nightingale, go into original fields of humane enterprise at the cost of home blessings of great price, those who condemn the course of those who admire it will have different conditions present to their thought; the former will regard it as an abandonment of family affections and nearer claims: the latter will perceive in it the sacrifice of self at the bidding of a pity and love which, in embracing the wider, does not cease to compass the lesser sphere. The former sees in it something *less*, the latter something *more*, than the faithful service of duty close at hand. It is the same in all the great controversies of practical morals. The defender of the laws of honor secretly compares the sensitiveness to character which asserts itself against danger and death with the pusillanimity which hugs its safety at the expense of a good name. The impugner of the same laws compares this jealous self-vindication with the quiet appeal to a higher tribunal and reverential willingness to "judge nothing before the time." The same type of disposition is placed side by side, in the one case, with the term below it; in the other, with the term above it.

Thus the facts that a part only of the moral scale is present to particular persons, and to different persons not the same part, readily explain the divergencies of ethical judgment without compromising in the least the uniformity of moral conceptions throughout the human race.—*Types of Ethical Theory.*



MARTINEZ, DE LA ROSA FRANCISCO, a Spanish poet and statesman, born at Granada, March 10, 1789; died at Madrid, February 7, 1862. He was educated at the university of his native city, where he became Professor of Philosophy in 1808. Spain was invaded by the French in the same year; and he enlisted under the standard of the national party. Upon the defeat of the patriots, he took refuge in Cadiz; whence he was sent to London as an agent of the Cortes. Here he wrote his poem *Zaragoza*. On his return to Cadiz he composed *La Vinda de Padilla*, which was represented in the midst of the siege, while the spectators were exposed to the continual bursting of the bombs thrown by the French. In 1814 he was appointed a member of the Cortes. At the restoration he was sent to Africa, having become a supporter of the Constitutional party; but the revolution of 1820 restored him to liberty, and he was a member of the extraordinary Cortes of 1820 and 1821. The following year he became a member of the Cabinet; but was driven from office by the crisis of July 7th. He went to Holland, Switzerland, and Italy; and settled for a time in Paris, where he issued his *Obras Literarias*. In 1831 he was permitted to return, and settled at Malaga, where he collected and revised his *Poesias Liricas*, which were printed in 1833. In 1834 he became

Minister of Foreign Affairs as leader of the Moderate party. He was afterward Ambassador to France; and in 1858 he became leader of the Ministry, and in 1860 President of the Senate. Among his other literary works are *Edipo*, a tragedy; several comedies; *Doña Isabel de Solis* (1837-40), a romance; *A History of the French Revolution*, founded upon Thiers.

THE ALHAMBRA.

Come to my bidding, gentle damsels fair,
That haunt the banks of Douro and Genil !
Come, crowned with roses in your fragrant hair,
More fresh and pure than April balms distil !

With long, dark locks adown your shoulders straying ;
With eyes of fire, and lips of honeyed power ;
Uncinctured robes, the bosom bare displaying,
Let songs of love escort me to the bower.

With love resounds the murmur of the stream ;
With love the nightingale awakes the grove ;
O'er wood and mountain love inspires the theme,
And Earth and Heaven repeat the strain of love.

Even there, where, 'midst the Alcazar's Moorish pride,
Three centuries of ruin sleep profound ;
From marble walls, with gold diversified,
The sullen echoes murmur love around.

Where are its glories now ?—the pomps, the charms,
The triumph, the emprise of proud display,
The song, the dance, the feast, the deeds of arms,
The gardens, baths, and fountains,—where are they ?

Ye nymphs of Douro ! to my words give heed ;
Behold how transient pride and glory prove.
Then, while the headlong moments urge their speed,
Taste happiness, and try the joys of love.

—*Translated for the Foreign Quarterly Review.*



MASON, JOHN MITCHELL, an American clergyman, born in New York in 1770; died there in 1829. His father, John Mason, came from Scotland in 1761, and became pastor of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church in Cedar Street. The son studied at Columbia College, where he was graduated in 1789. He then studied theology under his father until 1791, when he went to Edinburgh to complete his theological training. He remained there somewhat less than two years. His father died, and early in 1793 the son was called to fill his father's place as minister of the congregation in Cedar Street. Its numbers increased so rapidly that in four years, as he says, "it became necessary to swarm." A new "up-town" church was established in Murray Street, of which Mason became the pastor. He soon came to be acknowledged as the foremost pulpit orator of the day. If there was any other man for whom that eminence could be claimed it was young Lyman Beecher, minister of the Presbyterian Church at East Hampton, near the extremity of Long Island. The two pulpit addresses which made the most mark during the first quarter of the present century were those of Mason and Beecher on the death of Alexander Hamilton, in 1806. The *Memoirs* of Mason have been written by Jacob Van Vechten, and his *Works*, edited by

his son, Ebenezer P. Mason, were published in 1832.

Samuel G. Goodrich (Peter Parley) notes the impression made upon him, some fifty years before, when a mere lad, by the preaching of Mason:

“In a new church in Murray Street, I heard Dr. Mason, then regarded as the Boanerges of the city. Instead of a pulpit, he had only a little railing along the edge of the platform on which he stood, so as to show his large and handsome person almost down to his shoe-buckles. He preached without notes, and moved freely about; sometimes speaking in a colloquial manner, and then suddenly pouring out sentence after sentence glowing with lightning and echoing with thunder. The effect of these outbursts was sometimes very startling. The Doctor was not only very imposing in person, but his voice was of prodigious volume and compass. He was sometimes adventurous in his speech, occasionally passing off a joke, and not infrequently verging on what might seem profane but for the solemnity of his manner.”

This description might well pass for one of another great pulpit orator of the next generation. So might the following passages from Mason's Sermons, although they were pronounced before Henry Ward Beecher was born.

POLITICS AND RELIGION.

That religion has, in fact, nothing to do with the politics of many who profess it is a melancholy truth. But that it has, of right, no concern with political transactions is quite a new discovery. If such opinions,

however, prevail, there is no longer any mystery in the character of those whose conduct in political matters violates every precept and slanders every principle of the religion of Christ. But what is politics? Is it not the science of the exercised civil rights and civil duties? And what is religion? Is it not an obligation to the service of God, founded on His authority, and extended to all our relations—personal and social?

Yet "Religion has nothing to do with politics!" Where did you hear this maxim? The Bible is full of directions for your behavior as citizens. It is plain, pointed, awful in its injunctions on ruler and ruled, as such; yet "Religion has nothing to do with politics!" You are commanded, "In *all* your ways to acknowledge Him. . . . In *everything*, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, to let your requests be made known unto God. . . . Whatsoever ye do, in word or deed, do *all* in the name of the Lord Jesus." . . . Yet "Religion has nothing to do with politics!" Most astonishing!

And is there any part of your conduct in which you are, or wish to be "without law to God," and not "under the law of Jesus Christ?" Can you persuade yourselves that political men and measures are to undergo no review in the judgment to come? That all the passion and violence, the fraud and falsehood and corruption, which pervade the system of parties, and burst out like a flood at the public elections, are to be blotted from the catalogue of unchristian deeds because they are *politics*? or that a minister of the Gospel may see his people, in their political career, bid defiance to their God in breaking through every moral restraint, and keeping a guiltless silence because "Religion has nothing to do with politics?"

I forbear to press the argument farther, observing only that many of our difficulties and sins may be traced to this pernicious notion. Yes, if our religion had *more* to do with our politics—if, in the pride of our *Citizenship* we had not forgotten our *Christianity*—if we had prayed more, and wrangled less, about the affairs of our country—it would have been infinitely better for us at this day.



MASSEY, GERALD, an English poet, born at Tring, in Hertfordshire, May 28, 1828. At eight years of age he began working twelve hours a day in a silk factory. At fifteen he went to London and found employment as an errand-boy. In his boyhood Massey had no opportunity for education other than that afforded by a penny school, but poetry was born within him, and he began to write verse at seventeen, a collection of which, entitled *Poems and Chansons*, was published about 1848. In 1849 he became editor of the *Spirit of Freedom*, a small workingmen's journal, and was subsequently connected with the *Athenæum*. About 1852 he became an advocate of Spiritualism, upon which and kindred topics he lectured in Great Britain and the Colonies, and in the United States in 1873. In 1863 he was granted a pension on the civil list. His principal works in verse and prose are *Voices of Freedom and Lyrics of Love* (1850); *The Ballad of Babe Christabel* (1854); *War Waifs* (1855); *Craigcrook Castle* (1856); *Havelock's March* (1860); *The Secret Drama of Shakspeare's Sonnets* (1864, 1872, 1888); *A Tale of Eternity, and Other Poems* (1869); *Concerning Spiritualism* (1872); *A Book of the Beginnings* (1882); *The Natural Genesis* (1884); *My Lyrical Life* (1889), being his collected poems.

LITTLE WILLIE.

Poor little Willie, with his many pretty wiles,
Words of wisdom in his looks, and quaint, quiet smiles ;
Hair of amber, touched with gold of heaven so brave—
All lying darkly hid in a workhouse grave.

You remember little Willie— fair and sunny fellow ! he
Sprang like a lily from the dirt of poverty.
Poor little Willie ! not a friend was nigh
When from the cold world he crouched down to die.

In the day we wandered foodless—little Willie cried for
bread ;
In the night we wandered homeless—little Willie cried
for bed.
Parted at the workhouse door, not a word we said :
Ah ! so tired was poor Willie ! and so sweetly sleep
the dead !

'Twas in the dead of winter we laid him in the earth ;
The world brought in the New Year on a tide of mirth.
But for lost little Willie not a tear we crave ;
Cold and hunger cannot wake him in his workhouse
grave.

We thought him beautiful, felt it hard to part ;
We loved him dutiful : down, down, poor heart !—
The storms they may beat, the winter winds may rave ;
Little Willie feels not in his workhouse grave.

No room for little Willie ; in the world he had no part ;
On him stared the Gorgon-eye, through which looks no
heart.

“Come to me,” said Heaven ; and if Heaven will save,
Little matters though the door be a workhouse grave.



MASSILLON, JEAN BAPTISTE, a noted French pulpit orator, born at Hyères, June 24, 1663 ; died September 18, 1742. He was the son of a notary, and was destined for his father's profession ; and it was with great difficulty that he obtained permission to enter the Church. From the very outset he gave promise of distinction, but his retiring disposition led him to shrink from appearing in public ; and even after his brilliant successes in the funeral orations of the archbishops of Vienne and Lyons, in 1692 and 1693, he seems to have thought of assuming the vow of silence in a Trappist monastery. The Superior-General of the Oratory recalled him to the Congregation, first in Lyons, and afterward in Paris, where he soon became celebrated by his ecclesiastical *Conferences*. In 1699 he was called to the Church of the Oratory, in Paris, and preached the Advent Sermons before Louis XIV., at Versailles.

His Lenten Sermons—the *Grand Carême*, as they are called—delivered in 1701, were greatly admired by the King, who invited him again in 1704. *Le Petit Carême*, a course of ten sermons preached in the Lenten season of 1718, is the most celebrated of Massillon's works ; but Sainte-Beuve regards the earlier *Advent Sermons* and the *Grand Carême* as composing the most beautiful as well as the most considerable portion of his oratory.

Besides constantly preaching during the interval between the delivery of these courses of sermons, Massillon delivered several funeral orations, of which that on Prince Conti, in 1709, and that on Louis XIV., in 1715, are the finest.

In 1717 Massillon was named Bishop of Clermont; but he was not consecrated until 1719. His last public funeral oration was that on the Duchess of Orleans, in 1723. His remaining years were occupied in the duties of his diocese, where, says Sainte-Beuve, "the least favorably disposed could find for him no other term of reproach than 'the pacific prelate.'"

EVIL EFFECTS OF ADULATION.

By adulation, the vices of the great are strengthened, and even their virtues are corrupted. Their vices are strengthened; and what resource remains to passions that receive nothing but eulogy! Alas! how is it possible for us to hate and correct such of our faults as are commended, when even those which we condemn often find within us not only inclination, but arguments for their defence? We make excuses to ourselves for our vices: can the illusion be dispelled when all who surround us represent them as virtues?

Even their virtues are corrupted: "It is the testimony of all ages," said Ahasuerus: the flattering suggestions of the wicked have always perverted the praiseworthy inclinations of the best princes, and the most ancient histories furnish us with examples. It was a king who made that public avowal to his subjects: the specious and iniquitous counsels of a flatterer threatened to dim all the glory of his reign: the faithfulness of Mordecai alone arrested the blow about to fall upon the innocent. A single faithful subject often decides the happiness of a reign and the glory of a monarch; on the other hand, but a single flatterer is needed to blast the glory of a prince, and bring ruin to an empire.

In truth, adulation begets pride, and pride is ever a rock fatal to all virtue. The sycophant, by ascribing to the great the praiseworthy qualities which they lack, makes them lose even those bestowed upon them by nature ; he turns into sources of vice inclinations in themselves promises of virtue : courage degenerates into presumption ; the dignity inspired by birth, and so well befitting a sovereign, into a vain haughtiness that dishonors and degrades him ; the love of glory, which flows in their veins with the blood of their kingly ancestors, becomes an insensate vanity that would see the whole universe at its feet, that seeks war solely for the empty joy of victory, and that far from subduing their enemies, makes them anew, and arms against them their neighbors and their allies. Kindness, so endearing in men of lofty station, and almost the first sentiment instilled from infancy into the hearts of kings, confining itself to extravagant largeness and to unreserved familiarities with a small number of favorites, leaves them only a hard insensibility to public misfortunes : even the duties of religion, of which kings are the chief protectors, and which formed the serious occupation of their early years, appear to them nothing more than the puerile amusements of childhood. No, sire, princes are born with ordinary virtues, and with inclinations worthy of their blood. Birth gives them to us as they ought to be ; adulation, all unaided, makes them what they are.

Spoiled by praises, who would longer dare to address them in the language of truth ? They alone in their kingdom know not what they alone ought to know ; they send ministers to acquaint them with what passes in secret in distant courts ; yet no one would dare to acquaint them with what passes in their own kingdom. Flattering tongues besiege their throne, close all avenues, and leave to truth no longer any means of access. Thus the monarch is but a stranger in the midst of his people : he thinks that he controls the most secret springs of his government, and he is ignorant of the most public events. His losses are concealed from him ; his advantages are magnified to him, and public misfortunes are made light of : he is mocked with re-

spect ; he no longer perceives things as they are ; everything appears to him what he wishes it to be.

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It is adulation that makes of a good prince a prince born for the ruin of his people ; that turns sovereignty into oppression ; and that, by lauding the weakness of kings, renders even their virtues contemptible. Yes, sire, whoever flatters his masters betrays them : the perfidy that deceives them is as criminal as that which dethrones them : truth is the homage due to them ; there is little difference between the treachery of the flatterer and that of the rebel : one holds no longer to honor and duty when he holds no longer to truth, which alone honors man, and is the foundation of all duties. The same infamy that punishes perfidy and revolt should be meted out to adulation ; public safety should appeal to the laws that have omitted to number it among the great crimes to which they award punishment, for it is as criminal to make an attempt on the good faith of princes as on their sacred persons, to be wanting in respect to truth as to be wanting in fidelity, since the enemy who would destroy us is still less to be feared than the flatterer who seeks only to please us.

—*Le Petit Carême.*





MASSINGER, PHILIP, an eminent English dramatist, born at Salisbury in 1584; died in 1640. His father was one of the household of the Earl of Pembroke, by whom the son was sent to Oxford, in 1602; but he left the University without taking a degree, and went to London about 1606. He became connected with the stage, and wrote, in connection with Fletcher and others, several dramas. The earliest production by Massinger alone was *The Virgin Martyr* (1622), and the latest, *The Bashful Lover* (1636). That his life was not a prosperous one is evinced by the register of his interment, which reads: "March 20, 1640: buried Philip Massinger, a stranger." There are extant eighteen plays by Massinger, five of which may be classed as tragedies, the remainder as tragi-comedies. To this latter class belongs the *City Madam*, which, with the *New Way to Pay Old Debts*, still holds a place on the stage. Others which were much admired are *The Maid of Honor* and *The Fatal Dowry*, the latter of which is said to have given Rowe his outline for *The Fair Penitent*.

Massinger's dramas are happily free from the profanity which characterized the work of his contemporaries. He is said to have been the only dramatist of his time to reject the divine right of kings.

SCENES FROM THE "CITY MADAM."

SIR JOHN FRUGAL is a wealthy city merchant and money-lender.—His wife, LADY FRUGAL, and their two daughters, are puffed up with pride and vanity.—LUKE is a brother of SIR JOHN, who has run through his fortune, and is an humble dependent upon his brother, by whose wife and daughters he is contemptuously hated.

Lady Frugal. Very good, Sir !
Were you drunk last night, that you could rise no sooner,
With humble diligence, to do what my daughters
And women did command you ?

Luke. Drunk, an't please you !

Lady F. Drunk, I said, Sirrah ! Dar'st thou, in a look,
Repine or grumble ? Thou unthankful wretch !
Did our charity redeem thee out of prison
(Thy patrimony spent), ragged and lousy,
When the Sheriff's basket and his broken meat
Were your festival-exceedings ! and is this
So soon forgotten ?

Luke. I confess I am
Your creature, Madam.

Lady F. And good reason why
You should continue so.

Luke. I owe all this
To your goodness, Madam. For it you have my prayers,
The beggar's satisfaction. All my studies—
(Forgetting what I was, but with all duty
Remembering what I am)—are now to please you.
And if in my long stay I have offended,
I ask your pardon ; though you may consider,
Being forced to fetch these from the Old Exchange,
These from the Tower, and these from Westminster,
I could not come much sooner.

[SIR JOHN, in order to bring his wife and daughters to their senses, gives out that he has retired to a monastery, and has left all his riches to his brother, who takes possession. Whereupon LUKE thus soliloquizes.]

Luke. 'Twas no fantastic object, but a truth—
A real truth ; no dream. I did not slumber,

And could wake ever with a brooding eye
 To gaze upon't. It did endure the touch ;
 I saw and felt it ! Yet what I beheld,
 And handled of't, did so transcend belief
 (My wonder and astonishment pass'd o'er),
 I scarcely could give credit to my senses. . . .
 In corners of the room, silver in bags heap'd up
 Like billets saw'd and ready for the fire,
 Unworthy to hold fellowship with bright gold
 That flowed about the room, conceal'd itself.
 There needs no artificial light : the splendor
 Makes a perpetual day there ; night and darkness
 By that still-burning lamp forever banished !
 But when, guided by that, my eyes had made
 Discovery of the caskets, and they opened,
 Each sparkling diamond from itself, shot forth
 A pyramid of flames, and in the roof
 Fixed it a glorious star, and made the place
 Heaven's abstract or epitome ! Rubies, sapphires,
 And ropes of orient pearl ; these seen, I could not
 But look on with contempt. And yet I found—
 What weak credulity could have no faith in—
 A treasure far exceeding these : here lay
 A manor bound fast in a skin of parchment ;
 The wax continuing hard—the acres melting ;
 Here is a sure deed of gift for a market-town,
 If not redeem'd this day, which is not in
 The Unthrif't's power ; there being scarce one shire
 In Wales or England where my moneys are not
 Lent out at usury—the certain hook
 To draw in more. I am sublimed ! gross earth
 Supports me not ; I walk on air.

[LUKE treats his debtors with the utmost harshness ; and degrades his brother's wife and daughters to the condition of menials. The ladies at length appear before him clad in the meanest manner.]

Luke.

Save you, sister !

I now dare style you so. You were before
 Too glorious to be look'd on ; now you appear
 Like a city matron ; and my pretty nieces
 Such things as were born and bred there. Why should
 you ape

The fashions of Court-ladies, whose high titles,
And pedigrees of long descent, give warrant
For their superfluous bravery? 'Twas monstrous!
Till now you ne'er look'd lovely.

Lady Frugal. Is this spoken
In scorn?

Luke. Fie! no; with judgments I make good
My promise, and now show you like yourselves,
In your own natural shapes, and stand resolved
You shall continue so.

Lady F. It is confessed, Sir.

Luke. Sir!—Use your old phrase—Sirrah. I can
bear it.

Lady F. That, if you please, forgotten. We ac-
knowledge
We have deserved ill from you; yet despair not,
Though we are at your disposal, you'll maintain us
Like your brother's wife and daughters.

Luke. 'Tis my purpose.

Lady F. And not make us ridiculous.

Luke. Admired, rather,
As fair examples for our proud city dames,
And their proud brood, to imitate. Do not frown;
If you do, I laugh, and glory that I have
The power, in you, to scourge a general vice
And rise up a new satirist. But hear gently,
And in a gentle phrase I'll reprehend
Your late disguised deformity, and cry up
This decency and neatness, with the advantage
You shall receive by it.

Lady F. We are bound to hear you.

Luke. With a soul inclined to learn. Your father was
An honest country farmer—Goodman Humble.
By his neighbors ne'er called "Master." Did your
pride

Descend from him?—But let that pass. Your fortune
Or rather your husband's industry, advanced you
To the ranks of a merchant's wife. He made a Knight,
And your sweet Mistress-ship ladyfied, you wore
Satin on solemn days, a chain of gold,
A velvet hood, rich borders, and sometimes
A dainty miniver-cap, a silver pin,

Headed with a pearl worth threepence. And thus far
 You were privileged, and no man envied it
 It being for the city's honor that
 There should be a distinction between
 The wife of a patrician and a plebeian.

Milicent. Pray you leave preaching, or choose some
 other text.

Luke. Peace, chattering magpie !
 I'll treat of you anon. But when the height
 And dignity of London's blessings grew
 Contemptible, and the name of Lady Mayoress
 Became a byword, and you scorned the means
 By which you were raised—my brother's fond indulg-
 ence
 Giving the reins to it, and no object pleased you
 But the glittering pomp and bravery of the Court—
 What a strange, nay monstrous metamorphosis fol-
 low'd !

No English workmen then could please your fancy,
 The French and Tuscan dress your whole discourse ;
 This bawd to prodigality, entertain'd
 To buzz into your ears what shape this Countess
 Appear'd in the last masque, and how it drew
 The young lord's eye upon her ; and this usher
 Succeeded in the eldest prentice's place
 To walk before you——

Lady F. Pray you end.

Luke. Then as I said,
 The reverend hood cast off, your borrow'd hair,
 Powder'd and curl'd, was by your dresser's art
 Form'd like a coronet, hang'd with diamonds
 And richest orient pearl ; your carcanets,
 That did adorn your neck, of equal value ;
 Your Hungerland bands and Spanish quellio ruffs ;
 Great lords and ladies feasted to survey
 Embroider'd petticoats ; and sickness feigned,
 That your night-rails of forty pounds apiece
 Might be seen, with envy, of the visitants ;
 Rich pantofles in ostentation shown,
 And roses worth a family. You were served in plate ;
 Stirr'd not a foot without your coach ; and going
 To church—not for devotion, but to show

Your pomp—you were tickled when the beggars cried
 “Heaven save your Honor!” And when you lay
 In childbed at the christening of this minx—
 I well remember it—as you had been
 An absolute princess, since they have no more,
 Three several chambers, hung the first with arras,
 And that for waiters; the second crimson satin,
 For the meaner sort of guests; the third of scarlet
 Of the rich Tyrian dye; a canopy
 To cover the brat’s cradle; you in state,
 Like Pompey’s Julia.

Lady F. No more, I pray you.

Luke. Of this, be sure, you shall not. I’ll cut off
 Whatever is exorbitant in you,
 Or in your daughters, and reduce you to
 Your natural forms and habits; not in revenge
 Of your base usage of me, but to fright
 Others by your example. ’Tis decreed
 That you shall serve one another, for I will
 Allow no waiter to you. Out of doors
 With these useless drones!

[The result of SIR JOHN’S well-meant ruse is that his wife and daughters are weaned from their proud and foolish ways. He suddenly reappears, and ousts LUKE from the position of which he had proved himself so unworthy. This, however, is not done until LUKE had full opportunity to display his inborn arrogance and baseness. The LORD LACY who reappears in the following scene, is a nobleman who wishes his son to marry one of the daughters of SIR JOHN. He had been very courteous to LUKE in the days of his adversity, and LUKE had fawned upon him most obsequiously. LORD LACY had from the first been aware of the scheme of SIR JOHN.]

Lord Lacy. You are well met,
 And to my wish—and wondrous brave! Your habit
 Speaks you a merchant-royal.

Luke. What I wear

I take not upon trust.

Lord L. Your betters may
 And blush not for’t.

Luke. If you have naught else with me
 But to argue that, I will make bold to leave you.

Lord L. You are very peremptory; pray you stay,—
 I once held you an upright, honest man.

Luke. I am honester now
By a hundred thousand pound—I thank my stars
for't—
Upon the Exchange ; and if your late opinion
Be altered, who can help it? Good, my Lord,
To the point. I have other business than to talk
Of honesty and opinions.

Lord L. Yet you may
Do well if you please, to show the one, and merit
The other from good men, and in a case that now
Is offer'd to you.

Luke. What is it? I am troubled.

Lord L. Here are two gentlemen, the fathers of
your brother's prentices.

Luke. Mine, my Lord, I take it.

Lord L. Goldwire and Tradewell.

Luke. They are welcome if
They come prepared to satisfy the damage
I have sustained by their sons.

Gold. We are, so you please
To use a conscience.

Trad. Which we hope you will do
For your own Worship's sake.

Luke. Conscience, my friends,
And wealth, are not always neighbors. Should I part
With what the law gives me, I should suffer mainly
In my reputation : for it would convince me
Of indiscretion ; nor will you, I hope, move me
To do myself such prejudice.

Lord L. No moderation?

Luke. They cannot look for't, and preserve in me
A thriving citizen's credit. Your bonds lie
For your sons' truth, and they shall answer all.
They have run out. The masters never prosper'd
Since gentlemen's sons grew prentices. When we
look

To have our business done at home, they are
Abroad in the tennis-court, or in Partridge Alley,
In Lambeth Marsh, or a cheating ordinary,
Where I found your sons. I have your bonds, look to't—
A thousand pounds apiece ; and that will hardly
Repair my losses.

Lord L. Thou dar'st not show thyself
Such a devil!

Luke. Good words!

Lord L. Such a cut-throat! I have heard of
The usage of your brother's wife and daughters;
You shall find you are not lawless, and that your moneys
Cannot justify your villainies.

Luke. I endure this.
And, good my Lord, now you talk in time of moneys,
Pay in what you owe me. And give me leave to wonder
Your wisdom should have leisure to consider
The business of these gentlemen, or my carriage
To my sister or my nieces—being yourself
So much in danger.

Lord L. In thy danger?

Luke. Mine.

I find in my counting-house a manor pawn'd—
Pawn'd, my good Lord: Lacy Manor, and that manor,
From which you have the title of a Lord,
An' it please you good Lordship! You are a noble-
man;

Pray you pay in my moneys: the interest
Will eat faster in't than aqua-fortis in iron—
Now, though you bear me hard, I love your Lordship.
I grant your person to be privileged
From all arrests; yet there lives a foolish creature
Call'd an under-sheriff, who being well paid, will serve
On lord's or clown's land. Pay it in—
I would be loath your name should sink, or that
Your hopeful son—when he returns from travel—
Should find you, my Lord, without land. You are an-
gry

For my good counsel. Look to your bonds. Had I
known

Of your coming, believe't I would have had sergeants
ready.—

Lord, how you fret! But that a tavern's near,
You should taste a cup of muscadine in my house
To wash down sorrows; but there it will do better,
I know you will drink a health to me.



MASSON, DAVID, a Scottish critic and biographer, born at Aberdeen, December 2, 1822. He was educated at Marischal College, Aberdeen, and at the University of Edinburgh. At nineteen he became editor of a newspaper in Scotland. In 1847 he went to London, and in 1852 was appointed Professor of the English Language and Literature in the University College, London, retaining the place until 1865, when he resigned, upon being appointed Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. During these years he contributed largely to magazines and reviews; and for several years, beginning with 1859, was editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*. Many of his miscellaneous essays have been republished collectively at various times. Separate works are *British Novelists and their Styles* (1859); *Recent British Philosophy* (1865); *Drummond of Hawthornden* (1873); *The Three Devils: Luther's, Milton's, and Goethe's* (1874). His most important work is *The Life of John Milton, Narrated in Connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of His Time*, of which Vol. I. was published in 1858, Vol. II. in 1871, Vol. III. in 1873, Vols. IV. and V. in 1878. He has also edited the "Cambridge Edition" of *Milton's Poetical Works*, and "The Golden Treasury Edition," both accompanied with Introductions and Notes, and a Memoir.

MILTON IN EARLY MANHOOD.

When Milton left Cambridge in July, 1632, he was twenty-three years and eight months old. In stature, therefore, at least, he was already whatever he was to be. "In stature," he says himself at a later period, when driven to speak on the subject, "I confess I am not tall, but still of what is nearer to middle height than too little; and what if I were of little; of which stature have often been very great men both in peace and war—though why should that be called little which is great enough for manliness?" This is precise enough, but we have Aubrey's words to the same effect. "He was scarce as tall as I am," says Aubrey; to which, to make it more intelligible, he appends this marginal note: "*Qu Quot* feet I am high? *Resp.* of middle stature,"—*i.e.*, Milton was a little under middle height. "He had light brown hair," continues Aubrey—putting the word "abrown" (auburn) in the margin by way of synonym for "light brown;"—"his complexion exceeding fair; oval face; his eyes a dark gray." As Milton himself says that his complexion, even in later life, was so much "the reverse of bloodless or pallid," that, on this ground alone, he was generally taken for ten years younger than he really was, Aubrey's "exceeding fair" must mean a very delicate white and red.

Then, he was called "the lady" in his College—an epithet which implies that, with this unusually delicate complexion, the light brown hair falling to his ruff on both sides of his oval face, and his slender and elegant rather than massive or powerful form, there was a certain prevailing air of the feminine in his look.

The feminine, however, was of that peculiar sort—let connoisseurs determine what it is—which could insist with clear eyes of a dark gray, and with a "delicate and tunable voice," that could be firm in the low tenor notes and carry tolerably sonorous matter. And, ladylike as he was, there was nothing effeminate in his demeanor. "His deportment," says Wood, "was affable, his gait erect and manly, bespeaking courage and undauntedness." Here Wood apparently follows Milton's own ac-

count, where he tells us that in his youth he did not neglect "daily practice" with his sword, and that he was not so "very slight" but that "armed with it, as he generally was, he was in the habit of thinking himself quite a match for anyone, even were he much the more robust, and of being perfectly at ease as to any injury that anyone could offer him, man to man."

As to the peculiar blending that there was of the feminine and the manly in the appearance of the "lady of Christ's," we have some means of judging for ourselves in a yet extant portrait of him, taken (doubtless to please his father) while he was still a Cambridge student. There could scarcely be a finer picture of pure and ingenuous English youth; and if Milton had the portrait beside him when, in later life, he had to allude, in reply to his opponents, to the delicate subject of his personal appearance, there must have been a touch of shyness in his statement, that "so far as he knew he had never been thought ugly by anyone who had seen him." In short, the tradition of his great personal beauty in youth requires no abatement.

In this "beautiful and well proportioned body," to use Aubrey's words, there lodged "a harmonical and ingeniose soul." In describing that "soul" more minutely, I may be allowed to proceed in a somewhat gradual manner. I may be allowed also to avail myself as I proceed of such words of my own in a previous essay on the same subject as appear to me still to express the truth.

The prevailing tone, the characteristic mood and disposition of Milton's mind, even in his early youth, consisted in a deep and habitual *seriousness*. I use the word in no special or restricted sense. The seriousness of which I speak was a constitutional seriousness, ratified and nourished by rational reflection, rather than the assumed temper of a sect. From his childhood we see this seriousness in Milton, this tendency to the grave and earnest in his view of things. It continues with him as he grows up. It shows itself at the University, in an unusual studiousness and perseverance in the graver occupations of the place. It shows itself in an abstinence from many of those jocosities and frivolities

which, even in his own judgment, were innocent enough, and quite permissible to those who cared for them. "Festivities and jests in which I acknowledge my faculty to be very slight," are his own words on the subject. His pleasure in such pastimes was small; and when he did good-humoredly throw himself into them, it was with an apology for being out of his element.

But still more distinctly was the same seriousness of disposition shown in his notion as to where innocence in such things ended. In the nickname of "the lady," as applied to Milton by his college-fellows, we see, from his own interpretation of it, not only an allusion to his personal appearance, but also a charge of prudery. It was as if they had called him "the maid." He himself understands it so; and there are passages in some of his subsequent writings, in which he seems to regard it as due to himself, and as necessary to a proper appreciation of his whole career, that such references to the innocence of his youth should be interpreted quite literally. So far, there can be no doubt that the example of Milton contradicts much that is commonly advanced by way of a theory of the poetical character.

Poets and artists are and ought to be distinguished, it is generally held, by a predominance of sensibility over principle, an excess of what Coleridge called the spiritual over what he called the moral part of man. A nature built on quicksands, an organization of nerve, languid or tempestuous with occasion, a soul falling and soaring, now subject to ecstasies and now to remorse—such, it is supposed, and on no small induction of actual instances, is, the appropriate constitution of the poet. Mobility, absolute and entire destitution of principle, properly so called, capacity for varying the mood indefinitely rather than for retaining and keeping up one moral gesture or resolution through all moods—this, say the theorists, is the essential thing in the structure of the artist.

Against the truth of this, as a maximum of universal application, the character of Milton, like that of Wordsworth after him, is a remarkable protest. Were it possible to place before the theorist all the materials that exist for judging of Milton's personal disposition as a

young man, without exhibiting to them at the same time the actual and early proofs of his poetical genius, their conclusions, were they true to their theory, would necessarily be, that the basis of his character was too solid and immovable, the platform of personal aims and aspirations over which his thoughts moved and had footing too fixed and firm, to permit that he should ever have been a poet. Nay, whosoever, even appreciating Milton as a poet, should come to the investigation of his writings, armed with that preconception of the poetical character of Shakespeare, will hardly escape some feeling of the same kind. Seriousness, we repeat—a solemn and even austere demeanor of mind—was the characteristic of Milton even in his youth. . . .

Whatever other authorities may be cited in favor of the "wild-oats" theory, Milton's authority is dead against it. It was his fixed idea that he who would not be frustrate of his hope of being great, or doing good hereafter, ought to be on his guard from the first against sensuality as a cause of spiritual incapacitation, and he was careful to regulate his own conduct by a recollection of this principle. As to the effects of the principle itself on his general career, and especially on his place and character among English poets, we shall have better opportunities of speaking hereafter; meanwhile, the fact that he held it with such tenacity is to be noted as the most characteristic circumstance of his youth, and as explaining, among other things, his self-confident demeanor.—*Life of John Milton.*





COTTON MATHER.



MATHER, COTTON, an American clergyman, born in Boston, Mass., February 12, 1663; died there, February 13, 1728. He belonged to an eminent clerical family. His grandfather, Richard Mather (1596-1669), came to New England in 1635, and soon became pastor of the church at Dorchester, where he resided until his death. He had six sons, four of whom attained some distinction.

INCREASE MATHER, son of Richard (1639-1723), became pastor of the North Street Church, Boston, in 1664, and retained that position until his death. In 1685 he accepted the presidency of Harvard College upon condition that he should retain his pastoral charge. He resigned the presidency in 1701, when the General Court ordered that the President of Harvard should reside in Cambridge. He was the author of nearly one hundred separate publications. His son was Cotton Mather, with whom we have mainly here to do.

His son, SAMUEL MATHER (1706-85), was a respectable clergyman, and wrote a *Life* of his father (1729).

Cotton Mather was graduated at Harvard in 1678, being in his sixteenth year. In 1680 he became the assistant, and soon afterward the colleague, of his father in the pastorate of the North

Street Church in Boston. He was the author of nearly four hundred publications, many of them single sermons or small pamphlets. His most notable works are *Memorable Providence relating to Witchcraft and Possessions* (1689); *The Wonders of the Invisible World* (1693); *Magnalia Christi Americana*, a collection of materials for an ecclesiastical history of New England (1702); *Essays to Do Good* (1710); *The Christian Philosopher* (1721); *Cælestinus*, with a preface by his father (1723). Much of his time for more than thirty years was devoted to the writing of *Illustrations of the Sacred Scriptures*, which has never been printed, but the bulky MS. of which is preserved in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The *Life of Cotton Mather*, by W. B. O. Peabody, forms one of the volumes of Sparks's "American Biography."

Mather was a firm believer in Witchcraft, and had much to do with the prosecutions of his day. In the subjoined extract from his *Wonders of the Invisible World*, the peculiarities of the original have been carefully retained.

SOME OF THE DEVIL'S DOINGS IN NEW ENGLAND.

That the Devil *is come down unto us with great wrath*, we find, we feel, we now deplore. In many ways, for many years, hath the Devil been assaying to extirpate the Kingdom of our Lord Jesus here. But now there is a more than ordinary *affliction*, with which the Devil is Galling of us: and such an one as is indeed Unparalleled. The things confessed by *Witches*, and the things endured by *Others*, laid together, amount unto this account of our Afflictions.

The *Devil*, Exhibiting himself ordinarily as a small *Black man*, has decoy'd a fearful knot of proud, forward, ignorant, envious and malicious creatures, to list them-

selves in his horrid Service, by entering their Names in a Book, by him tendered unto them. These Witches, whereof above a Score have now *Confessed*, and *shown their Deeds*, and some are now tormented by the Devils, for *Confessing*, have met in Hellish *Rendezvous*, wherein the Confessors do say, they have had their diabolical Sacraments, imitating the *Baptism* and the *Supper* of our Lord. In these hellish meetings, these Monsters have associated themselves to do no less a thing than, *To destroy the Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, in these parts of the World.*

And in order hereunto, First they each of them have their *Spectres*, or Devils, commissioned by them and representing of them, to be the Engines of their Malice. By these wicked *Spectres*, they seize poor people about the country, with various and bloody *Torments*; and of those evidently Preternatural torments there are some have dy'd. They have bewitched some, even so far as to make them *Self-destroyers*: and others are in many Towns here and there languishing under their *Evil hands*. The people thus afflicted are miserably scratched and bitten, so that the Marks are most visible to all the World, but the causes utterly invisible; and the same invisible Furies do most visibly stick Pins into the bodies of the Afflicted, and *scale* them, and hideously distort, and disjoint all their members, besides a thousand other sorts of Plague, beyond these of any natural diseases which they give unto them. Yea, they sometimes drag the poor people out of their chambers, and carry them over Trees and Hills for divers miles together.

A large part of the persons tortured by these Diabolical *Spectres*, are horribly tempted by them, sometimes with fair promises, and sometimes with hard threatenings, but always with felt miseries, to sign the *Devil's Laws* in a Spectral Book laid before them; which two or three of these poor Sufferers, being by their tiresome sufferings overcome to do, they have immediately been released from all their miseries, and they appeared in Spectre then to Torture those that were before their fellow-sufferers. The *Witches*, which by their own covenant with the Devil are become Owners of Spectres, are oftentimes by their own Spectres required and compelled

to give their consent, for the molestation of some, which they had no mind otherwise to fall upon : and cruel depredations are then made upon the Vicinage.

In the Prosecution of those Witchcrafts, among a thousand other unaccountable things, the *Spectres* have an odd faculty of clothing the most substantial and corporeal Instruments of Torture with Invisibility, while the wounds thereby given have been the most palpable things in the World ; so that the Sufferers assaulted with Instruments of Iron, wholly unseen to the standers by, though, to their cost, seen by themselves, have, upon snatching, wrested the Instruments out of the *Spectre's* hands, and everyone has then immediately not only *beheld*, but *handled*, an Iron Instrument taken by a Devil from a Neighbor.

These wicked *Spectres* have proceeded so far, as to steal quantities of Money from divers people, part of which Money has, before sufficient Spectators, been dropt out of the Air into the Hands of the Sufferers, while the *Spectres* have been urging them to subscribe their *Covenant* with *Death*. In such extravagant ways have these Wretches propounded the *Dragooning* of as many as they can into their own Combination, and the *Destroying* of others, with lingering, spreading, deadly diseases ; till our Country should at last become too hot for us.

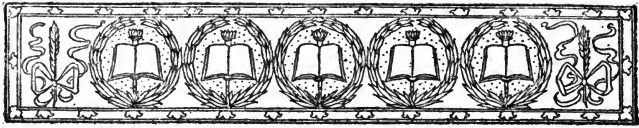
Among the Ghastly Instances of the *Success* which these Bloody Witches have had, we have even seen some of their own Children so dedicated unto the Devil, that in their infancy, it is found the *Imps* have sucked them, and rendered them Venomous to a Prodigy. We have also seen the Devil's first batteries upon the Town where the first Church of our Lord in this Colony was gathered, producing those distractions, which have almost ruin'd the Town. We have seen, likewise, the *Plague* reaching afterward into the Towns far and near, where the Houses of good Men have the Devils filling of them with terrible vexations !—*The Wonders of the Invisible World*.

It is but just to the memory of Cotton Mather that an extract should be presented from a later

work, of a very different type—entitled *Cælestinus : a conversation in Heaven, quickened and assisted, with Discoveries of things in the Heavenly World.*

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

When the Angel of the Lord encamps round about those that fear Him, the next news is, They that seek the Lord shall want nothing that is good for them. O servant of God, art thou afraid of wants, of straits, of difficulties? The angels who poured down at least two hundred and fifty thousand bushels of manna day by day unto the followers of God in the wilderness; the angel that brought meat unto the Prophet; the angel that showed Hagar and her son how to supply themselves: who can tell what services they may do for thee! Art thou in danger by sickness? The angel who strengthened the feeble Daniel; the angel who impregnated the waters of Bethesda with such sanative and balsamic virtues: who can tell what services they may do for thee! Art thou in danger from enemies? The angel who rescued Jacob from Laban and from Esau; the angel who fetched Peter out of prison: who can tell what services they may do for thee! The angels which directed the Patriarch in his journeys may give a direction to thy steps when thou art at a loss how to steer. The angels who moved the Philistines to dismiss David; the angels who carried Lot out of Sodom; the angels who would not let the lions fall upon Daniel: they are still ready to do as much for thee, when God thy Saviour shall see it seasonable. And who can tell what services the angels of God may do for the servants of God when their dying hour is coming upon them; then to make their bed for them; then to make all things easy to them! When we are in our agonies, then for an angel to come and strengthen us! The holy angels who have stood by us all our life will not forsake us at our death. 'Tis a blessed office indeed which our Saviour sends his angels to do for us in a dying hour.—*Cælestinus.*



MATTHEWS, BRANDER, an American essayist and critic, born in New Orleans, February 21, 1852. He was educated at Columbia College, and becoming thus acquainted in New York, he took up his residence in that city and devoted himself to literature. He soon became known as a prolific contributor to periodicals, sometimes under the pseudonym "Arthur Penn." He gave himself mainly to literary and dramatic criticism and to fiction. He became Professor of Literature at Columbia University in 1890. He was one of the organizers and incorporators of the Authors' Club, and has been an active promoter of the cause of international copyright. He has edited, either alone or in collaboration, *Comedies for Amateur Acting* (1879); *The Rhymester* (1882); *Poems of American Patriotism* (1882); *Sheridan's Comedies* (1884); *Ballads of Books* (1886); *Actors and Actresses* (1886); *Bernard's Retrospections* (1887); *William Dunlap's André* (1887); *John Burk's Bunker Hill* (1891); *Lamb's Dramatic Essays* (1891); *Irving's Tales* (1891); *Cooper's Leather Stocking Tales* (1894). His original works are *The Theatres of Paris* (1880); *French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century* (1881); *The Home Library* (1883); *In Partnership* (with Bunner, 1884); *The Last Meeting* (1885); *A Secret of the Sea* (1886); *Pen and Ink* (1888); *Cheap Books and Good Books*

(1888); *American Authors and British Pirates* (1889); *A Family Tree* (1889); *With My Friends* (1891); *In the Vestibule Limited* (1892); *A Tale of Twenty-Five Hours* (1892); *Tom Paulding* (1892); *Americanisms and Briticisms* (1892); *Story of a Story* (1893); *Studies of the Stage* (1894); *Vignettes of Manhattan* (1894); *The Royal Marine* (1894); *This Picture and That* (1894); *His Father's Son* (1895); *Bookbindings, Old and New* (1895); *American Literature* (1896); *Tales of Fantasy and Fact* (1896); *Aspects of Fiction* (1896); and the following comedies: *Margery's Lovers* (produced 1884); *A Gold Mine* (1887); *On Probation* (1889); *The Decision of the Court* (1893).

The late H. C. Bunner, writing for *The Bookman*, said: "Mr. Matthews was born with many talents. He has not neglected the least of them. The long and patient study that has made him a scholar, the faithful and devoted apprenticeship that has made him an artist in criticism and in fiction, have not gone unrewarded. After his twenty years of devotion to his profession, his professorship in Columbia finds him a young man—young enough to see a new career open before him. The long shelf in my library that holds his many books holds not one that does not show a better knowledge and a better humanity than the one that came before. So will it be with him, I am sure, till the shelf be full and running over."

THE ANTIQUITY OF JESTS.

Certain jests, like certain myths, exist in variants in all parts of the world. Comparative mythologists are diligently collecting the scattered folk-lore of all races ;

why should they not also be gathering together the primitive folk-humor? Cannot some comparative philologist reconstruct for us the original jest-book of the Aryan people? It would be very interesting to know the exact stock of jokes our forefathers took with them in their migrations from the mighty East. It would be most instructive to be informed just how far they got in the theory and practice of humor. It would be a pure joy to discover precisely what might be the original fund of root-jests laughed at by Teuton and Latin and Hindoo before these races were differentiated one from another by time and travel and climate. I wonder whether the pastoral Aryan knew and loved an early form of Lamb's favorite comic tale, the one in which a mad wag asks the rustic whether it is his own hare or a wig? And what did the dark-haired Iberian laugh at before the tall blonde Aryan drove him into the corners of Europe? It was probably some practical joke or other, in which a bone knife or a flint arrow-head played the chief part. The records of the Semitic race are familiar to us, but we know nothing, or next to nothing, about the humor of the alleged Turanians.—*Pen and Ink.*

COINCIDENCES IN LITERATURE.

After all, there is little need to lay stress on the innocence of many, if not most, of the coincidences with which the history of literature is studded. The garden is not large, and those who cultivate it must often walk down the same path, sometimes side by side, and sometimes one after another, even though the follower neither wishes nor intends to tread on his predecessor's heels or to walk in his footsteps. They may gather a nosegay of the same flowers of speech. They may even pluck the same passion-flower, not knowing that anyone has ever before broken a blossom from that branch. Indeed, when we consider how small the area is, how few are the possible complications of plot, how easily the poetic vocabulary is exhausted, the wonder is really, not that there are so many parallel passages, but that there are so few. In the one field which is not circumscribed there is very little repetition: human nature is

limitless, and characters comparatively rarely pass from one book to another. The dramatists and the romancers have no choice but to treat anew the best they may the well-worn incidents and the weary plots; the poets happen on the same conceits generation after generation; but the dramatists and the romancers and the poets know that there is no limit to the variety of man, and that human nature is as deep and as boundless and as inexhaustible as the ocean. No matter how heavy a craft Shakespeare and Molière may have made, no matter how skilfully and how successfully Dickens and Thackeray may have angled, no matter how great the lake of Hawthorne and Poe, there are still as good fish in the Sea of Humanity as were ever caught. And I offer this fact, that we do not find the coincidence in character which we cannot help seeing in plot and in language, as a proof that most apparent plagiarism is quite unconscious and due chiefly to the paucity of material.—*Pen and Ink.*





MATTHISSON, FRIEDRICH VON, a German poet, born at Hohendodeleben, Prussia, January 23, 1761; died at Woerlitz, March 12, 1831. He was a son of John Frederick Matthisson, a Protestant divine, who, during the seven years' war, had been attached to the Prussian army as an almoner, and who wrote verses with extreme facility. The father dying, the boy, at four years of age, entered a lyceum at Magdeburg; whence he passed to the University of Halle in 1778 as a theological student. Taking, however, to poetry, he studied philology, history, and philosophy, and acquired a profound knowledge of French, English, and Italian; and became a professor at Dessau in 1781. He became tutor to the sons of the Comte de Seviere, and was for some time at Altona, Heidelberg, Mannheim, Nyon, and Geneva. In 1789 he took the same position in the family of a rich banker at Lyons; and in 1792, in the service of the Princess of Anhalt-Dessau, he visited Italy, the Tyrol, and Switzerland. In 1812 the King called him to Stuttgart, and made him counsellor of legation, intendant of the royal theatres, and trustee of the royal library. He was ennobled in 1818; and, having travelled again in Italy, he settled at Woerlitz, where he died. His works include *Songs* (1781); *The Happy Family* (1783), a comedy; *Poems* (1787); *Letters* (1795); *Adventures of Alin* (1799); his *Complete Poems* (1811); *The Feast of Diana* (1814); his *Memoirs* (1815);

his *Complete Works* (1825-29), in eight volumes; and *Posthumous Works and Correspondence*.

“Friendship, love, religion, memories of infancy, the happy life of the camp, these and similar subjects,” says the poet Schiller, “form the basis of the poems of Matthisson. His productions are animated with a bright and serene humanity. His spirit, lucid and tranquil as the surface of the waters, has given us the most beautiful images of nature.” “He excels,” writes Larousse, “in the translation of the most intimate sentiments of the human soul; and in describing with taste and delicacy the scenery of nature.”

ELEGY.

Written in the Ruins of an Old Castle.

Silent, in the veil of evening twilight,
 Rests the plain; the woodland song is still,
 Save that here, amid these mouldering ruins,
 Chirps a cricket, mournfully and shrill.
 Silence sinks from skies without a shadow,
 Slowly wind the herds from field and meadow,
 And the weary hind to the repose
 Of his father's lowly cottage goes.

Here, upon this hill, by forests bounded,
 'Mid the ruins of departed days,
 By the awful shapes of Eld surrounded,
 Sadness! unto thee my song I raise!
 Sadly think I what in gray old ages
 Were these wrecks of lordly heritages:
 A majestic castle, like a crown,
 Placed upon the mountain's brow of stone.

There, where round the column's gloomy ruins
 Sadly whispering, clings the ivy green,
 And the evening twilight's mournful shimmer
 Blinks the empty window-space between.

Blessed, perhaps, a father's tearful eye
 Once the noblest son of Germany ;
 One whose heart, with high ambition rife,
 Warmly swelled to meet the coming strife.

"Go in peace!" thus spake the hoary warrior,
 As he girded on his sword of fame ;
 "Come not back again, or come as victor :
 Oh, be worthy of the father's name !"
 And the noble youth's bright eyes were throwing
 Deadly flashes forth ; his cheeks were glowing
 As with full-blown branches the red rose
 In the purple light of morning glows.

Then, a cloud of thunder, flew the champion,
 Even as Richard Lion-Heart, to fight ;
 Like a wood of pines in storm and tempest,
 Bowed before his path the hostile might.
 Gently, as a brook through flowers descendeth,
 Homeward to the castle-crag he wendeth,
 To his father's glad, yet tearful face,
 To the modest maiden's chaste embrace.

Oh, with anxious longing, looks the fair one
 From her turret down the valley drear !
 Shield and breastplate glow in gold of evening,
 Steeds fly forward, the beloved draws near !
 Him the faithful right-hand, mute, extending
 Stands she, pallid looks with blushes blending,
 Oh, but what that soft, soft eye doth say,
 Sings not Petrarch's, nor e'en Sappho's lay !

Merrily echoed there the sound of goblets,
 Where the rank grass, waving in the gale,
 O'er the nests of owls is blackly spreading,
 Till the silver glance of stars grew pale.
 Tales of hard-won battle fought afar,
 Wild adventures in the Holy War,
 Wakened in the breast of hardy knight
 The remembrance of his fierce delight.

Oh, what changes ! Awe and night o'ershadow
 Now the scene of all that proud array ;
 Winds of evening, full of sadness, whisper,
Where the strong ones revelled and were gay ;

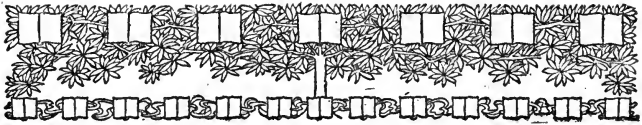
Thistles lonely nod, in places seated
 Where for shield and spear the boy entreated,
 When aloud the war-horn's summons rang,
 And to horse and speed the father sprang.

Ashes are the bones of these—the mighty !
 Deep they lie within earth's gloomy breast ;
 Hardly the half-sunken funeral tablets
 Now point out the places where they rest !
 Many to the winds were long since scattered,
 Like their tombs, their memories sunk and shattered !
 O'er the brilliant deeds of ages gone
 Sweep the cloud-folds of oblivion !

Thus depart life's pageantry and glory !
 Thus flit by the visions of vain might !
 Thus sinks, in the rapid lapse of ages,
 All that earth doth bear, to empty night !
 Laurels that the victor's brow encircle,
 High deeds that in brass and marble sparkle,
 Urns devoted unto Memory,
 And the songs of immortality !

All, all, that with longing and with rapture
 Here on earth a noble heart doth warm,
 Vanishes like sunshine in the autumn,
 When the horizon's verge is veiled in storm.
 Friends at evening part with warm embraces—
 Morning looks upon the death-pale faces ;
 Even the joys that love and friendship find
 Leave on earth no lasting trace behind.

Gentle Love! how all thy fields of roses
 Bounded close by thorny deserts lie !
 And a sudden tempest's awful shadow
 Oft doth darken Friendship's brightest sky !
 Vain are titles, honor, might, and glory !
 On the Monarch's temples proud and hoary,
 And the wayworn pilgrim's trembling head,
 Doth the grave one common darkness spread !
 —*Translated for the Knickerbocker Magazine.*



MAUPASSANT, HENRI RENÉ ALBERT GUY DE, a French novelist, born at Miromesnil, Seine Inférieure, France, August 5, 1850; died in Paris, July 6, 1893. He was a descendant of an old Norman noble family, and the nephew and disciple of the great novelist, Gustave Flaubert. His uncle kept him writing for several years before he would consent to his appearing as an author. His first publication was a short story, *Boul-de-Suif*. This was followed by a play, *Histoire du Vieux Temps*, and a volume of naturalistic verse, *Des Vers*, all in 1880. Then came in rapid succession volume after volume for the next ten or twelve years. But in 1892, broken down by constant mental exertion, his mind gave way, and for months before his death he was confined in a private insane asylum. Among his best works are *La Maison Tellier* (1881); *Mademoiselle Fifi* (1882); *Les Sœurs Rondoli* (1884); *Contes du jour et de la nuit* (1885); *Monsieur Parent* (1885); *Bel-Ami* (1885); *La Petite Roque* (1886); *La Horla* (1887); *Mont-Oriol* (1887); *Pierre et Jean* (1888); *La Main Gauche* (1889); *Fort comme la mort* (1889); *L'Inutile Beauté* (1890), and *Notre Cœur* (1890). Maupassant belonged to the naturalistic school of writers.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

The elder son, Pierre, five years older than Jean, felt on leaving college a vocation successively for various professions. He tried half a dozen, one after another,

and, quickly disgusted with each, plunged at once into new hopes.

Finally medicine tempted him, and he set to work with such ardor that he received his degree as doctor after a brief course, which was shortened by dispensations granted by the authorities. He was high-spirited, intelligent, changeable, and tenacious, full of utopian and philosophic ideas.

Jean, as fair as Pierre was dark, as calm as his brother was excitable, as sweet-tempered as his brother was sour, had quietly studied law, and obtained his diploma at the same time that Pierre graduated in medicine.

Both were now taking a holiday with their family, and both had formed the project of establishing themselves at Havre, if they could succeed in doing so satisfactorily.

Still, a vague jealousy—one of those dormant jealousies which grow up almost invisibly between brothers and sisters, till they mature and burst forth on the occasion of a marriage or of a piece of good luck happening to one—kept them on the alert in a state of fraternal and inoffensive hostility. They certainly loved each other, but they were spies on each other. Pierre, who was five years old when Jean was born, regarded with the dislike of a spoiled little pet this other little pet, which suddenly appeared in the arms of his father and mother, and which was so caressed and beloved by them.

Jean had been from childhood a model of gentleness, goodness, and even temper; and Pierre gradually became wearied of hearing the continual praise of his brother, for to him his gentleness seemed effeminate, his goodness silly, and his kindness blind. His parents, good, easy people, who dreamed of their sons occupying honorable commonplace positions, reproached him with his indecisions, his enthusiasms, his abortive attempts, his ineffectual impulses toward generous ideas and artistic professions.

After he had attained manhood, they no longer said to him, "Look at Jean, and do like him," but whenever he heard, "Jean did this, Jean did that," he understood clearly this hidden illusion, and the sense of the words.
—*Pierre and Jean*; translation of HUGH CRAIG.



MAURICE, JOHN FREDERICK DENISON, an English clergyman and religious writer, born at Normanston, near Lowestoft, Suffolk, August 29, 1805; died in London, April 1, 1872. He studied at Trinity College and Trinity Hall, Cambridge, went to London and engaged in literary work, editing the *Athenæum*. He afterward went to Oxford, where he took his degree in 1831. Three years later he entered the ministry of the Established Church and became chaplain of Guy's Hospital, London. In 1840 he was called to the chair of history and literature in King's College, and to that of divinity in 1846. The publication of his *Theological Essays* caused him to lose his professorships, but he retained the chaplaincy of Lincoln's Inn, and the charge of St. Peter's Church, Vere Street. He was active in efforts for the establishment of the Workingmen's College, and of Queen's College for women. In 1866 he was called to Cambridge as Professor of Moral Philosophy. Among his numerous publications are *Eustace Conway*, a novel (1834); *The Kingdom of Christ* (1838); *Christmas Day, and Other Sermons* (1842); *The Unity of the New Testament* (1844); *The Religions of the World* (1847); *Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy of the First Six Centuries* (1848); *Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament* (1853); *The Doctrine of Sacrifice* (1854); *Patriarchs and*

Lawgivers of the Old Testament (1855), *Mediæval Philosophy* (1856), *The Gospel of the Kingdom of Heaven, Lectures on St. Luke* (1864); *Conflict of Good and Evil in Our Day* (1865); *The Commandments as Instruments of National Reformation* (1866); *The Conscience, Lectures on Casuistry* (1868), and *The Lord's Prayer* (1870).

OUR FATHER.

"*Our Father*:" there lies the expression of that fixed, eternal relation which Christ's birth and death have established between the littleness of the creature and the Majesty of the Creator, the one great, practical answer to the philosopher who would make heaven clear by making it cold; would assert the dignity of the Divine Essence by emptying it of its love, and reducing it into nothingness. Our Father *which art in Heaven*: there lies the answer to all the miserable substitutes for faith by which the invisible has been lowered to the visible; which have insulted the understanding and cheated the heart; which have made united worship impossible, because that can only be when there is One Being, eternal, immortal, invisible, to whom all may look up together, into whose presence a way is opened for all, whose presence is a refuge from the confusions, perplexities, and divisions of this world; that home which the spirits of men were ever seeking, and could not find, till He Who had borne their sorrows and died their death entered within the veil, having obtained eternal redemption for them till He bade them sit with Him in heavenly places.—*The Lord's Prayer*.

HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

Such a prayer is not one which men could have dreamed of themselves, but it is one which God himself has taught them. He led his saints in the old time to pray that He would declare his great name; to thank Him for all his past revelations of it; to flee to it as a strong tower, in which they were safe from their

enemies. Every new act of His judgment and His mercy was an answer to the cry ; in every such act the prophet saw the witness and pledge of a fuller manifestation. The petition, then, was no new one. The disciples had often heard it before that day when our Lord was alone praying, and when they said, "Teach us as John taught his disciples." But they knew that He had stamped it with a new impression ; for though they understood but imperfectly why He had come, and Who He was, their hearts testified that He had certainly come to do that which He bade them ask for. If He brought gifts to men, if He proclaimed forgiveness to men, this was His first gift, this was the ground of his forgiveness, He hallowed the name of God. He showed forth the Father who dwelt in Him, full of grace and truth. Men could see Him after Whose likeness they had been created, in a pure, untroubled mirror. They were not obliged to measure the Eternal Mind by the partial, distorted forms of truth and goodness which they found each in himself. Here was goodness and truth in its primitive form, in its entire fulness. They needed not to reduce goodness and truth into abstractions ; here they were exhibited in actual human life ; the perfect man reflecting the perfect God. They needed not to dream of qualities which the shock of the Fall had separated in their minds—mercy and justice, freedom and obedience—as having a corresponding conflict in the Eternal Mind ; here they were seen working harmoniously in every word and deed. Thus God's name was hallowed for them, thus it has been hallowed for us. This revelation is for all ages : if one has more need of it than another, ours is the one.—*The Lord's Prayer.*





MAURY, MATTHEW FONTAINE, an American naval officer and scientist, born in Spottsylvania County, Va., January 14, 1806; died at Lexington, Va., February 1, 1873. In 1825 he entered the naval service as midshipman; and as such made a voyage round the world in the sloop-of-war Vincennes. During this cruise he began his *Treatise on Navigation*, which was adopted as a text-book in the Navy. In 1836 he met with an accident which rendered him permanently lame, and unfitted him for active service afloat. He was placed in charge of what afterward became the Hydrographical Office at Washington, which subsequently was merged in the National Observatory, of which Maury was made superintendent. In this capacity he prepared a series of "Wind and Current Charts" which were issued by the Observatory, and supplied to all navigators who would undertake to make certain prescribed observations. The results of his hydrographical labors were embodied in his *Physical Geography of the Sea*, first issued in 1856, and afterward much enlarged in numerous editions, up to 1873. Upon the outbreak of the Civil War he resigned his commission in the United States Navy and entered the Confederate service, serving in a scientific capacity at home and abroad. After the downfall of the Confederacy he entered the ser-

vice of Maximilian of Mexico. The empire of Maximilian having been overthrown, Maury returned to the United States, and was made Professor of Physics in the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, where he died.

RELATIONS BETWEEN THE ATMOSPHERE AND THE
OCEAN.

Whenever I turn to contemplate the works of nature I am struck with the admirable system of "compensation," with the beauty and the nicety with which every department is poised by the others : things and principles are meted out in directions the most opposite, but in proportions so exactly balanced and nicely adjusted, that results the most harmonious are produced. It is by the action of opposite and compensating forces that the earth is kept in its orbit, and the stars are held suspended in the azure vault of heaven ; and these forces are so exquisitely adjusted that at the end of a thousand years the earth, the sun, and moon, and every star in the firmament is found in its proper place at the proper moment. . . .

Botanists tell us that the constitution of the little "snow-drop" is such as to require that, at a certain stage of its growth, the stalk should bend, and the flower should bow its head, that an operation may take place which is necessary in order that the herb should produce seed after its kind ; and that after this its vegetable health requires that it should lift its head again and stand erect. Now, if the mass of the earth had been greater or less, the force of gravity would have been different. In that case, the strength of fibre in the snow-drop would have been too much or too little, the plant could not have bowed or raised its head at the right time ; fecundation could not have taken place, and its family would have been extinct with the first individual that was planted, because its "seed" would not have been "in itself," and therefore it could not have reproduced itself.

Now, if we see such perfect adaptation, such exquisite

adjustment in the case of one of the smallest flowers of the field, how much more may we not expect "compensation" in the atmosphere and the ocean, upon the right adjustment and due performance of which depend not only the life of that plant, but the well-being of every individual in the entire vegetable and animal kingdoms of the world.

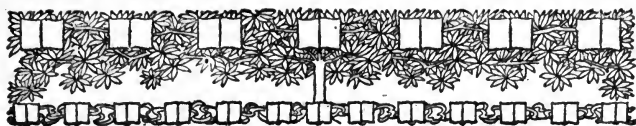
When the east winds blow along the Atlantic coast for a little while, they bring us air saturated with moisture from the Gulf Stream, and we complain of the sultry, oppressive, heavy atmosphere. The invalid grows worse, and the well man feels ill, because, when he takes the atmosphere into his lungs, it is already so charged with moisture that it cannot take up and carry off that which encumbers his lungs, and which nature has caused his blood to bring and leave there, that respiration may take up and carry it off. At other times the air is dry and hot; he feels that it is conveying off water from the lungs too rapidly; he realizes the idea that it is consuming him, and he calls the sensation "parching."

Therefore, in considering the general laws which govern the physical agents of the universe, and regulate them in due performance of their offices, I have felt myself constrained to set out with the assumption that if the atmosphere had had a greater or a less capacity for moisture, or if the proportion of land and water had been different—if the earth, air, and water had not been in exact counterpoise—the whole arrangement of the animal and vegetable kingdoms would have varied from their present state.

But God chose to make those kingdoms what they are. For this purpose it was necessary, in His judgment, to establish the proportions between the land and water and the desert just as they are; and to make the capacity of the air to circulate heat and moisture just what it is; and to do all its work in obedience to law and in subservience to order. If it were not so, why was power given to the winds to lift up and transport moisture; or the property given to the sea by which its waters may become first vapor, and then fruitful showers or gentle dew? If the proportions and properties of land, and sea, and air were not adjusted according to

the reciprocal capacities of all to perform the functions required of each, why should we be told that He "measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, and comprehended the dust in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?" Why did He span the heavens, but that He might mete out the atmosphere in exact proportion to all the rest, and impart to it those properties and powers which it was necessary for it to have in order that it might perform all those offices and duties for which He designed it? Harmonious in their action, the air and sea are obedient to law and subject to order in all their movements. When we consult them in the performance of their offices, they teach us lessons concerning the wonders of the deep, the mysteries of the sky, the greatness and the wisdom and the goodness of the Creator. The investigations into the broad-spreading circle of phenomena connected with the winds of heaven and the waves of the sea are second to none for the good which they do and the lessons which they teach. The astronomer is said to see the hand of God in the sky; but does not the right-minded mariner, who looks aloft as he ponders over these things, hear His voice in every wave of the sea that "claps its hands," and feel His presence in every breeze that blows?—*The Physical Geography of the Sea.*





MAYO, WILLIAM STARBUCK, an American story-writer, born at Ogdensburg, N. Y., April 20, 1812; died in 1895. He was educated at Ogdensburg and Potsdam; and studied medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City. He was graduated in 1833; and several years later he made the tour of Spain and the Barbary States; and then removed to New York City and devoted himself to literature. In 1844 he published his *Flood and Field*, a collection of tales of warfare on sea and land. His *Kaloolah*, which appeared in 1849, purported to be the story of the wonderful adventures in Africa of Jonathan Romer, written by himself. A similar work to this was *The Berber, or the Mountaineer of the Atlas*, which was published the following year. In 1851 he issued a collection of historical tales under the title *Romance Dust from the Historic Placer*; and in 1873 a novel entitled *Never Again*.

In speaking of *Kaloolah*, the *Democratic Review* says: "By far the most attractive and entertaining book we have read, since the days that we were fascinated by Defoe or the *Arabian Nights*." The *Journal of Education* thinks that "this work combines the most exciting and romantic adventures with a great deal of information of various kinds." The *New York International Magazine* considers his portraitures "clearly defined, spirited, and occasionally well-finished."

Blackwood's is rather severe: "While in some styles he really makes what the school-boys call 'a very good offer,' his extravaganza tales after Gulliver are without the brilliant and searching satire that lurks in Lilliput and Laputa."

THE LION AND THE BOA.

The lion was just in the act of springing. His huge carcass was even rising under the impulsion of his contracting muscles, when his action was arrested in a way so unexpected, so wonderful, and so startling, that my senses were for the moment thrown into perfect confusion. It seemed as if one of the gigantic creepers which engirdled the trees had suddenly quitted the leafy canopy above, and, endowed with life and a huge pair of widely distended jaws, had darted with the rapidity of lightning upon the crouching beast. There was a tremendous shaking of the tree-tops, and a confused wrestling and jumping, and whirling over and about, amid a cloud of upturned roots and earth and leaves, accompanied with the most terrific roars and groans.

As I looked again, vision grew more distinct. An immense body, gleaming with purple, green, and gold, appeared convoluted around the majestic branches overhead, and, stretching down, was turned two or three times around the struggling lion, whose head and neck were almost concealed from sight within the cavity of a pair of jaws still more capacious than his own.

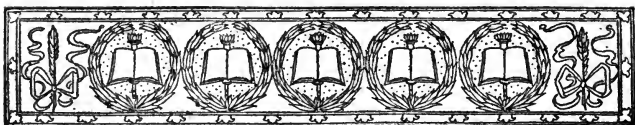
Gallantly did the lion struggle in the folds of his terrible enemy, whose grasp each instant grew more firm and secure; and most astounding were those frightful yells of rage and fear. The huge body of the snake—fully two feet in diameter where it depended from the tree—presented the most curious appearances, and in such quick succession that the eye could scarcely follow them. At one moment smooth and flexible, at the next rough and stiffened, or contracted into great knots; at one moment overspread with a thousand tints of reflected colors, the next distended so as to transmit through the skin the golden gleam of the animal lightning that coursed up and down within.

Over and over rolled the struggling beast ; but in vain all his strength, in vain all his efforts to free himself. Gradually his muscles relaxed in their exertions, his roar subsided to a deep moan, his tongue protruded from his mouth ; and his fetid breath, mingled with a strong, sickly odor from the serpent, diffused itself through the air, producing a sense of oppression, and a feeling of weakness like that from breathing some deleterious gas.

I looked around. Kaloolah was on her knees, and the negress insensible upon the ground a few paces behind her. A sensation of giddiness warned me that it was time to retreat. Without a word I raised Kaloolah in my arms, ran toward the now almost motionless animals ; and, turning along the bank, reached the tree against which I had left my gun leaning. Darting back, I seized the prostrate negress, and bore her off in the same way.

By this time both females had recovered their voices—Clefenha exercising hers in a succession of shrieks that compelled me to shake her somewhat rudely, while Kaloolah eagerly besought me to hurry back to the camp. There was now, however, no occasion for hurry. The recovery of my gun altered the state of the case ; and my curiosity was excited to witness the process of deglutition on a large scale which the boa was probably about to exhibit. It was impossible, however, to resist Kaloolah's entreaties, and, after stepping up close to the animals for one good look, I reluctantly consented to turn back.

The lion was quite dead, and with a slow motion the snake was uncoiling himself from his prey and from the tree above. As well as I could judge, without seeing him straightened out, he was between ninety and one hundred feet in length—not quite so long as the serpents with which the army of Regulus had its famous battle, or as many of the same animals that I have since seen ; but, as the reader will allow, a very respectable-sized snake. I have often regretted that we did not stop until he had at least commenced his meal. Had I been alone I should have done so. As it was, curiosity had to yield to my own sense of prudence, and to Kaloolah's fears.—*Kaloolah.*



MCCARTHY, JUSTIN, an Irish journalist, historian, novelist, and politician, born at Cork, November 22, 1830, and educated there at a private school. His first writing was done for the *Cork Examiner* and *Northern Times* of Liverpool, in 1853. Seven years later he became parliamentary reporter of the *Morning Star* of London, and was made foreign editor the following autumn, and chief editor in 1864. This position he held until 1868, when he made a three years' tour of the United States, during which time he contributed to the *Galaxy* a series of papers entitled *Modern Leaders*. Upon his return he joined the editorial staff of the *Daily News*, which position he resigned in 1886, but afterward resumed. In 1879 he represented Longford, Ireland, in Parliament, to which office he was twice re-elected. In 1880 he was made Vice-President of the Home Rule party in Parliament, and upon the disruption in December, 1890, became chairman of the party opposed to Parnell, which office he held until 1896. Although several times unsuccessful in contesting Londonderry, he was in 1886 made sitting member. He became a zealous Nationalist. He has several times lectured successfully in America, and has contributed to the *North American Review* and other magazines of note. His most important work is a *History of Our Own Times*: it

is an account of the British domains from the accession of Queen Victoria to the general election of 1880. *The Epoch of Reform*, one of the series of *The Epochs of History*, and the *Life of Sir Robert Peel* in the *Prime Ministers of Queen Victoria* series appeared in 1882 and 1891, respectively. He has also written *A History of the Four Georges* (1884) and *Prohibitory Legislation in the United States* (1872). In collaboration with Mrs. Campbell-Praed he has issued three novels: *The Right Honourable* (1886); *The Rebel Rose* (1887), and *The Ladies' Gallery* (1888). Other works of fiction by him are *Paul Massie* (1866); *Waterdale Neighbors* (1867); *My Enemy's Daughter* (1869); *Lady Judith* (1871); *A Fair Saxon* (1873); *Linley Rochford* (1874); *Dear Lady Disdain* (1875); *Miss Misanthrope* (1877); *Donna Quixote* (1879); *The Comet of a Season* (1881); *Maid of Athens* (1883); *Camisola* (1885); *The Dictator* (1892), and *Red Diamond* (1893). He has given us a volume of critical essays under the title of *Con Amore* (1868).

"His novels are deservedly popular," says a writer in *Celebrities of the Century*; "though not conspicuous for complexity of plot or dramatic situations, they are in dialogue always strikingly happy, and they display a fertile creative power, notably in the eccentric type of character. Not professing to be profound, his *History of Our Own Times* possesses in a high degree the qualities of impartiality, brilliancy of style, and harmony of proportion." . . . "His forte," says the *Saturday Review*, "lies in a power of throwing off clever and dashing sketches of men and women,

as seen from the point of view of a cheery cynicism."

"His *History of Our Own Times*," *The Nation* thinks, "is intended to amuse and enlighten its readers by interesting and lucid summaries rather than to instruct them about particulars."

SIR GEORGE LEWIS.

Sir George Lewis was Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was as yet not credited with anything like the political ability which he afterward proved that he possessed. It was the fashion to regard him as a mere book-man, who had drifted somehow into Parliament, and who, in the temporary absence of available talent, had been thrust into the office lately held by Mr. Gladstone. The contrast, indeed, between the style of his speaking and that of Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli was enough to dishearten any political assembly. Mr. Gladstone had brought to his budget speeches an eloquence that brightened the driest details, and made the wilderness of figures to blossom like the rose. Mr. Disraeli was able to make a financial statement burst into a bouquet of fireworks. Sir George Lewis began by being nearly inaudible, and continued to the last to be oppressed by the most ineffective and unattractive manner and delivery. But it began to be gradually found out that the monotonous, halting, feeble manner covered a very remarkable power of expression; that the speaker had great resources of argument, humor, and illustration; that every sentence contained some fresh idea or some happy expression. It was not very long before an experienced observer of Parliament declared that Sir George Lewis delivered the best speeches with the worst manner known to the existing House of Commons. After awhile a reaction set in, and the capacity of Lewis ran the risk of being overrated quite as much as it had been undervalued before. In him, men said, was seen the coming Prime-Minister of England. He was undoubtedly a man of rare ability and refined intellect; an example very uncommon in England of the thinker,

the scholar, and the statesman in one. His speeches were an intellectual treat to all with whom matter counted for more than manner. One who had watched Parliamentary life from without and within for many years, said he had never had his deliberate opinion changed by a speech in the House of Commons but twice, and each time it was an argument from Sir George Lewis that accomplished the conversion.—*From History of Our Own Times.*

THE WITHDRAWAL FROM CABUL.

The withdrawal from Cabul began. It was the heart of a cruel winter. The English had to make their way through the awful pass of Koord Cabul. This stupendous gorge runs for some five miles between mountain-ranges so narrow, lofty, and grim, that in the winter season the rays of the sun can hardly pierce its darkness even at the noontide. Down the centre dashed a precipitous mountain-torrent so fiercely that the stern frost of that terrible time could not stay its course. The snow lay in masses on the ground; the rocks and stones that raised their heads above the snow in the way of the unfortunate travellers were slippery with frost. Soon the white snow began to be stained and splashed with blood. Fearful as this Koord Cabul Pass was, it was only a degree worse than the road which for two whole days the English had to traverse to reach it. The army which set out from Cabul numbered more than four thousand fighting-men, of whom Europeans formed but a small proportion; and some twelve thousand camp-followers of all kinds. There were also many women and children. . . .

The winter journey would have been cruel and dangerous enough in time of peace; but this journey had to be accomplished in the midst of something far worse than common war. At every step of the road, every opening of the rocks, the unhappy crowd of confused and heterogeneous fugitives were beset by bands of savage fanatics, who, with their long guns and long knives, were murdering all they could reach. It was all the way a confused constant battle against a guerilla enemy of the most furious and merciless temper who were perfectly

familiar with the ground, and could rush forward and retire exactly as suited their tactics. The English soldiers, weary, weak, and crippled by frost, could make but a poor fight against the savage Afghans. "It was no longer," says Sir J. W. Kaye, "a retreating army; it was a rabble in chaotic flight." Men, women and children, horses, ponies, camels, the wounded, the dying, the dead, all crowded together in almost inextricable confusion among the snow and amid the relentless enemies. "The massacre," to quote again from Sir J. W. Kaye, "was fearful in this Koord Cabul Pass. Three thousand men are said to have fallen under the fire of the enemy, or to have dropped down paralyzed and exhausted, to be slaughtered by the Afghan knives. And amidst these fearful scenes of carnage, through a shower of matchlock balls, rode English ladies on horseback or in camel panniers, sometimes vainly endeavoring to keep their children beneath their eyes, and losing them in the confusion and bewilderment of the desolating march."

Was it for this, then, that our troops had been induced to capitulate? Was this the safe-conduct which the Afghan chiefs had promised in return for their accepting the ignominious conditions imposed on them? Some of the chiefs did exert themselves to the utmost to protect the unfortunate English. It is not certain what the real wish of Akbar Khan may have been. He protested that he had no power to restrain the hordes of fanatical Ghilzyes, whose own immediate chiefs had not authority enough to keep them from murdering the English whenever they got a chance. The force of some few hundred horsemen whom Akbar Khan had with him were utterly incapable, he declared, of maintaining order among such a mass of infuriated and lawless savages. Akbar Khan constantly appeared on the scene during this journey of terror. At every opening or break of the long straggling flight he and his little band of followers showed themselves on the horizon, trying still to protect the English from utter ruin, as he declared; come to gloat over their misery and to see that it was surely accomplished some of the unhappy English were ready to believe. Yet his presence was something that seemed to give a hope of protection.

Akbar Khan at length startled the English by a proposal that the women and children who were with the army should be handed over to his custody, to be conveyed by him in safety to Peshawur. There was nothing better to be done. The only modification of his request, or command, that could be obtained was that the husbands of the married ladies should accompany their wives. With this agreement the women and children were handed over to the care of this dreaded enemy, and Lady Macnaghten had to undergo the agony of a personal interview with the man whose own hand had killed her husband. Akbar Khan was kindly in his language, and declared to the unhappy widow that he would give his right arm to undo, if it were possible, the deed that he had done.

The women and children and the married men whose wives were among this party were taken from the unfortunate army and placed under the care of Akbar Khan. As events turned out, it was the best thing that could have been done. Not one of these women and children could have lived through the horrors of the journey which lay before the remnant of what had once been a British force. The march was resumed; new horrors set in; new heaps of corpses stained the snow; and then Akbar Khan presented himself with a fresh proposition. In the treaty made at Cabul between the English authorities and the Afghan chiefs there was an article which stipulated that "the English force at Jellalabad shall march for Peshawur before the Cabul army arrives, and shall not delay on the road. Akbar Khan was especially anxious to get rid of the little army at Jellalabad at the near end of the Kyber Pass. He desired above all things that it should be on the march home to India; either that it might be out of his way, or that he might have a chance of destroying it on his way. It was in great measure as a security for its moving that he desired to have the women and children under his care. It is not likely that he meant any harm to the women and children; it must be remembered that his father and many of the women of his family were under the control of the British Government as prisoners in Hindostan. But he fancied that if he had the English women in his

hands the army at Jellalabad could not refuse to obey the condition set down in the article of the treaty. Now that he had the women in his power, however, he demanded other guarantees, with openly acknowledged purpose of keeping these latter until Jellalabad should have been evacuated. He demanded that General Elphinstone, the commander, with his second in command, and also one other officer, should hand themselves over to him as hostages. He promised if this were done to exert himself more than before to restrain the fanatical tribes and also to provide the army in the Koord Cabul Pass with provisions. There was nothing for it but to submit; and the English general himself became, with the women and children, a captive in the hands of the inexorable enemy.

Then the march of the army, without a general, went on again. Soon it became the story of a general without an army; before long there was neither general nor army. It is idle to lengthen a tale of mere horrors. The struggling remnant of an army entered the Jugdulluk Pass—a dark, steep, narrow, ascending path between crags. The miserable toilers found that the fanatical, implacable tribes had barricaded the pass. All was over. The army of Cabul was finally extinguished in that barricaded pass. It was a trap; the British were taken in it. A few mere fugitives escaped from the scene of actual slaughter, and were on the road to Jellalabad, where Sale and his little army were holding their own. When they were within sixteen miles of Jellalabad the number was reduced to six. Of these six, five were killed by straggling marauders on the way. One man alone reached Jellalabad to tell the tale. Literally one man, Dr. Brydon, came to Jellalabad out of a moving host which had numbered in all some sixteen thousand when it set out on its march. The curious eye will search through history or fiction in vain for any picture more thrilling with the suggestions of an awful catastrophe than that of this solitary survivor, faint and reeling on his jaded horse, as he appeared under the walls of Jellalabad, to bear the tidings of our Thermopylæ of pain and shame.—*History of Our Own Times.*



MCCLELLAN, GEORGE BRINTON, an American scientist, soldier, and statesman, was born in Philadelphia, December 3, 1826; died at Orange, N. J., October 29, 1885. He was educated at West Point, where he was graduated with high honors in 1846, and joined the army as second lieutenant of engineers. He took an active part in the Mexican War, where he distinguished himself and was brevetted first lieutenant "for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco." He was afterward brevetted captain for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Molino del Rey and Chapultepec. At the end of the war he was appointed to an assistant professorship at West Point, and translated from the French a *Manual of Bayonet Exercises*. He superintended the construction of Fort Delaware, and was one of three American officers sent to observe the campaign in the Crimea. On his return to America he resigned his commission, and became director of the Illinois Central Railway. In 1861 he was appointed major-general of the Ohio militia; but was tendered by President Lincoln the position of major-general in the army. After a successful campaign in Western Virginia he was made commander-in-chief, and reorganized the Army of the Potomac, defeated at Bull Run. In the summer of 1862 he

invaded Virginia, by the peninsula of James River, and advanced near to Richmond; but, after a series of sanguinary battles, was compelled to retreat. After the defeat of General Pope, he met General Lee at South Mountain, and at Antietam, defeating him, and compelling him to recross the Potomac. He was removed from the command, November 7, 1862. In 1864 he was Democratic candidate for the Presidency, and in the same year he resigned his commission in the army. He was Governor in New Jersey, 1878-81. His later published works include a *Report on the Organization and Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac* (1864) and *McClellan's Own Story* (1887).

BLENKER'S DIVISION.

There was no part of the ground near Washington that I did not know thoroughly. The most entertaining of my duties were those which sometimes led me to Blenker's camp. As soon as we were sighted, Blenker would have the "officers' call" blown to assemble his polyglot collection, with their uniform as varied and brilliant as the colors of the rainbow. Wrapped in his scarlet-lined cloak, his group of officers ranged around him, he would receive us with the most formal and polished courtesy. Being a very handsome and soldierly looking man himself, and there being many equally so among his surroundings, the tableau was always very effective.

In a few minutes he would shout, "*Ordinanz numero eins!*" whereupon champagne would be brought in great profusion, the bands would play, sometimes songs would be sung. It was said that Blenker had been a non-commissioned officer in the German contingent serving under King Otho of Greece.

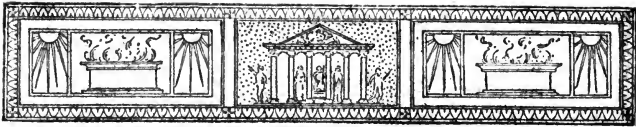
His division was very peculiar. So far as the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war" were con-

cerned, it certainly outshone all the others. Their drill and bearing were also excellent; for all the officers, and probably all the men, had served in Europe. The regiments were all foreign and mostly of Germans; but the most remarkable of all was the Garibaldi regiment. Its colonel, D'Utassy, was a Hungarian, and was said to have been a rider in Franconi's Circus, and terminated his public American career in the Albany penitentiary. His men were from all known and unknown lands, from all possible and impossible armies: Zouaves from Algiers, men of the "Foreign Legion," Zephyrs, Cossacks, Garibaldians of the deepest dye, English deserters, Sepoys, Turcos, Croats, Swiss, beer-drinkers from Bavaria, stout men from North Germany, and no doubt Chinese, Esquimaux, and detachments from the Army of the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein.

Such a mixture was probably never before seen under any flag, unless, perhaps, in such bands as Holk's Jägers of the Thirty Years' War, or the free-lances of the middle ages.

I well remember that in returning one night from beyond the picket-lines I encountered an outpost of the Garibaldians. In reply to their challenge I tried English, French, Spanish, Italian, German, Indian, a little Russian and Turkish; all in vain, for nothing at my disposal made the slightest impression upon them, and I inferred that they were perhaps gypsies or Esquimaux or Chinese.





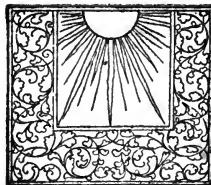
McCLINTOCK, JOHN, an American educator and religious writer, born in Philadelphia, October 27, 1814; died at Madison, N. J., March 4, 1870. He was educated at the University of Pennsylvania, and entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1836 he became Professor of Mathematics in Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., and four years afterward exchanged this chair for that of Greek and Latin, in the same college. In 1848 he was elected editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, which he conducted for eight years. In 1856 he was one of the delegates to the English Wesleyan Conference, and to the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance at Berlin. The next year he became pastor of St. Paul's M. E. Church in New York, and in 1860 of the American Chapel in Paris. In April, 1861, he was one of the speakers at the Wesleyan Missionary anniversary in London, and took advantage of the opportunity to declare his confidence in the sympathy of the great body of Englishmen with the United States. He also published a translation of De Gasparin's book, *The Uprising of a Great People*. On his return to the United States he was again appointed pastor of St. Paul's Church, but soon resigned the pastorate on account of failing health. While connected with Dickinson College, Dr. McClintock began, in conjunction with the Rev. George

R. Crooks, a series of text-books on the Greek and Latin languages. In 1853, with the Rev. Dr. James Strong, he began a *Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature*, of which the first volume was published in 1867, and the fourth at the time of his death. The work was continued by Dr. Strong alone. Dr. McClintock also published *An Analysis of Watson's Theological Institutes* (1850); *Sketches of Eminent Methodist Ministers* (1852); *The Temporal Power of the Pope* (1853); a translation, conjointly with Professor Carolus E. Blumenthal, of Neander's *Life of Christ* (1847), and a translation of Bungener's *History of the Council of Trent* (1855). In 1870 appeared *Living Words*, a volume of Dr. McClintock's sermons, and in 1873 *Lectures on Theological Encyclopædia and Methodology*.

REDEEMING THE TIME.

We should redeem the time because we know not how little of it we may have to redeem. The past, the present, and the future, that is all we can say about it. We must divide it into these three, and there is nothing else. The past, what is it? It is gone, and will never be back again. You have no control over it, none whatever. And the future, what do you know of that? It is not, and may never be, for you; you have no control of that. What is left? The present. It is gone as I have uttered it; it is gone, gone with the breath of my mouth. We have only a second at a time. Ah, this infinitely precious time, which God gives us, He gives it thus as a magic diamond, glittering, shining, and sparkling for the moment, and then gone forevermore. Precious as it is, it is gone, and we cannot hold it. We can only hold it by giving it to God! If we do not do this the sparkling gem is dust—it is worse than dust. It is laid up against us to condemn us hereafter for the waste of it. I do

not know anything finer in the Old Testament than the story told of David when he was in the Cave of Adullam, when the Philistines were encamped at Rephaim, and at the end of the plain. David had had nothing to drink for twenty-four hours, and, as he lay panting in the cave with his men of arms about him, he said, "Oh, that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem that is at the gate!" It was an ejaculation which fierce thirst wrung from him. There were three brave men who at once determined to gratify his wish, and they went over the plain, where the arrows were raining down upon them; but through the midst of these hurtling arrows and flying javelins they went to the well of Bethlehem and got the water, and brought a gourd full of it to the king, to slake his thirst. I know nothing richer or grander in the Old Testament, nor in the history of man, than David's conduct then. He would not drink of it, but poured it out as a libation to the Lord; and why? "My God forbid it me that I should do this thing: shall I drink the blood of these men that have put their lives in jeopardy? for with the jeopardy of their lives they brought it!" Do you see the application I would make of this? Every hour of your human life and mine, every drop of this precious time, which God gives us in drops, was purchased with a dearer blood and more fearful peril of sacrifice than this. . . . Shall we drink up these hours that Christ has purchased, and waste them as they come? Oh, no! Say, rather, I will pour them out to the Lord; I will glorify Him with this time that He has purchased for me.—*Living Words*





MCCOSH, JAMES, a Scottish-American philosopher and educator, born in Ayrshire, April 1, 1811; died at Princeton, N. J., November 16, 1894. He was educated at the universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh, and was ordained minister at Arbroath in 1835. In 1839 he went to Brechin, and took an active part in the organization of the Free Church of Scotland in 1843. From 1851 to 1867 he was Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Queen's College, Belfast. In 1868 he was elected President of the College of New Jersey at Princeton. He occupied this position, with marked ability, until 1888, when he resigned it, but retained the chair of philosophy. Among his works are *The Laws of Discursive Thought* (1869); *Christianity and Positivism* (1871); *The Scottish Philosophy* (1874); *The Emotions* (1880); *Psychology* (1886); *Realistic Philosophy* (1887); *The Religious Aspects of Evolution* (1888).

THE PERCEPTION OF BEAUTY.

There is a sense in which it may be said that there are beautiful objects, and that there is beauty in the object; there is a proportion, harmony, or benignancy, and it is the business of science to discover what this is. But there is a sense in which the beauty is in the mind; for it is when these high qualities are perceived that the feeling is evoked. There is a sense in which the æsthetic taste is a derivative and a complete one, implying intellectual and emotive powers, and a process.

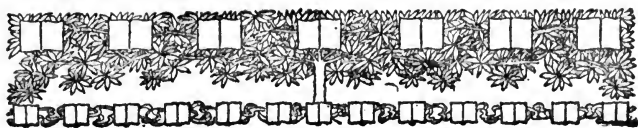
There is a sense in which it is simple and original, for the idea is suggested spontaneously, and calls forth the feeling naturally in all men.

By this theory we can account for the sameness and yet diversities of æsthetic taste among mankind. There are faculties in all men which tend toward the production of a sense of beauty, a pleasure felt in certain sounds, shapes, and colors, the disposition to observe relations, and to discover mind in them, and an emotion ready to use. These things give an æsthetic capacity to all men, and lead to a certain community of taste.

But, on the other hand, each of these implied elements may differ in the case of different individuals. This arises from the absence or presence of the various elements, and from their relative measure of strength. A man without a musical ear can have no relish for tunes, but may have a strong passion for colors. The man of dull capacity may not be able to discern the harmonies that enter into the higher forms of beauty in art and nature. The man of low moral tone may not be capable of forming elevating ideas. The man of heavy temperament may never rise to rapture on any subject.

Then different individuals have, fortunately, a taste for different objects. Some can enjoy beauty of art, but not beauty of scenery. Some love flower-painting, but have no pleasure in gazing on historical paintings. Some discover a beauty in this man or that woman which others cannot discern. This difference of taste arises mainly from the relative strength of the elements which produce the sentiment, from the nature of the organism in some cases, and the aptitude to observe or not to observe certain relations, or to rise or not to rise to noble ideas.

The sense of beauty differs at different periods of the age of the individual, and of the race. The fact is, the mind requires to be educated up to the perception of the higher kinds of beauty. Mere physical beauty may be felt by all who have the appropriate bodily organ, by the child, the boor, the savage. But the recognition of nobler forms of loveliness implies intelligence and, possibly, a careful training.—*Psychology of the Motive Powers.*



MCINTOSH, MARIA JANE, an American novelist, born at Sunbury, Ga., in 1803; died February 25, 1878. She was educated in her native town, and in 1835 she removed to New York. Her fortune was lost in the financial crisis of 1837, and she adopted authorship as a means of support. Her first story, *Blind Alice*, published in 1841, was afterward included with others of her short stories under the title *Aunt Kitty's Tales* (1847). Others of her works are *Conquest and Self-Conquest* (1844); *Praise and Principle* (1845); *Two Lives: To Seem and to Be* (1846); *Charms and Counter-Charms* (1848); *Women in America* (1850); *The Lofty and the Lowly* (1852); *Emily Herbert* (1855); *Violet, or the Cross and Crown* (1856); *Meta Gray* (1858), and *Two Pictures* (1863).

TRUE GENEROSITY.

New to the trials of life, Isabel and Grace could not dismiss Mrs. Brown and her sad condition from their minds, at least without attempting to do something more for her relief than merely paying for her labors in advance. "She said the poor children had no clothes," suggested Grace; "suppose we buy some flannel to make petticoats for them—the weather is getting quite cold—and some calico for frocks."

Isabel readily agreed to this proposal, and they examined their purses to ascertain how far their contents would go toward the gratification of their generous desires. Together they had a little over fourteen dollars.

"Now, how shall we get the things? Who will buy them for us?" asked Isabel. These were questions not easily answered. They had never walked out in New York alone, and they felt almost intuitively that Mrs. Elliot was not the best agent to be employed in the purchase of coarse flannel and calico for poor children.

Before they had decided what should be done, they heard Mrs. Elliot's voice calling for them. They had promised to accompany her in her morning drive, and the carriage was ready. The picture of Mrs. Brown and her scantily clothed children faded into indistinctness, as, seated in one of the most splendid carriages in the city, Isabel and Grace rolled leisurely through Broadway, looking out upon the gayly dressed and busy multitude that thronged its sidewalks, and upon its shop-windows draped with the most costly and elegant articles of merchandise. The carriage drew up at a milliner's, and they entered her room, already crowded with the fair votaries of fashion, among whom lounged a few idle gentlemen.

"See here, young ladies!" said a young attendant to Grace and Isabel, "here are some beautiful second-mourning cravats and ribbons for the waist. Nothing in mourning was ever so elegant; just see how splendidly the cravats are embroidered, and the ribbons match them exactly."

"Oh, they are beautiful!" cried one of their young acquaintances, who paused near, to examine the cravats. "If I were in mourning, I would have one directly."

"Put up a cravat and ribbon for me," said Grace.

"Ah, you are a fortunate girl," said the young lady who had just spoken, "you can get whatever you want. Now I am dying for that blue and salmon cravat, and I cannot get it."

"I always like to deal with Miss Elliot, she never even asks the price of anything," said the milliner's apprentice, already versed in the arts of flattery; "shall I put up a cravat and ribbon for you? I dare say I can find one exactly like this," she added, turning to Isabel with an insinuating air, which changed to an expression almost contemptuous, as she declined her offer.

"What do I owe you?" asked Grace as she received the little package.

"Only two dollars."

Grace handed her the money.

"*Only* two dollars!" cried the young lady who was dying for the blue and salmon cravat, "and I cannot coax mamma out of seven shillings for the cravat."

Grace lingered behind her, laid down the seven shillings, received the coveted prize and followed her with it, amid exclamations of "How generous! I like to deal with such generous people," from the obsequious attendant.

Isabel was ashamed to feel the color rising in her cheek, as she caught a look which showed that this girl was contrasting the cousins in her mind. The color deepened, as she heard the voice of the young lady to whom Grace had presented the cravat exclaiming:

"Oh, Grace! this is too kind; just see, mamma, what a beautiful cravat Miss Elliot has given me, she is so generous!"

"Come here, Isabel," cried Mrs. Elliot, before she had time to recover her self-possession. "Here is a subscription paper for those poor people that were burnt out in— Where did you say, Miss ——?"

"Havannah."

"Oh, yes! Havannah: how much shall I put down for you? Do not say more than you have in your purse, for you must pay at once; how much have you?"

"I—I am very sorry——"

"But how much are you sorry? as the Frenchman asked," persisted Mrs. Elliot gayly, rather pleased at the attention which the little dialogue had attracted from the ladies around, and she felt sure that her nieces would do her credit by their liberality.

"I want a *brown* ribbon," sounded near Isabel, and her failing resolution was nerved again, for Mrs. Brown with all her train of miseries was before her.

"I have nothing to give, aunt."

"Nothing to give! Why your purse does not seem by any means empty."

"But I must give this money for—for——"

"If it be for anything you have purchased here, Miss — shall charge it to me."

"No, no, it is for nothing I have bought, I only want——"

"Pray do not stammer, and look so dreadfully confused. I will not force you to give anything," said Mrs. Elliot coldly.

Isabel turned away with tears in her eyes, ashamed to meet the looks which she fancied bent on her, and anxious only to hide herself and her purse from everyone.

"Here, Grace!" cried Mrs. Elliot, "have you any money for these poor sufferers in Havannah? Will you subscribe?"

"You do it for me, aunt."

"But how much shall I say? It must not be more than you have in your purse, for the money will be called for this afternoon."

"There's my purse; I do not know exactly how much there is in it."

Mrs. Elliot turned out the contents, there were five dollars and a half.

"There," said she, putting back the half, "I will not leave you penniless."

"Take it, aunt, I do not want it; I would rather give it to those poor people."

"Mrs. Brown," whispered Isabel.

"I can't help her now, for you see all my money is gone, and these poor people, I suppose, want it just as much; besides, it would have looked so mean to refuse."

Grace did not know that Isabel had refused.—*Two Lives: To Seem and to Be.*





MCLELLAN, ISAAC, an American poet, born at Portland, Me., in 1806. He was graduated at Bowdoin in 1826; and practised law for several years in Boston, contributing prose and verse to various journals. In 1857 he removed to New York, where he divided his time between literary work and field sports; and has been styled "the poet-sportsman." His principal books are *The Fall of the Indian* (1830); *The Year* (1832); *Mount Auburn* (1843); *Poems of the Rod and Gun*, edited, with a sketch of the author, by Frederick E. Pond (1886).

NEW ENGLAND'S DEAD.

New England's dead! New England's dead!
On every hill they lie;
On every field strife made red
By bloody victory.
Each valley where the battle poured
Its red and awful tide,
Beheld the brave New England sword
With slaughter deeply dyed.
Their bones are on the Northern hill,
And on the Southern plain,
By brook and river, lake and rill,
And by the roaring main.

The land is holy where they fought,
And holy where they fell;
For by their blood that land was bought,
The land they loved so well.
Then glory to that valiant band
The honored saviours of the land!

Oh, few and weak their members were—
 A handful of brave men ;
 But to their God they gave their prayer
 And rushed to battle then.
 The God of Battles heard their cry,
 And sent to them the victory.

They left the ploughshare in the mould,
 Their flocks and herds without a fold,
 The sickle in the unshorn grain,
 The corn, half-garnered, on the plain,
 And mustered, in their simple dress,
 For wrongs to seek a stern redress ;
 To right those wrongs, for weal or woe,
 To perish, or o'ercome the foe.

And where are ye, O fearless men ?
 Oh, where are ye to-day ?
 I call—the hills reply again,
 That ye have passed away ;
 That on old Bunker's lonely height,
 In Trenton, and in Monmouth ground
 The grass grows green, the harvest bright
 Above each soldier's mound.

The bugle's wild and warlike blast
 Shall muster them no more ;
 An army now might thunder past,
 And they not heed its roar.
 The starry flag 'neath which they fought,
 In many a bloody day,
 From their old graves shall rouse them not ;
 For they have passed away.

THE NOTES OF THE BIRDS.

Well do I love those varied harmonies
 That ring so gayly in Spring's budding woods,
 And in the thickets, and green, quiet haunts,
 And lonely copses of the Summer-time,
 And in red Autumn's ancient solitudes.

If thou art pained with the world's noisy stir ;
Or crazed with its mad tumults, and weighed down
With any of the ills of human life ;
If thou art sick and weak, or mourn'st the loss
Of brethren gone to that far distant land,
To which we all do pass—gentle and poor,
The gayest and the gravest, all alike—
Then turn into the peaceful woods, and hear
The thrilling music of the forest-birds.

How rich the varied choir ! The unquiet finch
Calls from the distant hollows, and the wren
Uttereth her sweet and mellow plaint at times,
And the thrush mourneth where the kalmia hangs
Its crimson-spotted cups, or chirps half-hid
Amid the lowly dogwood's snowy flowers ;
And the blue-jay flits by, from tree to tree,
And, spreading its rich pinions, fills the ear
With its shrill sounding and unsteady cry.

With the sweet airs of Spring the robin comes,
And in her simple song there seems to gush
A strain of sorrow when she visiteth
Her last year's withered nest. But when the gloom
Of the deep twilight falls, she takes her perch
Upon the red-stemmed hazel's slender twig,
That overhangs the brook, and suits her song
To the slow rivulet's, in constant chime.

In the days of Autumn, when the corn
Lies sweet and yellow in the harvest-field,
And the gay company of reapers bind
The bearded wheat in sheaves, then peals abroad
The blackbird's mellow chant. I love to hear,
Bold plunderer, thy mellow burst of song
Float from thy watch-place on the mossy tree
Close at the cornfield's edge.

Lone whip-poor-will,
There is much sweetness in thy fitful hymn,
Heard in the drowsy watches of the night.
Ofttimes, when all the village lights are out,
And the wide air is still, I hear thee chant
Thy hollow dirge, like some recluse who takes
His lodging in the wilderness of woods,
And lifts his anthems when the world is still.



MCMASTER, GUY HUMPHREYS, an American jurist and poet, born at Clyde, N. Y., January 31, 1829; died at Bath, N. Y., September 13, 1887. He was graduated at Hamilton College in 1847, and early contributed to magazines. His *Carmen Bellicosum*, generally cited as *The Old Continentals*, was written at the age of nineteen. He practised at the bar in Steuben County from 1852 until 1863, when he was appointed County Judge and Surrogate. Besides many occasional poems, he published a *History of Steuben County* (1849).

THE OLD CONTINENTALS.

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not,
When the Grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon-shot ;
When the files
Of the isles,
From the smoky night encampment bore the banner of
the rampant
Unicorn,
And grummer, grummer, grummer rolled the roll of the
drummer,
Through the morn !

Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires ;
And the balls whistled deadly,

And in streams flashing redly
Blazed the fires ;
As the roar
On the shore,
Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-sodded
acres
Of the plain ;
And louder, louder, louder cracked the black gun-
powder,
Cracking amain !

Now like smiths at their forges
Worked the red St. George's
Cannoneers,
And the "villanous saltpetre"
Rang a fierce discordant metre
Round their ears ;
As the swift
Storm-adrift,
With hot, sweeping anger, came the Horse-guards'
clangor
On our flanks ;
Then higher, higher, higher burned the old-fashioned
fire
Through the ranks !

Then the old-fashioned Colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder-cloud ;
His broad-sword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing,
Trumpet-loud.
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper-jackets redden at the touch of the
leaden
Rifle-breath ;
And rounder, rounder, rounder roared the iron six-
pounder,
Hurling death'



MEDILL, JOSEPH, an American journalist, born in New Brunswick, Canada, April 6, 1823; died in Chicago, Illinois, 1899. In 1832 his father removed to Ohio, settling on a farm in Stark County, near Massillon. Here the son worked on the farm for a time, then studied law, which he practised in Massillon. In 1849 he abandoned the law for journalism, founding at Coshocton a Free-soil paper. In 1852 he established at Cleveland a Whig paper, *The Forest City*, which was soon after merged in *The Leader*. He helped to organize the Republican party in Ohio in 1854. Some time after he removed to Chicago, and in May, 1855, with two other persons, he purchased *The Tribune*. In 1874 he bought a controlling interest in it and became its editor-in-chief. He was a member of the Illinois Constitutional Convention of 1870, and the author of the minority representation clause. In 1871 he was appointed a member of the United States Civil Service Commission, and the same year was elected Mayor of Chicago. Mr. Medill has spent some time in travel in Europe.

DEATH AND THE MILLIONNAIRES.

Mr. Pullman's death calls attention to the great mortality among the millionnaires of Chicago during the last three or four years. Many of the men who made Chicago are yet in vigorous health. But those who have been taken away from their hoards are numerous.

In New York City, a vastly larger number of million-

naires have gone to their final accounts, for New York, as the financial focus of the country and head-quarters for great investments and investors, has hundreds of rich men for every one in Chicago, and even has several multi-millionaires, any one of whom could buy and sell all Chicago's millionaires together. But the men who there struggled and schemed to lay up treasures are now on a level with the men who schemed and struggled here, and all went naked out of the world, leaving their beloved millions to be divided among the living. Death has undone their work, and with a touch has destroyed them and scattered the wealth they were so many years in gathering together. And those who remain are growing old faster than they are growing rich. Soon they, too, will disappear and clamorous heirs will squander their hard-won savings. Within a very few years none of the men who have so rapidly acquired enormous wealth during the period of expansion and development that succeeded the Civil War will remain, and the great fortunes the Bryanites rail about now will all be broken up. Some of the children of the millionaires will preserve their inheritances, as the Astors, Vanderbilts, and most of the Goulds have done, but more of them will dissipate the property they will receive and justify the saying that in the United States it is only three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves.

It is not probable that hereafter millionaires will create themselves as readily or as numerous as they have heretofore. The conditions that have made such men as Philip D. Armour and John D. Rockefeller, for example, rich beyond computation are passing away and can never return. Such fortunes as theirs are possible only in a new country developing suddenly and rapidly, and that development in the United States is near its close. Just as the pioneers in the Klondike who are picking great nuggets of pure gold from the top of the ground will be followed by miners who will find nothing but rocks, from which the precious metal can be extracted only by hard labor and in small quantities, so the pioneers of industry will be followed by men who will have to be content with the refractory ores of commercial enterprise.—*Chicago Tribune, Oct. 31, 1897.*



MEGERLE, ULRICH, a German monk and satirical poet, born in Krähenheimstetten, near Messkirch, Baden, July 2, 1644; died at Vienna, December 1, 1709. At the age of twenty he entered the Augustine Order of Barefoot Friars, and adopted the religious name Abraham a Sancta Clara. He acquired such fame by his sermons that about 1670 he was made preacher to the Imperial Court of Vienna. The discourses of Sancta Clara abound in all sorts of conceits, sometimes bordering upon the burlesque; but underlying them is a substratum of deep earnestness. Court preacher as he was, he was unsparing in his ridicule and denunciation of the follies and vices of the rich and the noble. He wrote *Judas, the Arch-Rogue*, a satirico-religious romance (1686); *Gack, Gack, Gack a Ga of a Marvellous Hen in the Duchy of Bavaria, or a Detailed Account of the Famous Pilgrimage of Maria Stern in Taxa* (1687). His collected works fill twenty-one volumes. The following are from one of these discourses, which bears the title, "Mark, Rich Man!"

THE MIGHT OF GOLD.

If it were allowed Samson to propound a riddle for the delectation of his guests, it will perhaps not be ill-taken in me to question my hearers as follows: What is it?—It hath not feet, yet travelleth through the whole world; it hath no hands, yet overmasters whole armies; it hath no tongue, yet discourses more elo-

quently than Batolus or Balbus ; it hath no sense, yet is more mighty than all the wise men of the earth. 'Tis a thing the name of which comes near to "God." Well, now, what is it? Crack me this nut if you can.—It is nothing else than *Gold*. Take away the letter "l" from it, and you have *God* ; and in Latin *Numen* is God ; and *Nummus* is money—which two names are very near akin.

NOAH'S DOVE.

In the days of Noah, when the weary waters were deluging the world, the patriarch sent forth a dove to see how the waters stood upon the earth. This pious and simple bird, more obedient than the raven, returned speedily, and lighted on the ark. After awhile Noah sent her forth again, and she returned with an olive-branch in her mouth. And here the Holy Book doth not say that Noah this time laid hands on her, and took her into the ark ; whence it is reasonable to conclude that she flew in the second time of her own accord—wherein lies no small mystery. The first time, Noah was obliged to draw her into the ark by force ; the second time, she flew freely in. Reason : The first time the dovelet had nothing ; the dovelet was a poor devil, and durst not venture into the ark. The second time, it had an olive-branch, and flew straight in, well knowing that the door and portal stand open to him that bringeth anything.

If Sancta Clara was not a poet, he was a clever versifier. The following is from his *Judas, the Arch-Rogue* :

SAINT ANTHONY'S SERMON TO THE FISHES.

Saint Anthony at church was left in the lurch ;
So he went to the ditches, and preached to the fishes.
They wriggled their tails ;
In the sun glanced their scales.

The Carps, with their spawn, are all hither drawn,
And open their jaws, eager for each clause :
No sermon beside
Had the Carps so edified.

Sharp-snouted Pikes, who kept fighting like tikes,
 Swam up harmonious to hear Saint Antonius :
 No sermon beside
 Had the Pikes so edified.

And that very odd fish, who loves fast-days—the Cod-
 fish
 (The Stock-fish I mean), at the sermon was seen :
 No sermon beside
 Had the Cods so edified.

Good Eels and Sturgeon, which aldermen gorge on,
 Went out of their way to hear preaching that day :
 No sermon beside
 Had the Eels so edified.

Crabs and Turtles also, who always move slow,
 Made haste from the bottom, as if the devil had got
 'em :
 No sermon beside
 Had the Crabs so edified.

Fish great and fish small, lords, lackeys, and all,
 Each looked at the preacher like a reasonable creature :
 At God's word
 They Anthony heard.

The sermon now ended, each turned and descended :
 The Eels went on eeling, the Pikes went on stealing :
 Much delighted were they,
 But preferred the old way.

The Crabs are backsliders, the Stock-fish thicksiders,
 The Crabs are sharp-set ; all the sermon forget :
 Much delighted were they,
 But preferred the old way.



1526
VIVENTIS POTVIT DVRRERIVS ORA PHILIPPI
MENTEM NON POTVIT PINGERE DOCTA
MANVS



MELANCHTHON.



MELANCHTHON, PHILIP, a German ecclesiastical Reformer, born at Bretten in the Grand Duchy of Baden, February 16, 1497; died at Wittenberg, April 19, 1560. The name by which he is known, *Melanchthon*, is merely a translation into Greek of his German patronymic *Schwarz-erd*, "Black-earth." He was the son of a well-to-do armorer, studied at the universities of Heidelberg and Tübingen, taking his degree as Master of Arts at the age of seventeen. Two years later Erasmus wrote of him: "My God! what expectations does Philip Melanchthon excite, who is yet a youth—yea, we may say a mere boy—and has already attained to equal eminence in the Greek and Latin literature. What acumen in demonstration, what purity and elegance of style, what comprehensive reading, what tenderness of feeling and refinement of his extraordinary genius!" In 1518 he was called to the professorship of Greek in the newly founded University of Wittenberg, and thus became a colleague of Luther, with whose views he was already in sympathy; and their close intimacy continued until the death of Luther, twenty-eight years later. Among the German Reformers Melanchthon stands next to Luther. Although the most profound theologian of his time, he never took orders, but remained a married layman.

The works of Melanchthon include a Greek and Latin Grammar, commentaries on the Bible and on several classic authors, doctrinal and ethical treatises, and a very extensive correspondence. Several editions of his *Works*, more or less complete, have been published; the earliest at Basel (5 vols. folio, 1541). The best is that contained in the *Corpus Reformatorum* of Bretschneider and Bindsell (1834-60). Soon after the death of Luther, Melanchthon wrote a preface for an edition of the works of Luther, published at Wittenberg in 1551, which closes thus:

LUTHER AND HIS WORKS.

Let us therefore give thanks unto God, the eternal Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who willed that, by ministry of His servant Martin Luther, the mire and poison should again be cast out of the fountains of Evangelical Truth, and the pure doctrine be restored to the Church. Wherefore it becomes us and all good men throughout the world to think of this and to unite in prayers and desires, and to cry unto God, with fervent hearts, that He would confirm in us what He has thus wrought, for His holy temple's sake; this, O living and true God, eternal Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ, the author of all things in Thy Church—this Thy word and promise: "For Mine own sake will I have mercy upon you: for Mine own sake will I have mercy upon you; for Mine own sake—even for Mine own sake—will I do it, that My Name be not blasphemed."

I cry unto Thee, with my whole heart, that for Thine own glory, and for the glory of Thy dear Son, that Thou wouldst never cease to gather unto Thyself from among us, by the preaching of the Gospel, an eternal Church; and that, for the sake of Thy dear Son, Jesus Christ our Lord—who was crucified for us, and rose again, our Mediator and Intercessor—Thy Holy Spirit may in all things rule our hearts, that we may call upon Thee in truth, and serve Thee acceptably.

And since Thou hast created mankind to the end that Thou mightest be acknowledged and called upon by all men ; and hast for that intent manifested Thyself in so many eminent testimonies who have borne witness of Thee, suffer not this army of witnesses to fail, from whom Thy word of truth sounds forth. And since Thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, just before His final agony, prayed for us, saying, "Father, sanctify them through Thy truth, for Thy word is truth"—to these prayers of our High Priest we desire to join ours, and to entreat Thee, together with Him, that Thy word of truth may ever shine among men.

And these were the prayers that we used to hear Luther also put up daily ; and it was in the midst of such prayers as these that his peaceful soul, about the sixty-third year of his age, was called away from the mortal body.

Posterity possesses many monuments both of his doctrine and of his piety. He published, first, his Doctrinal Works, concerning all the principal articles of that doctrine which must be set forth and maintained in the Church. He published his Works of Refutation, in which he disproved and exposed many errors prejudicial to men. He published, moreover, his Works of Exposition, in which even his enemies confess that he surpasses all the commentaries extant.

That these are works of great merit, all good men well know. But for utility and labor, all these Works together are surpassed by his version of the Old and New Testament, in which there is so much clearness that the German reading of itself supplies the necessity of a commentary. Which version, however, is not quite alone : there are attached to it annotations of great learning, together with descriptions of the subject-heads, which give a summary of the Divine doctrine contained in them, and instruct the reader in the kind of language which is there used ; so that the honest and good heart may draw the firmest testimonies of the true doctrine from its very foundation. For it was the great aim of Luther not to let any rest in his own writings, but to lead all to the fountain-head. He would have us all to hear the voice of God. He wished to see,

by that voice, the fire of genuine faith, and calling upon God, kindled in man ; that God might be worshipped in truth and that many might be made heirs of eternal life.

This anxious desire of his, therefore, and these his labors, it becomes us to spread abroad with grateful hearts ; and taking him for an example, to remember that it behooves each of us to strive to adorn, according to his ability, the Church of God. For to these ends especially the whole of our life—its studies and designs—should be directed : First, to promote the glory of God ; and, secondly, to profit His Church. Concerning the former, St. Paul says : “Do all for the glory of God ;” concerning the latter, it is said in Psalm cxxii : “Pray for the peace of Jerusalem.” To which exhortation there is added in the same verse, “They shall prosper that love Thee.”

These commands and promises from above invite all to receive the true doctrine of the Church, to love the ministers of the Gospel and wholesome teachers, and to unite in desires and devoted endeavors to spread abroad the doctrine of the truth, and to promote the concord of the true Church of God.—Reader, farewell.—*Translation of* HENRY COLE.





MELEAGER, a Greek epigrammatic poet, born at Gadara, in Palestine; lived under the last Seleucus; died 94 B.C. He was a disciple of Me-nippus; and his earlier cynical essays and satirical dialogues were very popular. He is best known, however, as the author of short love-poems, and as the compiler of *The Wreath*, a collection of little pieces from about forty other poets. His works formed the nucleus of the Greek *Anthology*. They were edited separately by Manso in 1786; by Meineke in 1789, and by Graefe in 1811.

Symonds, in his *Studies of the Greek Poets*, says: "Modern men, judging him by the standard of Christian morality, may feel justified in flinging a stone at the poet who celebrated his Muiscos and his Diocles, his Heliadora and his Zenophila, in too voluptuous verse. But those who are content to criticise a pagan by his own rule of right and wrong will admit that Meleager had a spirit of the subtlest and the sweetest, a heart of the tenderest, and a genius of the purest, that has ever been granted to an elegist of earthly love."

Andrew Lang has, from time to time, translated fugitive poems by Meleager, and they are all marked by that sunny, out-door love of light, air, the sea, the smiling harvest, that we have learned to link with Theocritus.

THE VOW.

In holy night we made the vow ;
And the same lamp which long before
Had seen our early passion grow
Was witness to the faith we swore.

Did I not swear to love her ever ;
And have I ever dared to rove ?
Did she not own a rival never
Should shake her faith, or steal her love ?

Yet now she says those words were air,
Those vows were written all in water,
And by the lamp that saw her swear
Has yielded to the first that sought her.
—*Translated by J. H. MERIVALE.*





MELVILLE, HERMAN, an American novelist, born at New York, August 1, 1819; died there, September 28, 1891. He was the son of a merchant of literary tastes. At the age of eighteen he shipped as a sailor before the mast, for a voyage to Liverpool. Four years after he set out upon a whaling voyage in the South Pacific. On account of the abuse of the captain, he ran away from the ship at one of the Marquesas Islands. After many adventures, which he narrates in his *Typee*, he made his escape, on board a whaler, which happened to touch at the island. About 1850 he took up his residence at Pittsfield, Mass., but subsequently removed to New York, where he was appointed to a place in the Custom-House. His works are *Typee, a Peep at Polynesian Life* (1846); *Omoo, a Narrative of Adventures in the South Seas* (1847); *Mardi, and a Voyage Thither* (1848); *Redburn* (1848); *White Jacket, or the World in a Man-of-War* (1850); *Pierre, or the Ambiguities* (1852); *Moby Dick, or the White Whale* (1855); *Israel Potter, His Fifty Years of Exile* (1855); *The Piazza Tales* (1856); *The Confidence Man* (1857); *Battle-Pieces and Aspects of the War*, a volume of poems (1866); *Clarel, a Pilgrimage in the Holy Land*, a poem (1876); *John Marr and other Sailors*, a story (1888); and *Timoleon*, poems (1891).

A GENTLEMAN'S SON IN THE FORECASTLE.

What reminded me most forcibly of my ignominious condition was the widely altered manner of the captain toward me. I had thought him a fine funny gentleman, full of mirth and good-humor, and one who could not fail to appreciate the difference between me and the rude sailors among whom I was thrown. Indeed, I made no doubt that he would in some special manner take me under his protection, and prove a kind friend and benefactor to me; as I had heard that some sea-captains are fathers to their crew: and so they are; but such fathers as Solomon's precepts tend to make—severe and chastising fathers, fathers whose sense of duty overcomes the sense of love.

Yes, and I thought that Captain Riga would be attentive and considerate to me, and strive to cheer me up, and comfort me in my loneliness. I did not even deem it at all impossible that he would invite me down to the cabin of a pleasant night, to ask me questions concerning my parents and prospects in life, besides obtaining from me anecdotes concerning my great-uncle, the illustrious Senator; or give me a slate and pencil, and teach me problems in navigation; or perhaps engage me at a game of chess. I even thought he might invite me to dinner on a sunny Sunday, and help me plentifully to the nice cabin fare, as knowing how distasteful the salt beef and pork and hard biscuit of the fore-castle must at first be to a boy like me, who had always lived ashore and at home.

When two or three days had passed without the captain's speaking in any way, or sending word into the fore-castle that he wished me to drop into the cabin and pay my respects, I began to think whether I should not make the first advances; and whether indeed he did not expect it of me, since I was but a boy, and he a man, and that perhaps might have been the reason why he had not spoken to me yet—deeming it more proper and respectful for me to address him first.

So one evening, a little before sundown, in the second dog-watch, when there was no more work to be done, I

concluded to call and see him. After drawing a bucket of water, and having a good washing to get off the chicken-coop stains, I went down into the fore-castle to dress myself as neatly as I could. I put on a white shirt in place of my red one, and got into a pair of cloth trousers instead of my duck ones, and put on my pumps; and then carefully brushing my shooting-jacket, I put that on over all, so that upon the whole I made quite a genteel figure, at least for a fore-castle, though I would not have looked so well in a drawing-room.

When the sailors saw me thus employed they did not know what to make of it, and wanted to know whether I was dressing to go ashore. I told them no, for we were then out of sight of land; but that I was going to pay my respects to the captain. At that they all laughed and shouted, as if I were a simpleton; though there seemed nothing so simple in going to make an evening call upon a friend. Then some of them tried to dissuade me, saying I was "green" and "raw;" but Jackson, who sat looking on, cried out with a hideous grin, "Let him go, let him go, men—he's a nice boy. Let him go; the captain has some nuts and raisins for him."

As I was about leaving the fore-castle I happened to look at my hands, and seeing them stained all over of a deep yellow—for that morning the mate had set me to tarring some strips of canvas for the rigging—I thought it would never do to present myself before a gentleman in that way; so, for want of kids, I slipped on a pair of woollen mittens which my mother had knit for me to carry to sea. As I was putting them on, Jackson asked me whether he shouldn't call a carriage; and another bade me not to forget to present his best respects to the skipper. I left them all tittering, and coming on deck was passing the cook-house, when the old cook called after me, saying I had forgot my cane.

But I did not heed their impudence, and was walking straight to the cabin-door, on the quarter-deck, when the chief mate met me. I touched my hat, and was passing him, when, after staring at me till I thought his eyes would burst out, he all at once caught me by the collar, and with a voice of thunder wanted to know what I meant by playing such tricks aboard a ship that he was

mate of. I told him to let go of me, or I would complain to the captain, whom I intended to visit that evening. Upon this he gave me such a whirl round that I thought the Gulf Stream was in my head, and then shoved me forward, roaring out I know not what.

The day following I happened to be making fast a rope on the quarter-deck, when the captain suddenly made his appearance, promenading up and down, and smoking a cigar. He looked very good-humored and amiable, and it being just after his dinner, I thought this was just the chance I wanted. I waited a little while, thinking he would speak to me himself; but as he did not, I went up to him and began by saying it was a very pleasant day, and hoped he was very well. I never saw a man fly into such a rage; I thought he was going to knock me down; but, after standing speechless for a while, he all at once plucked his cap from his head and threw it at me. I don't know what impelled me, but I ran to the lee-scuppers, where it fell, picked it up, and gave it to him with a bow. Then the mate came running up, and thrust me forward again; and after he had got me as far as the windlass he wanted to know whether I was crazy or not; for if I was, he would put me in irons right off, and have done with it.

But I assured him I was in my right mind, and knew perfectly well that I had been treated in the most rude and ungentlemanly manner both by him and Captain Riga. Upon this he rapped out a great oath, and told me if I ever repeated what I had done that evening, or ever again presumed so much as to lift my hat to the captain, he would tie me into the rigging, and keep me there until I learned better manners. "You are very green," said he, "but I'll ripen you."

I thought this strange enough—to be reprimanded and charged with rudeness for an act of common civility. However, seeing how matters stood, I resolved to let the captain alone for the future, particularly as he had shown himself so deficient in the ordinary breeding of a gentleman. And I could hardly credit it, that this was the same man who had been so very civil and polite and witty when Mr. Jones and I called upon him in port.—*Redburn.*



MENDELSSOHN, or MENDELSON, MOSES, Jewish philosopher and metaphysician (sometimes called "the German Socrates"), was born at Dessau, Germany, September 6, 1729; died at Berlin, January 4, 1786. His father was a teacher of a Hebrew day-school and a transcriber of the Pentateuch, but with both of those occupations barely made a subsistence for his family. After much persuasion by the son, he finally consented to Moses leaving home and going to Berlin, which he did when he was fourteen years of age. He arrived there in such straitened circumstances that he was obliged to apply for help to his former teacher at Dessau, Rabbi Frankel, who had removed to Berlin some time before. But he soon found other friends, and some time after his arrival he made the acquaintance of a wealthy Jew, Mr. Bernard. This gentleman had heard of his talents and good moral character, and took him into his family as an instructor for his children. This position, which gave him a fair salary and more leisure, enabled him to buy much-needed books, and to widen the scope of his studies which he had pursued from childhood. He was, indeed, so close a student that while yet a young man he injured his health and brought on a nervous disease that affected his spine, producing curvature. His biographer, M. Samuels,

tells us that Mendelssohn once playfully remarked, "Maimonides is the cause of my deformity, he spoiled my figure and ruined my constitution: but still I doat on him for the many hours of dejection which he has converted into those of rapture. And if he have, unwittingly, weakened my body, has he not made ample atonement by invigorating my soul with his sublime instructions?"

Not long after he became an instructor to Mr. Bernard's children, his employer, discovering his mathematical ability, made him successively clerk, cashier, and manager in his large silk manufactory, and subsequently a partner. From this time his days were given to business and a large part of his nights to study. In 1744 he made the acquaintance of Lessing, and the friendship then formed between these two great men lasted until broken by death. He is the original of Lessing's *Nathan*. In 1762 Mendelssohn, then over thirty years of age, married a daughter of Mr. Abraham Gaugenheim, of Hamburg. By this marriage he had several sons, the second of which, Abraham Mendelssohn, was the father of the great composer.

The immediate cause of his death was a severe cold taken on a very chilly morning when returning from the synagogue, and which terminated his life in a few days. When his death became known in Berlin there was a general expression of sorrow, and the Court and many of the nobility sent letters of sympathy to his family.

Mendelssohn, though a firm believer in his own religion, which he earnestly and ably defended,

yet did very much by his writings and his example toward liberalizing the Jews and eradicating their religious prejudices. The following, by Professor Herz, is one of many tributes to his memory :

“ The greatest sage since Socrates, his own nation’s glory, any nation’s ornament, the confidant of Lessing and of Truth, died as he lived, serene and wise.”

Among his principal works are *On Evidence in Metaphysics* (1763); *Phædon*, a dialogue on the immortality of the soul, after the style of Plato (1767); *Jerusalem*, a defence of Judaism (1783); and *Morgenstunden*, essays in refutation of Pantheism and Spinozism (1785).

CHRISTIANITY AND JUDAISM.

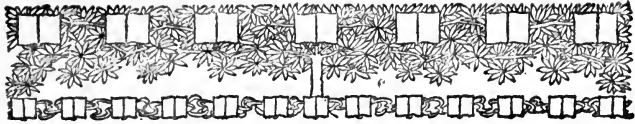
If it be true that the corner-stones of my house are failing, and the tenement threatens to fall down, am I then right in shifting my effects from the lower story to the upper? Shall I be any safer there? Now Christianity, you know, is built on Judaism, and when this falls down, that must necessarily become one heap of ruins with it. You say my conclusions undermine the foundation of Judaism, and you proffer me, for safety, your upper story. Must I suppose that you are mocking me? When there is the appearance of a contradiction between one truth and another, between Scripture and reason, a Christian, in earnest about “right and light,” will not challenge a Jew to a controversy, but, conjointly with him, seek to discover the groundlessness of the discrepancy. Both their causes are concerned in it. Whatever else they have to settle between themselves may be deferred to another time. For the present, they must use their joint endeavors to avert the danger, and either discover the false conclusion, or show that it was nothing but a paradox which frightened them.—*Jerusalem.*

POWER AND GOODNESS OF GOD.

It has been remarked, in a former place, that paganism had even more tolerable notions of the *power* of the Godhead than of its *goodness*. A common man takes goodness and easy reconcilableness for weakness; he envies everyone the least pre-eminence in power, wealth, beauty, honor, etc., but not pre-eminence in goodness. Indeed, how should he; since it mostly depends on himself to arrive at that degree of gentleness which he thinks enviable? It requires some thinking to comprehend that rancor and vindictiveness, envy and cruelty, are, in the main, nothing but weakness, nothing but the effect of fear. Fear, combined with chance and precarious predominance, is the parent of all those barbarous feelings. Fear only renders man severe and implacable. He who is fully conscious of his superiority, feels far greater happiness in leniency and forgiveness.

When we have once learned to see this, we can no longer feel any hesitation in considering mercy, at least, as sublime a quality as power; in thinking the Supreme Being, to whom we attribute omnipotence, capable also of love; and in acknowledging in the God of power also the God of mercy. But how far was paganism from being thus refined! You do not find in the whole of its mythology, in the poems and other remains of the ancient world, a trace of their having attributed to any one of their deities also love and clemency toward the children of men. . . .

In Homer himself, in his gentle and benign soul, the thought had not yet kindled that the gods forgive out of love; and that without beneficence they would know no bliss in their empyreal abode.—*Jerusalem.*



MEREDITH, GEORGE, an English novelist and poet, born in Hampshire in 1828. His parents died in his childhood, and he became a ward in Chancery. Until he was fifteen years old he was educated in Germany. He studied law, but preferred literature, to which he soon devoted himself.

His first volume, of *Poems*, was published in 1851. It was followed by *The Shaving of Shagpat*, a burlesque poem, in 1855, and by a short story, *Farina, a Legend of Cologne*, in 1857. *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, his first novel, appeared in 1859, since which time his fame has slowly but steadily increased. Besides the works mentioned, he has written *Evan Harrington*, published in book form in 1861; *Modern Love: Poems and Ballads* (1862); *Emilia in England* and *Sandra Belloni* (1864); *Rhoda Fleming* (1865); *Beauchamp's Career* and *Vittoria* (1866); *The Adventures of Harry Richmond* (1871); *The Egoist* (1879); *The Tragic Comedians* (1881); *Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of the Earth* (1883); *Diana of the Crossways* (1885); *Poems and Ballads of Tragic Life* (1887); *A Reading of Earth* (1888); *One of Our Conquerors* (1890); *Lord Ormont and His Aminta* (1894); *The Tale of Chloe* (1895), and *The Empty Purse*, poems (1892).

THE BLOSSOMING SEASON.

Richard had no special intimate of his own age to rub his excessive vitality against, and wanted none. His hands were full enough with Tom Bakewell. Moreover, his father and he were heart in heart. The boy's mind was opening, and turning to his father affectionately reverent. At this period, when the young savage grows into higher influences, the faculty of worship is foremost in him. At this period Jesuits stamp the future of their chargin'g flocks; and all who bring up youth by a System, and watch it, know that it is the malleable moment. Boys possessing any mental or moral force to give them a tendency then predestinate their careers; or, if under supervision, take impress that is given them: not often to cast it off, and seldom to cast it off altogether.

In Sir Austin's Note-book was written: "Between Simple Boyhood and Adolescence—The Blossoming Season—on the threshold of Puberty, there is one Unselfish Hour—say, Spiritual Seed-Time."

He took good care that good seed should be planted in Richard, and that the most fruitful seed for a youth, namely, Example, should be of a kind to germinate in him the love of every form of nobleness.

"I am only striving to make my son a Christian," he said, answering them who persisted in expostulating with the System. And to these instructions he gave an aim: "First be virtuous," he told his son, "and then serve your country with heart and soul." The youth was instructed to cherish an ambition for statesmanship, and he and his father read history and the speeches of British orators to some purpose; for one day Sir Austin found him leaning cross-legged, and with his hand to his chin, against a pedestal supporting the bust of Chatham, contemplating the hero of our Parliament, his eyes streaming with tears.

People said the baronet carried the principle of Example so far that he only retained his boozing dyspeptic brother Hippias at Raynham in order to exhibit to his son the woful retribution nature wreaks upon a life of

indulgence, poor Hippias having now become a walking complaint. This was unjust, but there is no doubt he made use of every illustration to disgust or encourage his son that his neighborhood afforded him, and did not spare his brother, for whom Richard entertained a contempt in proportion to his admiration of his father, and was for flying into penitential extremes which Sir Austin had to soften.

The boy prayed with his father morning and night.

"How is it, sir," he said one night, "I can't get Tom Bakewell to pray?"

"Does he refuse?" Sir Austin asked.

"He seems to be ashamed to," Richard replied. "He wants to know what is the good? and I don't know what to tell him."

"I'm afraid it has gone too far with him," said Sir Austin, "and until he has had some deep sorrows he will not find the divine want of Prayer. Strive, my son, when you represent the people, to provide for their education. He feels everything now through a dull, impenetrable rind. Culture is half-way to Heaven. Tell him, my son, should he ever be brought to ask how he may know the efficacy of Prayer, and that his prayer will be answered, tell him (he quoted The Pilgrim's Scrip):

"'Who rises from Prayer a better man, his prayer is answered.'"

"I will, sir," said Richard, and went to sleep happy.

Happy in his father and in himself the youth now lived. Conscience was beginning to inhabit him, and he carried some of the freightage known to men; though in so crude a form that it overweighed him, now on this side, now on that. . . .

Life was made very pleasant to him at Raynham, as it was part of Sir Austin's principle of education that his boy should be thoroughly joyous and happy; and whenever Adrian sent in a satisfactory report of his pupil's advancement, which he did pretty liberally, diversions were planned, just as prizes are given to diligent school-boys, and Richard was supposed to have all his desires gratified while he attended to his studies. **The System flourished. Tall, strong, bloomingly**

healthy, he took the lead of his companions on land and water, and had more than one bondsman in his service besides Ripton Thompson—the boy without a Destiny ! Perhaps the boy with a Destiny was growing up a trifle too conscious of it. His generosity to his occasional companions was princely, but was exercised something too much in the manner of a prince ; and, notwithstanding his contempt for business, he would overlook that more easily than an offence to his pride, which demanded an utter servility when it had once been rendered susceptible. If Richard had his followers he had also his feuds. The Papworths were as subservient as Ripton, but young Ralph Morton, the nephew of Mr. Morton, and a match for Richard in numerous promising qualities, comprising the noble science of fisticuffs, this youth spoke his mind too openly ; and, moreover, would not be snubbed. There was no middle course for Richard's comrades between high friendship or absolute slavery. He was deficient in those cosmopolite habits and feelings which enable boys and men to hold together without caring for each other ; and, like every insulated mortal, he attributed the deficiency, of which he was quite aware, to the fact of his possessing a superior nature. Young Ralph was a lively talker : therefore, argued Richard's vanity, he had no intellect. He was affable : therefore he was frivolous. The women liked him : therefore he was a butterfly. In fine, young Ralph was popular, and our superb prince, denied the privilege of despising, ended by detesting him. . . .

And now, as he progressed from mood to mood, his ambition turned toward a field where Ralph could not rival him, and where the Bonnet was etherealized, and reigned glorious mistress. A check to the pride of a boy will frequently divert him to the path where lie his subtlest powers. Richard gave up his companions, servile or antagonistic : he relinquished the material world to young Ralph, and retired into himself, where he was growing to be lord of kingdoms : where Beauty was his handmaid, and History his minister, and Time his ancient harper, and sweet Romance his bride ; where he walked in a realm vaster and more gorgeous than the great Orient, peopled with the heroes that have been.

For there is no princely wealth, and no loftiest heritage, to equal this early one that is made bountifully common to so many, when the ripening blood has put a spark to the imagination, and the earth is seen through rosy mists of a thousand fresh-awakened-nameless and aimless desires; panting for bliss and taking it as it comes; making of any sight or sound, perforce of the enchantment they carry with them, a key to infinite, because innocent, pleasure. The passions then are gambolling cubs; not the ravaging gluttons they grow to. They have their teeth and their talons, but they neither tear nor bite. They are in counsel and fellowship with the quickened heart and brain. The whole sweet system moves to music.

Something akin to the indications of a change in the spirit of his son which were now seen Sir Austin had marked down to be expected, as due to his plan. . . . So far, certainly, the experiment had succeeded. A comelier, braver, better boy was nowhere to be met. His promise was undeniable. The vessel, too, though it lay now in harbor and had not yet been proved by the buffets of the elements on the great ocean, had made a good trial-trip, and got well through stormy weather, as the records of the Bakewell Comedy witnessed at Raynham. No augury could be hopefuller. The Fates must indeed be hard, the Ordeal severe, the Destiny dark, that could destroy so bright a Spring! But bright as it was, the baronet relaxed nothing of his vigilant supervision. He said to his intimates: "Every act, every fostered inclination, almost every thought, in this Blossoming Season, bears its seed for the Future. The living Tree now requires incessant watchfulness." And, acting up to his light, Sir Austin did watch. The youth submitted to an hour's examination every night before he sought his bed; professedly to give an account of his studies, but really to recapitulate his moral experiences of the day. He could do so, for he was pure. Any wildness in him that his father noted, any remoteness or richness of fancy in his expressions, was set down as incidental to the Blossoming Season. The Blossoming Season explained and answered for all. There is nothing like a theory for binding the wise.

Sir Austin, despite his rigid watch and ward, knew less of his son than the servant of his household. And he was deaf, as well as blind. Adrian thought it his duty to tell him that the youth was consuming paper. Lady Blandish likewise hinted his mooning propensities. Sir Austin, from his lofty watch-tower of the System, had foreseen it, he said. But when he came to hear that the youth was writing poetry, his wounded heart had its reasons for being much disturbed.

"Surely," said Lady Blandish, "you knew he scribbled."

"A very different thing from writing poetry, madam," said the baronet. "No Feverel has ever written poetry."

"I don't think it's a sign of degeneracy," the lady remarked. "He rhymes very prettily to me."

A London phrenologist, and a friendly Oxford professor of poetry, quieted Sir Austin's fears.

The phrenologist said he was totally deficient in the imitative faculty; and the Professor, that he was equally so in the rhythmic, and instanced several consoling false quantities in the few effusions submitted to him. Added to this, Sir Austin told Lady Blandish that Richard had, at his best, done what no poet had ever been capable of doing: he had, with his own hands, and in cold blood, committed his virgin manuscript to the flames: which made Lady Blandish sigh forth, "Poor boy!"

Killing one's darling child is a painful imposition. For a youth in his Blossoming Season, who fancies himself a poet, to be requested to destroy his first-born, without a reason (though to pretend a reason cogent enough to justify the request were a mockery), is a piece of abhorrent despotism, and Richard's blossoms withered under it. A strange man had been introduced to him, who traversed and bisected his skull with sagacious, stiff fingers, and crushed his soul while, in an infallible voice, declaring him the animal he was: making him feel such an animal! Not only his blossoms withered, his being seemed to draw in its shoots and twigs. And when, coupled thereunto (the strange man having departed, his work done), his father, in his ten-

derest manner, stated that it would give him pleasure to see those same precocious, utterly valueless, scribblings among the cinders, the last remaining mental blossoms spontaneously fell away. Richard's spirit stood bare. He protested not. Enough that it could be wished! He would not delay a minute in doing it. Desiring his father to follow him, he went to a drawer in his room, and from a clean-linen recess, never suspected by Sir Austin, the secretive youth drew out bundle after bundle: each neatly tied, named and numbered: and pitched them into the flames. And so Farewell, my young Ambition! And with it Farewell all true confidence between Father and Son.—*The Ordeal of Richard Feverel.*

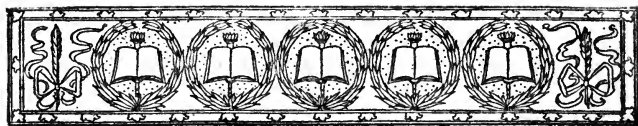
MEN AND MAN.

Men the Angels eyed;
 And here they were wild waves,
 And there as marsh descried.
 Men the Angels eyed,
 And liked the picture best
 Where they were greenly dressed
 In brotherhood of graves.

Man the Angels marked:
 He led a host through murk,
 On fearful seas embarked.
 Man the Angels marked;
 To think without a nay,
 That he was good as they,
 And help him at his work.

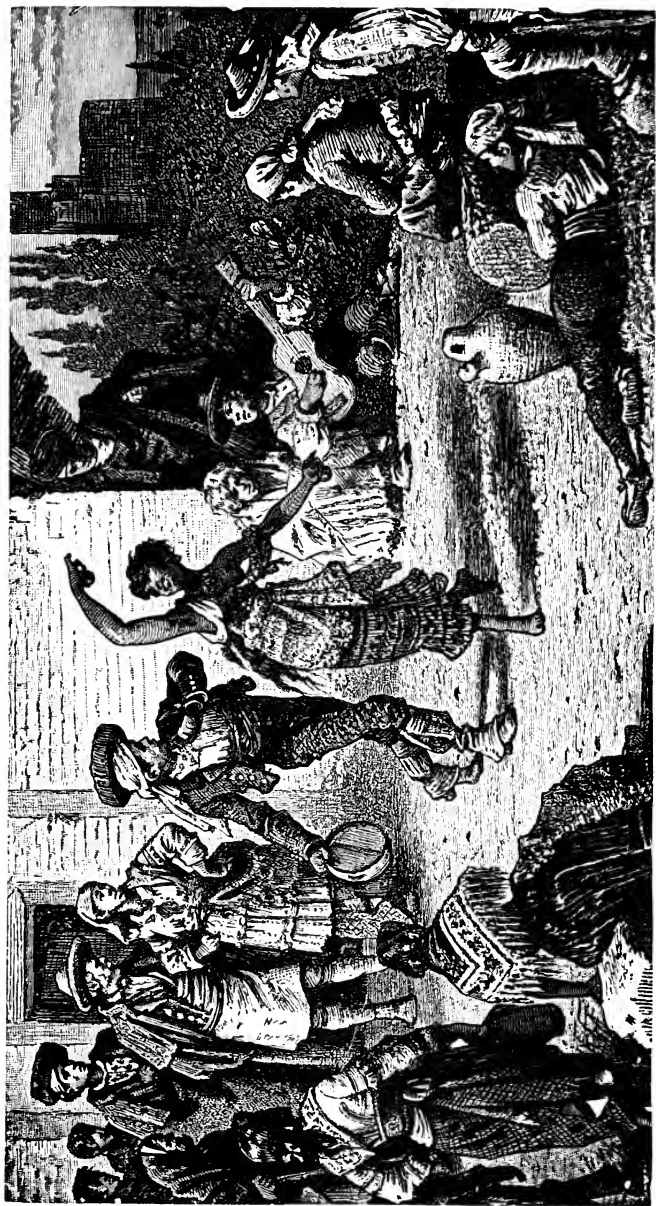
Man and angels, ye
 A sluggish few shall drain,
 Shall quell a warring sea.
 Man and angels, ye,
 Whom stain of strife befouls,
 A light to kindle souls
 Bear radiant in the stain.

—*Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life.*



MÉRIMÉE, PROSPER, a French archæologist, historian, and critic, born in Paris, September 28, 1803 ; died at Cannes, September 23, 1870. He was the son of the painter Jean François Mérimée. He was educated at the College of Charlemagne, studied law, and entered public life, serving under the Minister of Foreign Affairs and under the Minister of Commerce. He was then appointed inspector of historic monuments, a position for which he was peculiarly fitted both by study and inclination. He was elected to the French Academy in 1844, and soon after to the Academy of Inscriptions. In 1853 he was made a senator, in 1858 president of the commission appointed to reorganize the Imperial Library, and in 1860 Commander of the Legion of Honor.

His successes in public life did not interfere with his success as an author. He first published, in 1825, *Le Théâtre de Clara Gazul*, in which he appeared simply as the translator and editor of the comedies of an unknown Spanish actress. His next work was *La Guzla*, purporting to be a collection of Illyrian popular songs by one Hyacinthe Maglanovitch ; *Jacquerie* (1828) and *La Chronique du Temps de Charles IX.* (1829) followed. He now contributed to *La Revue de Paris* and *La Revue des Deux Mondes* a series of vigorous romantic stories written in his peculiarly clear, realistic style.



SPANISH HOLIDAYS.

Drawing by Prof. Wagner.



Among them are *Tamango*, *La Vase Etrusque*, *La Vision de Charles XI.*, *Mateo Falcone*, *La Prise de la Redoute*, *La Vénus d'Ille*, and *Colomba*, a tale of Corsica.

In his position as inspector of historic monuments, Mérimée made numerous excursions, and his reports are of literary value. Among them may be mentioned *Voyage dans le Midi de la France* (1835); *Voyage en Auvergne et dans le Limousin* (1838), and *Voyage en Corse* (1840).

From romance and archæology he turned to history. In 1841 he published *Essai sur la Guerre Sociale*, and in 1844 *La Conjuración de Catalina*; in 1848 *L'Histoire de Don Pedro*, in 1854 *Les Faux Demetrius*, an episode in Russian history. His novels, *Arsène Gaillot*, *Carmen*, *Les Deux Héritages*, were published between 1847 and 1853, and a collection of his contributions to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1855, under the title *Mélanges Historiques et Littéraires*. Among his later writings are *Les Cosaques d'Autrefois* (1865); *Lokis* (1869), and *Lettres à une Inconnue*, published in 1873.

A SUSPICIOUS COMPANION.

The last morsels of bread and ham had been eaten, we had each smoked a second cigar; I ordered the guide to bridle the horses, and I was about to take leave of my new acquaintance, when he asked me where I intended to pass the night. Before I could attend to a sign from my guide, I had replied that I was making for the Venta del Cuervo.

"A bad lodging for such a person as you, sir. I am going thither, and if you will permit me to accompany you we will go together."

"Very willingly," I replied as I mounted my horse.

My guide, who was holding the stirrup, made me another sign. I replied to it by shrugging my shoulders, as if to assure him that I was quite easy in my mind; and then we started.

The mysterious signs of Antonio, his uneasiness, the few words that escaped the unknown, particularly the account of the thirty-league ride, and the by no means plausible explanation which he had offered, had already formed my opinion concerning my travelling companion. I had no doubt whatever that I had to do with a *contrabandista*, perhaps with a brigand. What matter? I knew enough of the Spanish character to be certain that I had nothing to fear from a man who had eaten and smoked with me. His very presence was a protection against all untoward adventures. Moreover, I was rather glad to know what a brigand was like. One does not meet them every day, and there is a certain charm in finding one's self in company with a dangerous person, particularly when one finds him gentle and subdued.

I hoped to lead the unknown to confide in me by degrees, and, notwithstanding the winks of my guide, I led the conversation to the bandits.

Of course I spoke of them with all respect. There was at that time a famous bandit in Andalusia named José-Maria, whose exploits were in everyone's mouth. "Suppose I am in the company of José-Maria!" I said to myself. I told all the anecdotes of this hero that I knew—all those in his praise, of course, and I loudly expressed my admiration of his bravery and generosity.

"José-Maria is only a scamp," replied the stranger, coldly.

"Is he doing himself justice, or is it only modesty on his part?" I asked myself; for, after considering my companion carefully, I began to apply to him the description of José-Maria which I had read posted up on the gates of many towns of Andalusia. Yes, it is he, certainly. Fair hair, blue eyes, large mouth, good teeth, small hands, a fine shirt, a velvet vest with silver buttons, gaiters of white skin, a bay horse. No doubt about it. But let us respect his *incognito*!

We arrived at the Venta. It was just what he had described it—that is to say, one of the most miserable

inns that I had ever seen. One large room served for kitchen, parlor, and bedroom. A fire was burning on a flat stone in the middle of the room, and the smoke went out through a hole in the roof, or rather it stopped there and hung in a cloud some feet above the ground. Beside the wall, on the floor, were extended five or six horse-cloths, which were the beds for travellers. About twenty paces from the house—or rather from the single room which I have described—was a kind of shed, which did duty for a stable. In this delightful retreat there was for the time being no other individual besides an old woman and a little girl of ten or twelve years old, both as black as soot, and in rags.

“Here,” thought I, “are all that remain of the population of the ancient Munda Bætica. O Cæsar, O Sextus Pompey, how astonished you would be if you were to return to this mundane sphere !”

When she perceived my companion the old woman uttered an exclamation of surprise. “Ah ! Señor Don José !” she cried. Don José frowned and raised his hand with a gesture of command which made the old woman pause. I turned to my guide, and with a sign imperceptible to José made Antonio understand that I needed no information respecting the man with whom I had to pass the night. The supper was better than I had anticipated. They served up upon a small table about a foot high an old cock fricasseed with rice and pimientos, then pimientos in oil, and lastly, *gaspacho*, a kind of pimento salad. Three such highly seasoned dishes obliged us often to have recourse to the flask of Montilla, which we found delicious. Having supped, and perceiving a mandolin hanging against the wall—there are mandolins everywhere in Spain—I asked the little girl who waited on us if she knew how to play it.

“No,” she replied, “but Don José plays it very well.”

“Will you be so good as to sing something ?” I said to him. “I passionately love your national music.”

“I can refuse nothing to so polite a gentleman who gives me such excellent cigars,” replied Don José good-humoredly, and being handed the mandolin, he sang to his own accompaniment. His voice was harsh, but

rather agreeable : the air was sad and wild ; as for the words, I did not understand one of them.

“If I am not mistaken,” I said, “that is not a Spanish air which you have just sung. It strikes me as resembling the *zorricos* which I have heard in the provinces, and the words seem to be in the Basque tongue.”

“Yes,” replied José, with a sombre air. He placed the mandolin on the ground, and sat contemplating the dying embers with a singularly sad expression. Illumined by the lamp placed on the little table, his face, at once noble and ferocious, recalled Milton’s Satan. Like him, perhaps, my companion was thinking of a heaven he had quitted—of the exile to which his sin had condemned him. I endeavored to engage him in conversation, but he did not reply, so absorbed was he in his sad reflections.—*Carmen.*





MERIVALE, CHARLES, an English clergyman and historian, born at Barton Place, in Devonshire, in 1808; died December 27, 1893. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he was graduated in 1830. He was Select Preacher before the University, 1838-40, Halsean Lecturer, 1851, Boyle Lecturer, 1854. In 1848 he became Rector of Lanford, and Dean of Ely in 1869. His principal historical works are *History of the Romans Under the Empire* (1850-52); *General History of Rome from 753 B.C. to 476 A.D.* (1875), and *Lectures on Early Church History* (1879).

The *Saturday Review* said of Merivale's *Romans Under the Empire*: "His work is a great work; it deals with an important period which has never been so well dealt with before; and that must be a very great work indeed which displaces it from the rank which it now holds among scholars." What the same authority thought of his *Conversion of the Northern Nations* has been said by critics of most of his historical works: "What he has given us is not a history, or even an historical dissertation, but rather a set of historical sermons on the leading religious ideas which the conversion, in its different episodes and phases, suggests. The style of the work is distinctly that of the pulpit."

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

In stature he hardly exceeded the middle height ; but his person was lightly and delicately formed ; and its proportions were such as to convey a favorable and even a striking impression. His countenance was pale, and testified to the weakness of his health, and almost constant bodily suffering ; but the hardships of military service had imparted a swarthy tinge to a complexion naturally fair, and his eyebrows, meeting over a sharp and aquiline nose, gave a serious and stern expression to his countenance. His hair was light, his eyes were blue and piercing ; he was well pleased if anyone on approaching him looked on the ground and affected to be unable to meet their dazzling brightness.

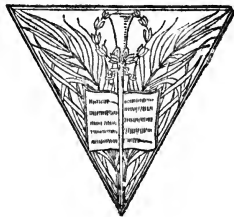
It was said that his dress concealed many imperfections and blemishes on his person ; but he could not disguise all the infirmities under which he labored. The weakness of the forefinger of his right hand, and the lameness in the left hip, were the results of wounds he incurred in battle with the Lapydæ in early life. He suffered repeated attacks of fever of the most serious kind, especially in the course of the campaign of Philippi, and that against the Cantabrians ; and again, two years after, at Rome, when his recovery was despaired of. From that time, although constantly liable to be affected by cold and heat, and obliged to nurse himself with the care of a valetudinarian, he does not appear to have had any return of illness so serious as the preceding ; and, dying at the age of seventy-four, the rumor obtained popular currency that he was prematurely cut off by poison administered by the empress.

As the natural consequence of this bodily weakness and sickly constitution, Octavian did not attempt to distinguish himself by active exertion or feats of personal prowess. The splendid examples of his uncle, the dictator, and of Antoninus, his rival, might have early discouraged him from attempting to shine as a warrior and a hero. He had not the vivacity and natural spirits necessary to carry him through such exploits as theirs ; and, though he did not shrink from exposing

himself to personal danger, he prudently declined to allow a comparison to be instituted between himself and rivals whom he could not hope to equal. Thus necessarily thrown back upon other resources, he trusted to caution and circumspection, first to preserve his own life, and afterward to obtain the splendid prizes which had hitherto been carried off by daring adventure and the good fortune which is so often its attendant.

His contest, therefore, with Antoninus and Sextus Pompeius was the contest of cunning with bravery. But from his youth up he was accustomed to overreach not the bold and reckless only, but the most considerate and wily of his contemporaries, such as Cicero and Cleopatra. He succeeded in the end in deluding the Senate and the people of Rome in the establishment of his tyranny; and finally deceived the expectations of the world, and falsified the lessons of the Republican history, in reigning forty years in disguise, and leaving a throne to be claimed without a challenge by his successors for fourteen centuries.

But although emperor in name, and in fact absolute master of his people, the manners of the Cæsar, both in public and private life, were those of a simple citizen. On the most solemn occasion he was distinguished by no other dress than the robes and insignia of the offices which he exercised. He was attended by no other guards than those which his consular dignity rendered customary and decent. In his court there was none of the etiquette of modern monarchies to be recognized; and it was only by slow and gradual encroachment that it came to prevail in that of his successors.—*History of the Romans Under the Empire.*





MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ, JEAN HENRI, a Swiss clergyman and ecclesiastical historian, born near Geneva, August 16, 1794; died at Geneva, October 20, 1872. The name of his paternal grandmother was D'Aubigné, and he appended this to his own patronymic. Hence he is not unfrequently spoken of as "Aubigné" or "D'Aubigné." After studying at Geneva and Berlin, he was ordained in 1817, and for the ensuing six years was pastor of the French Calvinistic Church at Hamburg. In 1823 he removed to Brussels, where he was for seven years pastor of a Protestant congregation. In 1830 he returned to Geneva, accepting the chair of Professor of Ecclesiastical History in a theological institution recently founded in that city, where the remaining years of his life were mainly passed, although he made several visits to Great Britain.

Merle d'Aubigné's principal work is the *Histoire de la Réformation au XVI.^e Siècle* (1835-53), which was soon translated into several languages, and attained a wide estimation, especially in several English versions. This work dwelt mainly upon what may be called "The Lutheran Reformation;" and he purposed to follow it by a similar work, upon a still larger scale, on "The Calvinistic Reformation." This work was unfinished at his death, although five volumes of it were pub-

lished at Paris (1852-68) under the title *Histoire de la Réformation au Temps de Calvin*. The other notable works of Merle d'Aubigné are *Le Protecteur, la République d'Angleterre aux Jours de Cromwell* (1848); *Germany, England, and Scotland, or Recollections of a Swiss Minister* (1848); *Trois Siècles de Luittes en Écosse* (1850); *Le Concile et l'Infaillibilité* (1870).

THE DOWNFALL OF WOLSEY.

Whilst pious Christians were being cast into the prisons of England the great antagonist of the Reformation was disappearing from the stage of the world. The Cardinal, who had been confined at Esher, fallen from the height of his greatness, was seized with panic-terror, which men who in their day of power have made a whole people tremble have often felt after their fall. He fancied he saw an assassin behind every door. "Last night," he wrote one day to Thomas Cromwell, "I was nearly dead. Ah! if I could, I would go to London, were it even on foot, so much do I want to speak to you. Gain Anne Boleyn's favor by every imaginable means."

Consequently Cromwell, a couple of days after his entry into Parliament, hastened off to Esher, and Wolsey, trembling from head to foot, grasped his hand, and told him his fears. "Norfolk, Suffolk, Lady Anne, perhaps, desire his death. Did not Thomas à Becket—archbishop like himself—did not his blood stain the altar-steps?" Cromwell reassured him, and, touched by the old man's fears, he asked Henry VIII., and obtained from him an order for Wolsey's protection.

Wolsey's enemies did in fact desire his death; but it was from a decree of the Three Estates, and not from an assassin's dagger, that they demanded it. The House of Lords commissioned Sir Thomas More, Norfolk, Suffolk, and fourteen others of its members, to proceed against the Cardinal-legate on the charge of high-treason. They forgot nothing: the proud formu-

la, "*Ego et Rex meus*," which Wolsey had frequently employed; the infringing the laws of the kingdom; his appropriation of ecclesiastical revenues; the flagrant acts of injustice he had committed—for example, throwing John Stanley into prison to force him to surrender his lease to the son of a woman by whom the Cardinal had children; several families ruined in order to satisfy his avarice; treaties concluded with foreign powers without the King's order; executions that had impoverished England; foul diseases, and infected breath which he had blown upon his Majesty's face. These were some of the forty-four charges presented against him to the King by the Peers, and which Henry sent down to the Commons for examination.

At first it was supposed that no member of the House of Commons would attempt to defend Wolsey; and it was thought he would have been handed over, as the Bill demanded, to the axe of the executioner. But, to the surprise of all, a member stood up and prepared, though alone, to justify the Cardinal. This was Thomas Cromwell. The members asked each other who this unknown individual was. The unknown individual soon made himself known. His knowledge of the facts, his knowledge of the laws, the force of his eloquence, and moderation of his language astonished the House. Scarcely did Wolsey's adversaries aim a blow than already it was parried by his defender. If an accusation was brought forward which he was unable to reply to, he demanded an adjournment to the following day; then, after the sitting, started for Esher to confer with Wolsey; and, coming back the same night, was in his place in the Commons next morning, armed with new weapons.

Cromwell carried the House; the impeachment failed; and Wolsey's advocate took his place among the statesmen of England. This victory—one of the greatest Parliamentary triumphs of the period—satisfied both the ambition and the gratitude of Cromwell. He was now firmly established in the King's favor, respected by the House of Commons, and admired by the People. From this vantage-ground he was able to compass the final emancipation of the Church of England.

The Ministry—composed of Wolsey's enemies—were indignant at the affair. On hearing this, Wolsey relapsed into his former agony. He lost his appetite, lost his sleep, and was seized with fever during the Christmas festival. "He will be dead in four days," said his physician to Henry, "if you and Lady Anne do not comfort him." "Not for twenty thousand pounds would I have him die," exclaimed the King. He wished to have Wolsey in reserve, in the very possible contingency of his old minister's consummate ability being necessary to him. Henry sent his portrait through the physician; and Anne, at Henry's request, sent him tablets mounted in gold which she was in the habit of carrying in her waistband. Wolsey was in ecstasy; he placed the gifts upon his bed, and in contemplating them he felt his strength revive. He was transferred from the old manor-house of Esher to the royal residence at Richmond, and was soon able to get down to the park, where in the evenings he read his breviary.

Hope and ambition returned with life. If the King meant to destroy the Papacy in England, would not the proud Cardinal be able to save it? What Thomas à Becket had done under Henry II. could not Wolsey do under Henry VIII.? His archbishopric of York, the ignorance of the priests, the superstition of the people, the discontent of the nobles, were all in his favor; and, in fact, six years later on, forty thousand men were up in arms in York, at a moment's notice, in defence of the Roman cause. Wolsey, strong in the support of the English nation—this, at least, was his opinion—and backed by the Pope and the Continental Powers, would dictate the law to Henry VIII., and would trample out the Reformation! The King, having accorded him permission to go to York, Wolsey asked him for an augmentation of his archiepiscopal revenues, which were nevertheless £4,000 sterling. Henry granted him 1,000 marks; and the Cardinal, shortly before the Easter of 1530, set out with a retinue of one hundred and sixty persons. He believed this was the beginning of his triumphs.

Wolsey took up his abode in one of his castles in

Yorkshire, with this numerous household, and at once set about gaining the favor of the people. The prelate, once "the haughtiest man that lived," says his equerry, Cavendish, who knew him best, and served him best, "now became a model of affability, kept open table, distributed abundant alms, said mass in the villages, dined with the country gentlemen, gave magnificent entertainments, and wrote to several princes imploring aid." It is even said he asked the Pope for a bull to excommunicate Henry VIII. All being thus prepared, he thought he might make his solemn entry into York; and for this purpose fixed on Monday, November 5.

The Court was informed of his every movement; each action of his was commented on, and its importance exaggerated. "We thought we had him down," they said, "and there he is up again." Henry himself was alarmed. "The Cardinal, by his detestable intrigues," said he, "is conspiring against my crown, and is plotting both at home and abroad." The King even added where and how. Wolsey's ruin was resolved on.

The day after All Saints' Day, Friday, November 2, the Earl of Northumberland, with a numerous escort, arrived at Cawood Castle, where the Cardinal was stopping. This was the identical Percy whose affection for Anne Boleyn Wolsey had thwarted. It is possible that Henry VIII. had some design in selecting him. The Cardinal eagerly advanced to meet his unexpected guest; and, impatient to know the purpose of his visit, conducted him to his room, under pretext of allowing him to change his apparel. The two remained some time standing before the window without uttering a word; the Earl was agitated and embarrassed, while Wolsey strove to repress his own emotion. At last, making a desperate effort, Northumberland laid his hand upon the arm of his former master, and said to him in a low, slow voice, "My Lord, I arrest you upon the charge of high-treason." The Cardinal was dumb with consternation. He was confined, a prisoner, in his room.

It is by no means certain that the Cardinal was guilty of the crime imputed to him. That he had at heart the triumph of the Papacy in England, even at the cost of

Henry's ruin, we believe ; but this, perhaps, was all. Now a thought or a wish was not a conspiracy, however speedily it may become one. Upward of 3,000 people, drawn not by hatred—as were the mob in London, when Wolsey left Whitehall—but by enthusiasm, assembled the next day in front of the castle to take leave of the Cardinal. “God save your Grace !” was shouted on all sides, and an immense crowd escorted him all that night ; some carried torches, and all filled the air with their cries.

D'Aubigné's hope that he might supplement his great work was but partially realized, and the words that close his *History of the Reformation in the Sixteenth Century* have long had a melancholy interest to scholars and readers the world over. We give the passage below :

THE CALVINISTIC REFORMATION.

Here we stop. We have related the history of the Reformation during the heroic times of Luther ; another figure now presents itself—that of Calvin. When we begin to occupy ourselves with the Doctor of Geneva, whence he acted with such power, with God's aid, in advancing the cause of Evangelical Reform among such a diversity of peoples, we begin a new series of our labors, and consequently we consider we should consecrate it to a new work. Up to this we have navigated upon many waters, among different countries—in Germany, Switzerland, France, England. If we here interrupt our navigation, it is only—if it please God—that we may resume it. We shall pursue our journey, spreading our sails to the same breath of heaven ; the only difference will be in our having a new pilot, and in the wind impelling us toward new lands.



MERRICK, JAMES, an English poet, born at Reading in 1720; died there in 1769. He was educated at Trinity College, Oxford, of which he became a Fellow in 1744. He took holy orders, but his health did not enable him to execute clerical functions. He put forth several works which promised more than they fulfilled. Among these are *The Messiah, a Divine Essay* (1734), published when the author was but fourteen years old; a translation of the poem of Tryphiodorus on the "Capture of Troy" (1739); *Poems on Sacred Subjects* (1753); *The Psalms Translated or Paraphrased in English Verse* (1755), and *Annotations on the Psalms* (1768). The one thing which gives him a claim to remembrance is the pretty fable *The Chameleon*. It is not likely that there have been many children, in the United States, at least, in the last fifty years, unfamiliar with this poem, for it has been a standby of nearly all American school-readers published in that length of time.

Orme's *Bibliotheca Biblica* contains the following criticism: "His version of the Psalms is too poetical for ordinary public worship, but is highly gratifying for private use to persons of cultivated taste. In his *Annotations on the Psalms* more attention is manifested in pointing out the elegance of the sacred poet than in exhibiting the spiritual grandeur of his subject."

THE CHAMELEON.

Oft has it been my lot to mark
 A proud, conceited, talking spark,
 With eyes that hardly served at most
 To guard their master 'gainst a post.
 Yet round the world the blade has been,
 To see whatever could be seen.
 Returning from his finished tour,
 Grown ten times better than before,
 Whatever word you chance to drop,
 The travelled fool your mouth will stop ;—
 “Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
 I've seen, and sure I ought to know.”
 So begs you'd pay a due submission,
 And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
 As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,
 And on their way, in friendly chat,
 Now talked of this, and then of that ;
 Discoursed awhile, 'mongst other matter,
 Of the Chameleon's form and nature :

“A stranger animal,” cries one,
 “Sure never lived beneath the sun :
 A lizard's body, lean and long,
 A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
 Its foot with triple claw disjoined ;
 And that a length of tail behind !
 How slow its pace ! and then its hue—
 Who ever saw so fine a blue ?”

“Hold there !” the other quick replies :
 “'Tis green—I saw it with these eyes,
 As late with open mouth it lay,
 And warmed it in the summer ray ;
 Stretched at its ease the beast I viewed,
 And saw it eat the air for food.”

“I've seen it, sir, as well as you,
 And must again affirm it blue.
 At leisure I the beast surveyed,
 Extended in the cooling shade.”

“'Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye !”—

“Green !” cries the other in a fury ;
 “Why, sir, d’ye think I’ve lost my eyes ?”—
 “’Twere no great loss,” the friend replies ;
 “For if they always use you thus,
 You’ll find them but of little use.”

So high at last the contest rose,
 From words they came almost to blows ;
 When luckily came by a third ;
 To him the question they referred,
 And begged he’d tell them, if he knew,
 Whether the thing was green or blue.
 “Sirs,” cries the umpire, “cease your bother ;
 The creature’s neither one nor t’other.
 I caught the animal last night,
 And viewed it o’er by candle-light ;
 I marked it well : ’twas black as jet.
 You stare : but, sirs, I’ve got it yet,
 And can produce it.”— “Pray, sir, do ;
 I’ll lay my life the thing is blue.”
 “And I’ll be sworn that when you’ve seen
 The reptile, you’ll pronounce him green.”

“Well, then, at once to end the doubt,”
 Replies the man, “I’ll turn him out ;
 And when before your eyes I’ve set him,
 If you don’t think him black, I’ll eat him.”

He said ; then full before their sight
 Produced the beast : and lo ! ’twas white.

Both stared ; the man looked wondrous wise.
 “My children,” the chameleon cries
 (Then first the creature found a tongue),
 “You all are right, and all are wrong.
 When next you talk of what you view,
 Think others see as well as you,
 Nor wonder if you find that none
 Prefers your eyesight to his own.”



MESSINGER, ROBERT HINCKLEY, an American poet, born in Boston in 1811; died at Stamford, Conn., October 1, 1874. He studied at the Latin School in his native city, and then removed to New York City, where he was for many years known as a merchant. His poetical pieces were contributed to the *New York American*, in which they appeared at intervals from 1827 to 1832. His famous poem, *A Winter Wish*, was first printed in the *American*, April 26, 1838. We give it below as the best specimen extant of Mr. Messinger's style. It was suggested by the old saying, attributed to Alphonso of Castile, "Old wine to drink, old wood to burn, old books to read, and old friends to talk with." He afterward lived in New London, a village of New Hampshire. He was an intimate friend of the poet Halleck.

"Our cleverest writers of verse," says Griswold, "in many cases have never collected the waifs they have given to magazines and newspapers, and some of the best fugitive pieces thus published have a periodical currency without the indorsement of a name; or their authors, having written for the love of writing rather than for reputation, have permitted whoever would to run away with the honors to which they were entitled—and Mr. Messinger is an example of this class."

A WINTER WISH.

Old wine to drink !
 Ay, give the slippery juice
 That drippeth from the grape thrown loose
 Within the tun ;
 Plucked from beneath the cliff
 Of sunny-sided Teneriffe
 And ripened 'neath the blink
 Of India's sun !
 Peat whiskey hot
 Tempered with well-boiled water !
 These make the long night shorter—
 Forgetting not
 Good stout old English porter.

Old wood to burn !
 Ay, bring the hill-side beech
 From where the owlets meet and screech,
 And ravens croak ;
 The crackling pine, and cedar sweet ;
 Bring, too, a clump of fragrant peat,
 Dug 'neath the fern ;
 The knotted oak,
 A fagot, too, perhaps,
 Whose bright flame, dancing, winking,
 Shall light us at our drinking ;
 While the oozing sap
 Shall make sweet music to our thinking.

Old books to read !
 Ay, bring those nodes of wit,
 The brazen-clasped, the vellum-writ,
 Time-honored tomes !
 The same my sire scanned before,
 The same my grandsire thumbèd o'er,
 The same his sire from college bore,
 The well-earned meed
 Of Oxford's domes :
 Old Homer blind,
 Old Horace, rake Anacreon, by
 Old Tully, Plautus, Terence lie ;

Morte d'Arthur's olden minstrelsie,
Quaint Burton, quainter Spenser, ay !
And Gervase Markham's venerie—
 Nor leave behind
The holye Book by which we live and die.
 Old friends to talk !
Ay, bring those chosen few,
The wise, the courtly, and the true,
 So rarely found ;
Him for my wine, him for my stud,
Him for my easel, distich, bud
 In mountain walk !
 Bring Walter good,
With soulful Fred, and learned Will,
And thee, my alter ego (dearer still
 For every mood).
These add a bouquet to my wine !
These add a sparkle to my pine !
 If these I tine,
Can books, or fire, or wine be good ?
—*From the New York American, April 26, 1838.*





METASTASIO, PIETRO ANTONIO, an Italian poet, born at Rome, January 3, 1698; died at Vienna, April 12, 1782. He was of humble parentage; but his boyish improvisations attracted the notice of Gravina, the juriconsult, who adopted him, changed his original name of Trapassi into its equivalent Greek Metastasio, and, dying, left him a fortune. In 1724 he published *La Didone*, a drama, which, with *Il Catone* and *Il Siroe*, gave him European celebrity. In 1730 he was made poet laureate to the Imperial Court of Vienna. While in that city he composed his *Giuseppe Riconosciuto*, *Il Demofonte*, and the *Olimpiade*. His complete works, of which there are several editions, comprise sixty-three dramas, about fifty cantatas, and a vast number of elegies, canzonettes, sonnets, and translations.

Metastasio was distinguished for the generosity, integrity, and candor of his nature, the sincerity of his friendships, and the disinterested warmth of his sentiments. His writings enjoy unexampled popularity among all grades of his countrymen; in their pure classical subjects and forms the educated student finds instruction and delight; while their facile musical grace and verbal simplicity adapt them to the popular appreciation of the artless beauties of poetry.

THE PRAISE OF TITUS.

Chorus.

O guardian gods ! in whom we trust
 To watch the Roman fate ;
 Preserve in Titus, brave and just,
 The glory of the state !
 Forever round our Cæsar's brows
 The sacred laurel bloom ;
 In him, for whom we breathe our vows,
 Preserve the weal of Rome !
 Long may your glorious gift remain
 Our happy times to adorn ;
 So shall our age the envy gain
 Of ages yet unborn !

Publius.

This day the Senate style thee, mighty Cæsar
 The father of thy country ; never yet
 More just in their decree.

Annius.

Thou art not only
 Thy country's father, but her guardian god :
 And since thy virtues have already soared
 Beyond mortality, receive the homage
 We pay to Heaven ! The Senate have decreed
 To build a stately temple, where thy name
 Shall stand enrolled among the powers divine,
 And Tiber worship at the fane of Titus.

Publius.

These treasures, gathered from the annual tribute
 Of subject provinces, we dedicate
 To effect this pious work : disdain not, Titus,
 This public token of our grateful homage.

Titus.

Romans, believe that every wish of Titus
 Is centred in your love ; but let not, therefore,

Your love, forgetful of its proper bounds,
 Reflect disgrace on Titus, or yourselves.
 Is there a name more dear, more tender to me,
 Than father of my people? Yet even this
 I rather seek to merit than obtain.
 My soul would imitate the mighty gods
 By virtuous deeds, but shudders at the **thought**
 Of pious emulation. He who dares
 To rank himself their equal forfeits all
 His future title to their guardian care.
 Oh, fatal folly, when presumptuous pride
 Forgets the weakness of mortality!
 Yet think not I refuse your proffered treasures:
 Their use alone be changed. Then hear my purpose.
 Vesuvius, raging with unwonted fury,
 Pours from her gaping jaws a lake of fire,
 Shakes the firm earth, and spreads destruction round
 The subject fields and cities; trembling fly
 The pale inhabitants, while all who 'scape
 The flaming ruin meagre want pursues.
 Behold an object claims our thoughts! dispense
 These treasures to relieve your suffering brethren;
 Thus, Romans, thus your temple build for Titus.

Annius.

Oh, truly great!

Publius.

How poor were all rewards,
 How poor were praise, to such transcendent virtue!

Chorus.

O guardian gods! in whom we trust
 To watch the Roman fate;
 Preserve in Titus, brave and just,
 The glory of the state!

*-From the Drama of Titus; translated by
 JOHN HOOLE.*



MICHEL ANGELO.



MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI, an Italian painter, sculptor, architect, and poet, born in Tuscany, of a noble family, March 6, 1475; died in Rome, February 18, 1564. Of his great works as artist and architect we do not here speak, as they do not properly come within the scope of a strictly literary work; but a curious instance of the universality of his genius has just come to light in the Vatican Library. The man who was a great poet, painter, architect, found time and interest to write a paper on the treatment and cure of sore eyes, giving numerous rules and recipes. This unique fragment has just been printed in modern Italian, with a German commentary, by Dr. Berger, the discoverer of the manuscript. His poems, which are mainly in the somewhat conventional form of Sonnets or Canziones, rank high among works of their class, and many of them have been well translated into English and other languages. While living in Florence he enjoyed the society of eminent literary men, one of whom, Angelo Poliziano, became his intimate friend. Some of his literary work and a good biography were published by Tiraboschi in *Storia della Letteratura Italiana Modena* (1871). A great deal of material from his pen and much of interest concerning him was added to his bibliography by the publications in the 400th year after Michelangelo's birth of the

whole body of his letters, preserved in the Buonarrotti archives, entitled *Lettere di Michelangelo Buonarroti* (1875).

The pious, accomplished, and high-souled Vittoria Colonna, as is well known, was the chief inspirer of the poetry of Michelangelo. "The main themes of his writings, along with her praises," says Professor Colvin, "are the Christian religion, the joys of Platonic love, and the power and mysteries of art. His poetic style is strenuous and concentrated. He wrote with labor and much self-correction; we seem to feel him flinging himself on the material of language with the same overwhelming energy and vehemence—the same impetuosity of temperament, combined with the same fierce desire of perfection—with which contemporaries describe him as flinging himself on the material of marble."

IMMORTAL LOVE.

Yes! hope may with my strong desire keep pace,
 And I be undeluded, unbetrayed:
 For if of our affections none find grace
 In sight of Heaven, then wherefore hath God made
 The world which we inhabit? Better plea
 Love cannot have than that, in loving thee,
 Glory to that eternal Peace is paid
 Who such divinities to thee imparts
 As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.
 His hope is treacherous only whose love dies
 With beauty, which is varying every hour:
 But in chaste hearts, uninfluenced by the power
 Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower
 That breathes on earth the air of Paradise.

—*Translation of WORDSWORTH.*

THE FUTURE LIFE.

Oh, blessed ye who find in Heaven the joy,
 The recompense of tears, earth cannot yield !
 Tell me, has Love still power over you,
 Or are ye freed by Death from his constraint ?
 The eternal rest, to which we shall return
 When time has ceased to be is a pure love,
 Deprived of envy, loosed from sorrowing :
 Then is my greatest burden still to live,
 If, whilst I love, such sorrows must be mine.
 If heaven's indeed the friend of those who love,
 The world their cruel and ungrateful foe,
 Oh, wherefore was I born with such a love ?—
 To live long years ? 'Tis this appalleth me :
 Few are too long for him who serveth well.

—*Translation of* J. E. TAYLOR.

A SUPPLICATION.

The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
 If Thou the spirit give by which I pray.
 My unassisted heart is barren clay,
 That of itself can nothing feed :
 Of good and pious works Thou art the seed
 That quickens only where thou say'st it may.
 Unless Thou show to us thine own true way,
 No man can find it. Father, Thou must lead :
 Do Thou then breathe those thoughts into my mind
 By which such virtue may in me be bred,
 That in Thy holy footsteps I may tread ;
 The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind
 That I may have the power to sing of Thee,
 And sound thy praises everlastingly.

—*Translation of* WORDSWORTH.



MICHELET, JULES, a French historian and miscellaneous writer, born in Paris, August 21, 1798; died at Hyères, February 9, 1874. In 1838 he was appointed to the chair of History in the Collège de France. His works in the historical department were very numerous, the most important of which is the *Histoire de France*, the first volume of which was published in 1833, the sixteenth and last in 1867. He finally retired from official life after the *coup d'état* of 1851, when he refused to take the oath for the new government of Napoleon III. He, however, was thereafter busy with his pen. Among his later works are *L'Oiseau* (1856); *L'Insecte* (1857); *L'Amour* (1858); *La Femme* (1859); *La Sorcière* (1862); *La Bible de l'Humanité* (1864); *La Montagne* (1868); *Nos Fils* (1869); *Histoire du XIX.^e Siècle* (1872).

Michelet was one of the most remarkable and voluminous writers France has produced. In his literary style he presented some of the characteristics of Lamennais and an occasional reminder of Bossuet, but he is mostly quite original, and entirely different from the orderly architecture of French classical prose of his time. In the exclamatory style of his sentences he somewhat resembles Carlyle.

Michaud says of him: "The style of his books

on natural science is original and somewhat lyric. He has made for himself a distinctive place among historians. His aim is not so much to portray deeds as to depict the leading features of an epoch, by word-pictures rich in coloring, drawn from sources the most obscure and the least studied. His style is living, picturesque, simple, and bold to the extreme. In his writings the thoughts dash and hurl themselves into the midst of a profusion of images, but they are abundant and original; they train and force one to think for himself."

The following passages are from his *History of France*, as translated by G. H. Smith:

THE MEDIÆVAL POETRY OF CHIVALRY.

The poetry of chivalry had to resign itself to death. What had it done for humanity during all these ages? Man—whom it had been pleased, in its confidence, to take, still simple, still ignorant, mute as Perceval, brutal as Roland or Renaud, and had promised to conduct through the different steps of chivalrous imitation up to the dignity of Christian hero—it left weak, discouraged, miserable. From the cycle of Roland to that of the Grail his sadness had gone on increasing. He had been led wandering through forests, in pursuit of giants and monsters, with woman ever in view. His have been the labors of the ancient Hercules, and his weaknesses as well. The poetry of chivalry has scarcely developed its hero, and has retained him in a state of infancy, like the thoughtless mother of Perceval, who prolongs the imbecility of her son's early age. And therefore he quits this mother of his, just as Gérard of Roussillon throws up chivalry, and turns charcoal-burner; and Renaud of Montauban turns mason, and carries stones on his back to help to build Cologne Cathedral.

THE MEDIEVAL MAN AND THE CHURCH.

The Knight turns Man—turns one of the people ; devotes himself to the Church ; for in the Church alone resides at this time manly intellect, his true life, his repose. Whilst this Foolish Virgin of the chivalrous epopée hastes over mountains and valleys, mounted on the crupper behind Lancelot and Tristan, the Wise Virgin of the Church keeps her lamp lighted, waiting for the great awakening. Seated near the mysterious manger, she watches over the infant People who grow up between the ox and the ass during her Christmas Night. Presently kings will come to worship her.

The Church is herself People. Together they play the great drama of the world—the combat of Soul and Matter, of Man and of Nature : the Sacrifice, the Incarnation, the Passion. The chivalrous and aristocratic epopée was the poetry of Love, of the Human Passion, of the pretended happy of this world. The ecclesiastical drama—otherwise called Worship—is the poetry of the People, the poetry of those who suffer, of the suffering—the Divine Passion.

The Church was at this time the real domicile of the people. A man's house—the wretched masonry to which he returns in the evening—was only a temporary shelter. To say truth, there was but one *house*—the House of God. Not in vain had the Church her right of asylum. She was now the universal asylum. Social life altogether sought refuge with her. Men prayed there ; there the Commune held its deliberations. The bell was the voice of the city ; she summoned to the labors of the field, to civil affairs, sometimes to the battle of liberty. In Italy it was in the churches that the Sovereign People assembled. It was at St. Mark's that the deputies of Europe sought from the Venetians a fleet for the fourth Crusade. Trade was carried on around the Church ; the places of pilgrimage were fairs ; the articles of merchandise received the priestly blessing ; even cattle were brought to receive benediction.



MICKLE, WILLIAM JULIUS, a Scottish poet, born at Langholm, Dumfriesshire, September 28, 1735; died at Forest Hill, October 28, 1788. He was the son of a clergyman named Meikle, and changed the spelling of his name without apparent reason. His course of study in the Edinburgh High School was cut short while he was still a boy, that he might assist an aunt in her brewery. He was afterward her partner in business, but was unsuccessful; and in 1763 he went to London in search of literary employment. After two years of disappointment and vicissitude, he became corrector for the Clarendon Press at Oxford. His first volume of poems, *Providence, or Arandus and Emilie*, had been published in 1762. In 1765 he put forth *The Concubine*, a poem in two cantos, the title of which was afterward changed to *Syr Martyn*. It appeared anonymously, and received much praise. Between 1771 and 1775 he completed his great work, the translation of Camöens's poem, *The Lusiad*. In 1779 he visited Lisbon, where he was received with enthusiasm. While there he wrote a poem, *Almeda Hill*, published in 1781. *The Prophecy of Queen Emma* appeared in 1782. His most popular poems are *Cumnor Hall*, and *The Mariner's Wife*, better known as *There's nae Luck about the House*.

CUMNOR HALL.

The dews of summer night did fall,
The moon—sweet regent of the sky—
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now naught was heard beneath the skies—
The sounds of busy Life were still—
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
That issued from that lonely pile.

“Leicester,” she cried, “is this thy love
That thou so oft hast sworn to me,
To leave me in this lonely grave,
Immured in shameful privy?”

“No more thou com'st, with lover's speed,
Thy once beloved bride to see ;
But be she alive, or be she dead,
I fear, stern Earl, 's the same to thee.

“Not so the usage I received
When happy in my father's hall ;
No faithless husband then me grieved,
No chilling fears did me appall.

“I rose up with the cheerful morn,
No lark so blithe, no flower more gay ;
And, like the bird that haunts the thorn,
So merrily sung the livelong day.

“If that my beauty is but small,
Among court-ladies all despised,
Why didst thou rend it from that hall,
Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized ?

“And when you first to me made suit,
How fair I was, you oft would say !
And, proud of conquest, plucked the fruit,
Then left the blossom to decay.

- “Yes ! now neglected and despised,
The rose is pale, the lily's dead ;
But he that once their charms so prized,
Is sure the cause those charms are fled.
- “For know, when sickening grief doth prey,
And tender love's repaid with scorn,
The sweetest beauty will decay :
What floweret can endure the storm ?
- “At court, I'm told, is beauty's throne,
Where every lady's passing rare,
That Eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing, not so fair.
- “Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the beds
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
Must sicken when those gauds are by ?
- “'Mong rural beauties I was one ;
Among the fields wild-flowers are fair ;
Some country swain might me have won,
And thought my passing beauty rare.
- “But, Leicester—or I much am wrong—
It is not beauty lures thy vows ;
Rather ambition's gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.
- “Then, Leicester, why, again I plead—
The injured surely may repine—
Why didst thou wed a country maid,
When some fair princess might be thine ?
- “Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
And, oh ! then leave them to decay ;
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave me to mourn the livelong day ?
- “The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly as they go :

Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a countess can have woe.

“The simple nymphs! they little know
How far more happy is their estate;
To smile for joy, than sigh for woe;
To be content, than to be great.

“How far less blest am I than them,
Daily to pine and waste with care!
Like the poor plant, that, from its stem
Divided, feels the chilling air.

“Nor, cruel Earl! can I enjoy
The humble charms of solitude;
Your minions proud my peace destroy,
By sullen frowns, or pratings rude.

“Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,
The village death-bell smote my ear;
They winked aside, and seemed to say:
‘Countess, prepare—thy end is near.’

“And now, while happy peasants sleep,
Here I sit lenely and forlorn;
No one to soothe me as I weep,
Save Philomei on yonder thorn.

“My spirits flag, my hopes decay;
Still that dread death-bell smites my ear;
And many a body seems to say:
‘Countess, prepare—thy end is near.’”

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear;
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appeared,
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
An ærial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapped his wing
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howled at village door,
The oaks were shattered on the green ;
Woe was the hour, for never more
That hapless Countess e'er was seen.

And in that manor, now no more
Is cheerful feast or sprightly ball ;
For ever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall ;
Nor ever lead the merry dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.





MIDDLETON, THOMAS, an English dramatist, born, probably in London, about 1570; died at Newington Butts in 1627. Little is known of his life. Besides working in conjunction with Dekker, Rowley, and other dramatists, he produced about twenty plays. He was also known as a satirist. In 1620 he was appointed chronologer or city poet of London. His plays date from 1602 to 1626. Among them are *The Old Law*, *The Mayor of Queensborough*, *The Michaelmas Term*, *A Trick to Catch the Old One*, *Your Five Gallants*, *The Witch*, *A Mad World*, *My Masters*, *The Roaring Girl* (said to be a true picture of London life at that time), *A Fair Quarrel*, *More Dissemblers Besides Women*, *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, *The Changeling*, *The Spanish Gipsy*, *A Game at Chess*, *Anything for a Quiet Life*, and *Women Beware Women*. In *The Changeling*, *The Spanish Gipsy*, and *A Fair Quarrel*, he was assisted by Rowley. Among his other compositions not dramatic are *The Black Book* and *Father Hubberd's Tales*. The latest edition of Middleton's work is Bullen's, published in 8 vols., in 1886.

Middleton's language generally proclaims him an admiring disciple of Shakespeare, and in his lofty confidence in the use of words he, of all the dramatists of the time, comes nearest the tone of the master. Charles Lamb's comparison of Mid-

dleton's witches with those of Shakespeare is one of Lamb's most exquisite bits of criticism. He says: "The power of his witches was in some measure over the mind, but they are creatures to whom man or woman, plotting some dire mischief, might resort for occasional consultation."

WEDDED LOVE.

Leantio.—How near am I to a happiness
That earth exceeds not ! not another like it :
The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the conceal'd comforts of a man
Lock'd up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings when I come but near the house :
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth !
The violet's bed not sweeter. Honest wedlock
Is like a banqueting-house built in a garden,
On which the spring's chaste flowers take delight
To cast their modest odors ; when base lust,
With all her powders, paintings, and best pride,
Is but a fair-house built by a ditch-side. . . .

Now for a welcome

Able to draw men's envies upon man ;
A kiss now that will hang upon my lip
As sweet as morning-dew upon a rose.

—*Women Beware Women.*

THE SINS OF THE GREAT.

The Duke. *Enter the Cardinal and Servants.*

Duke.—Our noble brother, welcome !

Car.—Set those lights down :

Depart till you be called.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Duke.—There's serious business

Fix'd in his look ; nay, it inclines a little

To the dark color of a discontentment.—

[*Aside.*

Brother, what is't commands your eye so powerfully ?
Speak, you seem lost.

Car.—The thing I look on seems so,
To my eyes lost forever.

Duke.—You look on me.

Car.—What a grief 'tis to a religious feeling,
To think a man should have a friend so goodly,
So wise, so noble, nay, a duke, a brother,
And all this certainly damn'd!

Duke.—How :—

Car.—'Tis no wonder,
If your great sin can do't : dare you look up
For thinking of a vengeance ? dare you sleep
For fear of never waking but to death ?
And dedicate unto a strumpet's love
The strength of your affections, zeal, and health ? . . .
How more unfortunate you stand in sin
Than the low, private man : all his offences,
Like enclos'd grounds, keep but about himself,
And seldom stretch beyond his own soul's bounds ;
And when a man grows miserable, 'tis some comfort
When he's no further charg'd than with himself,
'Tis a sweet ease to wretchedness ; but, great man,
Every sin thou committ'st shows like a flame
Upon a mountain ; 'tis seen far about,
And, with a big wind made of popular breath,
The sparkles fly through cities ; here one takes,
Another catches there, and in short time
Waste all to cinders ; but remember still,
What burnt the valleys first came from the hill :
Every offence draws his particular pain,
But 'tis example proves the great man's bane,
The sins of mean men lie like scatter'd parcels
Of an unperfect bill ; but when such fall,
Then comes example, and that sums up all :
And this your reason grants ; if men of good lives,
Who by their virtuous actions stir up others
To noble and religious imitation,
Receive the greater glory after death,
As sin must needs confess, what may they feel
In height of torments and in weight of vengeance,
Not only they themselves not doing well,
But sets a light up to show men to hell ?

—*Women Beware Women.*



MILBURN, WILLIAM HENRY, an American clergyman, born at Philadelphia in 1823, and commonly known as the "blind preacher." When about five years old he received an injury in one eye by which the sight was totally destroyed; inflammation ensued in the other eye, which became almost blind. In the course of time this eye also lost its sight, and after about 1860 he was totally blind. His father removed to Illinois in 1838; Milburn became a student at Illinois College, joined the Methodist Conference, and in 1843 was appointed to a "circuit." In 1845 he happened, while on board a steamer, to fall in company with a number of Western members of Congress, who were so much pleased with the young man of two-and-twenty that they procured his election as Chaplain to Congress. To this position he was subsequently elected in 1853, 1885, and 1887. Meanwhile his life had undergone many changes. From 1848 to 1853 he officiated as minister at several places in the South, after which he went to New York, which was his home for many years, he devoting himself especially to lecturing throughout the country. He has also visited Europe several times, partly for lecturing purposes, and partly for receiving surgical treatment for his eyes, which, however, was not successful. Among those with whom he be-

came intimate in London was Thomas Carlyle; and Milburn's relation of some of his interviews with Carlyle is about the only real report which we have of Carlyle's *Table Talk*. In 1859 Milburn took orders in the Episcopal Church; but in 1871 he went back to his old Methodist ecclesiastical connection. He has written *Rifle, Axe, and Saddle-Bags; Symbols of Western Character and Civilization* (1856); *Ten Years of Preacher-Life: Chapters from an Autobiography* (1858); *The Pioneers, Preachers, and People of the Mississippi Valley*, originally delivered as lectures some years before (1860).

BLINDED IN CHILDHOOD.

Well do I remember how fair the earth and heavens appeared to me—a child of nearly five years old—on a bright summer morning in the year 1828. The sun, fast going down in the western sky, threw his slanting beams along the narrow streets and alleys, and over the quaint old houses which met my eye as I stood in one of the oldest portions of the city of Philadelphia. It was at the end of my father's garden, approached from the house by a long gravel-walk, lined on each side by beds of flowers, whispering to the childish ear, even in the heart of a great city, sweet tales of green fields, while over them as sentinels stood two old Lombardy poplars, their tall, stately forms almost reaching, as it seemed to me, the very sky. Very beautiful to me was that little garden when over it stretched so bright a sky, and the soft winds rustled through the branches of the trees. I recollect the hue and aspect of all as vividly as if I had seen it but yesterday. And with good reason do I recollect it; for never again was this brave show to appear to me on earth. A single blow blotted out for me the celestial beauty of the outer world.

I was playing with a boy of about my own age, when, raising his arm to throw a piece of glass or oyster-shell,

and not seeing me behind him, the missile entered my left eye, as he drew his hand back, and laid open the ball just below the pupil. The sharp agony of pain, and the sight of dropping blood, alarmed me, and I fled like a frightened deer to find my mother. Then followed days and weeks of silence and darkness, wherein a child lay with bandaged eyes upon his little couch, in a chamber without light, and which all entered with stealthy steps and muffled tones.

At last there came a morning when I was led into a room where the bright sunshine lay upon the carpet; and, though dimmer than it used to be, never had I been so glad to behold it. But my gladness was suddenly checked when I found several strange gentlemen seated there, among whom was our family physician—a tall, stern, cold man, of whom I had always been afraid. What they were going to do I could not tell; but a shudder of horror ran through me when, seated on my father's knee, my head resting on his shoulder, the doctor opened the wounded eye, and he and the other surgeons examined it. They said that the cut had healed, and that all now needed to restore the sight entirely was the removal of the scar with caustic. How fearful was the fiery torture that entered the eye, and burned there for days, I need not attempt to describe.

Then came once more the darkened chamber and long imprisonment, until I was led a second time into the light room, and the presence of the same men, who seemed to be my enemies, coming only to torment me. I shrank back from them, and cried aloud to my father to save me. The doctor caught me between his knees, threw my head upon his shoulder, thrust the caustic violently through the eye—and the light went out of it forever.

Matters were now worse than ever. Not only was a live coal placed in the socket of one eye, but it was feared that inflammation would destroy the other. Furiously did the inflammation rage, in spite of all that skill and kindness could do. My third imprisonment lasted two years. Living in a little chamber, where brooded the blackness of darkness; undergoing bleeding, leeching, cutting: besides swallowing drugs enough

to dose a hospital, until the round, childish form shrank to a skeleton, and the craving of appetite was but tantalized with boiled rice, and mush, without milk as an alternative. Was not this a sad way for a child to spend his life between the age of five and seven?

My weary confinement—like all other things in this world of change—came to an end, and I stood once more in the breezy air, beneath the sunny sky. True, there seemed a shadow on the day. The delicate hues of flowers and foliage, the light of stars, and that divine light which shines through the human face, had faded into nothingness; but I knew the rapture of liberty. It was like a relapse from the thralldom of the grave. Frequently afterward I had to return to the bondage of my prison-house as a protection from the glare of the summer's sun and the winter's snow; but never more than a few weeks at a time.—*Autobiography.*

SEEING AND HEARING.

The eye is a haven at which the treasure-fleets that sail through the ocean of light are unloading, and their stores deposited in the vaults of the intellect; but it is through the whispering-gallery of the ear that man reaches the heart of his fellow-man most quickly and surely. Light and knowledge are for the eye, love and music for the ear. Hearing oftentimes seems to me a nobler sense than sight, with richer benedictions attendant on it; with tender and holier offices assigned to it. Man's voice, tuned by sympathy, moving to the modulations of intelligence and love, may perform the sweetest and holiest ministry of human life. Do you wonder, then, that with books and with friendly talk I learned to bear my affliction cheerfully?—*Autobiography.*





MILL, JAMES, an English utilitarian philosopher, born at Northwater Bridge, Forfarshire, April 6, 1773; died at Kensington, June 23, 1836. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and was licensed to preach in 1798, but he at length rejected, his son says, "not only the belief in revelation, but the foundations of what is commonly called natural religion." In 1800 he removed to London, contributed to magazines, and edited the *Literary Journal*. His *History of British India*, published in 1818, though setting forth the errors of the East India Company, obtained for him the management of that company's Indian correspondence in the revenue branch of its administration. In 1821-22 he published *Elements of Political Economy*, and in 1829 an able *Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind*. A volume of his contributions to the *Westminster* and other reviews appeared in 1828.

"We know of no work," says Grote, "which surpasses his *History of British India* in the main excellences attainable by historical writers—industrious accumulation, continued for many years, of original authorities, careful and conscientious criticism of their statements, and the mental ability to interpret social phenomena far removed from his personal experience."

Macaulay knows of no writer "who takes so

much pleasure in the truly useful, noble, and philosophical employment of tracing the progress of sound opinions from their embryo state to their full maturity. He eagerly culls from old despatches and minutes every expression in which he can discern the imperfect germ of any great truth, which has since been fully developed." The *Edinburgh Review* thinks that "picturesque description and interesting narrative are not made the most of by him. His narration in a few instances is obscure. In his disquisitions, his style is vigorous though not always pure or dignified; violations of language with respect to particular words are not unfrequently met with."

HINDU PENANCES.

"A total fast for twelve days and nights, by a penitent, with his organs controlled, and his mind attentive, is the penance named *paraca*, which expiates all degrees of guilt." He who for a whole month eats no more than thrice eighty mouthfuls of wild grains, as he happens by any means to meet with them, shall attain the same abode with the regent of the moon. "Sixteen suppressions of the breath, while the holiest of the texts is repeated with the three mighty words, and the trilateral syllable, continued each day for a month, absolve even the slayer of a Brahmin from his hidden faults." "A priest who shall retain in his memory the whole Rig-Veda would be absolved from guilt, even if he had slain the inhabitants of the three worlds, and had eaten food from the foulest hands." To such a degree are fantastic ceremonies exalted above moral duties; and so easily may the greatest crimes be compensated, by the merit of ritual and unmeaning services.

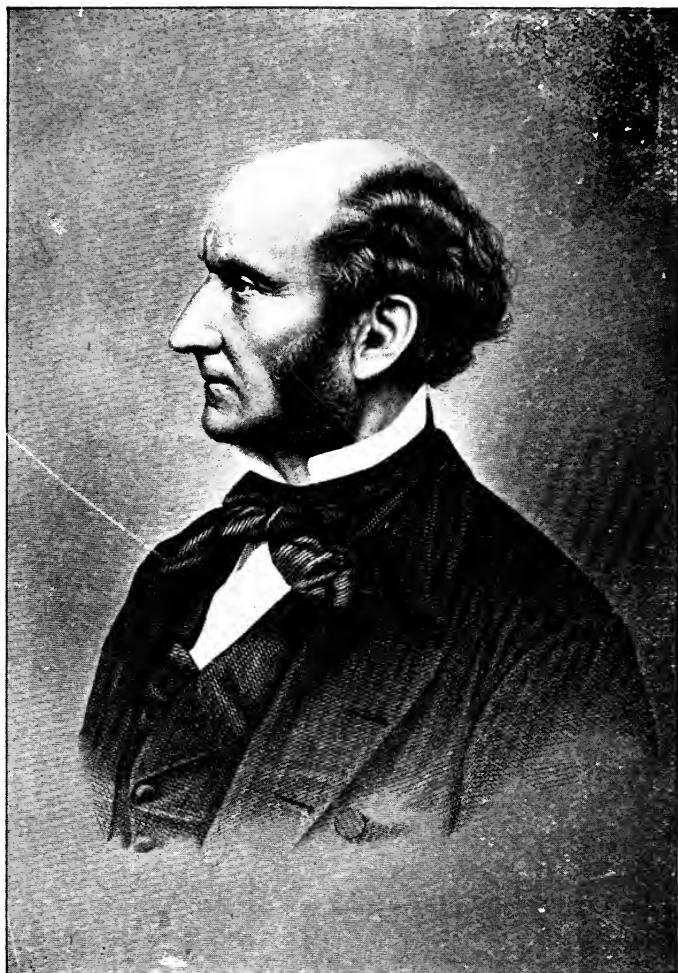
But the excess to which religion depraves the moral sentiments of the Hindus is most remarkably exemplified in the supreme, the ineffable merit which they ascribe to the saint who makes penance his trade.

Repairing to a forest, with no other utensils or effects than those necessary in making oblations to consecrated fire : and leaving all property, and all worldly duties behind him, he is there directed to live on pure food, on certain herbs, roots, and fruit, which he may collect in the forest, to wear a black antelope's hide, or a vesture of bark, and to suffer the hairs of his head, his beard, and his nails to grow continually. He is commanded to entertain those who may visit his hermitage with such food as he himself may use, to perform the five great sacraments, to be constantly engaged in reading the Veda ; patient of all extremities, universally benevolent, with a mind intent on the Supreme Being ; a perpetual giver, but no receiver of gifts ; with tender affection for all animated bodies. " Let him not eat the produce of ploughed land, though abandoned by any man, nor fruits and roots produced in a town, even though hunger oppress him.—Either let him break hard fruits with a stone, or let his teeth serve as a pestle.—Let him slide backward and forward on the ground ; or let him stand a whole day on tiptoe ; or let him continue in motion, rising and sitting alternately ; but at sunrise, at noon, and at sunset, let him go to the waters and bathe. In the hot season let him sit exposed to five fires, *four blazing around him with the sun above ;* in the rains let him stand uncovered, *without even a mantle,* where the clouds pour *the heaviest* showers ; in the cold season, let him wear humid vesture ; and, enduring harsher and harsher mortifications, let him dry up his bodily frame. Let him live without external fire, without a mansion, wholly silent, feeding on roots and fruit, sleeping on the bare earth, dwelling at the roots of trees. From devout Brahmins let him receive alms to support life, or from other housekeepers of twice-born classes, who dwell in the forest. Or, *if he has any incurable disease,* let him advance in a straight path, toward the invincible *northeastern* point, feeding on water and air, till his mortal frame totally decay, and his soul become united with the Supreme."—*History of British India.*

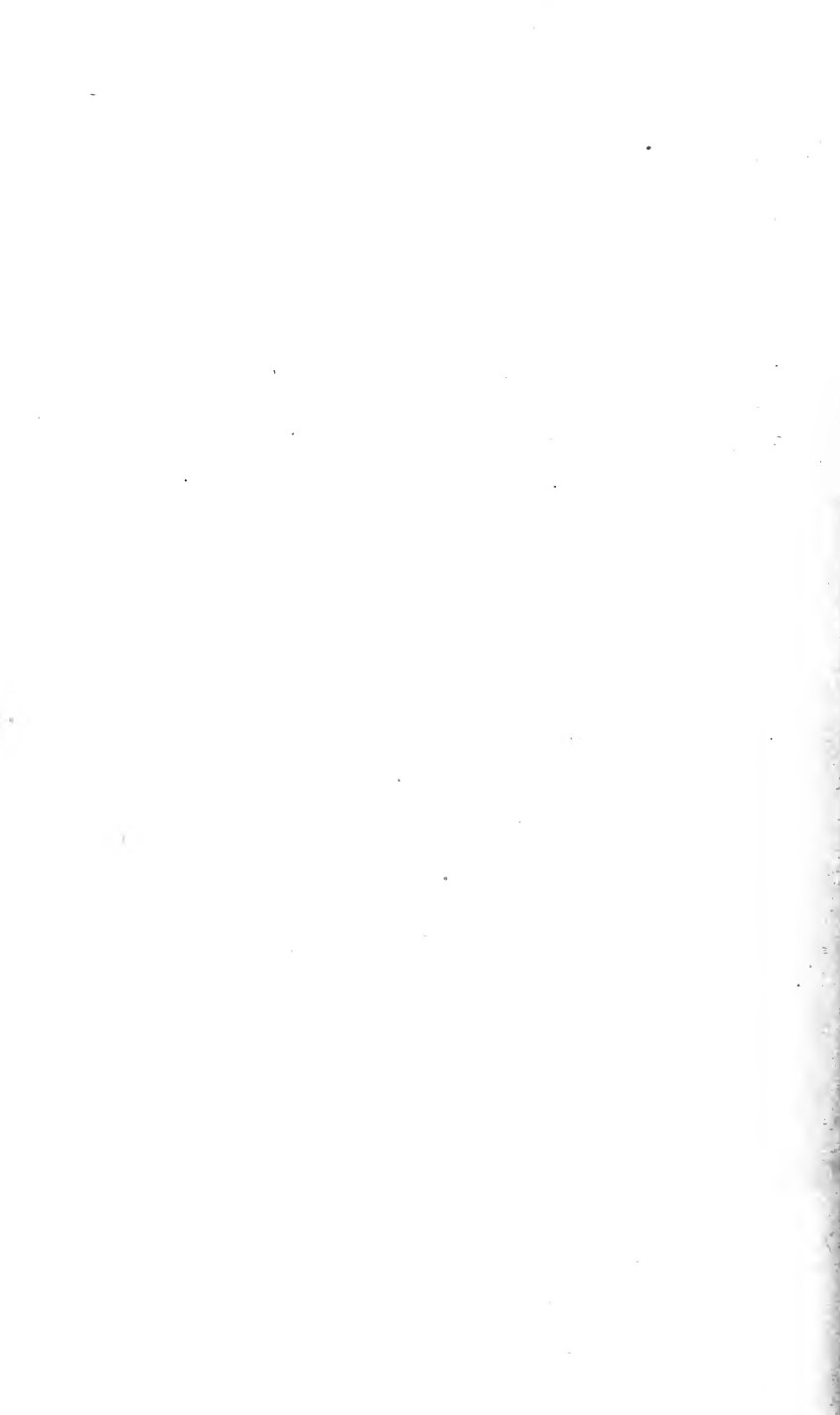


MILL, JOHN STUART, a celebrated English political economist and logician, born in London, May 20, 1806; died at Avignon, France, May 8, 1873. He was the son of James Mill, and until his fourteenth year was educated solely by his father, in a manner strikingly at variance with popular systems of education. He learned the Greek alphabet at three years of age, read Greek authors before he was eight, and then began the study of Latin, geometry, and algebra. When twelve years old he was introduced to logic, and when thirteen, to political economy. Up to this time he had been the constant companion of his father, who had inspired him with a desire to labor for the public good. He was now sent to France, where he spent the most of his fifteenth year. On his return, in 1821, he began the study of law, which he relinquished, in 1823, to enter the examiner's office in the India House. In 1828 he was promoted to the position of assistant examiner, and from 1856 to the dissolution of the Company he was at the head of the office.

His enthusiasm for reform was aroused soon after his entrance into the India House, by the perusal of Dumont's *Traité de Législation*. With a few youthful friends he formed the "Utilitarian Society." He also contributed articles to the *Traveller*, *The Chronicle*, and, later, to the *West-*



JOHN STUART MILL.



minster Review and other periodical publications. In 1827 he edited Bentham's *Rationale of Judicial Evidence*. In 1835 he became the editor of the *London Review*, which was finally merged into the *Westminster*. His *System of Logic* appeared in 1843; *Essays on Some Unsettled Questions in Political Economy* in 1844; *Principles of Political Economy* in 1848. His contributions to the *Edinburgh* and *Westminster Reviews* were published collectively in 1859, 1867, and 1874, under the title, *Dissertations and Discussions Political, Philosophical and Historical*. In 1851 he married Mrs. Taylor, a lady who had long been the object of his deepest affection and veneration. During the seven years of an ideally happy marriage he wrote *Liberty* and *The Subjection of Women*; but they were not published until 1859 and 1869, respectively.

In 1865 Mill was elected to Parliament. While connected with that body he presented a petition for woman suffrage. In 1867 he was elected Rector of the University of St. Andrews.

Among his works not previously mentioned are *Considerations on Representative Government* (1861); *Utilitarianism* (1862), and *An Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy* (1865).

EQUALITY OF TAXATION.

For what reason ought equality to be the rule in matters of taxation? For the reason that it ought to be so in all the affairs of government. A government ought to make no distinction of persons or classes in the strength of their claims on it. If anyone bears less than his fair share of the burden, some other person must suffer more than his share. Equality of taxation,

therefore, as a maxim of politics, means equality of sacrifice. It means apportioning the contribution of each person toward the expenses of government so that he shall feel neither more nor less inconvenience from his share of the payment than every other person experiences from his. There are persons, however, who regard the taxes paid by each member of the community as an equivalent for value received, in the shape of service to himself; and they prefer to rest the justice of making each contribute in proportion to his means upon the ground that he who has twice as much property to be protected receives, on an accurate calculation, twice as much protection, and ought, on the principles of bargain and sale, to pay twice as much for it. Since, however, the assumption that government exists solely for the protection of property is not one to be deliberately adhered to, some consistent adherents of the *quid pro quo* principle go on to observe that protection being required for persons as well as property, and everybody's person receiving the same amount of protection, a poll-tax of a fixed sum per head is a proper equivalent for this part of the benefits of government, while the remaining part, protection to property, should be paid for in proportion to property. But, in the first place, it is not admissible that the protection of persons and that of property are the sole purposes of government. In the second place, the practice of setting definite values on things essentially indefinite, and making them a ground of practical conclusions, is peculiarly futile in the false views of social questions. It cannot be admitted that to be protected in the ownership of ten times as much property is to be ten times as much protected. If we wanted to estimate the degrees of benefit which different persons derive from the protection of government, we should have to consider who would suffer most if that protection were withdrawn; to which question, if any answer could be made, it must be, that those would suffer most who were weakest in mind or body, either by nature or by position.

Setting out, then, from the maxim that equal sacrifices ought to be demanded from all, we have next to inquire whether this is in fact done, by making each

contribute the same percentage on his pecuniary means. Many persons maintain the negative, saying that a tenth part taken from a small income is a heavier burden than the same fraction deducted from one much larger; and on this is grounded the very popular scheme of what is called a graduated property-tax, viz., an income-tax in which the percentage rises with the amount of the income.

On the best consideration I am able to give to this question, it appears to me that the portion of truth which the doctrine contains arises principally from the difference between a tax which can be saved from luxuries and one which trenches, in ever so small a degree, upon the necessaries of life. To take a thousand a year from the possessor of ten thousand would not deprive him of anything really conducive either to the support or to the comfort of existence; and, if such *would* be the effect of taking five pounds from one whose income is fifty, the sacrifice required from the last is not only greater than, but entirely incommensurable with, that imposed upon the first. The mode of adjusting these inequalities of pressure which seems to be the most equitable is that recommended by Bentham, of leaving a certain minimum of income, sufficient to provide the necessaries of life, untaxed.—*Principles of Political Economy.*

THE IMPORTANCE OF LIBERTY TO GENIUS.

It will not be denied by anybody, that originality is a valuable element in human affairs. There is always need of persons not only to discover new truths, and point out when what were once truths are true no longer, but also to commence new practices, and set the example of more enlightened conduct, and better sense and taste in human life. This cannot well be gainsaid by anybody who does not believe that the world has already attained perfection in all its ways and practices. It is true that this benefit is not capable of being rendered by everybody alike: there are but few persons, in comparison with the whole of mankind, whose experiments, if adopted by others, would be

likely to be any improvement on established practice. But these few are the salt of the earth; without them, human life would become a stagnant pool. Not only is it they who introduce good things which did not before exist; it is they who keep the life in those which already existed. If there were nothing new to be done, would human intellect cease to be necessary? Would it be a reason why those who do the old things should forget why they are done, and do them like cattle, not like human beings? There is only too great a tendency in the best beliefs and practices to degenerate into the mechanical; and unless there were a succession of persons whose ever-recurring originality prevents the grounds of those beliefs and practices from becoming merely traditional, such dead matter would not resist the smallest shock from anything really alive, and there would be no reason why civilization should not die out, as in the Byzantine Empire. Persons of genius, it is true, are, and are always likely to be, a small minority; but in order to have them, it is necessary to preserve the soil in which they grow. Genius can only breathe freely in an *atmosphere* of freedom. Persons of genius are, *ex vi termini*, more individual than any other people—less capable, consequently, of fitting themselves, without hurtful compression, into any of the small number of moulds which society provides in order to save its members the trouble of forming their own character. If from timidity they consent to be forced into one of these moulds, and to let all that part of themselves which cannot expand under the pressure remain unexpanded, society will be little the better for their genius. If they are of a strong character, and break their fetters, they become a mark for the society which has not succeeded in reducing them to commonplace to point at with solemn warning as “wild,” “erratic,” and the like; much as if one should complain of the Niagara River for not flowing smoothly between its banks like a Dutch canal.

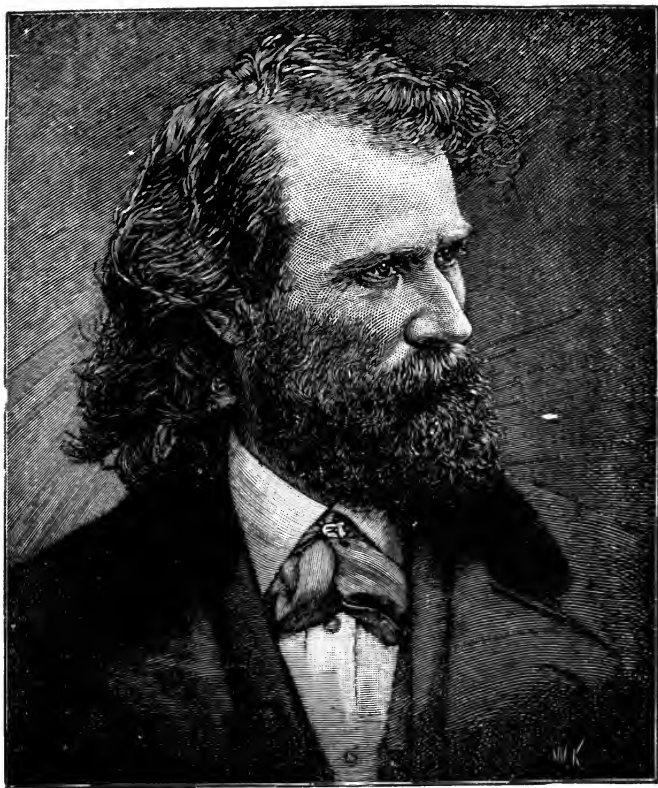
I insist thus emphatically on the importance of genius, and the necessity of allowing it to unfold itself freely both in thought and in practice, being well aware that no one will deny the position in theory, but know-

ing also that almost everyone, in reality, is totally indifferent to it. People think genius a fine thing if it enables a man to write an exciting poem, or paint a picture. But in its true sense, that of originality in thought and action, though no one says that it is not a thing to be admired, nearly all, at heart, think that they can do very well without it. Unhappily this is too natural to be wondered at. Originality is the one thing which unoriginal minds cannot feel the use of. They cannot see what it is to do for them : how should they? If they could see what it would do for them, it would not be originality. The first service which originality has to render them, is that of opening their eyes : which being once fully done, they would have a chance of being themselves original.—*Liberty.*





MILLER, CINCINNATUS HEINE (Joaquin Miller, *pseud.*), an American poet, born in Cincinnati, Ohio, November 10, 1841. In 1854 he went with his parents to Oregon. His early education was much neglected. His adventures in the mining regions of California and Oregon were varied with legal studies and editorial efforts. A paper, the *Democratic Register*, edited by him at Eugene, Ore., in 1863, was suppressed for disloyalty. From 1866 to 1870 he was county judge of Grant County, Ore. He then went abroad. From childhood he had written verses. His first volume, published in England, during his stay abroad, attracted much attention and won high praise from English critics. He afterward lived in Washington, but in 1887 moved to Oakland, Cal. His books of poetry are *Songs of the Sierras* (1871); *Songs of the Sunlands* (1873); *Songs of the Desert* (1875); *Songs of Italy* (1878); *Collected Poems* (1882), and *Songs of the Mexican Seas* (1887). In prose he has published *The Baroness of New York* (1877); *The Danites in the Sierras* and *Shadows of Shasta* (1881); *Memorie and Rime* (1884); '49; or, *the Gold-Seekers of the Sierras* (1884); *My Own Story* (1890); *Building of the City Beautiful* (1893). He has also written much for periodicals.



JOAQUIN MILLER.



SUNRISE IN VENICE.

Night seems troubled and scarce asleep ;
Her brows are gathered in broken rest.
A star in the east starts up from the deep !
Sullen old lion of loved Saint Mark,
Lord of the deep, high-throned in the dark !
'Tis morn, new-born, with a star on her breast,
White as my lilies that grow in the West !

Hist ! Men are passing me hurriedly,
I see the yellow wide wings of a bark
Sail silently over my morning star,
And on and in to an amber sea.
I see men move in the moving dark,
Tall and silent as columns are,
Girded and patient as Destiny ;
Great, sinewy men that are good to see,
With hair pushed back, and with open breasts ;
Barefooted fishermen, seeking their boats,
Brown as walnuts and hairy as goats—
Brave old water-dogs, wed to the sea,
First to their labors and last to their rests.

Ships are moving ! I hear a horn—
A silver trumpet it sounds to me,
Deep-voiced and musical, far at sea—
Answers back, and again it calls.
'Tis the sentinel boat that watches the town
All night, as mounting her watery walls,
And watching for pirate or smuggler. Down
Over the sea, and reaching away
And against the east, a soft light falls,
Silvery soft as the mist of morn,
And I catch a breath like the breath of day.

The east is blossoming ! Yea, a rose,
Vast as the heavens, soft as a kiss,
Sweet as the presence of woman is,
Rises and reaches, and widens and grows

Large and luminous up from the sea,
 And out of the sea, as a blossoming tree.
 Richer, and richer, so higher and higher,
 Deeper and deeper it takes its hue ;
 Brighter and brighter it reaches through
 The space of heaven and the place of stars,
 Till all is as rich as a rose can be,
 And my rose-leaves fall into billows of fire.
 Then beams reach upward as arms from a sea ;
 Then lances and arrows are aimed at me.
 Then lances and spangles and spars and bars
 Are broken and shivered and strewn on the sea :
 And around and about me tower and spire
 Start from the billows like tongues of fire.

—*Songs of Italy.*

THROUGH THE DESERT.

What scenes they pass'd, what camps at morn,
 What weary columns kept the road ;
 What herds of troubled cattle low'd,
 And trumpeted like lifted horn ;
 And everywhere, or road or rest,
 All things were pointing to the west ;
 A weary, long, and lonesome track,
 And all led on, but one look'd back. . . .

They pitch'd the tent where rivers run,
 As if to drown the falling sun.
 They saw the snowy mountains roll'd
 And heaved along the nameless lands
 Like mighty billows ; saw the gold
 Of awful sunsets ; saw the blush
 Of sudden dawn, and felt the hush
 Of heaven when the day sat down,
 And hid his face and dusky hands.

The long and lonesome nights ! The tent
 That nestled soft in sweep of grass ;
 The hills against the firmament,
 Where scarce the moving moon could pass ;
 The cautious camp, the smother'd light,
 The silent sentinel at night !

The wild beasts howling from the hill ;
The troubled cattle bellowing ;
The savage prowling by the spring,
Then sudden passing swift and still,
And bended as a bow is bent.
The arrow sent ; the arrow spent
And buried in its bloody place,
The dead man lying on his face !

The clouds of dust, their cloud by day ;
Their pillar of unfailing fire
The far North Star. And high, and higher—
They climb'd so high it seem'd eftsoon
That they must face the falling moon,
That like some flame-lit ruin lay
Thrown down before their weary way.

They learn'd to read the sign of storms,
The moon's wide circles, sunset bars,
And storm-provoking blood and flame ;
And, like the Chaldean shepherds, came
At night to name the moving stars.
In heaven's face they pictured forms
Of beasts, of fishes of the sea,
They mark'd the Great Bear wearily
Rise up and drag his clinking chain
Of stars around the starry main.

What lines of yoked and patient steers !
What weary thousands pushing west !
What restless pilgrims seeking rest,
As if from out the edge of years !
What great yoked brutes with briskets low,
With wrinkled necks like buffalo,
With round, brown, liquid, pleading eyes,
That turn'd so slow and sad to you,
That shone like love's eyes soft with tears,
That seem'd to plead, and make replies
The while they bow'd their necks and drew
The creaking load, and look'd at you.
Their sable briskets swept the ground,
Their cloven feet kept solemn sound.

Two sullen bullocks led the line,
 Their great eyes shining bright like wine ;
 Two sullen captive kings were they,
 That had in time kept herds at bay,
 And even now they crush'd the sod
 With stolid sense of majesty,
 And stately stepp'd and stately trod,
 As if 'twas something still to be
 Kings, even in captivity.

—*The Ship in the Desert.*

DRIFTING SOULS.

Ah ! there be souls none understand ;
 Like clouds they cannot touch the land,
 Drive as they may, by field or town ;
 Then we look wise at this and frown,
 And we cry, " Fool," and cry, " Take hold
 Of earth, and fashion gods of gold."

Unanchor'd ships, they blow and blow,
 Sail to and fro, and then go down
 In unknown seas that none shall know,
 Without one ripple of renown.
 Poor drifting dreamers sailing by,
 They seem to only live to die.

Call these not fools ! The test of worth
 Is not the hold you have of earth.
 Lo ! there be gentlest souls sea-blown
 That know not any harbor known.
 Now it may be the reason is
 They touch on fairer shores than this.

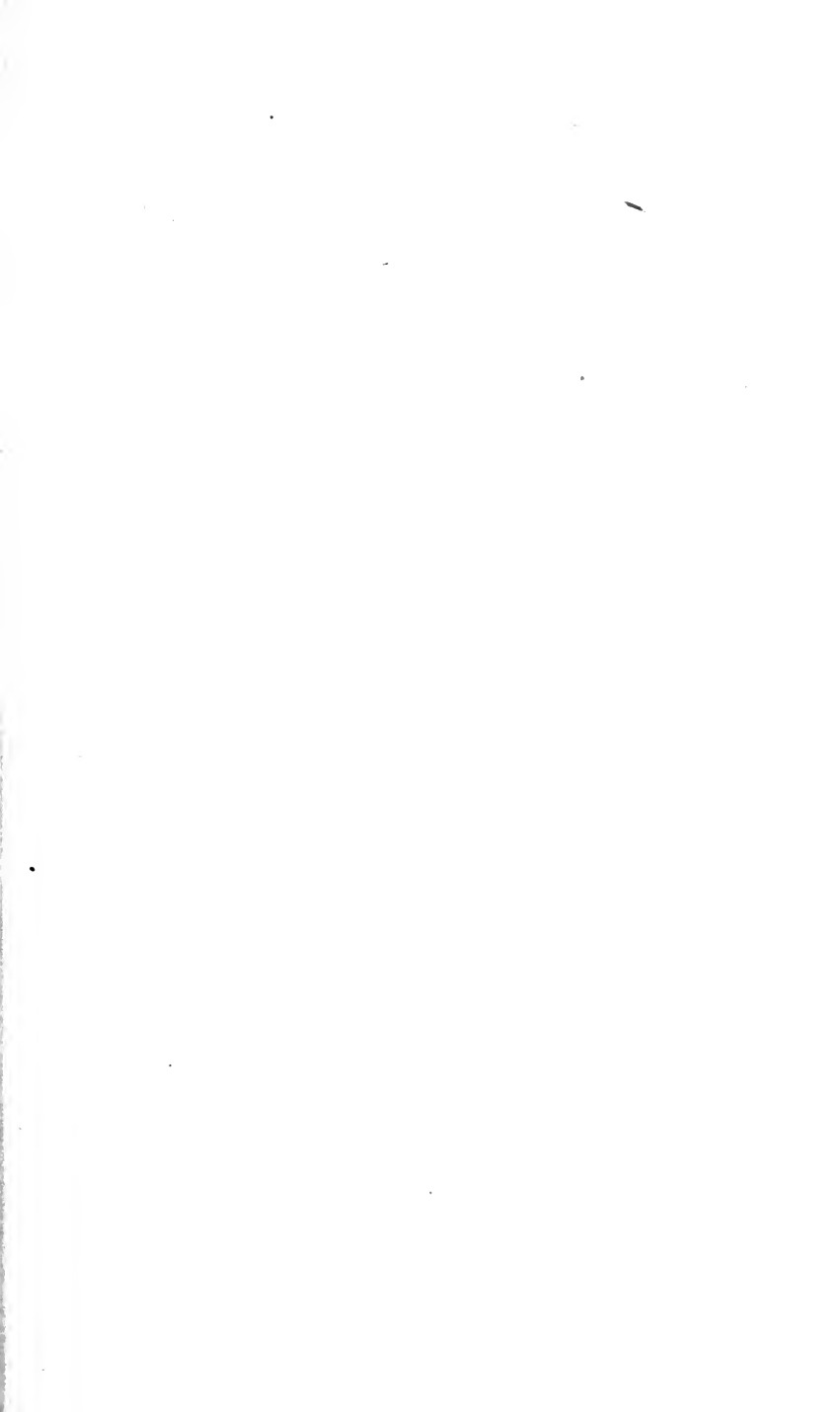
—*The Ship in the Desert.*

TO RUSSIA.

(*On Her Persecution of the Jews.*)

"Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?"—
Bible.

Who tamed thy lawless Tartar blood ?
 What David bearded in her den
 The Russian bear in ages when
 You strode your black, unbridled steed,





THE THREE WISE MEN.

A skin-clad savage of the steeps ?
 Why, one who now sits low and weeps,
 Why, one who now wails out to you—
 The Jew ; the homeless, hated Jew.

Who girt the thews of your young prime ?
 Why, who but Moses shaped your course
 And bound your fierce, divided force
 United down the grooves of Time ?
 Your mighty millions all to-day
 The hated, homeless Jews obey.
 Who taught all histories to you ?
 The Jew ; the hated, homeless Jew.

Who taught you tender Bible tales
 Of honey-lands, of milk and wine ?
 Of happy, peaceful Palestine ?
 Of Jordan's holy harvest-vales ?
 Who gave the patient Christ ? I say,
 Who gave you Christian creed ? Yea, yea,
 Who gave your very God to you ?
 The Jew ! The Jew ! The hated Jew !

THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.

From out the golden doors of dawn
 The wise men came, of wondrous thought,
 Who knew the stars. From far upon
 The shoreless East they kneeling brought
 Their costly gifts of inwrought gems and gold
 While, cloudlike, incense from their presence rolled.

Their sweets of flower-fields, their sweet
 Distilments of most sacred leaves
 They laid, low bending, at His feet,
 As reapers bend above their sheaves—
 As strong-armed reapers bending clamorous
 To give their gathered full sheaves kneeling thus.

And kneeling so, they spoke of when
 God walked his Garden's fragrant sod,
 Nor yet had hid his face from men,
 Nor yet had man forgotten God.

They spake. But Mary kept her thought apart.
And, silent, "pondered all things in her heart."

They spake in whispers long, they laid
Their shaggy heads together, drew
Some stained scrolls breathless forth, then **made**
Such speech as only wise men knew—
Their high red camels on the huge hill set
Outstanding, like some night-hewn silhouette.

LITTLE BILLIE PIPER.

Nobody knew when he came. Perhaps nobody cared. He was the smallest man in the camp. In fact, he was not a man. He was only a boyish, girlish-looking creature that came and went at will. He was so small he crowded no one, and so no one cried out about him, or paid him any attention, so long as they were all busily taking possession of and measuring off the new Eden.

What a shy, sensitive, girlish-looking man! His boyish face was beautiful, dreamy, and childish. It was sometimes half-hidden in a cloud of yellow hair that fell down about it, and was always being pushed back by a small white hand, that looked helpless enough in the battle of life among these bearded and brawny men on the edge of the new world. . . .

Once a saloon-keeper, the cinnamon-haired man of the Howling Wilderness, as the one whiskey shop of this new Eden was called, met him on the trail as he was going out with a pick and shovel on his shoulder, to prospect for gold.

"What is your name, my boy?"

"Billie Piper."

The timid brown eyes looked up through the cluster of yellow curls, as the boy stepped aside to let the big man pass; and the two, without other words, went on their ways.

Oddly enough they allowed this boy to keep his name. They called him Little Billie Piper. He was an enigma to the miners. Sometimes he looked to be only fifteen. Then again he was very thoughtful. The fair brow was wrinkled sometimes; there were lines, sabre cuts

of time, on the fair delicate face, and then he looked to be at least double that age. He worked, or at least he went out to work, every day with his pick and pan and shovel ; but almost always they saw him standing by the running stream, looking into the water, dreaming, seeing in Nature's mirror the snowy clouds that blew in moving mosaic overhead and through and over the tops of the tossing firs. He rarely spoke to the men more than in monosyllables. Yet when he did speak to them his language was so refined, so far above their common speech, and his voice was so soft, and his manner so gentle, that they saw in him, in some sort, a superior. Yet Limber Tim, the boy-man, came pretty near to this boy's life. At least he stood nearer to his heart than anyone. Their lives were nearer the same level. One Sunday they stood together on the hill by the grave-yard above the Forks.

"Tell me," said the boy, laying his hand on the arm of his companion, and looking earnestly and sadly in his face, "tell me, Tim, why it is that they always have the grave-yard on a hill. Is it because it is a little nearer to heaven?"

His companion did not understand. And yet he did understand, and was silent. They sat down together by and by and looked up out of the great cañon at the drifting white clouds, and the boy said, looking into heaven, as if to himself.

"O! fleets of clouds that flee before
The burly winds of upper seas."

Then, as the sudden twilight fell and they went down the hill together, the white, crooked moon, as if it had just been broken on the snow-peak that it had been hiding behind, came out with a star.

"How the red star hangs to the moon's white horn." There was no answer, for his companion was awed to utter silence.

One day, Bunker Hill, a hump-backed and unhappy woman of uncertain ways, passed through the crowd in the Forks. Some of the rough men laughed and made remarks. This boy was there, also. Lifting his eyes to one of these men at his side, he said :

"God has made some women a little plain, in order that he might have some women that are wholly good."

These things began to be noised about. All things have their culmination. Even the epizootic has one worst day. Things only go so far. Rockets only rise so high, then they explode, and all is dark and still.

The Judge stood straddled out before the roaring fire of the Howling Wilderness one night, tilting up the tails of his coat with his two hands, which he had turned in behind him as he stood there warming the upper ends of his short legs, and listening to these questions and the comments of the men. At last, he seemed to have an inspiration, and, tilting forward on his toes, and bringing his head very low down, and his coat-tails very high up, he said solemnly :

"Fellow-citizens, it's a poet." Then bringing out his right hand, and reaching it high in the air, as he poised on his right leg : "In this glorious climate of Californy——"

"Be gad, it is!" cried an Irishman jumping up, "a Bryan! A poet, a rale, live, Lord O'Bryan!" And so the status of the strange boy was fixed at the Forks. He was declared to be a poet, and was no more a wonder. Curiosity was satisfied.

"It is something to know that it is no worse," growled a very practical old man, as he held a pipe in his teeth and rubbed his tobacco between his palms. He spoke of it as if it had been a case of small-pox, and as if he were thinking how to best prevent the spread of the infection.—*The First Families of the Sierras.*





MILLER, EMILY (HUNTINGTON), an American juvenile writer, born at Brooklyn, Conn., in 1833. Her father was Dr. Thomas Huntington; her grandfather, General Jedediah Huntington, one of Washington's staff-officers. She was educated at Oberlin College. In 1860 she was married to Mr. John E. Miller, also a graduate of Oberlin. They removed to Evanston, Ill., and later to St. Paul, Minn., where Mr. Miller died in 1882. Mrs. Miller's literary work began when she was yet a school-girl, and she was early a contributor to the *Independent*, the *Congregationalist*, the *Christian Union*, and other papers, and to all the principal periodicals for children. She was first assistant editor, and afterward editor-in-chief of the *Little Corporal*, one of the earliest and best of these publications, her connection with it ceasing only with its absorption by *St. Nicholas*. To it many of her stories, now published in separate volumes, were contributed. Mrs. Miller has written the *Home Talks for the Christian Union* for some years. She has always been active in missionary and Sunday-school work. In 1874 she was one of the organizers of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and later became the head of the woman's work at Chautauqua. Her works include *Highways and Hedges*, *Kathie's Experience*, *Summer Days in Kirkwood*, *Captain Fritz*, *Little Neighbors*,

The Little Maid, an Easter poem; *The Royal Road to Fortune* (1875); *The Parish of Fair Haven* and *What Tommy Did* (1876); *The House That Johnny Rented*, *Fighting the Enemy*, *The Bear's Den*, *A Year at Riverside Farm* (1877); *Uncle Dick's Legacy*, *Thorn Apples*, *What Happened On a Christmas Eve*, *The King's Messenger* (1891); *Helps and Hindrances* (1892). *Twelve Songs of the Seasons*, written by Mrs. Miller for *Our Young Folks*, have been set to music by Theodore Thomas.

A NEW SORROW.

No one seemed to care that the grandfather was dead. Some men came to see him, and they sat upon the table and talked and laughed. A woman came, too—a very old woman, with a cap like the one I used to wear when I nursed the monkey. One of the men told her that her turn would come next, but she did not say anything. He did not know that she was deaf, and I have heard the grandfather say that was worse than to be blind. She looked at the grandfather, and said to herself, "Aye, he sees well enough now; and there are things worth seeing, too."

I could not tell what she meant, for his eyes were shut, and the room was just the same as ever. By and by another man came, and he talked to the girl a long time.

I think he was angry, for he spoke loud and thumped upon the floor with his cane, but the girl was not afraid of him. She stood up very straight, and looked in his face and said always the same thing. "He wanted to be buried at St. Angelo, and he gave me the money to pay for everything. Here is the paper, and it shall be as he said. Some day, he said, Carl would come and plant a flower over his grave."

One of the men who lived in the house said: "Yes, it shall be as he said. You need not grudge him a decent place to rest in, now he is dead."

So the men went away, and the next day they put the grandfather in a box and carried him down the stairs.

I kept close to them, and when they put the box in a carriage, I thought perhaps they were going to take him to the place where he would be made new again.

I had not begun to be sorry then, because I did not know what would happen, and I thought if I kept close by the grandfather it would be all right. It was a very long way that we went, and after awhile I began to know that I was hungry. When the grandfather would not wake up to take his soup, the girl set the basin down for me.

"Here," she said, "it is a pity to waste it, and you are his best friend." But I would not eat it. The grandfather always ate first, and left a portion for me, and I could not eat until he did. After that no one thought to feed me.

When we came to St. Angelo I knew it must be the place where the grandfather wanted to go. It was so warm and sunshiny, with green grass and fountains and flowers.

I knew the grandfather would like it, and I waited for them to take him out of the box. They did not take him out at all; they set the box by the side of a deep hole, and then, all at once, I remembered what became of Jack.

I jumped on the box and cried and howled, but they drove me away, and they buried the grandfather deep down in the ground. I could not see him; I had lost him, and it broke my heart. That was trouble. It was not like being lost, or being cold or hungry.

It was not like being beaten, or anything else that ever happened to me. I did not feel anything or know anything but sorrow, but I lay down with my head close upon the ground, and waited and listened.

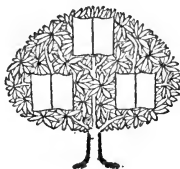
I thought he might move or speak. They would not let me stay by him. The keeper dragged me away and shut the gate. That was no worse—nothing could be any worse; but I stood up and looked through the gate and watched the place as long as I could see. When it was dark I lay down by the gate.

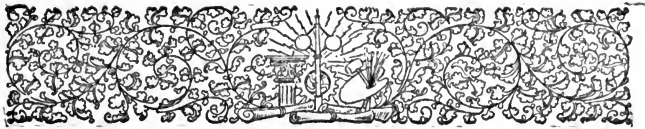
I was no more hungry; and when I shut my eyes I

saw great, shining things sailing along in the dark, like lanterns, only some of them had faces—the face of the man who beat me, and of my old master, and of the big boy who made me turn the wheel. . . .

I cannot quite understand about dreams, though the magpie says it is very plain to him and that it is only the shadow-people having our good times and our bad times over again. I can understand about the good times, but what do they want of the bad ones? How do they know where to find us, and when we die are they dead, too? The magpie cannot tell this part, and he says it is not necessary to know everything. He is watching for another sermon, and yesterday he came very near getting one which blew out at a window, but the rector himself came to get it. He thinks if he could get that it would tell all the things we do not know.

I hope he will find one, for there are a great many things that I do not know. When I had to find my own breakfast and supper, and when I worked for the grandfather, I never used to think about these things; but now I have nothing to do but sit in the door of my house and wonder. I wonder about the people who come here, and about the white doors all over the cemetery, that nobody ever opens, because they do not belong to houses, but little green heaps with grass growing over them. Sometimes, when the moon shines very bright, and I cannot sleep, I walk all about among them, and they are always the same. There is no door where they put the grandfather, but the grass grows there, too, and it is a very sunny corner.—*Captain Fritz.*





MILLER, HUGH, a Scottish geologist and scientific writer, born at Cromarty, October 10, 1802; died by his own hand at Portobello, near Edinburgh, December 2, 1856. His father having died when he was a child, he came mainly into the charge of two maternal uncles, whom he affectionately styles his "school-masters," and who wished him to study for the ministry of the Scottish kirk. This he declined to do, having, as he said, "no call" to the sacred office. He was therefore, in his seventeenth year, apprenticed to a relative, who was a stone-mason and quarryman. He worked at this occupation, partly as a journeyman and partly on his own account, until his thirty-fourth year. During these years he read largely in every department of English and Scottish literature, and wrote for periodicals; and as early as 1829 put forth a volume of *Poems Written in the Leisure Hours of a Journeyman Mason*. Even before he entered upon his apprenticeship as a stone-mason his attention had been turned toward geology, especially toward fossilography; and before he had reached his thirtieth year, he had come to be widely known as a profound geologist. The trade of a stone-cutter is among the most unhealthy known. Few Edinburgh stone-cutters pass their fortieth year, and he gave up the occupation on being offered the position of accountant

in a bank in his native town. In 1840 the newly organized "Free Church" of Scotland established at Edinburgh a newspaper called *The Witness*, and invited Hugh Miller to become its editor, a position which he filled with unusual brilliancy. About 1850 he began to write his book, *The Testimony of the Rocks*, upon which he labored incessantly, taking little sleep or exercise. The work was just finished when he was attacked by a cerebral disorder, and he became aware that his mind was giving way. He retired to his study and wrote a brief note to his wife, in which he said: "A fearful dream rises upon me: I cannot bear the horrible thought." The next morning he was found dead, with a bullet in his breast.

The principal works of Hugh Miller are *Poems of a Journeyman Mason* (1829); *Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland* (1835); *The Old Red Sandstone* (1841); *The Geology of the Bass Rock* (1848); *The Footprints of the Creator*, a reply to Robert Chambers's *Vestiges of Creation* (1849); *My School and Schoolmasters* (1854); *The Testimony of the Rocks* (1857).

"Hugh Miller," says the *Edinburgh Review*, "must undoubtedly be regarded as one of the most remarkable men whom Scotland has produced. The interest of his narrative, the purity of his style, his inexhaustible faculty for happy and ingenious illustration, his high imaginative power and that light of genius which it is so difficult to define yet so impossible to mistake, combined to secure for the author of *The Old Red Sandstone* the lasting admiration of his countrymen."

FIRST STUDIES IN GEOLOGY.

It was twenty years last February since I set out a little before sunrise to make my first acquaintance with a life of labor and restraint, and I have rarely had a heavier heart than on that morning. I was now going to work in a quarry. Bating the passing uneasiness occasioned by a few gloomy anticipations, the portion of my life which had already gone by had been happy beyond the common lot. I had been a wanderer among rocks and woods; a reader of curious books, when I could get them; a gleaner of old traditional stories. And now I was going to exchange all my day-dreams and all my amusements for the kind of life in which men toil every day that they be enabled to eat, and eat every day that they be enabled to toil.

The quarry in which I wrought lay on the southern shore of a noble inland bay—or frith, rather—with a little, clear stream on the one side, and a thick fir-wood on the other. It had been opened in the old red sandstone of the district, and was overtopped by a huge bank of diluvial clay, which rose over it in some places to the height of nearly thirty feet, and which at this time was rent and shivered, wherever it presented an open front to the weather, by a recent frost. A heap of loose fragments, which had fallen from above, blocked up the face of the quarry, and my first employment was to clear them away. The friction of the shovel blistered my hands; but the pain was by no means very severe, and I wrought hard and willingly that I might see how the huge strata below, which presented so firm and unbroken a frontage, were to be torn up and removed. Picks and wedges and levers were applied by my brother workmen; and simple and rude as I had been accustomed to regard these implements, I found I had much to learn in the way of using them. They all proved inefficient, however, and the workmen had to bore into one of the inferior strata, and employ gunpowder.

The process was new to me, and I deemed it a highly amusing one. It had the merit, too, of being attended with some degree of danger, as a boat or rock excur-

sion, and had thus an interest independent of its novelty. We had a few capital shots. The fragments flew in every direction ; and an immense mass of the diluvium came toppling down, bearing with it two dead birds that in a recent storm had crept into one of the deeper fissures, to die in the shelter. I was engaged in admiring the poor little things, and thinking of the contrast between the warmth and jollity of their green summer haunts and the cold and darkness of their last retreat, when I heard our employer bidding the workmen lay down their tools. I looked up and saw the sun sinking behind the thick fir-wood beside us, and the long, dark shadows of the trees stretching downward toward the shore.

This was no formidable beginning of the course of life I had so much dreaded. To be sure, my hands were a little sore, and I felt nearly as much fatigued as if I had been climbing among the rocks ; but I had wrought, and been useful, and had yet enjoyed the day fully as much as usual. I was as light of heart next morning as any of my brother workmen. . . .

All the workmen rested at mid-day, and I went to enjoy my half-hour alone on a mossy knoll in the neighboring wood which commands through the trees a wide prospect of the bay and the opposite shore. There was not a wrinkle on the water, nor a cloud in the sky, and the branches were as moveless in the calm as if they had been traced upon canvas. From a wooded promontory that stretched half-way across the frith there ascended a thin column of smoke. It rose straight as the line of a plummet for more than a thousand yards ; and then, on reaching a thinner stratum of air, spread out equally on every side, like the foliage of a stately tree. Ben Wyvis rose to the west, white with the yet unwasted snows of winter, and as sharply defined in the clear atmosphere as if all its sunny slopes and blue retiring hollows had been chiselled in marble. A line of snow ran along the opposite hills ; all above was white and all below was purple. I returned to the quarry, convinced that a very exquisite pleasure may be a very cheap one, and the busiest employments may afford leisure enough to enjoy it.

The gunpowder had loosened a large mass in one of the inferior strata, and our first employment, on resuming our labors, was to raise it from its bed. I assisted the other workmen in placing it on edge, and was much struck by the appearance of the platform on which it had rested. The entire surface was ridged and furrowed like a bank of sand that had been left by the tide an hour before. I could trace every bend and curvature, every cross-hollow and counter-ridge of the corresponding phenomena ; for the resemblance was no half-resemblance. It was the thing itself ; and I had observed it a hundred and a hundred times when sailing my little schooner in the shallows left by the ebb. But what had become of the waves that had thus fretted the solid rock ; or of what element had they been composed ? I felt as completely at a loss as Robinson Crusoe did on his discovering the print of the man's foot on the sand.

The evening furnished me with still further cause of wonder. We raised another block in a different part of the quarry, and found that the area of a circular depression in the stratum below was broken and flawed in every direction, as if it had been the bottom of a pool, recently dried up, which had shrunken and split in the hardening. Several large stones came rolling down from the diluvium in the course of the afternoon. They were of different qualities from the sandstone below, and from one another ; and, what was more wonderful still, they were all rounded and water-worn, as if they had been tossed about in the sea, or the bed of a river for hundreds of years. There could not surely be a more conclusive proof that the bank which had enclosed them so long could not have been created on the rock on which it rested. No workman ever manufactures a half-worn article, and the stones were all half-worn ! And, if not the bank, why then the sandstone underneath ? I was lost in conjecture, and found I had food enough for thought that evening, without once thinking of the unhappiness of a life of labor.

The immense masses of diluvium which we had to clear away rendered the working of the quarry laborious and expensive, and all the party quitted it in a few days to make trial of another that seemed to promise better.

The one we left is situated, as I have said, on the southern shore of an inland bay—the Bay of Cromarty; the one to which we removed had been opened in a lofty wall of cliffs that overhangs the northern shore of the Moray Firth.

I soon found that I was to be no loser by the change. Not the united labors of a thousand men for more than a thousand years could have furnished a better section of the geology of the district than this range of cliffs. It may be regarded as a sort of chance dissection on the earth's crust. We see in one place the primary rock, with its veins of granite and quartz, its dizzy precipices of gneiss, and its huge masses of hornblende; we find the secondary rock in another, with its beds of sandstone and shale, its spars, its clays, and its nodular limestones. We discovered the still little-known, but highly interesting, fossils of the old red sandstone in one deposition; we find the beautifully preserved shells and lignites of the lias in another. There are the remains of two several creations at once before us. The shore, too, is heaped with rolled fragments of almost every variety of rocks—basalts, ironstones, hyperstenes, porphyries, bituminous shales, and micaceous schists.

In short, the young geologist—had he all Europe before him—could hardly choose for himself a better field. I had, however, no one to tell me so at the time, for geology had not yet travelled so far north; and so, without guide or vocabulary, I had to grope my way as I best might, and find out all its wonders for myself.

In the course of the first day's employment I picked up a nodular mass of blue limestone, and laid it open by a stroke of the hammer. Wonderful to relate, it contained inside a beautifully finished piece of sculpture—one of the volutes, apparently, of an Ionic capital; and not the far-famed walnut of the fairy tale, had I broken the shell and found the little dog lying within it, could have surprised me more. Was there such another curiosity in the whole world? I broke open a few other nodules of similar appearance—for they lay pretty thickly on the shore—and found that there might be. In one of these there were what seemed to be the scales of fishes, and the impressions of a few minute bivalves,

prettily striated; in the centre of another there was actually a piece of decayed wood. Of all of nature's riddles these seemed to me at once the most interesting and the most difficult to expound. I treasured them carefully up, and was told by one of the workmen to whom I showed them that there was a part of the shore, about two miles farther to the west, where curiously shaped stones, somewhat like the heads of boarding-pikes, were occasionally picked up; and that in his father's days the country people called them thunder-bolts, and deemed them of sovereign efficacy in curing bewitched cattle. Our employer, on quitting the quarry on which we were to be engaged, gave all the workmen a half-holiday. I employed it in visiting the place where the thunder-bolts had fallen so thickly, and found a richer scene of wonder than I could have fancied in even my dreams.

What first attracted my notice was a detached group of low-lying skerries, wholly different in form and color from the sandstone cliffs above, or the primary rocks a little farther to the west. I found them composed of thin strata of limestone, alternating with thicker beds of a black, slaty substance, which, as I ascertained in the course of the evening, burns with a powerful flame, and emits a strong bituminous odor. The layers into which the beds readily separate are hardly an eighth part of an inch in thickness, and yet on every layer there are the impressions of thousands and tens of thousands of the various fossils peculiar to the lias. We may turn over these wonderful leaves one after one, like the leaves of an herbarium, and find the pictorial records of a former creation in every page. Scallops, and gryphites, and ammonites, of almost every variety peculiar to the formation, and at least some eight or ten varieties of belemnite; twigs of wood, leaves of plants, cones of an extinct species of pine, bits of charcoal, and the scales of fishes. And, as if to render their pictorial appearance more striking, though the leaves of this interesting volume are of deep black, most of the impressions are of a chalky whiteness. I was lost in admiration and astonishment, and found my very imagination paralyzed by an assemblage of wonders that seemed to outrival, in the

fantastic and the extravagant, even its wildest conceptions. I passed on from ledge to ledge, like the traveller of the tale through the city of statues, and at length found one of the supposed aërolites I had come in quest of firmly embedded in a mass of shale. But I had skill enough to determine that it was other than what it had been deemed. A very near relative, who had been a sailor in his time, on almost every ocean, and had visited almost every quarter of the globe, had brought home one of these meteoric stones with him from the coast of Java. It was of a cylindrical shape and vitreous texture; and it seemed to have parted in the middle, when in a half-molten state, and to have united again, somewhat awry, ere it had cooled enough to have lost the adhesive quality. But there was nothing organic in its structure, whereas the stone I had now found was organized very curiously indeed.

It was of a conical form and filamentary texture, the filaments radiating in straight lines from the centre to the circumference. Finely marked veins, like white threads, ran transversely through these in its upper half to the point, while the space below was occupied by an internal cone, formed of plates that lay parallel to the base, and which, like watch-glasses, were concave on the under side, and convex on the upper. I learned in time to call this stone a belemnite, and became acquainted with enough of its history to know that it once formed part of a variety of cuttle-fish, long since extinct.

My first year of labor came to a close, and I found that the amount of my happiness had not been less than in the last of my boyhood. My knowledge, too, had increased in more than the ratio of former seasons; and as I had acquired the skill of at least the common mechanic, I had fitted myself for independence. The additional experience of twenty years has not shown me that there is any necessary connection between a life of toil and a life of wretchedness; and when I have found good men anticipating a better and a happier time than either the present or the past, the conviction that in every period of the world's history the great bulk of mankind must pass their days in labor has not in the least inclined me to scepticism.—*The Old Red Sandstone.*



MILLER, OLIVE THORNE, an American juvenile writer, born at Auburn, N. Y., in 1831. Her maiden name was Harriet Mann, and she was married to Dr. T. M. Miller in 1854. She has written stories for the *St. Nicholas* and other magazines, and of late years has devoted herself to the study of birds. Her first articles appeared under the pen-name of "Olive Thorne," but afterward under the signature of "Olive Thorne Miller." Her books include *Little Folks in Feathers and Fur* (1879); *Queer Pets at Marcy's* (1880); *Little People of Asia* (1882); *Birds' Ways* (1885); *In Nesting-Time* (1888); *The Woman's Club*, advocating female organizations (1891); *Little Brothers of the Air*, studies of birds (1892); *A Bird Lover in the West* (1894); *Our Home Pets* (1894); and also a serial story entitled *Nimpo's Troubles*, published in the *St. Nicholas Magazine* in 1874.

ON THE TRAIL.

I had just returned from a walk down the meadow, put on wrapper and slippers, and established myself by the window to write some letters. Pen, ink, paper, and all the accessories were spread out before me. I dipped my pen in the ink and wrote "My Dear—" when a sound fell upon my ears; it was the cry of a young bird! it was near to me! it had a veery ring! . . .

I snatched my glass, seized my hat as I passed, and was out-doors. In the open air the call sounded louder,

and plainly came from the borders of the brook that, with its fringe of trees, divides the yard from the pasture beyond. It was a two-syllabled utterance like "quee-wee," but it had the intermitted or tremolo sound that distinguishes the song of the tawny thrush from others. I could locate the bird almost to a twig, but nobody cared if I could. It was on the other side of the brook and the deep gully through which it ran, and they who had that youngster in charge could laugh at me.

But I knew the way up the brookside. I went down the road to the bars, crossed the water on the stepping-stones, and in a few minutes entered a cow-path that wandered up beside the stream. All was quiet; the young thrush, no doubt, had been hushed. They were waiting for me to pass by, as they often did, for that was a common walk of mine.

At length I reached the path that ran up the bank where I usually turned and went to the pasture, for beyond this the cow-path descended, and looked damp and wild, as if it might once have been the way of the cows, but now was abandoned. Still all was quiet, and I thought of my letter unanswered, of my slippers, and—and I turned to go back.

Just at that moment that unlucky young thrush opened his mouth for a cry; the birds had been too sure. I forgot my letters again, and looked at the path beyond. I thought I could see a dry way, so I took a step or two forward. This was too much! this I had never before done, and I believe those birds were well used to my habits, for the moment I passed my usual bounds a cry rang out, loud, and a bird flew past my head. She alighted near me. It was a tawny thrush; and when one of those shy birds, who fly if I turn my head behind the blinds, gets bold, there is a good reason for it. I thanked madam for giving me my cue; I knew now it was her baby, and I walked slowly on.

As I proceeded, the thrush grew more and more uneasy. She came so near me that I saw she had a gauzy-winged fly in her mouth—another proof that she had young ones near. She called, without opening her beak, her usual low "quee."

Finding a dry spot, and the baby-cry being ceased, I sat down to consider and to wait. Then the bird seemed suddenly to remember how compromising her mouthful was, and she planted herself on a branch before my eyes, deliberately ate that fly and wiped her beak, as one who should say, "You thought I was carrying that morsel to somebody, but you see I have eaten it myself; there's nothing up that path." But much as I respected the dear mother, I did not believe her eloquent demonstration. I selected another point where I could stop a minute, and picked my way to it. Then all my poor little bird's philosophy deserted her; she came close to me, she uttered the greatest variety of cries; she almost begged me to believe that she was the only living creature up that gully. And so much did she move me, so intolerably brutal did she make me feel, that for the second time I was very near to turning back.

But the cry began again. How could I miss so good a chance to see that tawny youngster, when I knew I should not lay finger on it? I hardened my heart, and struggled a few feet farther.

Then some of the neighbors came to see what was the trouble, and if they could do anything about it. A black-and-white creeper rose from a low bush with a surprised "chit-it-it-it," alighted on a tree, and ran glibly up the upright branch as though it were a ladder. But a glance at the "cause of all this woe" was more than his courage could endure; one cry escaped him, and then a streak of black and white passed over the road out of sight.

Next came a redstart, himself the head of a family, for he, too, had his beak full of provisions. He was not in the least dismayed; he perched on a twig and looked over at me with interest, as if trying to see what the veery found so terrifying, and then continued on his way home. A snow-bird was the last visitor, and he came nearer and nearer, not at all frightened, merely curious, but madam evidently distrusted him, for she flew at him, intimating in a way that he plainly understood that "his room was better than his company."

Still I floundered on, and now the disturbed mother

added a new cry, like the bleating of a lamb. I never should have suspected a bird of making that sound; it was a perfect "ba-ha-ha." Yet on listening closely, I saw that it was the very tremolo that gives the song of the male its peculiar thrill. Her "ba-ha-ha" pitched to his tone, and with his intervals, would be a perfect reproduction of it. No doubt she could sing, and perhaps she does—who knows?

Now the mother threw in occasionally a louder sort of a call-note like "pee-ro," which was quickly followed by the appearance of another thrush, her mate, I presume. He called, too, the usual "quee-o," but he kept himself well out of sight—no reckless mother-love made him lose his reason. Still, steadily though slowly, and with many pauses to study out the next step, I progressed. The cry, often suppressed for minutes at a time, was perceptibly nearer. The bank was rougher than ever, but with one scramble I was sure I could reach my prize. I started carefully, when a cry rang out sudden and sharp and close at hand. At that instant the stone I had put faith in failed me basely and rolled, one foot *went in*, a dead twig caught my hair, part of my dress remained with the sharp end of a broken branch, I came to one knee (but not in a devotional spirit), I struck the ground with one hand and a brier-bush with the other, but I did not drop my glass, and I reached my goal in a fashion.

I paused to recover my breath and give that youngster—who I was persuaded was laughing at me all that time—a chance to lift up his voice again. But he had subsided, while the mother was earnest as ever. Perhaps I was too near, or had scared him out of his wits by my sensational entry. While I was patiently studying every twig on the tree from which the last cry had come, a slight flutter of a leaf caught my eye, and there stood the long-sought infant himself.

He was a few feet below me. I could have laid my hands upon him, but he did not appear to see me, and stood like a statue while I studied his points. Mamma, too, was suddenly quiet; either she saw at last that my intentions were friendly, or she thought the supreme moment had come, and was paralyzed. I had no leisure

to look after her ; I wanted to make acquaintance with her bairn—and I did. He was the exact image of his parents ; I should have known him anywhere—the same soft, tawny back and light under-parts, but no tail to be seen, and only a dumpy pair of wings, which would not bear him very far. The feathers of his side looked rough, and not fully out, but his head was lovely and his eye was the wild, free eye of a veery. I saw the youngster utter his cry. I saw him fly four or five feet, and then I climbed the bank, hopeless of returning the way I had come, pushed my way between detaining spruces, and emerged once more on dry ground. I had been two hours on the trail.

I slipped into the house the back way, and hastened to my room, where I counted the cost : Slippers ruined, dress torn, hand scratched, toilet a general wreck. But I had seen the tawny-thrush baby, and I was happy. And it's no common thing to do, either ; does not Emerson count it among Thoreau's remarkable feats that

“ All her shows did Nature yield
To please and win this pilgrim wise.
He found the tawny thrush's brood,
And the shy hawk did wait for him.”





MILLER, SAMUEL, an eminent American divine and theological writer, born at Dover, Del., in 1769; died at Princeton, N. J., in 1850. He was pastor of the Brick Church, New York, from 1793 to 1813; and Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Church Government in the Theological Seminary at Princeton from 1813 until his death. Dr. Miller was for nearly forty years one of the great lights of Princeton and of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. He and Dr. Archibald Alexander, taken respectively from the cities of New York and Philadelphia, and holding at the time conspicuous positions in those leading Presbyterian centres, were selected by the General Assembly as the original professors and founders of the First Theological Seminary, which has exerted such a prodigious influence on the Presbyterian Church. A more happy selection was probably never made in the founding of any great institution; and the high tone in learning, literature, theology, and in every kind of earnest, practical Christianity, which has marked the later development of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, may be traced in no small degree to the personal character of these two remarkable men. Besides his great work in giving shape and tone at its most critical period to theological education in the Presbyterian Church of America, Dr. Miller

contributed largely to the theological and religious literature of his Church. His works are numerous and valuable, and are accepted as standards among Presbyterians. The following are the chief: *A Brief Retrospect of the Eighteenth Century* (1803), containing a sketch of the revolutions and improvements in science, arts, and literature in that period, published in 3 volumes, 8vo; *Letters on the Christian Ministry*; *Presbyterianism the Truly Primitive and Apostolic Constitution of the Church of Christ*; *Letters on Church Government*; *Letters on Unitarianism*; *On the Eternal Sonship of Christ*; *Office of Ruling Elder in the Presbyterian Church*; *Letters on Clerical Habits, Manners, etc.* The work last named criticised with singular keenness some of the bad professional habits into which young ministers are apt to fall. The work was not uncalled for, and it had a marked and happy effect. He also wrote the life of Jonathan Edwards in Sparks's *American Biography*.

“Dr. Miller came from the training of city life,” said James Waddell Alexander, a son of his lifelong friend, “and from an eminently polished and literary circle. Of fine person and courtly manners, he set a high value on all that makes society dignified and attractive. He was pre-eminently a man of system and method, governing himself, even in the minutest particulars, by exact rules. His daily exercise was measured to the moment, and for half a century he wrote standing. He was a gentleman of the old school, though as easy as he was noble in his bearing—full of conversation, brilliant in company, rich in anecdote,

and universally admired. As a preacher, he was clear, without brilliancy, accustomed to laborious and critical preparation, relying little on the excitement of the occasion, but rapid with his pen, and gifted with a tenacious memory and a strong, sonorous voice; always instructive, always accurate."

HOLDING FAST THE FAITHFUL WORD.

Holding fast the faithful word, as he hath been taught, that he may be able, by sound doctrine, both to exhort and to convince the gainsayers.—*Titus i. 9.*

The inspired Apostle is here giving directions concerning the proper character and qualifications of ministers of the Gospel. Some duties are common to all Christians; while others belong exclusively, or in an eminent degree, to pastors and teachers. The latter is the case with regard to the injunction implied in our text. On all the disciples of Christ is laid the charge to "hold fast the faithful word;" but on the guides and rulers in the house of God is this obligation especially devolved; among other reasons, for this, that they "may be able, by sound 'doctrine, both to exhort, and to convince the gainsayers.'"

By "the faithful word," here spoken of, we are evidently to understand the pure, unadulterated doctrines of Christ; the genuine Gospel, as revealed by a gracious God for the benefit of sinful men. Not the doctrines of this or the other particular denomination of Christians, as such, but the doctrines of the Bible. . . .

Why ought we to maintain "sound doctrine?"

1. The "faithful word" of which we speak is from God; it was given to us for our temporal and eternal benefit—given, not to be disregarded, but to be respected, studied, loved, and diligently applied to the great purposes for which it was revealed. To suppose that we are at liberty to lightly esteem such a gift, from such a source, or that we commit no sin in voluntarily permitting a deposit so precious to be corrupted, perverted, or wrested from us, is a supposition equally dis-

honorable to God and repugnant to every dictate of reason.

2. "Holding fast" the genuine system of revealed truth is frequently and solemnly commanded by the great God of truth. "Contend earnestly for the truth once delivered to the saints."

3. The obligation to "hold fast" the genuine doctrines of the Gospel appears from considering the great importance which the Scriptures everywhere attach to evangelical truth. I am aware that it is a popular sentiment with many who bear the Christian name that doctrine is of little moment, and that practice alone is all in all. But such persons surely forget that there can be no settled and habitual good practice without good principles; and that sound, correct doctrine is but another name for good principle. Take away the doctrines of the Gospel, and you take away its essential character.

4. The duty to maintain and hold forth sound doctrine may be urged from the consideration that such doctrine is universally distasteful to the unsanctified heart, and, therefore, requires not only to be presented, but also to be importunately pressed on the attention of men, if, by the blessing of God, we may prevail with them to receive it.

5. Another reason why ministers of religion ought to be vigilant, firm, and unwearied in "holding fast sound doctrine" is that the enemies of truth are everywhere zealous and indefatigable in opposing it.

6. A further reason for "holding fast" is that there is, everywhere, such a deplorable lack of doctrinal information among the mass of the people.

7. The diffusion of sound religious doctrine through all classes of the community is one of the surest means of establishing and perpetuating our national privileges. An ignorant people must be an irreligious people; an irreligious people must be an immoral people; and an immoral people must be a miserable people. That such a people should be long free is just as impossible as that light and darkness should agree, or that the relation of cause and effect should cease.

8. The great operations of the day in which we

live call for special attention in regard to the object for which I plead.

9. The great importance of diffusing sound Scriptural knowledge among the people not only appears from the character of the day in which we live, but also from the character of those days which we hope and believe are approaching.

Let us now inquire in what manner and by what means this duty of the diffusion of sound doctrine may be fulfilled :

1. We are to maintain pure evangelical truth firmly and earnestly ; for, as the inspired Apostle observes : "There are many unruly and vain talkers and deceivers whose mouths must be stopped teaching things which they ought not for filthy lucre's sake. Wherefore rebuke them sharply that they may be sound in the faith."

2. While we maintain the truth firmly and earnestly, we ought, at the same time, to do it mildly, and, as far as possible, inoffensively, with "the meekness and gentleness of Christ," not haughtily or dogmatically.

3. We are to "hold fast," and hold forth truth with unremitting constancy and diligence, to the end of life. It is a work never to be considered as done, and never for an hour remitted.

4. It is important that we "hold fast" and communicate "sound doctrine" by the use of public formularies, as well as by personal and oral instruction. Creeds, confessions of faith, catechisms, may be said to be expositions of Gospel truth, and public testimonies in its behalf, by the Church, in her ecclesiastical capacity.

5. It is important that we maintain and propagate sound doctrine in its proper connection and order, and in a distinguishing, practical, and pointed manner, adapted to impress the heart, as well as the understanding. Let us not present "sound doctrine" as a mere system of speculations, but as a body of vital principles, as ever pointing to experimental piety, and to holy practice, and as of no ultimate value without both.

Let me draw some practical inferences as bearing upon your work :

1. The general structure and character of Gospel

sermons should be not only to instruct, but to impress the moral and active powers—the children of men are asleep in sin, and, therefore, need rousing as well as instruction.

2. It is infinitely important that ministers carefully study and understand the truth; that they know it deeply, accurately, and systematically.

3. We ought to regard with most serious apprehension any material departure from orthodoxy, especially among the rulers and teachers of the Church.

4. All private members of the Church, as well as ministers, ought to consider themselves as having a share, and a very important share, in the duty of holding fast the “faithful word.”

5. This subject suggests many considerations worthy of being deeply pondered by him who is about to be constituted the pastor of this church.

6. The subject on which we have been meditating deserves to be well weighed by the members of this church and society on the present occasion. It teaches us that “sound doctrine” is next in order to godliness, and that it becomes every hearer to look well to the manner in which he receives the precious truth of God.

(To the congregation.) . . . While, therefore, I exhort you, my dear hearers, to seek sound doctrinal knowledge, with unceasing diligence, I charge you in the name of Him Whose I am, and Whom I serve, not to rest satisfied with mere speculation. You must “know the truth” in the love and power of it, or “it had been better you had never been born.” If you have never yet bowed, then, to the power of the Gospel, as a practical system, bow to it now. Not to-morrow, for you know not that to-morrow will be ever yours. Now repent and believe the Gospel. Now “yield yourselves to God, as those that are alive from the dead.” . . . “Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.” . . . “To-day, while it is called to-day, harden not your hearts.” Grace be with you all! Amen!—*Condensation of an installation sermon delivered at the Second Presbyterian Church, Albany, N. Y., August 26, 1829.*



MILLIKEN, RICHARD ALFRED, an Irish poet, born in County Cork in 1767; died in 1855. He may be regarded as the precursor of Moore, Mahony, and others, in a peculiar form of Irish humorous poetry.

THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

The groves of Blarney, they look so charming,
Down by the purling of sweet, silent brooks;
Being banked with posies that spontaneous grow there,
Planted in order in the rocky nooks.
'Tis there's the daisy, and the sweet carnation,
The blooming pink and the rose so fair,
The daffadowndilly, likewise the lily—
All flowers that scent the sweet, open air.

'Tis Lady Jeffers owns this plantation;
Like Alexander or like Helen fair,
There's no commander in all the nation
For emulation can with her compare.
Such walls surround her, that no nine-pounder
Could ever plunder her place of strength;
But Oliver Cromwell, he did pummel,
And make a breach in her battlement.

There's gravel-walks there for speculation
And conversation in sweet solitude;
'Tis there the lover may hear the dove,
Or the gentle plover in the afternoon.
And if a lady should be so engaging
As to walk alone in those shady bowers,
'Tis there her courtier he may transport her
Into some fort or all underground.

For 'tis there's a cave where no daylight enters,
 But bats and badgers are forever bred ;
 Being mossed by natur', that makes it swater,
 Than a coach-and-six or a feather-bed.
 'Tis there the lake is well-stored with perches,
 And comely eels in the verdant mud ;
 Besides the leeches and groves of beeches,
 Standing in order to guard the flood.

'Tis there the kitchen hangs many a fitch'en,
 With the maids a stitching upon the stair ;
 The bread and biske', the beer and the whiskey,
 Would make you frisky if you were there.
 'Tis there you would see Peg Murphy's daughter
 A-washing praties fornent the door,
 With Roger Cleary and Father Healy,
 All blood relations to my Lord Donoughmore.

There's statues gracing this noble place in—
 All heathen gods and nymphs so fair :
 Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodemus,
 All standing naked in the open air.
 There's a boat on the lake to float on,
 And lots of beauties which I can't entwine ;
 But were I a preacher, or a classic teacher,
 In every feature I'd make 'em shine.

There's a stone there that whoever kisses,
 Oh, he never misses to grow eloquent ;
 'Tis he may clamber to a lady's chamber,
 Or become a member of Parliament,
 A clever sporter he'll turn out, or
 An outer-and-outer to be let alone.
 Don't hope to hinder him, or to bewilder him ;
 Sure he's a pilgrim from the Blarney Stone !

So now to finish this brave narration
 Which my poor genius could not entwine.
 But were I Homer or Nebuchadnezzar,
 'Tis in every feature I would make it shine.



MILMAN, HENRY HART, Dean of St. Paul's, an English historian and poet, born in 1791; died in 1868. He won distinction at Oxford as a classical scholar, took the Newdigate poetical prize, and in 1815 was made a Fellow of Brasenose College. He entered the Anglican ministry in 1816, and soon obtained a vicarage at Reading. He published *Fazio* (1817), a highly successful drama; *Samor, the Lord of the Bright Islet*, an epic poem (1818); *The Fall of Jerusalem* (1820); *Belshazzar* and *The Martyr of Antioch* (1822), and *Anne Boleyn* (1826). In 1821 he was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford; in 1835 was made rector of St. Margaret's and Canon of Westminster, and in 1849 Dean of St. Paul's. His permanent literary fame rests on his historical works, of which he published *A History of the Jews* (1830); *A History of Christianity, from the Birth of Christ to the Abolition of Paganism in the Roman Empire* (1840), and *A History of Latin Christianity, including That of the Popes to the Pontificate of Nicholas V.* (1855). The first of these works provoked much adverse criticism by the "liberality" or the "unorthodoxy" of its views; but the histories of Christianity were received, and deservedly, as great works, worthy of the highest praise.

Dean Milman also published a translation of the *Agamemnon* and *Bacchæ*; edited *Horace* and Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TEMPLE.

It was the 10th of August, the day already darkened in the Jewish calendar by the destruction of the former Temple by the King of Babylon; that day was almost past.

Titus withdrew again into the Antonia, intending the next morning to make a general assault. The quiet summer evening came on; the setting sun shone for the last time on the snow-white walls and glistening pinnacles of the Temple roof.

Titus had retired to rest; when suddenly a wild and terrible cry was heard, and a man came rushing in, announcing that the Temple was on fire. Some of the besieged, notwithstanding their repulse in the morning, had sallied out to attack the men who were busily employed in extinguishing the fires about the cloisters.

The Romans not merely drove them back, but, entering the sacred space with them, forced their way to the door of the Temple. A soldier, without orders, mounting on the shoulders of one of his comrades, threw a blazing brand into a small gilded door on the north side of the chambers, in the outer building or porch. The flames sprang up at once. The Jews uttered one simultaneous shriek, and grasped their swords with a furious determination of revenging and perishing in the ruins of the Temple. Titus rushed down with the utmost speed: he shouted, he made signs to his soldiers to quench the fire; his voice was drowned, and his signs unnoticed, in the blind confusion. The legionaries either could not or would not hear; they rushed on, trampling each other down in their furious haste, or, stumbling over the crumbling ruins, perished with the enemy. Each exhorted the other, and each hurled his blazing brand into the inner part of the edifice, and then hurried to his work of carnage.

The unarmed and defenceless people were slain in thousands; they lay heaped like sacrifices round the altar; the steps of the Temple ran with streams of blood, which washed down the bodies that lay about. Titus found it impossible to check the rage of the soldiery;

he entered with his officers, and surveyed the interior of the sacred edifice. The splendor filled them with wonder ; and, as the flames had not yet penetrated to the holy place, he made a last effort to save it, and, springing forth, again exhorted the soldiers to stay the progress of the conflagration. The Centurion *Liberalis* endeavored to force obedience with his staff of office ; but even respect for the emperor gave way to the furious animosity against the Jews, to the fierce excitement of battle, and to the insatiable hope of plunder. The soldiers saw everything around them radiant with gold, which shone dazzlingly in the wild light of the flames ; they supposed that incalculable treasures were laid up in the sanctuary. A soldier, unperceived, thrust a lighted torch between the hinges of the door ; the whole building was in flames in an instant. The blinding smoke and fire forced the officers to retreat, and the noble edifice was left to its fate.

It was an appalling spectacle to the Romans—what was it to the Jews ! The whole summit of the hill which commanded the city blazed like a volcano. One after another the buildings fell in, with a tremendous crash, and were swallowed up in the fiery abyss.

The roofs of cedar were like sheets of flame : the gilded pinnacles shone like spikes of red light ; the gate towers sent up tall columns of flame and smoke. The neighboring hills were lighted up ; and dark groups of people were seen watching in horrible anxiety the progress of the destruction ; the walls and heights of the upper city were crowded with faces, some pale with the agony of despair, others scowling unavailing vengeance. The shouts of the Roman soldiery as they ran to and fro, and the howlings of the insurgents who were perishing in the flames, mingled with the roaring of the conflagration and the thundering sound of falling timbers. The echoes of the mountains replied or brought back the shrieks of the people on the heights ; all along the walls resounded screams and wailings ! men who were expiring with famine rallied their remaining strength to utter a cry of anguish and desolation.

The slaughter within was even more dreadful than the spectacle from without. Men and women, old and

young, insurgents and priests, those who fought and those who entreated mercy, were hewn down in indiscriminate carnage. The number of the slain exceeded that of the slayers. The legionaries had to clamber over heaps of dead to carry on the work of extermination. John, at the head of some of his troops, cut his way through, first into the outer court of the Temple, afterward into the upper city.

Some of the priests upon the roof wrenched off the gilded spikes with their sockets of lead, and used them as missiles against the Romans below.

Afterward they fled to a part of the wall about fourteen feet wide ; they were summoned to surrender, but two of them, Mair, son of Belga, and Joseph, son of Dalai, plunged headlong into the flames.

No part escaped the fury of the Romans. The treasures, with all their wealth of money, jewels, and costly robes—the plunder which the Zealots had laid up—were totally destroyed. Nothing remained but a small part of the outer cloister, in which about six thousand unarmed and defenceless people, with women and children, had taken refuge.

These poor wretches, like multitudes of others, had been led up to the Temple by a false prophet, who had proclaimed that God commanded all the Jews to go up to the Temple, where He would display His almighty power to save His people. The soldiers set fire to the building : every soul perished. The whole Roman army entered the sacred precincts, and pitched their standards among the smoking ruins ; they offered sacrifices for the victory, and with loud acclamations saluted Titus as Emperor. Their joy was not a little enhanced by the value of the plunder they obtained, which was so great that gold fell in Syria to half its former value.—*History of the Jews.*

THE MEETING OF LEO AND ATTILA.

The terror of Europe at the invasion of the Huns naturally and justifiably surpassed that of all former barbaric invasions. The Goths and other German tribes were familiar to the sight of the Romans ; some of them had long been settled within the frontier of the empire ;

they were already, for the most part, Christian, and, to a certain extent, Romanized in their manners and habits. The Mongol race, with their hideous, misshapen, and, as they are described, scarcely human figures, their wild habits, their strange language, their unknown origin, their numbers, exaggerated no doubt by fear, and swollen by the aggregation of all the savage tribes who were compelled or eagerly crowded to join the predatory warfare, but which seemed absolutely inexhaustible; their almost unassisted career of victory, devastation, and carnage, from the remotest east till they were met by Aëtius on the field of Châlons; at the present time the vast monarchy founded by Attila, which overshadowed the whole northern frontier of the empire, and to which the Gothic and other Teutonic kings rendered a compulsory allegiance; their successful inroads on the Eastern Empire, even to the gates of Constantinople; the haughty and contemptuous tone in which they conducted their negotiations, had almost appalled the Roman mind into the apathy of despair. Religion, instead of rousing to a noble resistance against this heathen race, which threatened to overrun the whole of Christendom, by acquiescing in Attila's proud appellation, the Scourge of God, seemed to justify a dastardly prostration before the acknowledged emissary of the divine wrath. The spell, it is true, of Attila's irresistible power had been broken; he had suffered a great defeat, and Gaul was, for a time at least, wrested from his dominion by the valor and generalship of Aëtius. But when, infuriated, as it might seem, more than discouraged, by his discomfiture, the yet formidable Hun suddenly descended upon Italy, the whole peninsula lay defenceless before him. Aëtius, as is most probable, was unable—as his enemies afterward declared, was traitorously unwilling—to throw himself between the barbarians and Rome. . . . Valentinian, the emperor, fled from Ravenna to Rome. To some he might appear to seek succor at the feet of the Roman Pontiff; but the abandonment of Italy was rumored to be his last desperate determination.

At this fearful crisis, the insatiable and victorious Hun seemed suddenly and unaccountably to pause in his career of triumph. He stood rebuked and subdued

before a peaceful embassy, headed by the Bishop of Rome, who, as he held the most conspicuous station, received almost all the honor. The names of the rich Consular Avienus, of the Prefect of Italy, Trigetius, who ventured with Leo to confront the barbarian conqueror, were speedily forgotten ; and Leo stands forth the sole preserver of Italy. On the shores of the Benacus the ambassadors encountered the fearful Attila. Overawed (as the belief was eagerly propagated, and as eagerly accepted) by the personal dignity, the venerable character, and by the religious majesty of Leo, Attila consented to receive the large dowry of the Princess Honoria, and to retire from Italy. The death of Attila in the following year, by the bursting of a blood-vessel, on the night during which he had wedded a new wife, may have been brooding, as it were, in his constitution, and somewhat subdued his fiercer energy of ambition. His army, in all probability, was weakened by its conquests, and by the uncongenial climate and unaccustomed luxuries of Italy. But religious awe may still have been the dominant feeling which enthralled the mind of Attila. The Hun, with the usual superstitiousness of the polytheist, may have trembled before the God of the stranger, whom nevertheless he did not worship. The best historian (Priscus) of the period relates that the fate of Alaric, who had survived so short a time the conquest of Rome, was known to Attila, and seemed to have made a profound impression upon him. The dauntless confidence and the venerable aspect of Leo would confirm this apprehension of encountering, as it were, in his sanctuary the God now adored by the Romans. Legend, indeed, has attributed the submission of Attila to a visible apparition of the apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, who menaced the trembling heathen with a speedy Divine judgment if he repelled the proposals of their successor. But this materializing view, though it may have heightened the beauty of Raffaele's painting of Leo's meeting with Attila, by the introduction of preterhuman forms, lowers the moral grandeur of the whole transaction. The simple faith in his God which gave the Roman Pontiff courage to confront Attila, and threw that commanding majesty over

his words and actions which wrought upon the mind of the barbarian, is far more Christianly sublime than this unnecessarily imagined miracle.—*History of Latin Christianity.*

The Martyr of Antioch is founded on the story of Margarita, daughter of a heathen priest, and beloved by Olybius, the Prefect of the East, who would have saved her from martyrdom. In the drama he promises her father, Callias, that she shall be kept until the other martyrs have suffered, and then rescued, but she unconsciously frustrates his design. The scene given is the last in the drama.

THE DEATH OF MARGARITA.

Callias, Olybius.

Enter Officer.

Olybius.—What means thy hurried look? Speak—
speak!

Though thy words blast like lightning.

Officer.— Mighty Prefect,

The apostate priestess Margarita—

Olybius.— How?

Where's Macer?

Officer.— By the dead.

Olybius.— What dead?

Officer.— Remove

Thy sword, which thou dost brandish at my throat,
And I shall answer.

Olybius.— Speak, and instantly,
Or I will dash thee down, and trample from thee
Thy hideous secret.

Officer.— It is nothing hideous—
'Tis but the enemy of our faith. She died
Nobly, in truth—but—

Callias.— Dead! she is not dead!
Thou liest! I have his oath, the Prefect's oath;

I had forgot it in my fears, but now
 I well remember that she should not die.
 Faugh! who will trust in gods and men like these?

Olybius.—Slave! slave! dost mock me? Better
 'twere for thee

That this be false than if thou'dst found a treasure
 To purchase kingdoms.

Officer.— Hear me but awhile :

She had beheld each sad and cruel death,
 And, if she shuddered, 'twas as one that strives
 With nature's soft infirmity of pity,
 One look to heaven restoring all her calmness ;
 Save when that dastard did renounce his faith,
 And she did shed tears for him. Then led they forth
 Old Fabius. When a quick and sudden cry
 Of Callias, and a parting in the throng
 Proclaim'd her father's coming, forth she sprang,
 And clasp'd the frowning headsman's knees, and said—
 "Thou know'st me ; when thou lay'st on thy sick bed
 Christ sent me there to wipe thy burning brow.
 There was an infant play'd about thy chamber,
 And thy pale cheek would smile and weep at once,
 Gazing upon that almost orphan'd child.
 Oh ! by its dear and precious memory,
 I do beseech thee, slay me first, and quickly ;
 'Tis that my father may not see my death."

Callias.—Oh, cruel kindness ! and I would have closed
 Thine eyes with such a fond and gentle pressure ;
 I would have smooth'd thy beauteous limbs and laid
 My head upon thy breast, and died with thee.

Olybius.—Good father ! Once I thought to call thee
 so,
 How do I envy thee this her last fondness ;
 She had no dying thought of me. Go on.

Officer.—With that the headsman wiped from his
 swarth cheeks

A moisture like to tears. But she, meanwhile,
 On the cold block composed her head, and cross'd
 Her hands upon her bosom, that scarce heaved.
 She was so tranquil ; cautious, lest her garments
 Should play the traitors to her modest care.
 And as the cold wind touch'd her naked neck,

And fann'd away the few unbraided hairs,
 Blushes o'erspread her face, and she look'd up
 As softly to reproach his tardiness ;
 And some fell down upon their knees, some clasp'd
 Their hands, enamor'd even to admiration
 Of that half-smiling face and bending form.

Callias.—But he—but he—the savage executioner ?

Officer.— He trembled.

Callias.— Ha ! God's blessing on his head !
 And the axe slid from out his palsied hand ?

Officer.—He gave it to another,

Callias.— And——

Officer.— It fell.

Callias.— I see it—

I see it like the lightning flash—I see it,
 And the blood bursts—my blood !—my daughter's
 blood !

Off—let me loose !

Officer.—

Where goest thou ?

Callias.—

To the Christian,

To learn the faith in which my daughter died,

And follow her as quickly as I may.

—*The Martyr of Antioch.*

GOOD-FRIDAY.

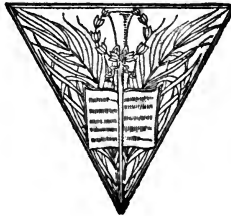
Bound upon th' accursed tree,
 Faint and bleeding, who is He ?
 By the eyes so pale and dim,
 Streaming blood and writhing limb,
 By the flesh with scourges torn,
 By the crown of twisted thorn,
 By the side so deeply pierced,
 By the baffled, burning thirst,
 By the drooping, death-dew'd brow,
 Son of Man ! 'tis Thou ! 'tis Thou !

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
 Dread and awful, who is He ?
 By the sun at noon-day pale,
 Shivering rocks and rending veil,
 By earth that trembles at His doom,
 By yonder saints that burst their tomb,

By Eden, promised ere He died
 To the felon at His side,
 Lord ! our suppliant knee we bow,
 Son of God ! 'tis Thou ! 'tis Thou !

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
 Sad and dying, who is He ?
 By that last and bitter cry
 The ghost given up in agony ;
 By the lifeless body laid
 In the chamber of the dead ;
 By the mourners come to weep
 Where the bones of Jesus sleep ;
 Crucified ! we know Thee now ;
 Son of Man ! 'tis Thou ! 'tis Thou !

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
 Dread and awful, who is He ?
 By the prayer for them that slew,
 " Lord ! they know not what they do :
 By the spoil'd and empty grave,
 By the souls He died to save,
 By the conquests He hath won,
 By the saints before His throne,
 By the rainbow round His brow,
 Son of God ! 'tis Thou ! 'tis Thou !





MILNES, RICHARD MONCKTON (created BARON HOUGHTON in 1863), an English poet, born in London, June 19, 1809; died at Wicky, August 11, 1885. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, took his degree in 1831, and then travelled on the European Continent and in the East. In 1837 he entered the House of Commons, of which he remained a member until his elevation to the peerage in 1863. He put forth several volumes of poems, among which are *Memorials of a Tour in Greece* (1834); *Memorials of a Residence on the Continent* and *Historical Poems* (1838); *Poetry for the People* (1840); *Memorials of Many Scenes* (1843); *Palm Leaves, Poems Legendary and Historical*, and *Poems of Many Years* (1844); *Good-night and Good-morning* (1849); *Monographs, Personal and Social* (1873), and *Poetical Works* (1876). In 1848 he published *The Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of John Keats*, and in 1862 edited the *Poems of David Gray*, with a prefatory memoir. He was also the author of several political pamphlets.

Saintsbury says of Milnes: "His work is exceedingly good, both as to substance and style. Few poets have ever been more successful with songs for music. With more inducements to write he would probably have been one of the very best critics of his age, for he had an amiable fancy for making the acquaintance of everybody who made any name in literature."

THE WORTH OF HOURS.

Believe not that your inner eye
 Can ever in just measure try
 The worth of hours as they go by :

For every man's weak self, alas !
 Makes him to see them while they pass,
 As through a dim or tinted glass :

But if in earnest care you would
 Mete out to each its part of good,
 Trust rather to your after-mood.

Those surely are not fairly spent
 That leave your spirit bound and bent
 In sad unrest and ill-content :

And, more—though free from seeing harm
 You rest from toil of mind or arm,
 Or slow retire from Pleasure's charm—

If then a painful sense come on
 Of something wholly lost and gone,
 Vainly enjoyed, or vainly done—

Of something from your being's chain
 Broke off, nor to be linked again
 By all mere Memory can retain—

Upon your heart this truth may rise—
 Nothing that altogether dies
 Suffices man's just destinies ;

So should we live, that every Hour
 May die as dies the natural flower—
 A self-reviving thing of power ;

That every Thought and every Deed
 May hold within itself the seed
 Of future good and future need ;

Esteeming Sorrow, whose employ
Is to develop, not destroy,
Far better than a barren Joy.

THE LONG-AGO.

On that deep-retiring shore
Frequent pearls of beauty lie,
Where the passion-waves of yore
Fiercely beat and mounted high :
Sorrows that are sorrows still
Lose the bitter taste of woe ;
Nothing's altogether ill
In the griefs of Long-ago.

Tombs where lonely love repines,
Ghastly tenements of tears,
Wear the look of happy shrines
Through the golden mist of years :
Death to those who trust in good
Vindicates his hardest blow ;
Oh ! we would not, if we could,
Wake the sleep of Long-ago !

Though the doom of swift decay
Shocks the soul where life is strong,
Though for frailer hearts the day
Lingers sad and overlong—
Still the weight will find a leaven,
Still the spoiler's hand is slow,
While the future has its heaven,
And the past its Long-ago.

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING.

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see :
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,
And said, " Dear work ! Good-night ! Good-night ! "

Such a number of rooks came over her head
Crying " Caw, caw, " on their way to bed.
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
" Little black things ! Good-night ! good-night ! "

The horses neighed and the oxen lowed :
The sheep's "Bleat ! bleat !" came over the road :
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl ! Good-night ! good-night !"

She did not say to the Sun, "Good-night,"
Though she saw him there like a ball of light ;
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head—
The violets curtsied and went to bed :
And good little Lucy tied up her hair
And said on her knees her favorite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay
She knew nothing more till again it was day :
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good-morning ! Good-morning ! our work is begun."









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